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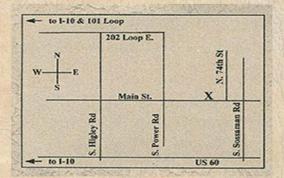




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he 2015 Oregon State Black Powder Championship brought out the best of the Long Range Shooters. Here we see Brownie Nash, SASS #3656 scoping and scoring Mountain Grizz, SASS #56669 during the 1,000-yard Long Range Single Shot Rifle event. Note the elevation of Mountain Grizz's sights, certainly enough to make Billy Dixon jealous. Nice shootin' Grizz! Photo by Palaver Pete.

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The Cowboy Chronicle



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SKINNY'S SOAPBOX

By Skinny, SASS #7361

Well Wishes for 2016

Even though this is our second issue of the year, it is the first digital-only edition so I feel it appropriate to wish everyone a happy and prosperous New Year—one that will prove exciting for the sport of Cowboy Action ShootingTM. A lot will be happening, including the 35th anniversary of END of TRAIL. For those of you who have never attended the World Championship of Cowboy Action ShootingTM at Founders Ranch, this year will be the perfect time to do so. I'll look forward to seeing everyone there.

My Move to Texas

A major event in my life is my recent (November) relocation to Texas. I've acquired some property near Wimberley—about midway between Austin and San Antonio, almost in the hill country. It's in the country, so I now have the luxury of being able to set up some targets on which to plink and practice right in my back yard, something I've always longed for. Incidentally, San Antonio is where I was born and I still have a brother and a sister who live in Texas, so I'm essentially getting to go home.

Additionally, I'm within an hour or so drive of several Cowboy clubs and I'm looking forward to meeting all my fellow Texas shooters. The Texican Rangers located near Comfort, the group that puts on Comancheria Days annually, is about an hour and twenty minutes from me and hosts a double match on fifth weekends that I'm looking forward to trying out. On Saturday they shoot a Wild Bunch match, then on Sunday they shoot a "Bolt Action Military" (BAM) match, in which you utilize your Wild Bunch 1911 and shotgun, but instead of a cowboy rifle use a bolt action military rifle of WWII or earlier vintage at 75- to 125-yard targets. Sounds like fun.

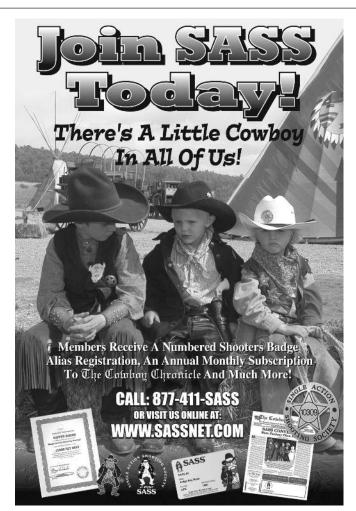
The SASS Convention

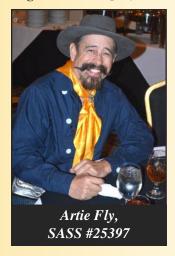
I attended the SASS Convention in Las Vegas this past December and as always had a great time. I would say you're missing out if you've never attended one and you should plan for it, but sadly, it's likely this will

have been the final Convention. Attendance has been steadily declining over the years and at this one, SASS® finally reached the point at which break-even was not achieved, and when that happens with any activity the prudent business decision is to cease. It was great fun while it lasted.

Elsewhere in this issue is an early Convention report from Quicksilver, who attended the December Convention for the first time, along with his wife Grace. His commentary, along with his photos of the event, is a testament to the entertainment factor that was present. Complete coverage of the Convention and the costuming will be coming up later in the year, but I wanted to sneak in this early report now.

—Skinny





HOT LEAD IN DEADWOOD!

By Artie Fly, SASS #25397

Photography by Doc Spudley, SASS #60569, and Major Photography. Award photos by Captain Billy Blackhorse, SASS #83971

t was mid-October, and the place to be was at the Dead-<u>wood Marshals range</u> in Sorrento, Louisiana. Mother Nature blessed us with absolutely perfect shooting weather, clear skies, temps in the mid-60s and 70s, and relatively low humidity (for Louisiana). The Marshals have a great deal of work into the range, recovering from aging stages and props heavily damaged by weather in this Hurricane Highway along the Mississippi River. In fact, the range is literally less than three miles off of I-10, between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. It is set back from the road, surrounded by heavy vegetation, with magnifi-

cent cypress trees in the background. The lawn in front of the stages and parking area looked manicured, reflecting the tender care the Marshals have taken in renovating the range.

Side matches were shot on Friday, including two Wild Bunch stages. Sadie and I took a break from our vending efforts to relax and shoot our guns for a change. Doc Spudley, the club President, arranged for us to dispense quickly with our photo duties and on a beautiful Saturday morning we gathered everyone for a panoramic shot of the participants,



Doc Spudley (right) spearheaded the rebirth of Deadwood and the Marshals.



Fifty-six shooters got together for this smoothly run fun match.

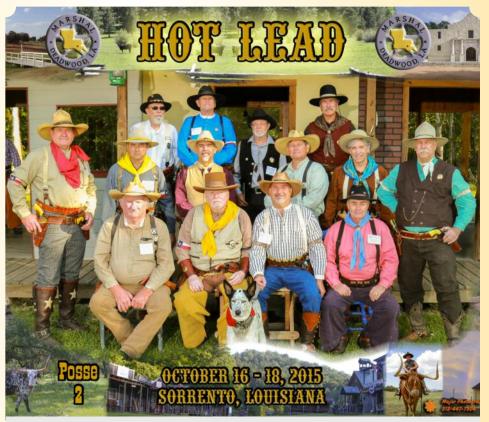


These ladies made up 20 percent of the total shooters. Guys, if you want to shoot hassle-free, getting your lady to shoot with you will help. It's gonna cost you though (more guns, clothes, and so forth).

a few posse photos, then it was on to shooting guns. Sadie and I shot on a posse with Doc Spudley and some of our Louisiana friends, folks we've known for years, but with whom we have rarely shot. There were four posses, with a bunch of Texans making up the bulk of Posse Two. Once we got to shooting, we moved through the stages smoothly, with clearly written scenarios and well arranged targets. My favorite was the pigpen, which had a swinging rifle target adding a challenge.

A nice group of ladies participated in the match, covering nearly every category available. I had the pleasure of shooting with Sexie Sadie, Cajun Queen, Antelope Annie, and Dixie Rebel. Doc Spudley was busier than a onearmed paper hanger, directing the shoot, attending to any firing line problems, photographing the activities, and shooting his stages in between. The five stages we shot each day went by quickly and all shooters were done shortly after noon. Once the shooting was over, lunch was served in the newlybuilt clubhouse, still somewhat unfinished, but mostly useable with a full kitchen and flush toilets. Interested parties could also visit Calico Lassie and Cowtown Kate, who vended their clothing and accessory goods.

Saturday evening, we all gathered at Mike Anderson's Restaurant in Gonzales for a great banquet. Good food and lots of it. The main match was not over yet, so no overall awards, but we did have a very special acknowledgement, as Doc Spudley was presented with his well-deserved SASS Regulator Badge. Captain (Continued on page 8)



More than half this posse is comprised of board members of the Texas Historical Shootist Society, based in Columbus, Texas. The oldest Cowboy shooting club in Texas, they host a fine match named Trailhead every March.

Hot Lead in Deadwood!

(Continued from page 7)

Billy Blackhorse made the presentation with the best-written award speech I have heard since my military time more than 20 years ago. Top hand awards went to Captain

Billy Blackhorse and Duke City Deadeye. As mentioned above, these guys are instrumental in rebuilding Deadwood into a truly pleasant place to shoot. Copenhagen Calhoun captured most of the side match awards, leaving



A small sampling of the pretty ladies at the banquet. It's always fun to shoot with these girls.



Lunch was served both days of the main match in the new clubhouse.



Copenhagen Calhoun put a lot of effort into sweeping most of the side match awards.



Slick McClade and Diamond Lil
were the Top Shooters.
Slick was on my posse
and watching him shoot
was like watching a blur.
Lil was ninth overall,
a really fine showing
despite being significantly
hampered by recent knee surgery.

only a couple for the other competitors. There was plenty of time to socialize and lots of pretty ladies to admire. (Yes, I know that is sexist, but I am a photographer and it's a job requirement!) Nice banquet facilities, while requiring more logistics and expense, really enhance the overall enjoyment of any match.

Sunday morning was another



Three club members, Captain Billy Blackhorse, Doc Spudley, and Duke City Deadeye, who have contributed much to Cowboy Action Shooting TM in Southeast Louisiana.



Charles Goodnight times Davy while Humdinger Ringer spots at the Train Stage.

wonderful shooting day, warm enough to be comfortable, cool enough to not break a sweat. We finished up our last five stages, then returned to the clubhouse for lunch and awards. Buckles were awarded for each category and a Deadwood plaque was awarded to the top male and female shooters, Slick McClade and Diamond Lil.

Deadwood's space limitations will keep the size of events here down, but don't let that stop you



Sexie Sadie at her best Saturday Night

from considering it. Sadie and I prefer to shoot at smaller matches, since you can get lost in some of the big ones. Its location is also a plus, near New Orleans and all that it offers, just off of I-10, and great Cajun food everywhere. Think about shooting here on your way through Louisiana sometime. Please see http://deadwoodmar shals.com/hot-lead-2015.html for a complete list of match results. .



Spanish moss hangs from Cypress trees behind the firing line, adding to the lovely ambiance of this shooting location. Yankees should come down and experience some Deep South sights.



NEW PEWS > for the SASS Chapel

By Singin' Sue, SASS #71615, Regulator

ot a call—a member found some pews for reasonable cost. I gave the number a call and worked out arrangements to get the pews.

