

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY
CHABOT COWBOY SHOTS - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

TULLY MARS OUTSHOTS EM ALL – BONUS TAKES MATCH!!!
KID ROSA WEDS – WILL HE EVER SHOOT AGAIN??
LEAPIN OTIS A CONTENDER UNTIL STAGE 4 – VOWS TO CLEAN UP NEXT
SHOOT!!!

Vol. IV July 2016

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

**NO CLEAN MATCH – SALT PORK AND
JACK KNIFE MISS TWO! TULLY JUST TOO
FAST!!**

**PARK CLOSES CHABOT GUN CLUB – ONE
LAST SHOOT ON SEPTEMBER 5TH.
IT HAS BEEN A FUN 30 YEARS.**

**MAYHEIM MARY COUNTS ALL MISSIES –
EVEN SHOTGUN – THERE IS NO GOLDEN
B.B.!!!!**

**AMMO PROBLEMS PERSIST – MAYBE
FROM CHINA – WHO KNOWS!!!!**

Rumors of the little town of Chabot closing were rising to a fever pitch as the big landowners closed ranks and were working up a number 9 against the town. Up the awful number 9, where hired guns come in a whooping and hollowing shooting everything in town – expect the women you have to go to the number 9 dance – what’s that - you don’t want to know.

The town prepared for the worst by boarding up the buildings and hiding the whisky, tequila, and beer in a warehouse at the end of town. All the while the town council planned their exit strategy. Gunfighters from all over the territory were brought in to protect the warehouse and wagons and buckboards were hired to haul out the load to an unknown location.

Well as one might expect, when you hire unsavory gunslingers to guard whisky, tequila and beer, there is a chance that the very men you hire as guards might want to “sample” the goods, and it didn’t take long for the “sampling” to begin. Led by the most unsavory of the lot, Percy Hallen, usually a tea

toddler, the gunmen were inside the warehouse partaking in the goods.

Dawn broke over the town and the town council with the most prominent business leader strolled over to their warehouse to examine their haul before it was to be shipped out. Finding the warehouse doors open the group entered with some apprehension. And what they found was all of the gunfighters lying around partaking in the available alcohol. Upon seeing the esteemed town leaders the gunfighters felt it necessary to take up so light target practice.

Soon they started tossing the empty bottles up in the air and began shooting. Needless to say the shots missed there mark and lead was flying everywhere. The town leaders made a hasty retreat and took up refuge in the Gouge Eye Saloon and begin coming up with a new exit plan.

Taking advantage of the bonus target Tully Mars was top shooter with a negative 23 seconds in the last stage. He was followed by Salt Pork Steve, Dice Splinter, Rough N Ready Rob and Leapin Otis.

WELLS FARGO DETECTIVE HECK CUTTER TRACK DOWN OUTLAWS.

Stage One

“These bank robbers were like a bad pair of underwear, no matter what you did, they just kept riding up on you,” exclaimed Detective Heck Cutter. After three successful bank robberies in the area Heck was having a hard time tracking down the villains. He had to bring in some outside guns, some hired help. But who? Who could track down these villains?

There was that famous Private Dick, Dead Eye Dick, but he pretty much stuck to his new territory in Nevada. There was that

once famous gunfighter, what was his name.....oh’ya, J.C. Boggs.. But no one’s see him for ages - rumor has it he was killed in a gun-fight when he brought a .38 to a gunfight. Who then, who could I turn to. Why not hire a crook to catch a crook. Although not very successful, the most infamous outlaw in the territory was Armillello Joe who once road with the El Passo Gang. And since the past robberies were successful, I was pretty sure his gang did not commit them.

I wanted to stake out a bank, while Armillello Joe thought it would be better to stake out a saloon (he did not explain why). Well after eight hours staking out the Niles Canyon Savings & Loan, we ended up in the Mayheim Mary Pleasure Palace Saloon. After the 42nd shot of Mary’s special Tequila an explosion at the bank rocked the saloon.

