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THE

SASS

## December / 2015

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# Inside...

# HAPPY "VICTORIAN" CHRISTMAS TO ALL... YULETIDE CELEBRATIONS PAST

**By Texas Flower** 

# DISPATCHES FROM CAMP BAYLOR

**CHRONOGRAPHING COLT'S PERCUSSION REVOLVERS** By Capt. George Baylor

#### THE ECCENTRIC PROFESSOR **INSIGHTS ON STONEWALL JACKSON** By Big Dave

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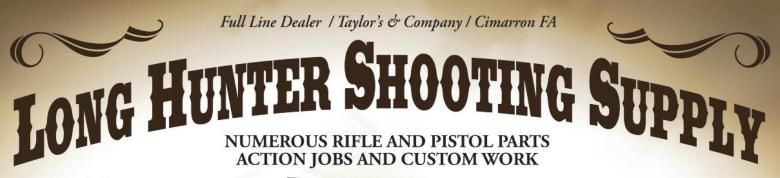
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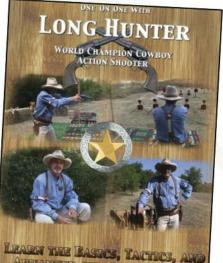
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**⊿ington**, SASS #765, is a genre dresser. However, he quite often does not adhere to dress up rules as to season and what to wear. So, Grey Fox, SASS #223, created this poster, which he sent to Lucky Bill, then posted to his Facebook page. Many have seen it.



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# From The Editor SKINNY'S SOAPBOX By Skinny, SASS #7361

The friendly face of Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>™</sup>

The August 8, 2015 edition of *The Baltimore Sun* contained a feature page on Cowboy Mounted Shooting, which portrayed the sport in an extremely favorable light. Now, *The Sun* is widely known as being quite anti-gun. As a case in point, it will not



accept ads of any kind for firearms of any kind. And yet this very liberal anti-gun publication was very positive in its portrayal of Mounted Shooting.

Which brings up an important aspect of our sport that Cowboy Action Shooters have known for some time. Both Cowboy Mounted Shooting and its ancestral counterpart, Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup>, present a unique nonthreatening, appealing,

and family-oriented view of shooting sports to the general public, and you just don't see that—not to any degree—with most other shooting disciplines.

This is of course due in large part to the costuming, to the use of "quaint" and non-threateninglooking firearms, and to the overall mystique of the Old West. But make no mistake, it is also due to the on-going efforts of SASS<sup>®</sup> to ensure our sport remains family-friendly and is perceived as such, and that's one more reason why it's so important to keep your membership up to date.

With its positive and friendly public face, it's surprising that The National Rifle Association and other similar organizations do not reference Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> more often in their efforts



to combat the demonization of firearms and the shooting

sports. I would like to see regular reports on Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> in *The American Rifleman* and I would like to see the NRA use our events as positive reinforcement for firearms ownership. It would be a win-win situation in which the NRA's points would be reinforced and SASS would gain much-needed publicity and influx of new members. But to date little to none of this has happened.

Perhaps the NRA—and others—is not entirely aware of Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> and the positive impact it can have on their cause. Perhaps it would behoove us, as members, to politely make them aware our existence and our friendly faces... just a thought.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

#### **Comic Book Corner**

This issue features another adventure of The Black Diamond, from issue number 45 of his own title. This particular comic book is cover dated June 1953, which—not uncoincidentally—is the month I was born.

Another interesting facet of this Black Diamond story is the art, which was done by Bob Fujitani, a Japanese-American who began working in the comic book industry during World War II. Because of the undesirability of being of Japanese descent during WWII, Fujitani was known as—and signed his work—"Fuje" throughout most of his career, during which he was required to draw many stories featuring Japanese as the buck-toothed caricatures popular at the time. As of 1953 he was still signing his work "Fuje" and did not begin using his real name until around 1962. The cover art is by Dick Rockwell.

As always, this edition's Comic Book Corner comes courtesy of the archives at <u>www.comicbook</u> <u>plus.com</u>. To peruse thousands of public domain comic books, including but not limited to Westerns, please visit their website.

-Skinny 🦊

By Larsen E. Pettifogger, SASS #32933 Life, Regulator Photos by Deadeye Al, SASS #26454, and Larsen E. Pettifogger

 $\boldsymbol{\mathcal{C}}$ 

They say a picture is worth 1,000 words. So here is The Cowboy Chronicle's first graphic novel. No text, just Winter Range in PHOTOS!!!

For a list of the winners go to http://www.winterrange.com

## **Chapter I** • Building a Town

























# Winter Range 2015 . . . Chapter II • The Wild Bunch Match













## Chapter II • The Wild Bunch Match

High Performance

HP1 REF1

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# **Mernickle Holsters**

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When it comes to "High Performance" Bob Mernickle "world champion Speed shooter and multi speed record holder" knows how to get to the gun fast! "He then says you have to get it back in equally as fast!" Welcome to the NEW "HP series" of Cowboy Action Shooting Holsters.

> The NEW HPIREF1 comes with a lot of new design ideas . Here are just some of them.

 We have dropped the holster down 1 ½" lower than anything we have done before making for an easier reach for the gun.

 We have cut the front down to allow a full thumb landing on the upper frame for those who do a gun transfer.

For gun transfer we now do a taper below the trigger guard that tapers to the point where the guard meets the frame allowing the center finger to reach under the guard for a one hand draw keeping the grip fame completely free of the hand. This makes doing a gun transfer easier than ever thought possible. The side

has been dropped and then flared out for the casiest re-holster ever! 'Ihe new "WR "" Wrist Relief! 'Ihis is designed into the angle of the holster so when you reach for a gun you will not have to flex your wrist back to grab the gun yet you will be able to bring the gun straight up for an extremely fast draw with the quickest accessibility to the front site ever!

 The newly designed "Speed Load "" shell holder no longer needs a stopper plate under the shells and can be staged at any height you the shooter would like to see them at. Also you no longer have to pull the shell straight up. You are free to choose the angle of grab which suits your shooting style the most.
 Then to finish all this off we have had a new dye lot created called

"Gunfighter Brown<sup>™</sup>"

Now you can shoot fast, be accurate and look good at the same time. It doesn't get any better than that!

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## **Chapter III** • The Cowboy Action Match





















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## Winter Range 2015 . . .

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## Chapter IV • The Sutlers



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A. Uberti. HISTORY REPEATS ITSEL

VILD WEST ELEBRATION



## Winter Range 2015 ...

# Chapter V • Awards













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HUCKLEBERRY





T'was a week before Christmas, and though all was calm, Dad still hadn't bought a present for Mom!

So we piled in the truck, drove down to Texas Jack's, Then we all ran inside and plowed through the racks.

> Mom got some boots and a jacket to match. And Dad got a scope with a rifle attached!!

Gifts for the whole family: Hats, blankets, and books! Prices so reasonable we all felt like crooks.

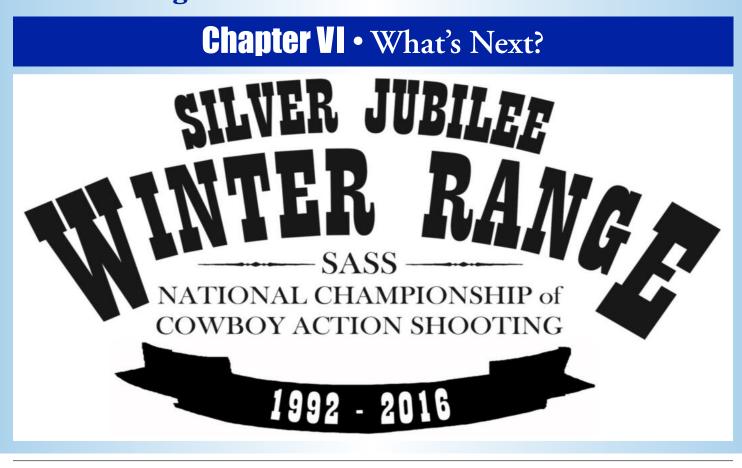
Last we got Santa a tazer flashlight to give Rudolph some help on that long Christmas night.

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> Model 1892 Large Loop Carbine

#### There is only one name for a genuine lever-action: Winchester.

In the Old West a hard-riding cowboy treasured a good hat, a smart horse, a comfortable saddle and a rifle that carried the name Winchester. Proudly crafted in polished blue steel and checkered walnut, the lever-action repeating saddle rifle was the Gun that Won the West.

Today these classic Winchester rifles can be yours — including the robust Model 1886, the legendary Model 1873, the iconic Model 1892 Carbine, the famous Model 94<sup>\*</sup> and the singleshot Model 1885 (not shown). While some people might be content with an off-brand substitute, no gun will ever offer the lasting value, reputation, fine workmanship, smooth feel and absolute dependability that a genuine Winchester leveraction saddle gun brings to your western rifle collection.

It's high time you slid a genuine pioneer of the Old West into your saddle scabbard, from the only gunmaker worthy to stamp the Winchester name on the barrel.



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News

# SIIX-Scraper

# Made in AmericaA tool to SAVE and keep 38/357CHAMBERS to SAAMI specifications

**Press release.** TK4B Enterprises, makers of SliXPrings products, announces a new innovation, the SliX-Scraper, for removing that very hard carbon/lead build-up that adheres in .357 chambers when shorter .38 caliber ammunition is continually fired through them. As is evident when comparing .38 Special and .357 Magnum case lengths, there is a .100 (1/10<sup>th</sup>) inch, difference. Every time a loaded .38 case is fired, there is a certain amount of *ejecta* deposited in this gap and eventually the collection impairs chambering successive rounds. At best it merely advances throat erosion.

Before attempting to design a tool to address this condition, we asked several long time shooters how they corrected the problem. Replies varied from they don't to using sharp picks and a drill!! Knowing there are many using .38 ammo in .357 chambers, and that the condition was not





going away, we took a stab and making a couple of tools for our own shop.

After showing others, it was decided to produce them for the market, you folks.

The SliX-Scraper is made of a high strength alloy, heat-treated, then blued. It is dimensioned to stringent SAAMI specifications and has miniscule chance of even touching your hard chamber. The threaded end attaches to any standard cleaning rod with an 8-32 female thread and in this configuration offers an easy **RIGHT** hand twist of a few turns with a **LIGHT** pull to remove years of collected hard lead and powder residue at the front of any cham-<u>(Continued on next page)</u>

## News

# Cimarron's <u>NEW</u> 1889 Coach Gun

Press release. This spring, Cimarron proudly introduced our new 1889 Coach Gun

For years, Cimarron has been looking for a dependable, well-made double barrel coach gun to import. At the 2013 Shot Show, we forged a relationship with Daudson Arms. We received our first shipment of these shotguns this spring.

We were sure Daudson's could make a good shotgun. We were wondering if our new coach gun could be tuned, accepted, and hold up for the top tier shooters in SASS<sup>®</sup>.

Cimarron sent three shotguns from the first shipment to Johnny Meadows. We asked him to do his action job on the three, give us his feedback, and return them to us. He liked them so much he kept all three of them! Based on the feedback from Johnny and from other shooters, we are extremely pleased.

Jeremy Hernandez, who was manning the gun counter for us

#### Shotgun Specs

Double barrel Coach Gun 22" barrel 12 gauge and .410 bore Improved Cylinder Choke Single, mechanical trigger 13.5" length of pull Rubber butt pad MSRP \$765.70

at END of TRAIL, said he sold 20 of the shotguns the first day. He said, "Selling the shotgun is fun—one customer bought four and another one bought two." It sure looks like everyone, including the top tier shooters, is embracing the introduction of the 1889 shotgun from Cimarron.