Our own Mo Lasses sent a check to cover the cost and plans were made to pick them up... then the storm hit! Goliath gave us a heavy dose of snow. Well, it came down that the pews could be brought out to us, as the owners were traveling East on New years day. Great news! I headed to the ranch trailer to dig it out of the snow and bring the pews back the next day. Well now, that sounded easy enough!

I uncovered the trailer, waiting on Shanley to join me after work, and being the Mule I am, decided to go ahead and hook it up to the truck. I misjudged, though, and got the truck stuck! After many at-



tempts of digging out on my own, Shanley finally arrived, got chains on the truck, hooked up, and headed up the hill.

At the top of the first rise, we threw the right chain. Wildshot saw us stuck and headed down to help. With chain back on, we headed up to the next rise. This

time it was the left chain! We did get out, with the help of Wildshot again, and the patience of Mrs. Slickshot. A big thank you.

New Year's morning, we got







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the pews, and delivered them to the ranch. They will sit in storage until weather is good. Then we'll get them in the Chapel. Thank you to Brodie Lane and N.T. Booth for



helping with the transfer.

We have six members to thank for sponsoring a pew: Mo Lasses, Jim No Horse, Edward R. S. Canby, Capt. Stephen D. Hill, Red



Rider Rudy and Lady Cheyenne, and Tyrel Cody. Now we hope parisioners will be no longer have to stand in the back during Cowboy Church services!

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- 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 easiest re-holster ever!

- -The new "WR" "Wrist Relief! This 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"

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A new concept in trigger design for

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Press Release. TK4B Enterprises, makers of SliX-Prings products, announces a new innovation for complementing the increased lock time of their novel torsion spring designed SliX-Main spring. This lower trigger is designed to reduce finger movement and timing between each firing, while at the same time improving trigger/finger contact for a more positive pull, or slap. As it improves trigger action it is also designed such that the position of your finger is directed "upwards," away from the lever, to best eliminate the dreaded pinched finger between the trigger nose and the finger lever (believe us, this does work).

Unlike some of our other products, this is a "Drop-*In*" unit. No fitting or tuning should be required, unless you have modified your trigger system, or converted your trigger to a solidly welded one-piece unit, in which case you will have to purchase and fit a new upper trigger/sear. As you will see from the installation instructions (available at: www.cowboygunparts.com under "Instructions"), your sear/spring and pin are retained as is. You merely remove the trigger frame from the rifle,





Faster finger contact to complement the faster "lock-time" of a SliX-Main spring. Flatter face surface for a more positive finger contact. Easy "Drop-In" installation, and retro fit. Significantly reduces the chance for the nefarious '73 Trigger Blister. Absolutely no impact on your present trigger/sear engagement or pull. Made in the United States of America.

tap the trigger pin half-way out from the left (see illustration), remove your original trigger, replace with the new SliX-Trigger, and re-assemble the rifle.

As the installation instructions will demonstrate, it is a drop in unit that will not in any way impact your trigger pull nor sear engagement. You will continue to use your own sear (upper trigger) and spring system. This unit is best operated when complemented by a properly operating safety.

The cost for the SliX-Trigger is \$50.00 plus shipping and handling. They are available through Desperado Cowboy Bullets (www.cowboybullets.com); Long Hunter Shooter Supply (http://www.longhunt.com); and Badman Bullets (www.BadmanBullets.com). 4.

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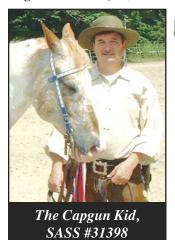












On The Range

WHAT GOES AROUND **COMES AROUND**

THE SASS PENNSYLVANIA STATE

By The Capgun Kid, SASS #31398





The Friday night potluck dinner was also a birthday party for the Duke.

y Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys. That was the theme for the 2015 Pennsylvania State Match. Somebody up there in The Posse Grande at Muncy Valley did some thinking. When I was six years old, like many of us banging away at gongs, my heroes were cowboys and the veterans like my dad who won the war. Now I am sixty six and it seems like they are all that is left worthy of Earthly Hero Worship... the



At Opening Ceremonies a cowboy Color Guard made up of some of our CAS veterans started the festivities.

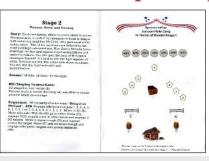


A crowd gathered for the Duke's birthday party.

cowboys and our veterans.

When I was six, we were living in a barren plain in Bethpage, Long Island in a brand new neighborhood that incurred the generic name of Levittown. The brand new trees were barely as thick as the brand new neighbor's wrist. Nobody as yet had a lawn and the brand new neighborhood was a wide-open vista of new housing. Now, my wife Anne and I are living in a brand new neighborhood in Newmanstown, Pennsylvania where the brand new trees are barely as thick as

The SASS Pennsylvania State Championship ...





The movement is one progressive direction (forward) and you are about at the right distance from the gongs when you blast away. This particular year, in the back of the shooters handbook were the bios of the Cowboy Stars we all remember.

the brand new neighbor's wrist. We don't have a lawn and the brand new neighborhood is a wide-open vista of new housing. Yup, what goes around comes around.

I have always had a fondness for El Posse Grande and the detailed, outstanding work they do to present the State Match each Memorial Day. I mark it off on the calendar right off the bat in January. There are some solid reasons for that.

Take a look at the image of the stage I reproduced here from the shooters handbook, in this case the second stage. While you're at it, look over the graphics of book's cover. Stage Two was dedicated to Ronald Reagan... you know, the guy who won the cold war and never set a



Capgun Kid steals a moment away from preparing this match report to study his shooters handbook.

bad example in the movies he was in.

You have props but not too many props, as seems to be a growing trend with some of the larger clubs. The movement is one progressive direction (forward) and you are about at the right distance from the gongs when you blast away. It is also easy to manage from the standpoint of the people who run the match. You still have to think, though. You have to over
(Continued on page 16)

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The SASS Pennsylvania State Championship...

(Continued from page 15)

come the "what-is-the-value-of-X" jitters when told how to shoot the gongs in what order. I am always amazed at how clear a good stage becomes when you watch the first shooter go through it.

Every year they get a little better. I never met a gong I did not want to shoot and the set ups they put in the well-entrenched bays always seem interesting. You know... challenging without being punishing, diverse without being controversial. Besides, they are nestled in a forested mountainside where the up-range gravel road is common to all bays. You can't help but run into old friends and new shooters as you pass each other whilst moving between stages. When you drive up to this range you get far enough into the forest to get a sense of outrunning



Mike Fink, SASS #29047, and Justin O. Lawman, SASS #7672.

your troubles and leaving the hectic issues of the modern world well behind while you become one of your own cowboy heroes.

This particular year, in the back of the handbook, were the bios of the cowboy stars we all remember. I knew about Lee Marvin's career with the Marine Corps, but had no idea his lineage went all the way back to Thomas Jefferson. Pretty good reading when you are sitting in a hotel



Allenwood Kid, SASS #48832, and Pecos Pav, SASS #36327.

room at night and going through the book before you start shooting the next day.

I used to wait all winter for the chance to outfit with Enck's Gun Barn, this year's main sponsor. This year, because of our move back to Pennsylvania, I now live ten minutes from his new location. I still have to wait, though, to throw some money at Dutch Henry Brown's Gunpowder Creek Trading, because there is always something there I want.

The sponsors—Enck's Gun Barn, Fredericks Of Deadwood,



Side Saddle Sue, SASS #73023, Hand Cannon, SASS #60485, and Rawhide Ron, SASS #70866, enjoy the Duke's birthday party.

Stitches In Time, Americast Bullets, Barley Pop & Company, T Star Leather, Barleycorn Outfitters, Liberty Lodge, Mernickle Holsters, Cabelas, Circle Fly Wads and Milville Pizza—weren't quite enough... once again somebody in Posse Grande thought enough to have the SASS Scholarship Tent.

I wish more clubs did this. You can bring unwanted gear (you know... your cast offs and somebody else's prize) to the tent and the bartering that goes on funds the SASS Scholarships. A lot of folks walk away with the little treasures that add so much to the weekend events. That makes North Mountain distinct in that charity tent, where a body can offload unwanted gear and clothes to make someone else's day, knowing the proceeds are going to the afore-mentioned SASS Scholarship Fund.

Those of us who have been



The SASS Pennsylvania State Championship...



Happy Valley Harlot, SASS #84435, presented funds raised to LEEK (Living, Enabling, Enriching, Kindness), in support of our wounded servicemen.

shooting a while know the newer you are at this sport the more you need to see the vendors at the matches, but it is still a fact that even the product saturation of doing this fails to take the interest out of walking through the tents.

The Winners earned their awards beyond any shadow of doubt, the names posted on the website, dutifully reported.

But the unspoken Winners... the folks who did all the work... often don't get any mention or thanks at all and they don't mind it at all because they do it for the love of the game—and this year to show our love and respect to our HEROES.

So I tell you what, thanks El Posse Grande, North Mountain Sportsmen; you made our weekend with your efforts. Most of us will agree our heroes *have* always been cowboys. We had 'em once,



and you reminded us of 'em again.

I'm going back, and it'd behoove all of us if you were going too. What goes around comes around. You can learn more about NMSO XVI and the upcoming NMSO XVII by visiting the website



Lefty Bob, SASS #83048, and Ralphie Parker, SASS #89214, prep for the next stage.



Pennsylvania State Champions Jerseytown Kid, SASS #88434, and Bdoc, SASS #76983.

at <u>www.elpossegrande.com</u>. For a complete list of match results, please visit <u>www.elpossegrande.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/05/Match-Final-Main-Match-05232015.pdf</u>.

Don't shoot yore eye out Kid. ...



