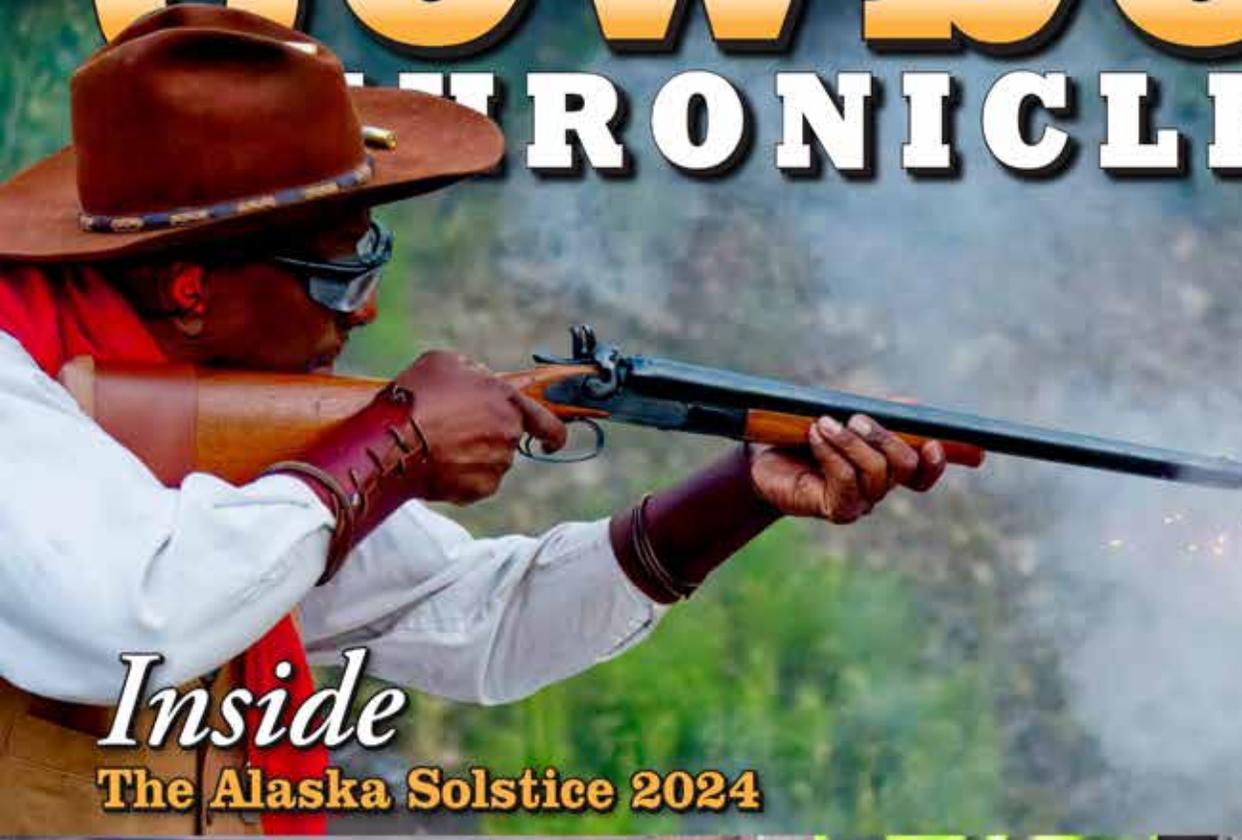


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APRIL | 2025



# Cowboy CHRONICLE



*Inside*  
**The Alaska Solstice 2024**

**Gunfight at The Double-C 2024**



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# COVER FEATURES

## THE ALASKA SOLSTICE SHOOT 2024

BY SWEET CAROLINE, SASS  
#59309, GHSS TERRITORIAL  
GOVERNOR

PHOTOS BY DENALI DAN, SASS  
#108316

*“There are strange things done in the midnight sun by the men who toil for gold; the Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold; the Northern Lights have seen [odd] sights but [one of the oddest] they ever did see”... was the shooting at the Fox Range.*



OVERALL WINNERS LANKY JANE AND 1ST SGT. “BEARCLAW” TOKLAT

**E**veryone knows there are no snakes in the wild in Alaska but what did we see? Gunfighters, black powder aficionados, and duelists. Young and younger. Snakes, not one but two, that had to be dispatched before moving on! Josey Wales and Rooster Cogburn were a few of the spirits who made an appearance along with a hostage to save.

Summer Solstice brings the Golden Heart Shootist Society and SASS sponsoring the Alaska Solstice Shoot, with shots starting downrange at 9:00 p.m. The entire match is shot under natural light as there are no manmade lights on

the range. This year, for the first time, SASS and GHSS hosted the officially sanctioned match with 14 shooters daring to push themselves through the midnight hour. Six stages were shot, with the final at approximately 1:30 a.m. The only break came with the requisite midnight photo. Tailgating with finger foods and door prizes followed.

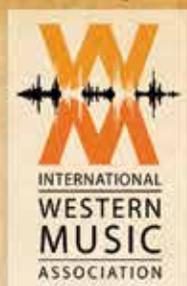
After a very close back and forth battle between the top three cowboys, 1st Sgt. “BearClaw” Toklat (SASS #10397) claimed the Cowboy buckle and not too far behind for the Cowgirls was Lanky Jane (SASS #83283).

*“Have you gazed on naked gran-*

*deur where there’s nothing else to gaze on, set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore, big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunset blazon, black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?... Then for God’s sake go and do it; hear the challenge”... come and join us on Solstice weekend 2025 for the second annual SASS Alaska Solstice Shoot. The main match will be on Saturday, June 21, side matches on Sunday, June 22 at the Fox Range, just north of Fairbanks.*

*(Credits to Robert W. Service — The Cremation of Sam McGee and The Call of the Wild.)*





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OVERALL WINNERS CHRISTIAN MORTICIAN (SASS #83177) AND J.C. PHOENIX (SASS#103235)

# GUNFIGHT AT THE DOUBLE-C 2024 VIRGINIA STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

BY RIPSAW, SASS #101497

**F**or the third year in a row, the Cavalier Cowboys and Cavalier Rifle and Pistol Club hosted an ever-growing crowd of Cowboy Action Shooters™ at their expansive facility a few miles West of Richmond Virginia.

The Cavalier Rifle and Pistol club, incorporated in 1937, offers a 600-acre facility featuring a large lake, a campground that serves about 25 campers and RVs, indoor showers and toilets, and dozens of shooting ranges of various types. There is plenty of room to spread out and vendor space is plentiful.



The 2024 Labor Day weekend weather was typical of central Virginia, warm and partly sunny. Friday kicked off with side matches and practice stages. The afternoon four-stage Wild Bunch mini-match drew dozens of competitors.

With five fully-bermed shooting bays, the two-day 10-stage Main Match moved along quickly. Six stages (in three bays) were shot on Saturday followed by a catered BBQ lunch. The remaining four stages were shot Sunday morning on the remaining two bays. Awards, door prizes, vendor-sponsored giveaways, and raffle



VIRGINIA STATE CHAMPIONS JACK SAZERAC (SASS #97872) AND J.C. PHOENIX (SASS#103235)

items completed Sunday's activities. Many campers stayed over Sunday night as Monday, being the Labor Day holiday, made traveling home more convenient for some competitors.

The Cavalier Cowboys, led by the unflappable Match Director Major B. S. Walker SASS #85184) and Deputy Match Director Bingo Montana (SASS #108837), are becoming known for their unique target arrays in a variety of Old West shapes as well as a few hilarious and creative reactive targets that have gotten widespread attention on Facebook and YouTube. The stages were easy and fun with a good mix of firearm sequences and lots of opportunities for shooter discretion in how to complete the stage.

The match saw an increase to 105 competitors in 2024, traveling from 15 different states, as attendance continues to grow each year. With a 125-shooter limitation (due to range practices), 2025 is sure to be a sell-out. See [cavaliercowboys.org](http://cavaliercowboys.org) for details about the 2025 Gunfight and register early to be assured of a space.





## SKINNY'S SOAPBOX

To my dismay, I've noticed a marked decline, over the past year or so, in the number of match reports coming into *The Chronicle* each month. This issue contains only three — “Beloved Heroes,” which is not really a match report, along with the 2024 Virginia state match and Alaska's Solstice match. Both of the latter are interesting but neither is very lengthy and so I'm left with a lot of filler material to put together to make a decent-sized issue. This situation is okay occasionally, as it gives me the opportunity to use material that normally would be too large to include, such as Shotglass' short story, “Bertha Builds a Bordello in Boomtown,” which is included in its entirety in this issue. I've held onto this particular story for more than a year, waiting for a time when I would be able to use it uncut. It's actually a highly fictionalized account of Shotglass' and Texas Jack Daniels' wedding and is quite a good read. I'm happy to finally be able to present it to you.

But, getting back to the case at hand, the purpose of *The Cowboy Chronicle* is to highlight SASS-related matches and other events from around the world, and to do that I am completely dependent on SASS members submitting those reports, along with photos. I've spoken with some who have indicated they are reluctant to write an article because they're unsure of their communications skills. If you feel that way, I will stress that my job is to edit everything that comes in, to ensure it reads as well and as clearly as possible. I typically will do only the minimum amount of editing necessary, but if you are submitting something and you feel your article needs extra attention, please let me know and I will be happy to oblige. The important takeaway here is, if you put on an annual match or event, please send me a report. There's a very high probability I will use it in *The Chronicle* and I guarantee it will be something you'll be

proud to see. Please send everything to me at [editor@sassnet.com](mailto:editor@sassnet.com).

In the meantime, I hope you enjoy Shotglass' foray into fiction. When Texas Jack Daniels first gave it to me, I knew I'd want to wait for a time such as this when it could be printed as a complete story. Note that the file I have is a PDF and not much editing is possible except for minor corrections, so the piece contained herein is pretty much untouched. For those of you who don't enjoy comic book reprints, it is taking the place of a comic book story this issue. For those of you who are fans of comic book fiction, on the other hand, have no fear, as Comic Book Corner will return.

## CORRECTION

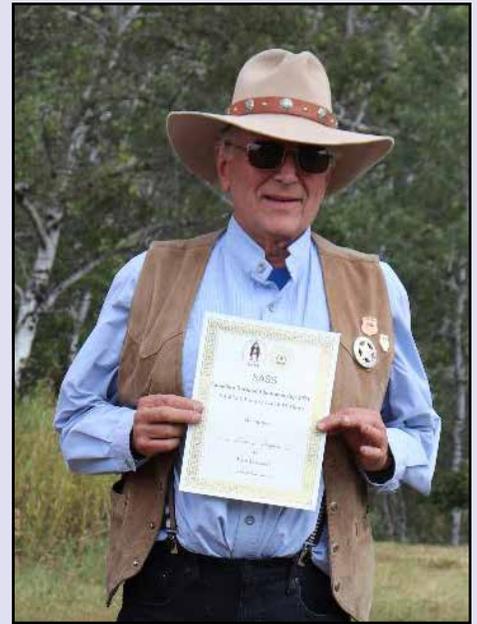
Shortly after the release of the January edition of *The Cowboy Chronicle*, we received the following letter:

*Cody Teachem, SASS #101301, here in the Great White North of Canada. I just received my copy of the January 2025 Cowboy Chronicle today and started reading it. I was drawn to the article about the Shootout at Bounty Gulch 2024, the SASS Canadian National Championship because it was the first major match I have ever attended.*

*While reading the text and enjoying the photos I was very surprised to see my face in the photo celebrating the winner of the Best Dressed Gentleman category. The text correctly names Doc More-Gun as the winner of this category, but the photo is of me. Would you be able to sort this out for me and Doc More-Gun? He is very deserving of having his photo available for all SASS members to enjoy. Thanx for all of your help in remedying this situation.*

*Still ... I have had one of my dreams fulfilled, even if by haphazard, and I did enjoy seeing it in print!*

Thanks, Cody, for bringing this to our attention and we are very sorry, Doc, for the mix-up. As regular readers of *The Cowboy Chronicle* know, things can sometimes go awry during the production of a periodical. In an effort to rectify this latest error, Forty Creek Bob (SASS #96816) and Layla Langtry (105659) have provided us with



DOC MORE-GUN SMITH (PHOTO BY JULIE UNTEREINER)

a photo of the actual Doc More-Gun Smith (SASS #45889) — although not in his award-winning outfit — which is included here.

—Skinny (SASS #7361)

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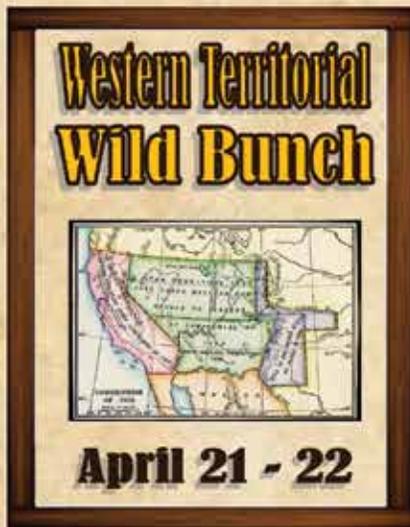


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Registration: Lucky Wheeler - [lwheeler38utah@gmail.com](mailto:lwheeler38utah@gmail.com)

# OPINION

## MATCH MANAGEMENT LESSONS IN THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY

BY DIAMONDBACK DAVE, SASS 45589

As many pard and parettes would agree, all matches are not created equal. Each club has a personality, for good or ill — and each monthly match has a unique tone, depending on stage writing, attendees, weather, equipment or other issues. Most of the time great fun can be had.

But not always. I finally attended a match that seemed to go on forever... and not in a good way.

For the record, I am hard to rile. I've shot CAS for 17 years in three states and have my RO2 pin.

I've regularly attended high-visibility clubs where up to a dozen posses with 15-20 shooters cycled through... and at least one match where I was one of four participants. I've been on the Cowboy firing line in all weathers, from 100-plus degree heat to freezing snow or in-your-face driving rain. I don't think I've ever left a shoot without finishing — although I've been at several where the match was cancelled for weather. At one match, we hurried along while watching a major brush fire burn its way down a mountainside toward us. We didn't quit, we just *concentrated*.

Obviously I enjoy it, and can put up with a fair amount of distraction. Over the years, though, I've gotten a fair sense of how clubs operate — the choices they make (or don't make) that affect the rank-and-file shooter's experience. No club is perfect, but most aim high. Most of the time.

My purpose here is not to beat up on any particular club, or heap undue praise on another. What I'm panning for are some nuggets of wis-

dom that match directors can use — and maybe some cow patties to set aside. None of this, I opine, is new information.

One warm southwestern U.S. morning recently, about 20 shooters arrived for a monthly match. The shooters' meeting started at 8:00 a.m., timed to get us out before it got too hot. The match director verbally committed to this goal, so I was a bit confused when he announced we would all shoot together on one mega-posse. The group included shooters of all levels, including two VERY young Buckaroos (one who needed step-by-step coaching) and several older, deliberately-paced gunhands like myself. Our overall speed through each stage was already guaranteed to be somewhat molasses-like.

The match director said he thought we'd have to "work too hard" if we split up. (I generally volunteer to count misses every stage and still had to scrabble a bit for relief — as did others — despite our swollen ranks.) He then ceded the podium to the club's "dominant per-



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sonality” for safety reminders.

Many clubs have “dominant personalities” but some are more dominant than others. In this case our ramrod was, well, extensively loquacious. You could feel the heat rising as he lectured on us whys and wherefores. And lectured. And lectured. (Did I mentioned he lectured?)

His admittedly well-intended but encyclopedic admonishments did not end with the shooters meeting. Several stages were measurably extended by ad hoc or off-the-cuff mini-clinics in various safety or procedural issues. As the morning dragged on (four-and-a-half hours to complete six stages) the poor Buckaroo’s eyes glazed over and several older cow punchers were clearly lagging — clustered under any available shade, shoulders slumped, glancing at timepieces.

This particular club also has a long history of hot “debate” over stage *minutiae* (how far is too far past that line?), misses, (I did not!) and procedural issues (but the timer operator *said* I could). This legalistic tendency was also much in evidence throughout the shoot, further bogging down the pace.

I was expecting to be done by 11:30 a.m., not 12:30 p.m. (and I left while some cowpokes were still shooting the final stage). I completed the match, but just barely.

Why did I expect to leave earlier? I often shoot at a different club where a group that size would be split without hesitation into two posses. Many times this outfit will shoot eight or nine per posse. Everyone works, and wears multiple hats (count misses, reset targets, pick brass, etc.) but things move along and no one is rushed. This second club has a very strong focus on time management — to beat the weather and because they know many members have busy weekend lives.

This second club has its own dominant figures of course, but even the longest-winded of these keeps things short as the sun climbs. If one posse finishes first, some members may even help out on the slower group. Their current match director is a stat man, and quotes “average times per shooter” to complete a stage, and other lore used for both stage writing and overall posse wrangling. Minimizing delay, anticipating needs, and reducing surprises are a major focus at this club. Barring unusual turnout or catastrophic prop failure, most of the second club’s 8:00 a.m., six-stage shoots are over by 11:30 at the latest. Sure they run longer sometimes, but there isn’t that “clogged chute” feeling if this happens.

I’ve been at big, slow shoots before. My first END of TRAIL seemed endless — but I was so thrilled to be there I hardly noticed. In this recent case, though, there was simply not enough attention to the “paying public’s” needs — and it was hard to ignore. In 17 years this is the first time I’ve been moved to write less than favorably about our beloved sport.

Pace, context, and brevity should be uppermost in the match director’s mind. Long-winded “dominators” should be kept on a short tether. Shooters don’t mind helping out with posse chores (or shouldn’t). Most of us prefer to work a little harder so we can avoid the High Noon heat in these summer months.

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# ANNUAL MATCHES



VOLUNTEER SCORE TABULATORS DESOTO BOB (SASS #51862) AND MYSTIC RUBY ROSE (SASS #105375) SMILE THROUGH THE PRINTER FAILURES AND CONCENTRATION-CRACKING CLUBHOUSE RACKET. WE CAN'T THANK THEM ENOUGH!

## BELOVED HEROES NON-SHOOTERS OF THE SASS 2024 MISSISSIPPI STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

BY DEANNA CASWELL

**W**hile shooters take center stage at the Single Action Shooting Society Mississippi State Championship with their quickdraws and sharp aim, the non-shooters contribute in countless ways to ensure the event runs smoothly and remains a memorable experience for all.

### BEHIND THE SCENES

At the heart of the non-shooter community are the volunteers — the workers behind the scenes who dedicate their time and effort to make the



SEAN, SPENDING HIS MILITARY LEAVE WITH HIS FAVORITE COWBOY FAMILY, DONS HIS FAVORITE COWBOY HAT AND JORDANS TO HELP OUT WITH THE FESTIVITIES.

SASS Mississippi State Championship a success. From event setup and registration to scoring and feeding/fortifying the competitors, non-shooter volunteers play a pivotal role in every aspect of the event. Their dedication and service ensure shooters can focus on the competition without worrying about logistics.

Non-shooter volunteers come from all walks of life, ranging from shooters' spouses and family members to retired cowboys that like being part of the action. Their willingness to lend a helping hand embodies the true spirit of camaraderie that defines the Mississippi SASS community, fostering a sense of unity and belonging among all participants.

“My non-shooter wife jumped right in to help with everything from registration and prizes to food, and discovered a whole crew of new friends who were ready and willing to help everything run smoothly.”

said Padre de Cinco (SASS #111846), Match Director. "Their support and hard work make it possible for us to enjoy the competition, and we can't thank them enough."

**PILLARS OF SUPPORT**

While shooters take aim and compete for glory, their non-shooter partners provide unwavering encouragement and support every step of the way. Whether cheering from the sidelines, organizing, or simply offering words of encouragement, non-shooters play a vital role in the success of the competitors.

For many, the SASS Mississippi State Championship is not just a competition but a family affair, where generations come together. From grandparents to grandchildren, the event provides a unique opportunity for families to bond over a shared passion for Cowboy Action Shooting™.

"This was my first ever competition," said 13-year-old, Robin DaBank (SASS #114035), who shot alongside her father and brother. "My grandparents and mom and big sister,



NICHOLS CREEK'S (SASS #77627) WIFE, DONNA, LIFTING A BIG WEIGHT OFF THE POSSES' SHOULDERS BY TRACKING SCORES.

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who don't even shoot, helped out everywhere."

### AN ESSENTIAL INGREDIENT

From offering their time and expertise to providing unwavering support and camaraderie, non-shooters embody the true spirit of the event and ensure its continued success year after year. Without the dedication and contributions of non-shooters, the event would not be the vibrant and welcoming community it is today. They may not be the ones pulling the triggers, but their presence and dedication are felt in every aspect of the event, enriching the lives of shooters and spectators alike.

"The only photo I have of my dad in my phone is the one our volunteer photographer, Zach Jr., took," said 18-year-old Smokey Bones (SASS #112306), "Whenever I reference my dad's incredible cowboy mustache, that's the photo I show."

### LOOKING AHEAD

As preparations begin for 2025's SASS Mississippi State Championship, let us remember once again to appreciate the non-shooters who work tirelessly behind the scenes to make the event possible. They are an integral part of the Mississippi SASS family and their contributions deserve to be perennially celebrated. Together, shooters and non-shooters alike, we will continue to make the SASS Mississippi State Championship a premier event in the world of Cowboy Action Shooting™ for years to come.

If you missed out on the 2024 SASS Mississippi State Championship, don't worry — we're gearing up for 2025! The match will be held May 23 to May 25. Visit <https://mississippiriverrangers.org> to find out more. Spaces are limited, so don't wait — saddle up and prepare to ride into another weekend of wild fun and camaraderie!



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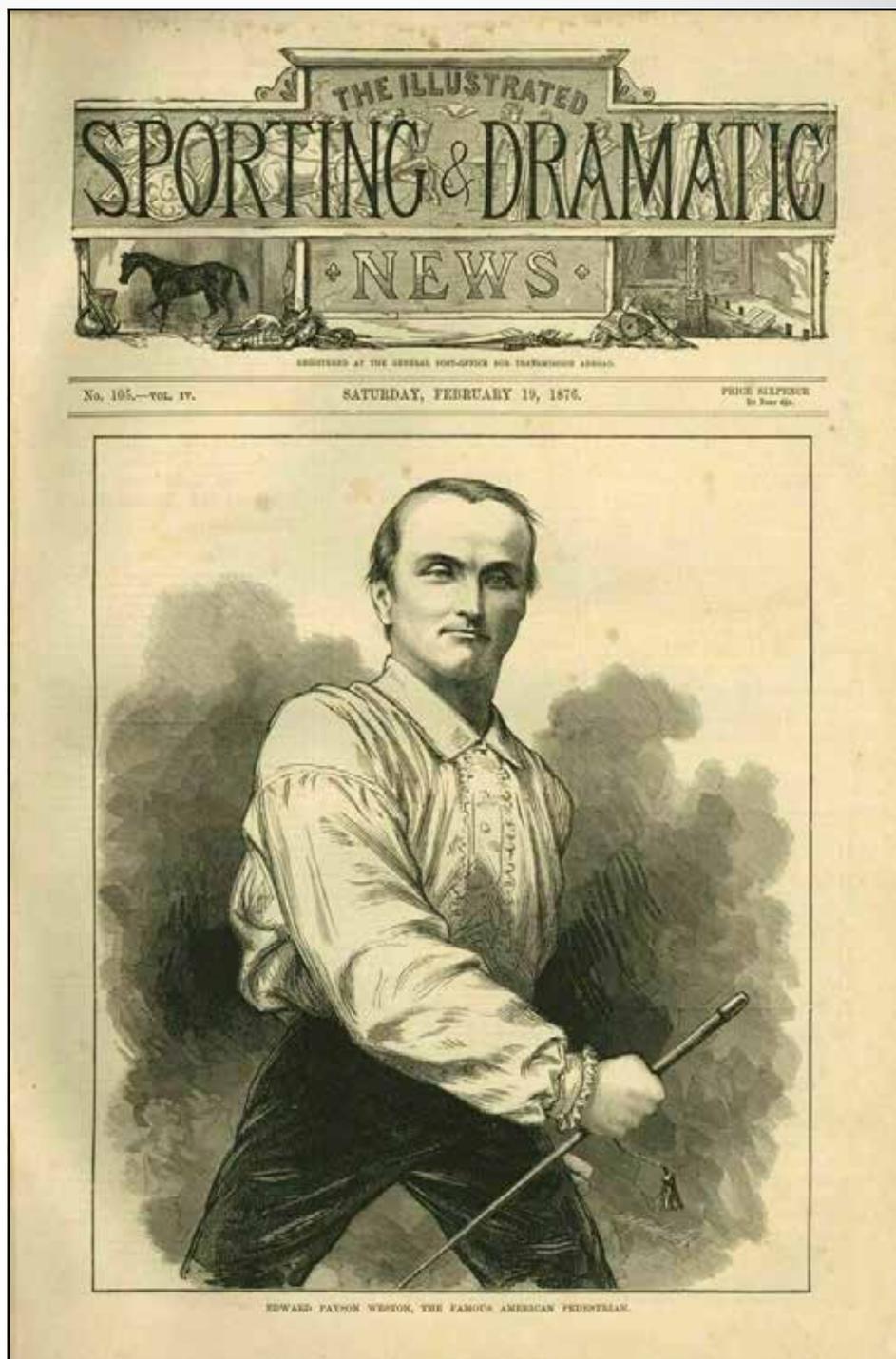
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## NINETEENTH CENTURY AMERICA'S WHOLESOME SPECTATOR SPORT

BY BIG DAVE, SASS #55632

If you were to ask me to name America's favorite spectator sport during the 1870s and 1880s, I would have guessed baseball, horse racing, or perhaps boxing. It never would have occurred to me that it was competitive walking, also known as pedestrianism. To tell the truth, it seems about as interesting as watching paint dry. Nevertheless, pedestrianism became an obsession for about a decade in the late 19th century. It turns out it wasn't boring at all. Pedestrianism attracted huge crowds and enormous amounts of money were wagered. There was plenty of drama because the distances covered were vast; up to and exceeding 500 miles. By the end of the contests, the competitors were staggering wrecks. With human nature being what it is, people couldn't get enough of watching the pain and suffering that attended the matches. The competitors had a shot at considerable prize money and the winners became celebrities who were every bit as famous as our top athletes today.

Although pedestrianism had its origin in England, it began in America as the result of a bet between two men, Edward Weston and George Eddy. They were wagering on the outcome of the 1860 presidential election. Weston thought John C. Breckinridge would win and Eddy bet on Abraham Lincoln. The loser would have to walk from the State House in Boston to the Capitol in Washington over 10 consecutive days. The distance was about 478 miles. Eddy didn't take the bet seriously and planned to beg off if he lost. Weston, on the other hand, was an avid walker. He viewed his possible loss as a challenge. Of course, Weston lost the wager. He planned to begin his walk on February 22, 1861, and to arrive at the Capitol



THE SPORT OF PEDESTRIANISM BEGAN IN AMERICA WITH A BET BETWEEN EDWARD WESTON AND GEORGE EDDY OVER THE 1860 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. AS PEDESTRIANISM BECAME POPULAR, WESTON BECAME KNOWN FOR HIS SHOWMANSHIP.

on March 4, in time to see Lincoln's inauguration. (The 20th Amendment had not been passed yet and Inauguration Day was still March 4.)

Edward Weston was a traveling salesman who usually walked to his destinations. In addition, he had almost unbelievable stamina. He was also a superb self-promoter. Since the walk would incur some expenses, he planned to defray them by lining up sponsors. On the way to Washington, he would

hand out circulars advertising various businesses. This practice was unheard of in 1860. Although it is commonplace today with professional athletes, Weston's idea was revolutionary for the time.

Weston needed the money. He liked to live extravagantly and was often only a step ahead of his creditors. Although he wasn't a boozier or a womanizer, he preferred to stay in top quality hotels and to wear expensive clothes. Weston

would be chronically in debt for much of his life. Indeed, his departure from the Massachusetts State House on February 22 was delayed an hour because he was arrested and hauled off to jail. He managed to talk his way out of the predicament, the same way he would when he got into trouble in the future.

The walk was accomplished through bad weather and often utilized substandard roads. Weston lost his way a couple of times and had to deal with several dog attacks along the way. However, he also attracted huge amounts of publicity. When he arrived in a town to snatch a few hours sleep he was often cheered by crowds of people, many of whom had wagered money on his endeavor. Weston arrived in Washington five hours too late to witness Lincoln's inauguration, but he had achieved considerable fame. He was even invited to Lincoln's inaugural ball, which he attended. After all, Weston's walk was one of the few bright spots in an otherwise tense and dreary period of American history. The Civil War would break out less than two months later.



DAN O'LEARY, WESTON'S RIVAL, WAS A FAMOUS IRISH AMERICAN PEDESTRIAN WHO WON THE FIRST TWO ASTLEY BELT COMPETITIONS.

During the war, Weston served in the Union army as a messenger. He published a book about his walk to Washington in 1862. A year after the war ended, Weston found himself again in debt by "entrusting money to other parties," as he put it. A friend suggested that he walk for money and in 1866, he persuaded a New York gambler into making a \$10,000 (nearly \$200,000 in today's currency) bet against another gambler that he could walk from Portland, Maine to Chicago in 30 consecutive days, excluding Sundays. The bet was made and on October 29, 1867, he started out from Portland on a 1,200-mile walk.

He concluded the walk one day early on November 28. Weston took pains to promote the event. More than fifty thousand people gathered along the way as he made his way to the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. He became, as *Harper's Weekly* declared, "a household word."

