

WESTERN RECORD

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

JASPER TOP GUN IN MAY!!!

VIRTUAL SHOOT IN MAY A GREAT SUCCESS – 44 GUNS SHOW UP!!
TULLY MARS TO PUT ON UNIVERSAL WORLD NATION-STATE
CALIFORNIA BLACK POWER CHAMPIONSHIP – OVER 1000 EXPECTED
TO PARICIPATE!!!

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

**“SMOKING IRONS, WE DON’T NEED
NO SMOKING IRONS!!” EXCLAIMS
TULLY**

**ROWDY DEMANDS RECOUNT –
JASPER WINS BY LESS THAN 2
SECONDS!**

**ONLY 678 SHOTS FIRED – JASPER
LEAVES DISAPPOINTED!!**

**READY AND ABLE ANNIE TOP
COWGIRL – IN TOP FIVE!!!**

As the sun slowly rose over the Eastman mountain range it was clear that it was going to be a beautiful day in the little mining town of Coyote Valley. With temperatures expected to reach the low 70’s everybody was looking forward to a wonderful Sunday. But along with the arriving Sun into town rode one of the most notorious gunfighters the West had ever known – Tully Mars and with his arrival the temperature quickly turned cold.

Seeing his arrival Mayor McDennis had some concerns about the safety of the citizens, but at the same time he believed that Tully’s arrival to his small town would increase business at his Lucas Gaming Emporium and Restaurant, and Jasper Billiard’s Saloon. The town council was divided between banning the lawless ruffian, gunning him down as he slept, opening more saloons, and raising the cost of a burial; all to take advantage of this rare business opportunity the arrival of Tully

might provide.

The Western Record obtained the following confidential excerpts of the closed session meeting which shows what went on. Mayor McDennis: This will be good for all of the local businesses, from the undertaker to the saloon keeper. All we have to do is stay off the streets for a day or so. Councilman Percy Hallen: I agree with the esteemed Mayor. Only good will come of this and we should require that whiskey be free to all. That no good Gouge Eye can afford it.

Councilman Dice: Here, here! Free Whiskey. Councilman Lefty Eastman: No we have to save the town. I say get-m when he is asleep, then celebrate with free whiskey! Councilwoman Annie: I agree with Lefty, but before we gun-m down we charge him for coming into town. Mayor McDennis: As appealing as it may sound to gun-m down we may accidentally shoot a registered voter. I say leave him alone, and have the free whiskey.

As any reader can see the only consensus was for the free whiskey. The final decision was to leave the famed gunfighter alone and have free whiskey. And with everybody wearing masks it would be difficult to recognize him.

It was more than 40 years ago that the little town of Coyote Valley was founded, and nobody believed that the town would survive. But after the gold, and silver, discovery, then the new railroad line was established, the future of Coyote was secure, and now all the fat cat politicians wanted was free whisky (this whole drinking phenomenon really became a problem after the Howling Wolf offered free drinks in an

attempt to shut down the Gouge Eye).

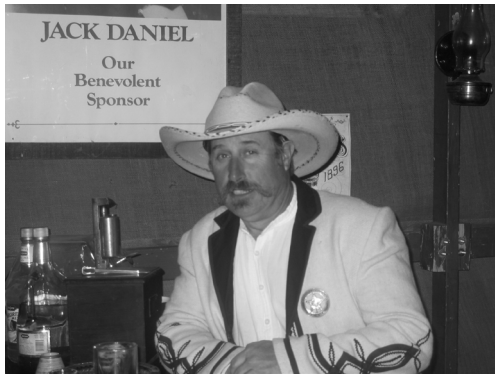
Tully arrived boasting how he would dominate the shooting arena and take top gun honors. He bragged to everyone that even Sand Dab was too afraid to show his face at Coyote Valley. This did not sit well with some of the other noted gunfighters that showed up to partake in the festivities. Lefty another famed gunfighter, coldly stared down Tully and swore to take him down.

Feeling the tension in the air, the Mayor cut short his “free drinking” speech to let the shooting contest begin. So, it began, just like any shootout -- but different. It was a beautiful day, just a little on the cold side. Four hundred and twelve cowboys and cowgirls showed up to plug some steel and see how everyone was doing (and get free drinks).

When the smoke cleared it was no surprise to this reporter that JASPER was top of the heap, king of the hill, and top gun. Yes, he beat them all. He was followed by Rowdy Yates, Dirty Dog Doug, Ready and Able Annie and El Hombre Sin Numbre.

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Sand Dab ready for anything.

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

ELK BUTTSAVES RESTAURANT!!

