

# WESTERN RECORD

**OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY**

**CHABOT COWBOY SHOOT - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS**

**DIAMOND DICK PASSES AWAY - HE SAND DAB SAM ENDS YEAR ON TOP AND IS TOP GUN FOR 2012!!!**

**HICKS MOUNTAIN HONEY TOP COWGIRL!!**

**GERMAN BOB MISSES ONLY ONE - SO CLOSE TO CLEAN!!!!**

Vol. VI, November 2012

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

**SALT PORK STEVE SWEARS TO BEAT SAND DAB IN 2013!!!**

**NEW RULES FOR CAS NOW AVAILABLE IN 18 EASY TO READ VOLUMES!**

**FOR PUBLIC SAFETY ALL WHISKEY TO BE CERTIFIED BY THE ECV!!!**

**CITY COUNCIL AVOIDS FISCAL CLIFF BY ELIMINATING DRINK TAX!!**

The little town of Chabot was flush with cash but future payoff, hmm, retirements, could bankrupt the town so to avoid this travesty the town council held an emergency meeting. The meeting was held in at their regular spot at the Howling Wolf Saloon and after several "drink" breaks, which are offered at no charge to the council.

After several hours discussing the situation a decision was finally reached. To avoid the fiscal "cliff" the council decided to eliminate all taxes on drinks which include liquor (which, with the exception of the

water) is all drinks. This paper could not figure out how cutting taxes would solve the financial issues until the fine points of the plan were revealed.

The Association of Secret Saloon Owners (A.S.S.O's.) agreed to make a contribution to the retirement fund if the City would eliminate the tax on alcohol. Sounds like a good deal all around.

This was the last shoot of the year and Sand Dab Sam was top gun by a mere five seconds over Salt Pork Steve. For the year tally Sand was the repeat winner with 38 points again followed by Salt Pork Steve with 34 points then German Bob (18pts), Vespa Rado (17pts), Cyrus Sidewinder (11pts) and 4-Eye Dick (10pts).

The previous top guns were:

- 1987: Dead Eye Dick
- 1988: Dead Eye Dick
- 1989: Texas Jack
- 1990: Texas Jack
- 1991: Texas Jack
- 1992: Max Sand
- 1993: Max Sand
- 1994: Max Sand
- 1995: J.C. Boggs.
- 1996: J.C. Boggs

1997: J.C.

1998; Sand Dab Sam

1999: Sand Dab Sam

2000: Jess Brown

2002: Harris Hawk

2003: Harris Hawk

2004: Harris Hawk

2005: Sand Dab Sam

2006; Whiskey Rivers

2007; Sand Dab Sam

2008; Sand Dab Sam

2009; Buck

2010 Tully Mars

2011; Sand Dab Sam

Thanks to everyone for all your help setting up and putting targets back. Without your help the shoots could not go on. I will be getting the trophies for 2011 and 2012 soon – I promise.

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Previous top cowgirls were:

- 1992: Dr. Ruth Less.
- 1993: Dr. Ruth Less
- 1994: Josie Marcus

1995: Powder Bern  
1996: Powder Bern,  
1997: Powder Bern.  
1998: Josie Marcus  
1999: Josie Marcus  
2000: Aurora Borealice  
2001: Allie Mo  
2002: Allie Mo  
2003: Shotgun Lil  
2004: Dead Eye Debbie  
2005: Brandy Rose  
2006: Querda  
2007; Querda  
2008; Querda  
2009; Querda  
2011 Ready and Able Anne

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

#### *Stage one*

I am a dick, shamus, flat-foot, private eye, a Pinkerton man – I am Inspector Nettleton. I call this “The case of the missing Gold.” (pretty clever if I do say so, because this was a case about missing gold). 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, broad, lass, 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 Hick’s Mountain Honey, I knew it was an alias, then she began her sob story.

I’ve 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 gold. I told her I didn’t think I could help find her cold? 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 gold, over 100 pounds.

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

Their camp was just out of town with a fancy chuck wagon, and armed to the teeth. The wagon wheels were sitting mighty low, which convinced me that my hunch was right. I told the boys about Ms. Honey’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, German Bob, might want to look through their fancy wagon.