In 1870, Weston began performing feats of long-distance walking in various roller-skating rinks. He would

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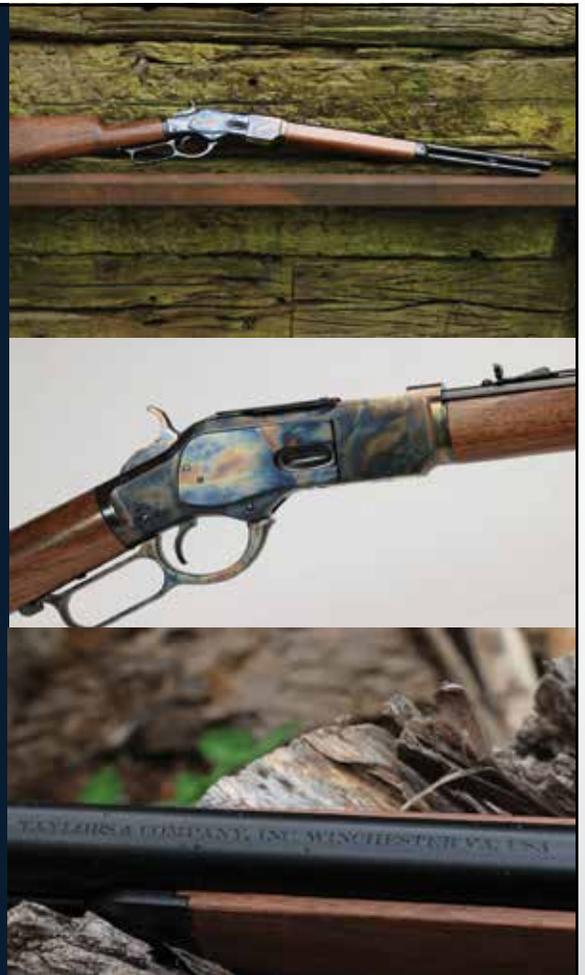


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THE THIRD ASTLEY BELT RACE WAS HELD IN NEW YORK AT GILMORE'S GARDEN. IT DEVOLVED INTO A CHAOTIC AFFAIR, WHICH INVOLVED RIOTING AND A BALCONY COLLAPSE. AMAZINGLY, NOBODY WAS KILLED HOWEVER, PLENTY OF PEOPLE WERE INJURED DURING THE EVENT.

walk around and around the rink, hoping to accomplish 100 miles nonstop in 24 hours or less. He would charge admission, of course. The walks had the advantage of being indoors, so he was safe from dog attacks as well as inclement weather. People gladly paid money to watch him walk around in circles.

Weston was a great showman who wore ruffled shirts and carried a riding crop. Sometimes he played the coronet while walking. He had to do something to relieve the monotony because it would often take 50 laps around the rink to cover the distance of one mile. A modern person, of course, would find this incredibly boring but in 1870, spectator sports were in their infancy. Horse racing and boxing were expensive enough to put off the average Joe, baseball hadn't taken off yet, and the other popular spectator sport, cock fighting, was decidedly unsavory.

Weston easily covered 100 consecutive hours and began increasing the distances. A year later, he accomplished 400 miles in five days and went away with \$5000, nearly \$100,000 today, from wagers and admission charges. People would pay for time slots to watch the race—he got even more spectators (not to mention fees and publicity) that way.

People noticed how much money could be made from pedestrianism. Pedestrian clubs and competitions began to spring up in all major cities and towns. Companies organized pedestrian teams. Profits were to be made by advertisers, food and beer vendors, rink owners, and cobblers, to name a few. People even collected cards printed with the likenesses of their favorite champions. Pedestrianism was open to everybody; women and minorities could participate. (Nobody had thought to segregate it.) Soon,

Weston began to have challengers.

His most serious rival became Daniel O'Leary, an Irish immigrant who lived in Chicago. Like Edward Weston, he started out as a door-to-door bookseller. Unfortunately, his career ended abruptly in 1871, after the Great Fire destroyed much of Chicago. He had to walk increasingly longer distances to earn money, and in 1874 turned to the sport of pedestrianism as a source of income. Soon he was setting records. On July 14, 1874, he walked 100 miles in 23 hours, 17 minutes. Eight months later, in Philadelphia, O'Leary broke Weston's twenty-four-hour record of 115 miles by walking 116 miles in a little over twenty-three hours.

Incidentally, Dan O'Leary was not related to Catherine O'Leary whose cow was believed to have started the Great Fire by kicking over a lantern. That story is bunk and reflects the

anti-Irish sentiment of 19th century America. In 1997 she was absolved formally of all blame by the Chicago City Council.

Weston ignored O'Leary's first challenge to a walking match, but after a while couldn't brush off the fact that a serious rival had emerged. In the summer of 1875, he agreed to a 500-mile contest with O'Leary that was to be held at Chicago's Interstate Exposition Center. It was a huge building and necessary because the rivalry had become so intense that it required an enormous venue to house the crowds that would attend it. Thousands of people would attend an event that was advertised as "The Great Walking Match for the Championship of the World."

A few minutes after midnight, on November 15, 1875, the match began. O'Leary was dressed in traditional athletic attire — white tights, light walking shoes, a striped tank top, and a short knitted brown jacket. Weston showed up in a black velvet suit, black boots, and a silk sash tied diagonally across his chest. Despite the late hour, almost 400 people were present for the start of the event. As the match ended, there were nearly 6,000 spectators jammed into the Exposition Center. Both contestants got time to sleep and eat, but they were on their feet during the vast majority of the contest. O'Leary won, but both he and Weston were paid handsomely for their troubles. They each pocketed nearly

\$150,000 in today's currency.

Weston proved to be a sore loser and complained he had been threatened during the race by O'Leary's supporters. The fact is, O'Leary took an early lead and effectively trounced Weston. Weston went to England to try his luck at pedestrian contests where it was hugely popular, and O'Leary toured the United States.

The change of venue turned out to be a good decision for Edward Weston. Pedestrianism had already been well entrenched in England by the 1870s. (The sport had been invented there decades before Weston's journey to Lincoln's inauguration.) English fans were pretty snooty about an American coming over to challenge their champions. Undeterred, Weston began to rack up the wins and earn begrudging respect.

Weston's stamina seemed to be superhuman. A young medical student in London observed that Weston seemed to be slowly chewing something as he walked during one of his contests. The student put two and two together and suggested that Weston was chewing coca leaves, a well-known stimulant. Weston's response to the allegation was to dissemble and to finally admit that he'd experimented with coca during one of the contests. He weathered the storm but provided organized sports with its first doping scandal.

O'Leary had been touring the United States and setting new records

but it was inevitable that he would challenge Weston again. He boarded a steamship and sailed for London in the fall of 1876. Early the next year, Weston agreed to the rematch. It would be a six-day race that would cover 500 miles. The event would be held in the Royal Agricultural Hall in London.

Although Weston lost the contest, he put up a good showing. He was backed by a wealthy English nobleman named Sir John Astley, who wagered 20,000 pounds on his presumed victory. This was a huge amount of money, about \$3,000,000 dollars today. Astley could afford to lose it and did so gracefully. After that, Astley was smitten with the sport of pedestrianism. He resolved to organize a series of six-day races to decide the who would be the "Long Distance Champion of the World." Of course, he would collect a tidy profit for promoting the event.

There was plenty in it for the winner as well. In addition to receiving huge acclaim, the winner would get what was worth about \$60,000 in prize money. He would also receive the "Astley Belt," which was four feet long, five pounds, and made of silver and gold. The race was open to any accomplished pedestrian and accommodated any style of foot traffic, be it walking, running, or a combination of both. (There had been some controversy regarding the planting of the racers' feet, which reminds me of various nit-picking about certain rules in SASS.)



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This wasn't going to be a two-person contest between Weston and O'Leary. There would be seventeen competitors when the race began at the Agricultural Hall in London on March 18, 1878. O'Leary was present, but Edward Weston couldn't come up with the 10-pound entrance fee to participate in the event. Incredibly, he had blown through the fortune he had earned in the last couple of years. Sixteen of the competitors were British. Indeed, Henry Vaughan, a carpenter, was favored to win. There were other fierce opponents as well, so this would be no walk in the park for Dan O'Leary, the lone American.

Vaughan gave O'Leary a serious challenge, but by the last day of the competition, O'Leary was nineteen miles ahead. Both men were shambling wrecks; the other competitors were also considerably worse for the wear. An estimated twenty-five thousand spectators had crammed themselves into the Agricultural Hall to see O'Leary finish his 500th mile. Amazingly, O'Leary kept on walking to complete 520 miles, a new record. He probably resembled something out of *Night of the Living Dead*. The crowd went wild.

According to the rules, the winner of the Astley Belt could keep it forever if he was able to defend it successfully in two more races. Soon enough, O'Leary was challenged by John Hughes, an up-and-coming American pedestrian who was, like O'Leary, an Irish immigrant. The race was held in New York at a venue called Gilmore's Garden, which would eventually be renamed Madison Square Garden. The race started on September 30, 1878, and featured only two competitors, O'Leary and Hughes. Nevertheless, the place was packed.

John Hughes took an early lead but was unable to sustain it. By the second day, he was 20 miles behind Dan O'Leary. On the third day he was so far behind that he resorted to drinking champagne, which was considered a stimulant within the boundaries of the rules of the game.

The problem was that Hughes drank champagne by the bottle. On the third day he took a nap in his tent, woke up, and drank two magnums back-to-back. "That's the stuff to make



NEW YORK POLICE CAPTAIN ALEXANDER "CLUBBER" WILLIAMS WASN'T HESITANT TO APPLY HIS NIGHTSTICK. THOUGH HIS METHODS WERE BRUTAL, HE EMERGED AS A HERO OF THE THIRD ASTLEY BELT COMPETITION.

one walk!" he exclaimed. It didn't work out as planned. Hughes got ever farther behind and his pace reverted to little more than a crawl. O'Leary easily won. Spectators remarked that O'Leary had hardly seemed to exert himself.

Back in England, Sir John Astley was becoming morose. He'd expected a fellow Brit to win his eponymous belt, and it wasn't happening. There was only one more race to go

in the series. Fortunately, Astley found an up-and-coming English pedestrian named Charles Rowell, whom he decided to back. Although Rowell had been defeated by Edward Weston three years previously, he had trained hard and was showing a lot of promise.

Astley sent Rowell to New York, where the third Astley Belt race was scheduled to begin on March 10, 1879, at Gilmore's Garden. Besides

O'Leary and Rowell, there were two other competitors, Charles Harriman and John Ennis. Both men were Americans but were relatively unknown in the sport. Edward Weston was stuck in England trying to recoup his fortunes by holding solo exhibitions. Although these were popular, he still couldn't afford to get back to the United States.

There was much fanfare surrounding the third Astley Belt race. It was the most highly anticipated sporting event America had witnessed up to that time. Thousands of people lined up to buy tickets outside Gilmore's Garden. The crowd was so large that the ticket-sellers couldn't keep up and the mood became ugly. At 12:45 a.m., fifteen minutes before the race was to begin, the New York City police captain in charge of maintaining order decided to close the box office and lock the doors to the arena. The crowd quickly turned into a mob when they heard cheers inside as the race started. The locked doors were smashed, and the crowd poured into the lobby.

The police captain, Alexander Williams, was, depending on how you interpret it, the perfect man to put down a riot. He was big, athletic, and not shy about using force. He had earned the nickname "Clubber" because of his readiness to use his truncheon. Clubber insisted that the sobriquet was unjust; according to him, he never bludgeoned a person who didn't have it coming.

Williams immediately led his con-

tingent of policemen into the mob. The truncheons that were issued to the New York police were fearsome weapons, twenty-four inches long and made of hard wood. A human skull, rib cage, or collarbone was no match for a 19th century nightstick. The mob was pushed out of the lobby and into the street. Reinforcements were called in and the disturbance was suppressed by about 3:00 a.m. About seventy people had to be hospitalized, hundreds were beaten, but nobody was killed. Meanwhile, the race went on. Nobody really cared what happened to the rioters, although it was the worst civil disturbance New York had witnessed since the draft riots in 1863.

Over the next few days, as the competitors trudged onwards, there were more turbulent episodes involving the spectators. The Englishman Charles Rowell was in the lead and some of the American fans resented it. Two days into the race, a boisterous crowd gathered outside Rowell's tent, where he was attempting to get some rest. The ever-vigilant Clubber Williams waded in and gave one man a couple of whacks to prevent another incident. Nearby fans cursed the police captain, who responded by picking out one hapless individual named William Blake and beating the bejesus out of him. By all accounts, the poor guy hadn't done anything; he was just chosen as an example. After the dazed and bloodied Blake had been ejected from the building, he bought another ticket

and continued to watch the race. People in the 19th century were tough... or maybe they were just hard-headed.

By the third day of the race, O'Leary was worn out and began to stagger. Over the last year, he'd walked more than three thousand miles in various competitions and exhibitions. Even after a doctor warned him not to continue, he plodded on for two more hours before finally withdrawing. There were three competitors left and nobody could predict the winner. A record number of spectators crowded into one of the balconies overlooking the race.

A couple of hours after O'Leary withdrew, the spectators on the balcony were cheering and stomping in support of their favorites. A loud cracking noise was heard and shortly afterward the balcony collapsed. About one hundred people fell into another, even larger crowd situated below them. Dozens of people were trapped in the wreckage and some idiot yelled, "Fire!" The whole thing threatened to turn into a stampede.

Clubber and his men sprang into action. They urged the spectators to remain in their places. The quick-thinking captain sent a policeman over to the band, which struck up a lively tune which calmed the crowd. After that, the policemen and some of the uninjured spectators worked together to rescue the people trapped in the debris. Amazingly, nobody was killed, although about nine people had

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to be carried to the hospital and many more sustained lesser injuries. Clubber Williams may have been a brute, but he was also resourceful and courageous. He could easily have been crushed to death by a panicked mob.

The wreckage from the collapsed balcony was quickly organized into a pile. After about thirty minutes or so, the contest continued as though nothing had happened. An enterprising kid climbed up on the wreckage and began hawking oranges. Other vendors followed and soon spectators joined them because, after all, the pile of smashed wood was a superb vantage point. Nobody was going to miss out on the event because of some trivial incidents like a collapsed balcony and a barely averted stampede.

Charles Rowell eventually won the third Astley Belt race and the coveted prize went back to England. O'Leary retired from competitive walking and founded a new series of races called the O'Leary Belt races. He commissioned the famous jeweler, Tiffany and Company, to make an even more fabulous belt. The O'Leary Belt competitions were popular, but didn't quite capture the same amount of rabid enthusiasm as previous races. Maybe that was a good thing.

An increasing number of people

were horrified by the events surrounding the last Astley Belt race. Preachers and journalists began to decry the suffering of the competitors. Shortly after the third Astley Belt Race, Reverend Dr. John Philip Newman spoke out against the contest. In a sermon entitled "The Brutal Contest" he thundered that "Law has been held in contempt, decency at a discount, and human life not worth a thought."

Later that year, a pedestrian named Peter Van Ness tried to walk more than two thousand half-miles in two thousand consecutive half-hours. At a little over his 1,700th half-mile he went berserk. Van Ness grabbed a revolver from his tent and shot his trainer in the arm. Gibbering insanely, he emptied the revolver into the crowd. It was a miracle that nobody was hurt. After a dose of opiates and "hot drops" he was sent back to the track. I'm sure Van Ness would have preferred to be incarcerated.

The O'Leary belt competitions kept American pedestrianism going for a bit longer, but by the mid-1880s, attendance at these competitions began to taper off considerably. There were other spectator sports to observe, such as bicycle races. A lot of people agreed with a New York Times editorial that compared walking contests and exhibi-

tions to medieval torture. Soon baseball became the new craze in America. It was certainly more wholesome than watching a sport that anticipated the zombie apocalypse movies of our own time.

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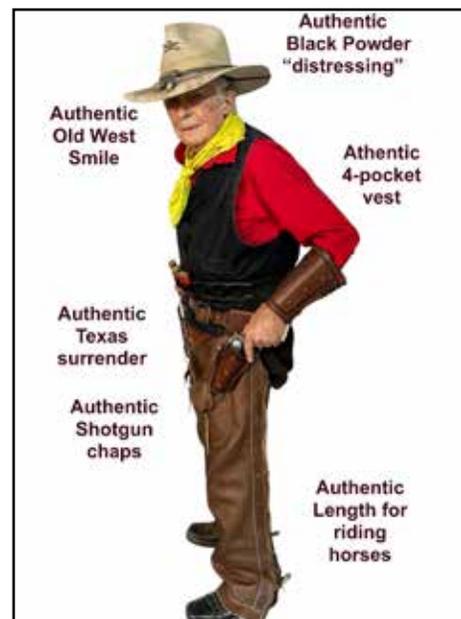
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"Must choose at least five of the requirements listed below, and all clothing items must be worn appropriately during all shooting events and awards



THE "DROPPED" CLASSIC HOLSTER IS ON THE LEFT. THE "HIGH RISE" STANDARD HP HOLSTER IS ON THE RIGHT. THE RUGERS WERE ENGRAVED BY JIM DOWNING, "THE GUN ENGRAVER." THE GRIPS ARE BY EAGLE GRIPS, KIRINITE® PRESENTATION WHITE EXTENDED GUNFIGHTER GRIPS WITH REACTIV CHECKERING. THE STARE IS NATIVE TEXIAN.

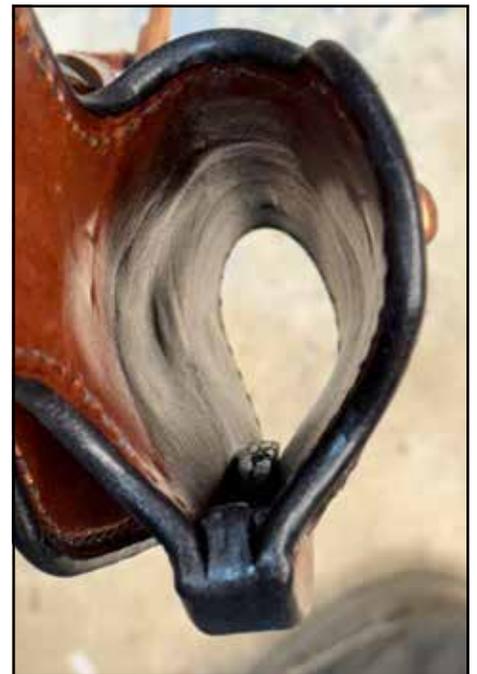


THIS WAS TAKEN AT THE END OF A MATCH. IT INDICATES HOW IT WAS WORN. THE RIGHT HOLSTER HAS SLID FORWARD A FRACTION OF AN INCH. I ALWAYS CINCH IT DOWN OVER THE FULL HEIGHT OF LEATHER. NOTE THE ANGLES OF THE GUNS. THEY STAND AWAY FROM THE SHOOTER, MAKING HOLSTERING AND RETURNING THE GUN EASIER.

ceremonies. Chaps/chinks, western spurs with rowels and spur straps, cuffs, tie or scarf worn loosely around the neck or with scarf slide, vest, pocket watch with full length chain, jacket, sleeve garters, knife (screw knives do NOT qualify), botas, leggings, or braces.

"No Buscadero or drop holster rigs allowed... Boots are required and must be of traditional design with non-grip enhancing (*i.e.*, NO "Lug") soles. No straw or palm hats allowed."

I am skipping the ladies' items because, being a man, I know nothing about women's holsters... or women.



LOOKING DOWN THE MOUTH OF THE HOLSTER SHOWS HOW EASY A TARGET IT IS.

## TO SUMMARIZE THE FIREARMS RESTRICTIONS

The rifles and revolvers must be .40 caliber or larger rimmed cartridges. The rifles must be 1873 or earlier (replicas). The shotguns must be hammer-doubles or 1887 lever guns.

You say, "Wait a minute! 1873 rifles but 1887 lever shotguns?" Well, Classic

was the “Anti-B-Western” so it called for 1873 and earlier rifles to keep out the (at the time) dominant Marlins and promote the ’60-’66-’73s. Then the short strokes made ’66-’73s dominant. The Marlin ’94 and Winchester ’92 clones have a home in B. The hammer double was to promote hammer doubles, and the 1887 lever shotgun was finding a place for it. So everyone was taken care of, more or less.

And duelist or double-duelist was to promote the most common shooting stance in the old west.

### SOME NOTES FOR NEWCOMERS

Read all of the instructions for sizing on the Mernickle website. The biggest problem holster makers have is people ordering rigs too small. There are videos, too. If in doubt and you order it too big, it’s easy to cut it down, but impossible to cut it up.

You will note the belt is on a middle hole with pants and no vest. With those it’s on the last hole. If you wear chaps, measure while wearing chaps, shirts, vest, long johns, etc. if you want your holsters



THE BANDOLIER WORN LEFT-HANDED. IT IS AMBIDEXTROUS. TWELVE SHELLS ON TOP WHEN FULLY LOADED, TWO ON THE BOTTOM, AND SIX RIFLE ROUNDS. ALL SECURED WITH MILITARY GRADE ELASTIC.

near the legal limit close together, buckle in back. I can’t stand the buckle in the back so I put up with the holsters as close as I can put them on the full thickness of leather. If you go past that the holster won’t be stable.

### CHOICE OF SHOTGUN BELTS

The full rig comes with either a standard belt or a bandolier. The shotgun belt has no special regulations.

### THE BANDOLIER OPTION

The bandolier solves a problem that kept bandoliers out even if you were dressed as Pancho Villa — “Bandoliers must be loose and not secured in any way. So if you pull on the shell, the bandolier comes along, making two hands necessary. In the January 2012 *Cowboy Chronicle* I reviewed a bandolier by Tombstone Leather that worked. You grabbed the rounds and rolled them out. The same idea is used now, but with military grade nylon elastic, which works even better. Grab the shells like you usually would, one or two (or four if you’re a retired NBA player). I have no trouble loading two without leav-

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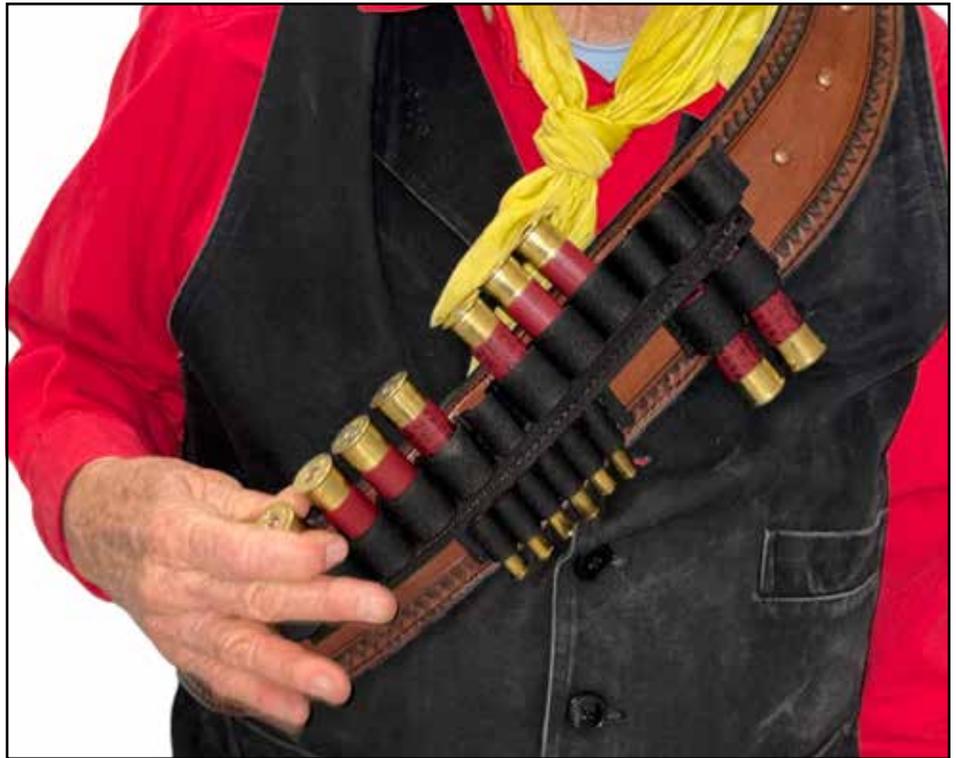
MORE SHELL LOOPS ON THE BACK, 14, FOR BALANCE OR FOR EXTRA WEIGHT IF YOU ARE TOO LIGHT FOR HIGH WINDS. OR IF YOU HAVE A 30 ROUND SHOTGUN STAGE, YOU WILL HAVE ENOUGH AMMUNITION. I HOPE YOU HAVE LOW RECOIL SHELLS.

ing a space between each pair. Have your fingers where they would be in loading. I grab from the side and roll them in, but listen to guys who shoot 15 second stages, not me. It's not much different from grabbing them from your belt, except they are closer to the shotgun on your shoulder, and distance is time. Rifle rounds are in easy reach on the bottom. The same rules apply. Yes, you must practice young Skywalker (or, if you're old enough, Grasshopper.)

The belt is fairly comfortable on the shoulder and doesn't move around as much as some belts I've seen. Many SASS shooters have the choice of putting the belt above the belly, making it iffy with the navel rule. Shotgun rounds must be even with or below the navel. I have seen that interpreted by people who taught me to be an RO instructor as the bottom edge of the hull must be at or below navel height. But then the RO who tried to determine where a lady's navel was



TWO LONG GUN BUTT COVERS COME IN THE KIT. EASY TO LACE UP IF YOU'VE DONE A FEW. I'LL NOTE IT'S COMFORTABLE FOR A RIGHT-HANDER, BUT THEY WILL MAKE LEFT-HANDED ONES.



ROLL THE SHELLS FORWARD THEN ROLL THEM INTO THE SHOTGUN. NOTHING TO IT.



THE CUFFS ARE WELL-DESIGNED AND WELL MADE, EASY ON AND OFF VIA SNAPS IN THE FRONT AND LACING IN THE BACK.

couldn't walk for days. This rule doesn't apply to bandoliers. I lost 25 pounds due to an accident on Juneteenth 2024. (Texicans understand Juneteenth) so my belly is smaller than my ribcage and the belt slips down until something stops it, as shown in the photos. No such problem with the Bandolier. Since I have a bandolier, I'll try it out this summer. So far I've had no fumbles getting the rounds. I just have to remember I have the bandolier.

## CUFFS

Cuffs are worn by most Classic shooters. These are very nice, coming in small, medium, and large. They are well-designed with snaps to open the front so they go over your wrist and lacing so they can be tight on Casper Milquetoast and the incredible Hulk.

Talk to the people at Mernickle Holsters and get recommendations on the size.

## CONCLUSION

There are reasons you see a lot of Mernickle rigs. They are high-quality Herman Oak Leather, accurately cut out by a very expensive computer, and finished and stitched by experts. Service after the sale is superb. And they work very well in SASS competition. These should be popular with Classic shooters and some not-so-classic.

A few of the items of the complete package did not arrive by the publishing deadline (including a boot knife and sheath). I will have photographs in the next *Cowboy Chronicle*.

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## THE HENRY RIFLE BY WAY OF TRANSITION OR JUST HENRY-T

BY COLONEL MONTANA KID HAMMER,  
SASS #6476 PATRON/REGULATOR

**T**o be or not to be, that is the question with the Henry-Transitional rifle. Is it an historical 19th-century firearm or a 21st-century marketing creation? Also, how does this lever rifle stack up against the venerable Henry forerunner? In researching this rifle, there appears to be little information, past or present. However, it's no less enjoyable to shoot than its predecessor, the 1860 Henry repeating rifle.

In 2019, a friend asked me if I'd like to buy what he called an 1865 Henry-Transitional lever rifle. Being a tall fan of this type of repeater, I did not hesitate and after shooting two magazine loads, or 26 rounds of .44 WCF/.44-40 without incident, I purchased it on the spot. The Henry-T is addressed like the 1860 Henry; it has a similar bar-



rel-magazine system yet is charged like the Model 1866 Improved Winchester via a hinged-mounted door-to-open on the rifle frame's right side. My rifle was manufactured by Uberti in 2004 and imported by Taylor's and Co. according

to Taylor's records.

Returning home with my latest acquisition and having never recalled this firearm in modernity or antiquity, I decided to see how this new purchase fit into the Henry rifle family. Being an

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amateur experiential archeologist, I decided to discover more about its origin, who operated it, and how it was utilized in the 19th century. The markings on this rifle are Henry's Patent Oct 16, 1860, Manufact'd by Uberti Gardone V.T. Italy Cal. 44-40 on the top flat of the blued rifle barrel. The barrel's left side is stamped Taylor's & Co. Winchester VA. On the lower tang are the markings CAT 1559 and several tiny proof markings, A. Uberti – Italy, and the serial number W18XXX. The furniture is a very fine lacquered walnut.

While researching this reproduction firearm, I started in my home library with books like *America's Premier Gunmaker: Winchester* by K.D. Kirkland, copyright 2014 World Publications Group, Inc., and in doing additional inquiry to discover the true origin of the Transitional-Henry, Kirkland's book, on page 75, shares that during 1865-1866, various manners of magazine-charging systems were being developed, which led to the eventual First Model Winchester rifle in 1866. The book *Winchester: An American Legend* by R.L. Wilson, copyright 1991, Random House Inc., New York, mentions a transitional version but no military or civilian production of this rifle.

In my copy of *Shoot!* magazine, Jan/Feb of 2007, on pages 44 to 46, an article validates that the Transitional was an exemplar for the later development of the Improved Henry or the First Model Winchester Rifle of 1866 by Oliver Fisher Winchester's Winchester Repeating Arms Company, which then confirms what was published in the Kirkland book. So, the 1865 Henry Transitional was a non-production developmental link between

the original 1860 Henry and the later Yellow Boy rifle.

Taylor's & Co. sells a wooden forearm, making this rifle more user-friendly if you're an avid operator of later Winchester rifles. Presently, Taylor's has the Transitional Checkered Walnut Sliding Forend, Part #68, which you can purchase. (PAR/U2100068, for \$141.12 plus shipping, minus five percent with proof of military service discount [DD-214/Dept of VA ID, etc., was my experience]). Please note that this forearm only fits a Uberti Henry-Transitional. All one must do to install the forearm is slide it over the magazine portion and down to the frame portion of the firearm. Also, the Henry-T follower doesn't have a brass/steel follower tab like the original Henry.

