

TWED

Cowboy CHRONICLE



Inside...

HELUVA RUKUS
THE NEW YORK STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS
By Annabelle Bransford

THOMAS ALLEN CULLINAN
TOUGHEST LAWMAN IN THE WEST
By Col. Richard Dodge

APRIL FOOLS DAY TRIBUTES
By Capt. George Baylor
and Knot Werkin

Big Whiskey engages ghosts and ghoulies at this year's Horror Movie themed New Jersey State Championship match, Purgatory in the Pines.

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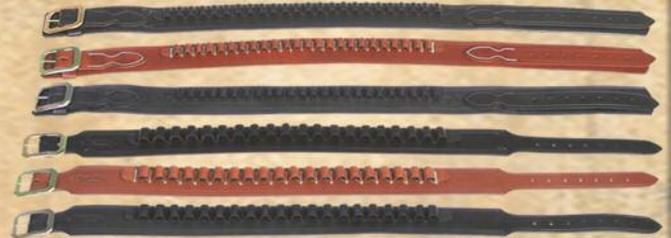
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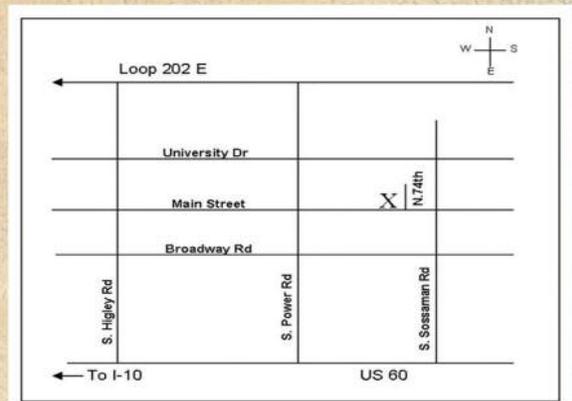
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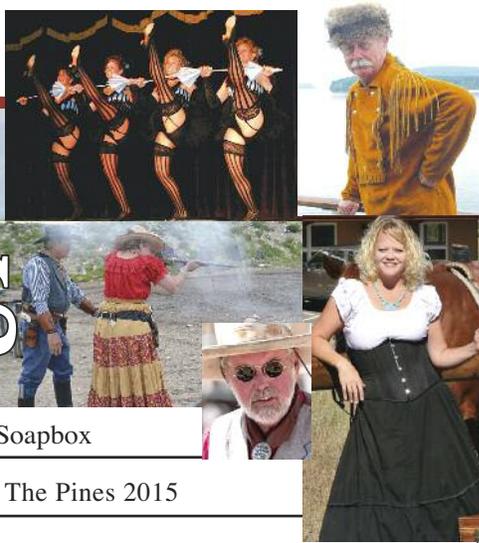
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New Jersey's Purgatory in the Pines paid tribute to Halloween last October by offering up 10 frightful stages based on Western horror movies. Seen here is a prop from Stage 4, depicting a scene from *Miners' Massacre They Axed For It* (a classic if there ever was one). Check out this issue's cover feature for more ghoulish fun. 🤠



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The Cowboy Chronicle



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From The Editor

SKINNY'S SOAPBOX



Skippy, SASS #7361

By Skippy, SASS #7361

April Fool!

Since next issue will mark the second appearance of our new magazine-formatted and printed *Cowboy Chronicle Quarterly*—and since space is too precious in printed issues for frivolous matters—we’ve chosen to make this issue our official tribute to April Fool’s Day. As such, two articles in this edition are spoofs and should not be taken seriously. They are Knot Werkin’s “report” on “What a Match” starting on page 24 and Capt. George Baylor’s installment of “Dispatches” starting on page 30. I hope you enjoy them.

Magazine Format

Speaking of the magazine format for our printed editions, I do want to take a moment to remind everyone that this—and every digital issue—is now also formatted to magazine (8-1/2" X 11") size. This means you can print out any page of your choosing (or the entire magazine) on your desktop and it will appear as a complete, readable page. This is unlike early digital editions that were still formatted tabloid size and were a nightmare to print out. I know I’ve mentioned this several times already, in past editorials, but I still hear from readers who don’t know, so it bears repeating.

New Territorial Governor Criteria

The most exciting news this month regards changes recently made to the requirements for a SASS® member to run for and hold the office of Territorial Governor. Effective immediately, the Life Member requirement is history and now almost any SASS member in good standing may be elected TG.

The new criteria are:

- You must have completed three-plus consecutive years as an active SASS Member.
- You must belong to at least one SASS-affiliated club.
- You must be RO I and RO II certified.
- Must have attended at least one SASS-sanctioned match event.

As a reminder, a Territorial Governor is:

- Appointed/elected by the SASS-affiliated club members he or she represents.
- Is the affiliated club’s official representative at SASS Territorial Governor meetings.

- Is committed to serving the interests of his or her club consistent with the promulgation and preservation of Cowboy Action Shooting™ and “the Spirit of the Game.”

Comic Book Corner

In keeping with our April Fool’s Day mini-theme, this edition’s installment of “Comic Book Corner” feature a whimsical story from the pages of the premiere issue of *Cowboys ‘n’ Injuns*, an I.W. Publishing book from 1958. As with other types of fiction, Westerns often departed from serious adventure and meandered into the realm of humor and slapstick. The exploits of young Jesse Jimmy contained herein is a prime example of that. If you enjoy this story and the others you’ve seen in *The Cowboy Chronicle*, you can find many more examples of public domain comic books—and not just Westerns—at www.comicbookplus.com.

See you next issue with our second, printed *Cowboy Chronicle Quarterly*.

— Skippy 🐾

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2015

PURGATORY IN THE PINES

THE HAUNTING AT PURGATORY

The NEW JERSEY State Championship



By Chuckwagon Bill, SASS #28629

Photos by Judge Carter, SASS #43943

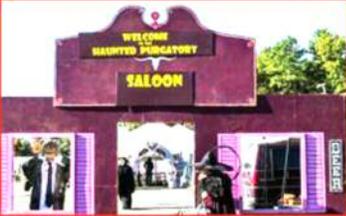
A foul and wind blew through the pinelands of Central New Jersey in mid October 2015. The Jackson Hole Gang—along with Central Jersey Rifle and Pistol

Club and our main match sponsors, Classic Old West Styles and AC Scott Electric and Testing—hosted 139 SASS® Cowboys and Cowgirls to “The Haunting at Purgatory.”

Weather for the three-day event was excellent, with mild temperatures, bright sun, and NO RAIN.

After numerous meetings, the match committee decided on a theme to celebrate the Halloween season for this year’s competition. Using this information, our TG and stage writer, Jesamy Kid (SASS #34841) authored 10 exciting and fun-filled stages. Jesamy based each stage on a different Western Horror Movie. Each of the stages had plenty of movement and was action packed with swingers, plate racks, a Texas Star, and poppers—challenging for even the fastest in the lot. Dancin Angel (SASS #53686) took care of getting everyone registered, the Top Gun trophy was built by Pecos Pav (SASS #36327), vendors and sponsors were gathered by Peacemaker Reb (SASS #36806), and door prizes were collected by Jersey Sue (SASS #46447). Everyone on the committee pulled together to organize a great shoot. Our carpenter, Jesamy Kid, oversaw the building of Purgatory. It took a crew of 10 to 15 gang members four days to assemble all 10 stages. The place looked like a major construction site, with front-end loader to move

PIP HALLOWEEN COSTUME CONTEST



BEST MALE



Angrod

BEST FEMALE



Spinning Sally



BEST FAMILY

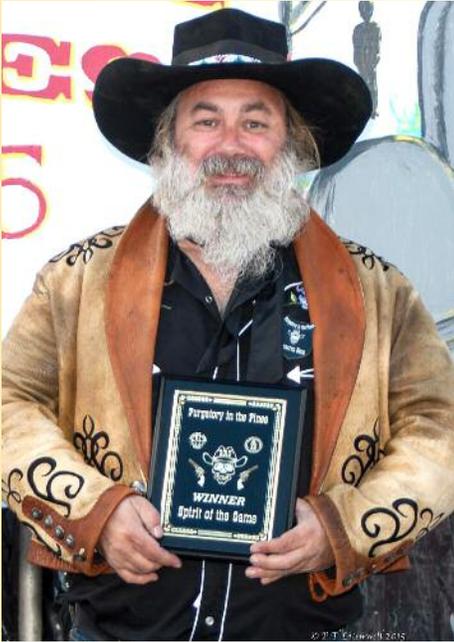
Sweetheart Sherry, Irish Outlaw, Irishman Jim and Sweet Irish



BEST COUPLE

Rootin Tootin Tim and No Nonsense Nancy

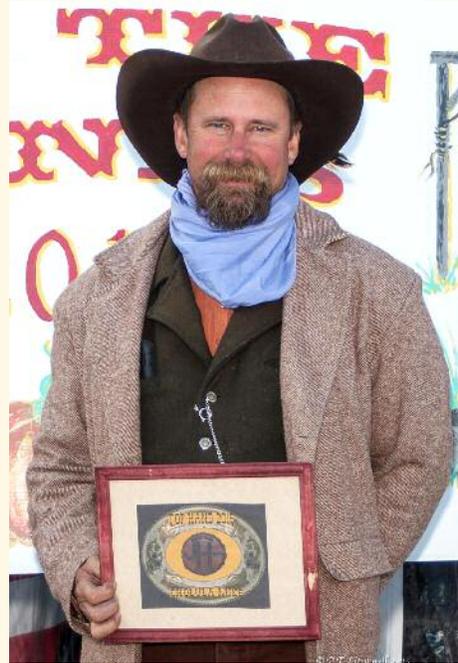
Purgatory In The Pines 2015 . . .



Cimarron Boca with his Spirit of the Game Award.

match, it was done and it was time for the fun to start.

Friday was side match day. Our TG decided we needed to cel-



Top Hand Cholula Mike.



Luck of the Draw team event winners Rootin Tootin Tim and Big Sky Di.

stuff, welders to fabricate new targets, saws, hammers, etc. You name it and we most likely used it and at 3:00 p.m. the day before the

celebrate Halloween a little early. He said those who were attending the side match events could dress in a Halloween costume provided it
(Continued on page 8)

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Purgatory In The Pines 2015 . . .

(Continued from page 7)

was safe to shoot in. This Halloween costume became a contest and awards were given out for the best male, female, couple, and family, as judged by the girls at registration. All sorts of ghouls and goblins haunting the grounds of Purgatory could be seen. Winners were announced during the awards presentation. Best man was Angrod (SASS #41679) who dressed as a cross between an English gentleman and a vampire, with a hint of the Irish. Best lady was Spinning Sally (SASS #89526). Best couple was Rootin Tootin Tim (SASS #57091) and No Nonsense Nancy (SASS #57092). Best family was Sweetheart Sherry (SASS #68929), Irishman Jim (SASS #68928), and their kids, Sweet Irish (SASS #96160), and Irish Outlaw (SASS #101602).

Cholula Mike (SASS #84771) put together the usual speed events for side match day, along with long-range events for rifle and revolvers, and the Quigley 300-yard offhand at a bucket. Cowboy/Cowgirl trap, a three-stage mini match and a three-stage Wild Bunch match were designed to get participants all warmed up for the next day's main event.

Saturday—day one of the match—arrived bright and cool, with excitement in the air. Match directors Peacemaker Reb and Angrod welcomed everyone, Tom Payne (SASS #13115) played the Star Spangled Banner on his harmonica, and the safety meeting was held. Before everyone headed off to compete, a special presentation was made by our TG, Jesamy Kid, a past TG, Ben Cooley (SASS #2106) and the Match



NEW JERSEY STATE CHAMPIONS
Blazin Gunn and Dancin Angel.

Director, Peacemaker Reb. They presented a Regulator Badge to Doc in The Box (SASS #40647). Doc embodies all the good qualities of Cowboy Action Shooting™, attempts to convert everyone to Gunfighter, and loves to joke around and have fun. After the presentation, everyone set off to start the stages. On Saturday everyone shot five stages. The Boy Scouts of Troop 82 provided breakfast and lunch and also acted as brass pickers. Purgatory is a major fund-raiser for the Scouts each year. Once again, they did an excellent job.

Starting on stage one, the following stages were shot on Saturday: Stage 1 was from the movie *Billy the Kid Vs. Dracula* and was sponsored by Deadeye

Dutch (SASS #62266); Stage 2 was from the movie *Tremors 4—the Legend Begins* and was sponsored by Pecos Pav and Jersey Sue; Stage 3 was from the movie *Undead or Alive* and was sponsored by Colorado Mountain Hat Co.; Stage 4 was from the movie *Miners' Massacre They Axed For It* and was sponsored by EMF Firearms; and Stage 5 was from the movie *Jesse James meets Frankenstein's Daughter* and was sponsored by Lupare Chenz (SASS #40013) and his wife Gail. After the first day's stages, guns are put away and everyone assembled in the main tent for the



Doc in the Box receives his Regulator Badge.

Purgatory In The Pines 2015 . . .



TOP GUNS

James Samuel Pike and Spinning Sally.

“Luck of the Draw” team match and 16 Cowboys and 16 Cowgirls were selected. On Sunday the Cowboy and Cowgirl teams would meet in competition. After the Luck of the Draw was completed a group of Cowboys and Cowgirls circled their campers. The

campfires were lit and music, food, and rotgut whiskey all contributed to a great night. Other smaller bands of Cowboys and Cowgirls headed to the local hotels and ranches for the evening.

Early Sunday morning, Deacon Will (SASS #24170) held Cowboy Church. Sunday brought another bright and cool morning and everyone headed to their assigned starting bays for another five stages. Continuing with the theme of the match, we had Stage 6 from the movie *Dead Noon*, sponsored by Cabelas; Stage 7 from the movie *The Burrowers*, sponsored by Redwing Trading Co.; Stage 8 from the movie *Purgatory*, sponsored by Abe the Crippler (SASS #37126); Stage 9 from the movie *Riders of the Whistling Skull*, sponsored by Fredrick’s of Deadwood; and finally stage 10 from the movie *Jonah Hex*, sponsored by Gunpowder Creek Trading Post.

Cimarron Boca (SASS #7032) utilized his artistic talents to make and paint dirt dragons, burrowers, ghosts, and the welcome sign. As usual Flat Iron Frank (SASS #23826) built some great props for stage 10—a Gatling gun and a prison wagon. I do feel sorry for our TG and stage writer, Jesamy Kid, for he had to watch all 10 of these movies to do the stages. Even with all the movement, the plate racks,

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Purgatory In The Pines 2015 . . .

(Continued from page 9)



soda can poppers, Texas Star, and the swinger we still had competitors who shot under the 20-second mark, and twenty-one shooters were able to avoid the stealth bullet and have a clean match—congratulations to those who shot straight. At the end of Sunday's stages, everyone who was selected for the Luck of the Draw shoot off headed to Stage1 for the team match—a single elimination event. The first team to drop the stop



plate advanced until only one team remained. When all was done everyone returned to the main tent for the awards presentation. As in the past few years, awards were designed by Klassic Laser Works and looked great. A special silver Belt Buckle, Top Hand 2015, was presented to Cholula Mike for all he has done to support past and present Purgatory in the Pines matches over the years. Mike is yet another great ambassador to the sport of Cowboy Action Shooting™ and to SASS®.

This will be the last Purgatory in the Pines for our Match Director Peacemaker Reb, who is stepping down. Reb has done an excellent job over the past nine years and will continue on the committee. We thank him for all of his hard work.

If you're planning on being in the East next fall, be sure to stop in at the Jackson Hole Gang's Purgatory in the Pines—the New Jersey State Championship, October 14, 15 and 16, 2016. We guarantee you'll have a great time. Visit <http://www.jacksonholegang.com/> for further information and for complete match results. 🤠



 An advertisement for F.lli Pietta revolvers. It features two silver revolvers with white grips, one positioned above the other. The background is a dark wood grain. In the bottom left, there are cowboy boots and a coiled rope. The text "made in Italy" is in the top left. The slogan "When History meets Quality" is in the center. The F.lli Pietta logo and website are at the bottom.

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Letters & Opinions

The Cowboy Chronicle Quarterly

Just wanted to take a minute and tell you how much I like the new quarterly Cowboy Chronicle! It is absolutely beautiful and gives us a tremendous promotional tool! I also think it is a great idea to keep the monthly digital version for us—to submit about our local clubs, our annual shoots, etc. Keep up the great work!

Buckaroo Bubba
SASS #66861

Great to hold printed material in my hands that tells/shows the story of SASS. I am of the old school that prefers to hold printed material while I read. Subscribed immediately and will buy two guns and a decal for framing.

Since space/page count is critical, print an web address for the monthly match schedules and fill the magazine with writings and pics.

Nessmuk
SASS #5992

Imagine my delight at seeing a limited version of The Cowboy Chronicle back in print again. I think you really nailed it spot on. The magazine is slick and colorful, which means a longer shelf life and better first impressions.

You kept the content more concise, and wrote to appeal to new prospects by including much more explanation than veteran readers would need, which is

the way to do it, since the primary purpose of the printed version is to provide a way of reaching out to new prospective members.

The new quarterly is exactly what we needed! Kudo's to the staff for a job well done.

Phila Fred
SASS #51504

Received new quarterly magazine. Congratulations to the entire staff. Very professionally done. Getting ready for the Florida State match. Wish we could get some publicity from SASS. We are the largest state tournament east of the Mississippi

Gus
SASS #55461

Thank you one and all for the overwhelmingly positive feedback we've received on the premiere issue of our revamped magazine format printed Cowboy Chronicle. Gus, SASS does indeed provide a lot of support and publicity for annual matches. That's one of the primary functions of The Cowboy Chronicle. We're always happy to get post match reports and absolutely will print them. In addition, SASS has a state sanctioning agreement available, as well as pre-event advertising opportunities. Go to www.sassnet.com to read about all this or call up and chat with someone at the home office, 505-843-1320. 🤠



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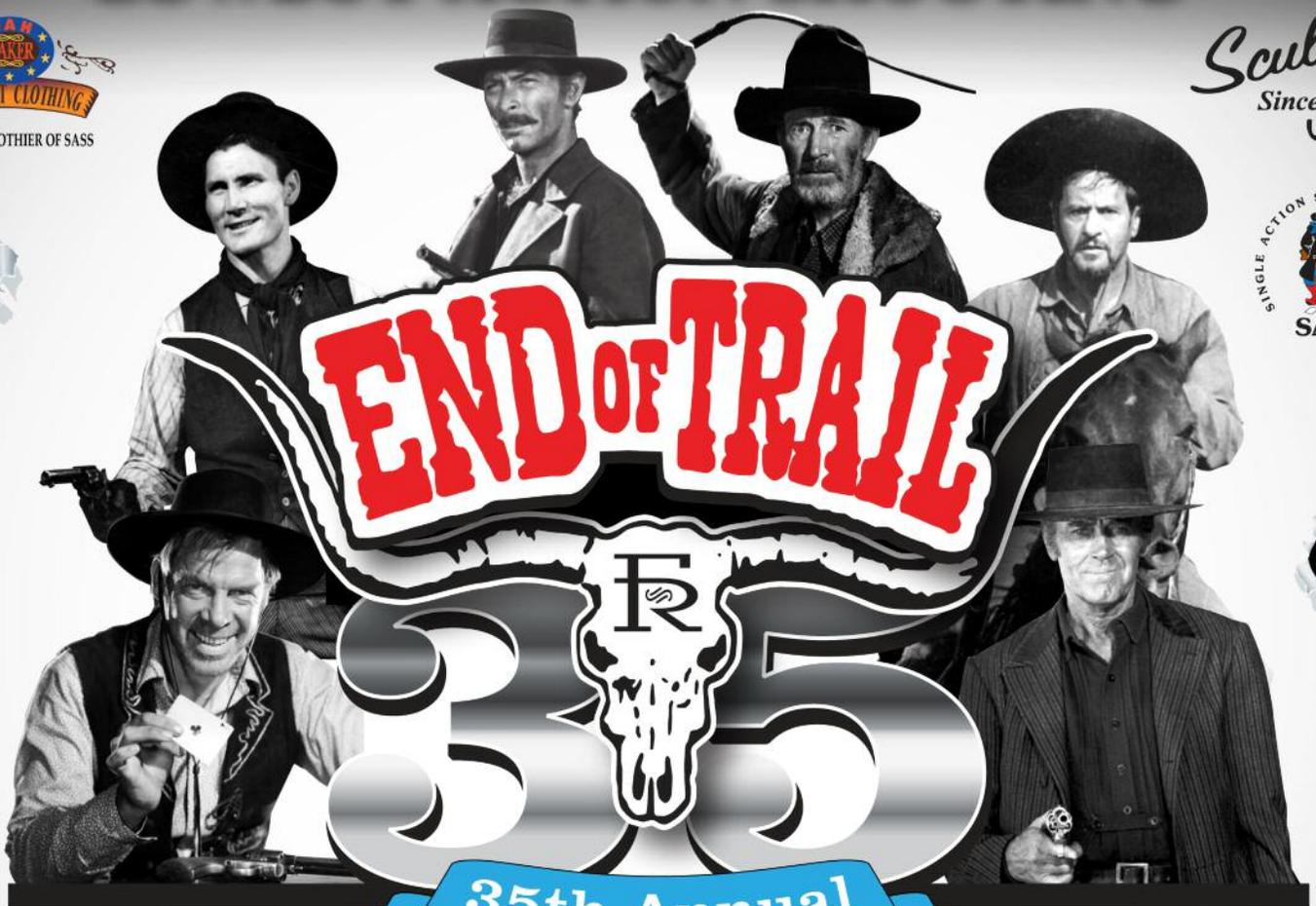
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Buckaroo Bubba,
SASS #66861

On The Range

HIGH NOON 2015 *at* TUSCO



Midvale, Ohio October 2-4, 2015. A record attendance at the twentieth anniversary of High Noon at Tusco welcomed us this year as we received 118 registered shooters, beating the old record by 13! Shooters from all over joined us this year for the three-day event. Six different states, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, and Georgia were represented, along with two of our favorite Canadians from North of the Border, Canadian Two Feathers (SASS #70784) and Canadian Black Magic (SASS #70783).