On The Range

SMOKIN' GUNFIGHT IN THE BADLANDS

OREGON Black Powder Championship

By Palaver Pete, SASS Life/Regulator #4375

Let me make this clear (excuse the pun): the black powder smoke created by this match has yet to leave the valley—it's just hanging there like a scene from a Civil War battle field. The valley I speak of is known as Milican Valley and it's located in Central Oregon, 24 miles east of Bend. If you haven't been there you haven't missed much, but on the other hand, if you haven't shot with the Pine Mountain Posse, you have missed a great deal. Join us sometime—once you come visit you are hooked.

Ten Stages were shot. The theme for all Stages was "Gunfighter Ballads," as sung by Marty Robbins, and



Palayer Pete was the only shooter to miss all eleven shots with the Pistol Caliber Lever Gun. He says, "there won't be a next year."



Yo Montana, a lady every posse leader fights for. She not only shoots well, she also keeps score on the iPad and is an all around "Miss Helpful!"

of course *Big Iron* was included. Keeping shooters from singing while others were shooting was a problem, but an enjoyable one. One of the featured stages was "Sundown and the Texas Ranger." Those familiar with Marty's songs know Ranger Bill Thaxton was blind, so a stage was designed where the shooter's first pistol was shot blind (in a safe manner of course) at a dump target. Each hit on the target was good for a one-second bonus. Only one of the shooters hit the target five times and that was Ruby Jim (SASS#50251). He has been impossible to talk to ever since—he now thinks he's "Mr. Big Iron."

Six main match stages were shot on Saturday, and

Smokin' Gunfight In The Badlands ...



Ruby Jim was the only shooter to hit all five shots on the "blind" target.

the remaining four were shot on Sunday. Friday's schedule included Long Range, and later that day a Plainsman Match. A Wild Bunch Match was shot on Saturday afternoon, followed by a Pocket Pistol/Derringer Side Match. Scoring for the Main Match was by total time, not rank. Main Sponsor for the shoot was Bend's Sportsman's Warehouse, but generous donations and contributions were also received from Nosler, Lost Creek Armory, Badman Bullets, Centerfire Gun Works, Prineville Men's Wear, Fair Feed and Supply, and generous contributions from the SASS members I'm Grumpy and Warm Heart, Palaver Pete and Talks Much Woman, The Legend and Diamond Willow, and



Lucky Mae Shootem sizes up the "blind" dump target, while hubby, Will Shootem prepares to RO.

Lucky Mae was not so lucky this time.

Rifleman Daniel and Ammo Granny. Our Posse Marshal, Tetherow Tex LaRue extends his thanks to these sponsors on behalf of the entire Posse. Where would we be without sponsors? We would be poor, very poor indeed (thank you Mr. Twain).

The Pine Mountain Riflemen conducted and scored the Long Range shooting. Our Thanks go to Pinkerton (SASS #2351), Brownie Nash (SASS #3656), and Juniper Butch Cassidy (SASS #20029), for setting up targets and scopes and for doing the scoring. The Central Oregon Shooting Sports Association Range proudly proclaims some of the best long-range facilities in the west, (Continued on page 20)



Smokin' Gunfight In The Badlands . . .

(Continued from page 19)



Prussian Pete (second place overall in smokeless) ROs for Lefty Lem, a consistent black powder winner.

to include one 1,200-yard range holy Billy Dixon and Adobe Walls! If interested in scheduling a Long Distance competition, or participating in the next Billy Dixon Match, contact one of the aforementioned shooters through the club website www.pinemountainposse.com.

Meanwhile, Miss Chastity Doozy, with her Pistol Caliber Lever Gun, nosed out both Diamond H and Arctic Annie for top lady honors, while Will Hitum impressed the crowd by hitting eight out of eleven, thus slipping by both Lecherous Lester and Whisperin' Wade, who placed second and third respectively. In Rifle Caliber Lever Gun, Willie

out Clyde Henry and Grandpa Dillon, while Diamond H took first place ladies. In the Single Shot Rifle Category, Isaac Scrambler Day took first place with five hits, while Clyde Henry was right behind him with four hits. Both Will Sackett and Lightfoot tied for third. Yours truly shot zero for eleven with the Pistol Caliber Lever Gun, and was very pleased to get off the line before anyone could say anything. The Plainsman event that many

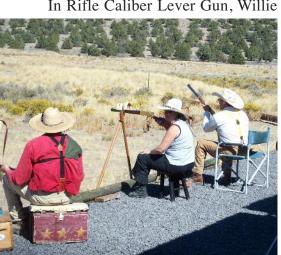
Hitum again took first place, nosing

believe is the true test of western shooting saw Lightfoot pull ahead of Lefty Lem for first place Traditional, while Mountain Grizz came in third. Cascades Annie edged past Meadow Patty to take first place in the ladies category. Calgary Kate took first place in the Ladies Derringer shoot, while Mescalero took first in the Men's category. In the Men's Pocket Pistol category, Grandpa Dillon slipped-past Tetherow Tex LaRue, while Chama Bill took third place. Here's a new venue to me, and I'm



sorry I missed it—it's the Derringer Gunfighter Event! The Stonewood Kid beat-out both Tetherow Tex LaRue and Chama Bill, and now proudly claims title to the fastest Derringer Gunfighter in Oregon (Tex says, "wait till next year").

Although this match was sanctioned by SASS® as a State Championship Black Powder event, the Pine Mountain Posse decided to include smokeless shooters in a non-championship classification, i.e., two separate matches so to speak. Black Powder Shooters, AKA Darth Vaders took joy in knowing they could liberally smoke their counterparts without reprisal. The mixed posse's worked well together despite the frequent snide remarks uttered in-between shooters. Finding ROs willing to stand behind a Darth Vader was often a problem, but through strong Posse leadership, this minor inconvenience was overcome—may the Force be with them! For more in-depth analysis of scores by total time and category, be sure to visit the Pine Mountain Website at: www.pinemountainposse.com/ click on Scores, then Annual Events. 4





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Club Reports

PINE MOUNTAIN POSSE **TURKEY SHOOT**

A Gobbler In Hand Is Worth Two In The Bush!

By Palaver Pete, SASS Life/Regulator #4375

MILICAN, OREGON: Latitude 44° 03' North—121° 18' West.

ilican is located between the Columbia River \ \Land Crater Lake National Park. If driving, keep it at 55 mph. Many of our state legislators consider their constituency below the eighth grade level of intelligence, as evidenced by their approval of the Oregon State Highway Sign that reads: DO NOT PASS SNOWPLOWS ON THE RIGHT. Assuming therefore, that our driving competency is equivalent to our educational level, explains why the speed limit on Oregon state highways is still an archaic 55. Backed by big money from the state of New York,



Posse Marshal, Tetherow Tex LaRue, SASS#90999, with red dynamite stick in his belt, prepares to spot for the next shooter. Note the keen and sharp look in his eyes!



Turkey winner Whisperin' Wade, SASS #36209, feeds his '97 as Buffalo Wings Bryan, SASS #56856, ROs.

these same legislators are beginning to legislate against guns, thus turning what used to be a "gun friendly state," to something like Baja California.

Whisperin' Wade won both the match and one of the two turkeys offered by the posse. Frontier cartridge gunfighter, Tetherow Tex La Rue won the other gobbler. Yours truly missed the turkey target (clay pigeon), but managed to kill the turkey prop! Not to feel bad—it was not the first time, and he (read I) was not the only one! Five stages were shot, three of which were designed by Cascades Annie, the other two by Palaver Pete. GDub and Diamond Willow again did



Cherokee Sam, SASS #89009, cleans the stage with his rifle, as Buffalo Wings Bryan ROs.

the scoring, and all the ladies helped set the table with hotdogs and macaroni and cheese. Lemon bars topped the desert tray, and all shooters enjoyed the heat within the club house, provided by a real old time western pot bellied stove.

Sunrise Bill came in second overall, followed by Palaver Pete and Buffalo Wings Bryan. Despite keeping score as well as shooting, GDub was fifth on the ladder, managing to keep her mind on transition and movement as well as iPad management. Tetherow Tex LaRue and Arctic Annie came next in line, and Cascades Annie won the Ladies 49'er Category with a blistering score of 27.59 on stage four. Cherokee Sam won the Frontier Cartridge Category, and the Legend was top Senior Gunfighter. Ms. Sunrise B (bravo) proudly demonstrated her rapid improvement by winning the Classic Cowgirl Category with calm determination—good going gal, you will soon be one of our top lady shooters. Three shooters shot clean matches: Whisperin' Wade, Palaver Pete, and Sunrise Bill. Visiting shooter Sergeant Tater, who is a relatively new Cowboy Action ShooterTM, did very well by taking the Silver Senior Category he liked the match so much, he decided to join SASS and the posse as well—we did our bit to help our game and sport! To view overall and category scores for this shoot as well as past events, please visit our

website at <u>www.pinemountainposse.com</u>. You're a Daisy if ya do. ...





Captain George Baylor, SASS Life / Rugulator #24287

Guns & Gear

DISPATCHES FROM CAMP BAYLOR

By Captain George Baylor, SASS #24287 Life/Regulator

Beginners' Corner choosing calibers

When I first became interested in SASS® the first person I talked to about it was the salesman at Texas Jack's in Fredericksburg, Texas. He told me, "You'll want .45s. Real men shoot .45s." While this sounded good at the

time, it was the worst advice I ever followed in SASS—for me. Whether this would have been good or bad advice for you depends on a lot of factors.

If you have some cowboy guns...

If you already have cowboy guns in any SASS legal caliber, by all means shoot them.



Open House at Founders Ranch. Demonstrations and familiarization firing of Cowboy Action Shooting™ and Wild Bunch Action Shooting were held allowing visitors to shoot various guns. Tex and Garrison Joe handled the Cowboy Action Shooting™ demonstration.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor...



