

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CVC CHABOT COWBOY SHOOTS - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

SAND DAB DOMINATES COWBOYS AND CLEANS UP!!! THE MAGNIFICENT 6 SAVES TOWN OF COYOTE VALLEY!! WILL COONER, "GO BLACK POWDER OR GO HOME!"!!!!

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

BIG BORES RULE, SASS TO ALLOW IN ALL MATCHES!!

SHELTER IN PLACE MAKES TARGET PRACTICE DIFFICULT!!

BANDANNAS REQUIRED AT ALL SHOOTS – EVERYBODY IS AN OUTLAW!!

DURING THESE TRYING TIMES R.O. X AND XI COURSES TO BE GIVEN ON LINE!!

When the Union Pacific grading crews started surveying the land around Coyote Valley the speculators and grifters swarmed into town opening to cash in on the land bonanza that would surely come if the railroad decided to run a line near the town.

The speculation was being run by the ruthless railroad Barron Kiwi Kid. He was offering the townsfolk pennies on the dollar for the acres of ranch land near the town, and he, and his gunfighters, were keeping the honest businesses from making offers on the land.

Something had to be done so the town council met and determined that they needed their own gunfighters, but who, who could take on the railroad. The council sent out a trusted messenger to search for some brave men (at least 7?). Upon the messengers return (names have been withheld to protect the innocent) six brave soles rode into town ready to duke it out with railroad. There was Sand Dab Sand (the scourge of the North), Lucas McDennis (could shoot the wings off of a fly), Cyrus Sidewinder (fastest 97 in the West), Rowdy Yate (just plain no good), Dirty Dog Doug (master with the

Winchester), and Will Cooner (the expert with black powder). They settled in the Gouge Eye Saloon to tip a few and strategize the upcoming fight. The townsfolk looked on in wonderment and described the cowboys as the magnificent six (later to be made into a movie). As the six strategized and consumed mass quantities of Paddy's whiskey, or what the proprietor claimed to be Paddy's in rode in the head of the railroad, none other than the Kiwi Kid.

He sauntered into the bar and began expressing the futility of the six gunfighters going up against the railroad and, that, surely, they would all die. The six just sat there trying to understand what the hell he was saying. Will asked, "Speak English man we cannot understand a word your saying." Kiwi was getting upset with the six, and their consumption of his favorite whiskey and began to again berate the six inebriated cowboys, who tiring of the conversation drew their Colts and begin shooting.

This obviously alarmed Kiwi and it could be said that Paddy's saved his life, and he made his way out of the saloon. Upon his departure the six resumed their planning. Kiwi made his way to the telegraph office and sent word to the Eastern backers that running a railroad though this lawless land would be insanity. After four more days of "strategizing" the town council asked, politely, that the six leave town (and the whisky supply was dangerously low).

Well it was a mildly rainy day for the last shoot before the shelter order but it was fun. Lotsa shooting and we shot bug-splat, twice, once with pistol and once with rifle. As stated above six shooters braved the weather conditions and slung lead at the large close targets. Sand Dab was victorious with a clean match. He was followed by Lucas, then Cyrus, Rowdy, Dirty Dog, and Will (black-powder) Cooner.

"SHELTER IN PLACE" MY TIME AT HOME – JASPER

I'm keeping this diary so that people may learn from my experiences.

DAY 1: Took inventory of my provisions, which included:

8 bottles of Jamison's – this should last me a least a week.

4 bottles of tequila – good for a day.

1 bottle of olives.

2 bottles of gin.

1 case of beer.

Case of canned beans.

Some left-over Chinese food.

1 half eaten sandwich.

1 box of cigars.

10 rolls of toilet paper

1 pack of bacon

2 dozen eggs.

DAY 8: Provisions holding up well, have been rationing the Jameson's, down to 5 bottles. Reruns getting old, include Murder She Wrote, Gunsmoke, Matlock, and Petticoat Junction. Note to self don't eat Chinese food after 6 days, stock of toilet paper takes hit.

DAY 14: Beans getting old, down to 3 eggs and one strip of bacon. Thank god for the Tequila, makes for a good breakfast drink. Down to four rolls of TP, have old phone books, hmmm.

DAY 22: That Angela Lansbury looking pretty good and those women on Petticoat Junction, wow. Up to the 'D's' in the phone book. Call to Dice and will trade TP for Colts. Opened last bottle of Jameson's and olives are all gone.

FEATURES

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DAY 35: Last of Jamison's drank last night. No beer left and up to "O's" in the phone book. Looking grim, how can one survive. Opened drapes for the first time and noticed that the Safeway across the street was open – all is well.

