

WESTERN RECORD

OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CHABOT COWBOY SHOOTS - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

TULLY MARS WINS LAST MATCH AT CHABOT!!!

SAN DAB FIRES THE LAST SHOT!!

BIG TURN OUT SAYS GOOD-BYE TO CHABOT!!

Vol. 1 Jan. 2016

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

SCORE CARDS MISSING – SUSPICION FALLS ON TULLY – DID THE SCORE CARDS REVEAL FASTER TIME??

AFTER 30 YEARS WE SAY GOOD BYE TO THE LITTLE TOWN OF CHABOT!!

GUNS, GUNS, AND MORE GUNS. ONLY THREE STAGES AND OVER 170 SHOTS!!!!

WHERE OH WHERE CAN WE SHOOT REAL RIFLES??

It was a dark and stormy night as the noon day sun beat down on Main Street. Evil land barons from the East, through unscrupulous lawyers and dubious “hearings” were successful in taking the land on which the town of Chabot was erected. So after 30 years of shootin’, drinking, and have a good old time some bureaucrats decide it’s too much fun and close it down.

The news of the closure spread far and wide and gunfighters from all corners of the territory made the trip to say goodbye. But what would happen when all of the gunfighters showed up in one place – would blood flow in the streets as the gunfighters vied for “top” gun, or would the whiskey flow and the town would end up with a bunch of passed out cowboys, and cowgirls.

Any appearance of the law had left town weeks ago, even the town council was persona non grata, so it was an open town. Not wanting to miss a great opportunity the Saloons, led by the Howling Wolf (now owned by a big conglomerate out of Texas) and the Gouge Eye Saloon preordered 3,600 cases of whisky and

tequila, and 12,890 kegs of beer. To hedge their bet they also order ammunition, what the hell they figured there would drinking and shooting.

As the morning sun crested the Eastern Hills and spread light onto Main Street hundreds of gunfighters began milling around looking for someone, or something to shoot. And wouldn’t you know it the scum from the East could not wait for the town to close down and sent over 107 gunfighters to work up a number 9 on the little town of Chabot.

The Eastern mercenaries rode through Cutter pass and tried to sneak into town from the North, but it is kind of hard to be inconspicuous when you have a 170 riders. The slimy hoard of paid gunfighters were noticed miles away and allowed the gunfighters in town to “load” up and prepare for the onslaught.

What these Easterners didn’t realize is that the gunfighters at Chabot were prepared, and we’re talking “well prepared”. Back East apparently the largest caliber available is 38. As they rode into town the sound of the 38’s going off confused the Chabot gunfighters, they didn’t understand what the noise was, a few of the bullets hit a couple of the Chabot gunfighters and it just got them very annoyed and out came the firepower.

Beginning with their 86’s and 76’s the lead begin to fly and big bore beats 38 every time. The Eastern gunfighters began falling like leaves from a tree (in the fall of-course) and they began to second guess their decision to ride into town. After several minutes the Eastern “gunfighters” thought it might be better to head directly to the nearest train station and catch the earliest train back East – these Chabot cowboys and cowgirls were crazy.

With the Eastern element out of the way the innocent Chabot cowboys, and girls, began to celebrate the final shoot at Chabot. With only three stages a mini Range War was going to take place. There were targets galore and you were allowed multiple pistols and rifles – and you needed them. Yes with three stages there were over 170 targets and for this match no procedurals – that’s right no procedurals (as Percy said “below the waste is a stage DQ, and above the waist is a match DQ).

Needless to say there was no clean match but there were some clean stages. I want to thank all of those who came to by to help set up and to my wife, Mary Rae, who arranged the lunch (and delivered the lunch), and the morning doughnuts – it was all good. Also, to the black powder shooters who let us use berm 4.

When the available scores were tabulated (there were 7 missing score cards from posse 2 – if they show up let me know) **Tully Mars** was the match winner – congratulations. He was followed by Kid Rosa, Sand Dab Sam, Oklahoma Jones and Morgan Play. Top cowgirl was **Querda**, again beating her infamous partner Tres Pinos. And the last shot fired at Chabot goes to **Sand Dab Sam**.

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MORTIMER PESTLE & QUERDA CLEANS UP THE TOWN!!

Stage One

After a long day at Mortimer's Drug Store he went to the Gouge Eye Saloon to unwind and maybe enjoy a friendly game of poker. Because it was a Monday night the place with packed, it was 6 deep at the all of the gaming table were full. After finally getting to the bar Mortimer got his favorite drink, the Lynchburg Lemonade, made famous by the best mixologist in the West – Aurora Borealice. It didn't take many of these drinks to make you unwind in fact only Buck has been known to drink more the three before passing out.

With drink in hand Mortimer sauntered over to gaming tables looking for a chair to become available. After a few minutes Lucky Jack threw down his hole cards, mumbled something about a rigged game, and left the table. Grabbing the vacant chair Mortimer sat next to perhaps one of the toughest, most attractive card sharks in the West – Querda - and she didn't look happy.