Garrison Joe runs a visitor through a
Cowboy Action Shooting™ stage
at the Founders Ranch Open House.
This was a perfect venue for a prospective shooter
to try different guns and calibers.

If you have no cowboy guns...

This article is for people who still have to obtain guns for CAS. You're starting with a clean slate and, properly informed, you can make the right decision and get guns you'll use for years. Let's talk about calibers and their plusses and minuses.

Rule One - 3 guns, 1 caliber, 1 load

First, in most cases you want to shoot the same caliber and ideally the same load for both pistols and the rifle. This eliminates a lot of problems and a lot of work. Texas Ranger George Lloyd carried a .44-40 Winchester and a .45 Colt revolver during a fight with Apaches in 1881 and managed to put a .45 Colt round in his rifle while Apaches were attacking. He managed to clear the rifle on the clock, so to speak, and drove the Apache off. But his time for that stage suffered. About once a year Tex, who shoots a .44-40 rifle and .45 Colt pistols, re-enacts this at a SASS match somewhere to honor Ranger Lloyd's feat.

Top 4 calibers

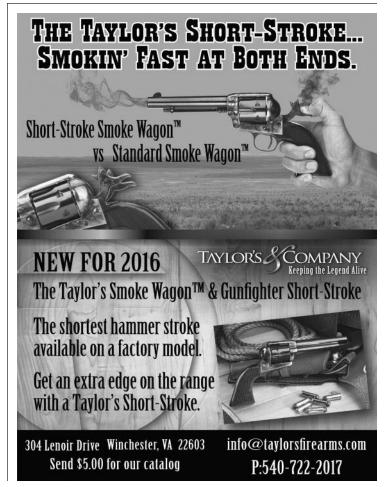
We'll discuss the most popular four calibers. This accounts for at least 90 percent of the ammunition used according to the brass picked up at major "lost brass" matches.

.45 Colt

The .45 Colt is indeed, historically, what we think of as THE Old West round. If you also do Cowboy Mounted Shooting or Cowboy Fast Draw it's the only caliber for those sports, so using it makes sense in that case. If you want to use one rifle for Cowboy Action ShootingTM and Wild Bunch Action Shooting, it's also a good choice.

It is also a very big cartridge, normally shooting a big (250-grain) bullet at a pretty substantial velocity. Factory ammunition is very hot for Cowboy Action Shooting™ usage, even some factory *Cowboy* ammunition. For example Winchester Cowboy .45 Colt ammunition, 250-grain bullets, averaged 635 feet per second out of a 4-5/8" barreled Ruger Vaquero, power factor 159; and 871 feet per second out of a 19" 1873 barrel, power factor 218. Compared to a load to stop those attacking Apaches, this qualifies as "downloaded," but most SASS shooters would consider this "hot." With the bore axis of the SAA being as high as it is above the grip, this results in a lot of muzzle flip and felt recoil in revolvers. The minimum power factor is 60, equivalent to a 100-grain bullet at 600 feet per

(Continued on page 26)





Sample ammunition, L to R: (.38 Special) 105-grain LTCFP Missouri Bullet Co.;
105-grain Polymer Coated TCFP SNS Casting;
125-grain LTCFP Bone Orchard factory; 125-grain Polymer Coated TCFP SNS Casting;
140-grain Polymer Coated TCFP Chey-Cast; 147-grain Polymer Coated RNFP SNS Casting;
158-grain RNFP Black Hills factory; (.45 Colt) 200-grain Polymer Coated RNFP SNS Casting;
200-grain LRNFP Missouri Bullet Co.; 200-grain LRNFP Bone Orchard factory.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor...(Continued from page 25)

second. Most of your competitors will be shooting loads in the 70-120 range. Downloading .45 Colt is almost universal. 200-grain bullets are popular; 200-grain and 250-grain Round Nose Flat Point bullets have the same profile and feed very well in Marlins, Henrys, '66s and '73s as long as they're not loaded "long" (1.58" is safe for overall length; 1.60" is book maximum but is too long for one of my Uberti '73s).

All factory ammo I've found works well.

The big cartridge case does not handle small powder charges and light bullets well. It is very hard to make such loads consistent. Additionally, the case mouth does not seal well at low velocities, causing significant blowback. You can see the black stain on one side of brass fired from Cowboy Action ShootingTM rifles.

You might want to shoot "full charge" .45 Colt because you want to relive what it was really like in the Old West. You can, and a few shooters do. Just be aware (Continued on page 28)



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Samples of available factory ammunition, L to R (two rounds ea.): 125-grain LTC .38 Special Bone Orchard; 125-grain LTC .38 Special Powder River Evil Roy; 130-grain RNFP .38 Special Ten-X; 158-grain RNFP .38 Special Black Hills; 200-grain LRNFP .45 Colt Bone Orchard; 200-grain LRNFP .45 Colt Powder River Evil Roy; 250-grain LRNFP .45 Colt Winchester.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor . . .

(Continued from page 26)

that most shooters don't, and you're not required to.

Reloading is not difficult. Case lube is not required, but it does make loading a large number of the big cases easier on the right shoulder. Dillon recommends it.

Additionally, brass and bullets are generally priced

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according to weight. Comparison numbers:

Brass–1000 Starline .45 Colt \$183.00 (All brass prices from <u>Starline</u> 11-15).

Bullets: 1000 Lead RNFP 200-grain \$85.00 (Missouri Bullet Co. 11-15). Polymer Coated RNFP 200-grain \$97.00. (SNS Casting 11-15).

Since <u>Ten-X</u> makes loaded ammunition for all of the calibers discussed, I'll use their prices for comparison purposes; 200-grain LRNFP .45 Colt ammunition is \$40.99 for 50 rounds.

.44-40 Winchester

These are excellent black powder rifle rounds because the bottleneck case with thin case mouth blocks blowback and keeps fouling out of the chamber. This is the other choice if you want to use one rifle for Cowboy Action Shooting™ and Wild Bunch Action Shooting. On the other hand, the rounds are the most difficult SASS rounds to load. There's a reason Desperado Cowboy Bullets, for example, sells .428 and .430 diameter bullets. If you don't do everything right for a particular firearm your ammunition might not chamber, or on the other extreme, it might not touch the rifling, making accuracy impossible. According to John Taffin, "There seems to be no real standard for barrel groove diameter, with specimens running from .426" all the way up to .432". Sixguns in .44-40 chambering must be measured as to groove diameter and treated accordingly." Additionally the thinwall cases are easily crushed in loading. Since they are bottleneck cases, carbide dies are not available and case lube must be used when reloading.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor...

These cost even more to feed than .45 Colt. Brass-1000 Starline .44-40 brass \$199.00.

1000 LRNFP 200-grain .44-40 bullets \$85.00 (Missouri Bullet Co. 11-15).

1000 Polymer Coated 200-grain .44-40 bullets \$97.00 (SNS Casting 11-15).

Ten-X 200-grain LRNFP ammunition \$43.99 for 50 rounds.

.32 H&R Magnum

The never-ending search for low recoil, especially for small-framed women and men with shoulder injuries, arthritis, etc. has occasionally lit on .32s. Ruger made the Single-Six in .32 H&R Magnum, and it works well. (It is not listed in their current catalog.) It is popular among shooters who need lighter firearms and light recoil. Bullets range from about 78 to 115. The lighter bullets do not ring targets as loudly as heavier bullets and may not take down knockdowns. I'm pretty sure no .32 H&R Magnum rifles are currently in production. So if you use this for pistols, rule one is probably going to be violated.

Brass-1000 Starline .32 H&R Magnum-\$151.50.

1000 LRNFP 78-grain bullets—\$66.00 (Missouri Bullet Co. 11-15).

1000 RNFP 90-grain coated bullets—\$66.00 (SNS Casting 11-15).

Ten-X ammunition is available in 78-grain LRN (pistol only) and 115-grain LRNFP for \$32.99 for 50.

.38 Special

Most of the brass picked up at Winter Range and END of TRAIL is .38 Special.

The round is very versatile. Available bullets range from 90-grain to 160-grain and SASS legal loads can be made with a power factor of 60 to 160. Used brass is readily available and it's not that expensive new. You can ship 4000 105-grain bullets in a (70-pound max) flat rate USPS box for \$15 but only 2000 .200-grain 44 or .45 bullets.

Most Cowboy Action ShootingTM loads start with 2.5-3.5 grains of most popular pistol powders, as opposed to 5-6 grains for .45s.

The net cost of ammunition, whether store bought or loaded, is about 70 percent of the big calibers. Additionally, .38Special is relatively easy to load.

Replicas of '66 and '73 rifles will work with most .38 loads. Overall length is not finicky in '66s and '73s as long as you meet or exceed the mini-

mum length needed to prevent the next round in the tube from getting into the shell lifter and locking up the gun. 1.45" works very well in '66s and '73s. Wide nose flat point 158s and any semi-wad-cutters should be avoided because they won't feed well in rifles. Other than that, most cowboy rounds work. One hint: even if you have pistol loads and rifle loads don't use pistol rounds that won't work in your rifle, such as 90-grain LRN. Murphy lives at the loading bench.

Marlin .357s are finicky for overall cartridge length, but there are bullets designed specifically for them, and the 147-grain Polymer Coated bullet with no lube or crimp grooves can be loaded as long as needed, saving you from having to use .357 Magnum brass in the rifle. Unless you also shoot .357 Magnums in your pistols, which would violate rule one.

Brass-1000 Starline .38 Special-\$130.50.

1000 105-grain Lead Truncated Cone Flat Point (LTCFP) bullets-\$64.00, Coated 105-grain TCFP-\$67.00.

1000 158-grain LRNFP bullets-\$71.00 (Missouri Bullet Co. 11-15).

