

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY AT COYOTE VALLEY

COYOTE VALLEY COWBOY SHOOT - WHERE REAL MEN AND REAL WOMEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

LEFTY EASTMAN TOP GUN – DICE DOESN'T EVEN BOTHER TO SHOW UP!! – LIGHTNIN' BILL ONE MISS FROM THE BEST ELK BUTT COMES TO TOWN – SALOONS QUICKLY RUN OUT OF WHISKEY!!

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

“TARGETS TOO CLOSE” EXCLAIMS CALAMITY CARL, DEMANDS TARGETS SET FARTHER BACK

ELK BUTT DUSTS OFF SIXGUNS AND TAKES 3RD OVERALL – SHOOT WAS WAY TOO EASY!!

“EVERYBODY HAS TO SHOOT BLACK POWDER” STATES SPRINGFIELD SLIM!

TEAM ONE WINS WITHOUT BIG GUNS – TEAM TWO CRYSTAL FOIL!!!

When the little town of Coyote Valley was founded 10 years (yes it has been that long) ago, nobody believed that the town would survive. But after the gold, and silver, strike, the discovery of sparkling water just right for distilling whiskey, a new railroad line (despite the efforts of the Dirty Dog Doug Gang), and legalized gambling (among other things), the future of Coyote Valley was secure.

Being the end of the year the top gunfighters in the world showed up. They knew that Coyote Valley boasted the finest Saloons, Gambling, and “other stuff” around. They also knew that to be a top gun in the West you had to make a stop a Coyote Valley - there were no easy gunfights on their bloody streets. The murderous Lucas, not Luke,

McDennis renowned for being good with both his left and right hand (with a gun of course) was making his presence known, threatening to “shoot out the eyes” of anyone you looked at him funny. The feared Elk smile-when-you-say-that Butt was also in town looking to bring down the thunder on Lightnin' Bill - top gun in these parts for the past year.

With more than fifty gunfighters in town it began, just like the last shoot - but different. It was a good day to shoot. Not much of a breeze, sunny but not too sunny, clear - but not too clear, and not foggy, so what more could you want.

With targets set at a SASS like distance, with simple rules to follow, the shooting commenced. Calamity Carl and Lightnin' Bill appeared to gunning for the top honors as Lucas was trying to understand what Elk Butt was saying.

But low and behold when the smoke cleared, and the times were counted, and recounted, and recounted, and recounted, and checked one last time, none other than that mad-cap cowboy among cowboys, Lefty Eastman, was on top of the heap, less than 5 seconds ahead of the Lightnin' Bill. Yes once again shooting with a sixgun in each hand, engaging the targets in such a way,

and so fast, nobody could figure out what the hell was happening Lefty was top gun. Right behind Lefty was Lightnin' Bill, Elk Butt and Lucas McDennis.

Two of the cowboys finished the match with only missing one – sooo close, they were Lefty and Lightnin' – one miss away from the most awesome clean match trophy. Oh-well maybe next time.

DIRTY DOG DOUG CATCHES WHISKY THIEVES!!!

Stage one

Running the sign and buggy painting store next to the Kirby Billiard Parlor and Gambling Emporium, is usually a pretty quiet endeavor. But last Sunday a couple of would-be thieves attempted to break into the Saloon and make off with the supply of whisky. Dirty Dog with his sixguns, rifle and shotgun, approached the thieves and ordered them to, “cease and desist”, and when the robbers drew-down, Dirty Dog let'em have-it. With sixguns, rifle and shotgun Dirty Dog saved the day and the whisky was recovered.

Tops was Lucas McDennis followed the Lefty Eastman, and Elk Butt.

FEATURES

General News 1-3

How to shoot big targets13 - 42
 Results4
 Butts Men's Life Facts..... 2

CALAMITY CARL RIDS SALOON OF CARD SHARPS!!