A packed camper area greeted everyone as they pulled into the range on Friday. The October weather on Side Match day was a bit cool but right on for Cowboy Action Shooting™. Hog Heaven, our caterer

*By Buckaroo Bubba, SASS #66861
Photographs by Buckaroo Bubba and Jenny Utter*

for the banquet, sponsored all the side matches. As setup was completed and the clock struck High Noon, the side matches began. New to High Noon at Tusco this year was our modified Plainsman Match. Our Club Vice President, Prairie Dawg (SASS #50329) and Ohio Cheatin Charlie (SASS #83621) led this event. It was a big hit with our shooters who love black powder, and eleven shooters tried their hand at it. Needless to say it will be back next year. Next door to the Plainsman Match was the Long Range competition, which was run by Short Wagon (SASS #97311) and Mad Hattie



Thirteen lucky shooters finished the match clean!

High Noon at Tusco 2015 . . .



Top Youth winners Maverick and Rimfire Randi.

(SASS #97312). It was there you could shoot your Single Shot Rifle, Lever Action Rifle and Pistol Caliber Rifles, and see how good you were with your handguns shooting them at the long range target. The black powder folks were able to feel at home with the Long Range Side Match as well, as there were Black Powder Categories included this year. Down the hill you would find the Speed Shotgun event taking place, being run by Raging Thunder (SASS #101037), Streak Lightning (SASS #101039), and Stone Creek Drifter (SASS #58853). All SASS legal shotguns had categories to see who was the fastest shotgun at Tusco. Next down the line TJ Reese (SASS #100050) and Corbin Dallas (SASS #41040) welcomed shooters to the Speed Rifle, .22 Rifle and Revolvers events. This is where the real speed was on display. Finally out on Stage 5 was a warm up stage. Folks who really wanted to knock the rust off went out to get ready for the main match. At 4:00 p.m. the Side Matches came to a close with everyone putting away their firearms and dispersing to their evening dinners plans.

A rainy Saturday morning greeted everyone to the Main Match Sponsored by Kames Sports and George Dadas State Farm Agency. Each shooter stopped in the clubhouse to retrieve their bag full of shooters gifts. The gifts this year included a Brass Bag that was made by LouAnn's Sewing Shoppe, a Twentieth Anniversary Belt Buckle that was created by Arrow Graphics and Buck D. Law from Alabama, a Tusco Lapel Pin, and Shooters Handbook. Posse Marshal walk thru started things off at 9:00 a.m. Stone Creek Drifter, Sixgun Seamus (SASS #94002), Rye Miles (SASS #13621), Prairie Dawg, and Pickaway Tracker (SASS #52070) were the respective posse marshals throughout the weekend. Once the stages were explained to the posse marshals it



Short Wagon shooting Gunfighter.

was time to gather everyone up for our mandatory safety meeting. The Pledge of Allegiance to Old Glory started things off, followed by a prayer by Crowbar. Buckaroo Bubba welcomed everyone to High Noon and went over the various safety rules and important notes.

The theme for High Noon this year was "Vintage TV Westerns." Each of the stages were represented by Western shows some of us grew up watching, while some others grew up watching the reruns. *The Rifleman, The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp, Have Gun will Travel,*

(Continued on page 16)

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SassAd3

High Noon at Tusco 2015 . . .

(Continued from page 15)

Maverick, Wanted Dead or Alive, Rawhide, Bonanza, The Big Valley, and The Wild Wild West were represented through the ten stages of the Main Match. Shooters fought thru less than ideal weather conditions during the first of five main match stages. After the first half of stages were completed by all of the shooters, everyone took a break before the Saturday Night festivities.

Hungry, Well-dressed Cowboys and Cowgirls started arriving at our Saturday night banquet a bit before 6:00 p.m. Once again this year, Hog Heaven set up their wonderful dinner, which consisted of pulled pork sandwiches, beef brisket, BBQ chicken, cheesy potatoes, baked beans, coleslaw, and salad. Before we got dinner rolling, we held a moment of silence for two of our favorite Cowboys whom we lost earlier in the year, Shotgun Slade (SASS #16691) and Mad Mongo (SASS #56138). Marshal Dan Dillon (SASS #60049) provided us with the blessing before we dismissed the tables to get their meals.

As the shooters arrived for dinner Prairie Dawg sold playing cards for five different raffles. High Noon sponsor Montana Silversmiths donated a \$120 Belt Buckle we



OVERALL MAN AND OVERALL LADY WINNERS
Billy Badazz and Lady Lopez.

raffled off, along with our Tusco Ultimate Package, which consisted of a Tusco Golden Ticket (which allows you to shoot free all of next year), a High Noon 2016 Certificate and Tusco Membership for next year, another High Noon 2016 Certificate, a Wells Fargo Pocket Watch and DVD Set, and a very unique Stage Coach Lamp were raffled off.

Officer Elections were taken care of soon after everyone finished their dinners. A motion was made to once again carry over all of the Officer Positions. Club President—Buckaroo Bubba, Vice President—Prairie Dawg, Treasurer—Split Rail (SASS #24707), and Secretary—TJ Reese. Appointed positions of Match Director—Missouri Muleskiner (SASS #38729) and Territorial Governor—D. J. McDraw (SASS #37555) will also remain the same. New this

(Continued on page 18)

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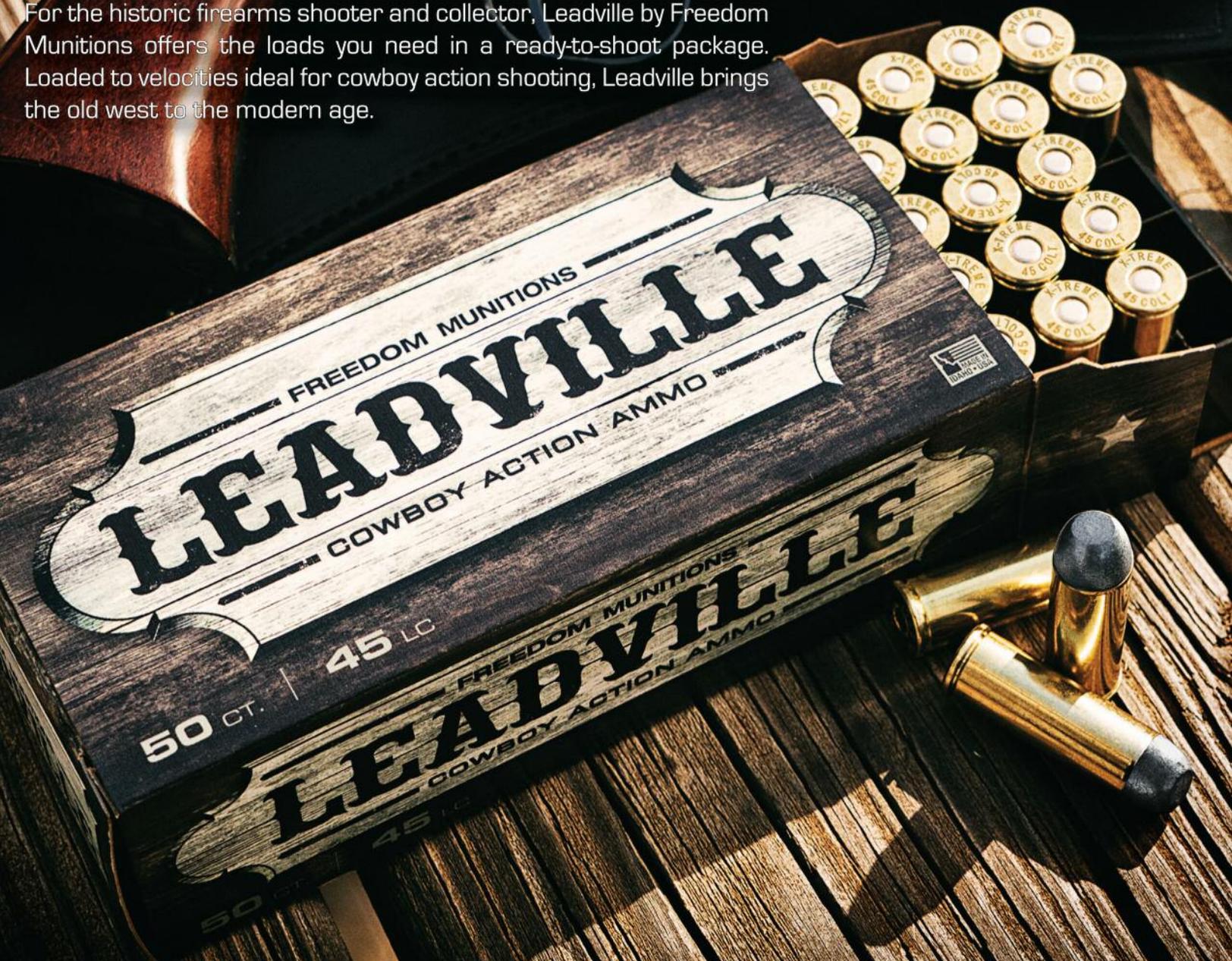


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High Noon at Tusco 2015 . . .

(Continued from page 16)



year, we added two new club positions. The Tusco “Club Deputies” were announced. The Club Deputies main function will be to brainstorm new club ideas, be used as a sounding board for club activities, and use their creative minds. We were very proud to announce Dewey Shoot’em (SASS #90355) and Sixgun Seamus as the new Club Deputies. They will be great assets to the Tusco Long Riders. Side Match Awards and the Plainsman Match Awards were next read off, with each of the winners coming up front to receive their certificates, some even receiving a handful of them.

One of the trademarks of High Noon at Tusco is the Huge Prize Table that welcomes everyone at the banquet. More than 200 prizes covered three eight-foot tables. Every registered shooter who attended our

evening banquet made at least two trips to the prize table. One of the reasons we have such a great prize table is because of the fabulous sponsors we have for High Noon.

Next up was the presentation of our Annual Ruthless McDraw Memorial Spirit of the Game Awards. For those of you who knew Ruthless you know what this awards means and what it represents. We present

this as a year-long award to those deserving individuals who represent what the Spirit of the Game is all about and their dedicated service to the Tusco Long Riders. We take the selection of award winners very seriously. Each Award states the following:

Ruthless McDraw epitomized the Cowboy Way in everything she did.

Ruthless was a true ambassador for the sport of Cowboy Action Shooting™.

Her enthusiasm to our game and to those who compete with us made each shoot better and more fun.

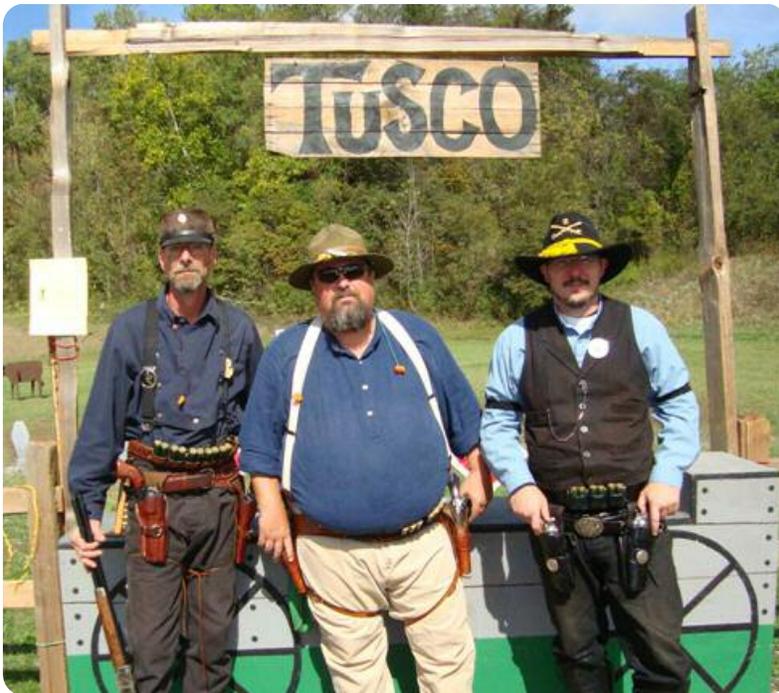
It is in this spirit that we honor the following cowboy/cowgirl for their dedicated service to the Tusco Long Riders during the 2015 shooting season.

Once again this year we recognized four recipients for this award:



with brainstorming for new and exciting things for the Tusco Long Riders.

A picture perfect day arrived for all the shooters on the last day. Our new tradition of Cowboy Church started at 8:00 a.m. Our resident Pastor, Crowbar, lead the service and about 25 shooters took the opportunity to enjoy the fellowship at the range. Shooters then enjoyed the day shooting fast, straightforward, option-filled stages that Prairie Dawg masterfully wrote. Once everyone had finished up shooting the main match it was on to the awards. In a surprise, Stone Creek Drifter presented Buckaroo Bubba with a gorgeous Spirit of the Game Award. They presented this award to Buckaroo Bubba for his continued service leading the Tusco Long Riders. The Awards continued with the presentation of the Category Awards. Our Youth Boy and Girl Overall



- Raging Thunder and Streak Lightning—every once in a while new shooters join our club that immediately fit right in. They pitch in and provide much needed help with setting up targets, tearing down the shoots, running timers, picking brass, etc. Raging Thunder and Streak Lightning have shown us what the Spirit of the Game is all about. Plus it's not every day you get twins who show this spirit as well.

- Angie Oakley (SASS #101763)—a lot of things that go on behind the scenes that people don't see. Angie has been there for Tusco and has been doing a lot of the little things behind the scenes for the last couple of years, from keeping score during the shoots to helping tear down, passing out ribbons, putting together score books, etc. One of the other things Angie has done for Tusco is volunteering to help out with various promotional events, like our Tusco Long Riders' Day at Kames Sports.

- Sixgun Seamus—has won this award in previous years and really, he could win this award every year. Sixgun is constantly helping out with all of the different promotional events we do, along



Champions were Maverick (SASS #92789) and Rimfire Randi (SASS #87690). Overall Man and Lady were Billy Badazz (SASS #98024) and Lady Lopez (SASS #89552), with Billy Badazz being the Overall Winner. Clean shoots at a 10-stage event are always hard to achieve, but 13 shooters were able to do so.

With the conclusion of the awards, the Twentieth Anniversary of High Noon at Tusco is in the books! We believe this was the best High Noon at Tusco yet. Our goal is to make High Noon 2016 even better. With the help of our new Club Deputies we have already talked about some new ideas and improvements that will welcome our shooters next year. Hope to see everyone back! For updated information, visit our website at <http://www.tuscolongriders.com/> and for complete match results visit http://www.tuscolongriders.com/Match_scores.htm.



On The Range

HELUVA RUKUS 2015

SASS New York State Cowboy Action Shooting™ Championship

By Annabelle Bransford, SASS Regulator #11916



**Heluva Rukus 2015 Top Man and Top Lady,
Smokey Sue and Shamrock Sadie.**



**New York State Top Man and Top Lady,
Illustrated Man and Spinning Sally.**

September 2015 marked the fifteenth anniversary of Heluva Rukus, the SASS New York State Cowboy Action Shooting™ Championship, hosted by the Circle K Regulators in Ballston Spa, NY. The event once again proved to be the year's best attended Cowboy Action Shooting™ match in the Northeast, with more than 260 shooters from 18 states and Canada joining in the fun. The reasons for this match's continued success are quite obvious—action-packed stages, awesome props, numerous vendors, fantastic weather, and an overall well-

run event. What more could anyone ask for?!

As always, Range Master Rowdy Bill (SASS #9628) provided the shooters with ten fun-filled stages that kept their brain cells and bodies moving at full speed, while the CKR Building Crew provided some of the best Cowboy Action Shooting™ props in the country. With ten individual berms to utilize, there was ample opportunity for “decorating,” as well as the chance to make each and every shooting scenario and stage layout unique. Stages 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, and 10 included permanent

Heluva Rukus 2015 . . .

or semi-permanent buildings (a fort, mine, home-stead/ranch, log cabin, full-fledged “town,” and freight office). Other stages, which were set up solely for this event, included a 50-plus-foot-long overhead train trestle with targets set amongst trees and railroad ties and huge rocks used as gun rests (Stage 5), a multi-car train scene complete with water tower, ticket office, and telegraph poles (Stage 6), a cattle-drive scene with barbed wire fencing, a herd of cattle, a campfire, the most authentic-looking and completely accessorized full-size chuckwagon you can imagine (thanks to master builder, Yukon Mike (SASS #23165) for Stage 7, and a Spanish mission and other building fronts (Stage 9). Elsewhere on the property, erected just to add to the atmosphere, were an Indian village and Boot Hill Cemetery. It was truly the Old West brought to life in Upstate New York.

Although the match itself didn’t officially start until Friday, the range was bustling with activity nearly a week in advance. CKR members set up most of the stages over a period of several days prior to the match, leaving the official Thursday set-up day for final tweaking and accessorizing this year. More than 50 RV-ers and a handful of tenters arrived on site prior to the event, choosing their favorite spots and setting up camp. Meanwhile, a dozen vendors set up shop along “sutlers’ row” and the clubhouse, scoring shack, and outdoor pavilion were prepared for the various events scheduled in their particular areas. By Thursday afternoon, all the preliminary work was done, and it was finally time for the fun to begin.

A flood of cowpokes descended on the clubhouse early Friday morning, anxious to pick up their shooter’s packets and door prizes and to purchase Chinese auction/charity raffle tickets, CKR badges, and HR lapel pins before heading out to the range. Each shooter was also presented with a custom-made leather bullet bag commemorating Rukus’ fifteenth anniversary, compliments of Match Sponsor, Klassic Laser Works. During the morning hours, more than a dozen lady shooters took advantage of a great opportunity to hone their Cowboy Action Shooting™ shooting skills at Shamrock Sadie’s Doily Gang Ladies Shooting Clinic, while the bright blue skies and Summer-like temps (mid-80s) prompted a record number of shooters (162) to participate in the day’s numerous side matches from 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. The availability of a wide variety of side events assured shooters of



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Tommy Two Spurs (SASS #92043),
Splinter Jack (SASS #47317),
and Peddler Jack (SASS #18828).**

finding something to pique their interest and help them warm-up for the main event. Along with the usual speed events (rifle, pistol, shotgun, pocket pistol, and derringer), a long range rifle event, .22 caliber rifle and pistol accuracy events, and three mini-stages (which could be shot using either Cowboy Action Shooting™ or WB firearms) were also offered. When not busy throwing lead, many of the cowpokes chose to take a stroll along vendor lane. Although down somewhat this year, the number of vendors at Rukus still surpassed that at other Cowboy Action Shooting™ events in the Northeast, allowing the shooters plenty of chances to part with any cash that might be

(Continued on page 22)

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Heluva Rukus 2015 . . .

(Continued from page 21)

burning a hole in their pocket. Everything from steel targets, custom knives, and hearing protection to period jewelry, reloading supplies, and Old West clothing and accoutrements was available for purchase. Immediately following the day's side events, Rowdy Bill conducted an RO walk-thru, and shortly thereafter, approximately 50 hungry cowpokes gathered at the pavilion to partake of the casual buffet provided by this year's caterers, L&L Events. By 7:30 p.m., the last of the satiated gunslingers had headed off to prepare for the next day's main event.

Saturday and Sunday's main competition consisted of ten stages, with each of the 16 posses completing five stages per day, shooting straight through on a.m./p.m.

flights. There was a separate safety meeting for each flight. The split-flight shooting schedule allowed the competitors plenty of time each day for eating, shopping, relaxing, watching other posses shoot, or even doing a little sightseeing in the area. Local Boy Scout Troop #54 returned this year, serving as brass pickers for the shooters and manning a booth selling various snacks throughout the weekend. As usual, every Rukus stage utilized all four Cowboy Action Shooting™ firearms with many different target sequences, plenty of "shooter options," and movement between firearms on every stage. Target distances, sizes, and shapes varied, and the inclusion of moving targets, knockdown plate racks, and even a kick-down door kept things interesting. Shooters got to wear both white hats and black this year, sometimes playing good guys, more oft times playing bad. But no matter which side of the law they were on, they still had one heluva good time throwing lead! And the weather was certainly cooperative, with Saturday turning out to be yet another unseasonably warm and sunny day. By late that afternoon, firearms had been put away, and it was once again time to sit down to a delicious meal at the pavilion where about 75 cowpokes enjoyed a bountiful buffet consisting of BBQ chicken and ribs with all the trimmings. Afterwards, Jersey Kid Brother (SASS #48826) and sidekick Tom Payne (SASS #13115) held an impromptu rope-twirling lesson for anyone interested. Students' abilities (from abysmal failures to downright talented) were as varied as their ages (14-75)! Eventually, all the shooters



Smokehouse Dan at awards ceremony.

dispersed for the evening, leaving the range eerily quiet till the excitement continued the following day.

Sunday dawned a bit cooler than the previous two days, but still a perfect day for shooting. By mid-afternoon, the posses had completed their last five main match stages, and the vendors had closed up shop. It was then time to grab a seat in the pavilion in anticipation of the grand finale—the eagerly awaited awards ceremony. Trail Boss, Smokehouse Dan (SASS #12524) began the ceremony by thanking all the sponsors, vendors, ROs, shooters, and CKR members for their help in making HR 2015 a resounding success. The Boy Scouts were thanked for their assistance, and it was announced they had raised a whopping \$2,796, making their troop the only one in the area in the red for the year. All proceeds from the Chinese auction/charity raffle were split between the local volunteer fire department (which received \$1,400 in appreciation for providing emer-

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Chuckwagon on Stage 7 built by Yukon Mike.

agency services on site throughout the weekend) and CKR's own Young Gun shooter, Spaghetti Gunslinger (SASS #98400), who received \$2,000 for his scholarship fund. Costume contest winners in eight different categories (including a new category for Best Gun Cart) and male and female winners in each of Friday's side events were given their awards. Special Sponsor Appreciation Awards were presented to Zack's Sports and Wild West Mercantile for its 15-year sponsorship of the event. Homer Suggs (SASS #29505) was presented with a special Plaque of Appreciation for serving as HR Match Director from 2007-2014, a position taken over this year by Maurice 'Mo' Lassus (SASS #65309). Winners of the charity raffle items were then announced, sending a number of lucky cowpokes home with awesome prizes, including a SASS Ruger Vaquero and a 1911 Ruger semi-auto pistol (donated by Sturm, Ruger & Co.), a custom knife with beaded sheath (donated by Lupare Chenz, SASS #40013), a handmade quilt (donated by Calico Sue, SASS #75360), gunpowder (donated by Frank's Gun Shop), and several other prizes

valued at upwards of \$100. Clean shooters (36), stage winners, and category winners (both overall and NYS) were then presented with their well-deserved awards. It should be noted that competitors were offered 38 different shooting categories at this year's Rukus, including the newly added Gran Patron/Patroness (age 80+) and Senior Gunfighter classes. A total of 34 categories ended up being represented in the competition—pretty impressive! The ceremony concluded with presentations to overall Top Gun Male, Smokey Sue (SASS #39531), and Top Gun Female, Shamrock Sadie (SASS #78511). Spinning Sally (SASS #89526) retained her title as New York State Ladies' Champion, while Illustrated Man (SASS #77202) repeated his 2013 win as New York State Men's Champion. And with that, another successful Heluva Rukus came to a close. If you missed out on this year's match, shame on you. Check something off your bucket list by attending next year's event, September 16-18, 2016. More information may be obtained from the CKR website at www.circlekregulators.com and complete match scores can be found at http://circlekregulators.com/15HR_Results.html. 🏆

Club Reports

WHAT A MATCH!!

