

# WESTERN RECORD

## OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CVC CHABOT COWBOY SHOTS - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

### BUCK COME, BUCK KICK ASS, BUCK LEAVE. AFTER TRAVELING ALL OVER THE WORLD MEETING WITH KINGS AND QUEENS BUCK RETURNS TO SHOW'EM WHO IS BOSS!!! “WHY OH WHY DID HE COME BACK” EXCLAIMS SAN DAB!!!

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

**“THIS IS TOO EASY.” STATED BUCK,  
“SHOULD BE MORE SHOOTING.”**

**SAND DAB DEMANDS REVIEW OF  
SCORE CARDS AFTER SEEING BUCK  
GIVING ROWDY A BOTTLE OF  
PADDY'S!**

**TRES PINOS GIVES UP AFTER  
SEEING BUCK!!!!**

**SASS TO ALLOW RIFLE CALIBER  
RIFLES NEXT E.O.T.!!! RIFLE  
TARGETS TO BE A MINIMUM OF 50  
YARDS!!!!**

{Sing the theme from Shaft}

Who's the gunslinger that won't back down  
That's a sex machine to all the chicks?

*Buck*  
You're damn right.

Who is the cowboy that would risk his neck  
for his fellow cowboy?

*Buck*  
Can ya dig it?

Who's the cat that won't cop out when  
there's danger all about?

*Buck*  
Right on  
You see this cat Buck is a bad mother  
*Shut your mouth*  
But I'm talkin' about Buck  
*Then we can dig it*

He's a complicated man but no one  
understands him but his horse  
*Buck*

Can you dig it? It was good to see Buck and I

promise not to have any more musical bits in the newsletter. We had 10 brave souls ride into town and take on the SASS style shooting – that's right – all SASS all the time. Targets so big that they can stop global warming (whatever that is, because it is the 1800's). Sand Dab, Dice, and Lucas were all in town to be top gun, betting was high with Lloyds of London taking all bets. Then Buck sauntered out of the Gouge Eye Saloon, with that familiar stagger, he walked through town like he owned it.

When the shooting stopped, and the smoke cleared there was only one top-gun – Buck followed by San Dab then Lightnin' Bill and Lucas McDennis.

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**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**

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**SHAMUS SOLVES THE MISSING GOLD  
CAPPER!"**

*Stage one*

I'm Calamity Carl - I hail just North of Coyote Valley. I am a dick, shamus, flat-foot, private eye, a Pinkerton man. I call this "The case of the missing Gold." Yes, it was a case about missing silver. Anyway, it was a day like any other day. I had just solved the case of a lifetime, and I was sharing my thoughts with my good friend Jack Daniels when this dame drifted into my office. She wore a black number which left nothing to the imagination. Legs all the way up, and curves that you could die on, this spelled trouble. Calling herself Querida I knew it was an alias, she began her sob story.

If heard some good ones in my time, and this

one was a longer than Wyatt's Buntline. She said she needed help finding her missing silver. I told her I didn't think I could find her quiver. She gave a perplexed look and I knew that Jack was interfering with my hearing. After several more attempts, and as many cups of coffee I finally got the full scoop. A thief, bandit, crook, hoodlum, swindler, brigand, charlatan, cheat, con man, had rifled through the family safe and absconded with all her silver, over 100 pounds.

I quickly deduced that this was the work of no ordinary gang. I ruled out the Dirty Dog Gang because it did not involve liquor and moving 100 pounds of gold would involve some work. The only strangers in town were a small bunch from the Santa Rosa territories. They didn't seem like much but looks could be deceiving. I figured as soon as my head stopped pounding like Indian drums, to go out to their camp and ask some questions.

They were just out of town in a fancy tent (the chuck wagon burnt down) and armed to the teeth. I told the boys about Ms. Q's blight, and how the townsfolk hanged just about any criminal they could get their hands on, sometimes for a little an offense as being ugly in public. And before they left town the Marshal, Marshal Dice, might want to look through their fancy tent.

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I left with hands close to my ivory handled Colts, hoping I had scared them into returning the silver. Sure enough, without a shot being fired, the next morning Ms. Q rushed into my office exclaiming that the silver had been returned. Now all that was needed was to agree on the fee arrangements.

Carl was 2<sup>nd</sup>, tops was Lucas.

### **DICE SPLINTER ALMOST LOSES MINE ON ONE SPIN OF THE WHEEL.**

*Stage two*

Swearing off the horses many years ago, after losing his first stake to a nag that wouldn't have place if all the other horses have died, Dice was not tempted, or amused, when asked to bet on Tres's horse, running in the 13<sup>th</sup> race at Coyote Valley. Fuming from being asked Dice stormed into JASPER'S GAMBLING EMPORIUM for a drink and, maybe, a friendly game of cards.

After a while Dice got interested in the famous "Jasper Wheel of Fortune". It seemed that everybody was a winner (not like that crook Rowdy Yates and his damn dice), so Dice sauntered up to the wheel and made a few modest bets, and low and behold he won every bet. As the sweat appeared on Buck's (a temp hired by Jasper) brow, Dice decided to up the ante, and he put his mine up for collateral. As the wheel slowed to a stop Buck was seen frantically working a switch behind the bar. Dice didn't like these odds and attempted to pull his bet from the table. This brought Buck's goons down on Dice, forcing him to pull his hogleg and start blazing his way out of the Saloon. With sixgun, shotgun, and rifle Dice successfully exited the bar and saved his mining claim.

Dice won this stage using his trusty Winchester 76 in 45-75. He was followed by Buck and Sand Dab Sam.

### **LIGHTNIN' BILL OPENS NEW SALOON - FIRST NIGHT A BLAST!!**

*Stage three*

The grand opening of Bill's Liquor Emporium pretty much went off without a hitch except for the minor shoot-out between two of the patrons. It seems that Buck and Sand Dab Sam had a disagreement over the proper way to mix a Gouge Eye Grog. After numerous attempts to perfect the mixture, and with no apparent success the disagreement turned very loud and the other patrons begin to get somewhat concerned.

Abruptly the two stepped away from the bar and faced each other – not really very stable but disconcerting none the less. Before Lightnin's could intervene the hoglegs came out and the shooting started.

Well thanks to the Grog none of the lead hit anything important and with guns empty they went back to trying to figure out how to make the Grog.

Sand Dab beat Buck by a mere .48 seconds – not to shabby.

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### ***GOLDEN GATE WESTERN WEAR***

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10% OFF FOR COWBOY SHOOTERS

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### **JASPER CLEARS OUT RESTURANT!!**

*Stage four*

"This is what I saw," exclaimed Dirty Dog Doug, owner and proprietor of Dirty Dog's Deli & Boarding House, "Jasper comes in, whooping n hollowing, about how he was going to get the guy who et his pizza. After puttin holes in dang near every piece of furniture in the place, Yates, who was minding his own business trying to finish his steak, took exception to the bullet that pierced his T-bone. Then all hell broke loose, Yates gets up and start shooting back. - and he is mad, I mean real made. Well Jasper realizing he's in the wrong place made a hasty retreat with all my other patrons."

Well after the smoke cleared, thanks to his uncanny marksmanship, no-ones was hurt, and he offered to replace all the damaged fixtures. This simple stage was won by Lightnin' Bill followed by Sand Dab and Buck.

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### **LOOKING FOR SOME COWBOY GUNS?**

**TRY CANYON SPORTS**

887 Howe Road, Suite F.

Martinez CA

925.229.4867

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### **BUCK HUNG!!!**

*Stage five*

Need I say more. First was Buck followed by Lucas McDennis and Sand Dab Sam.

## **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"