SliX-Scraper ... \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (Continued from previous page)



ber. To remove the collected *ejecta* from any pistol cylinder chamber, merely place the SliX-Scraper into the chamber and, using a thin slotted screw-driver turn it to the *LEFT*! In either case you can easily feel when the chamber is clear. Please see the

photos for application. The cost for a SliX-Scraper is \$25.00 plus S&H.

SliX-Scraper is available through:

Desperado Cowboy Bullets: www.cowboybullets.com

Long Hunter Shooter Supply: http://www.longhunt.com/

Badman Bullets: <u>www.BadmanBullets.com</u>.



## **Costuming Corner**

# Happy Victorian Christmas To All... AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT!

By Texas Flower, SASS Life #43753



A typical Victorian family at Christmas.

The Christmas season brings many visions to mind. Some might be of beautiful decorated trees, special delicious foods, family celebrations, and yes, "shopping," which may make some of us more like Scrooge, "Bah, Humbug!" But, whatever traditions you might enjoy or dislike, we can thank the Victorians for many of our present day traditions.

In the Victorian Era, the family was very important. They saw Christmas as a time to focus on family relationships, and Christmas traditions were shared by all of the family members. They wanted to make their homes as much like the Royal Family as possible during the holiday season. With the importance Christmas achieved during the Victorian Era, it is hard to believe it had once been abolished by Act of Parliament in 1647 under the influence of the Puritans. The observance of the Feast of the Nativity was classed as "popish" and made a punishable offence. With the restora-



Texas Flower, SASS #43753

tion of the monarchy in 1660, the celebration of Christmas began to slowly return. With their taste for nostalgia and their keen sense of history, the Victorians resurrected Christmas.

The publication of *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens in December 1843 is also credited with spreading Christmas traditions in Victorian times. It was very popular and had a big influence on how Victorian families approached the yuletide celebration.

At the heart of Christmas celebrations was the religious significance learned in church. Christmas was a time for giving and charity. Following the example of their Queen, who annually distributed her Royal Bounty to more than 2,000 people, the Victorians threw themselves into charitable works with enthusiasm, giving Christmas boxes, food, and money to all the deserving poor



The Royal Family around the tree.

#### Happy "Victorian" Christmas To All ... And To All A Goodnight!



Decorating the tree.

of the parish, usually on the day after Christmas.

Ancient civilizations held evergreens to be a symbol of life during the long winter months and decorated trees as a representation of eternal life. The medieval tradition of using evergreens continued, but the style and placement of the decorations became more important. Decorating the home at Christmas became a more elaborate affair. Order and elegance was encouraged. In 1881, *Cassell's Family Magazine* gave strict instructions to the lady of the house: "To

bring about a feeling of enjoyment, much depends on the surroundings.... It is worthwhile to bestow some little trouble on the decoration of the rooms."

Mistletoe was often used for decorations in Victorian homes, especially before decorated



Couple under the mistletoe.

trees became popular. It was often combined with fruit and greenery. The Kissing Bunch suspended from the ceiling was a popular destination. Those who met under it could claim a kiss. The number of kisses allowed under each plant depended on the number of berries. Each time a kiss was given, a berry was taken off. No more berries, no more kisses!

Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, is credited with bringing the Christmas tree to Britain in 1841. In his homeland of Germany, it was traditional to bring in an evergreen tree and decorate it with candles, sweets, and fruit. It is said he missed the evergreen trees so much, he had one imported from Coburg and had it decorated reminiscent of his child-



Visit us at sassnet.com

#### Page 22 Comboy Chronicle December 2015 Happy "Victorian" Christmas To All ... And To All A Goodnight!



Dickens' timeless novel helped promote Christmas in Victorian times.

hood in Germany. In 1848, *The Illustrated London News* published a drawing of the Royal Family celebrating around a decorated tree, and soon every home in Britain had a tree decorated with candles, sweets, fruit, and small gifts.

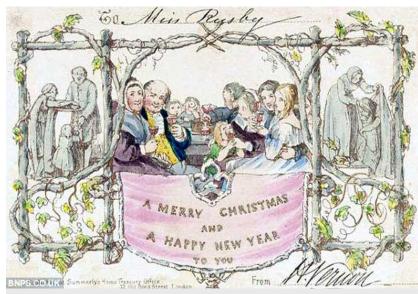
The custom of caroling is an English tradition that was taken up by America. Carolers would stroll around, usually in groups of three—one to play the violin, one to sing, and one to sell sheet music. Holiday shoppers would stop to purchase music, sometime joining the trio for a few stanzas. Carolers would stop at houses to sing, with hopes of being invited in for a warm drink.

The tradition of sending Christmas cards is attributed to Henry Cole of Britain. In 1843, he asked



Father Christmas.

artist J. C. Horsley to design a card for him to send at Christmas to replace his usual Christmas letter to family and friends. It depicted the charities of clothing and feeding the poor, with the middle section portraying a family of three generations sitting around a dinner table toasting to Christmas and the year ahead—which caused an uproar among the temperate classes. The idea caught on, but because the cards were expensive to buy, Victorian children were encouraged to make the cards. As color printing tech-(Continued on page 24)



The first Christmas Card.



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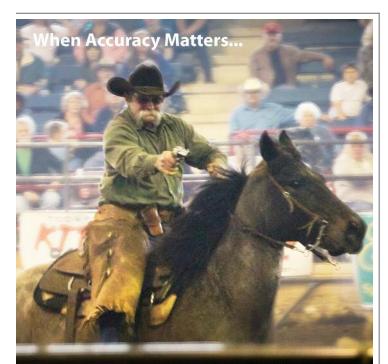


Plum Pudding and Flaming Plum Pudding.

#### Happy "Victorian" Christmas To All ... And To All A Goodnight! (Continued from page 22)

nology improved, cards became more affordable, and ing the Victorian Era, Tom Smith's idea was adapted in 1880 more than eleven million Christmas cards were printed.

up with the idea of the Christmas Cracker. While visiting Paris, Tom noticed that sugared almonds were sold in twists of paper. He used this inspiration for his Christmas Crackers-sweets wrapped in a paper package that snapped apart when you pulled the ends. Dur-



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and improved.

At the beginning of the Victorian period, fami-In 1848, a British sweet maker, Tom Smith, came lies often gave and received presents to celebrate the New Year. But, as the importance of Christmas as a family celebration grew, the gift giving was moved to Christmas. The exchange of presents, of ancient origin, symbolized the good luck, prosperity, and happiness wished for friends. The first Victorian presents were usually small, such as fruits, nuts, sweets, and handmade items that were hung from the Christmas tree branches. As Victorians began to buy gifts, the size and expense of gifts increased. The gifts were no longer hung from the tree but placed under the tree.

> The Christmas feast has its roots from before the Middle Ages, but it was during the Victorian period that the dinner began to be important. The Victorians are responsible for popularizing many of the traditional British Christmas foods. The first mince pies were actually made with meat. The pies made later in the nineteenth century did not contain meat and were pretty much like the ones made today. Many Victorian families celebrated Christmas with roast goose or beef. In the late nineteenth century, the roast turkey became the main part of the Christmas dinner when it became affordable for families. Victorian working class families were often members of The Goose Club. They contributed a small part of their salary throughout the year to be able to afford a magnificent goose at Christmas. Of course, no Victorian Christmas dinner would be complete without the "speckled cannonball"... the plum pudding! Every member of the family from East to West

#### Happy "Victorian" Christmas To All ... And To All A Goodnight!

stirred the pudding, in honor of the Three Kings. Silver charms and three-penny pieces were often hidden in it during the cooking. It was served blazing with a garnish of holly.



Santa is a mixture of

Christmas Crackers.

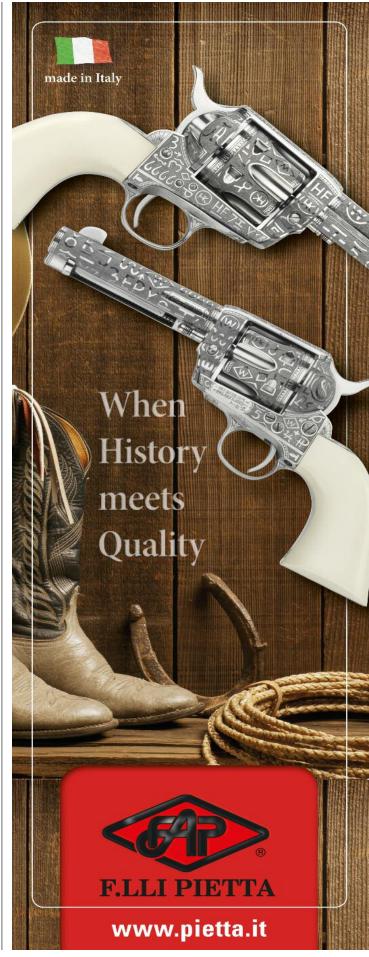
many different figures from many different cultures: the Dutch, St. Nick; England's Father Christmas; and Germany's Kris Kringle. When Clement Moore's poem *The Night Before Christmas* became popular around 1837, the "Jolly Old Elf" was adopted as the ideal Santa.

The "Colonies" however were slow to embrace the idea of Christmas, as the celebration of a Father Christmas in his long fur trimmed robes was seen as a heathenish notion. Americans of different sects and different traditional origins kept the holiday (or did not) in ways they carried over from the Old World. By the mid nineteenth century, and especially after the civil war, the sentimental appeal of Christmas traditions helped unite the states in social cohesion. Manufacturers began producing ornaments around 1870. By the 1880s, Macys department store windows were filled with dolls and toys. Christmas and the boost it brought to the economy in America was off and running!

And, in the famous words of Tiny Tim, "God Bless Us, Everyone!".



Children pulling a cracker.





By Miss Mary Spencer, SASS #55147 Life Member, Regulator Photos by Miss Mary Spencer; Grey Fox, SASS #223; Kenny Lead Slinger, SASS #59466



Grey Fox, SASS Life Regulator #223, & Miss Mary Spencer, SASS Life #55147

The 24th edition of Headquarters, August 2015, was the 30th Annual Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> Match in Western Canada as well. It is also the oldest SASS® affiliated event in all of Canada. It all began in the late winter of 1984. Grey Fox read an article in *Guns & Ammo* magazine by Phil Spangenberger, AKA Rawhide Rawlins, about the new shooting sport called Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup>. Grey Fox, having known Phil since 1979, called him and obtained the contact information for Gordon Davis, AKA Diamond Jim Chisholm (SASS #27 now deceased). Diamond Jim was very gracious in responding to the call. He encouraged Grey Fox and Miss Mary Spencer to attend the next END of TRAIL match.

Grey Fox and Miss Mary Spencer flew to California and attended their first END of TRAIL in the spring of 1984. While signing in at the registration desk, Wes Turner (SASS #36) looked up and said "this guy looks like the Grey Fox," and so the alias was chosen. Grey Fox went on to win the Best Dressed Cowboy award. Attending this event fired the Grey Fox's always-overheated imagination and the rest as they say is history.

Upon returning home to Victoria, British Columbia, Grey Fox enlisted the expertise of Al Page and



Grey Fox at END of TRAIL 1984.



Headquarters 2015.

#### Wedding Nuptials Highlight The 24th Edition of Headquarters ...



Wild Horse Jack, Master of Ceremonies.

Neil Klassen, both world-class practical pistol shooters. The plan was to assemble the first ever Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>™</sup> Match in Western Canada, scheduled for the spring of 1986.



Sea Hag always shoots in full 1880s street attire.

Grey Fox supplied most of the guns and ammunition, supplemented by many rounds loaded by Al Page. Al and Neil supplied their knowledge of practical pistol competitions and the event was a grand, well-attended enterprise. The stage had been set for the continuation of Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> in Western Canada. The matches were *ad hoc* until 1991.



Top Lady 49'er, Montana May.