Stage one

At his just recently opened restaurant, ECV "Vegimite and Beer Tavern", Elk Butt was enjoying a brisk business from the society types in town. As the gentlemen, and their ladies, quietly enjoyed some fresh brewed "tea", and cigars a group of unwashed heathens from Sacramento California stomped in. Demanding whiskey (claiming it was the only drink for a man), and loudly besmirching the Australian's "warm" beer,

Elk Butt quietly asked the group to leave. The gang just snickered, and before they knew what happened, Elk Butt had his sixguns out and the rude patrons were given a .45 point lesson in manners. Elk Butt gotta 4th overall. Tully was first was followed by Lucas and Sand Dab.

LEAPIN OTIS BUSTS CROCKED CRAPS GAME!!

Stage two

New to the Howling Wolf Mr. Otis (only his friends call him Leapin) did not realize as he strolled into the Howling Wolf for some friendly drinking and gambling, that the games were, how should we put this, not exactly in the players favor. Standing at the craps game everything appeared legit and he was on a good role having just made the point. He then bet the come and rolled a 7, let it ride and rolled an 11, and now the table was getting interesting. Then the croupier checked the dice and passed them onto Otis.

Being an expert gambler, Otis felt the dice weight was wrong and decided now as a good time to pack it in, but the Saloon had different ideas demanding that he role the bones.

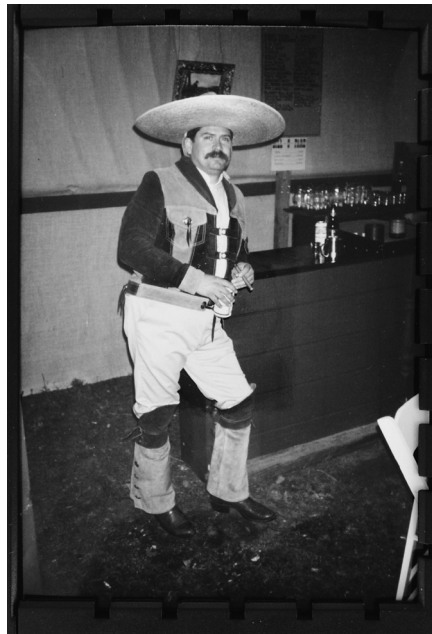
Outgunned 59 to 1 they thought they could take care of this tender foot. But Otis was faster, first with shotgun then rifles and hoglegs he cleared out the first fifteen, then reloading the 97 he took out the rest of the bums with the 97 and 73 in a tad over 31 seconds.

This was good enough for a 2nd place. Tops was Rowdy in 31.20 seconds followed by Otis, Ready & Able Annie and Jasper.

A 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

SPONSOR OF RANGE WAR 96-05
10% OFF FOR COWBOY SHOOTERS



Tres Pinos at the Saloon

TRES PINOS SAVES STAGECOACH!!
Stage three

The express stage from San Francisco was crossing Cooner Gorge when numerous gunmen ordered the stage to stop and the driver to throw down the box. Little did they know that in the stage was Tres Pinos on his way to Coyote Valley to participate in the National Whiskey Tasting competition (rumor was that Jack Daniels was introducing a new barrel of whiskey).

The bandits didn't take any notice of the famed whiskey taster, and before the bandits new what hit them Tres's six-guns were upon them. In just under 50 seconds the bandits where taking the express to St. Peters. Jasper was first followed by Dirty Dog and Rowdy.

CYRUS SIDEWINER GETS REPRIEVE AT LAST MINUTE, COLT CLEARS UP CONFUSION!!!

Stage four

Being an innocent man with a noose around your neck is not an enviable position to be in. As far as Cyrus knew drawing three cards to an inside straight was not a hanging offense, but the Judge Morgun Play (appointed by the honorable Mayor Dice) believed that anyone that abused the sacred game of poker by drawing three cards to an inside straight rates right up there with sheep abuse, and by god if you hang one you should hang the other. As the final words were spoke and the noose tightened around the neck Cyrus grabbed a sixgun from his vest and proceeded to shoot his way out of his own necktie party, with sixguns, rifle and shotgun.

Rowdy was first followed by Elk Butt.



ECV at the Gouge Eye

CYRUS SIDEWINDER & JASPER

CLEAN OUT SALOON!!

Stage one

Known for their ability to drink a saloon dry (banned from the Howling Wolf Saloon for “drinking it dry”). The two were downing a few, bragging about the good ol’ days of knock down targets, and no “load two-shoot two” (you could stoke those 97’s) and mocking all those who “short stroke” their rifles, when, from the back of the saloon, a group of young cowboys (you know, SASS 98,000 and above) told them to hold it down. This was all Cyrus and Jasper needed. Demonstrating their skill with firearms the two fired over 100 rounds and didn’t hit a thing. After the smoked cleared the young’ns had been cleared out and the two had more tales to tell.

Cyrus was 12th and Jasper was 1st.

WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL NEXT TIME..

"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"



After Cyrus and Jasper left the Saloon



Jasper and Percy where?, a saloon.



The early years