

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

GRABOT COWBOY SHOOT - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

**TULLY MARS AND SAND DAB FIGHT FOR TOP GUN - TULLY TOPS BY A MERE 9 SECONDS!
JASPER FILES SCORING PROTEST - INSTANT REPLAY REVIEWED AND JASPER CLEANED THE
SEPTEMBER MATCH!!**

DEAD EYE DRAKE UP AND COMER - TAKES 5TH OVERALL!!!!

Vol. V November 2014

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

**SAND DAB CLEANS MATCH –
STILL NO MATCH FOR TULLY
MARS!!**

TRES PINOS BEATS WIFE!!!

**.38's HAVE HARD TIME TAKEN
DOWN THE FAMOUS DEAD EYE
DICK ELEVATOR WEIGHTS!**

**PROTESTERS WANT QUIETER
RANGE – SILENCERS TO BE
ISSUED NEXT MATCH!!**

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the bar
Not a creature was stirring, not even
Dice

The Colts were all hung on the hips
with care in hopes that Stumpy would
be there;

The cowboys were smashed, hats snug
on their heads;
And Annie in her boa, and I in my hat,
had just settled down to a long game
of chance.

When out on the street there arose
such a clatter, I sprang from the table
to see what was the matter.
Away to the doors I flew like a flash,

Pulled out my six-gun and almost fell
on my ass.

The moon on the breast of the
new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to the mud
below

When, what to my bloodshot eyes
should appear,
But a Concord coach, and eight
dance-hall girls,

With a little old driver, so lively and
quick,
I knew in a moment it must be
Stumpy,
More rapid than Sand Dab his curses
they came, and he hooted, and howled,
and called them by name;

“Now Annie!, now, Qerida!, now,
Honey, Allie! On Maxine, on Brandy
and Kate
To the top of the stage! To the top of
the bar!
Now dance away! dance away! Dance
away all!”

As dry glasses that before the raw
whiskey fly,
When they meet with the mouth, it's
up to the sky,
So up to the stage the girls they flew,

With room full of yelps, and a
Yee-haw too.

And then, in a tinkling, I heard in the
Saloon
The sipping and burping of Percy
Hallen;
As I drew in my colt, and was turning
around, though the doors the stage
driver came with a bound,

He was dressed all in fur, from his
head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;
A bundle of loot he had flung on his
back,
And he looked like a peddler just
opening his pack.

His eyes — how they twinkled! his
pupils how red!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose
like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up
like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white
as the snow;

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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;

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The stump of a cigar he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

He staggered, and burped, a right soused old guy,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A flick of his wrist, and a twist of his Colt,
Soon gave me to know I better be ready to bolt,

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled his shot glass, and swallowed with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his Colt,
and giving a nod, to the stage he rose;

He sprang to his stage, to his girls gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of site,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL,
AND TO A LL A GOOD-NIGHT!"

Thanks to all. We finished our 30th year – I think, may be the 29th year – whatever – there has been a bunch. Again thanks to all those that help with the targets and running the match.

MORTIMER PESTLE THWARTS BANK ROBBERY!!!

Stage one

While picking up a little extra money as a night guard at the Flaco Merchants Loan and Savings, at around one in the morning the wood floor of the bank began to rise out of the darkness. Not knowing what to expect Mortimer racked a round in his shotgun and waited for the devil himself.

As the floorboards parted a figure clad in red (the devil?) rose out of the ground. Mortimer did not want to see the rest so he let loose with his shotgun, rifle then six-guns. "If it was the devil I sent him back to hell" exclaimed Mortimer.

Tops was Salt Pork Steve followed by Sand Dab, Tully Mars, Dice and Mortimer.

TULLY MARS PUTS ON INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF SHOOTING!!

Stage two & three

You could hear a pin drop. The silence was deafening as Tully, after having returned from an extensive and successful gambling trip to Tombstone, stepped out into Main Street to face the 26 desperate banditos from Tombstone who claimed they were bilked by Tully. When one of the banditos went for his gun Tully let loose with shotgun, then both sixguns, shotgun and trusty Winchester. In less than 21 seconds all of the bandits were suffering from lead poisoning.

Wow, Tully was on fire. Stage

two was done in 10.7 and stage three in 10.07. Dice took stage two in 9.34 seconds.

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

READY AND ABLE ANNIE CHASES OFF CARD SHARKS!!!!

Stage four

As Annie entered Fat Billy's Gaming Emporium and Restaurant all eyes turned towards her, it was not often that the fairer sex entered the Fat Billy's notorious gaming house, but it was one of the few establishments that offered no limit Texas Hold-em. As Annie made her way to the open chair at the poker game and after a few hours of playing Annie began to notice a pattern of play, which did not seem to be according to Hoyle.

After losing a sure fire winning hand Annie drew down on the cheats and demanded they leave the saloon, and leave their money. The card sharps, not being too threatened by this "little" lady started to go for the hoglegs. At that point Annie started blasting away making them sharps "dance" all the way out the door.

First was Sand Dab Sam, followed by Tully Mars, Dice and Salt Pork Steve.

DEADEYE DRAKE CHEATED AT CARDS!

Stage five

Deadeye Drake was accustomed to stopping over at Chabot on his way to the big City, San Francisco, and last night while he was at German Bobs Billiards Parlor. To pass some time Deadeye Drake participated in a game of poker with what appeared to be

several locals Deadeye was very proficient at the game of chance having been trained by Salt Port Steve (a famous stud poker player). During the game Drake noticed that a professional gambler was at the table and suspected cheating.

His suspensions were confirmed when the cheat laid down three aces and Drake had two in his hand. Drake had been accustomed to playing with gentlemen, and his anger at this moment was terrible. He slowly drew himself out of his seat, and rose upward until he seemed about seventeen feet high.

He drew his pistol, and the gambler made for the door. Drake did not follow him, but he expressed his indignation by walking around to his chair and shooting a hole through its center. Deadeye Drake – new shooter along with Deadeye Dane – was 2nd overall. First was Sand Dab.

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

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

**"CREDO QUIA
ABSURDUM"**

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AND IMPROVE YOUR
SCORE BY A
GUARANTEED .075
SECONDS. {~**

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**SHOOTS FOR THIS YEAR
CHABOT
REGULAR SHOOT DATES:**

**THIRD SUNDAY OF EVERY ODD
MONTH.**

YOLO

**FIRST SUNDAY OF EACH
MONTH**