1000 158-grain RNFP coated bullets-\$84.00 (SNS (Continued on page 30)



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Page 30 Comboy Chronicle February 2016

Caliber:	.45 Colt	.44-40	.38 Special .	38 Special .3	32 H & R Mag
Bullet wt	200	200	105	158	100
Cost/1000	\$85.00	\$85.00	\$64.00	\$71.00	\$66.00
Cost. Ea.	\$0.09	\$0.09	\$0.06	\$0.07	\$0.07
Brass/1000	\$183.00	\$199.00	\$130.50	\$130.50	\$151.50
Brass Ea.	0.183	0.199	\$0.13	\$0.13	0.1515
Primers/5000	\$32.95	\$32.95	\$32.95	\$32.95	\$32.95
Primers ea.	0.00659	0.00659	0.00659	0.00659	0.00659
Total. Ea.	\$0.27	\$0.29	\$0.20	\$0.21	\$0.22
1000 w new brass	\$274.59	\$290.59	\$201.09	\$208.09	\$224.09
1000 w reloaded brass	\$91.59	\$91.59	\$70.59	\$77.59	\$72.59

Comparison cost calculations among four popular calibers, not counting powder.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor...

(Continued from page 29)

Casting 11-15).

Ten-X 105-grain LTCFP ammunition \$29.99 for 50; 130-grain LRNFP \$31.99. Several companies make .38 Special Cowboy ammunition, including Wooly Award winning Bone Orchard (125-grain LTCFP) and Powder River Cartridge Co. Evil Roy 125-grain LTCFP. These two make excellent all-around loads for those who can't reload. Black Hills and Winchester, among others, make 158-grain LRNFP.

The .38 Special cartridge can be used for pistols and rifles in all categories except Classic Cowboy/Cowgirl, which requires .40 caliber (rimmed cases such as .44-



40 or .44 Special, not .40 S&W, etc.) or larger in both, and Frontiersman, which requires percussion pistols, but .38s can be used in rifles.

Shotguns

The rules allow 20 to 10 gauge, but, unless you already have a shotgun in 10, 20, or 16 gauge, look at 12 gauge. Some start with 20 gauge for lower recoil, but in reality 12 gauge Winchester Low Noise Low Recoil shells offer lower recoil and should handle any knockdown in any SASS match.

How to try out all of the calibers for free-or nearly so

Do not buy any guns or equipment.

Go to the nearest SASS match—http://www.sass net.com/clubs/index.php has a listing of all SASS affiliated clubs by state with methods of contacting and match dates and times. Call the contact and tell him/her you're going to their next match and are interested in getting started in SASS.

Expect to be welcomed. SASS clubs want new people, and there is always someone who will give you an orientation and answer questions. Sometime during the day someone will offer to let you shoot his guns, sometimes several people. Take them up on it. You will be offered different models of guns and different calibers. Pay attention when shooting.

Repeat at another club. This is important. Not everyone thinks alike. Note the people who are winning. Find out what they're shooting.

Make another visit to one of these clubs the next month. By now you have questions. Ask them.

Bottom line: SASS shooters are free with information. Ask several. You'll get different answers. Try different guns and calibers and *then* buy your gear.

Factory Ammunition Sample Prices (Ten-X)								
	.45 Colt	.44-40	.32 H & R Mag	.38 Special	.38 Special			
Bullet Wt.	200	200	78 & 115	105	130			
box (50 rds.)	\$40.99	\$43.99	\$32.99	\$29.99	\$31.99			
Per Round	\$0.82	\$0.88	\$0.66	\$0.60	\$0.64			
Per day (120 rds)	\$98.38	\$105.58	\$79.18	\$71.98	\$76.78			
24 matches/yr	\$2,361.02	\$2,533.82	\$1,900.22	\$1,727.42	\$1,842.62			
"Upcharge"	\$633.60	\$806.40	\$172.80	0	\$115.20			

Ammunition costs vary by manufacturer and dealer, so we picked Ten-X because they make cowboy ammunition for all four of the calibers reviewed here. The difference between the most economical load and the most expensive becomes apparent when you consider the cost of shooting just 24 matches a year (not counting practicing).

You can buy a gun (or a reloading machine) with the money saved shooting .38s for a year.

Reloading TIPS and TRICKS



Master setup: 1-Mechanic's Inspection Mirror; 2-Additional weight for Primer Follower Rod; 3-Round Counter; 4-LED Light; 5-Primer Retrieval; 6-Spent Primer Disposal.





By Matthew Duncan, SASS #23189







was a figuring a few cowpokes might be interested in some additions I found useful on my reloading apparatus:

Inspection Mirror (Item 1). Allows me to stay in the saddle and see how many pieces are left in the brass feeder. Source: Any auto parts store.

Primer Follower Rod (Item 2). Inverted .45 Colt brass. Adds just enough additional weight to overcome persnickety primers. Source: Your own brass if you shoot .45, or else bum a piece off a buddy.

Round Counter (Item 3). Counts the round if it has been crimped, not how many times the lever has been pulled. Sensor sets on the crimp die, readout on the Case Feeder Tube. Source: Uni-

quetek.com "Loaded Round Counter."

LED light (Item 4). Eliminates shadows under the tool head, I can see better what's going on or what ain't going on. Source: inlinefabrication.com "Skylight LED lighting Kit."

Primer Retrieval (Item 5). Eliminates me forgetting and then being reminded when I find primers scattered across the floor. Source: dillonupgrades.com "Missed Live Primer Upgrade."

Spent Primer Disposal (Item

6). The first system I tried had a capture bottle mounted on the strong mount and the flex tube kept kinking, so I replaced the capture bottle with ³/₄" PVC ridged tubing at a 45 degree "ell."

I drilled a hole through the side of the 45-degree ell and put a finishing nail through the hole to attach to the backside of the reloading bench (2" X 4" Flexible tubing goes inside the ¾" pipe—think trombone). An empty powder bottle mounted under the bench captures spent primer. Yankee government will be pleased with recycling powder bottles (going green is political correct y'all know). Source: Uniquetek.com "650 Spent Primer Chute."

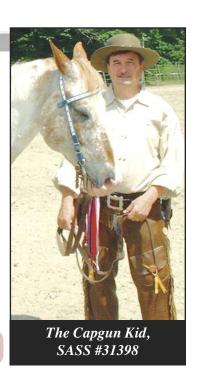
I ain't got no associations with none of the cowpokes above, ain't gotten any pay for mentioning them neither, nor stock in their operations. Opinions expressed are by a cowpoke who believes the year is 1868.

Guns & Gear

THE CAPGUN KID RIDES

Building a Shop Part One You Gotta Love Lincoln Logs

By The Cappun Kid, SASS #31398





You gotta love Lincoln Logs.

lot of guys can write about their workbenches and crafts, but not a lot get to build a shop from the ground up. My daughter bought a new house in Newmanstown, Pennsylvania and my wife and I left Connecticut to move in with her. We didn't even have a lawn yet and I was off in space planning a shop. I didn't want to just build a reloading/gunmaking/leatherworking bench. I wanted to build and customize the whole shop. Then I wanted it to be a portable plan so some other lunatic could do it just by reading this and I did not want it to be too modern.

I didn't just want a so-called "man-cave" so this was gonna be a cabin, built indoors until we could scrape up enough money to either build a slab or install pylons in the back yard. That meant it had to be capable of disassembly

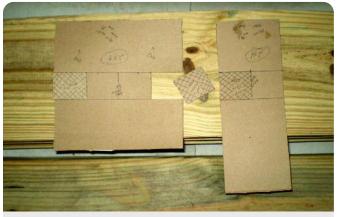
and transport. It also meant I could defer the roof, truing it up, adding features, and details of windows and door until later. If I don't get dead I'll write about that part when I do it.

I got the idea by viewing the John Bianchi DVDs and seeing a rifle makers shop in Jacobsburg, PA in 2013 and this past fall. Also, I always had a fancy for Lincoln Logs. I always wanted a log cabin and Pennsylvania is loaded with historical samples. Now, with the move out of our condo in Connecticut, I had another shot at a shop. It'd have a bench that would platform everything but I also wanted to plan for storing everything from flintlocks to shoemaking, to gun leather, to reloading, to household projects. It'd have plenty of storage and only two outlets for power tools that could be hidden when



The shop—exterior.

The Capgun Kid Rides...





Cuts.

stepping out of the century and using hand tools. It'd also hold my shop vac. Every man should have a shop vac. If they'd a had it, they'd a used it. *Ouch*.

Railroad ties or hewn logs were too bulky and expensive. Pine or Cedar planking was too thin and flimsy. No way I was going to buy a shed. Drive around historical sites enough and you will see plenty of rough planks and hand-hewn timber.

The answer came when I wandered into Home Depot for a drill and tap and dye for the tang bolt on

a Jaeger rifle and a screwdriver for a six-gun I was working on: Decking Lumber... nice thick planks that were already treated and could be worked with a minimum of tools. I could notch the ends. I could make a cabin. What a concept.

I bought a cheap notebook and started to draw plans. Each page had one level of planking until I had plans for about seven feet of height. I drew in the cutouts for the windows and the structure of the main built-in bench (Continued on page 34)



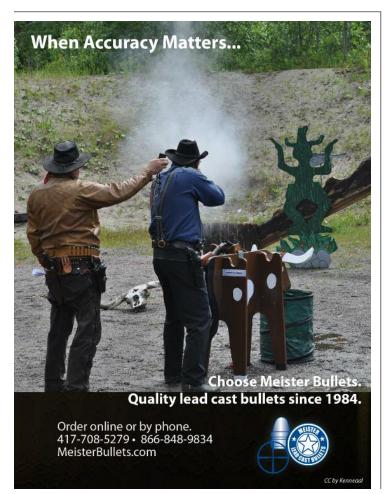
The Capgun Kid Rides...

(Continued from page 33)

level by level. I concocted a numbering system for each plank when it came time to take it down and move it.