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

Stage one was a piece of cake with Salt Pork taking first followed by Sand Dab, Tully and Jackknife.

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## **GOLDEN GATE WESTERN WEAR**

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10% OFF FOR COWBOY SHOOTERS

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### **MASKED CRUSADER SAVES SALOON AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN, & AGAIN & AGAIN!!!**

#### *Stage two and three*

“NOBODY MOVE” yelled the twenty-six gunmen, as he entered Vespa Rado’s Horseless Carriage Emporium & Pleasure Palace. “Everybody keep their hands in the air and we won’t have to harm anyone.” As the helpless patrons stood by the badmen began the rifle through pockets, and clean out the cash register (this is a familiar theme repeated often in the chronicles of the old West). Just as the robbers were finishing, a masked crusader against evil and all bad things (except drinking and gambling of-course) jumped from the balcony to the main floor and with a resounding yell exclaimed, “STOP!! IT IS FAT BILLY, LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS BEFORE I COMMENCE TO PUMMEL YOU.”

The startled gunmen laughed at this stranger, and opened fire. But Fat Billy was too quick. In a flash his shotgun was blazing, and when empty, he played his sixguns like a concert, and within seconds, all of the badmen were dancing with the devil. And again before the smoke could

clear Fat Billy Boy was gone riding off into the sunset looking for more crime to squash.

Fat Billy gotta a 10<sup>th</sup> and a 9<sup>th</sup> in our ode to SASS. Sand Dab was 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup>, and Jackknife was 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup>, and Tully Mars was 1<sup>st</sup> in stage 3 with a time of 11.85.

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**IF YOU NEED COWBOY SHOOTING SUPPLIES IN THE SACRAMENTO AREA LOOK UP GERRY RENVILLE, OR DICK PRICE, AKA DIRTY DICK, OF RANCHO CORDOVA GUNS,**  
916/635-7214  
1951 ZINFINDAL DRIVE  
RANCHO CORDOVA

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### **BUSHWACKE CARLSON SAVES WATER SHIPMENT!!!**

*Stage four*

With water prices skyrocketing the Appalachian Assassin and his gang figured it would be more profitable to hijack the water shipments and hold'em for ransom. The man in charge of getting the water through to Chabot was none other than that famous Calvary solder, Hernando Revolver. Deciding to leave the troop behind at Fort Faraday, Hernando headed out for Chabot at the crack of dawn, leading the mule train with over 1000 gallons of fresh water.

As he cleared Jackknife pass a voice from behind a boulder yelled "Stop the train, and hit the dirt". But Hernando would have none of "it" on that day, and in an instant he had sixguns in his hands and whipped the team on. Firing sixguns, rifle, and shotgun, Hernando successfully got the water to Chabot just in time for the rain.

Tops was Jackknife followed by Salt Pork, Sand Dab, and German Bob.

### **HISTORY 101**

The shoot at Chabot began in 1985 after my brother (Cyrus Sidewinder) and I attended our first End of Trail (EOT) in 1984. Upon our return we got together with the Chabot Gun Club and held our first cowboy shoot. To prepare for EOT we set up the first shoot like EOT, with paper targets, 10 second penalties, rifle caliber rifles, and stoked 97's. Yes, that is how the first EOT's rolled. As EOT changed we did not, the big guns were too fun and a stoked 97 is way too much fun.

### **TEAM EVENT – SHOOT THE CUBE.**

To end the shoot a devious team shoot was arranged and you had to hit a square cube on a 4x4 then cut the 4x4 with pistols – oh yea. Team one with German Bob, Rowdy Yates, Rough N Ready, Sand Dab Sam, and H. Revolver was awesome and completed the task in 40.71 seconds. Team two with Vespa Rado, A. Assassin, Tully Mars, Inspector Nettleton, and Forrest Fire didn't fare to well and gotta 45.31. Team one couldn't lose then team three with Salt Pork, Bushwacker, Jackknife Fat Bill and 4-Eyed Dick kicked ass and did it in time of 25.20 (the 4x4 post was suspected of being pre-cut).

### **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"**