

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CVC CHABOT COWBOY SHOTS - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

TULLY BEATS LUCAS LIKE A RENTED MULE!!! EL HOMBRE DEMANDS EVERYONE SHOOT CAP AND BALL!! SPRINGFIELD SLIM ALMOST CLEANS MATCH – ONLY ONE MISS!!!!

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For those who find fault in others work, spelling errors have been left in for their amusement.

SASS TO LET RIFLE CALIBER RIFLES IN ALL SASS MATCHES!!

R.O. III AND IV CLASSES AVAILABLE NEXT WEEK!!

NEW SASS RULES, VOLUMES 7, 8, 9, AND 10 AVAILABLE FROM makemorestupidrules.com !!

TRES DEMANDS RHYTHM METHOD TO START STAGES?????

Stormy as were the early days of Coyote Valley nothing ever occurred equal to the events of yesterday. Since the retirement of Jasper as Marshal and the appointment of Deputy Dan to fill the vacancy, the has been noted for its quietness and good order. The fractious and formerly much dreaded Temperance Group when they came to town were upon their good behavior, and no unseemly brawls were indulged in, and it was hoped by our citizens that no more such deeds would occur as led to the killing of Marshal Dice, on year ago. It was that this quiet state of affairs was but the calm that precedes the storm that burst in all its fury yesterday, with this difference in results, that the lighting's bolt struck in a different quarter that the one that fell one year ago.

This time it struck with its full and awful force upon those who, heretofore, have made the good name of this country a byword and a reproach, instead of upon some officer in the discharge of his duty or a peaceable and unoffending citizen.

Some time Friday Jack-Knife Jakob, from the Temperance Group came into town and during the evening had some words with Cyrus Sidewinder, and Marshal Dan, but

nothing caused wither to suspect, further than their general knowledge of the man and the threats that had previously been conveyed to the Marshal that the gang intended to clean out the competition, that he was thirsting for blood and this time, with one exception, and that was that Jakob had told the Marshal, in answer to a question, that the Carry Nation's Temperance Group were in town. Shortly after this occurred someone come to the Marshal and told him the Temperance group had been seen a short time before, just below town. The Marshal, not knowing what might happen and feeling his responsibility for the preservation of the peace and order of the town, staid on duty all night and added to the police force his deputies Judge Parker and Lucky Jack. The night passed without any disturbance whatever, and at sunrise he went home and retired to rest and sleep.

As the morning sun crept over the Eastern Hills on the Dan's deputies come to his house and told him that the Temperance gang were hunting for Rowdy Yates known owner for the nicest Saloon in town and were vowing to shoot him on site. Dan slept awhile loner then figured he should check to see if they killed Rowdy yet. He walked up Allen Street to Fifth, crossed over to Fremont and down to Fourth, where upon turning up forth toward Allen he encountered the entire Carry Nation let by Jack-Knife Jakob.

Marshal Dan had a hard time starring down Jack-Knife and all them sober evangelists, but he realized that along with swearing to not drink, or gamble, they also abhorred violence – so no guns! And behind Marshal Dan were the infamous Saloon owners who had no compunction about used firearms. Seeing potential blood-bath Marshal Dan struck a deal with Jack-Knife, they could destroy the vacant Saloon on the corner of Allen and Third and leave all of the rather crowd Saloons alone. This sounded good to the evangelists and blood shed was averted and the

Marshal retired to the nearest Saloon. Tops this time around was Tully (just warming up Winter Range) and he was followed by Lucas McDennis, Dice Splinter, Deputy Dan and ROWDY YATES (yea baby). Little Blackey, the lone woman gotta a tenth shooting black powder.

DIRTY DOG DOUG'S GUNS SILENCE BANK ROBBERS!

Stage one

While playing a little solitaire, waiting to deliver be to the Lucky Jack Gaming Emporium Dog noted that the El Hombre Gang was bearing down on his stage depot.

Throwing down his cards he drew his sixguns and began shooting the oncoming gang with his pistols dry he grabbed his trusty Winchester and continued to throw lead at the charging gang, who were less enthusiastic, and they got closer. With an empty rifle he picked up the double and blasted away driving off the gang and saving the beer shipment.

Doug gotta 12th in the stage which Tully took first and he was followed by Dice and Deputy Dan.