HERE'S HOW I STARTED OUT

- A spiral bound notebook to make notes and plans; one page, one level of planks with notes
- About \$750 of decking lumber in the form of 2"x4" and 2"x8" in 8-, 10- and 12-foot lengths.
- A Bow Saw (with a back up saber saw and rotary saw for true up)
 - A Maul
 - An inch-wide chisel to finish cut notches
- Two templates for notching the end of the planks and for making chocks (you know... those short little Lincoln Logs you used to throw at your brother when he pestered you) that would be interspersed on the main planks to hold them together just like Lincoln Log Cabins. The notches had to be a quarter of the width of the plank and about a quarter to three-eighths inch wider than the thickness of the plank so they would all seat well.
- My DVD entitled *Alone In The Wilderness* in which a guy named Dick Proenneke built an 11'x14' cabin in





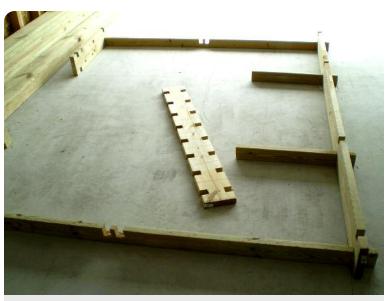
The Shop—interior.

the middle of Alaska and then lived there for thirty years. Do the search and buy the DVD. It's worth it.

- My Rockwell Jaw Horse and Kreg Joiner
- A bunch of two- to three-inch plasterboard screws that would be replaced by wood dowels in the final project to assist in holding the planks together. I wanted dowels because folks did not use plasterboard screws in the eighteenth or nineteenth century.

In his video from Alaska, Dick Proennecke builds a small storage cabin to elevate his food. He builds it on the ground and then disassembles it to put it where it belongs. That's what I was going to do. Once I cut out the templates I used to notch each plank, the process became systematic. All I needed to do was





The first level.

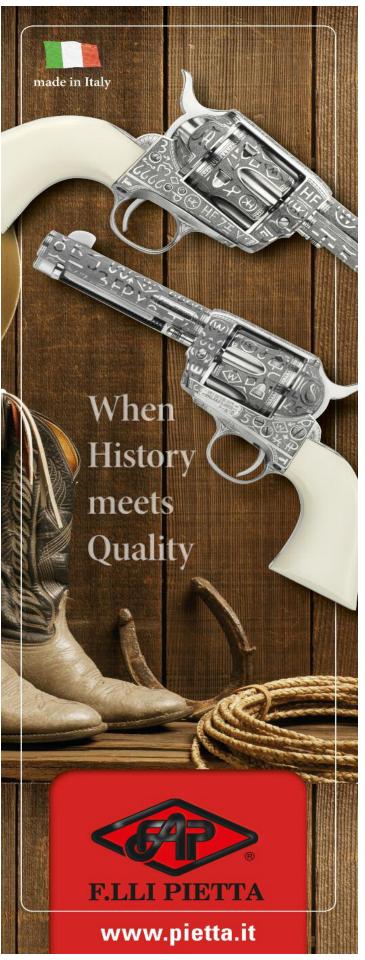
follow my plan and build each level, one at a time, numbered for takedown. The first level was the most important, because I had to square everything and set the door and base for the workbench opposite it.

THE PICTURES SHOW HOW I ENDED UP

Next spring (2016) I'll set the foundation and build the roof when I disassemble it and take it out in the back yard. Next chapter—how to build a cabin without being at all capable.

Don't shoot yore eye out, kid. ...





History

A Mile and a Half to Fort Bowie



By Col. Richard Dodge, SASS #1750



The Bascom-Cochise meeting site.

pache Pass; Apache Spring; Fort Bowie—the words ring of Old West history. Cochise; General George Crook; Geronimo; Mangus Colorado; General Nelson Miles—images of scowling faces, grim faces, rifles, and cartridge belts. Travelers along Interstate 10 through southeastern Arizona pass unknowingly within a few miles of where these places and these men etched their names into history with blood and hatred, treachery and revenge, duty and bravery.

The dry grasslands of southeastern Arizona are interrupted with innumerable volcanic ridges, driven upward by volcanic forces and worn down by wind and sand

into a landscape stark, jagged, lifeless, and intimidating as we hurry on to Las Cruces or Tombstone or wherever we're going. Lying just south of the Interstate, the Chiracahua and Dos Cabezos Mountain Ranges look like any other desert mountain ridge, connected by a low range of hills. This is Apache Pass. In pioneer days, the only source of water was there, at Apache Spring. The Chiracahua Mountains south of the pass are far from stark and lifeless; they were home to the Chiracahua Apache and the geological features there are awesome, known by the Apache as "land of standing up rocks." The



SASS #1750

presence of the spring, the pass, the Apaches, and the arriving Americans in this very small place created one of the most complex, violent and long-lasting stories in Western history.

I had passed by Apache Pass more than once traveling east and west on I-10. My research on the Bascom Affair, published previously in The Cowboy Chronicle, had stirred an interest in Apache Pass and what happened there. It kept calling, "Come and see." So we did.

Blackjack Annie and I are both experienced hikers and thought of the mile and a half hike through history was irresistible. We waited for the monsoons and heat of August and September to pass and in mid-October checked into the Arizona Sunset Inn in Willcox. A short drive eastward on I-10 brought us to the tiny hamlet of Bowie, known as "Bowie Station" during the days of Fort Bowie. It was the fort's connection to the railroad. Apache Pass Road starts there at an inconspicuous intersection. A ten-mile drive leads to the base of the pass. Interestingly, the area was discovered to have soils and climate similar to wine-growing areas in France; the



Cochise.

drive to the pass is heavily cultivated with vineyards and orchards and the area enjoys a thriving wine industry.

A wide place in the road at the top of the pass marks the parking area and the trailhead to Fort Bowie a mile and a half away. Shouldering daypacks filled with lunch and water bottles, we started the walk through history under a



Mickey Free.

gorgeous blue sky, thankfully shaded by puffy white clouds. The trail rises steadily across open meadows, grass burned brown in spite of recent monsoon rains, an occasional yucca plant reaching skyward, mesquite and scrub brush scattered about. The stone foundation of an ancient miner's cabin stands mutely beside the trail, tan knee-high grass inside. We continued on.

A bit after the half-mile marker we came to another stone foundation; this one is significant. It's the Butterfield Stage Station.



Lt. Charles Gatewood.

In 1857, John Butterfield won the government bid to provide mail service to faraway California and his looping 2,700-mile stage road from St. Louis to San Francisco naturally routed over Apache Pass to access the water from Apache Springs. The surprisingly narrow Butterfield Stage Road passes nearby; the mail stage for the mountain route was far smaller and lighter than the famed Concord stage we all know. The stage station was, in its time, a social center of the area. The Chiracahua Apache, though bitter enemies of Mexico, were amicable and curi-



ous toward the Americans. Their tall, charismatic leader Cochise enjoyed visiting the station manager and teamsters, learned English, drank coffee and beer with the men, and even provided firewood in trade for food. Things went along fine until early 1860.

It all began when a band of White Mountain Apaches raided a ranch to the west owned by a John Ward, running off some stock and taking his stepson, Felix Martinez. Ward promptly contacted nearby Fort Buchanan and brand-new Second Lieutenant George Bascom was sent with an escort of 54 troopers with orders to contact Cochise and retrieve the boy.

Bascom was to prove arrogant, ignorant, impulsive, stupid and ambitious. He arrived with his troopers at the Butterfield Station and set up an officer's tent and several Sibley tents at the base of a hill about two hundred yards from the station. Word was sent to Cochise requesting a parley. Cochise agreed and appeared two

(Continued on page 38)



Fort Bowie parade ground.

(Continued from page 37)

days later at noon—lunchtime—accompanied by his brother, Coyantura, and several close family members as a sign of his peaceful intentions. Cochise and Coyantura were invited into Bascom's tent; the others were ushered to the enlisted men's tents and furtively placed under armed guard.

As they dined, Bascom brought up the matter of the kidnapped Felix and demanded that Cochise produce him forthwith. Cochise knew nothing of the kidnapping; the Chiracahuas did not kidnap hostages, which Bascom should have known. The White Mountain Apaches did, however, and used them for both barter and assimilation. Cochise knew this and offered to locate the boy. Bascom would have none of it and promised to hang his hostages if Cochise did not produce Felix promptly. Highly insulted, Cochise and Coyantura both drew knives, spun away and cut openings in the tent walls. Cochise escaped in a hail of bullets and scrambled up the brushy hillside; his brother surrendered to a trooper's bayonet. To this day, the in-

cident is known to the Apaches as "the day of the slit tent."

Bascom withdrew his little force into the tiny stage station, wisely fearing Apache retribution. On the second day, Cochise did indeed appear under a flag of truce with the leader of the White Mountain Apaches, who was apparently ready to bargain. Bascom met them outside the station with Ward and the station manager. Cochise began by accusing Bascom of treachery. It is unclear what broke up the parley, but gunfire erupted and a station hand named Wallace was captured as all broke for cover.

Nearby at almost the same time, Apache warriors captured a wagon supply train, killed the five Mexican teamsters and captured three white men. A Butterfield stage arrived at the station, pursued by Apache warriors, adding several more into the very cramped stage station. The next day Cochise appeared with a bound Wallace to bargain for Bascom's captives. Bascom foolishly refused. Arriving in-

fantry and dragoon reinforcements from Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge brought a superior officer, First Lieutenant Moore, apparently no wiser that Bascom. A detail sent to retrieve water from the spring the next day discovered the mutilated bodies of Wallace and the three white teamsters. Moore promptly ordered a withdrawal to Fort Buchanan after summarily hanging Bascom's hostages over Bascom's objections, leaving them hanging from a tree for Cochise to find. It was the Apache's "Pearl Harbor" and it filled them with a "terrible resolve" just as ours did 80 years later.