During the early part of 1992 Grey Fox, Al Page and others organized Headquarters. In the fall of 1992 the core group formed the Western Canadian Frontier Shootist Society, the first SASS affiliated Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> Club in Canada, with the support of the Single Action Shooting Society and enthusiasts such as Indian Frank (SASS #38915) from Ontario, the founder of the first Cowboy Action Match in Eastern Canada. From this point on Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> began to proliferate nationwide. There are now matches across the nation. Cowboy Action Shooters are able to compete every weekend.



Cornelius O'Keefe & Elizabeth's wedding vows.

Headquarters 2015 marked the 30th Annual Cowboy Action Match in Western Canada. Although Headquarters is no longer the largest match in Western Canada, it has a following of the most enthusiastic shootists in the west.

The 2015 event was hotly contested, plus it was a trendsetter. Out of the top five competitors, three were 21, 20 and 13 years



Top Young Gun, Whistlin Will.

#### Page 28 Cowboy Chronicle December 2015 Wedding Nuptials Highlight The 24th Edition of Headquarters ...

old. The entire three-day event was extremely well organized by Montana May (SASS #95820) and her dedicated volunteers including Wild Horse Jack (SASS #64334) as Master of Ceremonies, and Haweater Hal (SASS #55287) Match Range Officer. Starting Friday August 28, there were speed pistol/rifle/shotgun side matches plus a midrange rifle side match.

	<u>WINNERS</u>	
Top Gun		
Overall Man		
Senior	Haweater Hal	
	SASS # 55287	BC
Top Lady		
Lady Senior	Victoria Diamond	
	SASS #60952	BC
Spirit of		
the Game	Doc Richards	
	SASS #101125	
Cattle Baron	Grey Fox	
	SASS #223	BC
49'er	Preacher Man John	
	SASS #87098	BC
Cowgirl	Seniorita Itchy Fing	er
	SASS #80037	BC
Cowboy	Low Country Amigo	)
	SASS #80038	BC
Buckarette	Hurricane Hayley	
	SASS #94450	BC
Grand Patrone	e Jingle Bob	
	SASS #51499	BC
Classic	Slim Delgado	
Cowboy	SASS #85279	BC
Duelist	Cornelius O' Keefe	
	SASS #60577	BC
E. Statesman	Kyuquot Kid	
	SASS #67090	BC
Grande Dame	Miss Mary Spencer	
	SASS #55147	BC
Gunfighter	Black Ashley	
0	SASS #89886	BC
Lady 49'er	Montana May	
	SASS #95820	BC
Lady Duelist	Saucy Sadie	20
	SASS #89135	BC
Senior	Little Edgy	DU
Duelist	SASS #64366	BC
Silver Senior	Buffalo Creek Roby	50
Shiver Semon	SASS #40165	BC
Young Gun	Whistlin Will	DC
Toung Oun	SASS #88382	BC
	57155 #00502	DC



Grey Fox presenting Haweater Hal the Top Gun Trophy for 2015.

The main event began early in the day on Saturday August 29 with six main stages. In the afternoon there was a gun cart show and Keefe (SASS #60577) and his be-

shine and swap meet. Just before the potluck dinner, the Wedding ceremony uniting Cornelius O'-

SIDE MAT Long Range Lever Action Pistol Caliber Lever Action Rifle Caliber SASS #91436 Single Shot Rifle Caliber SASS #91136	TCH WINNERS Cornelius O'Keefe Senorita Itchy Finger Reg Ryder Killshot Kenny	Mid Range Lever Action Pistol Caliber Lever Action Rifle Caliber SASS #64334 Single Shot Pistol Caliber Rifle Caliber Schuetzen Target	Neut Reno Montana May Wild Horse Jack Cornelius O'Keefe Killshot Kenny Dead Eye Dawson
COSTUN Shooting Cowgirl and Dance Hall Darlin' Shooting Cowboy Formal Dress Gentleman	ME WINNERS Hurricane Hayley Dead Eye Dawson SASS #96256 Neut Reno SASS #51654	Formal Dress Lady Couple Junior Boy Junior Girl Best Gun Cart	Sea Hag SASS #44583 Preacher Man John and Saucy Sadie Whistlin Will Ricochet Re Re SASS #94451 Preacher Man John

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#### Wedding Nuptials Highlight The 24th Edition of Headquarters ...



Preacher Man John and Saucy Sadie best dressed in the West.

trothed, Elizabeth, was solemnized by Preacher Man John (SASS #87098). Sunday dawned early with cowboy church then a second mandatory safety meeting followed by four main stages. Sunday afternoon, the long range rifle match and Scheutzen Target event took place. Sunday evening there was a costume parade followed by the banquet and awards.



Haweater Hal and Victoria Dia-(SASS #60952) were mond awarded the Western Canadian Frontier Shootist Society Legacy Award in recognition for their ongoing contributions to Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup>. From the opening ceremonies to the closing awards dinner, the event was flawless. The competition was nonstop action. The young competitors pressed the seasoned



Jingle Bob, our Grand Patrone a fierce competitor at age 88.

pros to the absolute limit. Whistlin Will (SASS #88382), who is 13 years old, had the second fastest time on a stage at 17.25 seconds, followed by Senorita Itchy Finger (SASS #80037), age 21, who was the third fastest on a stage at 17.87 seconds. These times are worldclass performances. Third overall was Low Country Amigo (SASS #80038) who is 20 years old. There were a number of other competitors in their teens who,



Up and coming new Cowboy Action Shooter<sup>™</sup>, Doc Richards.



Top Cowgirl, Senorita Itchy Finger.

along with the previous three, will be in the winner's circle in the very near future. The mentoring of young shooters keeps the shooting sports alive. **1** 

Ricochet Re Re.

# On The Range Shooting Frontiersman Category Anbush at S Anbush at S Cavern Cove By Smokin' Dave, SASS #94325



Smokin' Dave, SASS #94325

By Smokin Dave, SASS #94525

**Tradition.** It is ingrained into our southern culture—SEC football, bass fishing, loyal dogs, NASCAR, and apple pie. One other event has become a tradition in the Tennessee Valley for 19 years. Put on by the North Alabama Regulators, is it the SASS<sup>®</sup> sanctioned Alabama State Championship. It is called "Ambush at Cavern Cove."

I participate in Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>™</sup> and my home club, the Ocoee Rangers, is in Cleveland Tennessee. This year I wanted to shoot the Alabama state match. I decided to do the black powder side matches on Friday and the 10-stage main match on Saturday and Sunday. I signed up to shoot Frontiersman in the black powder match and Frontier Cartridge duelist during the main match.

Frontiersman category requires both handguns to be cap & ball. Caliber for the revolvers and rifle have to be .36 caliber or above. Shotgun can be any SASS-legal gauge as long as it is a side-by-side or lever action. My choice of guns for this class is the 1851 Navy by Traditions in .44 caliber. I know this isn't historically correct, but I wanted the extra



power because sometimes knock down targets are set up in a stage. My rifle was an EMF 1873 Winchester in .45 Colt and my shotgun a 12 gauge side-by-side. Since we were going to be shooting four stages



#### Ambush at Cavern Cove 2015 ...

during the match I pre-loaded eight cylinders the night before. I used 3F in my revolvers, while my cartridges and shotgun shells were loaded with 2F powder. Although expensive, I like having extra cylinders as opposed to loading powder and ball between stages. Trying to load powder and ball on a rainy day is not what I wanted to do, especially in a competition. Making sure I had everything in order for the next day, the only thing I needed was a good night's sleep. But that never came.

I tossed and turned while my mind anticipated what the match would bring. I was familiar with the sequences of the targets after reading the shooters handbook and by studying the stages. The unknown factor I could not control was the weather and its effects on black powder.

I shoot Cowboy Action monthly and shoot frontier cartridge with no problem. However, this was to be my first attempt at frontiersman class. Relying on cap & ball revolvers in a pouring down rain added a whole new dimension to this game. Challenge yourself and try the black powder categories. It takes longer to wipe the smile off my face than it does to clean my guns afterwards. If you're adventurous like I am and want to shoot slow yet have the time of your life, sign up for the Frontiersman category. You will never be the same.

The day of the match brought excitement and of course rain. I learned there was only one other competitor shooting in my class. Only 15 shooters braved the conditions this day. I was on a posse with Cullen Bohannon, Barkeep Casey, El Camino, Georgia Slick, and others. The posse leader, El Camino, warmly greeted us and made everyone feel welcome. After a word of prayer to keep us safe we also prayed for our country. After a few brief instructions we began to send lead down range. The air was heavy so the smoke hung close to the ground. After the first shot or two, even seeing the targets became a challenge.

Shooting cap & ball revolvers at the range just for target practice is a challenge, but trying to get all 10 shots off with a cap & ball while being timed adds a whole new dimension. I was successful, since all my rounds during all four stages went down range and found their mark. While I wish my times had been a little quicker, I had little trouble and was proud of the outcome. During one stage a spent cap made its way under the cylinder. I shoot Duelist style which requires me to shoot one handed. The free hand can assist in case of malfunction but has to be off the revolver before the weapon is fired. I reached up and turned the cylinder slightly and the cap fell out, allowing me to finish with that revolver.

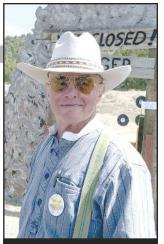
My revolver shot well that day. My rifle spit lead and smoke with a vengeance. My shotgun bucked and kicked as it knocked down target after target. Before the results of the match were posted I was already planning on competing once again in the Frontiersman class. My thoughts went back many years to the Old West and to the battlefields across our land during the 1800s. How were these guns used effectively during battle? What was it like tying to load and fire these revolvers while the enemy is firing at you? How did anyone survive? Accuracy played a part. Luck played a major part as well. I believe it came down to who could keep calm and had the "least" amount of trouble with these weapons.

The Frontiersman category in SASS is definitely not the quickest category. In fact it is probably the hardest category because of the reloading and cleaning procedures required between stages. But you will never have as much fun shooting smokeless powder.

North Alabama Regulators will be offering the twentieth Ambush at Cavern Cove in 2016. It would be well worth your time to head south in October and experience one of the best annual matches you'll find. Not only is there relief from the heat and humidity the south is known for, but the color of the leaves that time of year is spectacular. For more information check out their webpage at www.northal abamaregulators.com. You can also find pictures and upcoming events on their Facebook page as well. *1* 



# Club Reports HALLOWEEN MATCH Captain America To The Rescue!



Palaver Pete, SASS Life/Regulator #4375

By Palaver Pete, SASS Life/Regulator #4375

**B** end, Oregon. Disciples of Western History know the high desert country of Central Oregon has been haunted since the death of 24 emigrants in the ill-fated Lost Wagon Train of 1845. Those poor pilgrims, who died of starvation and thirst, were misguided to the Meek Cutoff by a greedy scout who promised them a short cut to the promised land of the Willamette Valley. These tortured souls have made





Captain America (Hoss Reese) shows his muscular determination to protect both "Sister" Pepper G and "Outhouse Chef" GDub.

their presence known every year around Halloween time by scaring to death anyone camping or shooting around this hallowed ground. Fortunately for the Pine Mountain Posse, this year Captain America was on hand to fend off the spirits cast by those unfortunate, but vengeful souls. The Story begins.

Whisperin' Wade (SASS #36209) took no mercy on shooters registered for the Pine Mountain Posse

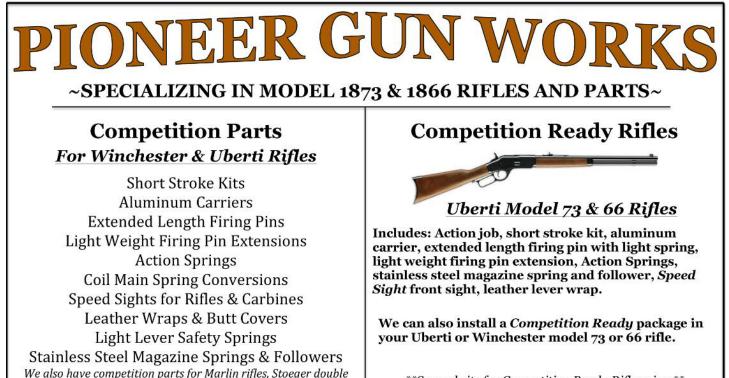
#### Halloween Match • Captain America To The Rescue! ...