An April Fool Special Match Report

By Knot Werkin, SASS #82307



*Knot Werkin,
SASS #82307*

It's time, once again, to report on the Pleasant Valley Warriors' annual event that takes place only once a year. Some of the practices at this match may seem a bit uncharacteristic compared to other events, since as far as I know, no other clubs engage in this type of activity. Competitors are exactly that—high adrenaline junkies who live for the line (not the long-drawl of a John Wayne, but the steely, crisp bark of a Gunny) and the beep and the high speed emptying of cylinders (no drop out magazines at this shoot—too dangerous), magazine tubes and shotgun barrels, combined with an all-out approach to each scenario. Stations are deliberately staged farther apart than in a regular match and also require crisscrossing (*e.g.*, draw pistol at left corral post, shoot target, advance to far right whiskey barrel, shoot shotgun rounds, move back to left corral post for rifle, empty rifle and proceed to whiskey barrel again, reload two in the rifle and attempt to hit the flying targets). Not for the weak of heart—literally.

Readers will note that I refer only to “cowboys, guys, cowpokes,” etc., in this article. While I always mean to represent *cowgirls* in any of the articles I scribe, none were present as participants at this particular match. I suspect the common sense gauge was a lot more finely tuned in our female counterparts and, thus, not one cowgirl had the Rocky Mountain oysters to come forward. On further examination, though, perhaps they were, and remain, the smart ones. (I also do not mention LGBTQ since they are not a representative population, as far as I know, in our local group, in particular, or Cowboy Action Shooting™ in general. My hat's off to their situations but such isn't an issue yet in our sport. But, for those of you in favor of additional shooting categories, just think how these groups would add to the variety of shooters. OMG!)

One of the first stages our cowboys encountered was long-range shotgun. Three balloons of NOAA weather size are suspended at a height of approximately



100 feet at a linear distance of 200 yards from the shooter. Any size lead shot is permitted and competitors fire until at least one balloon has popped or the shooter runs out of ammo. Cowboys have been known to stick extra shells anywhere it's possible, even in unmentionables, but that will be a topic for the underground version of *The Cowboy Chronicle*. The winner this year used a family secret black powder recipe. Some cowboys swear they saw the glow of a tiny afterburner but the local FAA/Homeland Security office could not verify this as a viable occurrence. Then, again, cowboys will swear at anything.

The Speed Pistol stage was a hoot. Not only did the cowboys need to empty their pistols as quickly as possible, they had to do it on the run, for the length of the range, twice (*i.e.*, going and coming back). Each stage

What A Match!! . . .

had a target at which to shoot, but it was every other stage going forward and every other *other* stage coming back. Get what I mean? To better illustrate, ATB, run Stages 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. At 12, come back to the starting position by shooting 11, 9, 7, 5, 3, and 1. All the while, each shooter had to maintain a downrange position with the (literally) six-shooter (hey, if you're going to make the guy run all that way, might as well make it worthwhile). Most shooters opted for running at a side step while maintaining a posture consistent with facing the target. About the only ones who had a problem were those shooting Gunfighter.

Next were two stages that were very similar, but still different. First up, called the Phoebe Ann Mosey stage, shooters used their rifles and a hand-held mirror to do the bang and clang thing. It's just like a regular match except the shooter faces the crowd with the rifle on either shoulder (muzzle down-range, of course) and holding a mirror. The mirror can be held in either hand, the remaining hand used for firing and cocking. It's a bit tricky but not really that bad once you practice about 10,000 times. As far as I know, most of the shooters had never practiced this often. Needless to say, times were relatively high on this stage.

The next, and similar, stage was the Annie Oakley speed rifle. Other than the speed factor, all elements were the same as the Phoebe Ann Mosey (which was the real name of Annie Oakley, although some historians note that Phoebe Ann's surname was alternately known as Moses and that the "Oakley" part of her name originated in an area of Cincinnati where she once lived—which isn't all that far from where this match was held). Not surprisingly, participant times in this stage did not differ significantly from those of the Phoebe Ann Mosey stage.

Probably the most favorite (favoritest?) stage for all the cowpokes was the exploding target stage. To add a bit more depth to this stage, a few of our enterprising members "found" quite a few manhole covers at a local road construction site and, assuming they were unused scrap, appropriated the bunch for the "clang" portion of this stage. In actuality, the "clang" ended up sounding more like a sub-woofed Big Ben "bong." (As a significant side note, I've noticed of late that the above-mentioned construction has been completed but the road is still unopened. County officials cite the lack of manhole covers. Poor planning, don't ya think?)

Although I really liked chemistry class as a school-boy, I never did well in that subject 'cause I was more interested in blowing stuff up than learning about atoms, molecules and such. Obviously, though, some of our cowboys excelled in this subject and created rather significant "Booms!" when certain targets were struck at the "Shootem Up Blowem Up" stage. The tricky part was re-loading these things during the match in order to keep posses (or is it *possii*) moving at a relatively quick pace. Thanks to a number of dedicated waddies, though, things went off (no pun here, folks) without too much of a hitch. There was one incident, I'd guess you call it, where a waddy was standing a mite too close when a target detonated. We weren't sure if it was the concussion from the explosion or getting hit with the swinging manhole cover that caused his injuries, but most of the bleeding from his head had stopped by the time the safety crew was assembled and directed to his location. There was still a trifling bloody stream from his left ear, but that was quickly stopped by pinching off the carotid artery for about a minute. After a few hours, his memory was not quite intact (he knew his alias but not his given name), but everything else seemed to be in working order. (By the way, now you know the "rest of the story" about the guys you regularly see at annual matches who have a toothless grin and walk with a limp—that's a waddy, God bless 'em!)

As you can probably imagine, this was NOT a SASS-endorsed match, either in reality or in someone's creepy mind. I sure hope the Editor did not experience heart palpitations as he was reading the early paragraphs of this piece. Suffice it to say this was the first (and probably last) match for the Pleasant Valley Warriors on the first day of April, 2015. If you're ever in the area, we'd love to shoot at you, uhhh, I mean, *with* you. As always, ride for the brand...

Editor's note: As he states in his final paragraph, this piece is an April Fool's Day spoof of a SASS event and does not represent a match that actually took place. We hope you enjoyed reading it. 🐮

Hit Your Target

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Club Reports

Indoor

COWBOY ACTION SHOOTING™

By Johnny McCrae, SASS #70670

Here in Wisconsin—weather permitting—our indoor shooting season runs from April through November. I can't remember when we shot an April match. It gets to be a long winter so six years ago a group of Range Officers from the Bristol Plains Pistoleros started to hold indoor Cowboy Action Shooting™ matches. An indoor match is held in December, January, February and March.

We shoot these indoor matches at a local indoor range and rent the entire range after hours on a Saturday night. The range consists of ten individual shooting stations with range distances of seven to twenty-five yards. Each shooting station has a tray on which to stage firearms. We start shooting at 6:15 p.m. and easily finish in two hours.

We shoot three "handgun only," three "rifle only," and one "Wild Bunch" stage. In our February match we introduced a "bonus only" stage. Samples of typical stage descriptions are shown in this article. For safety reasons, holstering is not allowed and all firearms remain cased until the competitor is in the shooting station.

The targets are printed in black and white on 11" x 17" sheets of plain bond paper. A red label is used for the bonus shots to eliminate having to print in color. Most of the targets are of a two-piece design. We have tried several methods for the targets and find printing them on 11" x 17" sheets is the easiest and most economical way to go.

A typical revolver stage is shot as follows: when called, the shooter brings their cased revolvers to the shooting station cased, un-cases them and places them on the shooting station tray with muzzles pointing down range. Each handgun is loaded with five rounds, hammer down on an empty chamber. The starting position is with the shooter's hands at their sides. At the beep, the shooter picks up his first handgun and begins to shoot the prescribed stage. After five rounds are shot, the revolver is restaged on the tray. The shooter picks up the second handgun and continues to shoot the stage. After those five rounds are shot, the handgun is restaged on the tray. The target is retrieved and scored. After the target is scored, the shooter unloads and shows clear to the Timer Operator, cases the revolvers and then may leave the shooting station. A new set of targets is stapled to the cardboard backing and the next shooter is called to the. The scoring of a stage is very easy and spotters are not needed.

The rifle stages are shot in a similar manner except the rifle is loaded with ten rounds and the starting position is at Cowboy port arms. For a Wild Bunch stage, the pistol is staged on the tray with the action open and empty. Three magazines with five



By Johnny McCrae, SASS #70670

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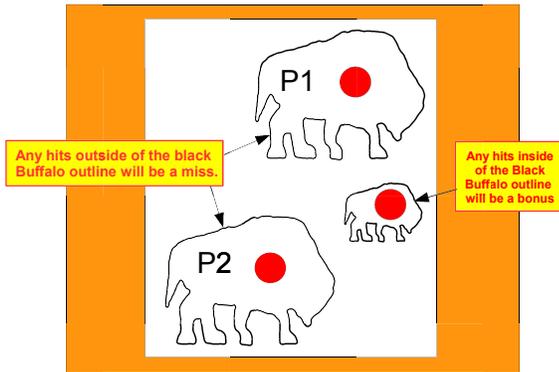
Indoor • Cowboy Action Shooting™ ...

rounds each are also staged on the tray.

Although this type of match is different from an outdoor Cowboy Action Shooting™ match shot on steel targets, it does allow a person to stay in prac-

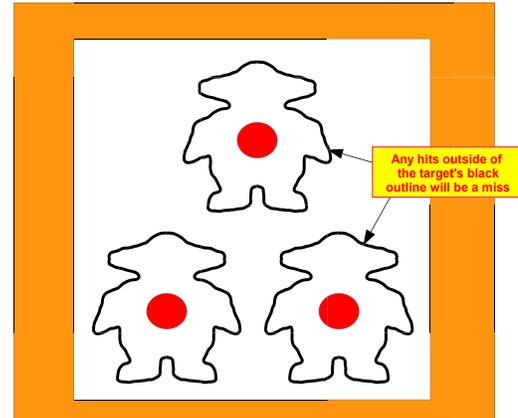
tice over the winter months. After a match we all go out to a local pub for a bit of socializing and Cowboy camaraderie. As they say, a good time is had by all and it helps pass the winter months. 🤠

February 2016 Pistol Stage 1 Buffalo with a Pistol



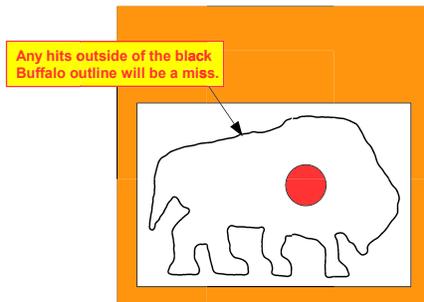
Two Pistols staged on tray loaded with (5) rounds each, HDOEC. Targets set at (7) yards. At the beep pickup up first Pistol and shoot P1, P2, P1, P2 then shoot (1) round on the small Buffalo for a two second bonus. Re-stage Pistol on tray. Pickup second Pistol and repeat. Re-stage Pistol on tray. Any hits on the red circles will be a two second bonus.

February 2016 Rifle Stage 5 The three Cowboys



Rifle loaded with (10) rounds, Action Closed, HDOEC. Targets set at (15) yards. Rifle to be held at Cowboy Port Arms. At the beep engage each of the Cowboys at least three times in any order or direction. Show Rifle clear to Timer operator. Any hits on the Squares red circles will be a two second bonus.

February 2016 Rifle Stage 6 LONG RANGE BUFFALO



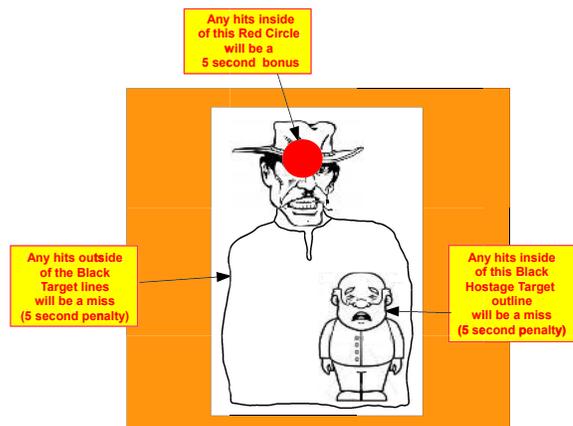
You have had enough practice. Now we will see if you can be both accurate and fast

Rifle held at Cowboy port arms loaded with (10) rounds, Action closed, HDOEC. Targets set at (25) yards. At the beep shoot all (10) rounds on the Buffalo. Each miss adds (5) seconds to your time. Show rifle clear to RO. Any hits on the red circles will be a two second bonus.

You will be timed on this stage.

February 2015 WILD BUNCH Stage 7

Bank Robbery



A Bandit is holding a nervous Bank President hostage. It's up to you to save him. If you feel lucky, go for a Head shot

1911 staged on tray action open and empty. (3) magazines with (5) rounds each staged on tray. At the beep pick up your 1911. Retrieve a magazine and load your 1911. Shoot (5) rounds on the Bandit (White). Drop empty magazine. Retrieve second magazine and reload your 1911. Repeat. Drop empty magazine. Retrieve third magazine and reload your 1911. Repeat. Drop magazine and show Pistol clear to Timer Operator. Any hits on the red circle will be a five second bonus. Any hits on the Hostage will be ten second penalty so shoot straight.

Club Reports

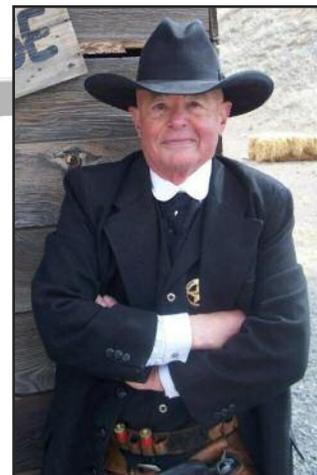
Killing The Stay At Home Winter Blues

By Palaver Pete, SASS Life/Regulator #4375

You can only “dry fire” at home for so many days without going crazy. You can only stay away from the shooting range for so many days without *going crazy*. So, what’s the solution? The solution is to put on your longest and heaviest underwear, grab your old ski hat, dress warm (see attached photo of The Legend), and get out to the range and practice. Better yet, do all the above with Cowboy clothes, and get out to the range and join your posse for a monthly match. When it’s cold, the posse need not set up five stages—heck, just set up one stage, keep the steel in place, and call for volunteers to design the next stage—in fact, design the stage for both Cowboy Action Shooting™ and

Wild Bunch Action Shooting. That will bring out more shooters as well as kill the “stay at home winter blues.”

Well, that’s exactly what the Pine Mountain Posse did this past January when the temperature went south below the zero point and at times was lower than whale dung. The Palmer gang lit the fire in the clubhouse; the ladies put on some soup; and we braved the elements long enough to shoot four stages. Again, Diamond Willow bundled herself up and kept score and GDub did the announcing and ribbon awards. Hoss Reese led the contingent, but the competition was heavy indeed. Shooters present (not in any shooting



*Palaver Pete,
SASS Life/Regulator
#4375*



Now this is COLD.

You can see the crinkle and snap of cold in the air. Nevertheless, steel was off-loaded, and a stage set-up.

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Killing The Stay At Home Winter Blues . . .



The Legend takes off his mittens long enough to pose. Notice the nice warm headgear.

order) were: Hoss Reese, Whisperin' Wade, Palaver Pete, Sunrise Bill, Sunrise Bravo, The Legend, Tetherow Tex LaRue, GDub, and Arctic Annie. Scores are on the website at: www.pinemountainposse.com/. Bundle up and come shoot with us before it gets too warm to do so—you're a daisy if ya do! 🐔



Despite the cold, Tetherow Tex LaRue manages to keep his arms and pistols straight as he cleans another below zero stage. A warmly dressed Whisperin' Wade ROs the stage.

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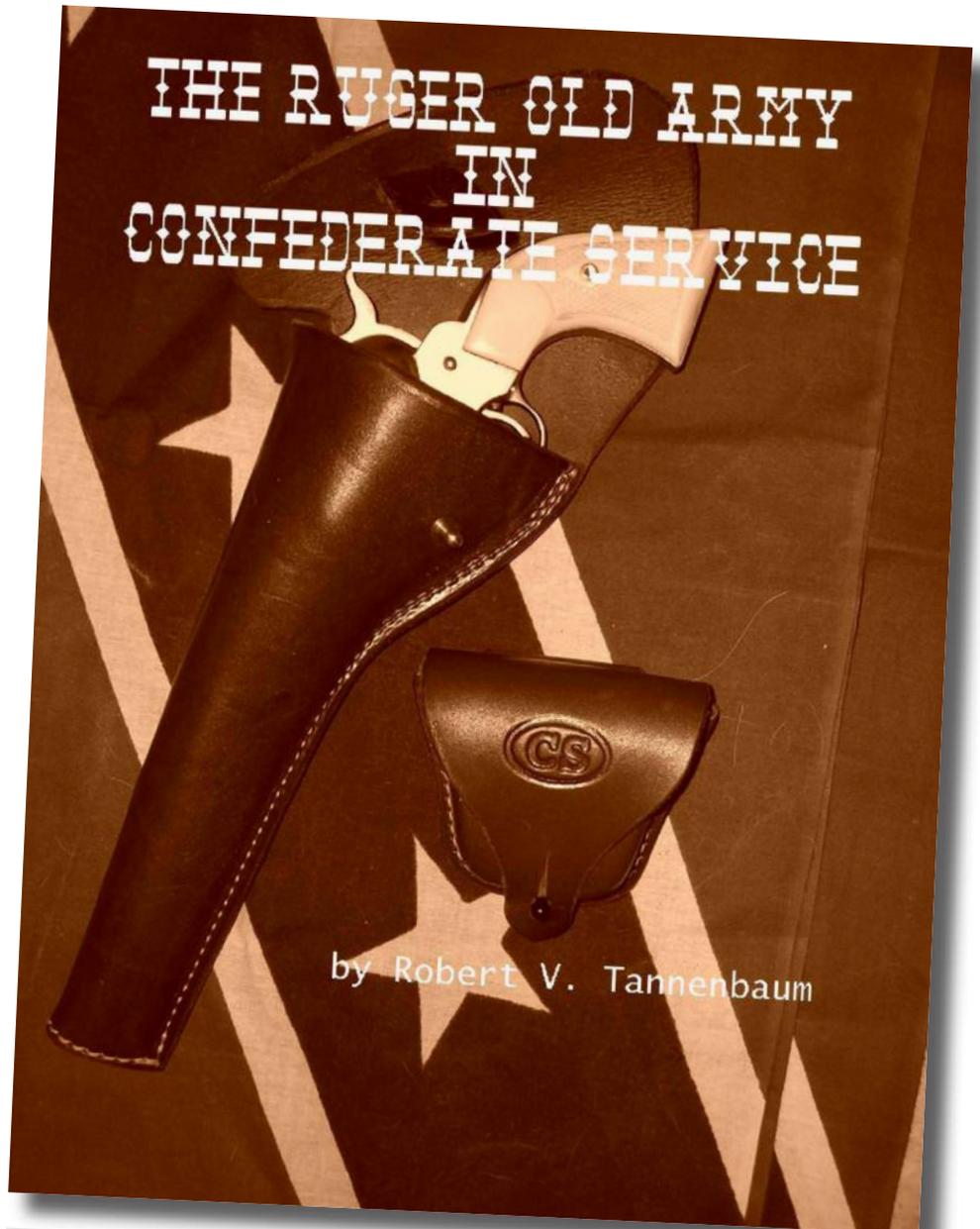
Captain George Baylor,
SASS Life / Rugulator #24287

Guns & Gear

DISPATCHES FROM CAMP BAYLOR APRIL FOOL SPECIAL

By Captain George Baylor, SASS #24287 Life/Regulator

The Ruger Old Army in Confederate Service—by Robert V. Tannenbaum. Long out of print, this well researched, little-known classic is now back and available through Texas A & M University Press. This is a boon to historians, Civil War buffs, and Cowboy Action Shooting™ enthusiasts. Most people think Bill Ruger invented the Ruger Old Army in the twentieth century. Tannenbaum, however, traces Hezekiah Ruger from his birth in Oberammergau, Germany in 1833 and his arrival at New York City on a ship from Bremerhaven, Germany in 1847 at age 14. He arrived with his parents, Fritz and Helga Ruger, who immediately began a slow migration west, first settling in St. Louis, Missouri, where Fritz was a gunsmith making his living converting Hawken's and other flintlocks to percussion. Thus Hezekiah was taught gunsmithing at an early age. He took to it like a duck to water. When he was eighteen his father noted in



Cover of *The Ruger Old Army in Confederate Service*,
by Robert V. Tannenbaum.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor . . .



Legendary Army scout Al Seiber in a studio shot with a probable photographer's prop, a well-worn Ruger Old Army. The photo was taken in the 1880s, so Seiber would have carried a more modern weapon.

his journal that Hezekiah had successfully completed a 34" .50 caliber octagon barrel, filing the long flats solely by hand until all were smooth and parallel. "I guess he'll do," wrote Fritz. Fritz's barrels were highly prized for their accuracy and strength. He was able to produce harder steels than was thought possible at the time using a secret process he passed on to Hezekiah.