Leaving this tragic place, we continued on. Around a curve in the trail we were suddenly confronted by a darkly weathered five-foot-high picket fence—Fort Bowie's cemetery. Its first three occupants were from the advance guard of the California Column eighteen months later as the Union troops followed Confederate troops retreating from

Tucson during the Civil War. Many of the troopers interred here were removed to Arlington National Cemetery, so there are only civilian graves marked today, many marked "Killed by Apaches."

A few yards further are the plastered-over foundations of a rectangular building running parallel to the trail. It was the Apache Agency Office where teamster Tom Jeffords served the Apaches as government agent. His unusual and lasting friendship with Cochise was the true story that inspired the *Broken Arrow* television series many of us recall from those years of great TV westerns. The Jeffords/Cochise friendship transcended cultures and strife and deserves research yet undone, perhaps lessons to be learned and examples to follow. For now, the remains of Jeffords' agency lie where the two friends would have met frequently, mutely refusing to give up its stories of the two men.

Next, a steel trail marker identifies the site of the (Continued on page 40)



Fort Bowie, 1893.



Fort Bowie, 2015.

(Continued from page 39)

Battle of Apache Pass where the California Column stumbled into the outraged Apache as they struggled to reach Apache Spring. Cochise and his ally, Mangus Colorado of the Mimbres Apaches, knew they had only to wait for their enemy to come to them. Holding the upper ground and fighting on their home ground, the Apaches were a formidable force against the fatigued and unsuspecting Californians. It was here that the first three occupants of the post cemetery met their painful deaths. The Apaches retreated only when the Column's two mountain howitzers were brought up and entered the fight. Having never seen such a thing as a "fire wagon," the Apaches were forced to retreat, relinquishing the field and access to the spring.

We again paused to take it all in, wondering what it would have been like to fight against a warrior who could appear and disappear like an avenging ghost, bringing instant death without warning. Every account of the Apaches commented on their amazing ability to travel and survive over great distances in this country—mostly on foot, of their enormous rib cage and lung capacity, and intimate knowledge of their world, so foreign to white men.

Shortly up the trail, there it is! Apache Spring —the reason and the objective of all the events along this fascinating trail. Tucked away in a shaded, rock-lined grotto in a tree-filled arroyo, the spring burbles peacefully and gently, as it has for centuries, unaware and unconcerned with the life and death struggles that occurred there. A nearby marker tells the tale and advises to not take its water. We stood in silence for a while to consider it all—the spring, the sites and the violence we have seen and imagined.

Another quarter mile upslope brought us to a plateau surrounded by steep hills climbing upward to sharp ridges. A sign to our right indicates the site of the first Fort Bowie, established by the California Column and named for General George Washington Bowie. Little remains of the first fort; the site was unsuitable. The remains of the real Fort Bowie await us, the U.S. Flag still standing in the center of the parade ground. Further up the hill to the left is the

Fort Bowie Ranger Station and we passed by the stone-walled powder magazine as we approached.

It's a lonely spot, Fort Bowie. You have to really want to get here. More than once I wished for a good trail horse. The Ranger Station looks over the ruins of the old fort and contains pictures of officers and men who were assigned here, members of the California Column who founded the first fort, authentic uniforms and arms, and stories of the fort and the importance of its mission.

We've read stories of the Apache Wars, Cochise, Generals Crook and Miles, Geronimo, Apache scouts, hill-top signal mirrors; it all happened here. This was the nerve center of the Apache campaign and at its height operated like a small town, sprawled over many acres. A high hill on the south side of the fort was the site of the Signal Corps signal mirrors with which they could communicate with Fort Huachucha some 80 miles away.

Only shapeless walls remain now, covered by protective plaster to protect the remains from the elements. The cavalry barracks walls still stand, as do the walls of the rambling post trader's store. Stone foundations still show the locations of the infantry barracks, quartermaster's office, and officers' quarters.

At one corner of the parade ground is the foundation of the unbelievably ostentatious commandant's mansion, built at a cost of some \$4,000, a fortune at the time. Though the commandant was mortified by the extravagance of the place, he raised his little family here and gave away two daughters in marriage in the parlor. One can only wonder at the effort it must have taken to transport the materials to build the mansion, but at its peak Fort Bowie had street lights, a plumbing system, flush toilets, a state-of-the-art military hospital, and huge storerooms, even an ice house.

From this sprawling complex, infantry and cavalry moved out to find and battle the elusive Apache from 1862 to 1886, when Geronimo finally surrendered in Skeleton Canyon some distance to the east in New Mexico. Think of the men who lived and served here: Generals Miles and Crook, Lieutenants Gatewood and Cruse, Scouts Tom Horn and Al Siebert, hundreds of officers and enlisted men. There were Apache scouts and prisoners, including Geronimo and Nachiz. It all makes this re-

mote piece of ground sacred in a way.

As a final note, young Felix Martinez, whose capture started it all, was adopted and assimilated into the White Mountain Apaches, raised as one of them, and subjected to the same training, trials, and abuses as any young Apache warrior. He grew to adulthood with a strong dislike of the Apaches and once free of them became a noted scout for the U.S. Army; he was known as Mickey Free. Chief of Scouts Al Sieber's opinion of him was, "Fifty percent Apache, fifty percent Irish, and a hundred percent son of a bitch."

Fort Bowie remained until 1895, almost nine years after Geronimo's final surrender. Duty during those years must have seemed pointless, boring and probably not unpleasant. There was little to do but go through the motions, standing inspection, spit and polish, parades, dances, parties, marches, pointless patrols. Finally the army realized that and decommissioned the old fort. It must have been a solemn ceremony when the flag was lowered for the last time and the last columns marched down the hill to Bowie Station and boarded the train to a new assignment. One wonders at what those who dismantled the commandant's mansion thought of the place out here in the wilderness. I personally thought it would have made a great bed and breakfast inn.

For now it's a strange feeling to stand on the land where they stood, imagine the comings and goings of men and horses, shouted commands echoing across the parade ground, somber faced Apache scouts and captives, loud laughter in the traders' store, the creak of saddle leather, music from a trooper's harmonica on the still night air—echoes from the Old West.

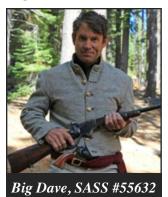
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Remember the





The USS Maine in happier times.

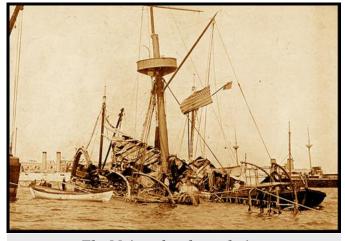
t 9:40 p.m. on the night of February 15, 1898 Captain Charles Sigsbee of the *USS Maine* was in his quarters finishing a letter when he heard "a bursting, rending and crashing sound." The sound came from an explosion that would quickly sink the Maine and result in the deaths of 266 US sailors. The incident would help lead to a brief war with Spain which brought about the United States' recognition by Europe as a world power. After the Spanish-American War was over, the U.S. would play a greater role than ever before in foreign affairs and would also annex the Philippines, Guam and Puerto Rico. The Pacific acquisitions would ultimately place the U.S. on a collision course with Japan.

The USS Maine had been sent to Havana Harbor to safeguard American interests and to protect American citizens during Cuba's insurrection against Spain. The insurrection had been going on since 1895 and Spain's attempt to end it had strained relations with the United States. One could argue it wasn't really our business how Spain put down a revolt by one of its colonies, but the newspapers

back in the States were competing over who could publish the biggest Cuban atrocity story. Public outrage was aroused. President William McKinley, though reluctant to get involved, found himself under increasing pressure to do something.

Cuba's revolt had led to what we would call today a "humanitarian crisis." Americans tend to sympathize with anyone trying to throw off a foreign power unless it happens to be the U.S. itself, but we hadn't gotten into any of that yet. Shortly after the Spanish-American War ended, we would have to send troops to the Philippines. The Filipinos didn't appreciate the fact that we annexed them. We also didn't appreciate the fact that they didn't appreciate it and soon we had a nasty insurrection on our own hands. Ironically, the U.S. dealt with the Filipinos harshly, just as Spain had dealt with Cuba.

But back in the 1890s that was all in the future. What Americans did know was Spain was behaving in a "beastly" manner. Spain had sent a tough new governor to Cuba named Valeriano Weyler y Nicolau



The Maine after the explosion.

Remember the Maine ...



An Artist's rendering of the Maine explosion.

who intended to put a stop to the rebellion once and for all. Since many of the Cuban rebels would fight the Spanish by day and go home to be fed by their families by night, Weyler's solution was to gather up the families of suspected rebels and to place them in barbed wire enclosures that were patrolled by armed guards. From a practical point of view the policy had merit. It would separate the rebels from their supply bases. Nobody could go in or out of the enclosures. The unspoken truth was the families were prisoners and potential hostages. Weyler's strategy was called the reconcentrado policy. (He may have gotten the idea while serving as a military attaché under William T. Sherman during the Civil War.) It even sounded sort of humane because the families of suspected rebels weren't really prisoners, they were simply being "reconcentrated" from the countryside to these new "camps" until hostilities ceased.

Being sent to "Camp Weyler" wasn't like going off to summer camp at Lake Gitcheegoomie. The internment camps were squalid and disease-ridden. Hundreds of thousands of Cubans died. Unfortunately for Weyler, the U.S. press was covering the events in Cuba and Governor Weyler became known in America as "The Butcher." Outrage over "The Butcher's" policies was causing newspapers to sell like hotcakes and soon it became a competition over which paper would print the most disturbing story.

This was a time when accurate reporting was not

as important as selling newspapers. The public was educated enough to read the papers, but not necessarily educated enough to look at the articles with a critical eye. Many readers didn't look at anything other than the headlines. (Thank God people nowadays have more sense and the press is more responsible! Oh, wait a minute, I guess things haven't changed so much...) Cuba captured a lot of headlines.