Because of the bottle-neck-designed .44 WCF cases, I know black powder carbon fouling in my Henry-T won't be an issue and my cartridge carrier won't bind up from fouling as my .45 Colt-chambered Henry rifle does. I enjoy competing in SASS black powder cartridge categories, pairing my Henry-T with a brace of Pietta 1862 .44 caliber Dance revolvers (See my July 2024 SASS *Cowboy Chronicle* article, "Let's Dance..." page 38.) and my Cimarron Firearms Co., Winchester Model 1887 12-gauge shotgun, while sporting one of my many Texas Ranger costumes. I also shoot smokeless cartridges in my two Henry-style rifles successfully.

The Henry-T is my second-choice M-4 of the American Civil War — 2.0 (See my July 2023 SASS *Cowboy Chronicle* article, *The Henry Rides Again: The Venerable 1860 Henry Repeating Lever Rifle* page 32.). The Henry-T may be sling-fitted like the military Henry version, as well. My Henry-T is as functional as my 1860 Henry — easy to address, balances well, needs no Henry-Hop, and the magazine is charged much like the '66. The sights are simple to acquire, the frame is steady to hold with or without a sling while very speedy to shoot. It's a true SASS-CAS competitor's dream machine. Like the 1860 Henry, I hope this swift-running, sure-shot, not-so-history-filled lever rifle makes a rapid-fire return/debut to SASS-CAS. I bid you to give this rare rifle a try when and if you can locate one. Then enjoy it. Oh, and a favor, please? I would truly appreciate hearing from other SASS Henry-T owners if you would be so kind. So, happy SASS shooting to you all!

**Author's note to readers:** *If you're interested in learning more about the Henry-T or other topic-related information, contact me at [www.montanakidhammer@yahoo.com](mailto:www.montanakidhammer@yahoo.com) or 907-978-2296. I'm in Fairbanks, Alaska (Alaska Standard/Daylight Saving Time). Thanks! — CMKH*

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 EL PATRON (80+)  LA PATRONA (80+)  EL RAY (85+)  LA REINA (85+)

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BOOK  
REVIEW

THE HIGH PRICE OF  
JUSTICE  
BY DAVID L NICHOLS

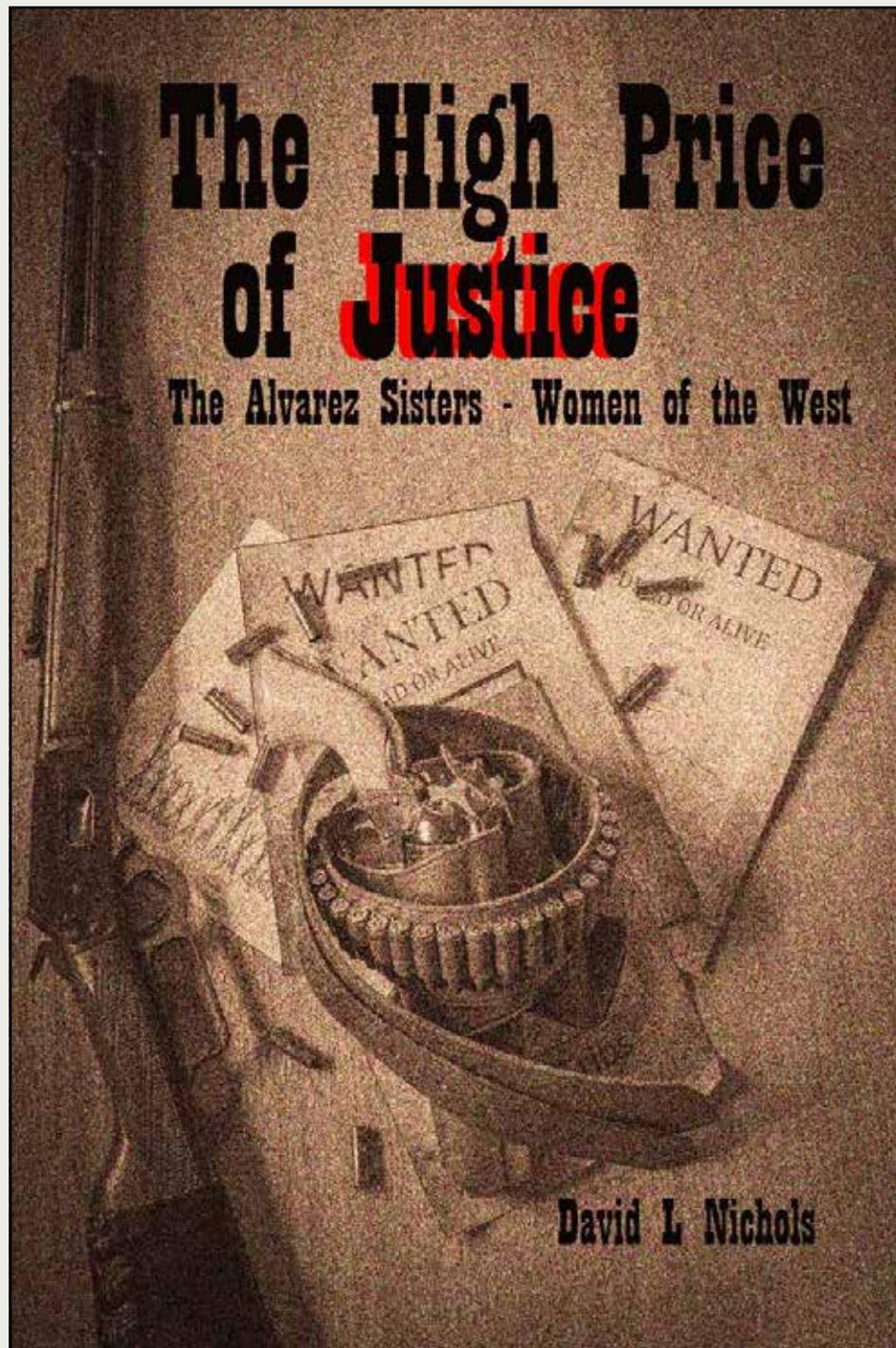
REVIEWED BY L. CHICK

**M**y favorite Western film is *Shane* with Alan Ladd, followed closely by *The Magnificent Seven*, the Jeff Bridges version of *True Grit*, and *Tombstone*. The reason I hold these films in such high regard is they transcend the genre because they are all story and character-driven. I just finished reading a Western novel that also rises above the genre. *The High Price of Justice* by David L. Nichols draws you into the lives of the Alvarez sisters as they track down hired killers who massacred their parents and everyone on the family ranch in an 1890s range war.

If you shoot a bullet through *The High Price of Justice*, the characters, both good and evil, bleed. Even minor characters are well-rounded and believable. Nichols accomplishes this in a number of ways, but it's the realistic dialogue and excellent descriptions that paints a vivid portrait. It's very clear he is familiar with the Western United States, actually shoots firearms of the period, and has ridden horses other than the ponies at the kiddie park.

The novel consists of stand-alone chapters or episodes and as each story unfolds, we learn more about the sisters as they track down characters like One-Eye Smitty and Short Bob. It's the compelling storyline of each episode that leads the reader along. These aren't the simple "Go fer your shooting iron" chapters of a B-Western but episodes full of humor, drama, pathos, AND plenty of action.

In the second episode or chapter, the sisters rescue and befriend an older woman who had been evicted from her home. The woman, Lottie Dupree, provides many of the surprises and twists as the novel unfolds.



Lottie, an ex-prostitute from Rosa's Cantina in El Paso, provides an excellent foil for the sisters' early life of wealth and privilege—and yes, that is probably the same Rosa's Cantina from Marty Robbins' *Gunfighter Ballads*.

One of the many things I found so engaging about this novel is the scene-setting descriptions sandwiched between gunfights and action. Here is a small gem from Episode 3, "Horses and Revenge in Santa Clara":

*It was late, and the light from the*

*full moon shone through the open door and two windows of the small one-room cabin. It was an easy silver light that painted the edges of the shadows in the room. In the distance, several coyotes sang at the moon. The chilly night air added a sad and lonely note to their chorus.*

And this from Episode 4, "A Different Kind of Job":

An early frost had turned the leaves of the Aspen trees in the mountains surrounding Magdalena to gold. The mountains looked as if an enor-

mous miner had spilled his bag of gold dust, sprinkling the gold on the side of the mountain and having it flow into and down the canyons and ravines.

Also, Nichols is a master of lively dialogue and has nailed the vernacular of the Old West, like this exchange in Episode 5, "The Hunt Moves West of the Rockies":

*The busy bartender set two mugs on the bar and turned to the trio.*

*"We don't serve women at the ba...I'll be damned. If it ain't Lottie Dupree lookin' like a big sparklin' diamond."*

*"Billy Johnston? It can't be. How is it that somebody ain't shot your ornery ass?"*

*"They try Lottie, but they keep missin'. Lottie, you look purttier than you did way back when, and richer, too. If you got money, marry me, an' I'll make a' honest woman outta ya' an' happy too."*

*"You couldn't make an honest woman outta of a nun, much less make me a happy woman."*

It is this level of writing that separates *The High Price of Justice* from run-of-the-mill Westerns and makes for a fun ride as the tale unfolds. The good news is this is a fast read, a lazy Sunday afternoon, or a late-ish evening. The bad news is this is a fast read, and you don't want it to end.

This is five stars out of five stars and ten stars out of ten stars. Do yourself a favor and read *The High Price of Justice*, and then tell a friend about it. They will thank you for the tip.

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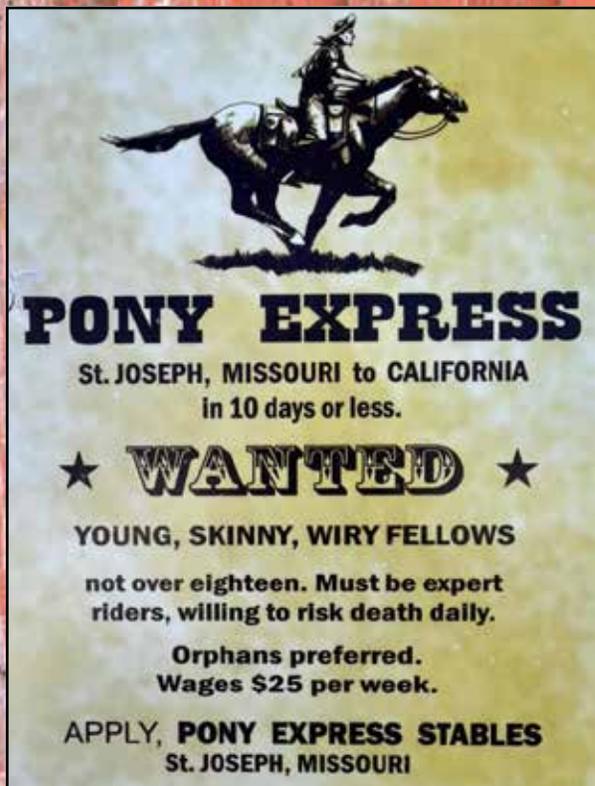


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# POETRY



## ORPHANS PREFERRED!

By B.T. Blade, SASS #35685 *Life Regulator*

The wind was blowin' through that "Tumbleweed  
Town"

As I searched the back-alley for scraps.  
My thread-bare clothes didn't do me much good  
What I'd give for some warmth and a nap!

I found a hard bench out in front of the jail  
Tried to settle in best as could be.  
Then I noticed that poster nailed up on the wall  
It said "Orphans Preferred"... and that's me!

I lost my whole family on the trail headin' west  
Due to Paiutes and fatal disease.  
The Lord had me survive... it'll haunt me forever  
My broken heart always will grieve.

Then a family that gave up, decided to take me  
Back east to return to St. Jo.  
While they treated me kindly, it wasn't the same  
At 16 I went out on my own.

I looked back at that poster and drifted away  
To a land with sunshine and blue skies.  
I had plenty of time to master some skills  
I could shoot, I could track, rope and ride!

So I saw them next mornin' — they checked out  
my ridin'

Signed me up and then showed me the route.  
A week's wages they gave me, I packed my Colt  
Navy

And the money... I put in my boot.

As a new day arrived, I set out at first light  
And rode through the cold, wind and rain.  
Twenty hours I managed to stay in the saddle  
Changing mounts several times on the way.

The Indians, outlaws and rivers were there  
Any one could have ended my life.  
But my sure-footed ponies were strong and real  
fast

And they helped me hold on day and night.

So I'll give it my best and will keep headin' west  
'Til the end of my trail is in sight.  
I'll finish the journey my family began  
In their honor... I'll start a new life.

*December, 2024  
(Copyright B.T. Blade)*

**FICTION**

**Bertha Builds  
A Bordello  
In Boomtown**



**A dime store novel  
By  
Shotglass**

## **Acknowledgements**

For some reason I have always dreamed of being a writer, I've now written a book and I think this has cured me.

To my parents **Bill & Corky**, who have always pushed me in the right direction and been there to pick me up when I've traveled the wrong path. You have always been the wind beneath my wings.

**Angela, Kim and Nick**, my wonderful children, anything can happen if you put your mind to it. You're all doing it now.

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The Carolina Belles, **Fannie Kikinshoot and Tornado Alli**, thank you for letting me use you as guides for some of my girls and helping me with the cover picture.

**Pretty Mean Shawme and Catawba Kate**, thank you also, for jumping in to make the picture a success and being so patient and kind to Scott.

**Susan Laws aka Aimless Annie** thanks for helping me with articles in the past and the encouragement that you offered. (I might be able to blame this on you.)

**Artie and Sadie of Major Photography**, the pictures in this book would never have happened if not for you. Thank you for the wonderful work you do and making us look so good.

**Anne**, the best boss in the world thanks for everything.

And last, but not least, my darling husband **Scott (Texas Jack Daniels)**, the love of my life. You have always believed in me when I didn't and have always pushed when I tried to give up. Your love and support is the most precious gift I have ever received and I'm so blessed to be able to call you my life partner. Enjoy the book; the movie is up to you.

**I LOVE YOU DEARLY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

## CHAPTER 1

### A New Beginning

Upon arriving in Boomtown, Bertha thought that building a new business in this town might have been one of the dumbest decisions she had ever made. Though there were plenty of cowpokes, miners and various other gents in this town, the place itself looked like one large mud bath.

“Bertha you really don’t think we are gonna step off this wagon into this hell hole do you?” Lizzie cried from the back, with a chorus of voices chiming in.

“Oh get over yourselves.” Bertha said “It’s raining and dark and surely it’s gonna look better in the morning. Now hike up those skirts and drag your pretty behinds into the house.”

Lord Bertha thought, “not only is this place a hell hole I gotta deal with a bunch of non-working girls. Lord, give me strength.”

The morning brought sunshine and a beautiful spring breeze as Bertha awoke. She told herself this would be a better day. She washed and dressed herself in her finest and headed to the kitchen for some breakfast to get started on her busy day.

“Good morning Della, is the coffee ready?”

“Lawd Ms Bertha how long has I been with you, you knows I gets your coffee readies long before you is even thinkin’ about gettin’ outta that bed.”

“I know Della, it’s just been a long journey and I really need something stiff to get me going.”

“Ms Bertha ifn you’d get this house up and running you might get something better then my coffee.”

As usual Della made her laugh and once again made good sense. With her eyes wide open Della stepped out the front door into what she hoped would be the town that would bring her the fortunes that she had been longing for. “First things first,” Bertha thought “Better get over to the bank and get an account going. Safer in their safe than in mine.”

“Good morning Mr. Daniels, I trust that as the only banker in town that you will be more then willing to open an account for me personally and for my business.”

“Good morning to you, Ms Babe. Why of course our fine bank will be glad to have you.”

Yet Mr. Daniels is thinking what he’d really like to have is Ms. Bertha. Lord he thought I hope I’m not making a fool out of myself staring at her. I’ve got to remember this is business and got to find out what kind of business Ms Bertha has in town.

“Mr. Daniels I will be depositing a rather large amount and trust that this bank is safe?”

“Please call me Jack, and yes it’s safe we have the newest safes made, no one has even tried to rob us and if they did they’d never get it open.”

“Well Jack (as she bats her eyelashes at him and blushes a little) then let’s get to the paper work, she says in a slow southern drawl and please call me Bertha.”

Once all the work was done and as Ms Bertha rose to leave Jack finally asked, “what type of business are you opening”?

“Well, Jack (blushing a little again), it’s a pleasure business.”

“Pleasure business” he says,

“Well yes” she answers, “I’ve got 5 of the prettiest southern girls that the good lord ever put on this earth.... Does that answer your question?” she says in a slow sexy voice

“Well yes” he replies, “so does that mean you have bought the old Thomas home?”

The Thomas home located on the edge of town once belonged to Patron Thomas one of Boomtown's best madams.

“Oh no, that is way too small for me and my girls. I bought the old O’Hara plantation, only the best for me and my busty babes.”

Jack's mind goes to thinking, that place went for a bit of money, so she must know what she is doing or real good at what she does. He bids her good day, sits down and thinks if her girls are built like her, I’m about to spend a lot of money.



## **CHAPTER 2**

### **Getting Started**

As Bertha leaves the bank she can feel the eyes on her back, she dares not turn around, she knows it’s the town ladies and she’s used to them. She’s headed over to the train depot to see if her furnishings have arrived and just doesn’t have time for them today. While walking the streets, she notices that the town does look better in the light of day. It could use a little fixing up. But, I guess that as long as everyone is out panning for gold, not much is gonna happen.

Thump, “oh I’m so sorry,” not keeping her mind on where she is headed she bumps right into the sheriff, lucky me she thinks.

“Howdy ma’am.”

“Good day Sheriff,” Bertha replies. “I do believe that you are new in town, I’m Sheriff Pat Pine.”

“What a pleasure Sheriff, I’m Bertha Babe,” as she offers him her hand, “I was going to stop by and pay you a visit once I left the train depot.”

“Well Ms Babe, I like to walk the streets first thing in the morning, just to check on the town, and I saw you across the way.”

“Sheriff please call me Bertha, and it’s so nice to know that I can still turn a gentlemen’s head, batting her eyelashes at him.”

“Why Ms Babe, I mean Bertha, you are a lovely lady and I bet you turn many a head” the sheriff replies.

Bertha just blushes and smiles.

So the sheriff asks, “what brings you to Boomtown”.

Bertha knew this was coming; you just can't sneak into a town with a bevy of beauties.

"Sheriff I've bought the O'Hara Plantation, and plan to open a top of the line pleasure place."

"I see" says the sheriff, "and I'm sure you have procured all the correct paperwork?"

"Why of course," she replied, "that's why I was coming to see you."

"Well," Sheriff Pat says, "I'll need to see that before you open your doors. I am a firm believer in law and order and I'm not gonna let all that gold corrupt my town."

"Oh, Sheriff that is wonderful news, I was a little worried at first about Boomtown. But it seems you have everything under control. Please let me get my furnishings loaded and delivered to my home and I'll be right over."

Sheriff Pat nods and Bertha heads to the depot.

As they go their separate ways, both minds are smoking with thoughts.

"I sure hope that she ain't gonna drive these miners to war over those girls, much less get them fighting mad for taking all their money," Sheriff Pat thinks, "I'm gonna have to keep my eye on Ms. Bertha Babe."

"Lord help me," Bertha thought, "a goody two shoes for a Sheriff, guess I'm just gonna have to find a girl to

keep him happy, now I wonder which one he's gonna like.. I do think that Savanna with her softness and innocence might be just what the Sheriff needs. Of course if he's a married man, it'll be hard to get him to pay us a social visit. Guess I need to start finding out about the important men in this town, Della seems to be pretty good at getting all the local gossip and I'm sure we are gonna need supplies once the house is in order."

As she heads to the depot, Bertha starts making a list in her head about things that need to be done. She's hoping that her fortune will be made in Boomtown and that she can finally retire. "Lord, give me strength....."



## **CHAPTER 3**

### **Getting ready for Business**

"Well I'm glad to see you ladies have finally decided to haul your pretty rears out of bed," Bertha says to her Babes.

“Damn Bertha we traveled for days in that wagon, a good night’s sleep is something we all needed,” replies Alli.

“Yea well you better get it now, because as soon as this house is set up we are gonna start taking some of these men’s money. If I’d had a buggy with me I could have brought back at least 5 of them, they were staring holes in me and foaming at the mouth. I guess Ms Patron left them high and dry, and they are sure looking for some female company. The hands are just about through unloading the wagon and once that is done we need to get to work setting up our home.”

“Oh Lawd Ms Bertha,” Della says, “give the poor girls a break, you knows they need a good meal and bath before they go to working. And I’s got to clean this here kitchen before I kin tell them wheres to put things.”

“Della, you are a godsend, but these girls are taking too much time and time not working is money wasted. Now I’m still paying you ladies even though you haven’t really been working, so get off you pretty behinds and let’s get this house ready for business.”

“That damn women has more money than the union and all she is worried about is making more,” Savanna comments. “I just wish we could catch up on our sleep so that we look pretty for the fellows.”

“Oh Savanna, if you had your way you’d stay in bed all day reading a book and never turn a trick.

“Fannie, you are just jealous because I can read, you stand in front of a mirror all day thinking you are Juliet, where the hell is Romeo???”

“All right girls that’s enough, you can sit here all day and insult each other, but the work needs to get done,” Lilly says, “I don’t know about the rest of you, but even though Bertha is paying us, it’s not the same amount we would make if we had company, so let’s get started.”

Lilly, the mother figure of the bunch seems to always intercede and gets the rest of the girls back on track. She works hard and is Bertha's right hand, no one but Bertha knows that Lilly has a child back home and sends most everything she makes to her. Lilly and Bertha have been friends for years and each depends on the other. Lilly knows that Bertha is hoping to retire once Boomtown reaches its peak and Lilly will be right behind her.

The workmen unloading the wagon finally get a glimpse of the girls and just about drop everything in hand.

“Lord Cookie did you get a load of that red head?”

“Yea,” Cookie said “but I sure like that blonde better, and damn she got the biggest bosom I ever did see. Wonder what she’s gonna cost, Seth?”

“UHMM fellows, get your minds outta my girls pants and get back to unloading,” Ms. Bertha says. “The quicker this house is set up the quicker you



can come by and pay my girls a visit. Now let's get this house open" Bertha hollers to all within ear shot.

"Lord save me, this is gonna be a long day," Bertha sighs to herself.

## **CHAPTER 4**

### **The Busty Babes**

"Well Bertha, looks like the house is set up and ready for business," Alli says as she puts the finishing touches on her lovely room.

"Yes, Alli I'm quite happy with the progress we've made. I've sent Della to the market to get supplies and get the low down on the men in this town. I'll deal with the women at a later date..... Alli, would you please get all the girls together in the sitting room for a meeting?" Bertha asked.

"Sure Bertha give me a few minutes and we'll be there."

Bertha has been working with the girls for a few years and knows each of them really well. She hand picked many of them and made sure they were ladies first, clean, had some knowledge and would be first class all the way. She'd had her troubles with each of them, but nothing more then what she expected daughters would cause, had she had any.

It always carries her back to the day she met each of them...

"Oh **Lilly**, what would I do without you, you have been such a dear friend to me. You've kept me from giving up when times were hard and kept me grounded when my head got too big," Bertha thought.

Lilly was her dearest friend and just like a sister. She and Lilly met years ago in a town called Gunsmoke, both were just getting started in the business and decided that it might be best to team up so as not to get hurt or taken advantage of.

Lilly with her long blonde wavy hair was still a beauty even with some years on her. Though she was not one of the bustier babes, she was the best of the bunch. She mothered the girls and helped to keep them grounded. Bertha had hoped that they would never have to part again.

The only time they had been apart was a few years ago when Lilly left to have her child. It was a long year for both of them. Lilly knew she'd never make enough money to support Danielle so she made the decision to leave the child with family and join back up with Bertha. Bertha would make sure that Lilly and Danielle would always be taken care of.

**Fannie**, what a firecracker!! Fannie left home headed to the big city of San Francisco to become the world's greatest actress, but she found when she got there that she'd be better off acting in bed with gentlemen. She could convince anyone of anything; her acting did come in handy when they were in a tight spot. She'd found Fannie crying in a train station, her money had run out and Fannie did not want to go home and admit she had failed. Bertha noticed her beauty first and offered her a way to use her skills to make great money. With just a little training Fannie was one of her best money makers.

**Lizzie**, when that red head flew off the handle, it took a stout rope to rein her back in. Bertha had gotten herself into a little trouble in Ca. and landed in the local jail. Next to her sat Lizzie, ready to bite the bars in half to get out.

Seems Lizzie had knocked the local sheriff upside the head for making a smart comment to her. Lizzie had no family and had to take care of herself most her life and took nothing off anyone. With her pale smooth skin and flaming red hair she was a beauty, all she needed was someone to get her out of those range clothes and into a dress. After a few days they formed a bond and Bertha knew that Lizzie would be an asset to her house. If only she could keep her from knocking the callers around.

**Alli** with her black raven hair and long legs could cause a man to fall off his horse turning to look at her and she did that many a time. Alli had been working in a café in Deadwood when Bertha had stopped in for lunch, she noticed Alli right away, because she made her head turn.

“Damn” Bertha thought “if I was into girls, I’d chase her across the country.”

Bertha struck up a conversation with her and found out that Alli had been married to a mean controlling man that expected way too much of her. Alli just couldn’t live up to his expectations and demands, so she’d left home in the middle of the night and Deadwood was where she had landed. Bertha knew she needed this girl and spent about a week in town till she convinced Alli that the life she had to offer was better than slinging hash.

**Savanna**, what a sweet charming child. Not that she was really a child; she just had the childlike qualities. When Savanna smiled at you, you saw pure innocence, but underneath, she was one smart cookie. Savanna had come west with her folks to teach school, But an Indian raid left her with a brother and sister to raise and she just wasn’t ready for that. She got the kids to her aunts in Fresno and took off to fulfill her dream of teaching. Not having been out in the world alone Savanna found hell and heartache until she met Bertha. Bertha took her in only as a housekeeper/teacher, but it wasn’t long before the callers were asking for her. Savanna found the money was much better than teaching a bunch of babes and before long she was hooked.

As Bertha sat sipping her tea waiting for the girls to arrive, she knew that she had the best of the best. She hoped that when the day came for her to retire that they would each take care of the other. After all, they were family.

“Bertha, Bertha?” Lilly asks, “are you OK?”

“Sorry ladies I was deep in thought. Please sit down and let’s go over some important rules. Not that you don’t know them, but a new town means new rules.”

“First off the sheriff is a..... “

## **CHAPTER 5**

### **Let the Party Begin**

The hustle and bustle around the house was evident that opening night was finally upon them.

“Della,” Bertha shouted, “is the food ready?”

“Lawd Ms Bertha calm down, we has done this more than once, I’s knows what I’m a doing. Hows about you goes and make yourself a drink and calm down.”

Bertha was a bundle of nerves, no matter how many times she'd opened a house she always wanted it to be the best. She'd made it a point to invite every decent man in town, including the sheriff for the grand opening. Once this night was over, they'd be open for business to any man with money and willing to take a bath. After all, they were not crib girls.

"All right girls, it's about time for our guests to start arriving, please assemble in the sitting room, and down the stairs they came."

Lord that was a beautiful group of women, and they sure made Bertha proud.

"Well, how does my new dress look?" Savanna asked Bertha.

"Savanna, you could run around in your undies and be stunning."

As the ladies assembled in the room, Bertha thanked them all and told them how proud she was of them.

"Once again, you ladies have outdone yourselves; you are a joy to be around and a delight to work with. Just sit tight, I'm sure that bell will be ringing anytime now"

No sooner had she spoken those words, a gentlemen caller had arrived. Bertha headed to the door, it was her policy that she would be the first one to greet all callers so the girls would look inviting when they walked in. She was quite surprised to see the Sheriff standing there.

"Hello Bertha I got you invitation in the mail, not that I'm here for pleasure, just wanted to make sure that there was no trouble."

"Yea, I bet," thought Bertha. "He can tell himself that but I know better." "Why Sheriff do come in, you're the first to arrive."

She showed the sheriff to the sitting room and thought she was gonna have to pick his jaw up off the floor, "Has this man never seen women before," she thought! With a little push she got him into the room.

"Sheriff please sit and let these lovely ladies know what you would like to drink. Savanna please fix the kind sheriff a plate of Della's fine cooking."

"Thank you kindly ma'am but I don't drink, so if you got some coffee I'd be much obliged."

Bertha knew that this was going to be a tough cookie to crack.

"Della, please bring the sheriff some coffee"

Savanna sashayed up to the sheriff with a plate of food.

"Here you go Sheriff, Della is a great cook, we have to work extra hard not to plump right up. Would you mind if I sat down with you?"

"Hell" he thought, "I hope I don't drop this plate in my lap, she's so pretty she's got my hands shaking"

"Yes please do" he replied.

"Here Sheriff let me put your napkin in your shirt for you."

That was all it took, Sheriff Pat was head over heels with Savanna.

"Look at her working her magic on the Sheriff," Lilly said to Fannie, "ah to look that young again, she can work it."

"Yea" Fannie laughed, "if I'd known at her age what I know now, I might be ready to retire."

“Well Fannie, we all will one day, you just have to decide how much money it’ll take. Come on I’ll buy you a drink.”

“Della I’m getting worried,” Bertha moaned, “the invitation said 7:00 and here it is 7:30, do you think we’ve made a mistake?”

“I told ya you should have talked to Ms Patron before setting up shop here, there had to be a reason she left. Maybe tomorrow night when we’s open to the town things will look better.”

“Oh Della, I hope I wasn’t wrong about Boomtown,”

Just then the door bell rang again.

“Wants me to get that Ms Bertha?” Della asked.

“No Della, it’s my job and I’ll tend to it, you just keep that food warm and hope that we use it all.”

As a steady stream of men arrived Bertha's fears were slowly starting to fade. The house was full of music and laughter, the girls were working their charms on the callers and Bertha was happy. The bell rang again and upon answering the door Bertha was surprised to see Mr. Jack Daniels and a strange gentleman with him.

“Good evening Jack,” as Bertha offered her hand,

“Good evening Bertha. May I introduce the honorable Judge Roy Bean?”