It seemed that Querda was losing, and she didn't lose (just ask her husband, Tres Pinos, who she regularly beats like a rented mule). After a couple of hours Mortimer also noticed that he was losing more frequently than usual. Soon Mortimar and Querda noticed that three strangers (from the East coast) where winning most of the hands and coming up with unlikely draws. They then noticed the three where singling each other and exchanging cards.

Both Mortimar and Querda noticed the cheating and thought it would be a good idea to clear out the cheaters. As they rose from the table they noticed that the three cheaters noticed that there were over 55 of these "easterners" throughout the bar. Mortimar glanced over at Querda and with a slight nod they drew down on the 3 card cheaters and demanded their money back.

At that instance the entire bar went quiet; the tension was so thick you could cut it with a knife. The three card cheats slowly stood up and one of them went for his hogleg. In the blink of an eye Mortimer and Querda threw their sixguns and commenced cleaning up the Saloon. As they returned fire the cheats compatriots decided to join in and Mortimer and Querda realized more

fire power would be needed to extricate themselves from the bar. So with rifles, sixguns and shotguns they returned fire with a vengeance. After several minutes the gun fire ended and Mortimer and Querda were the only ones left standing. After surveying the damage they went to the bar and ordered a Lynchburg Lemonade.

Oh yea. Pistols rifles and shotgun and 55 badguys. Tops was Tully Mars followed by Kid Rosa, Sand Dab Sam, Morgan Play and Dice Splinter. Querda took a ninth overall.

HECK CUTTER & TIE LONG FOIL BANK ROBBERS!

Stage two

The town of Chabot has seen its fair share of robberies having lived through the likes of the El Passo Gasso gang, the Drake gang, and the Elk Butt gang, it was no surprise when over 60 rough looking characters rode into town. The desperados boarded their horses at Noah Hair's Blacksmith and Stables and made their way to Abilene's Gaming Emporium.

After driving their cattle into town both Heck Cutter and Tie Long were at the bar having a few mugs of Abilene's special brew, when the 60 desperado's strode in. They ambled up to the bar and gaming tables demanding whiskey and beer. Abilene, one not to suffer fools likely, revealed his 10 gauge Parker and the bar got really quiet in a hurry. Abilene expressed his displeasure with the disturbance and told ruffians to "settle down or get out." Not wanting to forgo their drinks the ruffians settle down for some drinking.

Heck and Tie relaxed at the end of the bar, minding their own business, and discussed the increasing price of cattle and their good fortune when they overheard some of the newcomers discussing how they were soon to very rich. You see the little town of Chabot was a staging point for the gold and silver shipments from San Francisco to Sacramento. So on a one block area along Main Street there was the Doxie Mae Savings and Loan, VespaRado Savings Bank, Hallen Clamper Bank of the West, and the Rose Farmers Bank.

Heck and Tie could not believe what they were hearing, this gang was planning to hit all four banking establishment all at the same time.

Their plan wasn't the best in the world, they were to divide into four groups and hit the banks at mid-night to-night, which was just 30 minutes away. Since there were only 60 of them Heck and Tie figured they could "take'm". But to give them a little edge Heck and Tie ordered a couple rounds of Lynchburg Lemonades. The gang gladly took the offer figuring the Lemonades were harmless.

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While the gang was enjoying their free drinks Heck and Tie sneaked out of the Saloon and laid in wait across the street. They laid out there sixguns, rifles, and shotguns and waited for the bad guys to come, and come out they did a little worse for wear. As they stumbled out onto the street Heck and Tie called out to the gang to drop their weapons and raise their hands to the sky. Seeing only two cowboys across the street the gang decided to forgo the warning and go for their smoke wagons.

Heck and Tie were prepared and they let the gang have-it. After the smoke cleared the 60 odd strangers were all out with lead poisoning and the Banks were saved. OK you was first – Deputy Dan (and clean). He was followed by Oklahoma Jones, Sand Dab Sam, Tully Mars and Kid Rosa. Top cowgirl was Querda followed by Ready & Able Anne, Midnight Lady, Brandy Rose, and Doxie Mae Azwell.

JASPER AND PECOS RIVER BOB RECOVER WHISKEY SHIPMENT – WELL MOST OF IT ANYWAY

Stage three

"Gold mining be hard," exclaimed Jasper as he looked down at the partner, Pecos River Bob. After weeks in the mine they had only recovered 26 ounces of gold dust – hardly enough for a room at Midnights Lady Rooming House and a

meal at Quarter Eagles Steakhouse. Jasper and Pecos were going to explore one more area and if the new shaft didn't pan out they would go to work in a Saloon, any Saloon except maybe the Howling Wolf, their whiskey wasn't really that good after their whiskey shipment had been hijacked.

It had been just 5 weeks since the Howling Wolf's main whiskey shipment had been hijacked. Some felt it was by the El Passo Gasso Gang (but it had been a successful robbery so that made long odds that they were the culprits), even money had the Deadeye Gang perpetrated the crime. Because the other Saloons had plenty of whiskey there was not a big rush to find the purloined whiskey, but still the Howling Wolf was offering a five thousand dollar reward for its return.