In 1856, fearing the border problems would erupt into full-scale war, Fritz moved his family to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he set up shop. Hezekiah was fascinated with revolvers, particularly

Colt revolvers. Soon he discovered their weak points. In his journal he wrote, "What was Col. Colt thinking? Flat springs? No top strap? Hammer too big. Cap jams unless you cock upside down. What sights! I could do better."

When he saw the Remington New Army pistol he had his inspiration. Here was a frame that would stand up to heavy loads. But it still had weak points.

A master metallurgist, using his father's secrets he forged his own steels, working to perfect coil springs and other innovations that would appear in late 1862 in the first production Old Armies. The name was chosen in an attempt to make people think his pistol predated the Remington, and thus the frame wasn't a copy. It was a hefty piece, taking more than 50 grains of powder behind a 148-grain ball, bringing back the power of the Colt Walker and early dragoons without the danger of the gun blowing up. This pistol was also belt-sized, while the big Colts were saddle-pommel pistols. As a demonstration he compressed all the 3F powder he could get into each cylinder behind round balls and fired them at 100-yard targets, making six hits on a 3'x 3' board in front of prospective buyers. He signed a contract with the U.S. government's agent, Major Jed Norris, a cavalry officer tasked with procuring the weapons by Washington.

But the Confederate invasion of New Mexico changed things. An advance party under Col. P. D. Q. Beauregard, younger brother of Confederate General P. G. T. Beauregard, entered Santa Fe. They confiscated the entire pro-



Confederate Colonel P. D. Q. Beauregard, whose unit captured the entire production of Old Armies.

duction, but they were unable to get them to their troops before the battle of Glorietta Pass, which ended the Confederate excursion west. The weapons were distributed to Beauregard's troops, however, before the long march back to Texas.

When Major Norris discovered the guns were gone, he accused Ruger of collaborating with the enemy. Fearing for his life, Ruger shot Major Norris and his five-man guard detail with the prototype and ran away. Though a large manhunt followed, Ruger was never seen nor heard of again. Government agents watched his wife and children for years for signs of meetings between Ruger and his family, but he was never found. Then, one day in 1867 his house was found deserted. All of his notes and drawings for the weapon and his other experimental weapons were gone, including a pistol that fired Smith and Wes-

(Continued on page 32)

Dispatches From Camp Baylor . . .

(Continued from page 31)



**Confederate General
P. G. T. Beauregard,
P. D. Q. Beauregard's older brother.**

son's new .22 metallic cartridge and used recoil to eject the cartridge and reload the chamber for the next shot.

The initial batch of Old Armies was only 100 guns, all beautifully blued with 7.5" barrels and rosewood stocks. Serial numbers were 62-000002 through 62-000101. It is presumed that

62-000001 was the prototype, though it has never been found. Obviously Ruger planned large-scale production.

There were rumors about big, powerful pistols in the hands of Confederates in the Trans-Mississippi off and on during the rest of the war. A photo of a company of Texas Cavalry indicates the entire company was armed with the big guns. Col. John Salmon "Rip" Ford, after the last battle of the Civil War, the Battle of Palmito Ranch, said, "We had a secret weapon, our pistols. The Yankees couldn't touch us." Of course the war had already been lost in the east when that battle occurred. Ford, like other Confederates who managed to get one of the rare and superior pistols, never elaborated in print, keeping the secret of the Rugers.

The Houston Firearms Foundry attempted to duplicate the guns, but their records indicate they were never successful in making steel of high enough quality for the springs. Though pictures of the guns still haunted Old West photographs, eventually they



**Major Jed Norris, who wanted
Ruger's pistols for the Union Army.**

all disappeared. Legendary Army scout Al Seiber is seen with one in his belt in a studio photograph taken in the 1880s. It is presumed to be a photographer's prop. It is either totally lacking in bluing or nickel-plated, or possibly it is the missing prototype, reputed to be in a new metal, stainless steel. We'll never know.

When Bill Ruger invented the Blackhawk, he used his great grandfather's lost design for the lock-work but adapted it for cartridges and modern sights. Eventually he worked backwards and duplicated the original Old Armies, with 7-1/2" barrels, but with modern adjustable sights. Eventually variations included period correct sights introduced in 1994, and 5-1/2" barrels in 2002. Models were made in blued and stainless steel. Production ended in 2008. Hezekiah Ruger built only 7-1/2" barrels, but a cut-down

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Dispatches From Camp Baylor . . .

sample, 62-000038 was found in south Texas in relic condition by famed collector Joe Gish. It now resides in his museum in Fredericksburg, Texas. Interestingly, the badly rusted weapon is rusted in the cocked position, with a ball in that chamber and the next chamber. If it could talk...

Another, 62-000082, is rumored to be in the Gene Autry Museum, but it is not on display, having caused a furor among the curators when it was procured, with roughly half of them thinking it a fake and half thinking it's real. No one at the

museum will talk about it publicly. Famed firearms auctioneer and expert Greg Martin calls the Ruger Old Armies the holy grail of nineteenth century martial arms. He stated he has several clients with standing offers in the millions for displayable examples.

We can only speculate what mass production of this weapon during the war would have done and what weapons Hezekiah would have developed had he not been forced into hiding. After his family disappeared none of them ever were seen again. It is pre-

sumed they assumed new identities further west, possibly California or Utah. At this point we'll never know. At least we now know more about this little known aspect of the Civil War because of this excellent book.

Bibliography

Ref: The Ruger Old Army in Confederate Service, by Robert V. Tannenbaum, copyright 1934, reprinted by Texas A & M University Press, 2003, with editing and notes by G. Gordon Hickenlooper, PhD

Editor's note: Capt Baylor's article for this issue is, of course an April Fool's Day spoof that was originally published in The Cowboy Chronicle in 2003. We hope you enjoyed reading this fictional account of Civil War history. Please don't call Texas A & M University Press for a copy of the book. 🤠

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History

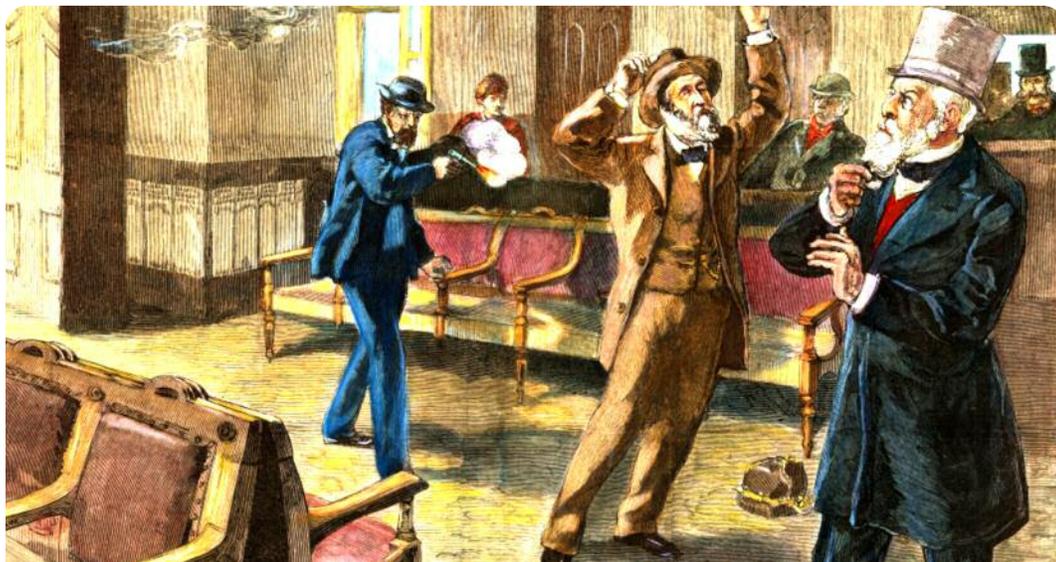
The Man Who Shot PRESIDENT GARFIELD



By Big Dave, SASS #55632



Big Dave, SASS #55632



An artist's rendition of the shooting.

On July 2, 1881, President James Garfield was shot twice at a railway station in Washington, D.C. One of the wounds was superficial, but the bullet from the second shot was lodged behind Garfield's spine. After more than two months of suffering, the president died. The man who shot Garfield, Charles Giteau, was immediately captured. During the time between his arrest and execution, it became clear to almost everyone that Giteau was seriously unbalanced. He was found guilty of murder and hanged anyway. The whole story is rather pathetic.

Charles Giteau had a grievance against President Garfield that de-

manded, at least in Giteau's mind, drastic action. Garfield's administration had wronged him by refusing to give him a consulship in France. Giteau was of French ancestry and was a supporter of Garfield during the Presidential Election of 1880. This, he reasoned, should have guaranteed him the post. After Giteau had badgered the State Department for several weeks, he was told to get lost. Frustrated, Giteau decided that his new mission in life was to kill the president.

Giteau believed he should have the consulship because of a long-standing practice in American politics called the "spoils system."

The spoils system rewarded supporters of a successful presidential candidate with civil service jobs. No other qualification was required. There was no proficiency test one had to pass. Loyalty was more important than knowledge or expertise. Theoretically, a person

could become a railway safety inspector without knowing anything about railways, or even a Commissioner of Indian Affairs without knowing anything about Indians (not that most nineteenth century white people cared about their welfare anyway). The bureaucracy of the United States contained a lot of incompetent people, even more than it does today. To make a long story short, the issue of civil service reform and the fate of the spoils system was a very big deal at this time in American History.

The spoils system came under particular scrutiny during the Grant Administration because it had caused blatant corruption—

The Man Who Shot President Garfield . . .



President Garfield was a highly principled, intelligent man. He probably would have been one of our better presidents had he lived to serve out his term.

the kind that got in the news and made rich people look bad. Grant’s successor, Rutherford B. Hayes had been unable to do anything about it. Garfield was a reformer who was committed to replacing the spoils system with a system that encouraged qualified people to enter the civil service. This made Garfield a particularly poor candidate for Giteau to back in the first place if he was hoping for some reward. How-

ever, Charles Giteau’s life was a long list of bad choices and strange behaviors. His family thought he was insane and would have had him committed if they could have afforded it.

Charles Giteau was born in Freeport, Illinois in 1841, the fourth of six children. People remembered him as a twitchy, excitable and unpleasant child. Giteau’s sister recalled being uncomfortable around him when he was chopping wood because she worried that he might turn the axe on her. Giteau’s mother, who was apparently psychotic, died in 1855. After his wife’s death, Giteau’s father became associated with the Oneida Community, a quasi-religious cult. Eventually the elder Giteau became a member of the community.

Founded in the 1840s and located in Oneida, New York, the community sought spiritual perfection through the teachings of John Noyes. Oneidans relinquished all private ownership of property and consented to the concept of “complex marriage.” Communal ownership of property was questionable to most Americans at the time, but what really bothered them was complex marriage. Complex marriage meant free love—multiple partners and all that.

John Noyes, the Community’s founder, wrote the following recommendation: “There is no reason why [sex] should not be celebrated in public as

much as music and dancing.” Noyes thought public sex would benefit the older members because it would “give pleasure to a great number of the older people who have nothing more to do with the matter.” This concept flew like a lead balloon with most Victorian era citizens. Oneidans were viewed with abhorrence and contempt.

As his father became increasingly involved with Oneida, Charles Giteau went to college. He had inherited \$1,000 from his grandfather. College didn’t go well because young Charles wasn’t disciplined enough to be a student. Soon Giteau left college and moved to Oneida and joined the community. He wasn’t particularly welcome there either. He was excitable and argumentative. Giteau considered himself an expert on

(Continued on page 36)



Charles Giteau was a preview of the crazed shooters who plague our society today.

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The Man Who Shot President Garfield

(Continued from page 35)

theology and clashed with virtually everyone in the community. Even women who embraced the concept of free love avoided him. "I might as well have been a Shaker," he remarked. The Shakers were another strange religious community that practiced total abstinence from sex—they didn't last very long.

Eventually Giteau left Oneida. Nobody, including his father, wanted him to return. According to Giteau, God had other plans for him that had yet to be revealed. He actually got married but it ended after five years. Giteau's unfortunate wife had been regularly beaten and dragged about by the hair. Not surprisingly, she filed for divorce. By this time, Giteau had run through his inheritance and was desperate for something to do. He became a lawyer.

In those days, it was recommended that a prospective lawyer should attend law school, but it wasn't required. All you had to do was to "read the law" and pass an exam given by a licensed lawyer. In Giteau's case, he answered two out of three questions correctly and passed the test. He wasn't exactly the Alan Dershowitz of his day. Giteau became a



Giteau used a Webley "British Bulldog" revolver similar to this one to shoot Garfield.

lawyer who specialized in frivolous lawsuits. If he were practicing today, you might see one of his advertisements over a urinal. He spent more time at trials talking about himself than his clients and pretty soon he wasn't getting a lot of people knocking at the door of his office.

Giteau tried to sue the Oneida Community, but the lawsuit was unsuccessful. The whole basis for the suit was ludicrous anyway—Giteau claimed that Oneida owed him a sum of money for the work he did while he was a member of the commune. In the late 1870s he started a new career as an itinerant theologian and lecturer. His lectures didn't make a whole lot of sense and his career was brief.

Obviously, the pattern that emerges from Giteau's sorry existence is he was a man who was unstable, alienated, and a failure at virtually every venture upon which he embarked. He had no capacity for self-criticism—every setback was somebody else's fault.

By 1880, a presidential election year, Giteau had thrown himself into politics. He embraced politics with the same fanaticism with which he had embraced religion. Giteau was a member of the "Stalwart" wing of the Republican Party. Stalwarts supported the nomination of Ulysses S. Grant for a third term and opposed civil service reform. The "Half Breeds," who favored civil service reform, opposed the Stalwarts. Garfield eventually got the nomination after a long, tumultuous, confusing nominating convention that featured a baffling number of candidates. (Sounds kind of familiar...)

One might get the impression that Giteau was a major player in the events, but he wasn't. All he did was write some speeches in favor of Grant, then erase Grant's name and insert Garfield's. He didn't even deliver the speeches, and they played a microscopic role in the nomination.

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The Man Who Shot President Garfield

When Garfield got the nomination, Giteau wrote an inflammatory speech attacking the Democratic candidate, former Union General Winfield Scott Hancock. He finally got a speaking role where he delivered the speech to a small audience of black voters. In a close election, Garfield won. Charles Giteau modestly concluded that his speech tipped the balance and that Garfield's administration owed him a posting as consul to France.

Giteau pestered the State Department until Secretary of State James Blaine told him to go away and never return. Angered and hurt, Giteau decided to get a gun, stalk the president, and kill him. He purchased a .44 Webley Bulldog revolver and learned to shoot it well enough to hit a man in the back at close range. About four months after Garfield took the oath of office, Giteau shot the president at the Baltimore and Potomac railway station in Washington. Giteau was grabbed by a policeman and surrendered without a fight.

For a while, it looked like Garfield would survive. The Bulldog Revolver fired a .44 caliber slug, but there wasn't much powder behind it. It would definitely dissuade a bulldog from attacking a person's leg, but it wasn't a man stopper except at close range. Later, an infection set in and after several agonizing weeks, President Garfield died. It is almost certain Garfield would have survived if he had been treated with modern medical techniques.

After President Garfield's death, Charles Giteau became the most hated man in America. There were two attempts on his life when he was in police custody. It was difficult to select a jury that could give him a fair trial. One potential juror blurted out that Giteau should be burned alive. He wasn't selected. Meanwhile, Giteau seemed blissfully unaware of what people felt about him. He was actually happy about all the attention he was getting.

The day after Garfield expired, Giteau wrote a letter to the new president, Chester Arthur, which expressed the hope that Arthur was grateful for his increase in salary and his elevation to the presidency. Since Giteau had a lot of time on his hands, he wrote an autobiography that was published in *The New York Herald*. (Today's homicidal lunatics post manifestos on their web pages.) He also sent a note to the newspaper that he was

looking for a new wife. Apparently, Giteau expected to be acquitted.

Giteau acted as head counsel for his own defense. His defense strategy revolved around medical malpractice and an insanity plea. The malpractice angle was based on a claim that Garfield's doctors had botched his treatment and caused the infection that actually killed him. There was some truth there because Garfield's doctor had probed the wound with his unwashed finger. However, that wasn't an uncommon practice in the 1880s, which is why so many shooting victims died. "I didn't kill Garfield, I just shot him," Giteau claimed. That part of the defense didn't fly at the trial, which began in November. The insanity plea had a great deal of merit, but it was a hard plea to make in late nineteenth century America.

Charles Giteau was clearly out of his mind. However, the defense had to prove beyond reasonable doubt that Giteau wasn't aware of what he was doing when he shot the president. Despite Giteau's erratic behavior during the trial, it was demonstrated that he was fully aware of his actions and recognized basic moral concepts. Though Giteau alternately joked with jurors

(Continued on page 38)

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The Man Who Shot President Garfield . . .

(Continued from page 37)

and screamed obscenities at them, babbled weird stuff about doing “the Lord’s work” and even more telling, insisted on heading his own defense, his insanity defense didn’t save him. Neither did the Lord. After deliberating for only an hour, the jury returned with a guilty verdict. Giteau was sentenced to be hanged.

After his appeals ran out, Giteau was hanged on June 30, 1882. He skipped and danced on the way to the gallows and read a nice little poem he’d written called, “Going to the Lordy.” He requested music as an accompaniment to the reading, but it was denied. Just before the trapdoor opened, Giteau started crying.

The modern justice system would have placed Giteau in some kind of hospital for the criminally insane instead of executing him. However, it’s hard to get too worked up about his fate. Worse things happen to nicer people. James Garfield was a good husband and father, a talented Civil War commander, an outstanding scholar and would have made an excellent president at a time when this country lacked principled leadership. It is far easier to mourn the loss of James Garfield.



Guiteau hangs June 30, 1882. His skeleton went to the Army Medical Museum.

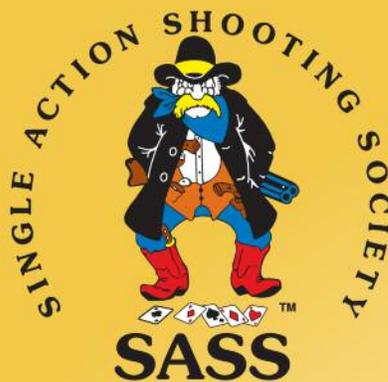
Giteau composed a poem called “Going to the Lordy” and read it as his last words. The poem was terrible. Its sole redeeming quality was it was short.

Doctors who performed an autopsy found Giteau was suffering from an unenviable condition known as phimosis, which in those days was thought to lead to insanity. Phimosis causes the foreskin to be unable to retract fully and leads to operational difficulty during intercourse. It was easily corrected by surgery even in the nineteenth century and the fact that Giteau didn’t have it corrected more or less proves his insanity—how it actually might have caused it is unclear. To tell the truth, I didn’t want to research the topic any further.

If you desire, you can actually see part of Charles Giteau’s brain. A portion of it is on exhibit at the Mutter Museum of Medical Curiosities in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Among the curiosities in the Mutter Museum are an enormous calcified colon and a plaster cast of Chang and Eng Bunker, the original Siamese twins. Also on display are Civil War amputation kits and a veritable smorgasbord of diseased body parts. Charles Giteau’s brain serves a far greater purpose at a museum for “curiosities” than it ever did when it still resided in Charles Giteau’s skull.

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History

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By Col. Richard Dodge, SASS #1750



*Col. Richard Dodge,
SASS #1750*



Tom Allen (seated) with Sheriff M.D. Peeso, circa 1896.

Junction City, Kansas had the fortune—or misfortune—to be located near Fort Riley during the decades following the Civil War. The post-war army was a hard place, reduced to a bare minimum by the post-war Congress and charged with the formidable task of taking the western expanses away from Native Americans. It was no surprise that many of those who served were little more than dregs of society; desperate

men whose only adult experience had been in the Civil War armies and had no place to go. They found a place for their antisocial behavior in the rugged Indian Wars. Many were ex-Confederate veterans grudgingly wearing the hated Union uniform. Within the army, these sociopaths were frequently transferred from post to post to get rid of them. And they were frequently concentrated into undeserving military posts. Fort Riley was one of them.

On August 21 1871, six of the post's worst rode into Junction City looking for their idea of a good time. Already drunk, they started their entertainment as soon as they set foot on the city's main street. Jake Craft, known on the post as the "Tennessee Terror," roared, "Let's wake this town up" and proceeded to kick a crate off the sidewalk into the street.

An unsuspecting elderly man emerged from a store with a paper bag, stopping in fear right in front of the ruffians. One seized the bag, pulled the old man's hat down over his eyes and ripped the bag open, spilling half a dozen onions into the street. With a drunken shout, another picked them up and proceeded to break as many windows as he could hit. His companions roared in approval.

The little mob was headed for the saloon when the rearmost man felt himself seized by the collar and spun around. It was the last thing he knew as a huge fist connected under his left jaw, sending him into darkness. He dropped like a dead tree.

Five drunken soldiers stared in disbelief. That was Craft, the toughest of them all. Two of their number charged the tall, lean man standing quietly over their fallen comrade. Two swift blows, one to the chin, one behind the ear, and they joined Craft in the dirt. Three down.

A fourth brandished a butcher knife stolen from the

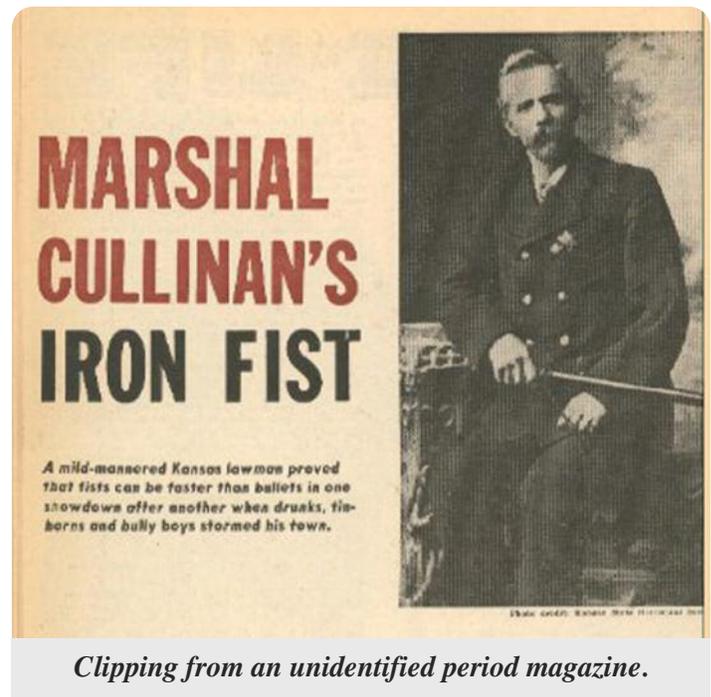
Thomas Allen Cullinan . . .

