

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CHABOT COWBOY SHOOT - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

**TULLY MARS IS THE ONE - DOMINATES SHOOT! "SALT PORK AND SAND DAB
JUST TOO SLOW AND CANNOT BEAT ME!!"
CHABOT TO BE SITE OF CALIFORNIA STATE CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!**

Vol. III May 2014

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

**LARGER TARGETS MEANS
EVERYBODY CLEANS ALL OF
THE STAGES!!**

**SASS TO ALLOW LARGE
CALIBER RIFLES IN ALL MAIN
MATCHES!!!**

**DICE ALMOST NUMBER ONE,
VOWS TO BE TOP GUN NEXT
TIME!!**

**SHOOT TOO EASY – COWGIRLS
DO NOT WANT TO COME TO
SHOOT!!**

The league of Women Against Cigars, Killing, Estrogen, and Drinking (W.A.C.K.E.D), led by the boisterous, and voluptuous, (hey that's sexual harassment), Hicks Mountain Honey, were planning a protest march against the newly opened Sand Dab Sam's Triple A Saloon (Alcohol, Ammo, & Amble ladies). It was only the 28th Saloon to open up in as many days, and to the delight of the cowboy population, with the resulting competition drink prices were at an all-time low (Beer for 5 cents a mug and not those small pussy mugs they serve at the Gouge Eye

Saloon, were talking real big he-man mugs).

So calling an emergency meeting of the town council, Dice, Flaco, Fat Billy, and Bruno Billy first decided the only way to meet this WACKED menace was to leave town. But after more debate, cigars, and booze, the town council elected to negotiate a truce with the WACKED leaders.

As the ladies of WACKED planned their protest, the town of Chabot send their emissaries to meet with the WACKED lady's. The town sent Oklahoma Jones, 4-Eye Dick, and German Bob to head off the lady's as the Saloon patrons were starting to fear for their safety.

Calling on Judge Sidewinder (the circuit Judge) to mediate the matter, the town representatives met with WACKED, and after 32 hours of negotiation presented the town council with their demands. These included closing the saloons for one hour on Sunday.

Faced with a town of angry women, the town council accepted the list of demands (which will be published at a later date). With the threat of a protest

averted the Saloons removed their barricades, and the cowboys began celebrating.

Jeez talk about reaching for a story line!! Tully Mars was top gun and he dominated the shoot with an exhibition of shooting that left the other shooters shaking in their boots.

Thanks to all that help take out and bring in the targets.

GOLDEN GATE WESTERN WEAR

Hey!!, Major DeBacle is the proprietor of the fine Western Wear Store, and if He don't have it, He can Probably find It. Two locations;

one at
12153 San Pablo Ave.
Richmond CA

510.232.3644 and in Pleasant Hill across from
Sun Valley Mall

www.goldengatwesternwear.com

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OKLAHOMA JONES CATCHES WHISKY THIEVES!!!

Stage one

Running the sign and buggy painting store next to the Flaco Billiard Parlor and Gambling Emporium, is usually a pretty quiet endeavor and Oklahoma Jones usually passes the evening with a glass of brandy and a fine cigar. But last Sunday a couple of would-be thieves attempted to break into the Saloon and make off with the supply of whisky.

Oklahoma, with his sixguns, rifle and shotgun, approached the thieves and ordered them to, "cease and desist". Seeing the sign painter in his night shirt the banditos didn't give him a second thought. Oklahoma repeated his demand and when the robbers drew-down, Oklahoma let'em have-it. With shotgun, pistols, rifle and shotgun (again) Oklahoma saved the day.

In a tad over a minute Tully Mars was first followed by Salt Pork Steve, Sand Dab Sam and Dice.

DICE PUTS ON INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF SHOOTING!!

Stage two & three

You could hear a pin drop. The silence was deafening as Dice stepped out into Main Street to face the twenty-eight banditos. It had been a rough day for Dice, first he lost a weeks wages that morning at the craps table (he was a big craps player hence the handle) and then Bruno Billy's Gaming Palace was out of his favorite whisky – somebody (they think Rowdy Yates) drank all of the Paddy's and the next shipment was not due until Wednesday. So as he faced the ruffians he was in no mood to take any funny business.

So when one of the banditos went for his gun Dice let loose with sixguns, shotgun, and then his trusty

Winchester. In less than 25seconds all of the bandits were suffering from lead poisoning.

This is the fast and easy stage. Dice cleaned Stage 2 was in 10.10 seconds and stage 3 in 14.29 seconds, both good enough for firsts. Salt Pork got second in both stage 2 and 3 just behind Dice. In stage 3 Dice beat Salt Pork by .03 seconds – yikes.