THEOLOGIAN'S AGREE "GOD IS A COWBOY"!

Stage one

"God mad man, but Col. Colt made man equal" was all I could think of as I stared down the barrel of a .45 Peacemaker. It started out as a bad day and the prospects for improvement weren't looking good. Will Cooner had given his Sunday sermon about the evils of gambling, drinking, light loads, and the woman folk in town in a righteous mode making the town as friendly as a drunk without a drink.

After doing some business with Sand Dab and Cyrus I went to the Gough Eye to have a drink and play some poker. This is where the uncomfortable position of being on the business end of a .45 comes in. talk had gotten around that I was make fun of cowboys using wossy lala loads and now it was pay back.

I sat as still as a mouse in a rattlesnake pit. The cowboy with .45 pointed at my gut was in the shadows so I could not make him, or her, out. As I sat there the shooter gave a low sick laugh and told me I was gonna git what was coming to me, and he squeezed the trigger and I braced myself for the impending impact.

All there was was a small pop and the bullet hit me shirt button and fell to the table. My assailant immediately high-tailed it out the back door as all of the other customers fell about themselves in laughter. As I sat at the poker table I made a note to get a new button.

The story has nothing to do with the stage as this stage allowed real rifles. Shooting his Marlin Sand Dab got 1st and he was followed by Lucas and Cyrus.

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WILL COONER AND DIRTY DOG INVOLVED IN A SHOOT OUT!!! "IT WAS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING" EXCLAIMS WILL

Stage two

It seemed so innocent at the time nobody gave Will a second look as he picked up a wine lass from the bar and emptied it. Little did he know that it was the last of the wind, and it was Dirty Dogs. When Dog got back to the bar and found her wine glass empty, he was fit to be tied. Will tried to blame it on Lucas but everybody knew that he doesn't drink wine.

So Dirty Dog dragged Will outside for a showdown. Will made the first move and the shooting became general. Thankfully bot had consumed large quantities of alcohol and with their aim just a little off, no harm was done by either shooter and Cyrus saved the day with some home-made wine from his private stock.

Another big bore stage popping the little targets on the hill and in the mine. Again, Sand Dab got'em all with Lucas close behind and Dirty Dog taking third.

BANDITS ATTEMPT HOLD UP AT SAND DAB RANCH!!

Stage three

After selling off his cattle Sand Dab was on his way back to his ranch when 40, yes 40 bandits swooped down from the bluff. Sand Dab spurred on his horse and it was a race towards the safety of the ranch. As they rode at full gallop Sand Dab drew one of his pistols and began firing at the bandits, emptying the first Colt he drew his second and third Colt and turning in the saddle a gun in each hand he fired off ten more rounds. Holstering the six-gun, he withdrew one of his lever guns and fired off fifteen rounds. Almost to the ranch he retrieved his second rifle and fired off ten more rounds.

When he arrived at the ranch the 40 bandits were headed to Saint Peters suffering from lead poisoning. Tops in the forty-shoot stage was Lucas, in just over 33 seconds, followed by Sand Dab and Will Cooner.

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CYRUS CLEARS ROOM OF COCK ROACHES!!

Stage four

Arriving late in town there were no rooms available in the respectable hotels as the upcoming chili cook-off was scheduled for the following day. The only room available was at the McDennis Inn and Livery, so Cyrus had no choice but to take a room. After a steak and a couple of drinks at Cooners Gaming Emporium and Eatery he settle down for a good nights sleep.

After a couple of hours Cyrus awoke to some strange noise coming from the opposite wall. After lighting the table side lamp Cyrus noted something crawling on the wall – cock roaches. Cyrus quickly drew his hog-legs and proceeded to shoot each of the pesky insects. The noise of the pistols brought out some angry patrons who began firing back. With shotgun and rifle he quickly silenced the annoyed patrons and finally got back to sleep.

Cyrus was number one beating Sand Dab and Will took third.

LOOKING FOR SOME COWBOY GUNS? TRY CANYON SPORTS

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LUCAS TAKES NO SASS AND CLEANS HOUSE!!

Stage five

Running a boarding house isn't easy work, but Lucas has reputation of running one of the best in Coyote Creek. So, when several dirty miners wandered into his place, demanding room and board, Lucas, noting that cock roaches were crawling on them whipped out his rifle and began picking off the cock roaches. The miners shocked at the lead coming their way ran out of the boarding house.

Cock Roaches again, why not, but this time with rifles and big bore allowed no less. Blasting all of them and cleaning the stage was Sand Dab followed by Lucas then Rowdy Yates.

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"