

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CVC CHABOT COWBOY SHOTS - WHERE REAL MEN AND REAL WOMEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

AURORA BOREALICE RETURNS FROM AUSTRALIA AND KICKS SOME ASS (THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS WAS UP)!! LUCAS SHOTS .32'S TO BEAT A GIRL!!!!

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

SAND DAB STILL AFRAID OF BUCK – NO SHOW AT COYOTE VALLEY!!

JASPER AND DICE STAY HOME WHEN FIND OUT AURORA WILL BE IN TOWN!!

ELK BUTT USED TO BEING BEAT BY WIFE!!!

GOUGE EYE SERVES UP LYNCHBERG LEMONADE IN HONOR OF AURORA!!!!

The night was deathly quiet as the noise from the saloon grew to a dull roar. The events of that day were etched on every bodies mind like the taste of bad tequila - you didn't like it at first but after the fifth shot it didn't taste too bad. I had just sat down with my friends Jack Daniels and Johnny Walker. I was reflecting on the past 24 hours, trying to figure what sick mind could commit such a heinous crime, and I remembered that the crimes seem similar to what happened a year ago this very same day.

Let me start at the beginning. My handle is Aurora Borealice I am a dame, a private dick, a gum shoe, sleuth, a Pinkerton woman - get the picture. Anyway, Marshall Dice wired me in Nevada to come West because the law down in the Coyote Territory had their hands full with a rumor of another Range War. The law was mainly Marshall Dave and Deputy Dan who had their hands full with the Buck and the El Passo Gang.

Rumors were that rough riders from up North, were joining forces with regulators from the Yolo Territories. The ring leaders were Sand Dab Sam and Tin Smith, and

they were rounding up some top gunfighters, shootists, back-shooters, gunslingers, quick-draw artists, and just mean cowboys. Names like Elk Butt, Tully Mars, Rough and Ready Rob, Morgun Play, Calamity Carl, Whisky Rivers, Thunder Iron, Lefty Eastman, Baldy Green, El Hombre, the notorious smile-when-you-say-it Elk Butt. Jasper, Salt Pork Steve, and Lucas McDennis were rumored to already be on the payroll - ha, payroll, most of these "gunfighters" would gun you down for free. But if these were just a few of the scum, filth, vulgar, types that were about to descend on the Coyote Territories then there would be bloody range war - and it was my job, to try and stop the bloodshed.

My first task was to finish hashing things out with my Mexican friend Jose Cuervo's then I would have to round up the most god fearing, honest?, gunfighters in the West. I send telegrams to the likes of Cyrus Sidewinder and Dirty Dog Doug (both honest as the day is long and guaranteed to supply some fine spirits), the boys from Morgan Hill included Condor, Cole Forge, Tres Pinos, Wil Cooner, and the Cardoso Kid were just a few of the posse I needed to thwart the Northern outfit.

I arrived in the town of Coyote Creek Saturday night, and you could cut the tension with a knife. Some of the badguys where already holed up in the local church, the saloons were full of desperadoes, and that damned Rowdy Yates was serving so called "Whiskey".

Sunday morning was as still as an apache waiting his prey. Aside from an awful headache resulting from a disagreement with Mr. Johnnie Walker, I wasn't feeling too bad. The guns I telegraphed for had arrived, primed for a fight (if the fight had taken place the day they arrived - but give them a night in town, and well I would just have to see). As sun peaked out from behind the hills the shooters from the north, and east, were sleeping it off in Thunder Iron's Pleasure

Emporium and Billiard Hall.

Seeing that Sand Dab's and Butt's men looked as alive as my men I had a sit down with them, and it occurred to use that with all of the assembled guns in town we could split up the territory without firing a shot, join forces and beat the story out of Yates. This last suggestion was met with unbridled enthusiasm - maybe this isn't the first time he has made mistakes.

So, another case closed - but who was top gun? Well Lucas was first but low and behold 2nd was AURORA BOREALICE - not bad for being away for so long.

ELK BUTT'S PISTOLS SILENCE BANK ROBBERS!

Stage one

Entrusted with guarding the most recent gold shipment from the Yolo mines valued at over \$500,000.00, Butts, one of Well Fargo's most experienced guards, was moving through the Bank, ready for anything, knowing that the Dirty Dog, and Springfield Slim were rumored to have joined forces to steal the gold.