Two of the zombies that beleaguered the Pine Mountain Posse during our Halloween match. Hopefully, they will not reappear next year.

Halloween Match of 2015. He designed ten tough stages-five each day. The stages were so tough that only one shooter, Buxton Lookout (SASS #40999) shot clean on Saturday, and then he wisely departed for home while he was still ahead-smart man! Wrangler Hoss Reese (SASS #88815) was top gun on Saturday as he registered a blistering score of 125.71 seconds for the same five tough stages, averaging a wee bit over 25 seconds per stage. Gunfighter Whisperin' Wade, was close behind Hoss, and took second place. Palaver Pete barely got by Sandy Charm (SASS #88815) to finish in third place with a score of 176.37, while Sandy finished at 177.57, a difference of 1.20 seconds! Sunday was a different story, with Sandy Charm finishing third overall, while Palaver crashed and burned and fell to the next to last place (sigh).

Meanwhile, everything the posse did was being watched by the troubled spirits of the 1845 wagon train. Unaware they were being watched, Whisperin' Wade and Hoss Reese reversed roles on Sunday, with Wade nosing out



barrel shotguns & model 97 shotguns.

\*\*See website for Competition Ready Rifle prices\*\*

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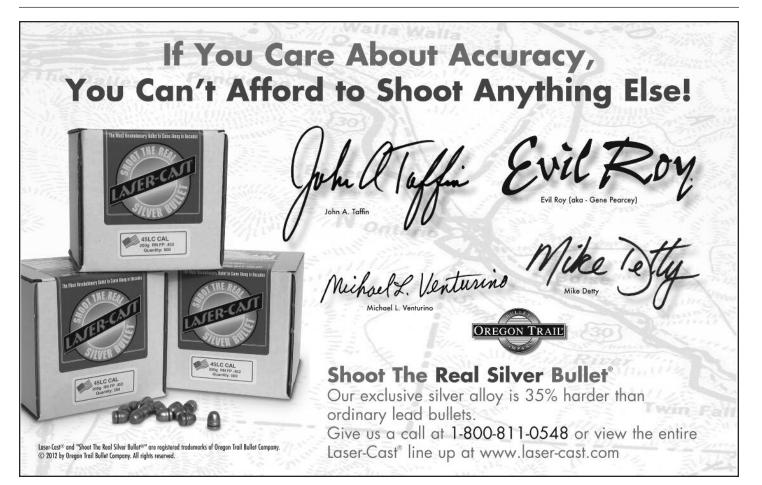
#### Halloween Match • Captain America To The Rescue! ...

Hoss for first place by 24.38 seconds. Hoss was probably held back by all the bulging muscles contained in his Captain America outfit. Little did Captain America know those muscles would be sorely needed to fend-off the victims of the 1845 disaster.

Back at the range, visiting shooter Lightfoot (SASS #90179) took the Duelist Category on Saturday, and on Sunday he experimented with the Gunfighter and finished up in ninth position—not bad for a first time effort of two pistols in hand at the same time. Lady shooter GDub (SASS #98435), dressed as the "Outhouse Chef," experienced the same fate as Palaver Pete, as she shot well and took seventh place on Saturday, but crashed on Sunday and brought up the rear, so to speak. Oh well, that was nothing compared to what lay ahead.

The trouble with the ghosts started as darkness approached on Saturday evening. The shooting continued as Arctic Annie (SASS #37265) took the Lady Duelist Category, and ironically ended-up just above father-in-law and Senior Gunfighter, The Legend (SASS #36069) in the overall standings. But, as the ghosts started to assemble at the range, their presence was over-shadowed by Powder River Rose's (SASS #77227) shooting of her Model '97 shotgun. Her style of shooting, "from the hip," is deadly accurate and a crowd pleaser at that. Rose came in second in the Lady Wrangler Category on both days, right behind Sandy Charm. Another shooter by the name of Rose of Santiam (SASS #100318) shot well and took second place in the Lady Senior Category. But as all this was going on, the danger drew closer.

As the skies darkened, and strange sounds were beginning to be heard, Pepper G (SASS #89336) remained focused, and took first place Lady 49'er, nosing out Cascades Annie (SASS #70533). At the same time, Chalk Cimarron (SASS #77332) won the Silver Senior Category and placed overall just ahead of Silver Sage Outlaw (SASS #70532), who won the Duelist Category. Not to be outdone, Tetherow Tex LaRue (SASS #90999) won the Frontier Cartridge Gunfighter Category, just ahead of Lightfoot, who was foolin' around with that same blasted category. Then, all of a sudden, it happened. The attack was sudden...





"Outhouse Chef" and "Sister" Pepper G surround Costume Contest Winner, Sandy Charm. All was well until the zombies hit.

#### Halloween Match • Captain America To The Rescue! ...

ated by Lightfoot, but NO, amidst the smoke figures of the 24 deceased began to appear. "Sister" Pepper G made the sign of the cross, but to no avail, the haunting spirits were upon us, and before Captain America could react and drive them off, our weapons were coated with fine high desert dust—the coughing continued as shooters struggled to breathe.

The ensuing battle was total chaos as the ghosts, in the form of zombies, swept down on the beleaguered crowd. Shots were fired and the accuracy of the Cowboys was much to their credit, but the real hero was Captain America who, with his trusty shield, managed to divide and conquer the poor lost souls of 1845. Before we knew it, Captain America had driven them off, and as soon as the dust settled, we regrouped and thanked our lucky stars for the likes of Hoss (Captain America) Reese. His feat of bravery will be remembered for a lifetime. And so, another Halloween passed, and props and costumes retired, but not the ghosts of yesteryear. They will forever be buried in the sands of the Oregon High Desert, and we hope and pray that next year they will leave us alone, and rest in peace.

The Posse thanks the Palmer family for decorating the range, providing props and, all in all, doing essentially everything necessary to put on an excellent Halloween event! Kudos also to GDub and Diamond Willow (SASS #37688), both of whom kept score and worked hard in the kitchen along with Arctic Annie and all the ladies—where would we be without those cowgirls? For overall and category scores and other Northwest information be sure to visit our website at: www.pinemountainposse.com. You're a daisy if ya do! **.** 



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# **Club Reports A Missouri Boat Ride** and the Paddle of Shame

By Barkeep Casey, SASS #86366



Kid Ziggy (Right) receiving the paddle at the Lead Mine Valley Shootout (the Tennessee State Championship) awards ceremony.

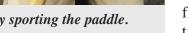
wo years ago I made a move to East Tennessee, which after years of Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>™</sup> suddenly made me the new guy at the local shoots instead of the old salt. Fortunately, Cowboys being Cowboys, I was instantly welcomed into the local clubs, and almost immediately found myself with a whole new group of Cowboy friends. Personally, the camaraderie with my shooting buddies has always been one of the largest draws to Cowboy Action Shoot $ing^{\ensuremath{\mbox{\tiny TM}}}$  . Whoever coined the phrase "You come for the shooting and

stay for the friendships" definitely nailed it in my book.

After shooting for a couple months at my new local clubs, it became evident that I was in a race for third place overall with six other shooters. First and second place were out of reach for us mere mortals, but it was always a hotly contested race for third, with each month's results being so close that within a couple seconds time it might go to any one of the four out of these six shooters on a normal monthly basis. It was always a toss up to who would come out on top.



Purly sporting the paddle.





Barkeep Casey, SASS #86366

Within a short period of time this competition found it's way onto The Ocoee Rangers online forum and this is when and where the friendly trash talk really got going. Pretty soon I found myself unconcerned about my category and totally consumed with beating these other five shooters.

One day, while trash talking on the Ocoee Rangers Forum, Widowmaker Hill (SASS #59054) commented he would send us all on a "Missouri Boat Ride" and we better bring a paddle with us to the next shoot. Well, to that next shoot I brought a paddle. I brought the "Missouri boat ride paddle of shame."

Within our group of six, of all different age categories and shooting styles, we have a competition. The loser gets the "Paddle of Shame" and carries it with him in his gun cart until he beats any other paddler, at which point he passes the paddle on to that shooter.

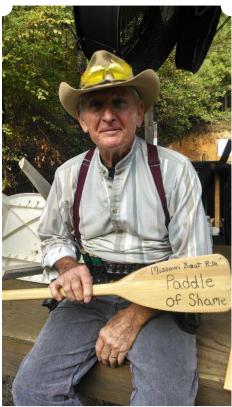
Since it's inception, the paddle has been passed back and forth many a time. It has seen action at major shoots like the

## A Missouri Boat Ride and the Paddle of Shame . . .



Ocoee Red gets his chance to carry the paddle.

Florida, Georgia, and Tennessee State matches and at Black Gold. It also continues to be a constant topic for good-natured ribbing and plain out trash talking. So to my fellow paddlers, Ocoee Red (SASS #31751), Kid Ziggy (SASS #76870), Purly (SASS #57438), Tabasco Jot (SASS #31179), and Widowmaker Hill, I am still calling you out! Thanks for the great competition, but more importantly thank you for making me feel at home 🦺



Tabasco Jot enjoying his time with the paddle.



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# THE WILD BUNCH SHOT OUT AT HORSE RIDGE



The Wild Bunch Gang.

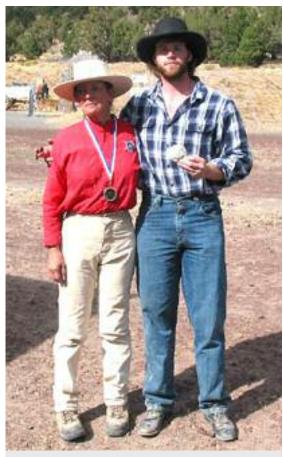
**S eptember 4 through September 6**—as dawn broke over the beautiful Millican Valley of Oregon's high desert region, the notorious Wild Bunch Gang descended on the sleepy little town of Horse Ridge. Soon the air would become permeated with the sweet smell of gunpowder in the morning and the Gang couldn't wait. The Gang's mission? To raise havoc and mayhem in that little town in what is their traditional SASS Oregon State Wild Bunch Championship.

As the Wild Bunch Gang loaded up their gun carts, with their newly polished (or some not so polished) guns and all that ammo with which they were expected to fill the air, the haunting strains of "We Shall Gather at the River" could be heard blowing across the little town on the wings of the wind.

Soon, the shout of "Let's Go" was heard and the Gang, led by Wildcat Annie (SASS #49268— President of the Horse Ridge Pistoleros' Temperance League) headed to Hell Town, the first of many skirmishes in what was to become a three-day battle for supremacy.

The weather was a little **VISIT US AT SASSNET.COM** 

"Chilly Whiskers" to begin with, but by Sunday it was warm and participants were soon shedding their jackets. The Gang shot up five stages on Saturday and five stages on Sunday. Shouts of "Eat Dirt," "We've come for Angel," "Have a Drink on Me General," and "What can go wrong in a friendly little cantina" could be heard coming



Idaho Six Gun Sam and Last Chance Morales.

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The Wild Bunch • Shoot Out at Horse Ridge 2015 ...



Texas Jack Morales explains a stage.

from some of the stages. All in all, a great time was had by all shooters and shouts of "Next Year" rang out as the Gang headed back to their hometown hideaways.