“Why Judge it is indeed a pleasure, do come in.”

“Ms. Bertha it’s my pleasure to meet you. Seems you have brought some class to our small town, may I congratulate you on a lovely home.”

“Oh Judge, you do make me blush, thank you. Lilly get the Judge a drink if you would and make him feel welcomed. Jack as you can see there are a variety of ladies here; do any of them pleasure your fancy?”

“Well Bertha, I must say that they all are lovely, but I think for now I’ll just sit back and enjoy the party.”

“Please do Jack and let me know if you need anything.”

Jack thought, “Yea I need something, but it’s you I want.”

With Savanna filling the sheriffs time, Lilly keeping the Judge busy with conversation, Fannie and Alli keeping a couple of the cattle barons busy on the dance floor and Lizzie playing a game of Faro, Bertha felt all was right with the world. Bertha jumped, “Oh Jack you startled me”

“I’m sorry; you just looked so lovely standing there.”

“Thank you Jack, can I get you anything?”

“No I thought maybe I could get you a drink.”

“How kind of you, a glass of champagne would be nice, won’t you join me?” Bertha watched him walk away and thought what a stunning man he is. He comes across so kind and gentle but is he really like that or is it just a ploy to have his way with me and then forget about me? Bertha knew way too many men like that.

Bertha fell in love hard as a young girl, he was kind, gentle and smart on the outside, yet inside he was just a cruel devil. It only took her a few years of beatings to realize if she wanted to live to a ripe old age she’d have to cut and run. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t find enough work to keep her in

food, yet she always noticed the gents in town giving her the once over. Finally she realized what she needed to do to make a living and the rest is history.

Bertha jumped again, "Oh sorry Jack, my mind had wandered off once again."  
"Are you ok?" Jack asked.

"Of course, I always get sentimental at these parties, watching the ladies having such a good time. Kinda of reminds me when I was much younger."

"On come on Bertha," Jack says, "you're as young as you feel and you look like a young chick."

Bertha laughs, "Okay Jack I know a pickup line when I hear it."

"No line just the truth, you are a lovely lady and if time permits I'd love to spend more time with you."

"Well, I stay pretty busy, and I try to keep business and pleasure separate. So not at this time, but thanks, you know any of these girls would love to spend some time with you."

"Bertha I'm sure of that, but I'm looking for more then a quick jump in the hay."

"Sorry Jack, my life revolves around the girls; I'm not looking for anything else.

"I've decided that this is what I want," Jack thinks to himself. "Someone has hurt her bad and she has put up a wall around her heart. I'd like to think I can chip it away. I'll give her time then start the hammer."

"If you'll excuse me Jack I must see to the rest of my company, have a wonderful time." As Bertha turns to leave all she can think about are those handsome eyes under that hat. I must stay away from him he could be trouble..... Fannie could you.....



## CHAPTER 6

### I'm getting to old for this

"Good Morning Della. Is Bertha up yet?" Lilly asks.

"No darlin, she's sleeping in, I thinks it was just a little much champagne last night."

"Well what's eating her? She never drinks too much."

"I's do believe it has somethin to do with that there banker fellow, Mr. Daniels."

"Oh lord," Lilly thinks, "We've gone this many years and not one man has gotten under her skin. Has it finally happened?" she sighs."

"Yous all right Ms. Lilly?"

"Oh, I'm fine Della just thinking."

"Don't think too hard," Fannie says, "It'll warp your brain and you'll end up like Alli."

"Very funny Fannie," Alli fires back, "Don't start with me till after my coffee."

"Alli you know I love you," says Fannie.

"Yea and until I get my coffee I'm a virgin," Alli fires back, as the whole room breaks into laughter.

Bertha wishfully thinks, as she lies there quietly listening to the morning banter, "How I love all these ladies, one day I'll give this all up and miss them terribly." But that was a thought for another day. With the grand opening over it was time to let the rest of the town men in and tonight was the start of the making of some real money. Bertha was very strict about who came into her house and what went on. With the high class callers there were very seldom any problems, but the working class brought on way too many headaches.

"Ms. Bertha yous needs to get out of that bed," Della roars as she draws back the curtains.

"Della just a few more minutes and I'll get up"

"I's heard that line before. We gots lots of work to do before them nasty miners and cowboys get here."

"I know, I just wish I had enough money to retire then I could pull the covers back over my head and sleep the day away."

"Lawd child what's eatin you?" Della asks.

"Just..... oh never mind," mumbles Bertha as she makes her way to the kitchen.

## **CHAPTER 7**

### **The Rules**

The whiskey was watered down, the piano player was pounding out some good music, and the door bell was a steady ringing.

Bertha meets the men each night at the door.

"Good evening gents, now here are the rules of my house, you can either follow them or hit the trail.

1. If you ain't had a bath, go get one and come back.
2. Your money is paid up front; nothing is free in my house.
3. If you hurt one of my girls, you'll find this 45 pistol upside your head.

Any questions?"

Seems that they all understood and they were itching to get in to see what Bertha's Bordello had to offer.

“Fannie, Lizzie, Alli, Savanna, Lilly,” Bertha calls out, “some of Boomtowns finest cowboys have come by to pay us a visit, let's show them all a good time.”

Alli's scream from upstairs caught Bertha and all the others off guard. Quick as lighting Bertha and Lilly were up the stairs with pistols in hand. Bertha went through the door with no fear; all she was worried about was one of her girls. What she saw made her stop dead in her tracks, Alli hugging a cowboy and crying.

“What the hell is going on here?” Bertha asks.

“Oh Bertha” Alli says, “I didn't mean to scare you please put the hammer down on those guns and lower them PLEASE.”

As Bertha and Lilly lower their guns, Alli proceeds to explain what's happening, “Bertha, Lilly, this is an old friend of mine, Mark, and he was my first love.”

“You didn't know that before you got him upstairs?” Bertha asks.

“Well his friend was the one coming up and when the door opened it was Mark, sorry I screamed but everything is OK.”

“Well then I guess we will leave you two alone and see if we can get this party back on track.”

Headed back down the stairs Lilly stops Bertha on the steps, "Bertha," she says, “you have got to stop and think before heading into a room with possible trouble, one day this might get you hurt.”

“Oh hell Lilly I know that, I still think I'm a young chicken and am ten feet tall and bullet proof. It might be time to hire a few men to come in and protect the house and give us a break.”

“I agree Bertha,” Lilly says as they head down the steps,

Bertha walks into the parlor to let all know everything is fine,

“Drinks on me,” she shouts, which makes many a cowboy happy. "It was just one happy girl upstairs, think you cowboys can do that for the rest of these ladies?”

With the room breaking into laughter it seems the party is back on track.

As Bertha sat counting her money from last night the thought entered her mind again about hiring a couple of guns to help protect her house and the girls. “I've gone years without much trouble and never needed anyone's help but just maybe its time.” she thought.

Back in the early days when Bertha was just getting started, she had her first trouble; it was this trouble that made Bertha keep a .45 in her purse. Being in a new town and not knowing the mindset of the men folk, she let her guard down. The party had been in full swing when the scream came. Without a weapon she headed up the steps to find Mandy with her throat cut from ear to ear and



the damned cowboy trying to get out the window. With no fear Bertha hollered for help and attacked him from behind, both fell to the floor and rolled around fighting over the knife. Just as the cowboy got the better of her, Della arrived and blew his hand off with a 12 gauge. Once the sheriff arrived it seemed this fellow was a wanted man. He liked to have his way with a girl and then not pay, this wasn't the first kill and if Bertha hadn't stopped him it wouldn't have been his last. It was then that Bertha put some rules into effect, bought a big gun and learned to shoot it real well. "This will not happen to me again," she told herself.

Coming back to reality, she decided, "I'll have to find someone in town who might steer me in the right direction. I might just be getting too old for this."

## **CHAPTER 8**

### **A Few Good Men**

"Lilly I'm going to go out and talk with a few of the businessmen in town about finding some trusted hands to help protect the house, would you care to join me?" Bertha asked.

"Sure," Lilly replied, "I'd also like to do some shopping while we are out, do you mind?"

"No that's a great idea; I know that I need a few new dresses made; let's make a day of it. Della, let the girls know that Lilly and I are off for the day, tell them to kick back and relax, we'll be back long before it's time to open."

As Bertha and Lilly head into town, both are felling upbeat and lively.

"You know Bertha," Lilly says "this is just what we needed. It's been way too long since we had a girls' day out, and maybe we should think about doing this more often."

"Yea" Bertha says, "I'd like a nice long trip somewhere too, just as soon as I retire."

"Oh Bertha," Lilly says, "you're back on that retirement thing again, what is with you?"

"Lilly, I think I'm getting tired and just want a nice little house with a white picket fence and maybe even a nice cowboy to help fill my time."

"Peace and quiet, is that what you are looking for Bertha?"

"I don't know what I'm looking for Lilly; I guess when it knocks me in the head I'll know."

With that Bertha looks up and almost walks right into Mr. Daniels.

"Please forgive me Bertha." Jack says, "I saw you and Ms Lilly walking towards me and still didn't have the presence of mind to get out of the way of two ladies walking and talking at the same time."

With a hearty laugh Bertha replies, "Why Jack are you trying to imply something about two blondes?"

"Lord knows, I'd never! What brings you fine ladies to town?"

"Well," Lilly replies, "a day of shopping with a little work thrown in."

"Shopping I can understand he replies, but work, anything I can help you with?"

"I hope Bertha is looking for some work, I'd like to throw some her way," he thinks.

"Well." Bertha jumps in, "might be you can, I'm looking to hire a few good men to help guard the business, know any?"

"Ladies why don't I buy you lunch and let's sit down and discuss this, you know I'm a business man and like to do everything professional."

"Let's do," Lilly replies, knowing that Bertha just might want to cut and run.

"Well Jack, seems I've shopped Lilly into a feeding frenzy so we'd love to join you."

"Bertha tell me exactly what you are looking for so that I can steer you in the right direction," Jack asks.

"Jack I've had very little trouble through out the years, I've always prided myself on the fact that I can take care of myself and home, but I think it's time that I let someone else handle security. I want honest hard-working men that will take care of me and the girls in the event of trouble. Of course the pay will be good, I find the better the pay the better the help, just look at my girls," she says.

"Sounds like you know what you want Bertha, I know a few men that might be just what you're looking for. How about I talk with them and we set up a time for you to meet?" Jack asks.

Over lunch Bertha and Jack agree that Jack will set up the meetings and that it will take place at his ranch. With the business and pleasures over Jack, Bertha and Lilly head in separate directions.

"Bertha that Jack is one fine gentlemen and sure is being helpful."

"Well Lilly guess he just wants to make sure his town and money stays safe," Bertha replies. "Seems to be a pretty smart business man, just hope he's a good judge of character. Now let's forget about business and get to shopping, we're burning daylight."

## **CHAPTER 9**

### **Mr. Jack Daniels**

"Hey Jack, got word that you wanted to talk with me and Cookie," Bill said.

"Howdy guy's yea I do, seems I might have just the type of work you fellows are looking for. Sit down and let me explain, you can thank me when I'm through."

Jack Daniels hadn't always been a banker and didn't plan to be one forever. He started out as a Texas Ranger, all he wanted in life was to do the right thing and being a ranger gave him the opportunity. But after many years Jack wanted more then this life, he wanted a wife, home, family the things his parents had, and knew that he would have to settle down in order to achieve those things. He headed out west and found Boomtown; he knew that as the only banker in town that he'd have the means to fulfill his dreams.

Once the bank was up and running he'd turn his attentions to finding the love of his life, marry, sell the bank and retire to his large cattle spread.

What many folks didn't know and Jack didn't want them to know was that under that hard ruff exterior laid a heart of gold. He was a loner, had only a handful of friends and those that didn't know him tended to stay back until he approached them.

Jack had spent many a night in towns across the country trying to save some poor girl from a life of crime or prostitution. He'd shelled out money for tickets home, health care and even a time or two a drug to help the poor girl over the sickness.

Jack's goodness wasn't just spent on saving broken down girls; he always did the right thing. He'd spent many a cold night helping with broken wagon wheels, or sitting with a sick friend. Much of his money had been given to those who needed food or a place to stay. He always had a kind word.

He wanted to save the world one person at a time and though this gave him great pleasure he still wanted a life of love. He'd thought he might find this in one of these souls he saved, but none turned his heart to love.

He spent most of his spare time at his ranch, Lonesome Pond. He loved the great outdoors and here is where he found the greatest of happiness. Riding the range thinking of the life he could share with his bride. Here Jack was home.

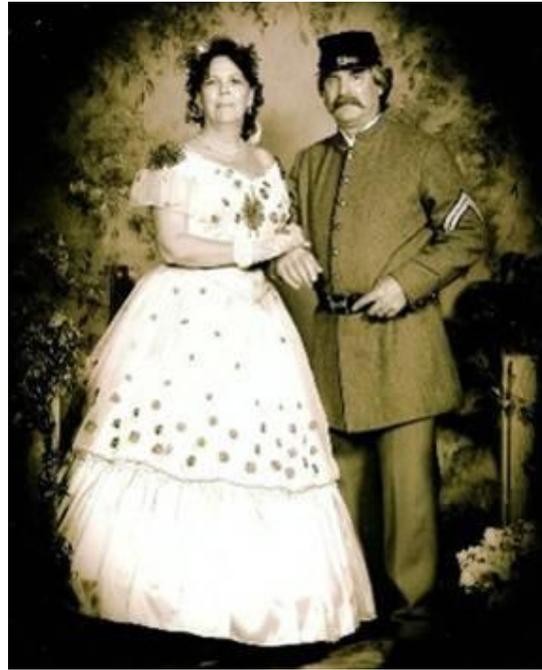
"Well, fellows that's the job, are you interested?"

"Hell Jack do we look stupid," Bill replied?

"Sounds like a dream job to me, working for Ms. Bertha and guarding her home and girls," Cookie said. "When do we start?"

"I'm going to send a note over to Bertha and see if she would like to meet with you fellows at my ranch tomorrow afternoon. I'd like you to be able to show her your shooting skills etc. so that she will be comfortable with you. Sound ok to you?"

"Sure you name the time and we are there."



## **CHAPTER 10**

### **Lonesome Pond**

Bertha was rather surprised to receive Jack's note that same afternoon. Well he's a man of his word, she thought.

"Della please carry my reply to Mr. Jack and ask that he please let me know the time and how to get to the ranch."

"Does you want me or Ms Lilly to goes with ya to Mr. Jack's ranch?" Della asked.

"No Della I think I will actually saddle up my horse and make it a day of riding and thinking time."

"Lawd, Ms. Bertha I hates when you go to thinking. I nevers knows what ideas you is gonna come home with."

"Don't worry Della I won't come home with any extra work for you."

For some reason Bertha was rather nervous or excited, she couldn't decide which, about the ride out to Jack's ranch. I've got to get out more often, she thought, usually riding doesn't get me this worked up. Now, what should I wear? What the hell am I thinking? I'm just going out to see a couple of cowhands who want to work for me.

Jack saw Bertha riding in like the wind and thought he'd never seen a prettier picture, her long blonde hair flowing in the wind with the face of an angel riding right up to him.

"Well Bertha looks like you gave that horse a good workout today."

Smiling back at Jack, all Bertha could do was nod.

"Can I help you down off that stud?" he asked.

"Why Jack, you are too kind to me, she answered.

As Jack took her hand, a shiver went through Bertha. Now that was a nice felling, she thought.

"Ms Bertha let me introduce you to Bill and Cookie, two good friends of mine and I think just what you need for your business."

"Shall we get down to business?" she asks.

"Well boys I'm quite impressed with what you have to offer, how about stopping by tomorrow night and I'll introduce you to the girls and we'll take it from there?"

"Sounds fine to us Ms Bertha," as they tipped their hats to leave.

"See you tomorrow night then."

"Now that business is over I'd love to take you on a tour of the ranch, do you have time?" Jack asks.

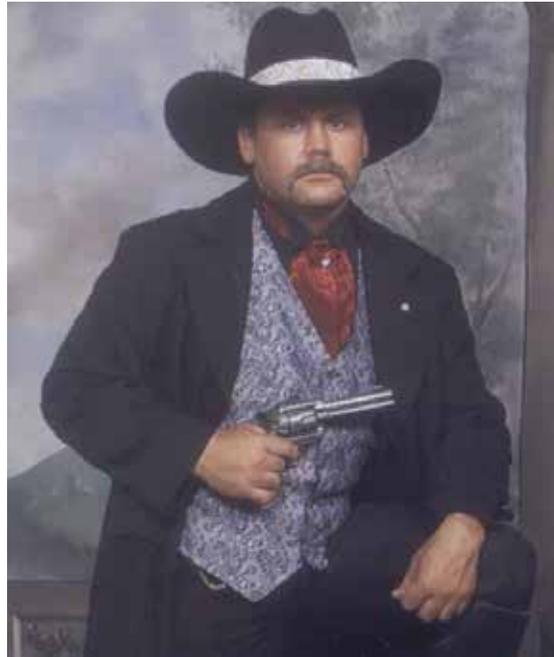
"Well, I do believe that I've got a little time left before I get back to the house and I'd love to see what you have here."

"I'll just run in and get us something to eat and drink before we take off, anything you'd like?"

"No I'm sure you'll do just fine."

While waiting on Jack Bertha took off for the stalls to ready her horse. My, he does have a nice spread here she thought, I bet its pretty when it snows, maybe he'll let me come out and see the place at the first snow fall.

"Ready, Bertha?" Jack asked as he threw the lunch into his saddle bags.



“Lets ride,” she says.

After a long and lovely ride they stopped by a babbling brook for lunch.

“Oh Jack this is so quiet and quaint, you have got such a nice place here. Do let me help you with lunch,” she says and as she reaches for the basket their hands touch, again that strange feeling.

“So Bertha” Jack asks, “are you happy with Boomtown so far?”

“Oh yes,” she replies, “it’s not what I thought it was going to be when we first arrived.”

“Yes, looks can be deceiving; most folks think I’m just a hard old banker,” Jack laughs.

“But I bet underneath you’re just a little pussy cat” Bertha replies.

With that they both laugh.

“Tell me Jack why have you not married, if I may ask?”

“Guess I can’t find a woman that will put up with me, I have been known to act a little crappy at times.”

As Bertha laughed she told him that she could see that about him. “But Jack I do believe I see a softer side of you. You have so much to offer a woman.”

“Well I guess when the right one comes along I’ll know,” he replies.

“Do tell me about your family Jack, surely you have one.”

Lunch and time passes as Jack and Bertha talk about themselves, family and friends. Before long they realize the sun is setting.

“Oh my I have to get back, Della and the girls will think I’m been taken by Indians or worse, the town ladies.”

The both laugh as they mount the horses to head back.

“It’s getting dark Bertha so I will ride with you back to your home.”

“There is no need for that I’ve got my trusty .45 with me.

“I know there is no need, but I would feel better”

“You are a gentleman Jack, ride on.”



## CHAPTER 11

### Melting Hearts Helping Hands

“Lawd Ms Bertha we was starting to worry about you, it’s dark outside and damn near time for them fellows to start arriving, we has never opened late.”

“I’m sorry to worry you, time just got away from me. Now run me a quick bath and I’ll get ready for tonight, oh and ask Lilly to bring me a glass of wine.”

While soaking in the tub Bertha's mind kept running through the day she'd had with Jack. He was the type of man that she longed for, but knew that it could never be. He, a fine upstanding citizen and she, the town madam. Yep that ain't gonna happen she thinks.

“I hear someone needs a glass of wine?”

Lilly interrupts her thoughts.

“So you wanna tell me what happened today?”

“Oh Lilly you are making mountains out of molehills, I met two fine men and then just took a ride on Jack's ranch, nothing happened.”

“You getting home late, damn near making us late for the first time ever and you tell me nothing happened, OK, I’m not gonna believe that.”

“Well Lilly you can make up all the stories in your head, but nothing happened; now help me out of this tub before I have to answer the door naked.”

As Lilly returned to the parlor all the girls were waiting to hear what was going on.

“Lilly”, Alli asks “is she ok, she’s not hurt is she?”

“No she’s fine don’t worry your pretty heads, she was out visiting that handsome Jack Daniels' place and lost track of time.”

"Bertha was spending timewith a real man," Lizzie says “and she’s fine.”

“Nope something is going on in her head” Fannie chimes in, “as long as I’ve been with her I don’t think I’ve ever seen her outside of this house with a gentleman caller.”

“Should we be worried?” Savanna asks in her sweet voice.

“You ladies are making this into nothing; now let’s get this house and ourselves ready. She’ll be down here soon and wondering if we are taking the night off.”

With the night half over, Bertha still couldn’t keep her mind on business; Jack seemed to be creeping into her every thought.

“Bertha, Bertha?”

“Oh sorry Savanna,”

“Are you here with us or out riding the range still?”

Bertha laughs, “very funny, I was thinking about business”.

“Well the door bell rang and you didn’t answer it so Della did, seems it’s for you.”

Who would be here to see me this late she wonders. Could she have impressed Jack so much that he had come a calling? Wishful thinking, it was Judge Roy Bean.

“Judge I’m so sorry that I didn’t meet you at the door, please come in and let me buy you a drink.”

“Again Ms Bertha you are too gracious, I’ve just dropped by for a quick drink and some conversation with Lilly, is she available?”

“For you always, got to keep the judge happy. Have a seat and I’ll find her for you.”

As Lilly and the Judge sat quietly talking Bertha sat and watched, it seemed that all was right with the world. "The house is full of laughter and I’m wondering if Lilly and the Judge might be bringing love into it."

What Bertha didn’t know was that the Judge and Lilly were sitting there talking about her and Jack. Seems Jack had gone into town to talk with the Judge about his wonderful day with Bertha and hoped that he might be able to give him some pointers on melting her heart. The Judge thought that maybe talking to Lilly would be their best bet, so he offered to head over to Bertha's. The Judge was rather taken with Lilly and thought that this was a good excuse to spend some time with her.

“Judge, I’ve known Bertha many years and I can tell you that one heartbreak was all it took to turn her off to love. If she was to let someone in again and got hurt, it would kill her. I know that the time she has spent with him has made her a happy lady; I can’t remember when I’ve seen her this way.”

“Lilly I don’t think Jack is out for a one night stand, he is really taken with her, I’ve never seen him this way.”

“Well Judge I can tell you that if, and that’s a big if, she was to let him in and he hurt her, there’d be a posse of ladies all over him and it wouldn’t be the way he liked.”

The Judge let out a hardy laugh which caught Bertha's attention.

“Now just what are you two up to over here?” Bertha asks.

“Bertha,” the judge replied, “Lilly has a way of bringing the best out in me and just makes me laugh, want to join us?”

“Why it’s been such a wonderful day I believe I will. Della champagne for us all please.”

## **CHAPTER 12**

### **Love is in the Air**

Business had been booming for Bertha and her girls, with gold being found in the hills.

The money was flowing freely. Bertha had little or no time to think of anything other than business until she received a note that morning.

*My Dear Bertha,*

*I hope that I have not done something to offend you. I so enjoyed our time at the ranch, but I haven't heard nor seen you since that day. If possible, I would love for you to join me for dinner tonight at my home here in town. I promise it's just a casual dinner, as I'd love to sit and talk with you. It's not often I find a woman that I so enjoy talking with, please will you join me?*

*Yours truly,*

*Jack.*

Bertha was a little stunned at the excitement she felt. "What is going on with me? Guess I'm just a sucker to get my teeth kicked in," she thought. This man could mean trouble for me. Yet, I find myself drawn to him and want to spend more time with Jack."

"Lilly" she hollered.

Lilly came a running with gun in hand.

"What the hell is going on?" she asked.

"Sorry Lilly, you can put that hog leg away, I didn't mean to scare you. Read this note and tell me what you think."

With a smile on her face Lilly said what was in her heart. "Bertha, this is a most charming man and I believe he is sincere, I say go. But who will greet the customers this evening?"

"I can't remember the last time I wasn't at the door."

"Oh Bertha, get a life, I can handle it and even Santa Claus deserves an evening off. Now quit trying to find reasons to say no and send that man a reply. You get it written and I'll have Della get ready to deliver it."

"I don't know Lilly; I could be setting myself up for something I don't want to happen."

"Stop being so negative, I know you have feelings for Jack," Lilly said. "You think we all haven't noticed a change in you the last few months? It's not because of all the money you are making. Face it you like him."

"Hell yes I like him, but that doesn't mean he has good intentions. Maybe I'm just a challenge to him and once he gets what he wants, bam, he's gone like the wind."

"There you go again, trying to find reasons, now stop talking and start writing. The judge says he is taken with you and that he is an honorable man, hell Bertha give it a shot."

"OK, but you're the one who is gonna have deal with me if this goes sour."

"Yea well, it won't be the first time and I'm sure not the last, I know your bad side and I'm not scared"

"Della," Lilly calls, "Please get ready to deliver a note to town for Ms. Bertha."

Bertha spent all day trying on clothes, she wanted to make sure she looked her best for Jack. This is crazy she kept thinking, it's just dinner and I'm not going to let him in. No reason a good madam can't have a good time once in a while she thought. Bertha finally decided on a new red dress that she had sent over from Paris, sexy yet classy.

"Wow Bertha" the girls all said as she descended the stairs, "you look like a million dollars."

"Yea," Alli said "that's what it's gonna cost him to get in that dress." They all broke into laughter.

"Thank you ladies, it's just dinner and I shouldn't be out too late. Lilly will be in charge tonight, I know that you will give her the respect you give me, now don't think about me, just make lots of money while I'm gone." Again they all laughed.

When Bertha's buggy pulled up in front of Jack's home, her stomach dropped to her knees, maybe this wasn't such a good idea she thought. I haven't felt like this in years..... I know I'll just go into this like it's a business deal. If we do sleep together and nothing else happens, oh well he was just another customer, she thought. Only I don't think I'm gonna get paid. Well if it's good who cares. Thinking this way maybe I won't let my heart get in the way, she said to herself.

"Who are you talking to in there?" Jack asked as he opened her door.

"Sorry Jack I didn't see you come out, I was just talking to myself, just a blonde thing."

"Don't worry I've been known to do that a time or two myself."

As she stepped out Jack was taken aback at how beautiful she looked. This was one classy, sexy lady he thought and red is definitely her color. As he removed her wrap once they were in the house, Jack was quick to tell her how lovely she looked.

"Why thank you Jack, this is one of the newest fashions from Paris, I've been saving this for something special."

"Oh so you think tonight is a special occasion?" Jack asks.

"Well, it's been a long time since I've been out to dinner with a gentleman, especially on a work night. I do believe all my girls are a little shocked."

Jack laughed, "You sure know how to dodge a question."

Bertha just smiled. "Shall we head into the dinning room?"

As she entered the dining room Bertha's breath was taken away, not only was it a beautiful room and the table set to perfection, but there were flowers all over the room.

Laughing, she asked, "Has someone died?"

"No, I just wanted the room to be as beautiful as you, but there aren't enough flowers in the world to do that."

"Why Jack, you do have a way with words and know how to make a lady blush."

"Would you like some wine with your dinner?"

Thinking to herself, I might need the whole bottle, she answered, "Yes please."

Over dinner Jack and Bertha talked about so many things that her mind was reeling. Of course drinking lots of wine didn't help.

"Bertha I have a wonderful fire going in the parlor, shall we adjourn there for some coffee?"



Oh yea I need coffee she thought, but her answer to him was a pleasant "Yes."

What started out as both on one end of the sofa was fast changing to a cuddle position on the sofa. It had gotten a little colder outside and with the roaring fire, all she needed now was snow. Ask and ye shall receive. Jack had just stepped back in from checking on her buggy and informed her snow had just started falling. With a childlike squeal Bertha jumped and ran to the window. "Snow." she hollered. What Jack saw softened his heart even more. Here this smart cold hearted business woman had turned into a young girl. Oh he loved this picture of her, face staring out the window with her child like excitement.

"Would you like to take a walk in it?" Jack asked.

"Thank you Jack, but I think not right now. I like to walk in it when the ground is covered, but thank you for asking." As Bertha turned to return to the sofa she shivered a little.

"Bertha," Jack said, "I'll wrap this blanket around you, standing in front of the window must have given you a chill." While standing, Jack wrapped a blanket around her and the next thing they both knew, they had been kissing a good while.

"Now that was nice," Bertha said, and Jack agreed.

"Let's sit in front of the fire and get warm. I don't know about you Jack," she said, "but I do believe that things are heating up in here real quick."

Before she could say another word Jack had her wrapped in his arms.

## **CHAPTER 13**

### **A new day is dawning**

With the sun shining through the window and right into her eyes Bertha rolled over to pull the covers over her head, it was then she remembered whose bed she was in. She looked ever so carefully to see if Jack was lying next to her, and all she found was an empty pillow. Did he sneak out of his own house in the middle of the night? No, he went to get you some coffee, dummy.

"Cream and sugar?" Jack asks as he enters the room.

"I'd love a cup with just cream please."

"Come on now Bertha as wonderful as last night was did you really think I'd slip out on you or was that wishful thinking?"

"Oh no Jack I can't begin to describe my feelings about last night, it's just in my line of business the men do seem to cut and run."

"Well my dear I don't think of last night as business and certainly hope that you don't!"

"Oh no, as I told you before, my life is wrapped around the business and the girls, this is a new experience for me. Or should I ask if this was a one night stand?"

"You are a skeptic," Jack says, "are you that untrusting of men or just me?"

"Don't flatter yourself Jack its all men, I have my reasons."

"I'm sure you do, but Bertha you have got to let your guard down if you ever plan to find happiness."

“Jack even if I do, what man is going to want a woman who has spent most of her life as a madam? I don’t want some cowboy with no class just looking for a sugar mammy; those don’t seem to last long.”

“So what do you want?” Jack asks.

“Don’t you think this is a deep conversation over coffee?” Bertha rhetorically asks back.

“No, I think you are avoiding the subject again.”

“No I’m not it’s just too early to talk serious things, just ask any of my girls, I need to have lots of coffee before I have a level head.”

“OK, I’ll give you time to wake up.”