At around two in the morning as Butts was making his rounds when two outlaws pranced into the building and demanded that Butts turn over the gold. Butts, trying to hold back his laughter, refused to relinquish the combination to the vault. This angered the two Outlaws, and Butts worried about being "clogged" to death, drew down on the prancing bank robbers. With incredible speed Butts began pulling his hoglegs - five to be exact - and he began blasting dancers.

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Sixguns, shotgun, and rifle. Lotts shooting. Elk Butts won this stage, followed by Lucas McDennis and Springfield Slim.

**IF YOU NEED COWBOY SHOOTING SUPPLIES
IN THE SACRAMENTO AREA LOOK UP
GERRY RENVILLE, OF RANCHO CORDOVA
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1951 ZINFINDAL DRIVE
RANCHO CORDOVA**

ELK BUTT FASTER THAN LIGHTNING!!

Stage two

Facing down a hoard of drunken cowboys would be a taunting task for most town deputies but for Elk Butt this was just another day on the job (and besides he was angry for not being a part of the hoard – looks like they were having fun). Doing his normal rounds Butt came upon the gang of drovers as they stumbled out of Dirty Dogs Gambling Emporium. Not knowing who they were up against the cowboy began to poke fun at Butt. Having none of it Butt drew down with his shotgun, rifle and then each of his sixguns scattering the cowboys to the far corners of town. With guns a-blazin Butts cleared the streets in under 50 seconds for a second place! Tops was Lucas McDennis, 3rd was Springfield Slim.

AURORA BOREALICE “CLEANS” UP SALOON!!

Stage three

Minding her own business while in the Thunder Iron Pool Hall and Gaming Emporium, she was just “knocking down some brandies,” when the young lady was approached by a bunch of mean looking and nasty smelling cowboys. Aurora described the smell of one of the cowboys as being like “buffalo chips” (I wonder who that could have been). After unsuccessfully spoiling their advances the Aurora finally went for her guns. With sixguns, rifle, and scattergun, the fair Aurora chased all of the stinking cowboys out of the Thunder Iron’s establishment.

Oh yea, Aurora was first, and clean, in stage three. Way to Go. Second, also clean was Springfield Slim.

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10% OFF FOR COWBOY SHOOTERS

THUNDER IRON RINGS BELLS - SAVES TOWN!!

Stage three

After a Mescal night Thunder Iron awoke with a vision of outlaws and villains descending on the quiet town of Coyote Valley. Not knowing if the vision was the epiphany or just tequila he quickly rolled out of his bedroll and grabbed his rifle and, in an attempt to alert the town, begin shooting the Bells in the church tower. After the rifle he made more noise with his sixguns and street howitzer. The noise had its desired affect and the town was alerted and able to route the a small band of outlaws.

Thunder Iron gotta fifth, winner was Lucas and second, and clean, was Aurora Borealice.

LOOKING FOR SOME COWBOY GUNS? TRY CANYON SPORTS

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AND IT'S IS PAST XMAS AND A NEW YEAR IS APOND US. SO HERE GOES:

On the first day of Xmas my true love gave to me a Dillion 650 press.

On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Two leather holsters
and a Dillion 650 press.

On the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters
and a Dillion 650 press.

On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns,
Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Five silver bullets.
Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Six cases of .45 shells, Five silver bullets.
Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me seven pairs of cowboy boots, Six cases of .45 shells, Five silver bullets. Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me Eight cases of Jack Daniels. seven pairs of cowboy boots, Six cases of .45 shells, Five silver bullets. Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me Nine pounds of lead, eight cases of Jack Daniels. seven pairs of cowboy boots, Six cases of .45 shells, Five silver bullets. Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me Ten Winchester Rifles, nine pounds of lead, eight cases of Jack Daniels. seven pairs of cowboy boots, Six cases of .45 shells, Five silver bullets. Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me Eleven Cowboy hats, ten Winchester Rifles, nine pounds of lead, eight cases of Jack Daniels. seven pairs of cowboy boots, Six cases of .45 shells, Five silver bullets. Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillion 650 press.

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me Twelve-gun safes, eleven Cowboy hats, ten Winchester Rifles,

nine pounds of lead, eight cases of Jack Daniels. seven pairs of cowboy boots, Six cases of .45 shells, Five silver bullets. Four cases of shotgun shells, Three Colt sixguns, Two leather holsters and a Dillon 650 press.

SHOOTS FOR THIS YEAR
CHABOT STYLE SHOOTS AT COYOTE
VALLEY

THIRD SUNDAY OF EVERY ODD MONTH.

For other shoot dates check out these web sites:

California Gunslingers and Coyote Valley Cowboys.

WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL NEXT TIME...
"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"