IF YOU NEED COWBOY SHOOTING
SUPPLIES IN THE SACRAMENTO AREA
LOOK UP GERRY RENVILLE, OF RANCHO
CORDOVA GUNS, 916/635-7214
1951 ZINFINDAL DRIVE
RANCHO CORDOVA

FEATURES

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SPRINGFIELD SLIM and LUCKY JACK CAUGHT STEALING NITRO FOR HEIST

Stage two

The new bank vault at the Wells Fargo office was reputed to be made of the toughest German steel, 8 inches thick, and the lock worked on one of the new time lock mechanisms, so the safe door only opened at the 9:00 a.m. with this in mind Slim and Lucky figured that only Nitro would be able to "blow" the safe. It is common knowledge that the only Nitro in town was in the safe of the Gough Eye. Apparently, some of the mixed drinks required a dash of the element to make the drinks palatable.

At around four in the morning Slim and Jack broke into the saloon in an attempt to heist the Nitro. But Dice and Jasper and the local clamper chapter were still in the Saloon conducting a taste test of the various alcohols behind the bar. As the two potential crooks entered the Saloon, with guns drawn, the taste testers didn't take kindly to the interruption and began throwing beer bottles at the two desperados.

Trying to defend themselves the two fired their shotguns, then opened up with their pistols. In the confusion they grabbed the Nitro box and began to exit the Saloon. But, as everybody knows, if handled too roughly the Nitro will begin to smoke. So just as they got to the door smokes started to exit the box, and the taste testers began to rush the door in an effort to escape. The two would-be thieves laid the box down (still smoking), picked up their rifles and, shooting through the smoke, laid down a covering fire to make good their escape. After the smoke cleared, Slim and Jack were nowhere to be found and the taste testers were able to resume their drinking diversion. Slim cleaned the stage and got a 10th overall with Jack got 11th. First again was Tully followed by Lefty then Lucas.

JACK-KNIFE JAKOB SAVED FROM NECK-TIE PARTY!!

Stage three

After a controversial trial, on what many viewed as trumped up charges (cheating at cards, corruption of a minor, you know stuff like that), Jakob was sentenced to hang. At the scheduled time Jakob was brought to the Gallows and, as the crowd booed the hangman, the noose was placed on his neck, and he was shackled to some poor ruffian who just happened to be in the same predicament. As the charges were read Jakob grabbed a sixgun given to him earlier by

members of the El Hombre Gang.

With sixgun in his he whipped off the noose and began blasting away at the local constabulary. As he fled, he pulled a second six-shooter and proceeded to clear the area. Then removing the shackles, he went to his rifle and then with shotgun made good his escape.

Jakob was first followed by Lucas then Dice Splinter.

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"DRINK WATERING" CASE SOLVED BY FAMOUS PRIVATE EYE!!

Stage four

Some days you're better off not getting out of bed. The night before I was trying out my latest theory on my newest case. It seems there were claims that the drinks in the Gough Eye were being watered down and a group of very concerned citizens hired me to find out what went on in the Gough Eye. My name is Judge Charlie Parker, a former Judge, know a dick, gumshoe, sleuth, Pinkerton Man, Private Eye, detective, and man you hire if you need to get answers.

After grilling the owner of the Saloon with a barrage of questions about business ethics, (and realized he had none) I decided to test the mixtures in question. First I sampled the drinks at the Little Blackey's House of Gaming. After twelve hours of exhaustive research (all on the expense account) I felt I was prepared for the Gough Eye. I figured if I drank the exact same drinks (and number), that I had at Blackey's I would gauge how I felt and figure out if the drinks were as strong (pretty good theory – right?) well, after another twelve hours of exhaustive research, I was in the outhouse when bullets started zipping past my head like a swarm of angry bees.

With as much speed as I could muster I put my pants on and confronted my attackers, who turned out to be the very citizens that hired me. They had gotten work that I determined that the drinks in the Gough Eye were not watered down, in fact have kind of a kick, like Nitro, in them.

My clients did not appreciate my findings, or my expense voucher, and they wanted to terminate my contract. With rifle, shotgun and pistols I returned fire. After the smoke cleared the angry mob had disappeared and I could get back

to the business at (in) hand.

Tops in the stage again was Tully followed by Rowdy Yates and then you cares.

LOOKING FOR SOME COWBOY GUNS? TRY CANYON SPORTS

887 Howe Road, Suite F.

Martinez CA

925.229.4867

SHOOTS FOR THIS YEAR CHABOT STYLE SHOOTS AT COYOTE VALLEY

THIRD SUNDAY OF EVERY ODD
MONTH.

For other shoot dates check out these web sites:

California Gunslingers and Coyote Valley Cowboys.

WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL NEXT TIME...
"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"