Winners of this year's SASS

Oregon State Wild Bunch Championship were Pepper G (SASS #89336), Lady Modern; Last Chance Morales (SASS #67180), Modern; Texas Jack Morales (SASS #5026), Senior Modern; and Sunrise



Oregon State 2015 Wild Bunch Champions.



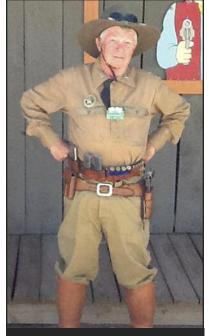
Wildcat Annie and Major John B. Jones (SASS #9133).

Bill (SASS #64301), Traditional. Overall Champions were Idaho Six Gun Sam (SASS #2894) and Last Chance Morales (SASS 67180).

For scores and more information on this Championship and on our other events, go to our website: http://www.hrp-sass.com. 4



Lil Italy (SASS #86063) and Sunrise Bill.



Captain George, SASS Life / Rugulator #24287

We all know the basic story about Samuel Colt and the invention of the percussion revolver. The Paterson, his first revolver, was patented in 1836 and was made in three sizes: the .28 caliber Pocket model, the .31 caliber Belt model, and the .36 caliber Holster model. The largest, the hol-



Replicas of percussion Colts in chronological order top to bottom— 1838 Paterson, 1847 Walker, 1848 First Model Dragoon, 1860 Army.

## Guns & Gear DISPATCHES FROM CAMP BAYLOR

## **Chronographing Colt's Percussion Revolvers**

## By Captain George Baylor, SASS #24287 Life/Regulator



1838 Paterson, .36 cal., 18 grains FFFg.

ster model, had a 9-inch barrel. The cylinder had five chambers. It was a commercial failure. Colt went bankrupt. One of his few customers was the Texas Navy. The Republic of Texas ordered 180 of the .36 caliber Holster model revolvers for its navy in August 1839. These were issued to various Texas warships and used in engagements against Mexico over the next four years. Some of the Patersons eventually wound up in the hands of the Texas Rangers. The rangers first used them on June 1, 1844 against the Comanche at the Battle of Walker's Creek. Ranger Captain John Coffee

(Jack) Hays and 14 rangers, armed with two Patersons each, routed a force variously described as between 40 and 200 Comanche. This was a pivotal moment in Texas history. Until then the Comanche light cavalry was the finest in North America, better armed than the Texans, and they had tactics that worked against troops armed with single shot flintlock or percussion rifles. This fight marked the first time an entire company of rangers used Colt revolvers in combat. A Comanche who had taken part in the battle later complained that the rangers "had a shot for every fin-



1848 First Model Dragoon, .44 cal, 50 grains FFFg, illustrating a problem with early Colts. The loading lever dropped down, locking the gun up and preventing firing the next round until corrected. Fortunately, no Comanche were charging.

## **Dispatches From Camp Baylor ...**

ger on the hand." (Handbook of Texas Online)

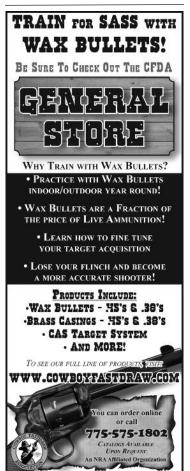
Later Texas Ranger Captain Samuel Hamilton Walker, who had been seriously wounded in Walker's Creek, restarted the Colt revolver and set in motion a series of events that would make Colts a major force in the history of the United States. In November 1846 Captain Walker, then of the United States Mounted Riflemen, opened negotiations with Colt for the production of 1,000 improved revolvers. Familiar with the shortcomings of the Paterson arm, Walker specified a substantial new design incorporating a fixed trigger with guard and a loading lever beneath the nine-inch barrel. The massive revolver mounted a six-shot cylinder chambered for a .44 caliber conical bullet; the revolver weighed an unprecedented four pounds, nine ounces. Texas Ranger John S. (Rip) Ford claimed the new Walker Colt pistol was as powerful as the United States Model 1841 "Mississippi" rifle. (Handbook of Texas Online)

This put Colt back into business and a series of improved revolvers called Dragoons resulted. But these were all "horse" pistols—too heavy for most men to wear (unless they were acting in west-



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## Dispatches From Camp Baylor ...



1847 Walker, .44 cal., 60 grains FFFg. This is a chain fire. The next chamber fired just after the one under the hammer, ba-bang. No damage.

ern movies). The 1851 Navy became a spectacularly successful holster revolver. Colt first called it the Ranger model, but the "Navy" designation stuck. It came from the engraving on the cylinder of a scene of the victory of the Second <u>Texas Navy</u> at the <u>Battle of Campeche</u> on May 16, 1843.

The U.S. Army wanted a revolver with more power in the same size. The result was the elegant 1860 Army revolver. It is unlikely that Samuel Colt was involved in the design. He was in failing health and died July 10, 1862.

Gun writers often tout the Colt Walker as the biggest, most powerful revolver until the debut of the .357 Magnum. The extent that the Walker out-powers its successors is easily tested, provided you have representatives of all of the guns involved... like Black Diamond Bob (SASS #94536). Bob is a recent convert to shooting sports and SASS in particular. His interest was always in the early Colts. He started with 1872 Open Top replicas. Then he discovered the proposed Civil War Category.

Tex wrote about this proposed category in The Comboy Chronicle a few issues back. Contestants dress in Civil War era uniforms or civilian clothes and shoot black powder or substitutes in replicas of the revolvers of the era, either percussion or with conversion cylinders, and either Henry or Spencer rifles and double barrel shotguns. Of course conversion cylinders are perfectly authentic. Just check the great Civil War documentary, *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. Black Powder or substitutes is required in all firearms. Any shooting style is allowed.

Black Diamond Bob has really gotten into the category. He has eight Civil War uniforms, divided between Yankee and Confederate. He has a flag to fly over his gun cart to match the uniform of the day.

## **Dispatches From Camp Baylor...**

He also has replicas of Colt Patersons, Walkers, Dragoons, and 1860 Armies. He has 1851 Navies, but his are .44, so we left them out of the test. Navies in .36 caliber would not chronograph substantially different from a Paterson. Pietta .44 caliber '51 Navies are pretty popular in Plainsman and Frontiersman because .36 caliber percussion revolvers generally don't have the powder needed for knockdowns with 80-grain balls. But they're not historically accurate. This causes otherwise mild mannered re-enactors to fly into rages of epic proportions. The mere sight of a brass-framed or .44 Navy replica has been known to cause fatal apoplexy. Fortunately SASS is a fantasy sport, not re-enacting.

For the test we used the most powerful black powder I had on hand, Swiss 3f, after initial attempts to chronograph Bob's loads using Kik 2f proved that Kik 2f probably isn't the first choice for these guns.

## Colt 1838 Paterson

This was the baseline for all future Colt revolvers. This gun has a 9-inch barrel. The stated maximum load in the Pietta instruction sheet accompanying the test model is 18 grains. Bob loaded 80-grain round balls over 18 grains of powder in the five chambers. We used Remington caps on everything.

The results: The average velocity was 739 feet per second (779-693). To use a modern term, this resulted in a power factor of 59. The SASS power factor floor is 60, widely reviled as wimpy by men who think everyone in SASS should shoot 255grain bullets at 999 fps. Yet Texans attacked and defeated charging Comanche with these guns.

## 1847 Colt Walker

This Uberti replica, loaded with 60 grains of Swiss 3f threw a 144-grain round ball at 1191 fps (1216-1177). All of the .44s were loaded with lubricated Wonder Wads over the powder, primarily to prevent chain fires. The Walker suffered a chain fire during initial Kik 2f testing without the wad. That is a power factor of 172. A .357 Magnum throwing a 125-grain bullet would have to do 1376 fps to match it. I have to note that this load would exceed the 1000 fps limit for revolvers in SASS. I also remember Tex shot two Walkers with full 60-grain loads for several years. Black Diamond Bob, like Josey Wales and Gus McCrae, normally shoots his with conversion cylinders with more SASS-like-25 grain main match and 35-grain long range .45 Colt loads.

Then came the Dragoons. The first 240 were "Whitneyville" Dragoons built primarily for Army testing. Then there were three production models, each with improvements over the previous model. But they would chronograph the same. Amazingly, a gun with a rounded trigger guard will give the same ballistic results as one with a square trigger guard. They had shorter cylinders partly because Walkers had a bad habit of blowing up. The metallurgy of the day wasn't quite up to 60 grains of powder. The tested Uberti First Model Dragoon has a 7-1/2" barrel, and we loaded it with 50 grains of powder. Average velocity was 973 fps (1023-966) with the same 144-grain round ball, for a power factor of 140. This is still no slouch of a load and very close to SASS maximum velocity.

## 1860 Army

Then came the lighter, handier 1860 Army. Barrel length was eight inches. The tested Pietta-made replica was loaded with 35 grains of Swiss 3f. It threw the 144-grain round ball at 819 fps (866-787), for a



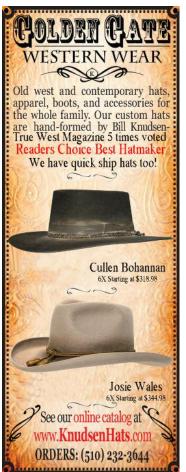
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## **Dispatches From Camp Baylor ...**

power factor of 118. That is about equivalent to standard .38 Special 158-grain ammunition. Most Civil War soldiers would have used paper cartridges. Surviving Colt paper cartridges of the era contain about 30 grains of fine-grained black powder.

## Firearms evolution on the table

Seeing 22 years of revolver progress during a time of great advances in firearms technology was fascinating. Each gun got a little less delicate than the preceding one, and easier to reload and control. Both the Walker and Dragoon





1860 Army, .44 cal, 35 grains FFFg.

Dragoon suffer

and

had loading levers drop down under recoil during the test. Of course the Paterson didn't have a loading lever and loading the five chambers required disassembling the gun and using a tool that came with it.

The 1860 Army was clearly the high water mark in Colt percussion pistols. The rack and pinion loading lever was the most efficient. The size and weight were similar to the 1851 Navy, making it easy to carry on a belt holster.

## SASS Usage

The Paterson is a five-shot revolver with no safety notch. All of the six-shot revolvers had safety notches to lower the hammer into, so they could be safely loaded with six rounds. Loading five rounds for SASS competition is no problem. The Walker from the dreaded dropping loading lever disease. A good gunsmith might be able to cure this. Otherwise a twisttie is a temporary solution. The 1860 Army was sighted in at 100 yards. To use them effectively in Frontiersman, Plainsman, or the Civil War category begs for a good gunsmith or a really good home gunsmith who studies Larsen E. Pettifogger's Cowboy Chronicle articles on making them work. Rowdy Yates at Lee's Gunsmithing does an action job and also installs cap guards making cap jams into the action a non-issue. He also offers .125" brass front sights and cutting a .125" slot the hammer (the rear sight). A taller front sight allows sighting in at SASS ranges.

## Conclusion

Using modern Swiss powder the Walker lived up to its reputation. It is more powerful than its successors, but each one was a better weapon due to improvements in design and technology. The 1860 Army, with gunsmith preparation, is the best Colt replica for SASS Frontiersman or Plainsman competition.

Colt became a prime gun maker in the United States, and generations of Americans went to war carrying Colts. In 1969-70 I went to war. I carried a Colt rifle, first M16A1, later a an XM177E2 Colt Commando, and wore a Colt 1911A1 pistol that was older than I was. I'm a Texan and worked for a Colonel named John Hayes. I didn't think anything about the historical connection at the time.

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The eccentric professor wasn't exactly popular with his students. He delivered his lectures, which he had memorized, in a monotone. If a student asked a question, he would back up and repeat what he had just said, rather like a recording device. Of course, recording devices hadn't been invented yet—the eccentric professor was teaching in the 1850s. When he turned his back, chaos erupted in his classroom but when he faced his students again, stillness and order had returned. Whatever the students thought of their professor, they knew for sure they didn't want to



Jackson at the time of the Mexican War. During that conflict, he displayed the characteristics that defined him during the Civil War: coolness under fire, tenacity, innovation, willingness to take on a numerically superior enemy, and relentless pursuit.

make him mad. He could be absolutely relentless in his pursuit of malefactors.