With that Bertha jumped quickly out of bed,

“Oh lord she cried, I bet Della and the girls are worried sick, I’ve never stayed out of the house without them knowing about it.” Bertha starts grabbing for clothes. “I’ve got to get home and let them know that I’m all right.”

“Calm down,” Jack says,

“I can’t,” she replies, “they will be worried sick.”

“No they won’t, you see I had my man take them a note last night to let them know where you would be.”

There you go again, she thinks to herself, the perfect man. “Why Jack, that was so kind of you, but wait, was this before or after the snow?” Bertha whispers as suspicion enters her mind.

“Do you remember when I went down to get us some wine?”

“Yes” she said.

“I wrote a quick note and had my man take it to town. I did not plan this ahead of time, so stop with the ‘all men are rotten’ thoughts.”

Bertha laughed at Jacks remarks and jumped back in bed.

“Young lady I can tell you if you get back in this bed, there isn’t gonna be any sleeping going on.”

“Well Mr. Daniels why don’t you just show me what you have in mind.”

As he leans to kiss her the snow starts to fall again.

“How’s your breakfast Jack?” asks Bertha.

“Oh it was just



wonderful I was starving, must be something in the air.”

“If that’s what you want to call it”

Jack replies, “It’s snowing again I hope you can get home.”

“Oh Jack I’ve got to get home, the only time I’ve been gone this long would have been on business trip.”

“Do you think the house is going to fall down without you there Bertha?”

“Well, I’d like to think that no one can replace me,” and they both laugh.”

As Bertha got ready to leave Jack told her that she was beautiful in the morning when she was sleeping. This made Bertha blush.

“Jack you do have a way with words”

“Bertha these aren’t just words, I’m trying to tell you how I feel about you.”

“Not now Jack I really must go,” she replied.

“There you go running again,” Jack said.

“I’m not running Jack, it’s just I’ve got to get back before I get snowed in here.”

“Would that be so bad?” he asks.

“No, but I do have a business to look after. I really must go.”

As they kissed goodbye and Bertha headed down the road, Jack knew that he had a battle on his hands. He knew that he was in love with this woman and would do whatever it took to win her heart.

As soon as Bertha was out of his sight she cried. Here is the man I’ve been looking for all my life and yet there is no way that we can be together. He owns the bank and the town would never accept us together, it would ruin him and I won’t do that to him. But how am I going to let him know this, how am I going to live without him. I know that I’m in love with Jack, but I know that I’m no good for him. Why couldn’t I have met him years ago? Damn there goes my heart again, only this time it’s my fault.

“Just let me get home and I’ll think of it tomorrow.”

## **Chapter 14**

### **A broken heart**

Lilly and Della both were waiting at the door when Bertha arrived home. They expected to see a smiling happy face, but what they got were tears.

“Lawd child what in the world is wrong with you?” Della asked.

“It’s nothing I just need some time alone,” as Bertha ran to her bedroom.

“Della, I’ll handle this,” Lilly says, “Just keep the girls quiet and let me get to the bottom of it.”

“If’n that Mr. Jack hurt my baby I’ll take a strap to him, they can hang me if’n they wants but ain’t no one’s gonna hurt my baby.”

“You just stay calm till I find out what’s going on, it might be we both will be taking a strap to him. Fix me a pot of tea Della and I’ll take it up with me.”

“Bertha,” Lilly called out as she knocked on the door, “honey I’ve got a pot of tea please let me in.”

“Lilly just leave the tea, I’m in no mood to talk.”

“Bertha I’m not leaving, how long have we known each other, I know there is a problem and I’m not leaving till me talk about it.”

“And don’t ‘please Lilly me,’ you can either let me in or I’ll just worry you to death out here. Want me to sing to you?”

“Lord no Lilly please no singing,”

“OK then let me in.”

“Bertha, start from the beginning and tell me what happened.”

“Lilly there isn’t much to tell, we had a wonderful time, Jack is the man I’ve been looking for all my life.”

“But, he doesn’t want you, is that the problem?”

“No, he does, that’s the problem.”

“Ok, I’m confused, you like him he likes you and the problem is?”

“Lilly, stop and think about it. He owns the bank, he’s a well respected business man, and in case you have forgotten I happen to own the local brothel!”

“Bertha, many a woman in our line of business have married great men, look at Wyatt Earp, hell, he and most of his brothers married working girls.”

“Yes and your point is?” retorted Bertha.

“You know my point, I don’t think it has to do with your line of work, I think you’re scared.”

“No I’m not, from what I’ve seen of Jack he would be a wonderful husband, he’s kind loving, gentle, and he’s everything a woman would want.”

“Bertha, then you need to get over your fears and go for it, who are you to decide what is best for him?”

“Lilly he’ll be blinded by love and not care what people say, it could ruin his business and life here.”

“Oh hell Bertha, let him decide that, he’s a grown man.”

“I hear you Lilly; I just need time to think.” moaned Bertha

“The more you think the more you are gonna talk yourself out of loving him.

“I know you, please please Bertha don’t ruin this, it could be your last chance.”

“Lilly I’m all talked out, if you don’t mind I’d like to take a short nap, will you please make sure Della gets me up in plenty of time to dress for tonight.”

“Of course I will, again Bertha, don’t make a stupid decision.”

“I’ll sleep on it Lilly, thanks for being such a good friend.”

Bertha was asleep before her head hit the pillow.

As Lilly explained to Della what was going on, she had already decided to step in before Bertha ruined the best thing that ever happened to her. Della, I’m going over to visit the Judge and see what we can do. “I believe that our girl is in love and before I push her to go forth with this I need to know where Jack stands.”

“Well child if’n that is the case why don’t you go see that Mr. Jack?”

“You know Della, you’re right, I think I’ll stop by the bank, it can’t hurt.”

“Hi Jack I’m sorry to bother you.”

“Not a problem Lilly come right in, what can I do for you?”

“Well I know this is none of my business, but Bertha came home this morning a mite upset.”

“Upset?” Jack says, “she didn’t seem upset when she left the house, did something happen on the way home?”

“No, and here comes the hard part! This is none of my business but she has been my friend for a long time. I want to make sure that she doesn’t get hurt. Jack what are your feelings for her?”

“You get right do the point don’t you Lilly?”

“Lilly I have fallen in love with Bertha; I’ve looked and waited all my life for someone like her. Does that answer your question?”

“Yes it does” Lilly replied.

“Now maybe you can tell me what upset her, Lilly?”

“Jack I know that Bertha has fallen in love with you, but she says that it can never be.”

“Why not? he asks.

“She is a madam and you the town

banker, a fine upstanding citizen of Boomtown. Her fear is that she will bring you down and she loves you enough not to do that.”

“Hmm, that explains a lot” Jack says to himself. “Lilly times they are a changing, but I see her point. But, that will not stop me. I will take it from here; can I depend on you for help?”

“Of course you can Jack, but don’t let her know I’m the one that dropped the bee in your bonnet or she’ll have my hide.”

“Don’t you worry Lilly, this is a secret mission and I don’t plan to fail.”



## **CHAPTER 15**

### **A Plan in Motion**

Jack sat up most the night thinking of Bertha, he understood her thinking, but was not going to let this break them apart. “I have got to make that woman see my side of things and the real world. Getting through to her will be a struggle, but I will not stop till I have won her heart.” Jack put his plan in motion. “If I have my way by the end of the week, I’ll have convinced her to be my wife.”

Lilly and Bertha decided that it would be a good day for a short ride, the air was crisp and there was little or no wind. Bertha loved this kind of weather and Lilly knew this, only Bertha didn’t know what was waiting for her.

“Bertha, you ready to ride?” Lilly asks.

"Yes, just let me get my gloves on and I'll be right out. Oh Lilly what a beautiful day, do you think that some snow might be headed our way again."

"I hope not Bertha it makes such a mess when the men folk come to call."

"Maybe we should get some new carpet to put on the porch and make them take their boots off before coming in."

"Now aren't they gonna look cute dancing in their holey sock feet Lilly said and they both laughed."

It seemed they had been riding about an hour when they heard horses behind them.

"Now what other fools would be out riding on a day like this?" Lilly queries.

"Well not everyone is afraid of cold weather Lilly; I think you need to live in the desert."

"Fine when are we moving?" she asks.

"We're not!!!"

No sooner had Bertha gotten words out then two men pulled up alongside them.

"Good day ladies."

"Well hello Judge. And Jack what brings you out here?" Lilly asks.

"Had to check on some property that I'm thinking of buying," Jack replied, "what are you ladies doing out and about?"

Bertha has yet to look at Jack, those eyes of his just capture her and she's afraid what she'll do.

"Bertha cat got your tongue?" the Judge inquired.

"No I was just deep in thought," she replied.

"That's a mighty fine stud you have, did you get him in town or bring him with you?"

"Well Judge I brought him with me, I've had this old boy a long time and can't seem to part with him."

"Has he got a name?" asks Jack.

Oh lord she thinks now I have to look at him and talk to him. "Yes Jack his name is Stud," she says rather rudely.

"Damn, now that's a different name" and everyone laughs except Bertha.

"It's not the name that makes the animal," she says rudely again.

"No one said it was Bertha, can't you take a joke?"

"Sorry it's been a long day and I'm rather tired, Lilly we should be getting back."

"Bertha we have only been riding a little over an hour, don't you want to ride some more?"

"If I did I wouldn't say we need to get back Lilly."

"OK, guess it's time to go. It was nice seeing you Jack and Judge Roy. You fellows need to stop by sometime for a drink."

"Yes we do and it might be sooner then you think."

As Jack and the Judge tip their hats at Bertha she nods and rides off.

Upon arriving at the house Lilly knows that Bertha is fuming. "What the hell was that?" she asks Lilly.

“What are you talking about Bertha? You know how I feel and you want me to keep riding with Jack, do you want me to suffer?”

“No Bertha I love you and want you to get your head out of your ass. You love Jack and I believe he loves you, talk to him, make this work.

“Stop dreaming Lilly it can never work, let it go,” as Bertha slams the door and heads into the house.

“Lawd you done put her in a mood, the girls have scattered high and low and we’s got business tonight.”

“Don’t worry Della; she’ll come out of it before you know it.”

## **Chapter 16**

### **Ms Patron is Back**

A week had passed since Bertha had seen Jack. She’d thought with time that her heart would mend, well it hadn’t so far. She had tried not to be mean and grumpy with the girls, but God she just wanted to scream. Jack was all she thought about, when she closed her eyes he was all she saw. A vacation, maybe I’ll take a vacation and that will help. Lilly and Della can run this house; I can go east and visit family. You know what they say out of sight out of mind she thought. Bertha put pen to paper and started making her plans.

“So let me get this straight no train leaves from here to the east, I have to take a stagecoach or buggy over to Deadwood and catch the train there?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Well can’t I catch the train here to Deadwood?”

“No Ma’am.”

“Well why not?”

“Cause the train ain’t working right now.”

“What do you mean not working?”

“Too much snow, can’t get around the pass.”

“Is the train working in Deadwood?”

“Don’t know, depends on how much snow they have.”

“This sucks!”

“Sorry ma’am.”

“Fine, do you know when the stagecoach is leaving for Deadwood?”

“No Ma’am”

“Do you know anything?”

“Depends Ma’am.”

Bertha is just before blowing her stack and decides it's best to walk off.

"Hell if I didn't want to go anywhere, trains would be running everywhere, now that I need to get away, I can't find a slow one to China."

“Excuse me are you talking to me?”

Bertha looks up to see this beauty of a woman standing right in front of her.

“Oh no, I’m sorry, it’s just a bad day” she replies.

“Well, I’ve had a few of those in my time and it seems to always happen in this town.”

“I don’t remember seeing you in town, are you returning from an absence?”

“Why yes, I once owned a business in town and for reasons I’d rather not go into, I left about six months ago.”

Bertha wants to introduce herself to the lady but is a little leery and the strange beauty is thinking the same thing. Oh hell Bertha thinks, might as well do the proper thing; my mother did TRY to raise me right.

“Please let me introduce myself, I’m Bertha Babe,” as she extends her hand.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Bertha, I’m Patron Thomas.”

Bertha is a little stunned to find the former madam back in town.

“Why Ms Patron it seems we have something in common”

“Yes Bertha I know, we both run pleasure places. I’ve heard great things about you and what you’re doing in Boomtown,” Patron tells her.

“I hate to be rude Ms Patron, but I really must be going, maybe we can have lunch one day?” Bertha asks.

“I’d like that; I look forward to your call. I do hope your day gets better,” Patron says as she turns to walk away.

“Just what I need, Patron back in town; I sure as hell hope she’s not planning on opening her house up again. Our place has been way beyond good and I don’t need her creeping back into town to take away any of my business.

“Crap can this day get any worse?” Bertha says to herself, just as a buggy comes by and splashes mud all over her. The scream could be heard for miles.

## **CHAPTER 17**

### **Bertha heads to Deadwood**

“Bertha, I hope now that Patron is back in town that you will rethink this vacation idea,” Lilly says.

“Well what the hell, might as well stay, get my heart broken and then my teeth kicked in if she opens her house back up. Life is just flipping great right now,” Bertha sighs.

“All right stop the pity party, the reason your heart is breaking is because of you, no one's fault but your own. Quit being the martyr with Jack and do what comes naturally or shut up about it.”

“Excuse me Lilly, didn’t know you were an expert!”

“I’m not an expert, it's common sense and we are all tired of hearing about this!”

“Oh sorry that I’ve bothered you guys with this.”

“You know Bertha maybe you should take a vacation cause you’re driving us all crazy,” Lilly shouts as she slams the door on her way out.

“Some friend she is,” Bertha thinks.

Bertha stayed locked in her room all day, she advised Della to have Lilly answer the door this evening that she was not coming down. Della tried to talk with her, but Bertha just shut her out. I’ve got to get out of here she thinks, they can run the house tonight while I pack, it will give them some practice for the few months I’m gone. She spent the better part of the evening packing and writing out rules and directions for Lilly and Della. Her plan was to leave first thing in the morning if the weather would cooperate, head to Deadwood and then east for a nice visit.

"Hell, they can handle it and I've got enough money in the bank if Patron wants to open back up. I've got to get away." Bertha mumbles to herself.

Della and Lilly cried as Bertha's things were loaded into the wagon.

"Lawd Ms Bertha this is just crazy, we need you here, tell her Ms Lilly."

"Della's right Bertha, this is your business, we all love and need you, besides the weather could turn at any time. Wait till spring and then go."

"Lilly I love you all, but if I wait till spring I might be completely out of my mind. I have to go now."

With that she handed the letters to Lilly. "This is all the information you should need. If not you can wire me and I'll do what I can from there. Lilly you know this business as well as I do, you can handle it. Now I must go before the girls get up, I can't take any more tears."

"I love you and will wire when I arrive," was the last thing they heard as Bertha pulled off.

"Lawd Ms Lilly that child is making a mistake, I ain't never met no one as hard headed as Mr. Bertha."

"I know Della, but remember that's one of the things we love about her. Let's just hope that once she arrives in Deadwood that she'll have changed her mind. Now please wake up the girls, I need to let them know what is going on."

Even though the wagon was well-packed it was still rather cold, but Bertha was a tough old broad and knew that she would make it to Deadwood before nightfall. Since she'd been up most the night and was very certain of her driver she decided to close her eyes for a spell. Might as well be rested when I arrive in the big city she thought. And before long Bertha was sound asleep.

The rocking of the wagon had kept her sleeping, yet it had stopped, guess I better make sure Clyde is OK. Della called out to Clyde with no answer, OK maybe he's watering the trees she thought and decided to water some herself. What Bertha saw when she opened the back of the wagon scared her. The snow was coming down so hard that you couldn't see the trees, rocks, nothing.

"Clyde!" she screamed.

"I'm here Ms Bertha."

"Where were you?" she asked.

"I was looking for a place for us to hold up at till this storm passes."

"Did you find anything?"



“A small cave around the bend and I think I can get the wagon over to it. If only the horses will go.”

“Thank you Clyde I knew you wouldn’t let me down.”

“Ms Bertha, I need you to take over the driving while I lead the horses, it’s really bad out here.”

“Of course Clyde, let me slip on a pair of gloves and scarf, do you need anything?”

“No Ma’am, once you’re ready we’ll head out.”

Bertha climbed up onto the seat and took control of the horses. "Let’s go Clyde and do be careful." After a few minutes of wrestling with the horses Clyde finally got them to head in the direction of the cave. They had been within sight of the cave when it happened. One of the horses reared up and caught Clyde in the back of the head; he was dead before he hit the ground.

“Oh my God,” Bertha screamed, “what the hell am I going to do now?”

She thought about shooting that mare, but knew that she’d need her in the morning. She dragged Clyde to some underbrush and covered him the best she could. There was no way she could dig a grave for him with all this snow and freezing weather. As Bertha was grabbing food and clothing to take into the cave the snow got worse. I hope there is something in there to make a fire with; there are enough clothes here to keep me warm, she thought. She moved the wagon in front of the cave to block the wind, unloaded everything in the wagon and brought the horses in. Lucky for her the cave was large enough to get the horses in and they would give her some warmth. The last thing Bertha remembered before falling asleep was the sweetness of Jack's kiss.

## **CHAPTER 18**

### **Jack to the rescue**

“Well girls business is gonna be slow if this snow keeps up” Lilly announced, and the whole time she is thinking of nothing but Bertha. Did she make it to Deadwood? Did she and Clyde find someplace warm to stay the night? She couldn’t help but feel deep down inside that something was wrong. The ringing of the door bell brought her back to the evening.

“Hello Judge, what brings you out on a night like this?” Lilly asks.

“Hell it's cold at home and I know I can get lots of warmth here" he laughs. "Lilly the real reason I’m here is Jack, he is heartsick over Bertha, any chance I can talk with her?”

“Sorry Judge, the reason I answered the door tonight is that Bertha is gone.”

“Gone, where?”

“She took off for Deadwood this morning by wagon to catch a train back east.”

“Today?! Have you heard if she made it? There is a blinding blizzard between here and Deadwood.”

“I’ve heard nothing Judge and my guts keep telling me Bertha is in trouble. I don’t know what kind, but it’s not good.”

“Good Lord has that woman lost her mind?”

“Yes she has, over Jack!”

"Then why did she leave?" he asks.

"Bertha felt that she and Jack could never be, her being a Madame and him an upstanding citizen. She didn't want to hurt his reputation."

"Dear God, that woman is nuts. Jack could care less about a reputation. His plans all along have been to fall in love, marry, sell the bank and move out to the ranch. Cows don't care who's feeding them."

"Guess she didn't know this, because I know that she is head over heels in love with him," Lilly says. "That's why she left to mend her broken heart."

"Well with this weather she might need to mend something more than her heart. Lilly I'm going over to Jack's right now and have him wire the Sheriff in Deadwood, he'll know if she arrived. As soon as I know something, I'll let you know."

"Thank you Judge, it will ease my soul to know that she is all right."

Once Jack heard what the Judge had to say he had Horace open the telegraph office and send out an urgent telegraph to Deadwood.

"Now don't go gettin mad at me if the snow has taken down the lines," Horace said.

"Horace I don't blame anyone for something they can't control, you know that. Just send the message. Tell the sheriff to let me know ASAP, I'll make it worth his time."

Jack and Judge Roy sat in the café talking while hoping that Horace would show up soon with some kind of answer.

Horace came in a hollering, "Got word from the Sheriff in Deadwood."

"Well boy spit it out."

"Sheriff says that he ain't seen Ms Bertha and that she and Clyde should have arrived by now. You think they are stuck in the storm Jack?"

"I'm afraid that is exactly what I think Horace. Judge I'm going to head home and get horses packed. If this snow has let up at first light I'm riding out and looking for her. Will you please let Lilly know what's going on?"

"Of course Jack, do you know where to start looking?"

"Well I know Clyde pretty good and I'm sure he stayed on the road to Deadwood and that's where I'll start."

As daylight dawned, Jack saw that the snow had stopped and he was dead set on finding Bertha. He on horse back and 2 pack mules ahead to Deadwood.



If I find that woman and she's OK, I'm going to kiss her then strangle her he thought. Damn I will never understand women, and this one takes the cake.

Bertha woke to find the horses gone, damn fools must have ran out in the night, now if the snow has let up maybe I can walk for help. What she saw outside the cave made her shudder. Snow as high as the wagon. OK Bertha don't panic, you've got food and water and even a little warmth, a few days here can't hurt. But Bertha knew that Lilly would be worried and she had no way of letting her know that she was fine. Let's see the sun is shining, so the snow will have to start melting soon, I've got plenty of reading to do, I'll just have to make the best of it. Before I get too comfortable better make sure this .45 is loaded, just in case.

It seemed Jack had been traveling for days, yet it had been only a few hours. The snow was making his trip way too long and he was desperate to find Bertha he needed to know that she was all right. As night started to fall, Jack was not even halfway to Deadwood and still no sign of Bertha and Clyde. Any wagon tracks had been covered by the snow. He hunkered down for the night and said a little prayer, Lord please let me find her safe and make her understand that I love her and nothing can stop that. Amen.

Bertha woke to her second day in the cave, she stuck her head out and still the snow had not melted. Damn, you'd think the sun could do me a favor. I'm not scared of walking, but not in this. Bertha refused to let fear get the best of her. I've got enough food for a few more days, I'll be OK.

Jack rose early. He knew that if he got to Deadwood today without finding her that he may have lost the love of his life. This just can't be happening, I must find her, and there is no other like her, he thought. He laughed as he thought about Bertha, head strong, opinionated, loud, beautiful, and loving, she was his. Knowing the land pretty well he felt he had a good chance of finding them today. He would have to look off the road. If they got stuck in the storm they would have looked for shelter. I've done a fair amount of hunting through here and don't remember any cabins, but who knows. That Clyde is a pretty resourceful guy; I know he'd take care of Bertha. Oh he better had and he better not have tried to put his hands on her.....

Bertha could tell the way the sun was going down that it was almost the end of day two. Again she told herself don't panic. I've got to make a plan. By tomorrow I'll be out of food, I'm going to have to walk and find help. I'll make a list of what I need to stay warm and to get me through.

Jack was really worried, it was almost dusk and still no sign of Bertha and Clyde, Lord please help me to find them. It was then that he saw a horse off to his left.

## **CHAPTER 19**

### **Love Will Find A Way**

“Oh Judge thank you for coming by to let me know what's going on. We begged her not to go, but when she gets something in her head, there is no stopping her. I do hope that Jack will be OK, even though the snow has stopped, it's still so cold.”

"Jack is one tough man; if I were lost in the snow it would be Jack that I would put my money on."

It was then that Lilly started to cry ever so softly. The Judge took Lilly in his arms and cradled and held her. "Cry all you want my dear, let the tears flow, it helps and I'll hold you as long as is needed."

Back in her cave Bertha had made her plan. She would dress as warmly as possible and carry more clothing in a pack. She had made her a pair of snow shoes out of wood that she'd found. Now she just had to make sure she had her bearings, she was not good at directions. Let's see the sun rises in the west and sets in the east, no it's the other way around. Lord just help me find my way out, she prayed. I should have listened to Lilly and Della, why do I have to be so hard headed, she thought. At first light I'm leaving this cave, somehow I will find my way home or to Deadwood. Bertha had everything ready to go; as she drifted off to sleep she made sure that she had her trusty .45 within reach. You could never tell when those wolves might look for some warmth.

Jack had gotten his hands on that mare and could tell she had been used to pull a wagon. Many thoughts ran through his head, the wagon got stuck and they had to turn the horses loose, they had found shelter and the horses had gotten away. The one thought that bothered him the most was that in the storm the wagon had crashed and they were laying hurt somewhere. This is the thought that kept him going even in the dark of night.

Just as he was about to give up hope, Jack spotted a wagon. It had new snow on it and was in too good a shape to have been on the range long. It seemed to be blocking something. As he got closer he drew his gun, in the event it was someone other than Bertha. He then saw the opening to the cave, he dared not call out, he didn't want to warn anyone that was not friendly. He carefully entered; he could smell were there had been a fire and with his faint light he could tell that a body was sleeping. Jack crept quiet as a mouse up to the figure, no matter who it was he didn't want to startle someone into shooting him. Just as he reached down to touch the person, Bertha jumped up with her pistol drawn straight at Jack's heart.

"Jack," she screamed, "what the hell are you doing here?"

"Hard head, put down that gun and I'll tell you."

Bertha had never seen a more wonderful sight in her life. Bertha lowered her gun and Jack his, she did not expect what came next. Jack grabbed her and kissed her as if it would be their last, it made Bertha's knees weak.

"You fool woman, what the hell were you thinking going out in that snow storm?"

"I was..."

"I'm not finished" he stopped her in mid-sentence.

"Where is Clyde?"

It was then that Bertha dropped her guard and started to cry.

"What's wrong?" Jack asked in a kind and loving voice

Bertha proceeded to explain the whole story to Jack through tears. When she was finished she was once again in Jack's arms. He rocked her as if she were a young child.

He kissed her gently on her forehead and said "It's all right little girl, I'll always take care of you".

Bertha knew right then and there that Jack had hammered through the brick wall of her heart.

While holding each other after Jack told Bertha he knew why she was running away.

"Sweetheart I don't care about this town or what people think. I've owned that ranch a long time; I've only stayed in the banking business because I was hoping that the love of my life would walk in. And it did, it's you. Bertha will you marry me?"

"Oh Jack I love you with every breath of my body, and nothing would make me happier, but are you sure?"

"I've never been surer of anything in my life he replied. Bertha together we can build a most beautiful life and spend the rest of our days watching the sun set on Lonesome Pond, but only if you'll say yes."

"Yes Jack, Yes, I'd love to!!!!!"

## **CHAPTER 20**

### **Home at Last**

"Fannie, Lizzie, Alli, Savanna, come quick Bertha's home," Lilly shouted.

It sounded like a heard of cattle coming down the stairs. All stood like small children staring out the window watching her and Jack pull up.

"Lawd my child is home safe and sound," Della cried "and that good man Mr. Jack has done brought her to us in one piece."

As Bertha and Jack came through the door, there were hugs and tears all around, everyone talking at one time wanting to know what had happened.

"Hold on," Bertha said, "give me a chance to change into some dry clothes and I'll tell you." Della would you mind making some coffee for us, it's been a cold long ride, a little something to eat would also be great. I'm going to head upstairs to change."

"Need some help?" Jack asks

"Thanks but I do believe that if you come up, the coffee will get cold."

Cat calls came from around the room.

"What have you two been up to?" Lizzie asks.



Bertha turned and with a twinkle in her eye said, "If I want you to know I'll write a book" and laughs all the way up stairs.

"Lilly you got a shot of whiskey in there, that'll help warm up my blood." "Jack for you anything, thank you for finding Bertha and bringing her home. Now I noticed when she came through the door she was very happy, anything I should know?" Lilly asks.

"Yes, you should go get the Judge and we'll tell everyone the story, I hate repeating myself."

With Bertha in dry clothes and Jack with a couple of shots in his belly, they gathered their closest friends around and told them the story. Of course Bertha told hers first and then Jack how he had found her.

"Somehow I think something got left out," the Judge interjected.

"I'll tell you like I told the girls, if there were things I want you to know, I'll write a book," as Bertha and Jack both laughed.

"The good news is that we are home safe and sound, but I need to ride out to Clyde's and tell his family about his death. Jack is sending some men to bring his body home so that he can have a proper burial. We plan to ride out tomorrow; I'm going to give his widow some money to help with the burial and something to tide her over for awhile. I'm so sorry that I worried you all and I'm sorrier that my ignorance caused the death of a good man."

Jack reached over to stroke her hand, Bertha we all make mistakes you're lucky that you weren't one of them.

"Enough sorrow for now, Bertha and I have some good news for you all, we're getting married. A hush fell over the room."

## **CHAPTER 21**

### **A Change is Coming**

While riding back from Clyde's place Jack broached the subject of their marriage.

"Bertha I know this has been a tough day for you, it was kind of you to take such good care of Becky and her family."

"It's the least I could do, here I'm planning to be married and she has just become a widow. She seems to have her priorities in order, I think selling the farm and going home to family is best for her. It's tough for a single woman to work a farm, much less worry about the other elements."

"Speaking of our marriage" Jack jumps in, "how about we make some plans on the ride back to your place?"

"Whoa Jack, what's the rush?"

"The rush is I want you as my wife before some fool notion jumps into that blonde head of yours."

"No need to worry Jack, I'm committed to you and I will be your wife. Besides the wedding Jack, I've got other things that I need to tend to, like the house and my girls. They are my family and I'm not going to up and leave them. Lilly has her child to take care of."

"WHAT?" Jack says.

“Oh damn, I’m so comfortable with you I forgot you didn’t know. Yes, Lilly has a child that her family is raising, she is almost two and Danielle is a darling. Everything Lilly does is for that child. She wants to make enough money to retire and be a part of her life. No one except Della knows about the child and I trust that you will keep it to yourself.”

“Of course darling, what you tell me stays with me. But the Judge needs to know. He’s really smitten with her and the one thing he has always wanted was children. We could make this a double wedding”

“Hold your horses buddy; let’s get our lives in order first.”

“Ok bossy, you’re right, let’s start making some plans.”

Once Bertha was back home she called the ladies together to explain what she had in mind. She knew it was going to be tough and heartbreaking, but for once she had to put her happiness first.

“I know that you all have a million questions, but before we get to those let me explain my thoughts. First I’m not going to leave you high and dry, nor am I going to throw you out to the wolves. Jack and I will be married within the month and of course you’re all invited. Between now and then I will give each of you the opportunity to buy me out, if none of you wish to or can’t afford to I will seek outside interest. Now anyone buying the business is not buying you ladies, you own yourselves. I will do everything in my power to make this transition easy for you all. If any of you wish to leave now or at anytime you are free to do so. Since you’ve been with me I’ve begged you to save your money and hope that you have. This is one of those emergencies that I’ve always preached about. Now questions, yes Lizzie?”

“Why can’t Lilly take the house over?”

“Lilly would you like to answer that?”