Fort Riley mess. An iron hand seized his wrist and an open palm strike to the face knocked him flat. Four down. The remaining two made tracks for the fort, leaving their downed companions to their fate. They had just met the new City Marshal, Tom Allen Cullinan, the most unique and unusual lawman in American Western history.

Tom Allen, as he was affectionately known by Junction City citizens, would remain the city's marshal for 33 years. Stories of his exploits almost defy belief and there is great satisfaction in them. How often would any of us wish to be able to dispense justice as did he? He carried a gun and was expert in its use but had a strong aversion to using it. He had no qualms, however, about meting out justice by beating a miscreant to a bloody mess in any kind of hand-to-hand tussle his antagonist might wish; either "by the rules" or "not by the rules." The latter meant "anything goes," including biting, eye-gouging, hair pulling, stomping, choking and any other dirty idea conceived in the heat of battle. Considering the primitive level of medical care "back in the day," injuries incurred in that kind of combat would be born throughout a man's life. Such brawls were considered great entertainment. There were indeed more than a few men (and women) in the old west missing parts of ears, fingers, even eyes—lost in the ferocity of the moment. Interestingly, Tom Allen survived his entire pugilistic career without a scratch and the few photographs of him show a gentle, pleasant and unmarred face.

Tom Allen was a true son of the old sod, born in Kilrush, Ireland in 1838. Though his parents were relatively prosperous farmers, Tom very early on showed a remarkable talent for capably going his own way. At the tender age of eleven years, he ran away from home and signed on as a cabin boy with a merchant ship and spent the next six years sailing the world, gaining a reputation as an honest, skilled and reliable seaman. While in the Crimea, he was even given temporary command of one ship by its ill captain. Tom eventually ended up on the Great Lakes of the United States where he survived a shipwreck on Lake Erie. Perhaps that prompted a career change; he transferred his skills to riverboats and became a skilled and well-paid Mississippi riverboat pilot.

During the winter of 1857-58 he joined the American Fur Company, trapping and hunting along the Yellowstone and in Taos Valley. That summer he worked on a ranch jointly owned by Lucien Maxwell and Kit Carson and so impressed them that he was offered a



partnership in the ranch, but he declined. The urge to wander was too great.

Moving on to the area around Denver, Tom Allen tried his hand at mining, where he was soon involved in a claim dispute, a not-infrequent occurrence. With his three partners, he constructed a small, fortified cabin. When the opposing claimants arrived—a force of some 80 men—Tom invited one of them inside. Once the man saw the invincibility of the defenses he advised the others to give up the idea of force and the gang quickly departed for easier pickings.

How Tom gained his expertise in fisticuffs is not recorded; most likely it was during his shipboard days, but his first known fight happened in Denver when he saw a man strike his wife. Taking great offense at this display of boorish behavior to the fairer sex, Tom challenged the man to fight, no holds barred. The fight lasted only a few minutes, but Tom's lecture to his badly beaten foe on the evils of domestic violence lasted an hour and a half!

Another miner, known as "Terror of the Gulch" once attempted to divert water from Tom's sluice box. Tom challenged the Terror to personal combat, either by the rules or without. Unwisely choosing the latter, the Terror was so badly beaten that he quickly quit the country. He would not be the last to take to the road after a tryst with the happy warrior.

Several merchants employed Tom to explore part of the Colorado River (the reason for the mission is lost, but it was eight years before John Westley Powell's ex-

(Continued on page 42)

Thomas Allen Cullinan . . .

(Continued from page 41)

pedition). Unfortunately, Tom and his partner were captured by the Utes after traveling some 250 miles. The Utes were one of the most cruel and warlike of the plains tribes. When one of the braves pulled his ear, Tom flattened him with one blow and brashly confronted the chief, claiming that the Utes were cowards and he would challenge his best warrior to personal combat. Bare-handed man-to-man fighting was never the Indians' forte. There is no record of whether the chief obliged Tom's challenge, but was likely impressed by his bravado and belligerence; in any event, he released the pair unharmed.

During the Civil War, Tom Allen enlisted in the Union Army as a scout. His activities eventually took him to Leavenworth, Kansas, at that time occupied by an unruly group of Jayhawkers who had already shot and wounded two policemen and forced the town marshal to leave town. His sense of public duty aroused, Tom took the vacant position of Chief of Police and promptly engaged in a series of rough and tumble arrests. Within thirty days, order was restored. His sense of public order satisfied, Tom resigned his position and moved on with his scouting duties for the army.

Immediately after the end of the war, Tom Allen assumed the position of City Marshal of Junction City. His exploits, including the confrontation with the six drunken Fort Riley troopers, became legend:

- A recruit from the fort, backed by twelve companions, confronted Tom Allen and was sent back to the fort in an ambulance. The welfare of his companions is not recorded.

- On another occasion, by happenstance Tom entered a saloon as it was being vandalized by eight troopers. One by one, he knocked seven of them senseless and hauled the entire lot to the hoosegow. Only one managed to escape back to the fort. The next morning, Tom Allen appeared at the commandant's office, demanding the arrest of the surviving trooper. When the commandant realized who the officer was, he exclaimed, "Great Scott! That's the man that licked my sergeant. He can have him."

- Tom was summoned once to confront a drifter who had apparently committed "a beastly offense to a little girl." Rather than take the miscreant to court, he summarily punished the six-footer by beating him to a bloody mess.

- A drunk who Tom had arrested gently multiple times finally decided to even the score and called the marshal out into the street, a large rock in each hand. The marshal's right cross was the first blow of many and the badly mauled drunk never took another drink, for which he was thereafter grateful to the unbending marshal.

- The only known time Tom Allen ever shot anyone was when another group of troopers arrived in town armed, against army regulations. In the ensuing inevitable scuffle, one trooper had the temerity to actually try to shoot the marshal, who was as good with his gun as with his fists. Two quick shots purposely wounded the man without causing serious injury.

- One of the more colorful events concerned a tall red-headed ruffian who came to Junction City sometime in 1884, apparently to pick a fight with the famous marshal. Brandishing a Colt revolver, he started by causing panic in a general store. An unusually tolerant Tom Allen confronted him and ordered him to be on the next train, leaving in half an hour. Tom must have been preoccupied with something else at the time. In any event, the stranger caused the same provocation later in the evening at a hotel. Again, Tom Allen issued a warning, but the next day the same thing happened, this time in a cheap saloon. Tom's pa-

(Continued on next page)



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Joe Fasthorse,
SASS #48769

LITTLE KNOWN FAMOUS PEOPLE

- Way Out West -



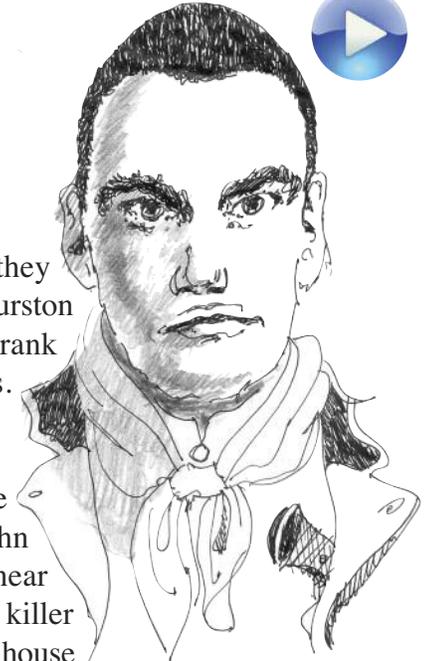
By Joe Fasthorse, SASS #48769

In all the criminal lore of the country there is no record equal to that of Harry Tracy for cold-blooded nerve, desperation and thirst for crime. Jesse James, compared with Tracy, is a Sunday school teacher.

—Seattle Daily Times, 1902

Harry Tracy's real name was Harry Severns. He was born in 1875. By the time he reached the age of 21 he was running with Butch Cassidy's Hole In The Wall Gang, actively participating in acts of robbery and murder. In 1898, Tracy and three gang members got into a gunfight with the law at Brown's Park, Colorado. The three outlaws and posse man Valentine Hoy were killed. Tracy was captured but escaped from the Aspen Colorado Jail three months later. He was captured again in 1901 and sentenced to a term in the Oregon State Penitentiary. Tracy and fellow convict Dave Merrill broke out in June of

1902. In the shootout, they shot and killed officers Thurston Jones, Bailey Tiffany, Frank Ferrell and three civilians. On June 28 Harry killed Dave Merrill. A week later he killed detective Charlie Raymond and deputy John Williams in a shootout near Bothell, Washington. The killer fled and later holed up in a house with several hostages. When law enforcement officers responded, he killed posse members Cornelious Rowley and Enoch Breece in the shootout that preceded his escape. The law cornered Harry in Creston, Washington on August 6, 1902. Tracy was surrounded and seriously wounded in the gunfight that followed. Harry Tracy committed suicide to avoid capture. ♪



Thomas Allen Cullinan . . .

(Continued from previous page)

tience ended and he arrested the man on the spot. As he escorted the man out of the saloon, the fellow made a serious mistake. "You're not man enough to take me in," he said and attempted to backhand the marshal. Bad move. Five minutes later he was a bloody mess, minus his Colt, eyes blackened, his clothing smeared with his own blood. He was then dragged to the jail, held until the next train was ready to depart, and deposited, blood-encrusted clothing and all, to wherever the train was bound.

Tom Allen's last confrontation was with amateur prize-fighters who came to test his mettle. In his 33 years as Junction City Marshal, he never killed any-

one and was never injured. These are only a few of the many stories about his amazing life. He was admired for his fearless and wise judgment in carrying out his duties with the full support of the citizens of his city. One wonders how he would have fared as a professional prizefighter. He died in bed on June 18, 1904, loved and respected by the citizens of the city he had served so well for so long.

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- Biography of Thomas Allen Cullinan of Junction City, Kansas prepared by the Kansas State Historical Society; Volume 9, 1905.
- Kirchner, Paul. *The Deadliest Men: The World's Deadliest Combatants throughout the Ages*. Colorado: Paladin Press, 2001. ♪

Profiles

Scholarship Recipient

Apache Wolf, SASS #65272

Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000

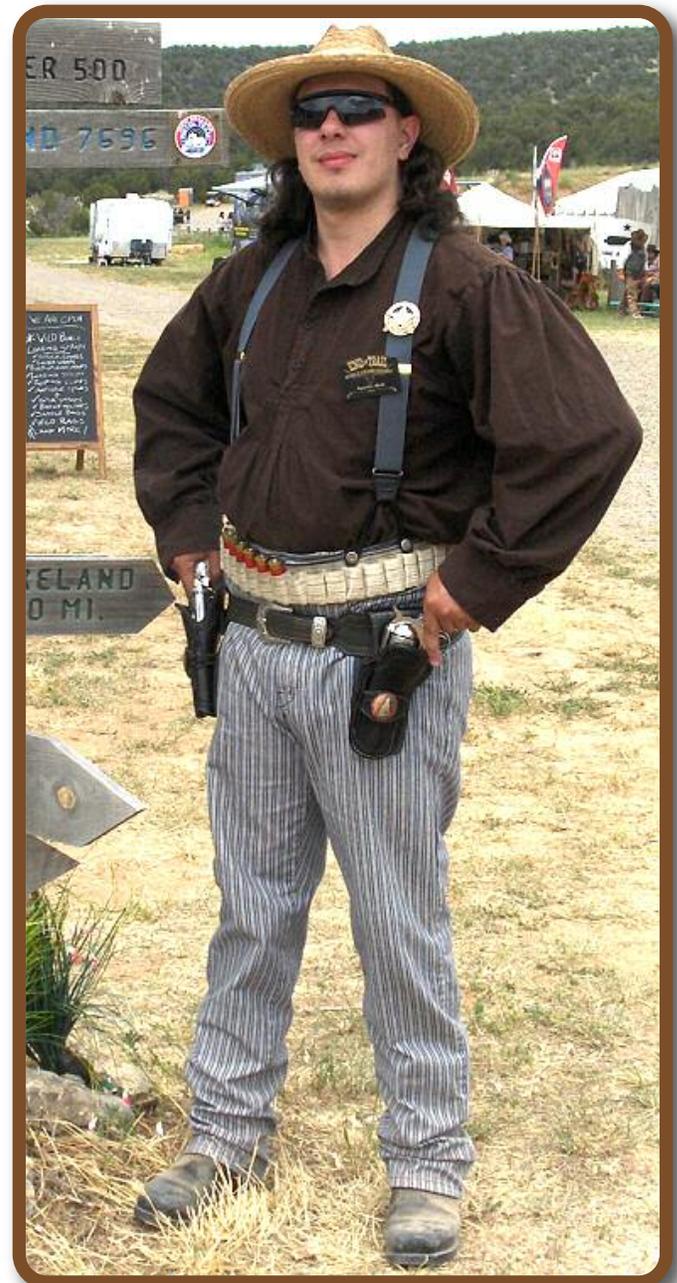


Justice Lily Kate,
SASS #1000

Clarkston, MI. My name is Creed Blankenship, but all you Cowboys and Cowgirls might know me better as Apache Wolf. This is the tenth year of my Cowboy Action Shooting™ career and since I just turned 20 in July, I have quite literally been doing this sport for half of my life. I am also an NRA Life Member and I have earned my Distinguished Expert Marksman certification through the NRA Junior Rifle program. I attend Central Michigan University in Mount Pleasant, MI and I am very grateful to have received the SASS Scholarship. It is a testament to the kind of people we are that we have a fund set up to support our young members as they try

to better themselves by going to college.

I attended END of TRAIL in 2015 for the third time in four years. As was the case in years past, the
(Continued on next page)



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Scholarship Recipient • Apache Wolf, SASS #65272 . . .

(Continued from previous page)

stages were both fun and challenging. I placed fourth in Gunfighter and 62nd overall. I also earned my first White Buffalo Award for a clean match, my proudest shooting accomplishment to date. I remember the last stage, and I knew exactly what was at stake. I was so nervous, and I was just hoping I wouldn't jinx myself! My father, Nevada Gambler (SASS #10225) earned a White Buffalo on our first trip to END of TRAIL in 2012, and my brother, Soaring Red Hawk (SASS #93843) earned his White Buffalo at last year's END of TRAIL, making me the third out of four family members to earn a White Buffalo at END of TRAIL.

In August, I entered my junior year at Central Michigan University and last spring semester, I was accepted into the Teacher Education program for the Fall 2015 semester. I currently major in Special Education for Students with Cognitive Impairments and also secondary Spanish. I plan on graduating in May of 2018, which includes a whole year of student teaching, one semester in a general education setting, and one in a special education setting. I will then pursue a career as a high school special education teacher.

During Summer 2015 I was an Assistant Coach for my younger brother's Therapeutic Recreation baseball

team, a team for people of all ages who have disabilities. My younger brother has autism, which is a big reason why I have chosen the career path I am on. He has influenced my life greatly. I had watched his games and helped out at some of his practices for a couple years, but this was the first year I was an official coach. It really opened my eyes more, as someone who also aspires to be a high school baseball coach in the future. Baseball is the only sport with which I've been involved longer than Cowboy Action Shooting™, as I started playing baseball when I was six years old. It was an incredible experience to share one of the sports I love with the incredible men and women on my team this season.

Ever since I was nine, Cowboy Action Shooting™ has been a constant in my life. The home club I shoot with now is the Butcher Butte Bunch from Fenton Lakes Sportsmen's Club in Fenton, MI. I still remember the first major match I went to in 2005, Shootout at Hard Times in Piqua, OH, the Ohio State Championship. I remember shooting only three local matches before that, so you could say I was a bit of a rookie! I still remember many of the names we shot with on our posse: Lassiter (SASS #2080), One Eyed Rider (SASS #5717), and many others. I still see some of those Cowboys around and I'm

(Continued on page 46)

SETTLED LAW:

The Supreme Court and the Second Amendment

By Apache Wolf, SASS #65272

Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000

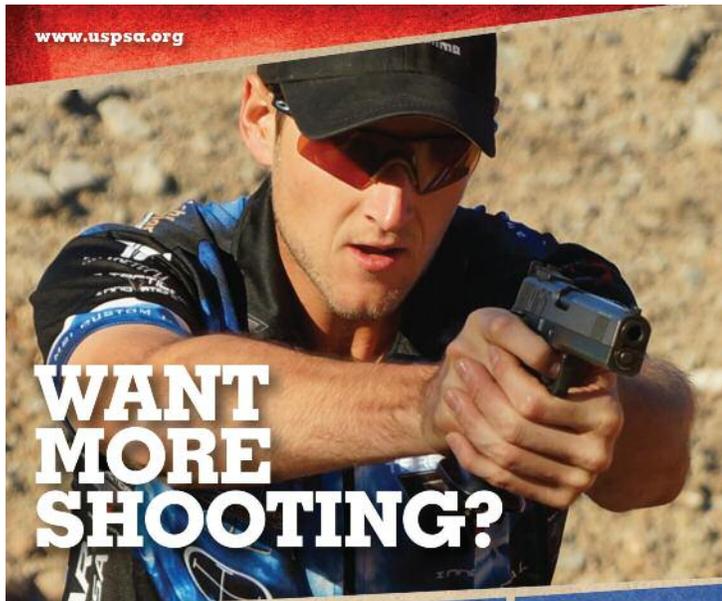
In past decades, there's been an attack on one of our most basic rights: to bear arms for defense. This is a right that is personal for others and for me. As a SASS family, my household uses this right's secondary aspect to enjoy our sport. We are not hurting anyone. As a matter of fact, gun safety is and always was tantamount in our family, so there has never been a doubt in my mind that the Second Amendment is a right that should be protected. Some issues involving the

Second Amendment have been so disputed; they have reached the highest court, the Supreme Court. The two big decisions the Court has made involving the Second Amendment in recent years are *District of Columbia v. Heller* in 2008 and *McDonald v. City of Chicago* in 2010.

In *District of Columbia v. Heller*, the Supreme Court ruled that Washington, D.C.'s ban on handguns and possessing firearms within the home for self-de-

(Continued on page 47)

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Scholarship Recipient • Apache Wolf, SASS #65272 . . .

(Continued from page 45)

sure to say hi to them and see how they're doing. There are others I haven't seen in a while and both my father and I wonder how they're doing these days.

I'd like to thank the cowboys who were very kind to recommend me for the SASS Scholarship this year: Lucky Lennie (SASS #22244), Kid Al Fred (SASS #31978), Split Rail (SASS #24707), and Andy Horshurodinon (SASS #20360). I've known all of these Cowboys for many years, dating back to my start in the sport or maybe even earlier. Lucky Lennie was instrumental in helping start the Wolverine Rangers, our statewide Cowboy Action Shooting™ organization, with Dakota Doc (SASS #9695) and Cactus Kay (SASS #15157). Kid Al Fred and Split Rail are Cowboys whom I've known for years, since I first started shooting. I've also known Andy since before I started shooting. What I most remember about Andy he has always been the biggest champion of getting young people involved in the sport I have ever met. At every shoot he comes to, he brings extra guns in case there is a young brass retriever. After the posses are done shooting, he brings out his extra guns for them to try. He is truly a credit to our organization and the kind of person we will need to keep getting younger shooters into the sport. I aspire to be the kind of ambassador he is, as we all should. They're not SASS® members, but I'd like to also give thanks to my English 201 professor at CMU, Andrea Devenney and my fencing maestro, Michael Olsen, who also recommended me for the Scholarship this year. I've learned a lot from both of them while being their student.

As I attend college, I still try to be an ambassador for our sport, and the right to bear arms in general. My roommate from last year came over this summer and I was able to show him the kind of shooting we do, in person, for the first time. He is also a big supporter of the right to bear arms. He said he was really interested in our sport and would like to learn. So, in a few years, you may be seeing him join our ranks at some matches. Hopefully I can bring a few more people into the fold during my time at CMU. Until then, shoot straight, have fun, support the Scholarship Foundation, and remember to take pride in yourselves and our sport. 🤠

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**SETTLED
LAW:**

The Supreme Court and the Second Amendment

(Continued from page 45)

fense was unconstitutional. The majority ruled the Second Amendment is a guaranteed individual. This case was the first case where a Second Amendment challenge to a gun control law made it to the Supreme Court since 1939 in *United States v. Miller*.

In *McDonald v. City of Chicago*, the Supreme Court ruled the Second Amendment rights of the individual were greater than the State's power — the States are subject to the same regulations as the federal government. This decision drew heavily on the Heller decision, it was filed one day after the Heller decision was reached, contesting laws in Chicago and Oak Park similar to the federal laws already struck down.

I agree in part with these decisions. While I am happy the Court officially recognized the Second Amendment as an individual right, I think they should have gone further, and applied it to other carry issues. What good is this right if it ends at your doorstep? Unfortunately, the decision was a narrow victory.

Both cases were won by a 5-4 margin, strictly along liberal/conservative lines. This shows just how fragile our right to bear arms has become. If one person had changed sides on either case, our Second Amendment rights would be in very grave danger today.

This is a wakeup call. As gun owners, we need to get our heads out of the clouds and see what has been going on for years. We need to employ one of our other most precious rights—the right to vote. We need to stop thinking along our preferred party lines and elect the person who is going to best protect our Second Amendment. Our forefathers may already be turning over in their graves at the erosion of rights we have allowed, and they certainly will be if we lose our Second Amendment rights for good, because make no mistake—if lost, we will never get them back.

Scholarship Essays represent the opinions of the writer and are not necessarily an accurate reflection of the opinions of SASS. 🐾



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Profiles

Scholarship Recipient

Slicks Sharp Shooter, SASS #77967

Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000



*Justice Lily Kate,
SASS #1000*

Marieta, GA. My name is Ashlynn Peters, aka Slicks Sharp Shooter. My grandfather is Mike Disser, aka Georgia Slick (SASS #20382), my grandmother is Judy Disser, aka Three Dollar Rose (SASS #32246), and my mother is Shelly Peters, aka Dr. Slick



(SASS #99358). A cousin, Grant Disser, aka Chisholm Trail Kid (SASS #91672) also shoots. We shoot with the Riverbend Gun Club in Dawsonville, GA and the South River Gun Club in Covington, GA.