Stage two

While attempting to have a nice quiet poker game Carl noticed that Little Blacky and Mr. Slim were winning a lions share of the pots (usually only the big ones). After two hours of losing hand after hand, Carl finally figured out that Blacky and Slim dealing seconds, and working the table.

Crying foul Carl overturned the table and began blasting away with sixguns, rifle and shotgun. Under cover of smoke, both card sharps escaped unharmed, vowing never to return to Carl's table. After the smoke cleared Carl left for the night not being able to find anybody to play poker with.

Carl pulled off a fourth place. First was Lefty Eastman, then Lightnin' Bill and Elk Butt.

IF YOU NEED COWBOY SHOOTING SUPPLIES IN THE SACRAMENTO

AREA LOOK UP GERRY

RENVILLE, OF RANCHO

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1951 ZINFINDAL DRIVE

RANCHO CORDOVA

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ELK BUTT CANDY STORE

Stage Three

Owning the only candy store west of the Mississippi can be a trying experience stated Elk Butt. Putting up with the daily jokes can be irritating but with a name like Elk Butt, he takes it all in stride. Last week over 20 cowboys strolled into the candy store looking for trouble.

First they started playing with the licorice, then target practicing with the lolly-pops, but when they got to the bubble gum blowing Elk Butt skinned his smoke wagon and proceeded to blast the cowboys into submission. Elk Butt got 2nd overall, first was Lightnin' Bill and 3rd was Lefty Eastman.

♣ LOOKING FOR SOME COWBOY GUNS? TRY CANYON SPORTS
 887 Howe Road, Suite F.
 Martinez CA
 925.229.4867

SPRINGFIELD SLIM AND LEFTY EASTMAN HAVE GUNFIGHT ON MAIN STREET!!!

Stage four and five

The debate over smokeless powder and black powder had been going on between Slim and Eastman for as long as anybody could remember. Slim would argue the "that's the way the cowboys shoot their guns back in the old west," and Eastman would fire back, "any idiot can see that smokeless powder is better," then "less filling," and "tastes great," and on and on and on.

The two finally ran out of things to say and they faced each other in the street, the bystanders along Main Street stared in silence at the scene unfolding in front of them. In less than it takes for Slim to down a shot of Jack (which is pretty damn fast) both Slim and Eastman were shooting it out. After emptying sixguns, leverguns, and shotguns both were still standing proofing to all that it doesn't matter what powder you use it, it's how you use it.

BUTT'S ADVICE ON LIFE

You hear a lot of negative garbage these days about men: Men are pigs! Men are horn dogs! Men smell bad. They smoke, drink, fart and chase women --- on and on and on Well, friends there are lots of great things about men --- proud things, things that elevate us to demigod status at bowling alleys, and sporting events. In an effort to embrace our proud heritage of maleness, I bring you these reasons why it's great to be a man ---

1. Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat.
2. You know stuff about rifles, tanks, motorcycles and airplanes.
3. A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase.
4. You can open all your own jars.
5. Dry cleaners and hair cutters don't rob you blind.
6. You can go to the bathroom without a support group.
7. You don't have to learn to spell a new last name.
8. You can kill your own food.
9. You know which way to turn a screw.
10. You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.
11. Wedding plans take care of themselves.
12. Your underwear is \$10 for a three-pack.
13. If you are 34 and single, nobody notices.
14. Everything on your face stays its original color.
15. Three pairs of shoes are more than enough.
16. Car mechanics tell you the truth.
17. Same work - more pay.
18. Gray hair and wrinkles only add

character.

18. Wedding dress; \$2000, tuxedo rental: \$75
20. Your pals can be trusted never to trap you with; “so....notice anything different?”
21. You are not expected to know the names of more than five colors...
22. You are unable to see wrinkles in your clothes.
23. The same hair style lasts for years, maybe decades.
24. Your belly usually hides your big hips.
25. One wallet and one pair of shoes, one color, all seasons.
26. You can “do” your nails with a buck knife.
27. All your Christmas shopping can be accomplished in 45 minutes on December 24.

WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL NEXT
TIME..

"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"