Back in the mine Pecos was picking through some loose rock when in one swing of the pick the wall caved in. Stunned Pecos call for Jasper and they both stared in disbelief at the glories site before them. Stacked neatly against the back wall was the missing shipment of whiskey – over 10,000 gallons of top shelf whiskey. While aghast at the site of so much hooch the two began to dream of spending the \$5,000 reward, but first they had to get the whiskey back to town, and maybe “test” some of the whiskey to make sure it wasn't fake.

In the middle of checking the whiskey Jasper and Pecos noticed some riders heading for the mine entrance. These must have the gang of thieves that took the whiskey and it looked like there was over fifty of them. Well Jasper and Pecos were not going to let a measly 50 desperado's get between them and the \$5,000 reward.

These two might have been marginal miners but they were very good with shooting irons. With sixguns, Winchesters, and shotguns, the two waited until the riders were close and let lead rain down upon them. The surprise bad guys, or what was left of them, turned and ran for the hills.

Jasper gotta 4th overall and Pecos took a 6th. First was Tully Mars followed by Evil Swede, Oklahoma Jones with 5th going to Kid Rosa. Tops cowgirl was Querda followed by Ready and Able Anne, Brandy Rose, Doxie Mae Azwell and

Midnight Lady.

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A LITTLE HISTORY OF CHABOT AND THE OWSS

Back in 1984 there was an article in the Feb. issue of Guns & Ammo describing a new shooting sport. The sport had you dress up like cowboys and shoot guns from the old west. I called my brother, Cyrus Sidewider and we made plans to go to End of Trail. This would be the third End of Trail and it looked like it could be fun. We began to gather up the required weapons.

At the time you needed one rifle ANY CALIBER, one sixgun and one shotgun. So the hunt began. Cyrus (Steve) picked up a Winchester 3030 at Best buys, I got a Rossi lever gun in 357 mag. (for a whopping \$159), and a Rossi Overland shotgun (for \$189) at Big 5. As for the sixguns I traded a Thompson Contender, with three barrels, for a 7 1/2 inch .45 Hammerli Virginian. I believe it was a week before we were going to drive down to L.A. when Steve and I went to the Vallejo gun show and Steve picked up a .45 Uberti Dakota for a C-note, \$100 smakers.

With the stuff loaded into our little Ford we headed down South. At the time there was a camp ground outside of Cota De Casa. As I remember there were 10 stages and they were a kick in the ass. The most common guns were

the Winchester 94 in 3030, and the .45 Colt and .44 Ruger. There were all types of guns, 1886's, some 73's, 94's & 92's. Most of the sixguns were Ruger Blackhawks. For shotgun the Rossi side x side with hammers and the model 97 were the main stays. The 97's could be stoked (oh yea baby) and for a miss it was 10 seconds

There were just under 100 competitors and the targets were not up close and personnel. The rifle targets were 45+ yards and were paper. The pistol targets were steel and set out about 20-25 yards away. And the shotgun was 10 yards and a knock down. Well it was a kick in the ass. Met some really nice shooters (DeadEye Dick for one), had a good steak dinner, and left wanting to come back next year.

But Steve and I couldn't practice anywhere. In southern California they started having monthly matches in preparation for EoT. At the time there was a gun shop in Berkeley (believe it or not) and the owner was an AVP at Chabot Gun Club. He had attended EoT and he, with the black powder club, had held a cowboy shoot. So we got three dates to hold some cowboy shoots. It was 1986 and we held three shoots, believe it odd month odd Sunday. Our match fee was a compromise between \$15 and \$10, so \$12 it was. Seven cowboys attended the first match. There was myself Cyrus Sidewinder, Dead Eye Dick, and I think Slick Silver and Sundance.

The stages were set up like EoT, which is all we had to go by. Yep, large bore rifles, stoked .97's and ten second penalties for a miss, how else would you practice for EoT. Your stage was timed with a stop watch – pretty cool. The following year we got six dates for the shoot (third Sunday of

every odd month). And as Chabot got more shooters we bought targets for Deadeye Dick (so some of them targets we were using were from 1987). So we had our shoots and went to EoT, but by 1989 the cowboy shoots began to change and that year when Steve and I looked at the EoT stages we could not see the rifle targets until we realized they were only about 15 yards down range, yikes that was close. The following year only pistol caliber rifles were allowed, it was "load two shoot two" for the shotguns, and a miss was 5 seconds.

Well we at Chabot figured screw it and did not change our ways. It was too much fun shooting big bore rifles and stoking the 97. So Chabot carried on not joining the ranks of SASS. Over the years we saw RANGE WAR with the Gouge Eye Saloon (Brakeman John named the Saloon) until the park coppers shut us down. At one time Chabot and Yolo were the only matches going and we had turnouts of over 70 shooters.

So we had a great run and maybe we can find a new venue, I hope so. Over the 30 years I figured we moved 40,000 pounds of steel and shot over 135,000 rounds of ammo – yea baby – and it was a lotta fun. Thanks to my brother who hauled all of the steel back and forth until we gotta storage shed, and to all that helped run the match.

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