I am attending Belmont University and pursuing a degree in Nursing. I plan to do a residency at either Vanderbilt Children's Hospital in Nashville or St. Jude in Memphis. I want to pursue further education and experience in pediatric oncology through a residency.

The most influential people in my life have to be my grandparents, Georgia Slick and Three Dollar Rose. They have been taking me to Cowboy matches since I was in diapers, and I have spent so much precious time with them. They have truly taught me how to work hard, to the best of my ability, at everything I do and strive to achieve excellence. They have taught me priceless life skills that I will treasure for the rest of my life.

SASS® is what has shaped my life and what has molded me into the person I am today. Growing up in such a close-knit community of shooters has been the biggest blessing in my life. I learned to communicate with adults at a very young age, and those skills have been very valuable in my adult life. The community I am a part of makes me feel like I have family all across the world, and that is such a comforting feeling. I know every single person I have encountered and with whom I have formed relationships in Cowboy Action Shooting™ genuinely cares about my life, and me and I do the same. Cowboy Action Shooting™ is what raised me into the person I am today, and I am forever thankful for that.

I am most proud of my work ethic I have more clearly discovered after my first semester of college. I believe I have obtained this skill through not only my family but also the SASS community, who have supported not only me, but the Scholarship Fund as well. Without them and their support, I would not have received a scholarship. Thanks to all for their support of the Fund and me. 🤠

Who Should Own Firearms?

By Slicks Sharp Shooter, SASS #77967

Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000

“*A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed*” — United States Constitution, Amendment II. When this amendment was first ratified in 1791, all citizens had the right to own a firearm. Today, all citizens still have that right, but there have been some provisions to regulate who specifically can buy and own a firearm. People who have a criminal background fall under those provisions of not being able to own a gun. This law is quite easy to regulate, because a criminal record shows up in the standard background check, but there are some people who are not criminals who should not own a gun, such as drug addicts, alcoholics, and mentally ill people. The nullification of these people’s right to own firearms is necessary for their own safety and for the safety of others, but there is a thin line between that and violating United States citizens’ Second Amendment rights.

The issue is how to fairly regulate the people’s rights mentioned above, especially the mentally ill. In the past couple of years, there have been several mass killings, but the two that are still on the country’s mind is the incident at Sandy Hook Elementary and the movie theatre shooting in Aurora, Colorado. The men who committed these heinous acts, Adam Lanza and James Holmes, were both found to be mentally ill. If Holmes was prevented from buying a firearm because of his mental illness, then this crime might have not happened. As for Lanza, if there was a law pertaining to not being able to own a firearm while living with a diagnosed mentally ill person, then this crime might have been prevented also. To try and prevent people like this from purchasing a firearm, a psychological evaluation, along with the already required background check, should be required, along with the necessary declaration of a mentally ill person living in the purchasing person’s home. These provisions would not eliminate this issue completely, but could significantly reduce the amount of mentally ill people around firearms.

Another group of people who should not own firearms are alcoholics and drug addicts. Many gun crimes, especially domestic violence crimes, are com-

mitted when the perpetrator is under the influence of alcohol and drugs. To prevent this from happening, before the purchase of a firearm, a mandatory drug screening must be passed. Also, in most states, one DUI is only a misdemeanor and is not a felony on the criminal record; therefore, someone who has had one DUI can still purchase a gun. To prevent potential alcoholics from owning a gun, a single DUI should be grounds for the inability to purchase a firearm.

All of these options previously mentioned would work in the long run, but a majority of crimes committed by a gun are committed by someone who obtained the weapon illegally, so all of these solutions do not apply to them, and would only make it more difficult for law abiding citizens to get guns because of the increased wait times. Peaceable citizens and those who shoot for sport, including my family, would not benefit from such new provisions.

Since I can remember, I have been around guns and shooting, and it was not until I was older that I realized how much of a privilege it was to be able to enjoy shooting and firearms and practicing my Second Amendment rights. My Grandfather, Georgia Slick, began shooting when I was just a baby, and took me to matches before I could walk. There I was—a white, blonde little girl with a pink cowgirl hat and a fake plastic pistol in my hand. Who would have known that little girl would grow up to become the Ladies Georgia State Champion and the 2014 Cowgirl World Champion? Cowboy Action Shooting™ has truly blessed my life. I have had the opportunity to travel the country and form relationships with many people that will last a lifetime. Cowboy Action Shooting™ has also given me maturity and a way of thinking that sets me apart from my peers. As a competitive shooter, being able to exercise my Second Amendment rights is very important, but also as an advocate of safe gun handling and gun safety, I stand strong in my belief that more needs to be done to keep guns out of the wrong hands in order to keep people safe.

Scholarship Essays represent the opinions of the writer and are not necessarily an accurate reflection of the opinions of SASS. ♪

Profiles

BROWNIE NASH

AN AUTHENTIC OREGON PIONEER AND HERO!

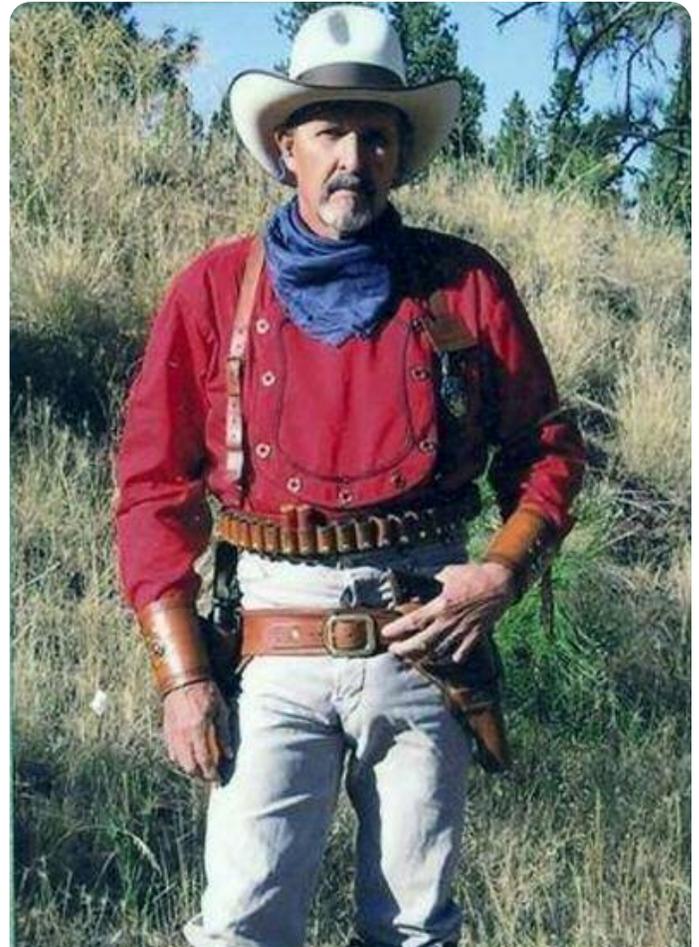
By Palaver Pete, SASS Life/Regulator #4375



*Palaver Pete,
SASS Life/Regulator
#4375*

Jim Crittenden, SASS #3656, started Cowboy Action Shooting™ in 1993. He selected the name Brownie Nash as his alias. How he picked that handle is interesting. The original Brownie Nash had been a young man living in rough and tumble Portland Oregon at the turn of the Twentieth Century. Young Nash, like so many young men of that time, found himself out of work and with no place to go. One day, while browsing through the local newspaper he noticed the ranchers of eastern Oregon had placed an ad announcing their search for a hunter (the reason was not specified). Much to his satisfaction, Nash applied for the job and got it. He was provided with everything except a rifle, so he bought a new Savage 99 and went to work. His job was to kill as many Antelope (Pronghorn if you will) as he could because they were eating more alfalfa than the ranchers could sell; he would be paid by the head. In one year he killed 1,183 Antelope and numerous other animals. Of course he made the ranchers very happy, but that romance was brought to an abrupt end by WWI.

So Brownie Nash was off to Europe where he served and fought as an infantry man on the bloody fields of



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France. Although unknown for certain, we can speculate Nash used his sniping and shooting ability to the fullest extent possible without compensation per head. Upon the conclusion of the war, and after receiving his honorable discharge, Nash returned to civilian life in Oregon. A few years later, he died and was buried where he and his legacy started, in Portland. Our Profile person, Jim Crittenden was told the story of

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Brownie Nash . . .

Brownie Nash by the man who eventually owned, and sold to Jim, the same Savage 99 rifle used by the original Brownie Nash. Today Jim Crittenden owns and cherishes that rifle—it stands proudly in his gun rack, and every now and then he takes it out and shoots it in honor of his namesake. And now, Brownie Nash lives again on the various ranges of the state of Oregon. Perhaps by chance one day, you just might see the smile on his face.

Brownie's introduction and entry to Cowboy Action Shooting™ was exciting, thoughtful, and deliberate like everything he does. When he makes up his mind to do something, he hits the ground running and those around him best run too, or give-up, because catching him is a full time job. Brownie's first match was with (appropriately) Oregon's first SASS affiliated club, the Oregon Old West Shooting Society, located in Albany Oregon. The "SASS Bug" bit him immediately, and soon he was introduced to Nevada Roy and others who were instrumental in the establishment of yet another action club, the "Umpqua Regulators," with Nevada Roy as the club's first president. Soon after, Brownie was elected to that same office, and he became Regulator Life Member number 4! Remember what I said earlier about his "hitting the ground running"?

In 1995 Brownie and Nevada Roy started the Silver Dollar Rifle Match held at the Roseburg, Oregon Rod and Gun club. The maximum range at that time was 200 yards. With the help of fellow cowboy, Passin' Thru (now deceased), they started the first three-day annual Old West Days and Shoot Out, which coincidentally was attended by none other than Judge Roy Bean, SASS #1. The Old West Days match eventually developed into the annual "True Grit Shoot," that continues to this day.

In 1998 Brownie and his lovely Wife Sandra moved closer to Bend, Oregon, where he started shooting with the Horse Ridge Pistoleros. Soon Brownie's interest extended to more Long Range shooting. His interest in Black Powder Cartridge Rifles (BPCR) soared, and with the help of shooters such as Wichita Bob, Roach Creek, and Pawnee Jack, they organized The Great Basin Sharpshooters. Lending to the success of this long-range club was the design and layout of the Central Oregon Shooting Sports (COSSA) Range located just outside of Milican, Oregon. The vastness of the high desert country lent itself to estab-

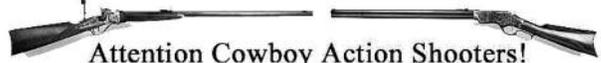
lishing long-range buffalo targets of up to 1,200 yards out—the only range in the state of Oregon with that distance. As a result of Brownie's work, alongside that of the aforementioned shooters, interest in long range shooting exploded and as a result, frequent long range events are now standard fare.

The Long Range group shoots rifles from the Nineteenth Century, single shot and lever action. Included in the monthly matches are the Billy Dixon Renegade Match and the Civil War Berdan Sharpshooters Match—the latter featuring ten shots on a ten inch target and NO miss at two hundred yards. Needless to say, this writer and shooter manages to disqualify himself rather quickly. For additional information about Long Range Shooting in the state of Oregon, as well as other Northwest related cowboy shooting, please visit the long range website at: www.pinemountainposse.com, then click on contacts. Brownie now enjoys the membership of several Action Clubs as well as helping to manage the Long Range events at the COSSA Range. As the Sun pulls away from the shore, and our canoe sinks slowly in the west, we bid you a fond farewell, and as the Brownie Nash of today would say, "keep your powder dry, and your body up-wind." You're a Daisy if ya do. 🐮



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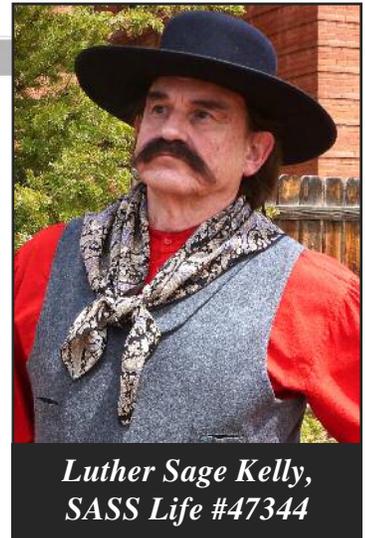
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Articles

A Yellowstone Kelly Adventure

By Luther Sage Kelly, SASS Life #47344



Luther Sage Kelly,
SASS Life #47344

It was February 1869 in the Dakota Territories near Northeastern Montana and I was returning from a courier mission delivering Army correspondence. I had spent a day or so at a place called Red Mike's stockade. During the time I was there, a hunting party of friendly Arikara Indians, also known as Rees, showed up. They were under the leadership of Bloody Knife, a renowned hunter and warrior.

The next day I left for home mid-morning, which was late because of my fraternizing with the Rees.

They were wonderful company and filled with exciting stories that played to my limitless curiosity. We became good friends, and they left in their direction and I in mine.

The winter morning was fresh and crisp as I rode on the open trail. After riding eight or ten miles, I came to a place where trees and a stream merged. Just as I was about to coax my horse across a narrow area of rushing current, I saw two Indians approaching from the other side of the sparkling water.

When I was noticed they slid off of their mounts and sat down beside a large cottonwood tree. This did not strike me as out of the ordinary, as Indians often dismount to acknowledge each other when meeting on the trail. I still harbored a bit of suspicion however, so I drew my rifle from its scabbard and slowed my horse.

The rifle was an 1860 Henry repeater in .44 caliber rimfire and was a fine weapon. It served me well until I later traded it to an Indian, along with two mountain lion skins, for a sturdy horse with great speed and stamina. I subsequently purchased an 1866 Improved Henry, which is the first Winchester model and often referred to as a "Yellow Boy."

When I had closed within about 40 paces of the Indians, they suddenly stood and fired at me. One used a double barrel shotgun and the other was armed with a bow and arrow, his quiver containing many spares. He had more shots than I carried in my carbine, and I had no additional ammunition on my person.

At almost the same moment the Indians attacked, I dropped off of my spooked roan mount

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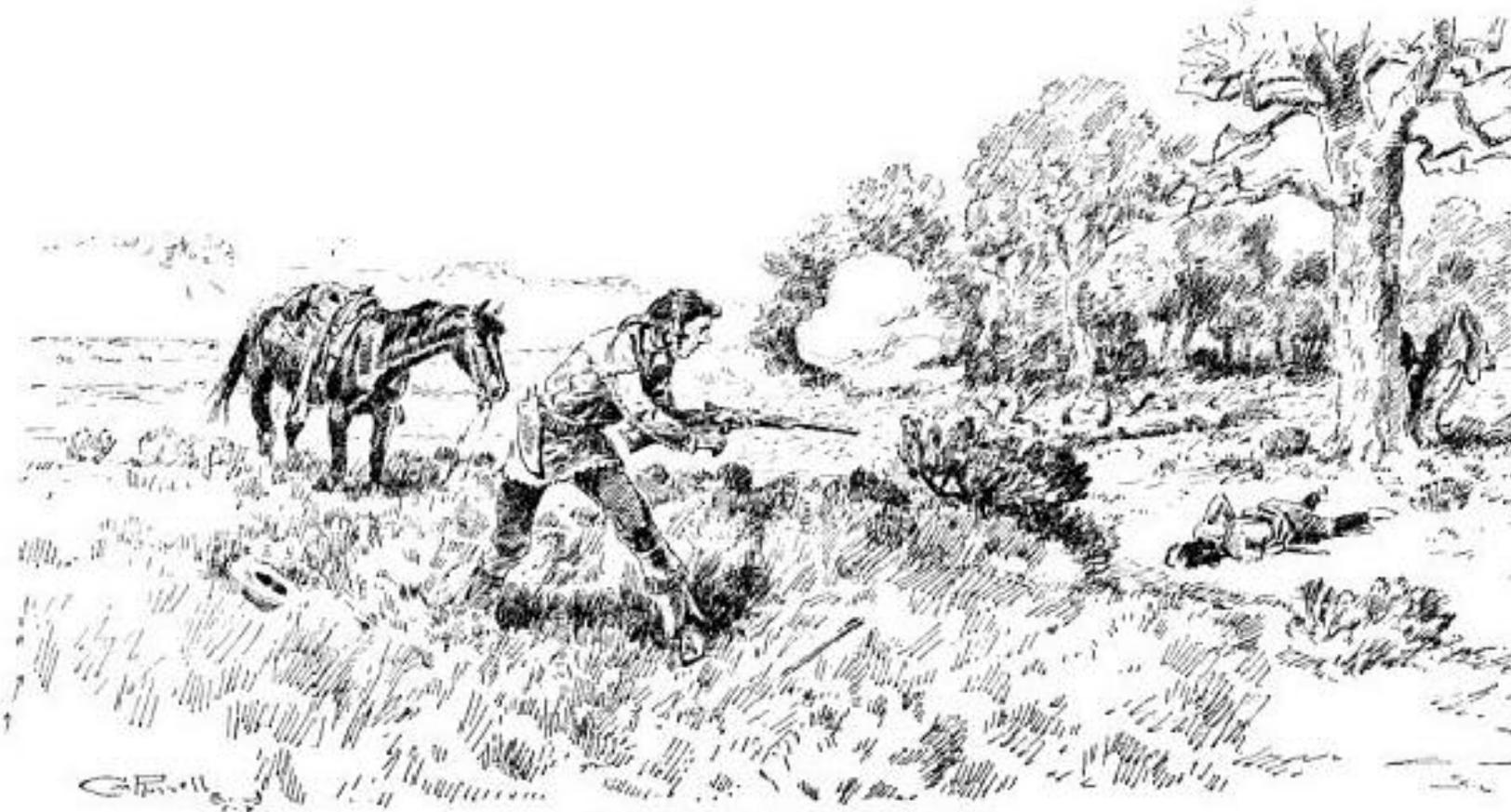
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Yellowstone Kelly

A Yellowstone Kelly Adventure

and fired quickly at the shotgun wielding savage who was running to some brush for cover. He never got a chance to empty the remaining barrel of his gun and as far as I know I did not sight upon him, but he dropped the instant of my rifle's sharp report. I had no idea that I had actually hit him, for it is a common deception for an Indian to drop at the shot, and the bushes hid his presence.

What followed was a clash with the second Indian, who rapidly stationed himself behind the big cottonwood tree. My opponent did not appear to have a firearm, but from his vantage point behind the tree, and me on open ground, he would send an arrow at me with any given opportunity. Unexpectedly, an arrow was launched which grazed the flesh above my right knee. Throughout the remainder of the protracted battle it afforded a slight amount of pain, which went mostly unnoticed. It bled notably, however.

The warrior showed a penchant to deplete my supply of ammunition. He would enticingly stick out his robe on both sides of the tree, and the moment my bullet splintered the bark, an arrow would speed from his willow bow. I had a limited supply of ammo, and he still had a quiver filled with deadly projectiles. It became a competition

of attrition, so to speak.

Our conflict continued for what seemed like an eternity—maybe two. Whenever I took aim he retreated deeply into the dark shadow behind the tree. I was cool and patient, my foremost concern being the other Indian who had dropped at the shot. Another apprehension was these might be advance scouts of a large war party.

“Who are you?” I strongly questioned during a lull in the action. “Oglala, me,” he replied, but would entertain no further inquiry. Oglala were Sioux under the leadership of Chief Crazy Horse.

As I was running dangerously low on cartridges, I
(Continued on page 54)

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A Yellowstone Kelly Adventure

(Continued from page 53)

finally managed to wound his arm with a well-placed shot. Quickly, he rushed toward me in rage and warranted desperation, feebly notching an arrow on the string of his bow.

As I took careful, precise aim, all I could think was the previous shot exhausted my supply of ammunition. I pressed the trigger lightly and evenly, for waste was not an option. Abruptly, the hammer fell with an immediate and unexpected bark from my trusty Henry. When the dark, heavy smoke cleared, the warrior lay sprawled at my feet.

My eyes darted about and my ears were perked for any unusual sounds, for I was fearful a war party was close by or my adversary's unsavory partner was still alive and laying in wait. Further, I realized my horse had joined the Indian ponies and the three animals had quickly worked their way around a small bluff and out of sight.

At last, I turned and made my way back toward Red Mike's stockade as fast as I could travel. With nearly every hasty stride I looked back expecting to



Bloody Knife

see a horde of mounted hostiles in hot pursuit and seeking bitter revenge. It was nearly dark before I saw the speck of dim lantern light announcing safety at Mike's camp. Near, but still so far away.

Suddenly, I heard the rapid hoof beats of many unshod horses. Indians! They were approaching fast and upon me before I could take but a few frantic steps. I turned to face them and simultaneously racked the lever on the Henry, but it only ejected a spent casing without the follow-up of a live round. I was hopelessly out of ammunition.

The Henry was now merely an impromptu club.



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A Yellowstone Kelly Adventure

I grabbed the barrel tightly, holding the weapon over my shoulder and at ready, knowing it was more of a farce than practical defense. The riders were now so close I could almost feel the warm, steamy breath of the leading pony. But as I looked up to view an attacking savage... I saw the friendly, smiling face of Bloody Knife and his band of Rees. 🐾

The definitive guide to Cowboy Action Shooting™, each issue of *The Cowboy Chronicle* boasts a readership of more than 75,000 and provides up to date information on our sport and the laws that affect us, as well as information on SASS® monthly and annual matches.

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THE Cowboy CHRONICLE

The Cowboy Chronicle welcomes and encourages submissions of articles and match reports from any and all readers.

Please submit articles in MS Word or something compatible.

Open Office and Apple Pages (saved as MS Word) are also fine. A count of 800-1500 words for the printed editions is a good target to shoot for, but shorter pieces are also fine, and we can accommodate larger reports in our virtual-only issues if the material warrants it. We may choose to break very lengthy articles up into two or more parts to run in consecutive issues, or heavily edit them, however.

Please do not embed your photos in the Word document.