The eccentric professor was a somewhat ludicrous figure. He walked with a curious gait; it seemed that a ramrod had been inserted up his body. His feet were huge-size 14-and he wore knee high boots. He faced forward, didn't look from side to side, and strode to his destination with a singularity of purpose. He had dark hair and piercing blue eyes and no apparent sense of humor. Even though the professor knew his subject well, he couldn't get it across to his students and couldn't really relate to them. In other words, he wasn't cut out to be a teacher. The board of directors at Virginia Mili-



Jackson's second wife Anna. Jackson was an affectionate, loving husband, despite his robot-like public persona.



tary Institute considered firing him. There had been a lot of complaints. However, the professor was undeniably diligent, God fearing, a pillar of the community, and a Mexican War hero who had been specifically singled out for praise by General Winfield Scott, one of the most distinguished men in America at the time. The professor kept his position, but only barely.

You've probably guessed by now the identity of the eccentric professor: he was Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson. He was arguably the best general of the Civil War as well as one of the best in American history. At this stage in his life, in the 1850s, he was fairly obscure. He hadn't earned the nickname, "Stonewall" yet—his students called him "Tom Fool."

Jackson was anything but a fool. Nevertheless, he was singularly lacking in social skills. He also suffered from a variety of real and imagined illnesses. He had weird habits and mannerisms. In fact, Jackson has been posthumously diagnosed with Asperger's Syndrome—though it's best to keep in mind that diagnosing the dead is a tricky business. Whatever syndrome he may or may not have had, he was an odd duck indeed.

His students might have thought him to be an automaton, but there was more to Jackson than he revealed. Probably the most

## The Eccentric Professor ...

driving force of his personality was religion. Jackson was a devout Presbyterian. His relationship with God was something that defined him as much as his military genius. However, Jackson's God had a vindictive side, rather like Jackson himself. His God was distant, difficult to fathom, and could be rather stern in his judgments. Jackson, like his version of God, was more Old Testament than New. Nevertheless, Jackson had a warm, considerate side as well. He was an attentive, loving husband and a steady friend.

Closely related to Jackson's devout Christianity was his sense of duty. People seemed to fall into two categories: those who did their duty and those who did not. Jackson modeled his life around being of the former category and he had no tolerance for those of the latter. It was similar to how the Old Testament God viewed people. There were those who followed His laws and those who did not. Woe unto those who did not.

Jackson taught at the Virginia Military institute out of a sense of duty, not because he enjoyed it or had any aptitude for it. He was much more comfortable when in combat. Unfortunately for him, the Mexican War was over and the U.S., for the time being, was at peace.

The Mexican War (1846-48) provided a number of West Point graduates and future Civil War generals with their first battlefield experiences. The list includes, but is not limited to, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, James Longstreet, and George B. McClellan. Jackson, who had just graduated, was an artillery officer at the time. On several occasions, he displayed initiative, tenacity and coolness under fire—the same traits that characterized his service in the Civil War.

He was best remembered for his performance in the last phase of the Mexican War, during the fight for Mexico City. Jackson's artillery unit, which consisted of two six pounder cannons, was trapped on the road beneath Chapultepec Castle, which guarded the Mexican capital. Facing Jackson's unit were eight Mexican cannons which opened fire at close range. Soon all the horses pulling Jackson's cannons were killed or mangled. Jackson ordered his men to unlimber their six pounders and return fire. One of the guns was hit and everybody ran for cover, except for Jackson. Jackson paced back and forth, ignoring the chaos, the screaming horses and a cannonball that barely missed him. (It passed between his legs.) "There is no danger! See? I am not hit!" Finally one of the men was shamed into



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## The Eccentric Professor ...

getting up and helping him move the remaining cannon into position. They began to fire back. Jackson, with one man helping him, faced a significant portion of the Mexican army and fought on until help arrived. The battle turned and Chapultepec was captured.

Meanwhile, Jackson had managed to get the second cannon working again. Since Winfield Scott's Army was heading toward Mexico City, he was going there too. He found wagon limbers and some new horses, and with a new crew, set out towards the city. In a short amount of time, he managed to get ahead of the main force. Whenever he encountered resistance, he ordered the guns unlimbered and fired into whatever or whoever stood in his way. When the enemy retreated, he limbered up the guns and pursued. This went on until nightfall.

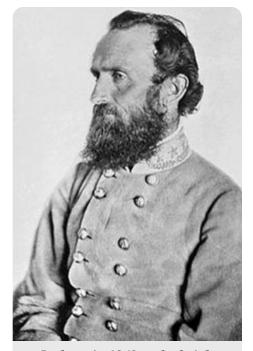
The next day, the fighting continued but the outcome was inevitable. Winfield Scott's army captured Mexico City. Jackson played a key role in battering down the last resistance. Later, Scott hosted a reception for his officers in which he singled out Jackson for his performance. Scott had a sense of humor and quipped something to the effect that he couldn't shake this particular officer's (Jackson's) hand. Jackson, along with everyone else, was horrified. Then Scott said, "If you can't forgive yourself for slaughtering those poor Mexicans, I'm not sure I can!" He smiled, shook Jackson's hand and the crowd went wild.

Jackson would have probably received a chest full of medals in today's Army. However, they were stingy about such things back then. The Army rewarded him with a series of promotions: to first lieutenant, then captain, then ultimately to brevet major. Nobody in his class at West Point had been promoted as quickly. That wasn't bad for a 23year-old kid who had served only 15 months.

After the Mexican War, Jackson wound up in Florida at a dismal place called Fort Meade, located about 30 miles south of Tampa. The Seminole War was dragging on, but there wasn't much action. Jackson quarreled with his commanding officer, Major French, and the series of written complaints the two issued against each other annoyed the Army and reflected poorly on both of them. Thomas Jackson had a petty side to him that dominated his actions during this period. This kind of behavior would recur at times during the Civil War.

In 1851, he accepted a position at the Virginia Military Institute as a Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Instructor of Artillery. He hadn't been happy at Fort Meade and had no regrets when he left. Things were getting tense between Jackson and the U.S. Army. He moved to Lexington, Virginia without a single glance backward.

All of this would have been great if Jackson hadn't had a singularly boring, colorless, and pedantic teaching style. Natural and Experimental Philosophy was a compilation of subject matter including optics, acoustics, and "spherical astronomy." It had been hideously difficult at West Point and the object of fear and loathing for most West Pointers, except Jackson. The text had been written by Jackson's favorite professor (whom most other cadets hated) and Jackson's



Jackson in 1863 at the height of his fame and near the end of his life. Nobody called him "Tom Fool" anymore. History knows him as "Stonewall."

lesson plan as a professor was to memorize the text, recite it in class, and assign portions of the text to his cadets so they could memorize and regurgitate it. There was no explanation from Jackson about what it meant or why it was important.

The following exchange is an example of what went on in Jackson's classroom. A cadet was called on to answer the question, "What are the three simple machines?" The cadet answered, "The lever, the inclined plane, and the wheel." "No sir. The lever, the wheel and the inclined plane" was Jackson's response. The answer was wrong because the cadet's version was not exactly the same order in which the textbook had listed them. Any attempt to argue would have resulted in the cadet being put on report. Needless to say, Jackson wasn't one of VMI's most sought-after professors. One student wanted to fight him in a duel and another

## The Eccentric Professor ...

tried to drop a brick on his head. Many of the cadets thought he was crazy.

Thomas Jackson had some peculiar habits. Some of them were attempts to deal with real illnesses, others were what we'd categorize as health fads today, and some were just plain weird no matter what century you lived in. For example, Jackson started his day by immersing his head in a bucket of ice-cold water with his eyes open. He suffered from *uveitis*—an eye ailment that made bright light painful and almost intolerable. The water was supposed to alleviate the condition. Next he performed "strange leaping exercises"—calisthenics. Very few people did them back then and he performed them in a singularly ungraceful manner. He was careful about his diet because of chronic dyspepsia-nonspecific stomach distresswhich afflicted many Mexican War vets but it went beyond that. He was worried about his left leg being weaker and less developed than his right leg, so he wouldn't eat pepper because it caused weakness in his left leg, and he raised his right arm at regular intervals so the blood would flow down to invigorate that diminished limb. (It must have been distracting to those around him. Of course, many people avoided him anyway.) He walked with long strides with his head held down to avoid the light of the sun. He traveled far and wide to take water cures. People talked about him and not in flattering ways.

The cadets were merciless with Jackson and devised ingenious ways to torment him. It was risky though—God help the cadets he caught. He seldom caught them, whether it was because of distraction or because he believed his that students were part of some divine ordeal is unclear. Evidence points to the latter because Jackson was extremely aware of his surroundings. His opponents during the Civil War were going to suffer because of Jackson's almost preternatural awareness. He probably didn't really care what his students did because it wasn't important to him.

The cadets would amuse themselves by boobytrapping Jackson's cannons so the wheels would fall off in the middle of a drill. Perhaps Jackson didn't care because it wasn't a war. If a cartoon of a stick figure in huge boots awaited him on the blackboard every morning, he could ignore it. If a spitball fusillade erupted every time he turned his back, it wasn't Jackson's problem; nobody was going to die because of it. If the young idiots resisted their intel-



## The Eccentric Professor ...

lectual betterment, as they have done since the beginning of time, it was their loss.

Things would be different later. When the Civil War erupted, discipline mattered. Jackson had a single, specific purpose: to defeat the enemy. If someone stood in the way of that purpose by negligence, sloth, or design then Jackson would do whatever he felt necessary to correct (or remove) whomever he held responsible. It was useless to make excuses. He was a very different commander in the field than he was in the classroom.

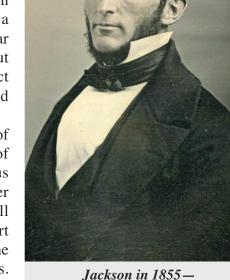
Jackson enjoyed his years at VMI despite his student's antics. He was married twice. His first wife died in childbirth and he was nearly prostrate with grief. A couple of years later, he married a second time. Both marriages were happy ones. He was an exemplary husband. Jackson prospered, despite his meager professor's pay. He saved his money and invested well. He was a pillar of the local Presbyterian Church. He had a nice house and garden. He owned a few slaves and was by all accounts a kind master. In fact, more than anything else, kindness defined him during this period. Jackson founded and taught at the Lexington Colored Sabbath School, not a popular thing to do at the time. People talked, but he continued to teach at the school anyway. He was happy and whatever misgivings he had about VMI, he kept to himself. The warrior side of Jackson lay dormant because there was no war. He would have been content to live out his life as an obscure and not terribly effective educator.

These were the 1850s, however and with each passing year the ten-

sion between the North and South got worse. By 1859, after John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, a lot of Virginians began to think war was inevitable. Jackson agreed, but he felt it would be a mistake to act rashly. Perhaps the Union could somehow be preserved.

Things changed in the spring of 1861. Following the election of Abraham Lincoln the previous year, seven states in the lower South seceded. Virginia had still been undecided, but after Fort Sumter surrendered on April 13, the cadets at VMI began to get restless. There were clashes between the pro-secession cadets and the residents of Lexington; not everyone in Virginia wanted to leave the Union. It looked like the cadets were on the verge of a riot. The superintendent confined them to the institute when it looked like they were going to march on Lexington. He tried to calm them down at an assembly. Somewhat surprisingly, the cadets shouted for Jackson to speak. With superintendent's approval, the Jackson addressed the cadets.