“Yes, thank you, Bertha and I have talked about it, but ladies, I’m ready to go home. You see I have a beautiful daughter that my family is raising and I’d like to be a part of her life before she gets too old.” There were gasps throughout the room. “I’m sorry I never told you, I just felt better keeping it to myself.”

“Fannie, you have a question?”

“Bertha how much do you want for the house and business?”

“Darlin, I paid \$4,000.00 for the house alone, plus I’m throwing in most of the furniture so that’s another \$500.00 and I’m asking \$2,000.00 for the business.”

“Well that leaves me out” Fannie replies,

“Me too” most of them pipe in.

“Is the business going to stay up and running this month?” Alli asks.

“Of course, until the day I marry Jack this is still my life. You ladies can choose to work or not, that is your decision, all I ask is that you tell me up front.

“If none of us choose to buy the business, do you have anyone in mind?” Savanna asks.

“Well, I must tell you that I know that Ms Patron is back in town and I’ve thought about talking with her. If no one wants to buy the business then I’ll just sell the house and you ladies need to prepare for the worst. I love you all and I hope that you understand, I’ll do whatever I can to help you.”

Even though the girls were somewhat upset, they understood. They'd all talked with other working girls and found that they had the best of the best. Many other girls had been through 3 or more madams in just a few short years. But they were family and Bertha deserved happiness in her life.

## **CHAPTER 22**

### **Ms Patron**

"Why Bertha I was delighted to receive your invitation for lunch, I've been dying to see what you've done with the O'Hara plantation."

"Please come in and look around, make yourself at home."

Patron's first thought is, "Oh no this will not do, if I decide to buy this place it's gonna need a lot of redecorating."

"Its lovely Bertha," Patron was smart enough to know that you never insult the lady of the house.

"Thank you, everyone here chipped in to help with the house. I really have a wonderful bunch of girls,"

"So I've heard" Patron mutters.

"Ms Bertha lunch is ready" Della announced.

"We'll be right in Della."

"Your cook is outstanding, that was a great lunch Bertha, but I have a feeling that you didn't just invite me over for lunch."

"You're right Patron; I have some business I would like to discuss with you."

"Does it have something to do with your upcoming marriage?" Patron asks.

"I see the word is out; you can't keep a secret in this town for long. Since you know that I'm getting married, do you also know that I'm selling the house and business?"

"I've heard rumors, and now I know that it's true, are you offering me first chance?"

"As a matter of fact I am. I never heard why you left Boomtown and it's none of my business, but you're back and I'm hoping you're looking to get back into business."

"Do you remember the day we meet at the train station?" Patron asks.

"Why yes I do, I remember thinking I might not want to introduce myself to you, as you might be offended," Bertha replied.

"I was feeling the same way but sometimes you just gotta do what you want," as Patron laughed. "You see this town seems to have a way with making ladies unhappy, let me tell you why I left.

"I came to this town when gold was first discovered to make my fortune. It was jumping with miners and before long the cowboys had showed up. I built a nice house on the edge of town, got me some top notch ladies and went to work. For the first year things went great and then the sheriff showed up. I'm sure you've had the pleasure of meeting Sheriff Pat. [Why yes I have; Bertha would never forget that day.] Well, to make a long story short, I fell in love with him." Bertha was stunned. "But unlike you, I did leave town. That tall drink of water stole my heart and I never had the nerve to tell him. I mean hell he's the town

sheriff and there was no way that he was gonna hook up with a madam. So, the girls and I packed up and headed for another town. End of story.”

“Well, what brought you back?” Bertha asked. “Had I left when I planned, Jack and I would not be getting married and you and I would not be having this conversation.”

“Call me crazy” Patron replied, “but all I thought about was him, I’d look at another man and compare him to Pat. Lord have you ever seen him with his shirt off, he’s got the biggest strongest arms I’ve ever seen. I do believe he could uproot a great oak with his bare hands. Makes me tingle just thinking about him.” They both laugh.

“Are you going to tell him how you feel Patron or just moon over him?”

“Bertha, I had planned to be satisfied being in the same town with him, something is better then nothing. But now I’m having second thoughts.”

“What do you mean second thoughts?” Bertha asks. If you and Jack can, there just might be a chance for me and Pat. What have I got to lose?”

“I applaud your decision and am glad that in some way I might be able to help, now let's get down to business, Patron do you want the house and business?”

“The price sounds right Bertha, but what about your girls?”

“Patron that is their decision, I can tell you that they are the most hard working dedicated group I’ve ever known. Each and every one of them is like a daughter to me. I feel like I’m getting married and leaving home for the first time. As happy as I’ll be with Jack, I’m sure gonna miss them. I’d love for them to stay and work for you, but that’s being purely selfish, if here in Boomtown I can still visit them and keep an eye on them.”

“Do you need a decision right away?” Patron asks.

“Lord no, I know that you’ll need time to think this over and I’d love to set up a date for you to stop by and visit with the girls. Maybe you’d like to also come by one evening to see how the business runs?”

“Sounds like a plan to me Bertha, let’s set those dates now, I am interested.”

## **CHAPTER 23**

### **The End and The Beginning**

“Della,” Bertha hollers down the stairs, “are you ever gonna get my bath drawn? You know I am getting married today!”

“Lawd child don’t get them drawers in a wad, I’s headed there now.”

“When is that woman gonna learn I knows what I’m doing,” Della mumbles to herself. “Acts like she be the first lady in the world to get married.”

“And would you please bring me a glass of champagne, maybe that will help calm my nerves.”

“Bertha will you please calm down,” Lilly says as she comes bouncing into the room with a whole bottle of champagne.

“Oh Lilly, I don’t know whether to laugh or cry, are you sure I’m doing the right thing?”

“Damn Bertha, do you think I’d let you just run off and marry anyone? Jack is the right man for you. I’ve never seen two people more in love and deserving of one another. This is the life you’ve always dreamed of, open your eyes, heart and mind and thank your lucky stars. Now take a big drink and a deep breath, and head for that tub. You’ve only got a few more hours of being a single lady and the girls have a surprise for you.”

“Just what I need, something else to make me nervous.” They both laugh as Bertha steps in her fancy scented bubble bath.

As Bertha is dressing a soft knock comes at her door.

“Who is it?” she calls out.

“Bertha it’s me, Patron, may I come in?”

“Of course, you can help me with this dress.”

“You look beautiful” Patron says to Bertha “the prettiest bride I’ve ever seen.”

“Oh Patron, I am so happy that we met. I feel like I’ve known you all my life, I start a sentence...”

“...and I finish it” Patron pipes in as they both laugh.

“I have been blessed to have Lilly as my dear best friend all my life, and now I also have you. The first day I arrived in Boomtown I thought I might have made a mistake,

but it’s been the best thing that ever happened to me. I often sit and think about the wonderful things that have happened since I arrived. I found the man of my dreams and today will become his wife. Lilly has fallen in love with the Judge, and will be married next. And her dream has come true; Danielle is coming to live with them. And I met you, a long lost sister that I know will always be there for me, even if it’s in another town or state. You make me laugh so hard sometimes my sides hurt. I know when I’m down in the dumps it’s you who will bring me back up.

“My girls are staying in town to work for you and they love you which makes me so happy.”

“Ms. Bertha,” Della blasts in through the door, “it’s almost time and the girls got a surprise for you in the drawing room.”

“Lawd child you is beautiful,” when she finally stops to look at Bertha, and she begins to cry.

“Don’t start Della, I don’t want to ruin my makeup, quick Patron make me laugh!”

Bertha’s entrance into the drawing room brought gasps from them all, they couldn’t stop telling her how lovely she looked.



Of course Lizzie being the funny one of the bunch piped in with “You know that soft yellow looks great on you, because we all know you couldn’t wear white”.

That helps to bring the room to a more relaxed atmosphere.

“Thank you ladies, this wouldn’t have been possible without each and every one of you. Now, I hear someone has a surprise for me, and you know I hate waiting, so what is it?”

Just then Lilly walks in with the most outstanding bouquet of flowers Bertha had ever seen.

“They’re beautiful, are they for me?”

“Of course they are,” Fannie pipes in. “No one else in this room is getting married right now.”

“Bertha, each of us had a part in the making and design of this. We all picked the flowers and worked to put them together,” Alli said. “The hankie holding the stem has each of our initials on it and a heart with yours and Jack's.

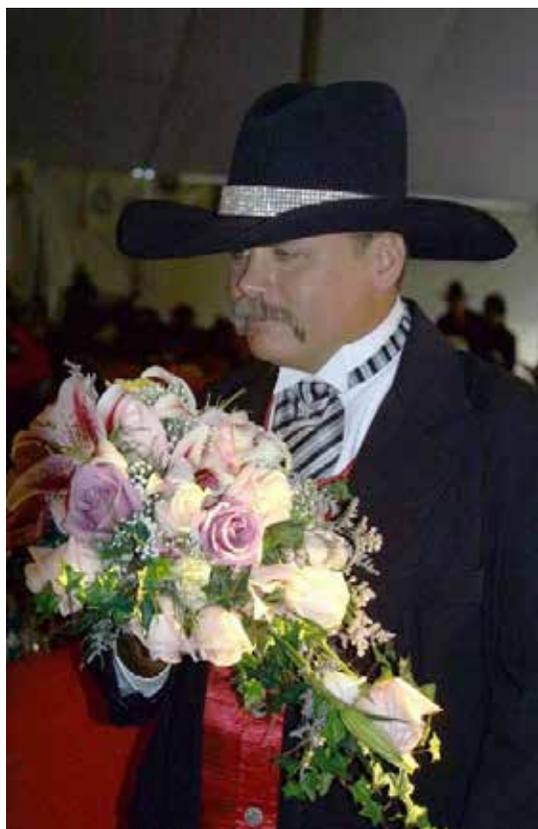
“The hankie belonged to me so it’s something old and something new,” Savanna says.

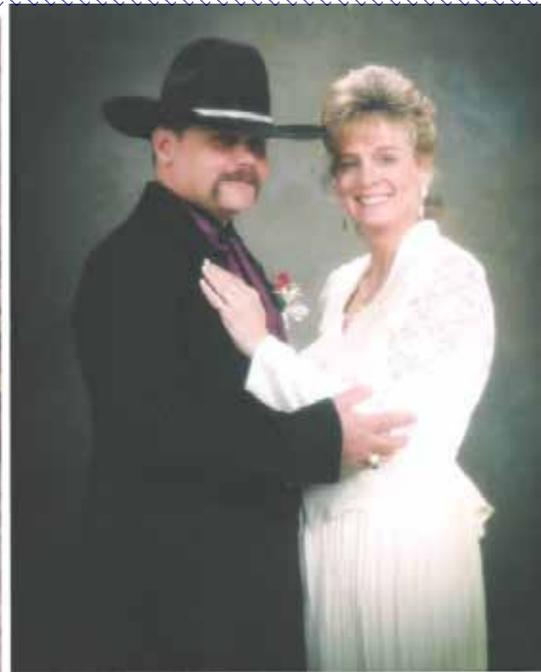
As a tear starts to fall Bertha is speechless. “I’m so touched by this, you ladies have been my life for so long, I hope you all know that no matter what or when my home is always open to you.”

A line forms so that each of the girls can hug her before she heads out the door.

When Bertha walked down the aisle of the church, Jack's eyes swelled with tears, he’d never seen a more beautiful sight. Bertha wanted nothing more then to be his wife and the tears flowed as she knew her life was complete.

With the ceremony coming to an end it was time for Jack to kiss his bride and being the gentleman that he was, he took his hat off and covered both their faces so the kiss would be enjoyed by only them. The congregation went wild and they both knew that their lives were just beginning.





(This is our real wedding photo)

## **THE END?**

### **Epilogue By Jack**

This ranks as one of the most touching things Shotglass has ever done. There is more reality and memories in this story than you will know.

There was more than one lost girl I tried to save with no strings attached.

Texas **JACK** (Just Acts Crappy) Daniels. The “Crappy” is in there.

I actually own a ranch/farm called “Lonesome Pond,” 200 acres with a pond and no cattle in the Virginia Mountains.

We both fought with our feelings for each other inside ourselves for several years. Including our doubts because of the pain lost loves had caused us.

Shotglass has run away on occasion. I spend a couple of sleepless days looking for her and she has always come home.

Shotglass can’t tell right from left or east from west. “Turn left here, No the other left”.

Patron is a consummate house decorator. Shotglass isn’t.

“Special Occasion” refers to a secret between Shotglass and I.

Cookie and (Bullshead) Bill are both married to two of the girls who served as inspiration.

Everybody is real except Savannah and Clyde. Ali became Alli.

Della is our dog, a huge Great Pyrenees. Sleeps a lot.

Shotglass is a Gone with the Wind fanatic. Note she buys the O’Hara plantation. Catch the “I’ll worry about it tomorrow”?

To all the girls in the photos and all the girls I’ve stolen a hug from,

**I THANK YOU**

# MERCANTILE

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# SASS AFFILIATED CLUBS 2025 MONTHLY SHOOTING SCHEDULES

CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
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## AUSTRALIA

### AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY

Majura Rangers	Majura	1st Sat WB & 3rd Sun CAS	N/A	Blinky	SSAA-ACT Shooting Range
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### NEW SOUTH WALES

Panorama Peacemakers	Bathurst	3r Sun & 5th Sun	0418468721	Mean Mongrell Matt	Bathurst SSAA Range
The Quarry Bunch	Belanglo, NSW	1st Sun	+61 414 597 806	The Halliday Kid	Bowral Pistol Club

### QUEENSLAND

Dalby Pioneers	Dalby	4th Wkd	0458 510 122	Mrs. H	South West Quarry Gang
Dalby Pistol Club Inc.	Dalby	2nd Sun	0488 225 435	Whiskey Rae	South West Quarry Gang
Shooters Union Australia Ltd		As Sched.	+61 409 471 423	Painted Mohawk	Various Ranges Across Australia
Sporting Shooters' Association of Australia, Inc.	Millmerran	As Sched.	+0447 831154	R. C. Shot	SSAA Queensland

### VICTORIA

Little River Raiders	Little River	3rd Sun	61 407 553 281	Sambucca Kid	Eagle Park Shooting Complex
Westgate Marauders	Port Melbourne	2nd Saturday	61 0433419284	Stampede Pete	Melbourne International Shooting Club

### WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Canning Club Inc.	Canning Vale	1st, 2nd & 5th Sun	0477-007-352	Phillips	Canning Club Inc.
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### AUSTRIA

City Marshals	Graz	As Sched.	00 431 655 184	Clint Coldwell	Shooting Range LH Graz
SASS CAS Austria	Steinwand	As Sched.	+4369913115483	Robbie the Gun	Shooting Range Gutenbrunn
Sport & Jagd Schützenverein Zwetl	Zwetl	As Sched	+43 664 557 5133	Super Mario	SJV Shooting Range Zwetl
Sportschützenverein Nibelungen	Steinwand	As Sched.	+436645575133	Super Mario	Shooting Range Gutenbrunn

### CANADA

#### ALBERTA

Canadian Historical Arms Society	Leduc County	As Sched. Sat.	780-799-5937	Alberta Jayhawk	Genesse Ranger
Porcupine Hills Shadow Riders	Granum	2nd Wknd CAS & 2nd Sat WB	403-687-2284	Southwest Trapper	Willow Lane Ranch
Vermilion Gun Club	Vermilion	Every Monday	780-581-5286	Felix McSquibly	Vermilion Gun Club

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA

Heffley Creek Gun Club	Heffley Creek	As Sched.	250-573-2885	Gunfighter Jim	
Kamloops Cowtown Cowboys	Kamloops	As Sched.	250-819-0416	Cariboo Lefty	Kamloops Target Sports Association
Red Mountain Renegades	Mission	1st Sun CAS & 3rd Sun WB	778-684-0769	Whistlin' Cat	Mission and District Rod and Gun Club
Valley Regulators	Courtenay	1st & 3rd Sat	250-897-2194	Little Edgy	Courtenay Fish and Game Protective Association
Victoria Frontier Shootists	Victoria	1st Sun WB, 2nd Sun CAS	250-744-4705	Black Ashley	Victoria Fish & Game Protective Association

#### ONTARIO

Ontario Single Action Federation	Guelph, ON	As Sched.	519-362-1184	Doc Lonesome	Ontario Single Action Federation
Ruff's Regulators	St Andrews West	1st Sat	514-409-6117	Marshall MacPhee	Cornwall Handgun Club
Square Circle Wranglers	Clarence-Rockland	3rd Wknd	613-220-5946	Red Storm	Eastern Ontario Shooting Club
Wentworth Shooting Sports Club	Hamilton	1st Sun	519-836-7258	Doc Lonesome	Wentworth Shooting Sports Club

#### QUEBEC

Centre De Tir Granby Multi-Sports	Granby	As Sched.	450-532-4111	Smoking Mike Whitecloud	Centre de Tir Granby Multi-Sports
Club De Tir Beausejour	Levis, Quebec	As Sched.	418-609-2139	Lt. Bluberry	Chasseurs et pecheurs Levisiens inc.

#### SASKATCHEWAN

Saskatchewan Association of Wild West Shooters	Saskatoon	As Sched.	306-222-2480	Dusty Dawn	Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club
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#### CZECH REPUBLIC

Association of Western Shooters	Pelhrimov	As Sched.	420 777 776 066	Colbert	Shooting Range Pelhrimov
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CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
<b>FINLAND</b>					
Classic Old Western Society of Finland	Loppi	As Sched.	+358-50-5174659	Captain Woodbury Kane	N/A
SASS Finland	Loppi	As Sched.	+358 50 5174659	Captain Woodbury Kane	Loppis Shooting Range
<b>FRANCE</b>					
Black Rivers	Roanne	3rd Sat	33 687 462 582	The Kid of Neckwhite	Route de Charlieu
<b>GERMANY</b>					
CAS Europe	Heerd	Wed	49 28 233 426	Hurricane Irm	TR-Dusseldorf
Cowboy Action Shooting Germany	Edderitz	Last Wkd	+49 1609 76 52588	Marshal Heck	Tombstone Village
SASS Germany	Bocholt	Wed	0049-2823-5807	Rhine River Joe	Shooting Range Schmeink
<b>ITALY</b>					
Western Club Canne Tonanti	Verano Brianza	As Sched. Sun	+393493276203	Bruce Miller	A.S.D. Traversera Shooting Club
<b>LUXEMBOURG</b>					
SASS Luxembourg	Kayl	June; Thurs-Sun	00352 691 161 580	Katie Lou	SSCK Kayl
<b>NEW ZEALAND</b>					
Green Mountain Boys	Upper Hutt	3rd Sunday	+64 274 221 551	Bald Eagle	Kaitoke Pistol Club
Mystery Creek Marshals	Hamilton	2nd Sun WB & 4th Sun CAS	+64 211 265 244	Misterlort	The Hamilton Pistol Club
SASS Pistol New Zealand	Various Ranges	As Sched.	+64-274-221-551	Bald Eagle	New Zealand Pistol Association
<b>POLAND</b>					
SASS Polish Western Shooting Association	Parzczew	As Sched.	+48605100315	Crazy Zebra	1st Western Shooting Range
W.A.S. Banditos	Ostroda	1st Sat	+48512707038	Pavlos Banditos	Garda Ostroda Kaczory
<b>SLOVAKIA</b>					
Slovak Western Shooting Association	Domaniza	As Sched.	42 190 366 7096	Michal	Shooting Range Domaniza
<b>SOUTH AFRICA</b>					
Western Shooters of South Africa	Simon's Town	3rd Sat	+27 826522150	Dusty Devil	False Bay Gun Club
<b>SWEDEN</b>					
SASS Sweden/ Thorsby Desperados	Torsby	1st Sat	+46702711107	Ace Heart	Reito Torsby
<b>SWITZERLAND</b>					
Old West Shooting Society Switzerland	Kreuzlingen	As Sched.	+41 79 909 92 70	Texas Knight	N/A
Red Sash Cowboy Association	Unterlunkhofen	As Sched.	+41 (0) 56 6342278	Palouse Creek Hondo	N/A
<b>UNITED STATES OF AMERICA</b>					
<b>ALABAMA</b>					
North Alabama Regulators	Woodville	1st Sun	256-504-4366	Buck D. Law	Cavern Cove Competition Shooting Range
Old York Shootists	Blountsville	2nd Wkd & 4th Sun	205-616-9395	Derringer Di	Old York Shootists Cowboy Action Shooting Range
Russell County Regulators	Phenix City	1st Sat	706-566-1740	Will Killigan	East Alabama Gun Club
Wiregrass Wranglers	Daleville	1st Sat	334-498-0701	Carpetbagger Carley	Tri-State Gun Club
<b>ALASKA</b>					
Alaska 49er's	Palmer	2nd Sat & 4th Sun	907-982-5097	Flaco Joe	Mat-Valley Sportsmans Shooting Range
Alaska 49ers Wild Bunch	Palmer	5th Sat	907-232-1080	Marshal Stone	Mat-Valley Sportsmans Shooting Range
Golden Heart Shootist Society	Fairbanks	2nd Sat & 4th Sun	907-371-0830	1st SGT Bearclaw Toklat	Fox Outdoor Range
<b>ARIZONA</b>					
Arizona Cowboy Shooters Association Inc	Phoenix	2nd Sat	949-525-7124	Darlin Darla	Ben Avery Shooting Facility
Arizona Territorial Company of Rough Riders	Phoenix	N/A	480-238-3451	Rattlesnake Slim	Ben Avery Shooting Facility
Colorado River Shootists	Yuma	4th Sun	760-662-3483	Mexican Rob	Adair Range
Cowtown Shooters Association	Peoria	1st Sun & 3rd Sat	480-773-2753	Barbwire	Cowtown Shooting Range

CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
Dusty Bunch Old Western Shooters	Casa Grande	See Web	520-568-2852	Squibber	Casa Grande Shooting Range
Granite Mountain Outlaws	Chino Valley	1st Sat WB & 3rd Sun CAS	928-963-6515	Tramp	Compass Training Center
Los Vaqueros	Tombstone	3rd Sat	520-314-8159	Eric Rooster Cogburn	Tombstone Livery
Mohave Marshals	Kingman	3rd Sun	928-377-7001	Man Mountain Mike	Mohave Sportsman's Club
NAZty Bunch	Flagstaff	3rd Sat	928-526-3794	Coconino Pistolero	Camp Savage
Rio Salado Cowboy Action Shooting Society	Mesa	1st Sat	602-657-4552	Colt Laredo	Rio Salado Sportsman's Club
Whiskey Row Gunslingers	Prescott	2nd Sun WB & 4th Sat CAS	928-308-7507	Arizona Ric	Yavapai Recreation League

## ARKANSAS

Arkansas Leadslingers	Rogers	2nd & 4th Sat	479-633-2107	Dirty Dan Paladin	Frisco City
Judge Parker's Marshals	Fort Smith/Van Buren	3rd & 5th Wknd	479-651-2475	Naildriver	Old Fort Gun Club
Mountain Valley Vigilantes	Hot Springs National Park	1st Wknd	501-304-6273	Bulldog McGraw	Mountain Valley Sportsman's Association
Outlaw Camp	Heber Springs	2nd, 4th & 5th Sat	870-847-0733	Arkansas Harper	Outlaw Camp
White River Gang	Mountain Home	1st Sat	719-839-0133	Bayou Bob	Twin Lakes Gun Club

## CALIFORNIA

5 Dogs Creek	Bakersfield	1st Sat & Sun	661-823-8605	Fordyce Beals	Five Dogs Creek Shooting Range
Cajon Cowboys	San Bernardino	2nd & 4th Sat	619-808-8895	Sassy Kitty	Route 66 Shootings Sports Park
California Rangers	Sloughhouse	2nd Sat	530-919-9372	KB Pistolero	Sacramento Valley Shooting Center
California Shady Ladies	Sloughhouse	4th Sat	916-952-1013	Lady Gambler	Sacramento Valley Shooting Center
Canyon Oaks Shootists	Sylmar	2nd Wknd	626-644-5368	Hipshot Percussion	Canyon Oaks Sportsmans Club
Chorro Valley Regulators	San Luis Obispo	2nd Wknd & 5 Wknd	805-431-1307	Thomas Poole	San Luis Obispo Sportsman's Association
Coyote Valley Sharpshooters	San Jose	3rd Sat	510-862-8000	Calamity Carl	Various Private Ranges
Dulzura Desperados	Dulzura	3rd Sat	619-997-2755	Reuben J. Cogburn	South Bay Rod and Gun Club
Escondido Bandidos	Escondido	1st Sat	760-745-9249	Double Diamond	Escondido Fish & Games Assoc.
Faultline Shootist Society	Morgan Hill	Last Sun	408-306-1886	Pascoe Pete	Coyote Valley Sporting Clays
Hawkinsville Claim Jumpers	Yreka	4th & 5th Sat	530-598-6871	Wichita Belle	Dodge Range
Helldorado Rangers	Ukiah	3rd Sunday	707-391-8308	Junior Bonner	Ukiah Gun Club
High Sierra Drifters	Mokelumne Hill	2nd Sun	916-812-0434	Nyack Jack	Taylor Park Shooting Range
Kings River Regulators	Clovis	3rd Wknd	559-352-9829	Big Bad Blaine	Fresno Rifle & Pistol Club
Murieta Posse	Sloughhouse	3rd Sun	510-703-8064	Grizzly Peak Jake	Folsom Shooting Club
River City Regulators	Davis	1st Sun	925-382-5751	Noah Hair	Yolo Sportsmen's Association
Robbers Roost Vigilantes	Ridgecrest	3rd Sat	760-375-7618	Nasty Newt	Ridgecrest Gun Range
The Cowboys	Corona	4th Sun	805-722-8958	Tapatio	Raahauge Shooting Enterprises
The Rough Riders	Various Locations	4th Wknd	805-712-4032	Ambs Aces	N/A
Two Rivers Posse	Manteca	1st Sat & 4th Sun	925-519-7996	Wolf Taylor	Manteca Sportsmen's Club

## COLORADO

Briggsdale County Shootists	Briggsdale	2nd & 4th Sat & 5th Sun	970-396-9010	Sixty-Nine Cent Wizard	Pawnee Sportsmens Center
Colorado Cowboys	Rockvale	3rd Sat	937-308-1634	Tex Message	Rockvale Gun Club
Colorado Shaketails	Hanover	1st Sun	719-338-5912	Shootin Hoosier	Frontier Sportsman's Club
Pawnee Station Vindicators	Nunn	3rd Sat CAS & 3rd Sun WB	970-988-9774	Wildcat Cliff	Great Guns Sporting LLC
San Juan Rangers	Montrose	1st Sun	970-417-6247	Kodiak Kid	San Juan Shooting Range
Sand Creek Raiders	Byers	2nd Sun (WB) & 4th Sun (CAS)	303-366-8827	Sweetwater Bill	Colorado Rifle Club
Thunder Mountain Shootists	Whitewater	3rd Sun CAS, Bi Monthly 3rd Sat WB	970-270-4853	Pinto Being	William Jarvis Shooting Complex

## CONNECTICUT

CT Valley Bushwackers	Coventry	2nd Sat	860-384-0543	Double Tap Taylor	Manchester Sportsman Association
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## DELAWARE

Paden's Posse	Bridgeville	3rd Sun	302-841-8727	Cool Hand Lee	Bridgeville Rifle and Pistol Club
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## FLORIDA

Big Bend Bushwackers	Woodville	3rd Sat	850-559-4665	Klem Kadiddlehopper	Tallahassee Rifle and Pistol Club
Cowford Regulators	Jacksonville	4th Sat	904-699-0066	Dakota Lil	Gateway Rifle and Pistol Club
Doodle Hill Regulators	Ruskin	4th Sun	910-797-7110	Shelleen	Gun Craft Inc. Range
Fort White Cowboy Cavalry	Fort White	2nd Sat	352-284-4244	Toothpick	Fort White Gun Club
Gold Coast Gunslingers	Sunrise	1st Sat & 3rd Sun	786-256-9542	George Washington McLintock	Markham Park Pistol and Rifle Range
Lake County Pistoleros	Tavares	3rd Sat	815-861-7572	Midwest Hale	Eustis Gun Club
OK Corral Outlaws	Okeechobee	4th Sat	863-357-2226	Kokomo Kid	OK Corral Gun Club

CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
Okeechobee Marshals	Sebastian	2nd Sat	561-312-9076	Bonfire	Indian River County Shooting Range
Panhandle Cattle Company	Chipley	4th Sat	850-638-4939	Desperado Dale	Panhandle Cattle Company
Panhandle Cowboys	Holt	2nd Sun	850-665-4289	Colonel Cletus T Bass	Element Training Complex
Red Hills Rangers	Midway	2nd Sat	850-443-3327	Colonel Kraken	Talon Range
Roughshod Raiders	Gainesville	1st Sat	352-317-2357	Delta Glen	Gainesville Target Range, Inc.
Weewahootee Vigilance Committee	Orlando	2nd Sat	407-729-8057	Dead-Aim Dave	Central Florida Rifle and Pistol Club

## GEORGIA

Cherokee Cowboys	Gainesville	4th Sat	845-401-0902	Dirty Redd	Cherokee Gun Club
Doc Holliday's Immortals	Griffin	2nd Sat	588-937-7607	Jimmie Gunnfighter	Griffin Gun Club
Georgia Mountain Piedmont Regulators	Eastanollee	2nd Sat	706-714-8441	Iron Chief	Georgia Mountain Shooting Association
River Bend Rough Riders	Dawsonville	1st Sat	770-361-6966	Done Gone	River Bend Gun Club
South River Shootists	Covington	3rd Sat	404-405-8266	Fast Eddie	South River Gun Club
Valdosta Vigilance Committee	Valdosta	3rd Sat	229-740-9215	Goliath	Little River Sportsmen's Assoc.