They can be extracted for use in the *The Cowboy Chronicle*, but it can be a chore to do that. Instead, send your photos separately, in one or more emails, as attachments. Three to six photos per email usually works best. It's best to send JPEGs, but other formats are acceptable, and it's best to keep them at about 300 dpi and 3000 pixels (10 inches) on the short side. That will allow us plenty of leeway when it comes to cropping and adjusting them for publication, but in any case try to use photos that are at least 1000 pixels on the short side. If you're unsure of the size of your pictures, or how to size them, send what you have and we'll adjust them.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Usually, six photos are sufficient for an article, especially for the printed version, but we will consider using more for a “big” event, if provided.

The digital editions can accommodate more images, as well. Photos need not have captions, but captions always make photos more interesting. Ideally, the caption would consist of one or two sentences that say something about the picture that is not obvious and/or is not implicit in the body of the article. “Sam making smoke” is a title but not a caption. “Sam, SASS #XXXXX, shooting his first black powder match; after much deliberation, he decided to give it a try and now he's hooked” is much better. A caption may also serve to let everyone know why the picture is worthy of being published in an international newspaper.

For digital editions, short video clips may also be included.

MPEGs, AVIs, WAVs, etc., may all be embedded in Chronicle pages, with MPEGs (mp4) preferable. A better option would be to post your video to YouTube and then provide us with the YouTube link. Those will be viewable provided the reader is connected to the Internet.

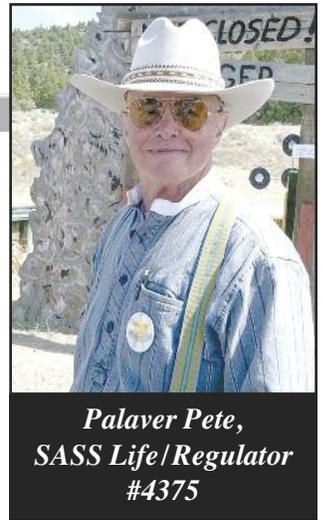
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Articles



THE 66 IS ON IT'S WAY OUT

By Palaver Pete, SASS Life/Regulator #4375

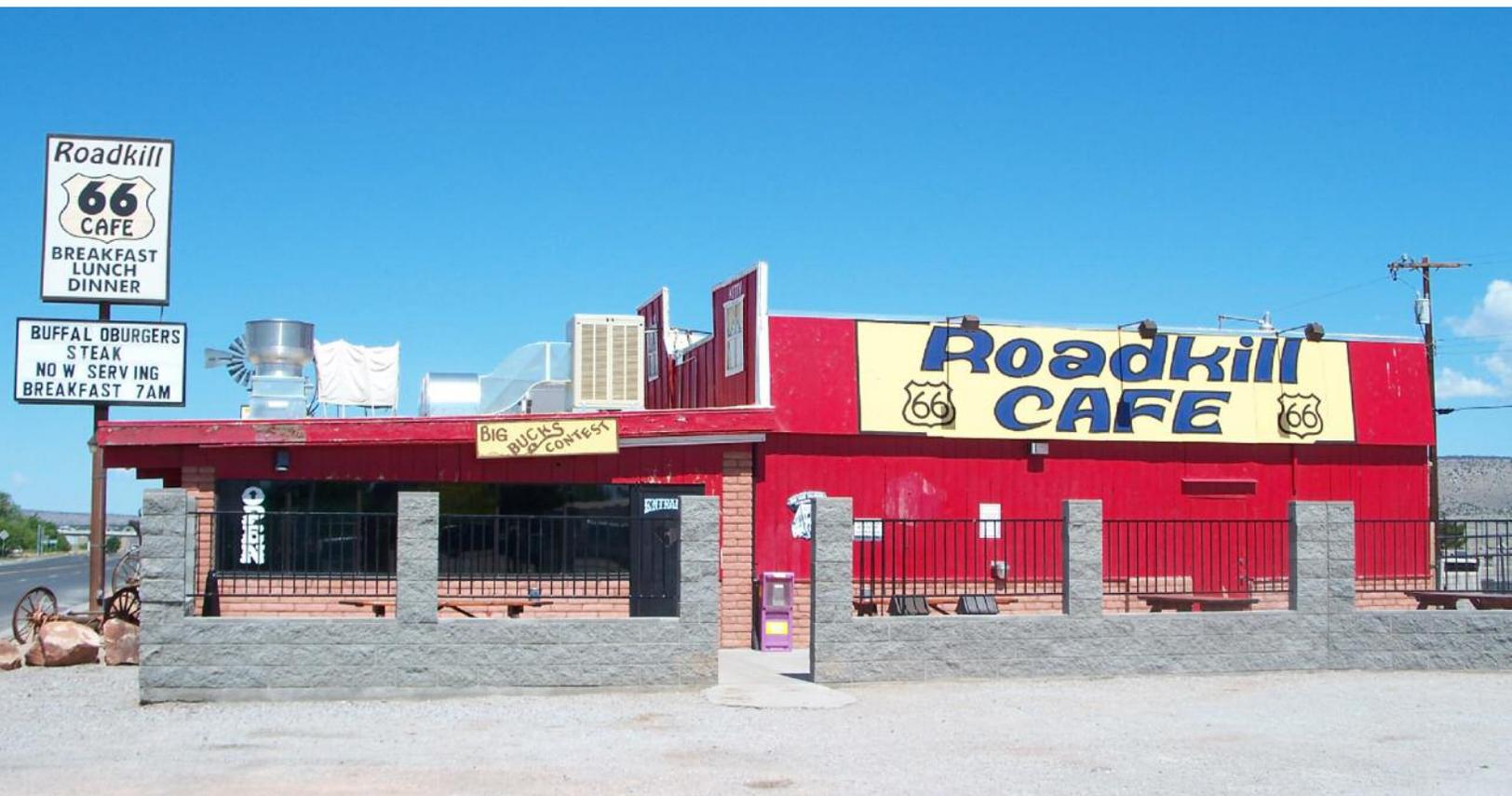


Palaver Pete,
SASS Life/Regulator
#4375

Over the years, Palaver Pete has written articles about his travels to and from various Cowboy Action Shooting™ matches. These articles received many favorable comments and the demand for more was inspiring. So, to renew old memories, we will be running Palaver's articles again—call it “a nostalgic return to yesteryear,” if you will. This was the first and also one of the most popular. ENJOY!

The 66 is on its way out. After serving the country for so many years Route 66 regrettably is decaying away. For lack of love and respect, our Mother Road has become a rather shabby stretch of porn and novelty shops that cater to those who enjoy nude flicks and gaudy souvenirs. I have traveled the road twice of late, on my way to various Cowboy

events, and it seems to get worse with each trip. What was once the pride of the American highway system is now nothing more than a deteriorating stretch of asphalt! Located beside modern super highways, the symbol of American struggles during the depression and war years has all but lost its true dignity. When traveling “the road,” my heart no



The Roadside Kill, a symbolic reflection of the stagnant businesses we encounter on our beloved Mother Road. Hopefully we will soon see new interest in reviving the “Dust Bowl” road.



A Motel from the past. Once jam-packed with happy travelers, this motel now sits alongside the road, rotting away.

The 66 Is On It's Way Out . . .

longer soars like a hawk—instead, it is infested by disappointment.

Because of its close association with western lore, Route 66 holds a certain spot in the hearts of Cowboy Action Shooters™. Yes, Highway 66 *is* the West. From Joplin Missouri to Oklahoma City the road was indeed mighty pretty, but now the road is only a shadow of its old self. In early years, Native American vendors stood alongside the road and sold their wares to migrant workers and traveling tourists. Navajo rugs and Hopi baskets colored the landscape, and richly dressed tribal members created a scene often times seen in western novels and Hollywood movies. I remember the road well. As a small boy traveling the highway with my dad, I imagined Apache and Navajo war parties attacking our car and then being driven off by Errol Flynn leading the Sev-

enth Cavalry. Sometimes my cap gun did the job without any help from the cavalry. Raise your hand if you never imagined a similar experience.

Hotels and Motels have gone to seed. Businesses that once supported a steady stream of trucks and vehicles have all but disappeared. In their place we find the rotting hulls of first generation motor homes and trailers. Moldering tires lay stacked alongside the rotting vehicles, and old automobile motors and transmissions lay about like so many bottles and tin cans. Even the crows find little to scavenge—they have instead moved on to super highway rest stops, leaving the bones of 66 behind. Route 66 all but disappears when entering San Bernardino County. What remains are motel parking lots with shady looking characters smoking pot and selling other controlled substances. They look at you with that “in your face”

(Continued on page 58)



Tom Payne,
SASS #13115

COWBOY MARCHING CADENCE

By Tom Payne, SASS #13115

Pistol, pistol, rifle too!
 Don't forget the shotgun—
 gotta shoot that too!
 Gotta see the front sight for every shot!
 If you don't you're gonna miss
 a lot!
 Only shoot the shotgun targets one
 time each! It'll cost ya five seconds
 just to open the breech!
 Sound off – 1, 2
 Sound off – 3, 4
 Cadence count for a Nevada sweep –
 1 2 3... 2 1!
 If you do this for every shot! Guarantee
 you'll hit a lot!
 Gotta stay focused the whole stage
 through! If you don't a procedure
 you'll do!

I can say 'cause I know it's true!
 Cowboy shooting's fun for me
 and you!
 Sound off – 1, 2
 Sound off – 3, 4
 Cadence count for a Nevada sweep –
 1 2 3... 2 1!
 I am having so much fun!
 I want to shoot my second gun!
 We like kids and women too!
 Some shoot better than me and you!
 I don't know but I've been told,
 Cowboy shooters never get old!
 Sound off – 1, 2
 Sound off – 3, 4
 Cadence count for a Nevada sweep –
 1 2 3... 2 1!
 Then repeat! 🐾



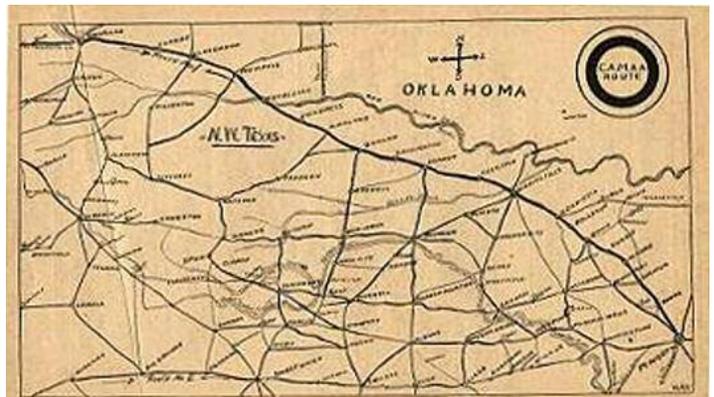
The 66 Is On It's Way Out . . .

(Continued from page 57)

attitude; the same attitude displayed toward patrolling law enforcement vehicles that pass them by without so much as a care. The Route has become a stronghold for roadside crime.

Magazine and book articles about some of the remaining colorful features on Route 66 are still selling well. Barnes and Nobles occasionally features entire sections on "The Mother Road." Photos of motels constructed to look like teepees and old Cadillacs buried up to their windshields are still good sellers, but the reality of all this is the deep-down decay that can't be seen in the photos. One must drive the road and occasionally stop and walk around to realize the degree of neglect cast upon our beloved route. Will all this change? Not now it won't—our Federal and State governments have other fish to fry. Route 66 our nation's Mother Road will continue to waste away. Perhaps someday when funding for the wars on terrorism ends and the greedy on Wall Street find other sources from which to steal, a restoration effort may be initiated, but don't hold your breath.

Despite my disappointment and sorrow I cannot resist the pull of the Mother Road every time I travel that way to a Cowboy Action Shooting™ event. Driving along in the evening setting sun, or the early morning rising sun, I can see Henry Fonda driving by on his way to the orchards of California. Yes, the "dust bowl" road holds a force over me I cannot explain. Hopefully as you travel alongside the majestic lady you too will suffer the same pull and tug I do. Take a long look while you can, it may not be there tomorrow. 🐾



A vintage road map of Texas, circa 1918, showing the area that would later become Route 66.

Articles

Catching The Next Stage

A Neat Way To Pep Up Your Club Shoots



Whooper Crane,
SASS #52745

By Whooper Crane, SASS #52745

Photos by Deadeye Al, SASS #26454

After a couple years or so of Cowboy Action Shooting™, we all recognize most of the Stages we're confronted with (been there... done that). They all begin to look alike.

That's why it's so exciting, every so often, when a savvy range master really tickles our fancy by creating a stage with some sort of novel layout, imaginative round count, or simply a new way to shoot a tried and true scenario. Nothing stirs our juices more than "How the devil am I gonna shoot this?"

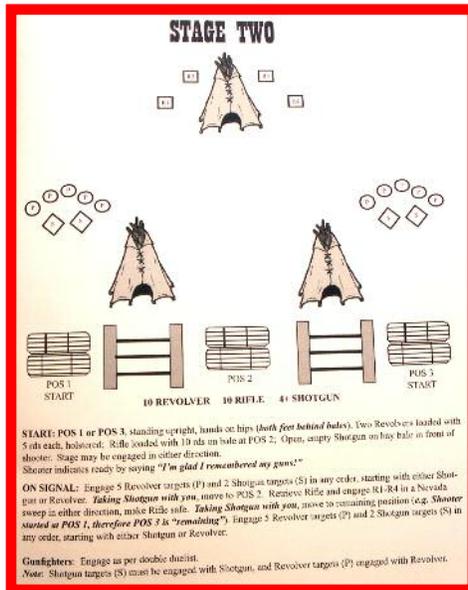
For the last dozen years or so, we've made a collection of some really imaginative stages from club shoots, state matches, regional competitions, END of TRAIL, Winter Range and other events that have come our way. Now's the time to spring them on you, our illustrious readers!

We're calling this new column *Catchin' The Next Stage* because we hope you'll like some of the stages enough to encourage your clubs' range masters to include them in your next match.

Normally we'll have just one stage in each issue of *The Cowboy Chronicle*, but this time, for starters, we're featuring two very creative stages, both of them from Winter Range 2007.

STAGE 2

I'm a sucker for stages with split pistols or split shotguns. Here we have a stage with *both!* (Now, Gunfighters



don't particularly like split pistols, but are usually agreeable to them if they're only used occasionally.) I also like the placement of the rifle targets out by the center teepee.

Let's look at the Stage layout (Figure 1). As with many Winter Range Stages, this one can be started on the right or the left. I also get a kick out of the special note at the bottom of the page!

STAGE 11

I'm also a sucker for *lots* of shotgun rounds on a stage, especially when they're split (in this case, *three* splits). Most Cowboy Action Shooters™ like movement on a stage, particularly *downrange* movement. This Stage has plenty, with *five* shooting positions.

Now you will need a separated or

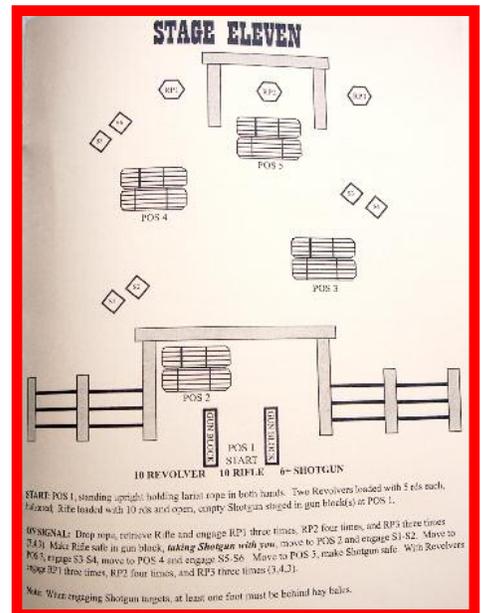
bermed Stage to make this scenario work safely. But when you do, you'll have a ball shooting it. See Figure 2.

By the way, to speed up your match, shooter-to-shooter, use stationary or swinger shotgun targets to avoid the time needed to reset knock-downs.

A tip of the Stetson to the Rough Riders for putting together a really exciting WR Match in 2007. But then, WR is exciting *every* year!

Hope you enjoy these Stages. Sometimes they can make the difference between a same old same old shoot and a WOW shoot.

Next issue we'll feature another thrilling big-boy Stage... from END of TRAIL's Silver Anniversary Match in 2006. See you then, Cowfolk. 🤠





A TOP
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COMIC

COWBOYS 'n' INJUNS

NO.1

10¢



Jesse Jimmy

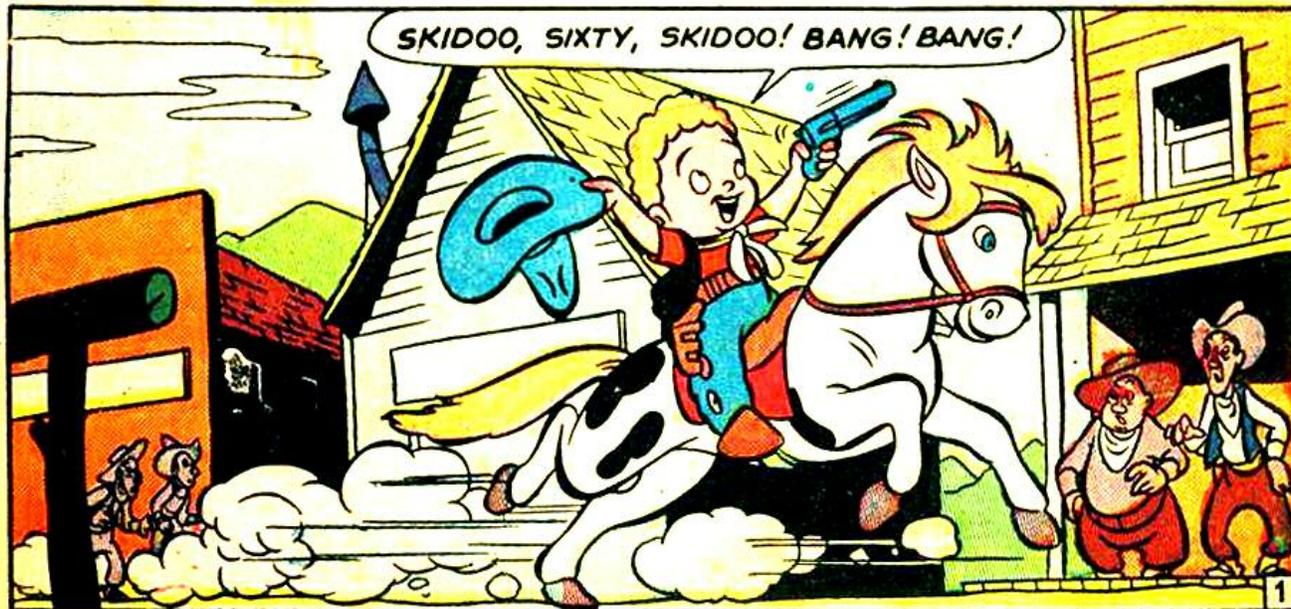
WHEN JIMMY WAS MISTAKEN FOR A DANGEROUS OUTLAW BY THE SHERIFF, THE ERROR ALMOST TURNS OUT TO BE FATAL....IN...**"MEET, MISTER MIDGET!"**

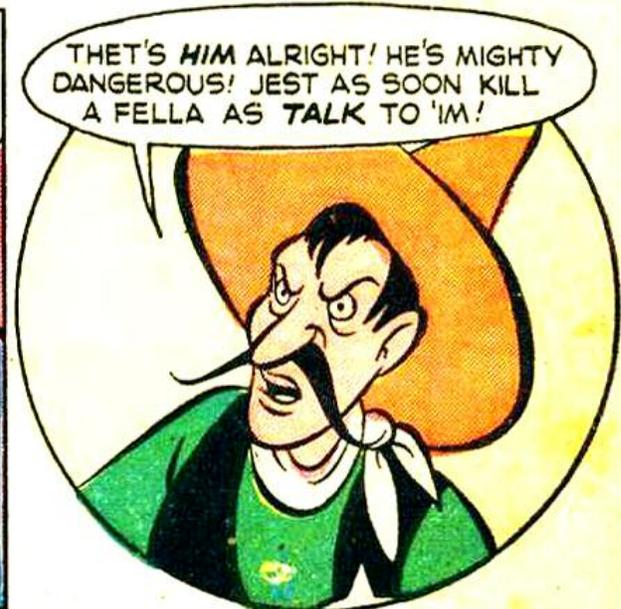
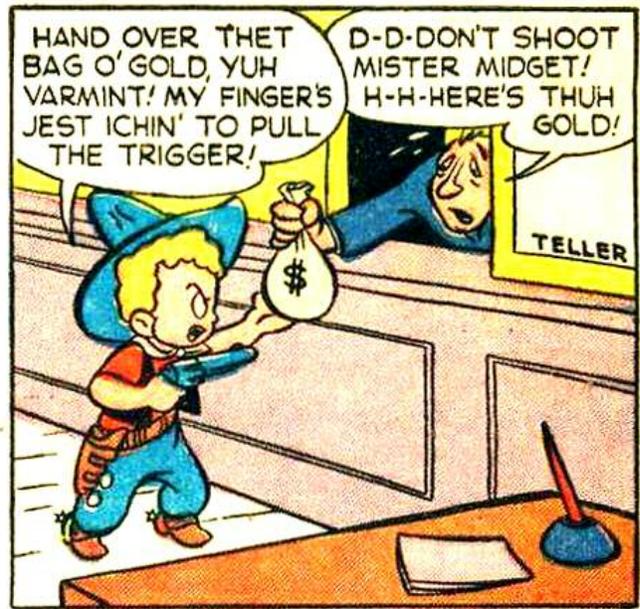


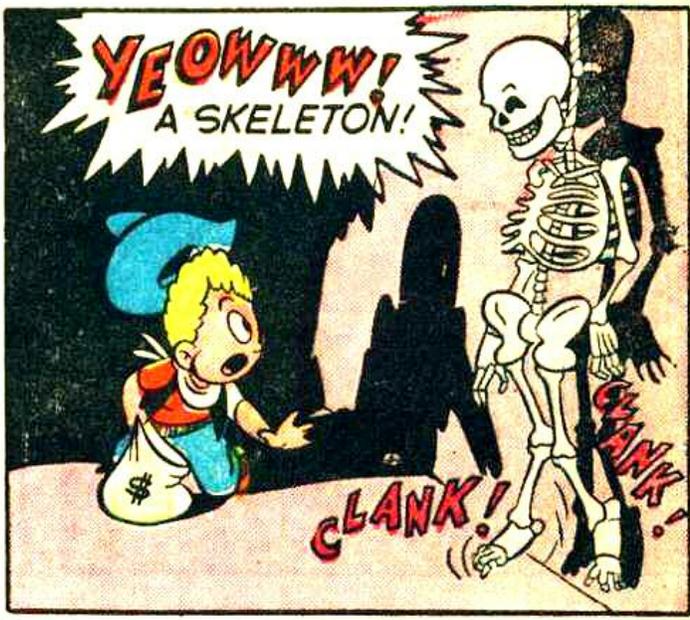
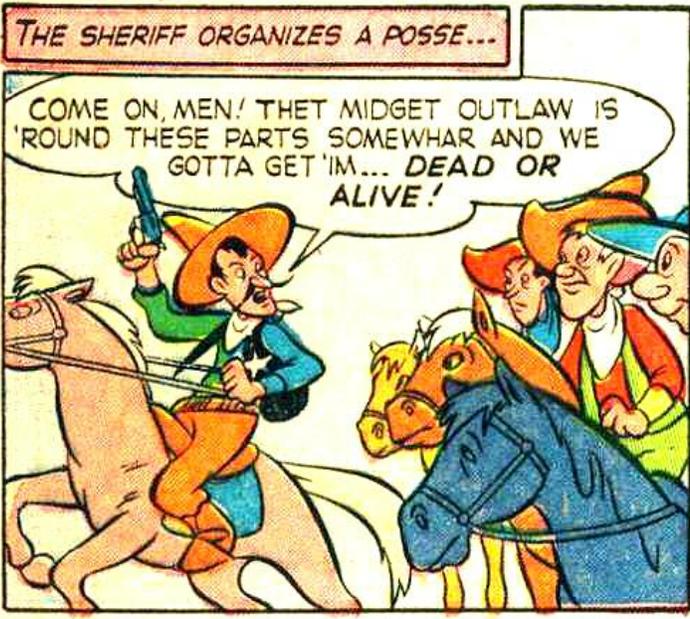
HA! HA! LISTEN TUH THIS, SIXTY... JESSE JAMES FELT HE WUZ DOIN' THE BANK A FAVOR BY ROBBIN' IT 'CAUSE HE WUZ CLEANING IT OUT!