It wasn't a long speech: "Military men make short speeches and as for myself I am no hand for speaking anyhow." That was an understatement, but there was something in Jackson's demeanor that made the nearly mutinous cadets listen to him. "The time for war has not yet come, but it will come, and that soon. And when it does come my advice is to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard." The cadets began to cheer, "Hurrah for Old Jack!" Jackson's brief speech was a distillation of his philosophy of warfare. Some months later, he would offer to lead an army north in order to burn Baltimore and



Jackson in 1855— The Eccentric Professor of the Virginia Military Institute.

Philadelphia. Like William T. Sherman, Jackson believed in total war.

On April 21, the cadets were ordered to Richmond to help drill new recruits for the Confederate Army. One hundred and seventy six of them assembled on the parade ground and Jackson led them off to war. Not many of them would return; neither would Jackson. By the time of his death in 1863, he was the second most famous general in the Confederacy, next to Robert E. Lee. The eccentric professor, once known as "Tom Fool" would be known to history as Stonewall Jackson. Virginia would mourn his loss and things never were the same on the battlefield without him.

Back in the 1850s who would have thought it? Jackson seemed to be what we today would call a "geek." Nevertheless, as strange as he was, some students suspected there was more to Jackson than his classroom management style. In 1858, a student named Leigh Wilbur Reed wrote a poem that included his *(Continued on next page)* 



Joe Fasthorse, SASS #48769

## LITTLE KNOWN FAMOUS PEOPLE - Way Out West -

## By Joe Fasthorse, SASS #48769

**California Joe** was born Moses Embree Milner in 1829 at Stanford, Kentucky. Joe served as a teamster with General Kearney during the Mexican War then headed west with a team of trappers and was captured by Ute Indians. He was soon rescued and headed for the gold fields of California to try his luck in striking it rich. No such luck. So he next established a trade route and ran mule trains from Oregon to mining camps at Walla Walla, Washington. When gold was discovered in Montana, Joe lit out for Bannack to try his luck again. Three swindlers tried to steal his claim. He killed one and wounded another. The third one was lucky. He got away. Joe earned his nickname in Virginia City, Montana when he killed two men in a saloon fight. He left town in a hurry when vigilantes threatened to hang him. Joe spent the next two

years in New Mexico, Nevada and Texas. In 1864, he fought shoulder to shoulder with Kit Carson at the Battle of Adobe Walls. Two years later, he was named Chief Scout for General George Custer and in 1874 served under him in the Black Hills expedition. Later, Milner was with General George Crook when his army chased Sitting Bull after his Sioux defeated Custer at the Battle of the Little Bighorn. In 1876, Joe was in a Nebraska saloon. A disagreement with a pistolman named Newcomb led to high tempers. Guns flashed and Joe was shot and killed.

Two years later, Wild West justice triumphed. Newcomb was shot in the back by a friend of California Joe. 4

## **The Eccentric Professor** ...

(Continued from previous page)

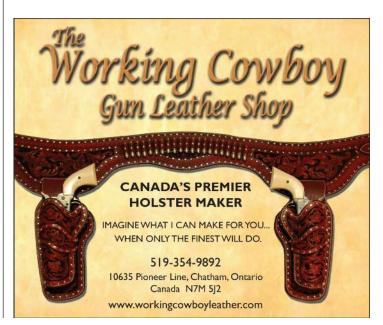
thoughts about Jackson. Reed wasn't particularly fond of all his professors but he saw something in "Tom Fool." Part of Reed's poem included the following: "The stamp of genius on his brow and he / With his wild glance and keen but quiet eye. / Draws forth from secret sources, where they lie."

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By Bullets Granson, SASS #75364





## Grandpa "Bullets" as a Doughboy during WWI.

Then I was starting out in Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>™</sup> and fixing to join the Single Action Shooting Society®, I realized I had to choose an alias. I considered many possible names, and like many new members, I had a little trouble coming up with one I liked that was also original. I liked the idea of a name that was a pun or had a double meaning (like "Dusty Rhodes" or "Rusty Chambers") but, as will come as no surprise, all the good names were long since taken. After long and painful thought I settled on the name "Amos Deadly" (Aim is Deadly). Get it? Don't feel bad—nobody else did either. Nonetheless, that is the name I went by for the first few years, (roughly 2007-2012), while I was shooting with the Jefferson Outlaws in South-central Pennsylvania. This is a great club, and I got to shoot with many awesome shooters, such as Chuckaroo, Shadow Carson, and Skinny!

In 2012, employment got in the way of life, necessitating a move to God's Country: Magnolia, Texas (coincidentally, Skinny's old stomping grounds). Since I would be shooting with a whole new bunch of cowboys and I never really liked my alias anyway, I figured this would be a good time to change my name. But many more hours of thought and cogitation and reams of paper covered with insane scribblings did not yield an alias I liked any better.

Then, while going through some old family photos, I came upon some pictures of my grandfather

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## How I Got My Alias...

## **Bullets Granson**

taken in the 1920s. He had been a doughboy during World War I, and he had also been a lawman in rural Pennsylvania during Prohibition and the Great Depression, holding positions from Constable on up to Chief of Police. It was during this time that folks started to call him "Bullets."

Then that it hit me—if my grandfather was called Bullets, then obviously, I am Bullets' grandson. Hence, Bullets Granson!

Ok, so nobody gets this pun either. But, like any kid, I am proud of my grandfather, and love my new alias if only for that reason. In fact, I like it so much I had it engraved on all my guns, plus had several custom badges made. No changing it now! I must admit I feel a pang of unworthiness when the guys at my new club (the Thunder River Renegades) call me "Bullets," but I like to think that Grampap would be pleased that someone in the family is keeping the name alive! **1** 





Grandpa as Chief of Police in Butler, PA during Prohibition (*he's on the far left*), after having just busted some moonshiners. This is when he paradoxically received the nickname "Bullets," even though he didn't carry a firearm.



Contact Marsha Short ph 505-563-0673 www.westernmusic.org

## **Trail Markers**

## White Smoke Steve, SASS #91779

## By Jim Miller, SASS #74828, and Tex, SASS #4

Before he rode west, Steve had a successful career as a radio broadcaster and journalist. He worked for Dow Jones and its flag-



ship publication, *The Wall Street Journal*. Late in his career he became the union chief that ensured the wellbeing and fair treatment of his fellow employees.

Many cowboys ride into your life, most

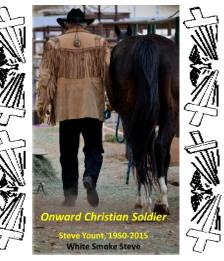
ride on, but few stay to become friends. White Smoke Steve was a Cowboy at heart long before he joined us in New Mexico to live his dream. Being the author of the Turner Brown novels, he had a wealth of historical knowledge of the Old West that needed to be supplemented by the experience of using the guns of the Old West in their natural surroundings.

What better place to do that than New Mexico and with members of SASS? He joined SASS<sup>®</sup> and took his alias from the perpetual clouds of white pipe smoke that used to swirl about his head as he sat in his broadcast booth.

It did not take Steve long to realize there were new skills to learn, but, like his well-researched articles for The Combog Chronicle and his novels, he applied himself diligently to the extent he became a proficient shooter.

Next began the fun of reloading, and many a happy hour was spent with Steve at his workbench as he began to master the skills required. It was at this time he contracted the illness that was to take his life some two short years later. He approached the end of his life with a courage and humility that was typical of the man, and it was a privilege to attend the funeral service he himself had organized.

His wife Jo and SASS have lost a good man and great Cowboy. In the Spanish of Turner Brown... *¡Vaya con Dios, mi amigo!* **』**.





Silverado Ed ~ May 27, 1943 - October 10, 2015 ~

The Hurricane Riders, Aynor, SC, regret to announce the passing of Silverado Ed (SASS #77623), AKA Edward Tucker, Sr. Ed was a loyal and active member of the Hurricane Riders for many years. He was an active shooter, worked diligently at all our shooting events, was always there to help set up and clean up, and regularly participated in the Youth Events of WildLife Action. Even when his illness prevented him from setting up steel, he was there to paint targets and to lend his advice. He was always willing to share his experience and his knowledge with a new shooter.

Ed was a Navy veteran, of which he was very proud. He was also an active volunteer firefighter for more than thirty years in New York State. He leaves behind his loving wife of 45 years, Linda.

In addition, Ed and Linda have four children and eight grandchildren, who will miss him greatly.

The Hurricane Riders express their sympathy to Ed's family on their loss. Their loss is our loss too, as we will miss our friend and shooting companion.

# Introducing the Team SASS Team SASS Patriot Badge Customized with your Alias and SASS Number



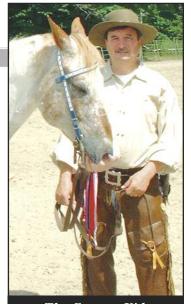
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The Single Action Shooting Society<sup>®</sup> is proud to offer the Team SASS Patriot Badge, and to stand with others as we seek to preserve our Second Amendment Rights. Proceeds from the sales of the SASS Patriot Badge are distributed equally among four of the top organizations leading the charge to protect our freedoms; The National Rifle Association (NRA), the Gun Owners of America (GOA), the National Shooting Sports Foundation (NSSF), and the Second Amendment Foundation (SAF).

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The Capgun Kid, SASS #31398

By The Capgun Kid, SASS #31398

The woman in black wrapped her arms around me, sobbed deeply and continuously and thanked us profusely for our help in her time of need. It just happened to be me posted at the entrance of the parking lot at St. Rose of Lima. There were about a hundred and fifty other Knights of Columbus helping out over several hundred mourners as they streamed into the church on that chilly December day. I thought she hugged me pitifully for about an hour, but was later told it was less than a minute. She went into the church and I never saw her again. One of the locals told me later she was an aunt of the little girl in the tiny white coffin I saw, just one of the Sandy Hook Victims.

That'll have a rather profound effect on you. Trust me.

In the ensuing months, in an already liberal Connecticut Assembly that has been radical enough to make the state an emigration state, I saw the redundant march of politicians leverage the tragedy to hide



The Searchers — many consider it to be one of John Wayne's best movies.

## The Capgun Kid Rides • In and Out of a Rut...



You can't place a value on all the good times with a squirrel like Grey Squirrel.

behind the gun control rock and front it as if they were doing something decisive to prevent gun violence. Over time I saw the families of those children get progressively ignored because they lost their newsworthiness and watched them fall far short of achieving all of our hopes of preventing the next Adam Lanza. The Second Amendment had no place in their arguments and went out the window altogether in the knee jerk reaction that was not yet getting stale. There were a lot of words left over from our politicians, and an utterly stupid gun law, but nothing tangible. You hadda live ten miles from the tragedy to understand the which and why and to what extent. It will never be the same in that state and those surrounding towns.

I dunno whether it was the woman or the little white coffin that pushed me into the rut, but I ended up there just the same. I lost the edge. The dopey law didn't even affect me because all my guns are from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. My idea of a high capacity magazine was *Field and Stream*.

Pile on the ammo shortages, the powder scarcity (which are our faults) and the back aches and pains of getting to be an older heart patient (which is nobody's fault), and it gradually spiraled down to where I was not going to matches and bracketed an entire season of emptiness with only the Pennsylvania State Match in May and Heluva Rukus in New York in September. Not a shot fired in between. In the dictionary where it says "Rut" it also says "See Capgun."

I told you that part so I could tell you this... It does not matter HOW you fall into a rut, but rather how you GET OUT OF IT. Here's my sage advice. It'll be the combination of the ro-



The Ropin Kid... we solved most of the social and economic problems facing the nation.

mance and the competition that is Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup>. OK, OK... so it ain't sage, but is rather common sense. You gotta have the will, or else you just stop shooting.