## IDAHO

Eagle Rock Regulators	Idaho Falls	1st Sat	208-520-8824	Missouri Ruffian	Southeast Idaho Practical Shooters
Oregon Trail Rough Riders	Kuna	1st & 3rd Sat	503-953-5643	Nels Gandy	Black's Creek Rifle Range
Snake River Western Shooting Society	Jerome	1st & 4th Sat	208-731-6387	Missy Mable	Jerome Rod & Gun Club

## ILLINOIS

Fort Beggs Defenders	Plainfield	4th Sat	779-234-0543	Torano	Oak Park Sportsmen's Club
Illowa Irregulars	Milan	3rd Sun	563-340-5606	Cowboy Rick	Milan Rifle Club
Lakewoods Marshals	Rinard	1st Sat	618-262-6948	Rusty Banker	Lakewoods Marshals Cowboy Action Shootin Club Range
McLean County Peacemakers	Bloomington	3rd Sat	309-242-0522	Mackinaw Jack	Darnalls Gun Works & Range
Rangeless Riders	Bunker Hill	1st Sat	618-210-2586	Jean Duke	Brittany Shooting Park Ltd.
Vermilion River Long Riders	Streator	2nd Sun	815-303-4555	Lead Poison Lar	Sandy Ford Sportsman Club

## INDIANA

Circle R Cowboys	Brookston	3rd Sat	219-208-2793	Mustang Bill	Wildcat Valley Rifle and Pistol Club
Deer Creek Regulators	Jonesboro	4th Sun	317-501-0499	Dallas McBoomBoom	Deer Creek Conservation Club of Grant County
Paradise Pass Regulators	Erna Green	1st Sat	574-354-7186	CC Moonshine	Paradise Pass
Pine Ridge Regulators	Carbon	2nd Sat	317-373-0632	Rattlesnake John	Pine Ridge Ranch
Westside Renegades	Evansville	4th Sat	812-459-2153	Tinhorn Timmy	Westside Sportsmen's Club
Wolf's Rowdy Rangers	Bristol	3rd Sat	574-536-4010	Justice D. Spencer	Chief Wa-Ke-De Range

## IOWA

Fort Des Moines Rangers	Indianola	1st Sun & 3rd Sat	641-660-2452	John Wesley Hardin	Central Iowa Shooting Sports
Outlaw's Run	Red Oak	2nd Sun	712-621-5726	Capt. Jim Midnight	Red Oak

## KANSAS

Butterfield Gulch Gang	Chapman	1st Sun & 3rd Sat	785-479-0416	Flinthills Dawg	Clark's Station
Capital City Cowboys	Topeka	4th Sun	785-640-3742	J. W. Hopkins	Capital City Gun Club
Chisholm Trail Rowdys	Benton	4th Sun	785-224-4918	Chisholm Kid	Chisholm Trail Antique Gun Association
Powder Creek Cowboys	Lenexa	2nd & 4th Sat, 1st & 1st & 3rd Wed	913-209-3836	Cooncan	Powder Creek Shooting Park
Powder Creek Cowboys Wild Bunch	Lenexa	1st Sat	816-215-2800	Sasparilla Groz	Powder Creek Shooting Park

## KENTUCKY

Dirty Rotten Gang	Pikeville	4th Sat	606-424-8706	Escopeta Jake	East Kentucky Sportsman Assoc.
Green River Gunslingers	Bowling Green	TBA	270-498-0134	Bushrod Jones	Green River Gun Club
Hooten Old Town Regulators	Mckee	1st Sat CAS & 5th Sat WB	859-230-3693	Lyn Ike	Hooten Old Town
Kentucky Long Rifles Cowboys	Morehead	2nd Sat	606-462-3278	Longshot Ace	Kentucky Long Rifles Club
Ponderosa Pines Posse	Manchester	3rd Sat	606-599-5263	Cat A Tonic	N/A

## LOUISIANA

Bayou Bounty Hunters	Amite	2nd & 4th Sat	225-772-4776	Lucky Lawdog	Florida Parishes Skeet Club
Deadwood Marshals	Sorrento	1st & 3rd Sat	504-458-1898	Doc Spudley	Deadwood Marshals
Up The Creek Gang	Lake Charles	2nd CAS & 4th CAS, WB As Sched.	337-544-0189	Nellie Blue	Lake Charles Gun Club

## MAINE

Maine Marshals	Berwick	As Sched.	207-272-7119	Tyler Tornado	Sanford Springvale Fish and Game
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CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
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## MARYLAND

Damascus Wildlife Rangers	Mt. Airy	2nd Sat	301-253-0578	Dogmeat Dad	Izaak Walton League of America
Eas'dern Shore Renegades	Sudlersville	1st Sat	610-724-4842	Black Hills Drifter	Delmarva Sportsman's Association
Thurmont Rangers	Thurmont	1st Sat & Sun	202-330-8545	Dutch Coroner	Thurmont Conservation and Sportsman Club

## MASSACHUSETTS

Danvers Desperados	Middleton	As Sched. Sat	781-254-8041	Pittsburg Mac	Danvers Fish & Game Club
Harvard Ghost Riders	Harvard	As Sched. Sun	978-456-6971	Grazer	Harvard Sportsman's Club

## MICHIGAN

Hidden Valley Cowboys	Sturgis	3rd Sun (Apr-Oct)	574-349-3764	Johnny Rebel	St. Joseph Conservation and Sportsmans Club
Huron River Regulators	Ypsilanti Township	1st Sat	734-612-0570	Sinola Kid	Washtenaw Sportsman's Club
Johnson Creek Regulators	Plymouth	4th Sat	734-748-7375	Not Dead Ed	Western Wayne County Conservation Club
Lapeer County Sportsmen's Club Wranglers	Attica	1st Sun	248-804-0681	Dutch Van Sickle	Lapeer County Sportsmen's Club
River Bend Rangers	Niles	2nd Sat	269-340-5222	Robert Chance Cole	Bend of the River Conservation Club
Rocky River Regulators	Shelby Township	3rd Sun	248-709-5254	Terrebonne Bud	Detroit Sportsmen's Congress
Saginaw Field and Stream Club	Saginaw	As Sched.	989-585-3292	Katie Callahan	Saginaw Field and Stream Club
Sucker Creek Saddle & Gun Club	Breckenridge	3rd Sat	989-832-8426	Kid Al Fred	Sucker Creek Saddle & Gun Club
Wolverine Rangers	Kimball	As Sched.	734-612-0570	Sinola Kid	Blue Water Sportsman's Association

## MINNESOTA

Cedar Valley Vigilantes	Morristown	1st & 3rd Sat	612-384-9115	Riverboat Red	Ahlman's Gun Shop
Fort Belmont Regulators	Jackson	3rd Sun	507-822-5214	A J Royal	Des Moines Valley Sportsman's Club

## MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi Peacemakers	Mendenhall	3rd Sat	662-417-0250	Buck Bow	Purgatory/Peacemaker Road
Mississippi River Rangers	Byhalia	3rd Sun, 4th & 5th Sat	901-850-4022	Padre De Cinco	Rabbit Ridge Ranch

## MISSOURI

Bear Creek Volunteers	Walnut Shade	2nd Sat CAS & 3rd Sat WB	417-208-9142	Artemus Von Schutze	Liberty Range
Bear Creek Volunteers Wild Bunch	Walnut Shade	3rd Sat	417-208-9142	Artemus Von Schutze	Liberty Range
Boonville Regulators	Boonville	1st Sat, 2nd Sun, 3rd Sat, 4th Sun & 5th Wkd	816-686-8881	Dusty Dustem	Boonville Regulators
Butterfield Trail Cowboys	Walnut Shade	2nd Wknd, 1st & 3rd Wed	417-773-9307	R C Steelringer	Ozark Shooters Sports Complex
Double M Cowboys	Marshfield	1st Sun	417-839-6797	Boothill Slim	Outlaw Range
Gateway Area Shootist Society	Barnhart	3rd Sun	314-578-6027	Fat Chance BuckO	Arnold Rifle and Pistol Club
Pioneer Gunslingers	Holden	2nd Sat	573-586-9074	Lucas Cahill	Pioneer Gun Club
Southern Missouri Rangers	Marshfield	4th Wkd	417-298-1935	ChaChing	Outlaw Range

## MONTANA

Bitterroot Buckaroos	Hamilton / Polson	1st Sat (WRPC) & 4th Sat (PRC)	406-531-4116	May B. Shecann	Whitticar Rifle & Pistol Club & Polson Rifle Club
Black Horse Shootists	Great Falls	Wkd of 3rd Sun	406-868-9737	J. E. B. Stuart Montana	Great Falls Shooting Sports Complex
Lozeau Lobos	Superior	4th Sat	503-569-9857	Double Barrel D	Mineral County Shooting Sports Association
Montana Territory Peacemakers	Billings	2nd Sun WB & 4th Sat CAS	406-698-6509	Galloping Swede	Billings Rod & Gun Club
Sun River Rangers Shooting Society	Augusta	1st Wkd & 4th Sat	406-590-7599	Crusty	Gumbo Gulch

## NEBRASKA

Eastern Nebraska Shootists	Louisville	1st Sat	402-630-5447	High Ground	Eastern Nebraska Gun Club
Platte Valley Gunslingers	Alda	3rd Sat	402-460-8113	Mesquite Ranger	Heartland Public Shooting Park

## NEVADA

Battle Born Rangers	Fernley	1st & 2nd Sun	503-997-1255	Bordello Fellow	N/A
Eldorado Cowboys	Boulder City	1st Wkd	702-808-5476	Mojave Rose	Boulder Rifle & Pistol Club
Silver State Shootists	Carson City	3rd Sun	541-740-9291	Diamond Dirk Slade	Carson Rifle & Pistol Range

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

Pemi Valley Peacemakers	Holderness	As Sched.	603-620-5001	Dakota Joe	Pemigewasset Valley Fish and Game Club
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## NEW JERSEY

Jackson Hole Gang	Jackson	4th Sun CAS & WB	732-600-1215	Bronco Joan	Central Jersey Rifle & Pistol Club
Monmouth Rangers	Farmingdale	2nd Sun	973-495-4290	Bobby Reno	Monmouth Country Rifle & Pistol Club, Inc.
Quinton Mavericks	Quinton	2nd Sun	609-805-0010	Unexpected Bill	Delaware Blues Rifle and Pistol Club, Inc.
Shongum Wiley Coyotes	Oxford	3rd Sun	973-219-9585	Johnny Swan	Shongum Sportsman Association

CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
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## NEW MEXICO

Buffalo Range Riders	Edgewood	1st Sun	505-321-9216	Estancia Kid	Legacy Ranch
Gila Rangers	Mimbres	2nd Sat	575-313-2772	Bud Guzzlin	Fowler Land and Cattle Company
Lead Delivery Service	Las Cruces	As Sched.	575-496-5624	Quick Chick	Lead Delivery Service Shooting Sports Park
Monument Springs Bushwhackers	Hobbs	4th Sat.	575-361-8/785	Happy Shootzmore	Hobbs Gun Club
Rio Grande Renegades	Albuquerque	3rd Sat & 4th Sun CAS, 1st Sat WB	505-463-6216	Captain Jack Houston	City of Albuquerque Shooting Range Park
Seven Rivers Regulators	Carlsbad	3rd Sat	575-361-3785	Happy Shootzmore	Across the Canal Shooting Sports
Tres Rios Bandidos	Farmington	2nd & 4th Sun	505-402-6031	Pepper Dane	San Juan Wildlife Federation

## NEW YORK

Boot Hill Regulators	Chester	1st Sun	570-296-2032	Tom Payne	Monroe Chester Sportsmen Club, Inc.
Circle K Regulators	Ballston Spa	3rd Sun	518-878-1653	Lone Star Jake	Kayaderoseras Fish & Game Club
East End Regulators	West Hampton Beach	1st Sun	516-729-0381	Deuces	Long Island Practical Shooters, Inc.
Hole In The Wall Gang	Calverton	As Sched.	631-379-3333	Mt. Misery Mike	Calverton Shooting Range
Pathfinder Pistoleros	Fulton	1st Sun	315-420-4952	Blackjack Belle	Fulton, NY
The Long Riders	Shortsville	4th Sun	585-734-0867	Loco Poco Lobo	Shortsville Rod & Gun Club
Tioga County Cowboys	Owego	1st Sat	607-222-4228	Jewels Cartwright	Tioga County Sportsman's Association

## NORTH CAROLINA

Carolina Cattlemen's Shooting and Social Society	Creedmoore	2nd Sat	919-791-9816	J. M. Brown	Sir Walter Gun Club
Cross Creek Cowboys	Wagram	3rd Sat	910-470-4891	High Noon Henry	Wagram Sportsmen's Association
Neuse River Regulators	Hevelock	1st & 3rd Sat	252-354-4275	Bronco Kid	SureShot Gunspots

## NORTH DAKOTA

Dakota RoughRiders	Moffit	As Sched.	701-471-7161	Rod-Iron-Rip	Fried Family Marksmanship Complex
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## OHIO

Big Irons Rangers	Middletown	1st Sat	513-304-3505	Deadwood Stan	Middletown Sportman's Club
Brown Township Regulators	Malvern	Last Sat	330-904-5166	Sixgun Seamus	Brown Township Sportsman's Club
Central Ohio Cowboys	Circleville	4th Sun	614-937-4250	Maverick Graber	Pickaway County Sportsmans Club
Firelands Peacemakers	Rochester	3rd Sat	216-789-7885	Harry Yount	Rochester Rod and Gun Range
Middletown Sportsmen's Club	Middletown	1st Sat	513-255-8237	Joe Cassidy	Middletown Sportsmen's Club
Ohio Valley Vigilantes	Mt. Vernon	4th Sat	614-870-3462	Useless Houston	N/A
Sandusky County Regulators	Gibsonburg	2nd Sat CAS & 5th Sat WB	419-205-0114	Badfinger Bodene	Sandusky County Sportsman's Club
Scioto Territory Desperados	Marengo	3rd & 5th Sun	614-975-2266	Buckshot Charlie Bill	Cardinal Shooting Center
Shenango River Rats	Masury	2nd Sat & Last Thurs	440-693-4210	Slow Mo Dern	Brookfield Tri-District Conservation Club
Tusco Long Riders	Dennison	1st Sat	216-334-9749	Prairie Dawg	Tusco Rifle Club, Inc.

## OKLAHOMA

Indian Territory Single Action Shooting Society	Tulsa	1st Sun, 3rd Sat, & 4th Wed.	918-508-9381	Slow Hand	Tulsa Red Castle Gun Club
Lincoln County Cowboys	Cushing	1st Sat & 3rd Sun	918-285-0543	Scott Wayne	Crossroads Gun Range
Oklahoma Territorial Marshals	Arcadia	2nd Sat & 4th Sun	405-409-9442	Flat Top Okie	Oklahoma City Gun Club
Red River Valley Cowpokes	Albany	2nd Sat	580-847-2210	Calamity Di Bar	Red River Valley Cowboy Church
Shortgrass Rangers	Grandfield	1st & 3rd Sat	940-447-6864	Redleg Reilly	N/A

## OREGON

Dry Gulch Desperados	Milton-Freewater	1st Sat	509-520-2789	Pinto Annie	East End Rod & Gun Club
Horse Ridge Pistoleros	Bend	1st, 3rd, & 5th Sun	541-389-2342	Big Casino	Central Oregon Shooting Sports Association
Molalla River Rangers	Canby	1st Sat	503-730-7230	Line Rider	Canby Rod and Gun Club
Old 97 Railroad Rangers	Redmond	2nd Sat	541-548-3198	Tetherow Tex LaRue	Redmond Rod and Gun Club
Oregon Old West Shooting Society	Albany	3rd Sun & 4th Sat	541-760-0884	Barry L Plotz	Albany Rifle & Pistol Club
Oregon Trail Regulators	La Grande	3rd Sat	541-571-4979	T. J. Maverick	La Grande Rifle & Pistol Club Hwy 244, LGRPC
Orygun Cowboys	Sherwood	4th Sat	503-539-6335	Kansan	Tri County Gun Club
Pine Mountain Posse	Bend	2nd Sun	541-419-4718	Sunrise Bill	Central Oregon Shooting Sports Association
Umpqua Regulators	Roseburg	4th Sun	541-784-8610	El Yid	Roseburg Rod and Gun Club
Virtue Flat Shootist Society	Baker City	2nd Sat	541-212-5840	Hunt Mountain Drifter	Powder River Sportsman's Club

## PENNSYLVANIA

Beaver Valley Bushwhackers	Beaver Falls	4th Sun	724-272-3035	Lawless Lorin	Beaver Valley Rifle and Pistol Club
Black Forest Cowboys	Coudersport	3rd Sat	814-203-1748	Bolo	Black Forest Conservation Association
Boot Hill Gang of Topton	Topton	1st Sun	610-704-6792	Lester Moore	Topton Fish & Game Association
El Posse Grande	Muncy Valley	4th & 5th Sun	570-337-3974	Black Hills Barb	North Mountain Sportsman's Association

CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
Elstonville Hombres	Manheim	4th Sun	717-648-7491	Circuit Rider Jeff	Elstonville Sportsman's Association
Jefferson Outlaws	Spring Grove	3rd Sat	443-388-2603	Hud McCoy	Jefferson Rifle Club
Logan's Ferry Regulators	New Kensington	2nd Sat	724-799-9074	Joker	Logans Ferry Sportsmen's Club
Perry County Regulators	Newport	1st Sat	717-307-6374	Farmer Brown	Ickesburg Sportsmen's Association
Welsh Mountain Regulators	Gap	2nd Sun	484-802-7122	Blaze Crittenden	New Holland Rifle and Pistol Club

## RHODE ISLAND

Lincoln County Lawmen	Foster	4th Sun	401-595-0735	Nutmeg Ryder	Pine Tree Gun Club
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## SOUTH CAROLINA

Belton Bushwhackers	Belton	2nd Sat	864-363-3147	Slippery Stew	Belton Gun Club
Geehee Gunfighters	Ridgeville	4th Sat	843-926-9480	Doc Kemm	Palmetto Gun Club
Greenville Gunfighters	Greenville	4th Sun	864-420-0577	Abe E.S. Corpus	Greenville Gun Club
Hurricane Riders	Galivants Ferry	3rd Sat	860-593-7566	Black Mike	Horry Chapter - Wildlife Action
Moonshine at Dark Corner	Travelers Rest	1st Sun.	941-264-7572	Fancy Filly	N/A
Savannah River Rangers	Gaston	3rd Sun	803-960-3907	Kid Ray	Mid Carolina Rifle Club

## SOUTH DAKOTA

Black Hills Shootist Association	Pringle	3rd Sun	612-817-2212	Boulder Canyon Bob	Pringle Shooting Range
Cottonwood Cowboy Association	Clark	As Sched.	605-520-5212	Dakota Nailbender	Cottonwood Cowboy Association Range
Medicine Creek Road Agents	Oneida	1st Sun	605-208-5044	Prickly Bill	Medicine Creek Road Agents Shooting Range

## TENNESSEE

Greene County Regulators	Rogersville	1st & 3rd Sat	423-383-3195	Lil Weasel	Greene County Fish & Game Assoc.
Ocoee Rangers	Cleveland	4th Sat	423-595-3819	Ocoee Red	Cleveland Hunting Rifle & Pistol Club
ORSA's Oak Ridge Outlaws	Oak Ridge	2nd Sat	865-207-7005	Uncle Ethan	Oak Ridge Sportsman's Association
Wartrace Regulators	Wartrace	1st & 3rd Sat	931-703-8274	Whiskey Hayes	Regulators Range

## TEXAS

Butterfield Trail Regulators	Anson	3rd Sat	325-669-5903	Smilin Joe	Anson
Comanche Trail Shootists	Midland	1st Sat	432-557-0860	Tumbleweed Dan	Timberline Ranch
Green Mountain Regulators	Marble Falls	4th Sat	210-385-3348	Bessie James	Green Ranch
High Plains Highwaymen	Pampa	1st, 2nd & 3rd Sat	719-510-7307	Howlin Wolf	Wolfpack Ranch
Lone Star Frontier Shooting Club	Cleburne	2nd & 4th Wkd	817-774-5637	Hot Tamale	Ormsby Ranch
Oakwood Outlaws	Oakwood	2nd Full Wkd (CAS) & 2nd Mon (WB)	903-545-2252	Forest Shadow	Shank Ranch
Old Fort Parker Patriots	Groesbeck	3rd Wkd	254-265-5253	Knot A Clue	Old Fort Parker Gun Club
Orange County Regulators	Orange	1st & 3rd Sat	409-267-1091	Texas Gator	Orange Gun Club
Plum Creek Shooting Society	Lockhart	1st Wkd	210-303-6996	Brazos Bo	Comanche Country Ranch
Rio Grande Valley Vaqueros	Pharr	4th Sun	956-648-7364	Dream Chaser	Pharr Rifle and Pistol Club
South Texas Pistoleros	San Antonio	1st Sat	210-823-9432	PJ Mugwump	A Place To Shoot Inc.
Tejas Caballeros	Blanco	3rd Sat (CAS) & 4th Sun (WB)	512-657-2491	Farr Ranger	Texas Republic Ranch
Texas Riviera Pistoleros	George West	2nd & 5th Sat	361-648-1680	Tocayo	Gamble Gulch Range
Texas Ten Horns	Leonard	1st Full Wkd	972-658-4347	Hairtrigger Hayes	Top Gun Shooting Sports
Texican Rangers	Comfort	2nd Wkd	210-215-9155	Sheriff Robert Love	Adolf Stieler Ranch
Texican Rangers Wild Bunch	Comfort	5th Sat as Sched.	210-416-3913	Shooting Iron Miller	Adolf Stieler Ranch
Willow Hole Cowboys	North Zulch	1st Sat	979-200-1130	Def Willie	Willow Hole Cowboys Range

## UTAH

Dixie Desperados	Hurricane	2nd & 4th Sat	435-673-9785	Navajo Kelly	Desperado Canyon
Dixie Desperados Wild Bunch	Hurricane	1st Sat	435-668-4613	Mokaac Kid	Desperado Canyon
The Cowboys Of Utah	Salt Lake City	4th Sat	385-237-1861	Longwalker	WASR "Big Salty"
Utah Territory Gunslingers	Salt Lake City	1st Sat	801-913-6823	Brer Rabbit	Big Salty
Utah War	Salt Lake City	3rd Sat	801-913-6823	Brer Rabbit	WASR "Big Salty"

## VERMONT

Verdant Mountain Vigilantes	Morrisville	As Sched.	802-276-3479	Oak Ridge Regulator	Lamoille Valley Fish & Game Club
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## VIRGINIA

Bedford Liberty Long Riders	Bedford	1st Sat	434-942-7369	Thunder Colt	Bedford Rifle and Revolver Club
Bend of Trail	Hardy	4th Sun	540-855-4459	Redrider Slim	Roanoke Rifle & Revolver Club
Cavalier Cowboys	Montpelier	1st Sun & 2nd Wed	804-307-2980	Major B.S. Walker	Cavalier Rifle and Pistol Club
KC's Corral Cowboy Shooting Association	Mechanicsville	3rd Sat	804-382-3407	Bucksaw Bob	Black Creek Gun Club
Mattaponi Sundowners	Shacklefords	3rd Sun & 4th Sat	804-241-5418	Potter County Kid	West Point Gun Club
Pungo Posse Cowboy Action Club	Waverly	1st & 2nd Sat	757-876-0079	Kid AtHeart	Sussex County Shooting Sports
Rivanna Ranger Company	Charlottesville	2nd Sat	203-216-2316	Captain R. Hugh Kidme	Rivanna Rifle and Pistol Club

CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
<b>WASHINGTON</b>					
Apple Valley Marshals	East Wenatchee	3rd Sat	509-670-3852	Wiley Bob	North Central Washington Gun Club
Mima Marauders	Olympia	2nd Sat	360-957-6051	Doc Kharon	Evergreen Sportsman Club
Northeast Washington Regulators	Colville	1st Wkd	509-690-4060	A. T. McGee	Ricochet Junction
Pataha Rustlers	Dayton	2nd Sat	509-520-2789	Pinto Annie	Patit Range
Rattlesnake Gulch Rangers	Benton City	4th Sat	509-628-0889	Ricochet Robbie	Tri Cities Shootig Association
Renton United Cowboy Action Shooters	Renton	1st Wkd	425-432-3534	Cedar County Sheriff	Renton Fish & Game Club
Smokey Point Desperados	Arlington	2nd Sun	425 870-0193	Mudflat Mike	Marysville Rifle Club
Windy Plains Drifters	Medical Lake	2nd & 4th Sat	509-953-1113	Svenska Annie	Windy West Plains Range
Wolverton Mountain Peace Keepers	Ariel	3rd Sat (Mar-Sept)	971-506-7834	Jenn Tillie	Wolverton Mountain Gun Club

<b>WEST VIRGINIA</b>					
Cowboy Action Shooting Sports	Great Cacapon	4th Sat Mar-Oct	304-289-6098	Last Word	Singing Hills Ranch
Kanawha Valley Regulators Wild Bunch	Eleanor	2nd Wkd	304-397-6188	Eddie Rebel	Putnum County Gun Club
White Horse Riders	Volga	2nd Sun	304-838-2791	Jessie May Belle	Whitehorse Firearms and Education Center

<b>WISCONSIN</b>					
Bristol Plains Pistoleros	Bristol	2nd Wkd	847-421-1246	Rusty Brec	Conservation Club of Kenosha County
Crystal River Gunslingers	Waupaca	2nd Sat	920-722-4105	James Rosewood	Chain O'Lakes Conservation Club
Hodag Country Cowboys	Rhineland	2nd Sat	715-362-2792	Scum Bucket	Hodag Sports Club
Liberty Prairie Regulators	Ripon	3rd Sat	920-896-5128	Dirty Deeds	Ripon Rifle and Pistol Club
Rock River Regulators	Beloit	1st & 3rd Sat CAS , 5th Sat WB	815-721-2280	Turkey Legs	Beloit Rifle Club
Western Wisconsin Wild Bunch	Holmen	2nd Sat	608-790-3260	Flyen Doc Koyote	Holmen Rod and Gun Club
Wisconsin Old West Shootists, Inc	Glenwood City	2nd Sun & 4th Sat	715-790-9959	Colonel Carbine	WOWS Station

<b>WYOMING</b>					
Border Vigilantes	Cheyenne	3rd Sun	307-287-9546	Water Boy	Otto Road Shooting Range
Colter's Hell Justice Committee WSAS	Powell	1st Sat	307-254-2090	Yakima Red	Heart Mountain Rod and Gun Club
Great Divide Outlaws	Rawlins	4th Sat	307-320-7250	Slingin Lead	Rawlins Outdoor Shooting Complex



SASS presents . . .



