

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

COYOTE VALLEY CHABOT COWBOY SHOOTS - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

LUCAS McDENNIS TAKES MATCH “NO ONE CAN STOP ME, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA.” EXCLIAMS THE MODEST LUCAS!! LITTLE BLACKY TOP COWGIRL – WHOOP’N SOME COWBOY ASS! SMALLER TARGETS DEMANDED!!!

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

LEFTY EASTMAN CANNOT BELIEVE HE LOST A MATCH – VOWS TO BUY NEW GUNS AND PRACTICE EVEN MORE.

SWEET TOOTH KELLY DEMANDS TARGETS SET FARTHER AWAY”

MORE COMPLICATED STAGES DEMANDED BY SASS-TRES TO HEAD UP STAGE DESIGN COMMITTEE!

SHANIKO JACK WANTED BY U.S. MARSHAL FOR THREATING LIFE OF TAX COLLECTOR AND RESPECTED COYOTE VALLY CITIZENS – WELL MAINLY FOR THE TAX COLLECTOR.

A loud hush fell over the town of Coyote Valley as the still wind blew in from the east as the fading dawn brought light to Main Street. Gunfighters, desperados, gamblers, and carpet baggers had assembled in the town of Coyote Valley following the gold and silver bust in the Sierra’s. Most of the new arrivals were chomping at the bit for pay back. Not only had their luck run out in the mines but the new owners of the Gouge Eye Saloon were looking to cash in on their tax assessment problem – or have that no good Rowdy Yates shot until dead (he was already hung once and that did not take), and hang the tax assessor.

The new owners of the Gouge Eye, who go by Lefty Eastman, and Shaniko Jack, are not only in trouble with the law but a new saloon opened up in the Manteca County promising good whiskey and honest women (or was it honest whiskey and good women?). This new establishment, the

Howling Wolf, promised to rid the territory of disrespectful establishments like the Gouge Eye.

Be that as it may the new owners promised to keep the Gouge Eye open despite the frivolous lawsuits and slanderous allegation. If fact they noted that profits were up since selling surplus whiskey to the Howling Wolf. With all the tension in the air no one could guess that the roughest and toughest cowboy of the day would befall gunfighter Lucas McDennis.

Of the 324 shooters that showed up only seven were able to complete the match. Throwing in large bore rifles, small targets, and a stoked 97, made for an interesting match with Lucas McDennis taking first followed by Lefty Eastman Springfield Slim.

LITTLE BLACKY CONFRONTS BANK ROBBERS!!!

Stage one

One usually is in no danger being alone on Main Street in the town of Coyote Valley. But on this past Sunday morning Little Blacky stood face to face with 24 of the most vicious, nasty, cruel, evil treacherous, unscrupulous, and bad men in the territory (they may have been from Nevada). With only her shotgun, rifle, and sixguns, Blacky gave them two choices, “Leave town now, or face the wrath of my lead.”

The bystanders along Main Street stared in silence at the scene unfolding before them. In the tick of a second hand one of the outlaws went for his gun, and before the second hand completed its travel Sloan was at work. With her double, sixguns, and trusty Winchester she blasted the bunch of the outlaws.

Tops was Spingfield Slim followed by Lucas and Lefty.

SWEETTOOTH KELLEY PUTS ON INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF SHOOTING!!

Stage two

Another 24 ruffians stood in the way of Sweettooth Kelly. They should not have been making fun of his name. After politely asking the strangers to leave him alone he could take it no more.

Sweettooth armed with only a shotgun, Winchester and two trusty Colts when one of the banditos went for his gun. Sweettooth let loose with rifle, sixguns and shotgun. In a flash all of the bad guys were suffering from lead poisoning.

Tops was Lefty, followed by Lucas and Springfield Slim.

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FEATURES

General News.....1-3

Classified 3

Results 4

SASS Rules Simplified 2

SHANIKO JACK RIDS SALOON OF CARD SHARPS!!

Stage three

While attempting to have a nice quiet faro game, Shaniko, named after his mentor Black Jack Traven, noticed that Lucas, was catching a lot of cards from the dealer, Rowdy Yates. After two hours of losing bet after bet, Shaniko finally figured out that Rowdy had a gaffed card box guaranteeing that Lucas won most of his bets. Following his mentor's teachings Shaniko tipped over the faro table and drew down on the would be cheaters. Not wanting to face Judge "Hangin" Jasper, Yates and Lucas high tailed it out of the saloon followed by Shanikos lead.

Tops was Lucas followed by Lefty and Rowdy.

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JASPER'S CODE of CONDUCT

In my continuing quest to further mankind I have deciphered more from the divinely dude-centric set of commandments

Rule #56: No guy shall be required to see a "chick" flick.

Rule #124: Owning more firearms than you could possibly use in a lifetime is essential to your well-being. Having to explain why you need another gun could cause massive headaches.

Rule #195: Having reading material in the bathroom is manly unless it's Bride Magazine, or Home Beautiful.

Rule #223: Owning power tools that you may never use is a natural urge, not to be suppressed.

Rule #365: Drinking whiskey, smoking cigars, and gambling are natural desires and should not be suppressed.

Rule #598: Under no circumstances may one man ask another man "Do these pants make my hips look big."

Rule #768: Asking for directions is never required, a man should use their natural hunting instincts, even if it always leads to a topless bar.

LEFTY EASTMAN THWARTS STAGECOACH HOLDUP!!!!

Stage four

Wide was the fame of Lefty's Stages and splendid were his goings and comings. Of course he carried matter for Wells Fargo, and so it befell that last Sunday he set out from Coyote Valley on the San Francisco run with six horses, five passengers and \$30,000 in minted gold to pay off the mill workers at the end of the haul.

The daylight hours passed pleasantly. The weather was more than clement, the company aboard the stage was entirely masculine and so provided none of the inconveniences to its conduct implicit in female fares, and one of the travelers, Springfield Slim, who was, perhaps by shrewd selection, invited by the driver to share the box, was provided with a square-faced bottle of Diablo's Medford rum from far-off Massachusetts, no common fare in Coyote County.

Not until nightfall, when all his passengers were sleeping soundly under Buffalo robes in the interior of the coach, did Lefty think of danger. Then, just before moonrise and as the Concord was climbing the steep reverse curve, known as Bucks curve, there came out of the darkness the accustomed hail and command to "throw down that box."

Without hesitation Lefty aimed a swinging blow with his buckskin lash at the near-wheel horse and in the same movement drew his Colt revolver from his cloak. There was a roar as of cannon fire from the Colt. The horses leapt as though the devil was driving, the Concord lurched with terrifying abruptness, and the answering gunfire from the ditch lodged hot lead in the expensive painting on the door representing the Lakes of Killarney in springtime. The passengers cowered on the floor, sharing the remains of the Medford rum, and the entire entourage thundered off into the dark with Wells Fargo treasure intact and no great damage done. Whew, that was quite a stage ride.

Top cowboy was Lucas, followed by Springfield Slim, and Rowdy Yates.

**CHECK CALIFORNIA GUNSLINGER
WEB SIGHT FOR SHOOTS ALL OVER THE
PLACE.**

WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL NEXT TIME..

"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"