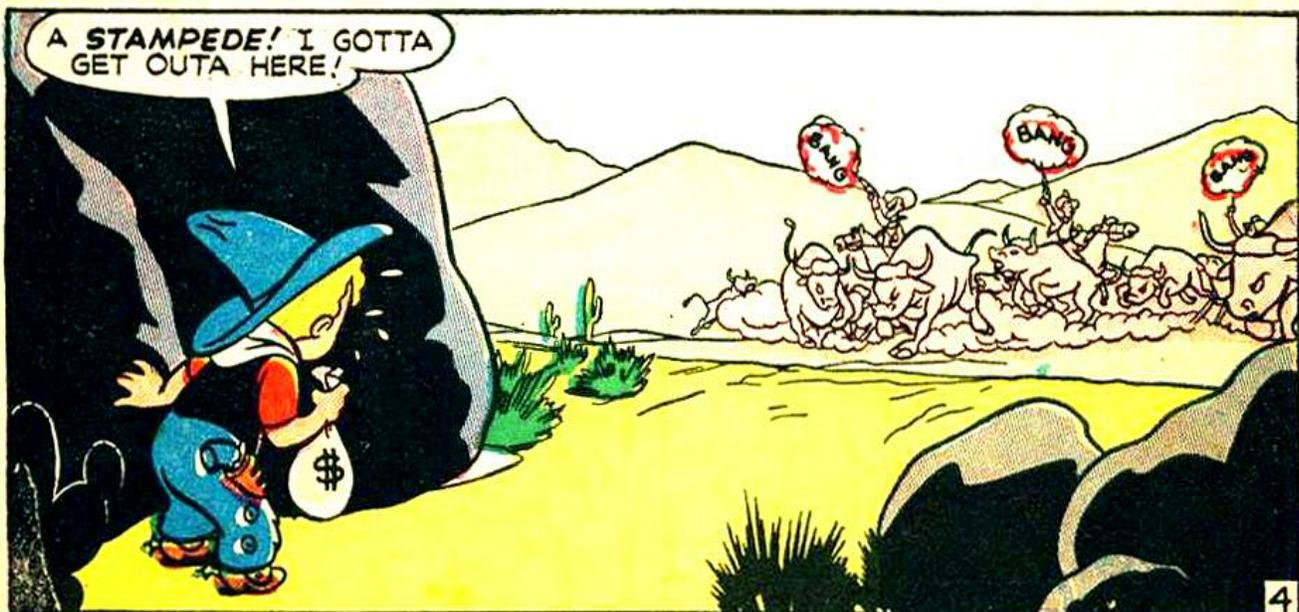
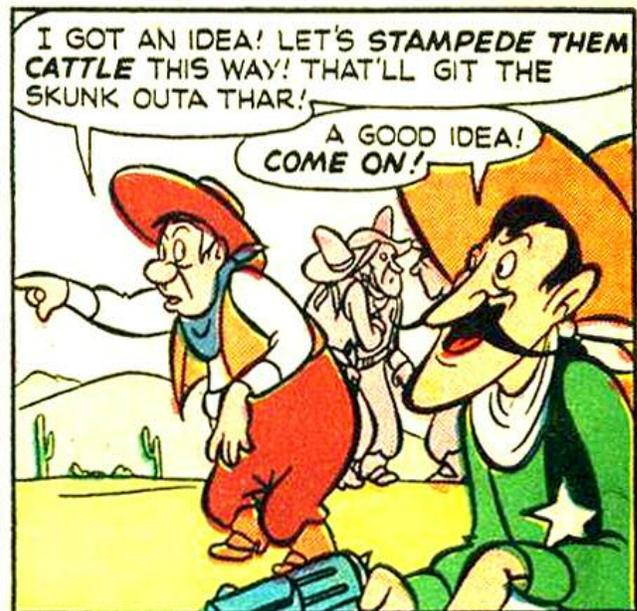
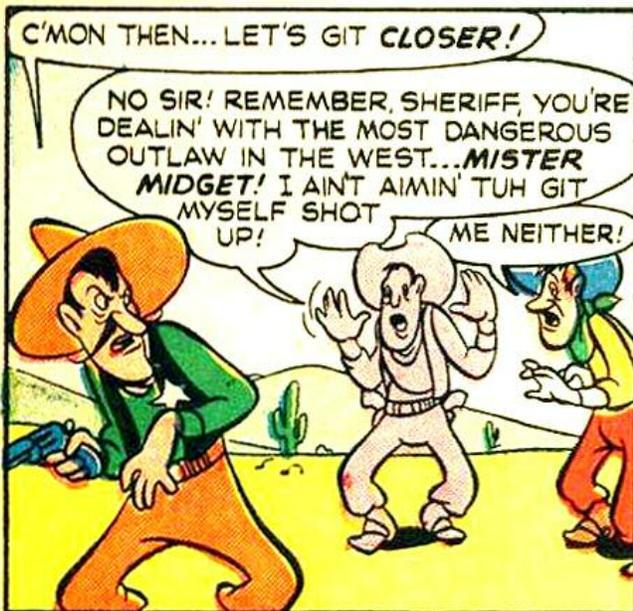
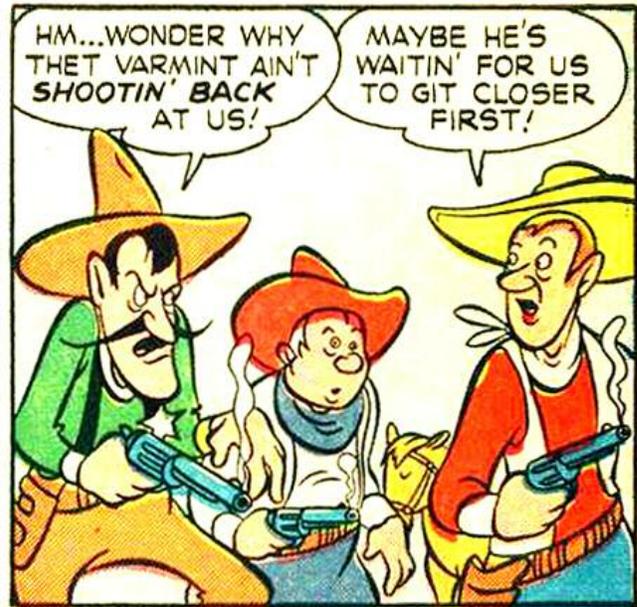
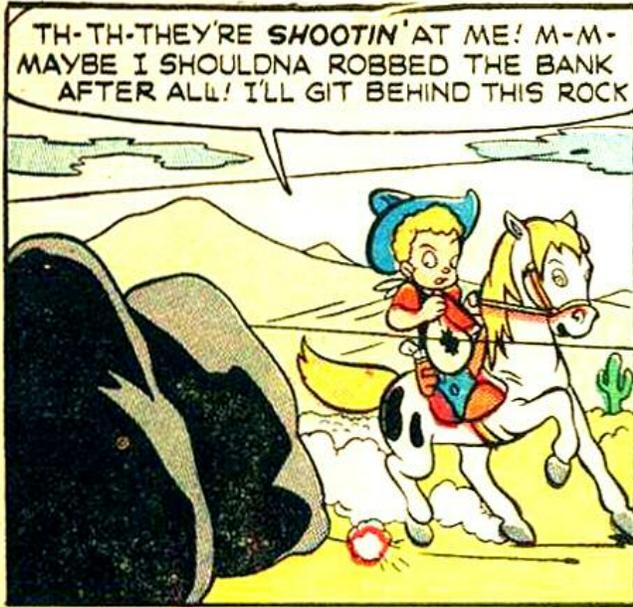


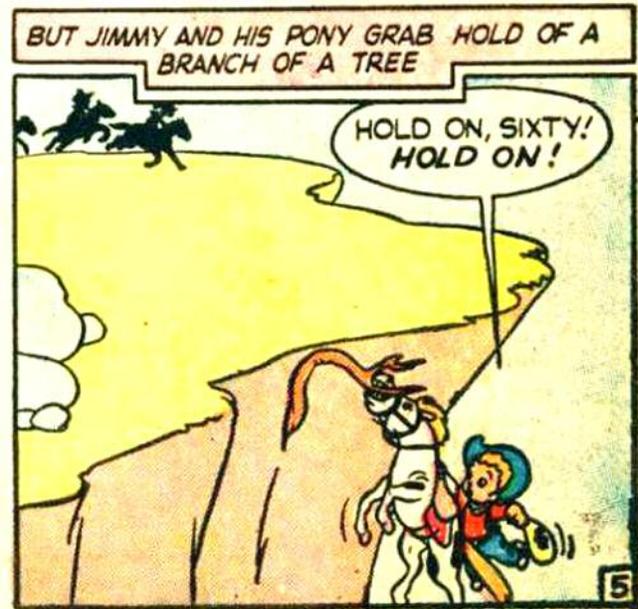
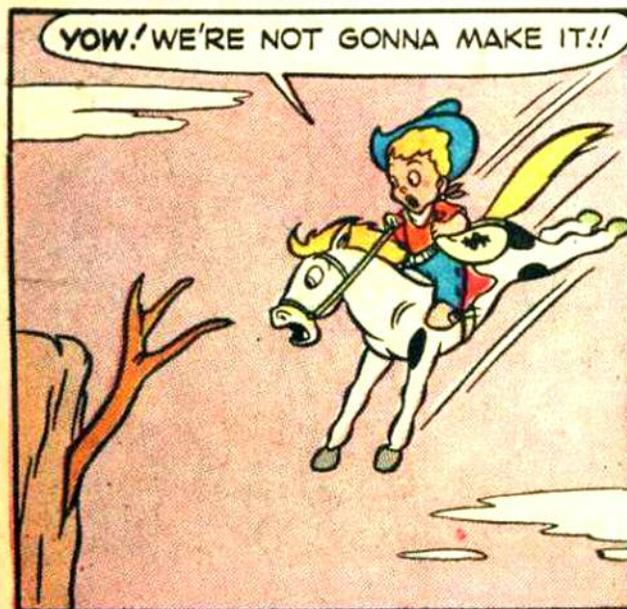
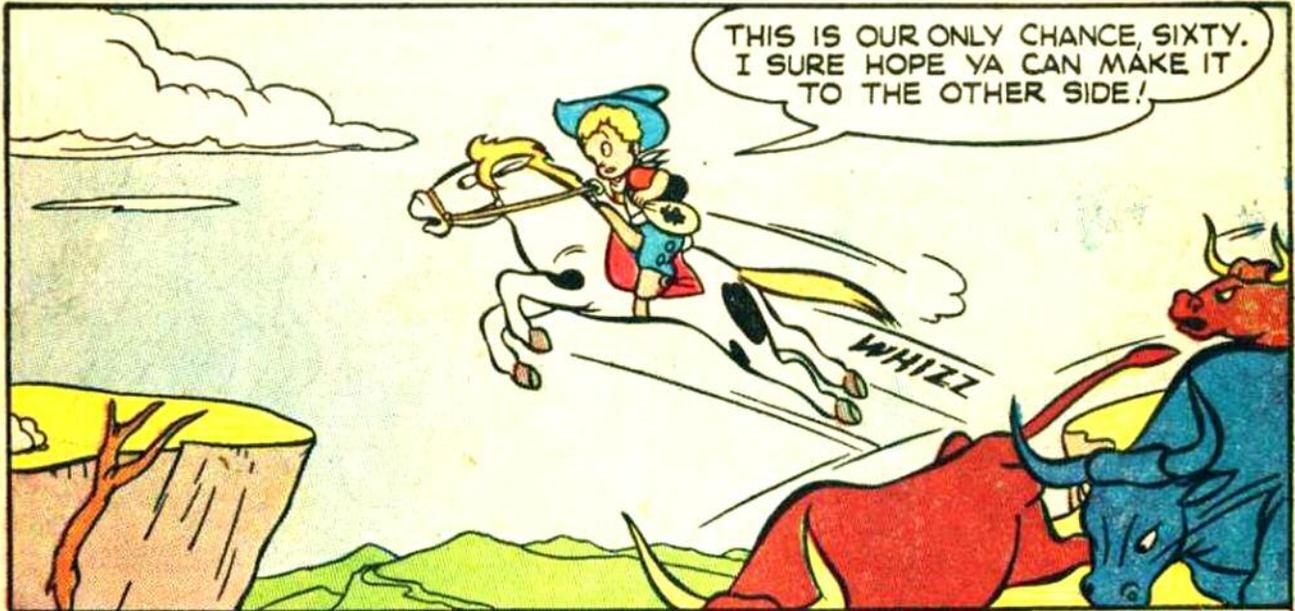
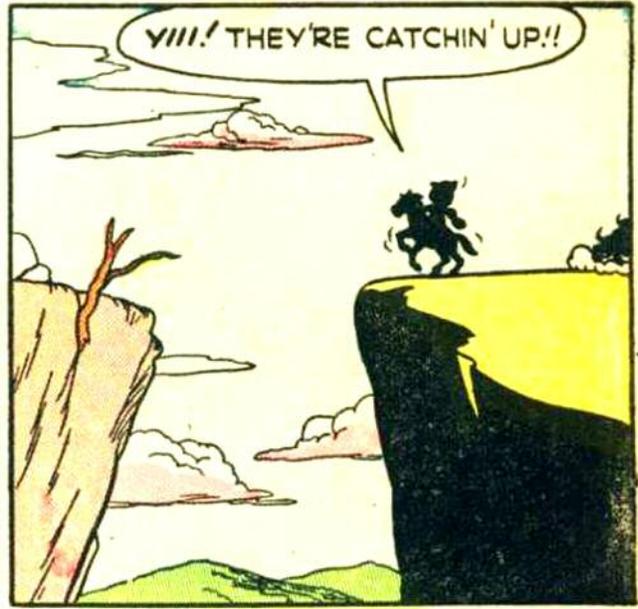
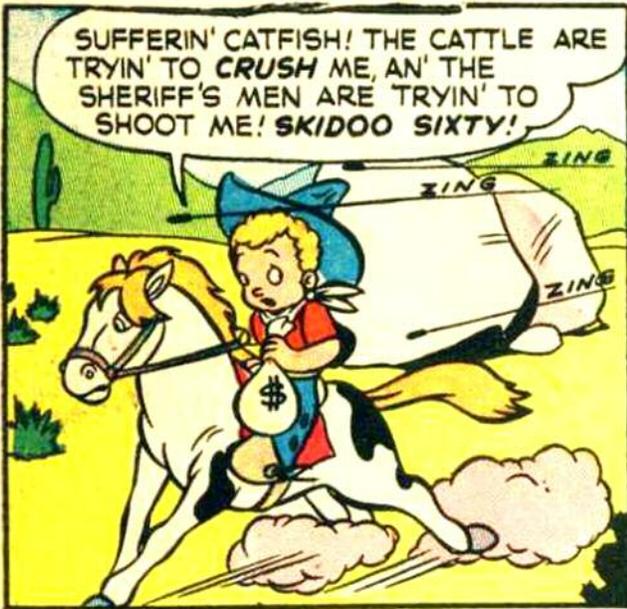
YUP! BY GINGER, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO RIGHT NOW! **CLEAN OUT THE BANK!**







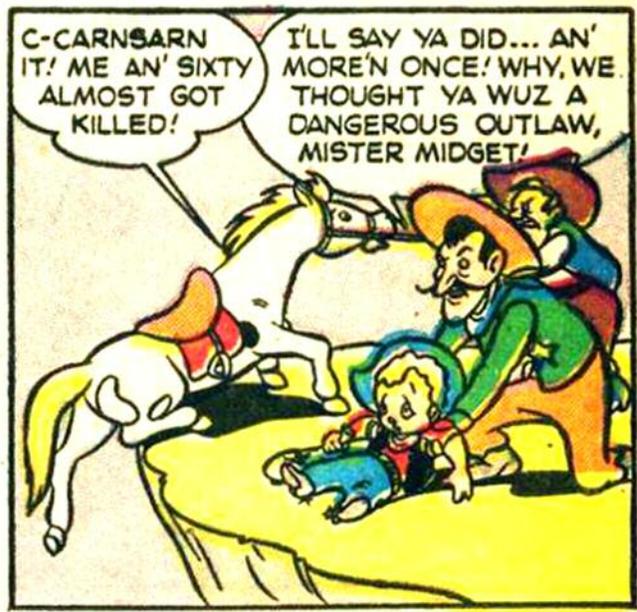






HELP!
HELP!

WHY---WHY--- THAT AIN'T
MISTER MIDGET! IT'S ONLY
JESSE JIMMY!



C-CARNSARN
IT! ME AN' SIXTY
ALMOST GOT
KILLED!

I'LL SAY YA DID... AN'
MORE'N ONCE! WHY, WE
THOUGHT YA WUZ A
DANGEROUS OUTLAW,
MISTER MIDGET!

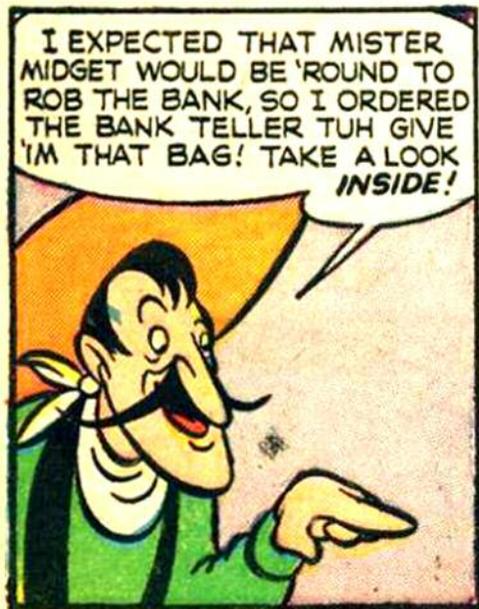


GOSH-ROBBIN' A BANK AIN'T
NEARLY AS MUCH FUN AS I
THOUGHT!



WELL ANYWAY.. I DID
STEAL THIS BAG O'
GOLD FROM
THE BANK!

HAW! HAW!
THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!



I EXPECTED THAT MISTER
MIDGET WOULD BE 'ROUND TO
ROB THE BANK, SO I ORDERED
THE BANK TELLER TUH GIVE
'IM THAT BAG! TAKE A LOOK
INSIDE!



HEY! THIS AIN'T
GOLD...IT'S JEST
SOME OLD ROCKS!



HAW! HAW! HA! HA! HA!



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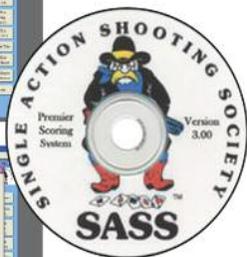


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 103,810.....Ambling Aaron
 103,816.....Sowell Texas Ranger
 103,827.....Rat Basterson
 103,851.....Arizona Lil

CA

103,799.....Uvas Canyon Kid
 103,814.....Daisy Bullet
 103,815.....Big Sal
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 103,850.....Little Boy Blue
 103,855.....Kalroy
 103,863....."Big Stone" Ernie

CO

103,847.....Picacho Pete

CT

103,871.....Mini Mongo
 103,872.....103872

FL

103,760.....Ridge Runner
 103,762.....Texas Tuna
 103,775.....Shenandoah Star
 103,813.....Dead Eye Davis
 103,833.....Captain Jonah Hexxed

GA

103,864.....Chili Pepper Jack

IA

103,802.....City Slicker
 103,803.....Miss Shot

IL

103,756.....Jay "Tucson" Smith
 103,796.....Henry Smithson
 103,870.....Keota Kid

KS

103,811.....Shootin Iron Sam
 103,873.....Southern Gentleman

KY

103,819.....Cave Creek Kid
 103,835.....Tuck

MA

103,856.....Mr. West

MI

103,766.....Quick Draw Kraw
 103,788.....Trail Tracker

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 103,844.....Devil Yack

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103,838.....Kallie Callahan
 103,839.....Jackalope Jake
 103,840.....Jane Wayne
 103,841.....Flash Maverick

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 103,769.....Sassy Shot
 103,794.....Battle Phrog
 103,801.....Buckshot Bernie
 103,821.....Pappy Walk
 103,843.....Augustus Boone

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VA

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- 103,806.....Trooper Ozzy
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ON

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