## *Peace in the Valley*

The SASS North Dakota and South Dakota State Championships  
June 12 – 15, 2025

Hosted by  
The Sheyenne Valley Peacekeepers  
Enderlin, North Dakota

- ◇ SASS Membership Required – All SASS Rules Apply
- ◇ 150 Shooter Limit
- ◇ Pre-registration required – No walk-ins
- ◇ Registration deadline—May 24, 2025.
- ◇ Main Match entry fee includes snacks, 2 noon meals and Saturday evening Cowboy BBQ
- ◇ Free dry camping – range open for camping at 5:00 pm, Wednesday June 11, 2025
- ◇ Long range shooting on Thursday and Friday. Distances out to 675 yards.
- ◇ Wild Bunch match Thursday afternoon
- ◇ Friday Side Matches –Speed side matches, team shoot & more!
- ◇ Noon meal on Friday – free will donation
- ◇ Friday evening Meet and Greet Social at the saloon
- ◇ 10 Main Stages (6-Saturday, 4-Sunday)
- ◇ Saturday evening Cowboy BBQ, side match awards and campfire
- ◇ Vendors and Spectators welcome

For more information contact us via email: [svpcas@gmail.com](mailto:svpcas@gmail.com)

Registration form can be found at [www.sheyennevalleypeacekeepers.com](http://www.sheyennevalleypeacekeepers.com)

*Join us at the range to shoot in the shade!*

## **SASS & THE ALASKA 49ERS'** **Cowboy Action Shooting Club**

**PRESENT THE ANNUAL**  
**SASS Alaska State Championship**  
**“SHOOTOUT UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN”**

**12 Stages – July 4 to July 6, 2025**  
*Side Matches July 4*

**At the Matanuska Valley Sportsmen's Shooting Range**  
*2450 Glenn Highway, Palmer, Alaska*

**Shooter Application and Information:**  
<https://www.alaskacowboyshooting.com/match-registration-forms>

**Match Director: Flaco Joe**  
[scotrockett1@gmail.com](mailto:scotrockett1@gmail.com) or (907) 982-5097




# SASS AFFILIATED CLUBS 2025 ANNUAL MATCHES

CLUB NAME	DATE	CONTACT	PHONE	EMAIL	CITY	ST	MONTH	WEB
<b>AUSTRALIA</b>								
SASS Australian Black Powder Territorial Championship - The Quigley's Redemption	7/12/2025 - 7/13/2025	Whiskey Rae	0488 225 435	marrybra18@hotmail.com	Dalby	QLD	July	N/A
SASS Australian Regional Championship	7/21/2025 - 7/27/2025	R. C. Shot	0447831154	rusuzay@bigpond.com	Gold Coast	QLD	July	www.goldcoastpistolclub.com.au
SASS 26th Annual Chisholm Trail	9/29/2025 - 10/6/2025	Frank Buck James	+6104388598877	frankbuckjames@7mail.com	Millmerran	QLD	September	www.ssa.org.au
<b>CANADA</b>								
Shootout At The Ridge	5/16/2025 - 5/18/2025	Whistlin' Cat	778-684-0769	maxclark@telus.net	Mission	BC	May	www.redmountainrenegades.ca
Shootout in Grizzly Bean Coulee	5/30/2025 - 6/1/2025	Felix McSquibby	780-581-5286	blaine.felix58@gmail.com	Vermilion	AB	May	vermilionsgunclub.ca
SASS Canadian Wild Bunch National Championship	7/1/2025 - 7/6/2025	Honey Hereford	604-819-9494	lolea@me.com	Mission	BC	July	www.redmountainrenegades.ca
SASS Canadian National Championship	7/1/2025 - 7/6/2025	Whistlin' Cat	778-684-0769	maxclark@telus.net	Mission	BC	July	www.redmountainrenegades.ca
SASS Canadian Western Regional Championship	7/29/2025 - 8/2/2025	Fory Creek Bob	306-230-9495	rdhs58@yahoo.ca	Saskatoon	SK	July	www.sawws.com
Showdown in the Valley	8/1/2025 - 8/3/2025	Little Edgy	250-897-2194	edgy52@gmail.com	Courtenay	BC	August	www.valley-regulators.ca
Show Down on the Old Macleod Trail	8/14/2025 - 8/17/2025	Alberta Annie	403-687-2284	kranches56@gmail.com	Granum	AB	August	N/A
Wild Bunch in the Porcupine Hills	8/14/2025 - 8/14/2025	Donny Two Legs	403-560-4997	donnytwelegs@gmail.com	Granum	AB	August	N/A
Shootout at Malahat Ridge	8/29/2025 - 8/29/2025	Renegade Ron	250-246-5894	358rds@gmail.com	Malahat	BC	August	www.vfgpa.org/shooting/frontier-shootists/
Headquarters Shootout	8/30/2025 - 8/31/2025	Doc Richards	250-413-7034	brucekerr474@gmail.com	Victoria	BC	August	www.vfgpa.org/shooting/cowboy-action/
<b>FRANCE</b>								
Round Up at Black Rivers	4/17/2025 - 4/20/2025	The Kid of Neckwhite	336 87 46 25 82	genaudy.martial@neuf.fr	Roanne	FR	April	black-rivers-sass.forumactif.org
<b>NEW ZEALAND</b>								
SSASS New Zealand Wild Bunch National Championship	5/31/2025 - 6/1/2025	Bald Eagle	+64 274 221 551	wayne@magnumimports.co.nz	Ashburton	NT	May	www.pistolnz.org.nz
Ambush at Mystery Creek	9/26/2025 - 9/28/2025	Liza Lott	+64 274 523 181	lankystrich@hotmail.com	Hamilton	NT	September	www.pistolclub.co.nz
SASS New Zealand National Championship	11/6/2025 - 11/9/2025	Bald Eagle	+64-274-221-551	wayne@magnumimports.co.nz	Hastings	NT	November	www.pistolnz.org.nz
<b>POLAND</b>								
SASS Polish National Championship - Wild Borderland	5/1/2025 - 5/5/2025	Crazy Zebra	+48 601 100 315	seikatsu@gmail.com	Lodz	PL	May	www.cspoland.weebly.com
Across the Border	8/22/2025 - 8/24/2025	Pavlos Banditos	+48512707038	pawel.zakrzewski@o2.pl	Ostrada	PL	August	sites.google.com/site/wasbanditopl
<b>UNITED STATES OF AMERICA</b>								
SASS Florida State Championship - The Last Stand	4/3/2025 - 4/6/2025	Santa Fe River Stan	386-547-0255	stan@laststand.org	Gainesville	FL	April	www.roughshodriders.com
Bayou Blast	4/4/2025 - 4/6/2025	Nellie Blue	337-544-0189	nellieblue@nellielblue.com	Lake Charles	LA	April	www.upthecreekgang.com/
SASS Nevada State Championship	4/4/2025 - 4/5/2025	Mojave Rose	702-808-5476	rolonda.johnson72@gmail.com	Boulder City	NV	April	www.eldoradocowboys.com
SASS Texas State Championship	4/10/2025 - 4/12/2025	Shooting Iron Miller	210-416-3913	aimce.fire@gmail.com	Comfort	TX	April	www.texicanrangers.org
SASS South Carolina State Championship The Bushwhack	4/10/2025 - 4/12/2025	Slippery Stew	864-363-3147	slipperystew1229@gmail.com	Belton	SC	April	www.betonbushwhackers.com
Shootout at Fort Miller	4/17/2025 - 4/19/2025	Big Bad Blaine	559-352-9829	chirkey5563@msn.com	Clovis	CA	April	www.kingsriverregulators.com
SASS Kentucky State Championship - Shootout in the Hills	4/17/2025 - 4/19/2025	Cat A Tonic	219-309-3726	catazon@msn.com	Manchester	KY	April	www.ponderosa-pines.com
SASS Western Wild Bunch Territorial Championship	4/21/2025 - 4/22/2025	Mokaac Kid	435-668-4613	mokaackid@gmail.com	Hurricane	UT	April	www.dixiedesperados.org
SASS Southwest Regional Championship - Hell on the Border	4/23/2025 - 4/26/2025	Nalldriver	479-651-2475	nalldriver2355@gmail.com	Fort Smith/ Van Buren	AR	April	www.judgeparkersmarshals.org/
SASS Four Corners Regional Championship	4/23/2025 - 4/26/2025	Mokaac Kid	435-668-4613	mokaackid@gmail.com	Hurricane	UT	April	www.dixiedesperados.org
SASS Washington State Championship Rattlesnake Gulch Roundup	4/24/2025 - 4/27/2025	Crisco	509-628-0889	mensingr250@gmail.com	Benton City	WA	April	www.rattlesnakegulch.org
SASS Ohio Black Powder State Championship	4/26/2025 - 4/27/2025	Badfinger Bodene	419-205-0114	badfinger66@gmail.com	Gibsonburg	OH	April	www.ourcowboys.org
SASS Alabama State Championship Shootout At Cavern Cove	5/1/2025 - 5/3/2025	Lawman Mark	256-856-0502	NAR235@gmail.com	Woodville	AL	May	www.northalabamaregulators.com
SASS California State Championship - Legends of the West	5/1/2025 - 5/4/2025	Sassy Kitty	619-808-8895	lnicks1962@gmail.com	San Bernardino	CA	May	www.cajoncowboys.com
The Siege at Clark's Station	5/1/2025 - 5/3/2025	Flints Hills Dawg	785-479-0416	dawgpownd@eagle.com.net	Chapman	KS	May	www.butterfieldgulch.com
SASS Delaware State Championships - Susset County Shootout	5/2/2025 - 5/4/2025	Corkscrew Tom	410-251-2392	corkscrewtom23@gmail.com	Bridgeville	DE	May	www.brcp-de.com
Ambush at Ricochet Junction	5/2/2025 - 5/4/2025	Redneck Six Shooter	509-675-1664	josheliott78@yahoo.com	Colville	WA	May	www.newregulators.com
Siege at Clark's Station	5/2/2025 - 5/4/2025	Flint Hills Dawg	785-479-0416	dawgpownd@eagle.com.net	Chapman	KS	May	www.butterfieldgulch.com
SASS Texas State Championship - Battle of Plum Creek	5/2/2025 - 5/4/2025	Brazos Bo	210-471-9480	brazosbo@hotmail.com	Lockhart	TX	May	www.plumcreekss.org
Spring Round Up	5/8/2025 - 5/10/2025	Tinhorn Timmy	812-459-2153	msjochim@twc.com	Evansville	IN	May	www.westsidesportsmens.com
SASS Alaska State Wild Bunch Championship Shootout at Moose Nugget Flats	5/10/2025 - 5/11/2025	Marshal Stone	907-232-1080	walling@maonline.net	Palmer	AK	May	www.alaskacowboysshooting.com
SASS Georgia Black Powder State Championship - Smoke Out at South River	5/15/2025 - 5/15/2025	Fast Eddie	404-405-8266	fasteddie76308@hotmail.com	Covington	GA	May	www.srsocowboy.com
SASS Georgia State Championship Stampede at South River	5/15/2025 - 5/17/2025	Fast Eddie	404-405-8266	fasteddie76308@hotmail.com	Covington	GA	May	www.srsocowboy.com
SASS Buzzard Gulch Shootout	5/17/2025 - 5/17/2025	Slow Hand	918-508-9381	dunnjerry4@outlook.com	Skiatook	OK	May	www.facebook.com/IndianTerritorySASS
Rootin' Tootin' Shootin' VI	5/17/2025 - 5/17/2025	Buck Bow	662-417-0250	montgomery38967@bellsouth.net	Mendenhall	MS	May	www.facebook.com/MississippiPeacekeepers
SASS Utah Blackpowder State Championship	5/17/2025 - 5/17/2025	Fargo Kid	435-650-6544	utfargokid@yahoo.com	Price	UT	May	www.theeastlegatopdesperados.net/
King of the Cowboys & Queens of the West	5/18/2025 - 5/18/2025	Johnny Longpans	614-795-0461	jkruz1675@gmail.com	Marengo	OH	May	www.scotodesperados.com
High Sierra Shootout - 40th Anniversary	5/22/2025 - 5/25/2025	Chance McCall	916-425-5018	tom@tsvpainting.com	Railroad Flat	CA	May	www.cagunsingers.com/
SASS Mississippi State Championship	5/23/2025 - 5/25/2025	Padre De Cinco	901-850-4022	jeffed76@gmail.com	Byhalia	MS	May	mississippiriverrangers.org
SASS Pennsylvania State Championship North Mountain Shoot Out	5/23/2025 - 5/25/2025	Black Hills Barb	570-337-3974	bastyder1@comcast.net	Muncy Valley	PA	May	www.elpossegrande.com
SASS New Mexico State Championship	5/23/2025 - 5/25/2025	Lil Rob	575-644-5916	grobinsin62@gmail.com	Silver City	NM	May	www.gilarangers.com/
SASS Ohio State Championship Shootout at Hard Times	5/23/2025 - 5/25/2025	Mean Gun Mark	937-219-4376	meangunmark@earthlink.net	Piqua	OH	May	www.miamivalleycowboys.org
SASS Iowa Nebraska State Championship	5/23/2025 - 5/25/2025	Tico	515-988-2301	acardenas32755@gmail.com	Indianola	IA	May	www.fordsmoinesrangers.com
SASS Pennsylvania Wild Bunch State Championship	5/23/2025 - 5/23/2025	Black Hills Barb	570-337-3974	bastyder1@comcast.net	Muncy Valley	PA	May	www.elpossegrande.com
SASS Idaho Black Powder State Championship	5/24/2025 - 5/25/2025	Missy Marble	208-731-6387	missymable3232@gmail.com	Twin Falls	ID	May	www.casidaho.net
SASS Oregon State Championship - Ballads of the Gunfighter	5/27/2025 - 6/1/2025	Arctic Annie	541-588-2722	tpalmer@wini.com	Redmond	OR	May	www.randgc.com/cowboy-action
SASS No Man Land	5/30/2025 - 5/31/2025	Sue Render	803-315-5576	suerender1109@yahoo.com	Gaston	SC	May	www.savannahriverrangers.com
SASS Missouri State Championship - Battle for Baldknobbers Ridge	5/30/2025 - 6/1/2025	Aretmus Von Schutze	417-208-9142	teslighthning@gmail.com	Walnut Shade	MO	May	bearcreekvolunteers.com/
SASS Tennessee State Championship	6/5/2025 - 6/7/2025	Whiskey Hayes	931-703-8274	Bill_May@b-f.com	Wartrace	TN	June	www.wartracegunclub.com/
Mollala Rangers River Roundup	6/5/2025 - 6/8/2025	Line Rider	503-730-7230	scottwerner49@gmail.com	Canby	OR	June	www.canbyrondandgunclub.org
SASS Idaho State Championship - Reckoning at Rock Ridge	6/5/2025 - 6/7/2025	Nels Gandy	503-953-5643	nelsgandy@gmail.com	Boise	ID	June	idahocowboyaaction.org
SASS Utah State Championship	6/5/2025 - 6/7/2025	Brer Rabbit	801-913-6823	rabbit@utahwar.com	Salt Lake City	UT	June	www.utahwar.com
SASS Maryland State Championship Thunder Valley Days	6/6/2025 - 6/8/2025	Dogmeat Dad	301-253-0578	cmiliparis@compuserve.com	Damascus	MD	June	www.damascuswiwa.org/dwi/vr.html
SASS Illinois State Championship - Reckoning on the Rock	6/6/2025 - 6/8/2025	Turkey Legs	815-721-2280	spis4@hotmail.com	Beloit	WI	June	www.rockriverregulators.net
SASS Illinois Wild Bunch State Championship	6/6/2025 - 6/6/2025	Turkey Legs	815-721-2280	spis4@hotmail.com	Beloit	WI	June	www.rockriverregulators.net
SASS MA, CT, RI State Championship - Hellfire at Beaver Creek	6/6/2025 - 6/8/2025	Tyler Tornado	207-272-7119	lylet@husson.edu	Berwick	ME	June	www.shootingbuns.org/mainemrshals/
SASS Colorado Wild Bunch State Championship	6/7/2025 - 6/8/2025	Doc Holiday	303-513-5116	dochoholiday@gmail.com	Byers	CO	June	www.sandcreekriders.org

CLUB NAME	DATE	CONTACT	PHONE	EMAIL	CITY	ST	MONTH	WEB
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The Great Spaghetti Western	6/7/2025 - 6/8/2025	Pepi Lepeu	508-740-9298	lepeu63@gmail.com	Leonard	TX	June	www.texas10horns.org
Non-Annual Annual	6/12/2025 - 6/14/2025	Gateway Kid	970-261-7985	aussiehike@aol.com	Whitewater	CO	June	www.tmscba.com
SASS Kansas State Championship - Prince of Pistoleers	6/12/2025 - 6/14/2025	Coonan	913-209-3836	coonan.pcc@gmail.com	Lenexa	KS	June	www.powdercreekcowboys.com
SASS North & South Dakota State Championship Peace in the Valley	6/12/2025 - 6/15/2025	Toad Sticker	701-490-2566	vsledheads@msn.com	Enderlin	ND	June	www.sheyenvalleypeacekeepers.com
SASS Indiana Wild Bunch State Championship	6/12/2025 - 6/13/2025	C. C. Moonshine	574-354-7186	curtbguns@gmail.com	Etna Green	IN	June	www.paradespasregulators.com
SASS Indiana State Championship Ambush in Paradise	6/13/2025 - 6/15/2025	CC Moonshine	574-354-7186	curtbguns@gmail.com	Etna Green	IN	June	www.paradespasregulators.com/
Mima Marauders Wild West Carnival	6/13/2025 - 6/15/2025	Doc Kharon	360-957-6051	coroner_davidson@hotmail.com	Olympia	WA	June	www.mimamarauders.org
SASS Duel at the Peninsular Paper Dam	6/13/2025 - 6/15/2025	Sinola Kid	734-612-0570	sinolakid@comcast.net	Ypsilanti	MI	June	washenawasportsmansclub.org
SASS New York Wild Bunch State Championship - Muster at Ft. Misky	6/14/2025 - 6/15/2025	The Dude Bandit	347-678-5978	theodh1897@hotmail.com	Ballston Spa	NY	June	www.circlekregulators.com
Battle at Adobe Walls	6/18/2025 - 6/21/2025	Howlin Wolf	719-510-7307	wolfpow@msn.com	Pampa	TX	June	www.highplainshighwaymen.com
Thunder in the Valley	6/20/2025 - 6/22/2025	Boonie Young	440-984-1224	nfwcamaro@gmail.com	Rochester	OH	June	www.firelandspacemakers.com
SASS Summer Solstice Shoot	6/21/2025 - 6/22/2025	Sweet Caroline	907-378-9472	carolholz@icloud.com	Fairbanks	AK	June	N/A
SASS Ohio Wild Bunch State Championship	6/25/2025 - 6/26/2025	Boonie Young	440-984-1224	nfwcamaro@gmail.com	Lorain	OH	June	www.firelandspacemakers.com
SASS Virginia Black Powder State Championship Smoke on the Mattaponi XVIII	6/28/2025 - 6/28/2025	Potter County Kid	804-241-5418	97graves@gmail.com	West Point	VA	June	www.westpointgunclub.com
Yellowstone Valley Buffalo Stampede	6/28/2025 - 6/29/2025	Lascivious Latigo	406-850-3186	whackinquackers@gmail.com	Billings	MT	June	www.mtpeacemakers.com/
SASS Northeast Territorial Black Powder Championship Smoke in the Woods	6/28/2025 - 6/29/2025	7 Mile Tom	937-609-9153	sevenmiletom@aol.com	Middletown	OH	June	http://www.middletownsportsmensclub.com/cowboy-range/
SASS Wisconsin Black Powder State Championship - Smoke in the Hills	6/28/2025 - 6/29/2025	Colonel Carbine	715-790-9959	garoth1961@gmail.com	Glenwood City	WI	June	www.wowsinc.org
SASS Wyoming State Championship - Hell of Wheels	7/3/2025 - 7/6/2025	Waterboy	307-287-9546	waterboy25286@gmail.com	Cheyenne	WY	July	www.bordervigilantes.com
SASS Alaska State Championship Shootout Under The Midnight Sun	7/4/2025 - 7/6/2025	Flaco Joe	907-982-5097	scottrockett1@gmail.com	Palmer	AK	July	www.alaskacowboysthooting.com
SASS Minnesota State Championship - North Star Showdown	7/10/2025 - 7/13/2025	Gunslinger Grace	515-890-9808	grace.stei.81768@gmail.com	Kimball	MN	July	www.ggunslingers.club
Shootout on the Sun River	7/11/2025 - 7/14/2025	Just Bob	406-590-7924	robertpowers@outlook.com	Augusta	MT	July	www.sunriverangers.net
SASS Montana Wild Bunch State Championship	7/16/2025 - 7/17/2025	Je's Lady	406-868-9737	dlfaj@charter.net	Great Falls	MT	July	www.blackhorseshootists.com
SASS Vermont State Championship - Green Mountain Mayhem	7/18/2025 - 7/20/2025	Doc McCoy	802-363-7162	docmccoy@gmav.net	Morrisville	VT	July	www.greenmountainmayhem.com
SASS Montana State Championship	7/18/2025 - 7/20/2025	Je's Lady	406-868-9737	dlfaj@charter.net	Great Falls	MT	July	www.blackhorseshootists.com
SASS Hell on the Prairie	7/19/2025 - 7/20/2025	Redleg Reilly	940-447-6864	tedbroden@aol.com	Grandfield	OK	July	www.shortgrassangers.com
Gunfight on the Prairie	7/19/2025 - 7/20/2025	Doc Bonecutter	920-748-2553	jwmkc@charter.net	Ripon	WI	July	www.riponcowboys.com
SASS West Virginia Wild Bunch State Championship	7/19/2025 - 7/20/2025	Last Word	304-289-6098	lastword@citlink.net	Great Cacapon	WV	July	www.wvcas.org
The Ruthless McDraw Final Showdown	7/26/2025 - 7/26/2025	Useless Huston	614-870-3462	devin1@columbus.rr.com	Mt. Vernon	OH	July	www.ohiovv.com
SASS Wisconsin Wild Bunch State Championship - Wild in the Hills	7/26/2025 - 7/27/2025	Colonel Carbine	715-790-9959	garoth1961@gmail.com	Glenwood City	WI	July	www.wowsinc.org
SASS NORTHEAST REGIONAL Championship Guns of August	8/8/2025 - 8/10/2025	Lassiter	937-687-1039	lassiter45@aol.com	Middletown	OH	August	www.middletownsportsmensclub.com/cowboy-range/
SASS NORTHWEST REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP	8/12/2025 - 8/16/2025	Missy Mable	208-731-6387	missymable3232@gmail.com	Jerome	ID	August	www.casidaho.net
SASS Northwest Wild Bunch Territorial Championship	8/12/2025 - 8/13/2025	Missy Mable	208-219-9641	missymable3232@gmail.com	Jerome	ID	August	www.casidaho.net
SASS New Hampshire State Championship Fracas at Pemi Gulch	8/15/2025 - 8/17/2025	Shootin' Beauty	603-333-5407	momof2muntr@gmail.com	Holderness	NH	August	www.pemipeacemakers.com/
Annual 2 Day Camp & Match	8/15/2025 - 8/16/2025	Riverview Ratler	989-400-1057	mpjijdon@gmail.com	Breckenridge	MI	August	www.SuckerCreek.org
The Shootout at Yellow Jacket Flats	9/18/2025 - 9/21/2025	Junior Bonner	707-391-8308	bonner55@icloud.com	Ukiah	CA	August	www.ukiahrifleshooters.com
SASS Wisconsin State Championship	8/22/2025 - 8/24/2025	Colonel Carbine	715-790-9959	garoth1961@gmail.com	Glenwood City	WI	August	www.wowsinc.org
Shootout at the Susquehanna	8/22/2025 - 8/24/2025	Jewels Cartwright	607-222-4228	rhsty@stny.rr.com	Owego	NY	August	www.tiogasporsmen.com
SASS International Black Powder Championship - Fire & Brimstone in Paradise	8/22/2025 - 8/24/2025	Big Iron Bohannon	260-306-1803	brent1873@outlook.com	Etna Green	IN	August	www.paradespasregulators.com
True Grit	8/29/2025 - 8/31/2025	El Yid	541-784-5610	irzinor@msn.com	Roseburg	OR	August	N/A
SASS Michigan State Championship Wolverine Rangers Range War	8/29/2025 - 8/31/2025	Sinola Kid	734-612-0570	sinolakid@comcast.net	Kimball	MI	August	www.wolverinerangers.org
SASS Virginia State Championship Gunfight at the Double-C	8/29/2025 - 8/31/2025	Major B. S. Walker	804-307-2980	majorbwalker@gmail.com	Montpelier	VA	August	www.cavaliercowboys.org
SASS Arkansas State Championship - Shoot n in the Shade	8/29/2025 - 8/31/2025	Bulldog McGraw	501-337-9368	bulldogmcgraw@outlook.com	Hot Springs	AR	August	www.mvsonline.com
SASS Kansas State Wild Bunch Championship	8/30/2025 - 8/31/2025	Sasparilla Groz	816-215-2800	sassgroz@gmail.com	Lenexa	KS	August	www.powdercreekcowboys.com
Hooten Holler Roundup	9/5/2025 - 9/7/2025	High Cotton	531-739-4000	hammer15026@gmail.com	Mckee	KY	September	www.hootenoldtown.com/
SASS Maine State Championship Great Maine Gunfight	9/5/2025 - 9/7/2025	Tyler Tornado	207-272-7119	lylet@hudson.edu	Berwick	ME	September	www.shootingbuns.org/mainemarshals/
SASS Oklahoma State Championship - The Colorado Jackson Memorial Showdown	9/10/2025 - 9/13/2025	Calamity DiBar	580-847-2210	dibartoma@me.com	Albany	OK	September	www.rivcokes.weebly.com
SASS Oregon Wild Bunch State Championship	9/12/2025 - 9/14/2025	Arctic Annie	541-588-2722	tpalmer@wini.com	Redmond	OR	September	www.randco.com/cowboy-action
Standoff at Smokey Point	9/12/2025 - 9/14/2025	Mudflat Mike	425-870-0193	tmperin@comcast.net	Arlington	WA	September	www.smokeypointdesperados.org
SASS Colorado State Championship - Return of the Buffalo to the Plains	9/12/2025 - 9/14/2025	Sixty-Nine Cent Wizard	970-396-9010	sixty9centwizard@aol.com	Briggsdale	CO	September	www.briggsdalecountyshootists.com
SASS Four Corners Black Powder Territorial Championship - Smoke at the Gate	9/13/2025 - 9/13/2025	The Wolf of North Springs	435-650-4449	scotto4570@gmail.com	Price	UT	September	www.thecastlegettose.net/
Shootout at Stony Bottom	9/13/2025 - 9/15/2025	Badfinger Bode	419-205-0114	badfinger66@gmail.com	Gibsonburg	OH	September	www.ourcowboys.org
SASS Midwest Wild Bunch Territorial Championship - Gunsmoke Wild Bunch	9/16/2025 - 9/17/2025	Riverboat Red	612-384-9115	riverboatred@mac.com	Morristown	MN	September	sites.google.com/site/cedarvalleyvigilantes/
SASS MIDWEST REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Gunsmoke	9/17/2025 - 9/20/2025	Riverboat Red	612-384-9115	riverboatred@mac.com	Morristown	MN	September	sites.google.com/site/cedarvalleyvigilantes/
Battle at the Crossroads	9/18/2025 - 9/20/2025	Scott Wayne	918-285-0543	mac842565@aol.com	Cushing	OK	September	Lincolncountyregulators.com
SASS New York State Championship Heluva Ruks	9/19/2025 - 9/21/2025	Lone Star Jake	518-878-1653	kardman25@aol.com	Ballston Spa	NY	September	www.circlekregulators.com/
Fall Fandango	9/19/2025 - 9/21/2025	Capt. Jack Houston	505-463-6216	captainjackhouston060@gmail.com	Albuquerque	NM	September	www.riogranderegades.org
Pershing's Pursuit	9/19/2025 - 9/21/2025	Artemus Von Schurze	417-208-9142	teslaighting@gmail.com	Walnut Shade	MO	September	bearcreekvolunteers.com/
Women of the West	9/19/2025 - 9/21/2025	Big Bad Blaine	559-352-9829	csbirkey5563@msn.com	Clovis	CA	September	www.kingsriverregulators.com
Shootout on the Little River	9/20/2025 - 9/20/2025	Goliath	229-740-9215	bigboyd@gmail.com	Valdosta	GA	September	www.vcl.lsa.info
Gunfight along the Chisholm Trail	9/20/2025 - 9/21/2025	Monco	316-491-3249	danny38fp@gmail.com	Benton	KS	September	www.ctga.com
SASS Southeast Regional Ambush at Cavern Cove	9/25/2025 - 9/27/2025	Marshal T. K. D.	256-527-8755	gofftkd@bellsouth.net	Woodville	AL	September	www.northalabamaregulators.com
High Noon at Tusco	9/26/2025 - 9/28/2025	Prairie Dawg	216-334-9749	lpolsig@yahoo.com	Midvale	OH	September	www.tuscolongriders.com
SASS Missouri Black Powder State Championship - Show-Me Shootout	9/26/2025 - 9/28/2025	Longshot John	417-299-7635	easymv12@yahoo.com	Marshfield	MO	September	www.so-mo-rangers.com
Fall Round Up	9/26/2025 - 9/28/2025	Cowboy Rick	563-340-5606	ram1747@aol.com	Milan	IL	September	www.illowairregulators.com
SASS West Virginia State Championship	9/26/2025 - 9/28/2025	Last Word	304-289-6098	lastword@citlink.net	Great Cacapon	WV	September	www.wvcas.org
SASS Michigan Wild Bunch State Championship	9/27/2025 - 9/28/2025	Ethan Callahan	989-412-0010	j20bell@yahoo.com	Saginaw	MI	September	www.saginawfieldandstream.com
SASS National Championship Land Run	10/4/2025 - 10/11/2025	Flat Top Okie	405-409-9442	flattopokie@gmail.com	Arcadia	OK	October	www.cowboy.okcgunclub.org
Fandango!	10/10/2025 - 10/12/2025	Flyen Doc Coyote	608-790-3260	kunesmark@gmail.com	Holmen	WI	October	www.wildbunch.com/
Buzzard Boil	10/10/2025 - 10/12/2025	Double Tap Taylor	860-384-0543	lrfisherman@yahoo.com	Coventry	CT	October	www.CTValleyBuswackers.com
Peaceful's End of Track	10/16/2025 - 10/19/2025	Nyack Jack	916-812-0434	nyackjack2lady@aol.com	Rail Road Flat	CA	October	www.cagunslingers.com
SASS New Jersey State Championship Purgatory in the Pines	10/17/2025 - 10/19/2025	Bronco Joan	732-600-1215	broncojoan357@gmail.com	Jackson	NJ	October	www.jacksonsholegang.com
SASS Kansas Black Powder State Championship	10/25/2025 - 10/26/2025	Coonan	913-209-3836	coonan.pcc@gmail.com	Lenexa	KS	October	www.powdercreekcowboys.com
SASS North Carolina State Championship Uprising at Swearing Creek	10/30/2025 - 11/1/2025	Noah Fitz	828-851-1910	Noahfitz.ncci@yahoo.com	Salisbury	NC	October	SASSncowboys.com
Shootout at Usery Pass	11/1/2025 - 11/1/2025	Colt Laredo	602-657-4532	rene8029@msn.com	Mesa	AZ	November	www.rioadocowboys.com/
SASS Western Regional Championship	11/6/2025 - 11/9/2025	Sandstone Drifter	702-806-9841	bigdaddyd4259@yahoo.com	Boulder City	NV	November	www.eldoradoowboys.com
Green Mountain Regulator's Revenge	11/7/2025 - 11/9/2025	Whiskey Kid	512-422-7175	whiskeykid77@gmail.com	Marble Falls	TX	November	www.greenmountainregulators.org/
SASS Louisiana State Championship The Hangin' at Coyote Creek	11/7/2025 - 11/9/2025	Lucky Lawdog	225-722-4776	instevagal@gmail.com	Amite	LA	November	www.bayoubountyhunters.com
SASS Arkansas Wild Bunch State Championship - Hillbilly Shootout	11/15/2025 - 11/16/2025	Arkansas Harper	870-847-0733	arkansasharper@yahoo.com	Mountain Home	AR	November	www.winlakesgunclub.com
Turkey Shoot	11/15/2025 - 11/15/2025	Def Willie	979-220-1130	whc1809@gmail.com	North Zulch	TX	November	www.willowholcowboys.com/
SASS California Wild Bunch State Championship	11/19/2025 - 11/23/2025	Amba Aces	805-712-0264	ambaces45@gmail.com	CA	November	TBD	

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# THE Cowboy CHRONICLE

## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

*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 500-800 words is a good target to shoot for, but shorter pieces are also fine. Match reports on larger events, like END of TRAIL, Winter Range, and Regional and Divisional matches may run 1000-1500 words if necessary. We will accept lengthier articles, but may choose to break them up into two or more parts to run in consecutive issues, or heavily edit them.

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 size is

ideal and will allow us plenty of leeway when it comes to cropping and adjusting them for publication. Photos should be at least 1000 pixels on the short side to be used for publication. If you're unsure of the size of your pictures, or how to size them, send what you have and we'll adjust them and/or inform you if they're usable.

Usually, two to six photos are sufficient for an article, but we will consider using more for a "big" event, if provided. 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 magazine.

Please use [editor@sassnet.com](mailto:editor@sassnet.com) for all article submissions.