Stumbling out of our chairs we ran to the door only to run into six strangers running into the saloon. All of us were knocked ass-over-tea-kettle. I recognized one of the six as The Preacher, a prominent traveling pitch man (he is a hair tonic distributor for the West Coast - the tonic can rejuvenate hair and remove most any cloths stain. I know that saloon use the tonic to clean up their bars). As The Preacher and the other five (later identified as Bronco Danny, Lucky Jack, Shanghai, and Well Digger, and VespaRado,

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fell backwards shiny new gold coins fell from their pockets. It didn't take a train engineer (the equivalent of a rocket scientist in the 20th century) to realize we had knocked over the ones who knocked over the bank.

See'n that Armilello and I weren't in any shape to draw our guns, and since the Preacher Gang was a little embarrassed at being caught red-handed, and they promised not to rob any more banks in my jurisdiction, we decided to buy a few more rounds (Armilello did seem to ask a lot of questions regarding the bank jobs?)

Tops was Leapin Otis followed by Salt Pork Steve, German Bob, and Dice Splinter.

LEAPIN OTIS CLEANS UP CROOKED GAME OF CHANCE!!!

Stage two & three

The smoke hung low, like a dense fog on the prairie. Leapin, his back to the wall, looked at the others sitt'n at the table and wondered if twenty-miles of a railroad would take the pot, which now stood at 600 dollars. Ready and Able Anne, her face expressionless, didn't take any cards, Dice, with a pile of chips in front of him took one, German Bob took three muttering something about an inside straight, and Percy stood pat without looking at his cards.

The final bet was made and the cards were spread out on the table, revealing Anne's four of a kind. As she reached over to gather in her chips an Ace slipped out of her sleeve. There was a hushed silence at the table as Anne withdrew her hands and tried to explain that the coat used to belong to Tully, and she had just picked it up this afternoon. Before the explanation could clear, her mouth Leapin had his rifle at the ready and Anne, seeing no percentage in staying, quickly left to find Tully. For our od to SASS Leapin Otis prevailed with a 14.48 in sage 2 and a 16.64 in stage three (for a 2nd and 1st respectively).

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LUCKY JACK "LAYS-DOWN" THE LAW!!

Stage four

"Enough is enough", exclaimed Luck Jack. How he got is moniker is his business, and when some strangers started singing the Lucky Jack song (words to following in future editions) he had had enough. This was not turning out to a good Sunday afternoon.

Luck Jack could not see the deadly band of desperados that wanted to see him full of lead, but he knew, from the sound of the guns, and their respective mussel flashes, how many and far they were. Timing his return fire to the second Lucky Jack proceeded to fill his pursuers with lead. Well this is the way Jack told the story to this reporter, and he is sticking to it.

Lucky Jack took 10th place. Tops were Tully Mars followed by Salt Pork Steve, Rough N Ready Rob then Dice Splinter.

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WELL DIGGER SHOOTS UP BAKERY OVER STALE PASTRIES!!

Stage Five

Well Digger - not owning a Well, or a Digger, many wondered how this gunfighter got his nom de plume but no one had the guts to ask. Seeing Digger attack a plate full of ribs and potatoes was darn near scary, and no one was willing to bring up the family tree after such a display. This latest incident occurred in the morning hours of breakfast. The standard ham & four scrambled eggs, with half a dozen assorted pastries was ordered and while Digger was perusing the morning *Record* he bit into a stale croissant which did not improve his morning manners. Angrily spitting out he tasteless treat he jumped up with sixguns blazing. After emptying his pistol into harmless pastry he proceeded to shoot up the store with his rifle. As the smoke drifted out of the store, Digger calmed down and slowly set down his guns. Seeing as there was only superficial damage to the store, and pastries, and not

wanting to wake the Marshal up at this early hour, the store's owner (who chose to remain anonymous) decided not to press charges.

Well Digger, a new shooter, took 7th overall - not too bad. First was Tully Mars who laid waste to the bonus target. He was followed by Jack Knife, Salt Pork Steve and Rough N Ready Rob.

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SHOOTS FOR THIS YEAR CHABOT REGULAR SHOOT DATES:

SEPTEMBER 5 WILL BE THE LAST SHOOT.

YOLO

FIRST SUNDAY OF EACH MONTH

VERIFY WITH THE RIVER CITY REGULATORS!!!!!!!!!!

WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL NEXT TIME.....

"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"