You also gotta have the spark. Something flashed after my jammed guns trashed Heluva Ruckus, and in this case my spark was a dose of Netflix and my Fanner Fifty Rig. The former turned out to be some PB&J on Sourdough and the combination of *The Searchers, Hondo* and *Red River*. Many consider those to be John Wayne's best movies. The latter was the ignition for many of us back in the fifties and probably a significant part of the flash in the pan that started Cowboy Action Shooting<sup>TM</sup> in the first place.

So I holed up in my brand new shop in our brand new house that was our retirement home in Pennsyl-



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vania and forced myself to make a Fanner Fifty Rig. In my mind, everybody oughtta have a Fanner Fifty Rig, and I feel bad for the shooters too young to remember the glory days of the Westerns and that toy. Having a craft helps, but I was not going to get complex and make another pair of boots or another saddle for my gun cart. I just backed into getting the juices flowing while I worked the project. In and of itself, that was not enough. What I learned during this year-and-a-half-long mental siege turned out to be nothing short of



what I had forgotten... it's the people, stupid.

One of my best Pards, Grey Squirrel, thought I was nuts when I bagged the Rukus match and went home after fixing my crippled guns, but he (and the rest of my pards) don't really understand that the effort of even showing up was based on the value I placed on them. Doesn't matter what effect a little white coffin has on you, because that part does not go away, but then neither does all the good times you have had with a squirrel like Squirrel.

In the end, what got me back to life was not going to a match with familiar faces, but rather going to one where I did not know anybody at all. When we moved to Newmanstown, PA, I landed about five miles away from Bob Enck and his store, The Gun Barn. All my guns have come from his store, and sojourn there my yielded the surprise that there was a club at Heidelberg about ten minutes away. Ten minutes. I had never traveled less than forty miles to shoot before, but now I have several shooting clubs about ten to thirty minutes away. I guess that's why Pennsylvania is gun heaven.

So, I popped on to



In my mind, everybody oughtta have a Fanner Fifty Rig.

the SASS website and looked up the club. Lo and behold, the Ramrod, High Spade Mikey Wilson, called me back in about half an hour to give me the skinny on getting there. When I got



Barnmaster working the unloading table.

## The Capgun Kid Rides • In and Out of a Rut...

there, all tentative and a little nervous like, who taps me on the shoulder but Bob Enck hisself... The Barnmaster...

From that point on it shaped up to a really good day. A coyote named Trusty Sidekick ran five efficient, fun stages, unfettered by a lot of distracting props or confusing sequences, and I felt welcomed right off the bat walking down the hill to the safety meeting. Another Cowboy Lunatic named The Ropin Kid spent several conversations with me between working posses in which we solved most of the social and economic problems facing the nation. You gotta be retired to do that well...

By the time I went home with the little "Clean Match" pin that Barnmaster gives out at these matches, the only regret I had was I'd have to wait for a new season to learn everybody's names. Now you can make the argument to take it all for granted as "The Cowboy Way." But it does not matter what you call it., it all boils down to one concept: you own the rut, so don't stay in it, and the best resource you have to get out of it is... the people, stupid.

Don't shoot yore eye out, kid. 4



A coyote named Trusty Sidekick ran five efficient, fun stages.



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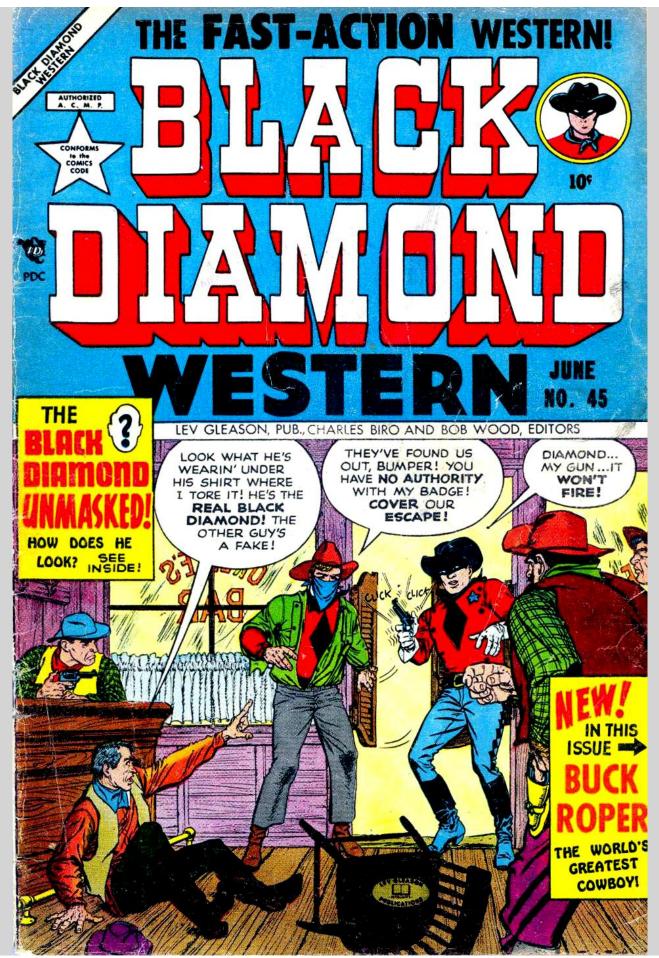
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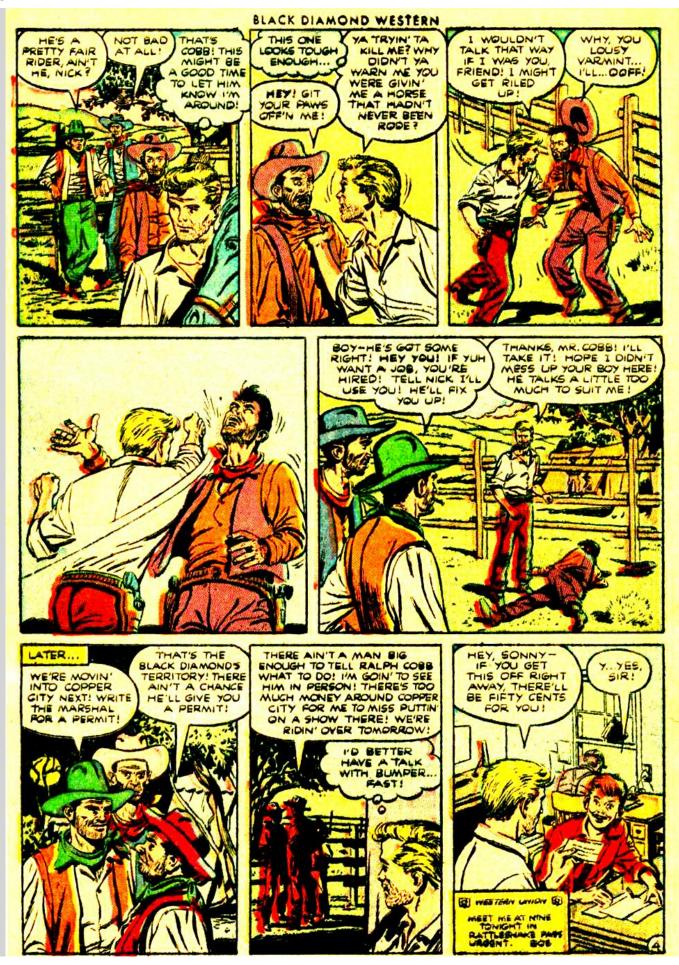




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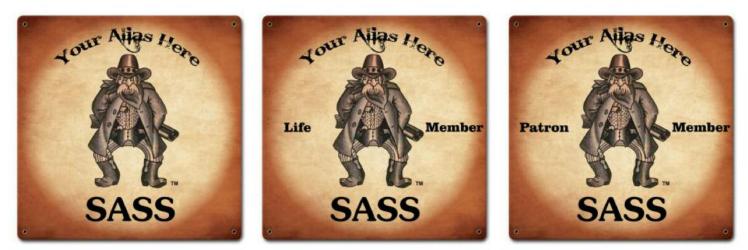
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## Alias: \_\_\_\_\_ SASS#: Name: City:\_\_\_\_\_State\_\_\_\_Zip:\_\_\_

Phone: Email:

## Winner's Buckle Information

## \*Please provide proof of placement"

Hosting Club Name:

SASS Sanctioned Match Name: \_\_\_\_\_

State Regional National World State Shoot Out

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Year of Match:

Location:

Category:

Place of Finish:

## Method of Payment (U.S. funds)

- □ Winners Buckle: \$114.95 (Includes Shipping)
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## MEMBERS BY STATE

## SASS # ALIAS

### AK

103,534..... Sgt. Cross

## AL

103,506	Ranger Opa
103,561	Buck Rivers
103,562	Tombstone Ted
103,568	Majo George Schoefield
103,569	Katie Scarlet O'Hara

### AR

103,462..... Long Shot Liz

## AZ

103,478	Zip Wyatt
103,497	Gila Chris
103,517	Whiskey Row Buckshot
103,528	

## CA

Colt Thornton
Concho Plenty
Cherry Valance
103487
Lucky Shot Lynn
Willamette Ray
Cordell Kid
Simon Says
Ambs Aces
Stogie Steve
Tennessee Jack
Divine Miss M.

103,565	Leadslinger Larry
103,571	Hombre la Plata
103,577	Pair "O" Dice Pete

#### CO

103,554..... Big Iron Bret

СТ

103,456..... Sixgun

## FL

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03,457	Black Hawk Vigilante
03,458	Sharp Shootin' Sherry
03,474	Red River Blaster
03,479	Parson Will
03,501	Brier Rose
03,507	Jake On The Take
03,516	Leroy Ledbetter
03,544	Desert Gun
03,556	103556

## GA

1

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103,500	Mad Jack Slaughter
103,575	Rapidfire Rachel

## IA

103,492	Johnny Winfield
103,519	Isiah Michael Quick

## ID

103,463	Em Sackett
103,502	Shapeshifter

### IL

03,488	Minnesota Duk
03,538	Dude Ranger
03,543	John Elder
03,553	Nobutt Jake
03,555	Nobutt Jack

### KS

103,533..... Eliza's Trail Kid "The"

## MA

103,527..... Ma Larkey 103,548...... 103548

### MD

103,547..... Jesse Jo Daugherty

## MI

103,477..... Michael Reynolds 103,515...... 103515

## MO

103,481	Gunslinger Slim
103,483	Sparky Joe
103,518	Ringo Steel

### MS

103,490..... The librarian

### NC

103,529..... Doc Vacation

### NM

103,514	Pitch-a-Fit
103,560	Eddy Six Guns

### NV

103,536..... Big Foot Billy

### NY

103,464	Bobby Yuma
103,505	Marshal Micah Torrance

## OH

103,482	Larry Leadslinger
103,484	Doc Duke Silver

103,486	Kirby York
103,537	Ranger Doc
OR	
103,476	Continental Drifter
103,495	Alpaca Pistol
PA	
103,513	T. G. Reaper
103,576	Ivan Thunder
sc	
103,472	Youghiogheny Kid
TN	
103,473	Tommy Three Shells
103,496	The Governor
103,510	Jersey Bratt
тх	
103,460	Rapid Edward
103 461	Miss Libby

103,531 ..... Wild Boar

103,563..... Houston Hombre

103,539..... Just H

103,564	
103,567	Will E. Sloe

## UT

103,485..... TJ Sage

#### VA

103,526	Southern Drifter
103,535	Dame Dead Eye
103,549	Coldwater Pete

#### WA

103,489	Ridge Walker	
103,504	Saddlesore Sam	
103,512	Bubba Buckwheat	

#### WI

103,532..... Gentleman Jon

## WV

103,546	Copperhead Dave	
103,572	Rebel Doc Terry	

## WY

103,573..... Togwotee Tom

## 

## TAS

103,551..... Iron Horse Smith



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