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

GERMAN BOB SHOOT'S UP SALOON FOR SERVING BAD TEQUILA!!!

Stage four

After a hard day of running his ranch German Bob strolled into his favorite Clamper saloon, Fat Billy's Drinking Emporium, and ordered his usual - Tequila shot with a fresh slice of peach. Flaco, the bartender, being a newcomer in town, didn't realize German Bob's proclivity to violence if given poor quality tequila.

Figuring to pass him some of the house brand (not the good stuff), and make a little more profit, he poured a less than generous shot, scooped up the four-bits, and was depositing the money into the register when heard German Bob spit out the cheap excuse for tequila and turned on the patrons.

Luckily most of the patrons were regular's and were familiar with German Bob's behavior when given bad tequila - so in unison 40 patrons "hit the floor", as German Bob's shotgun, rifle, and hog-legs tore holes in the walls and ceiling of Fat Billy's place. Sheriff Mars, after tasting the

tequila in question, did not press charges, and fined the Saloon \$25.00 for serving inferior tequila.

Tully was top gun followed by Dice, Salt Pork Steve and German Bob (who along with Tully cleaned the stage).

SAND DAB SAM SAVES DISTILLERY

Stage five

Being a part owner in the local beer distillery was not a conflict of interest according to Sand Dab, even though all the other distilleries around town have been mysteriously burned to the ground or blown up (with no suspects yet). But when a gang of no-goods attempted to rob Mar's Finest Brewing Company, (owned by Tully Mars, Flaco and Fat Billy) the perpetrators were corned within hours of the robbery, and dead eye Tully Mars, dispensed some true western sixgun justice.

Tully Mars finished 6th overall in this stage, using pistols and rifle. Sand Dab was first with a negative time of -15.44 – now that's fast.

~} JOIN THE VESPA-RADOS SHOOTING SCHOOL AND IMPROVE YOUR SCORE BY A GUARANTEED .075 SECONDS. {~

FAT BILLYS ADVICE ON LIFE

by Fat Billy

Being a senior world traveler an all I feel I know abit more about life than you young'uns. Seems the world has gone crazy over instruction manuals. Everywhere you look there are pamphlets and disclaimers telling you not to load six rounds in your sixgun,

do not look down the barrel to see if your rifle is loaded, or somethin', as if we've all lost whatever common sense God gave us. Well, maybe we have. Most humans are just walking cabbage anyway. It has come to my attention that there is no guidebook to beer drinking (a past time that I am well qualified for), and there certainly isn't a troubleshooting guide to help you through the obvious perils of swilling brew. Worry no more dear cowboys, and cowgirls. Once again, Fat Billy comes to the rescue with my stab at BEER TROUBLESHOOTING...

SYMPTOM: Feet cold and wet.
FAULT: Glass being held at incorrect angle.
ACTION: Rotate glass so that open end points toward ceiling.
SYMPTOM: Feet warm and wet.
FAULT: Improper bladder control.
ACTION: Stand next to nearest dog; complain about house training.
SYMPTOM: Beer unusually pale and tasteless.
FAULT: Glass empty.
ACTION: Get someone to buy you another beer.
SYMPTOM: Opposite wall covered with kerosene lamps.
FAULT: You have fallen over backward.
ACTION: Have yourself chained to bar.
SYMPTOM: Mouth contains cigar butts.
FAULT: You have fallen forward.
ACTION: See above
SYMPTOM: Floor moving.
FAULT: You are being carried out.
ACTION: Find out if you are being taken to another bar.
SYMPTOM: Floor blurred.
FAULT: You are looking through bottom of empty glass.
ACTION: Get someone to buy you another beer.
SYMPTOM: Room seems unusually

dark.
FAULT: Bar is closed.
ACTION: Get free drinks.
SYMPTOM: Everyone looks up to you and smiles.
FAULT: You are dancing on the table.
ACTION: Fall on somebody cushy-looking.
SYMPTOM: Beer is crystal clear.
FAULT: It's water. Somebody Is trying to sober you up.
ACTION: Punch him
SYMPTOM: Beer tasteless, front of your shirt is wet.
FAULT: Mouth not open or glass applied to wrong part of face
ACTION: Retire to outhouse, practice in mirror.
Well I hope this helps you somewhat mate. I you have any questions keep them to yourself.

GET YOUR OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY NEWSLETTER AND SHOOT RESULTS AT ROWDY'S WEBSITE:

WWW.GOUGEYESALOON.COM

SHOOTS FOR THIS YEAR
CHABOT
REGULAR SHOOT DATES:

THIRD SUNDAY OF EVERY ODD MONTH.

YOLO

FIRST SUNDAY OF EACH MONTH

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

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

"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"