There were two newspapers that became notorious for their sensationalist reporting. One was the *Journal*, owned by William Randolph Hearst and the other was its competitor, the *World*, owned by Hearst's rival, Joseph Pulitzer. Though these papers were one step above *National Enquirer* and the other rubbish we see at grocery store checkout counters, they had a huge following. Hearst was genuinely sympathetic to the plight of the Cuban rebels and wasn't above stretching the truth to make a point. However, the bottom line was money. The more sensational the reporting, the more the papers sold and who cared (or thought to check) if it was true or not?

This was the age in which dime novels were often mistaken for non-fiction. Exaggeration and drama were more exciting than actual facts that took time to gather and left people confused. Hearst's and Pulitzer's brand of journalism became known as "yellow journalism" be-

(Continued on page 44)



Guess who is responsible for the Maine's destruction?

Rembember the Maine . . .

(Continued from page 43)

cause of a popular comic strip that appeared in both papers called *The Yellow Kid*. Yellow journalists often wrote scurrilous articles about the rich and famous that titillated their readers much in the way tabloids do today. The revolution in Cuba could generate sympathy and outrage, and keep readers coming back for more.

It would not be accurate to say American public opinion was influenced solely by the "yellow press." This country has, for obvious reasons, been sympathetic to New World countries are struggling against "Old World" (read European) oppressors. The Cuban rebels had agencies in the U.S. that were dedicated to keeping the Cuban rebellion a newsworthy event. These agencies, like the yellow press, weren't above stretching the truth in order to make Spain look evil and to make their own cause look good. Even though the rebels were nothing more than thugs, nobody cared.

The rebellion had been going on for three years with no end in sight. This wasn't good for American businesses invested in Cuban sugar. Nor was it good for trade. Though the American businesses felt U.S. intervention was a last resort, this rebellion was costing them money and the *status quo* in Cuba could not be allowed to continue for much longer. Hopefully, Cuba's troubles could be settled through diplomacy.

However, there was also a feeling among many Americans that it was time to demonstrate our national will. We hadn't been in a fight with a foreign power since the Mexican War and it was time to fight someone other than ourselves. This conflict, if it happened at all, wouldn't last long—it wasn't like

we were going to fight Great Britain or Germany. We weren't ready for a big war but we sure as hell could fight a little one. In fact, John Hay, the American ambassador to Britain, would eventually call the Spanish-American War "a splendid little war." The Spanish probably had a different name for it.

On February 9, 1898, a rebel sympathizer from the Havana post office stole a private letter from the Spanish minister in Washington. It was then sent it to Hearst's Journal. The letter was critical of the McKinley Administration and went so far as to call our president "a low politician" who favored the Cuban rebels and was giving in to public pressure for war. (McKinley was in fact pushing for a diplomatic solution.) Hearst's Journal published the letter under the headline, "Worst Insult to the U.S. in Our History." Though the "de Lome letter" (named for Spanish Minister Dupuy de Lome) incensed many of Hearst's readers, the McKinley administration downplayed it. However, it was becoming time for this rebellion to end one way or another.

There were a number of riots that broke out in Havana during January 1898. These were instigated by right wing supporters of Spanish rule and convinced the American ambassador that U.S interests might be threatened. The second-class battleship USS Maine arrived on January 25, 1898. By that time the ambassador, Fitzhugh Lee of Civil War fame, had realized that the riots weren't a threat. But it wasn't a bad idea for the *Maine* to stick around as a reminder Spain needed to end this crisis through negotiation with the rebels. Despite increasing pressure



Spanish General Valeriano Weyler y Nicolau, aka "The Butcher."

from the McKinley Administration, instead of compromising with the rebels, Spain had continued to dither in hopes the rebellion might be crushed by force.

The *Maine* exploded on the night of February 15. To this day, it is unclear who is responsible, or if indeed anyone was responsible; the explosion could have been the result of the settling of coal dust. However, in the court of popular opinion, Spain was found guilty, though it seems unlikely the Spanish government was culpable. The last thing Spain needed was a war with the United States.

A Spanish ship that had been dispatched immediately after the explosion rescued Captain Sigsbee and many of his officers. They were treated with courtesy and respect. The officers' quarters were well away from where the explosion occurred and most of the ship's officers were able to escape. The sailors on duty weren't so lucky. Nevertheless, the Spanish Navy rescued as many men as it could. In his report to the U.S. Navy, Sigsbee was grateful for the way he and his men had been



William Randolph Hearst's newspaper, the Journal, helped to stir up public sympathy for the Cuban rebels.

treated. Sigsbee thought the explosion came from a mine, but he didn't blame the Spanish.

A naval board appointed by the McKinley Administration concluded an external explosion—probably from a mine, destroyed the Maine. Though the board didn't speculate on who placed the mine, the press "knew" the culprit was Spain. A new slogan was coined that instructed Americans to "Remember the Maine."

If a mine blew up the Maine, it is possible the Cuban revolutionaries did it. There have been a few speculations that this had indeed been the case. After all, the revolutionaries had everything to gain if America intervened. It would have been awfully risky, though. Should America learn the truth, there would have been hell to pay. We still don't know what caused the explosion of the *Maine*, but if it were the result of some action by the Cuban revolutionaries, it would have made Machiavelli proud. In fact Machiavelli might have actually clapped his hands in glee were it not for the fact that he had been dead for about three centuries and his hands weren't up to the task.

President McKinley's message to Congress on the findings of the inquiry was calm. He had been a Civil War veteran and didn't take war lightly. However, even McKinley was despairing of a peaceful solution. The State Department sent the Spanish government what amounted to an ultimatum on March 27, 1898. The message "requested" an immediate armistice and a complete revocation of the *reconcentrado* policy. It also stipulated if no agreement could be reached by October 1, the U.S. would broker a final agreement between Cuba and Spain.

Spain agreed to the first two "requests" but not the third. Meanwhile, the conflict continued. On April 11, the president sent a message to Congress asking for authority to take whatever action was required to end the crisis in Cuba. A little more than a week later, Congress authorized intervention. On April 25, after Spain formally declared war, and Congress responded in kind.

To make a brief story even shorter, Spain got

stomped. The Spanish-American war ended quickly. Cuba became independent with the stipulation that the United States could intervene if things got out of hand there. We got respect from Europe because we defeated a European power, even if it was an old and decrepit one. We got a naval base in Guantanamo Bay, which would become a storage bin a century later for captured terrorists whom we unfortunately cannot feed to the sharks. We also got the former Spanish possessions of the Philippines, Guam, and Puerto Rico.

The Filipinos would cause us some grief a short time later when they rebelled against us. They actually thought they would become independent as a result of the war. The U.S. government thought differently. As it happened, we obtained the Philippines as a result of Spain's brutal attempt to crush the Cubans. The United States would have to fight ruthlessly to crush the Filipino Insurrection. It would take far longer to end that insurrection than it did to defeat the Spanish.

It would do Americans well to "remember the *Maine*" because its destruction set into motion a chain of events which would ultimately make the United States a superpower. Our relative isolation from world affairs would probably have ended anyway, but the explosion of the *Maine* and the Spanish-American War accelerated the process. McKinley's successor, Theodore Roosevelt, who became famous for his exploits during that war, went even further. During the next decades of the twentieth century, the U.S. would become a major player in world events. The *Maine's* destruction helped to make us what we are today, for better or for worse.

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The Notorious IIM FISK By Big Dave, SASS #55632

im Fisk wasn't a murderer, bank robber, or gun fighter. In fact, nothing he did was considered particularly criminal during the time in which he lived. This isn't to say what he did was strictly legal, but he lived in an age where legality could be redefined by the judicious expenditure of cash. Fisk was a financier and railroad director who cheerfully manipulated any chance that came his way in order to manipulate the system. He stood out as particularly avaricious, ostentatious and dissolute, even during an era when things like that were rather common among the wealthy. Fisk's lack of restraint made him one of the most



Fisk's affair with Josie Mansfield eventually proved to be his undoing.



Jim Fisk was known by several nicknames. "Big Jim," "Jubilee Jim," and "Diamond Jim" were a few.

colorful "robber barons" of post-Civil War America.

Before he swindled his way to a fortune, young Fisk's future looked unpromising. He was born in 1835 in Pownal, Vermont. His father was a peddler. Jim didn't care much for school, so he ran away at age 15 to join a circus. Some years later, he rejoined his family and took over his father's peddling business. Fisk's time with the circus taught him to apply showmanship to business and he made sure all his wagons were freshly painted and pulled by expensive horses. Jim was a natural salesman who enjoyed working with the public and the business began to prosper.

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When the Civil War began, Fisk was working a wholesale firm called Jordan Marsh and Company in Boston. The war offered excellent opportunities for companies that supplied the Union Army, and Fisk obtained contracts to sell dry goods like cotton shirts and wool blankets. To his credit, Fisk was patriotic enough to make sure the goods he sold were top quality. Unlike many of his peers, he refused to sell shoddy merchandise. By 1862, he was smuggling cotton from occupied areas in the South to sell to



Fisk's business partner Jay Gould. In this photo, Gould almost appears to be smirking behind his beard. He probably just finished foreclosing the mortgage on an orphanage.

The Notorious Jim Fisk ...



After unsuccessfully trying
to sue Fisk's widow, Josie Mansfield
became so unpopular she ran off
to Paris with Ella Wesner,
a male impersonator.

northern textile firms. During this time Fisk made a fortune, which he soon lost through speculation in the stock market.

Fisk probably figured if he couldn't beat the stock market, he might as well join it. In 1864, he moved to New York City to become a stockbroker. A shady old skinflint named Daniel Drew employed him. Drew would prove to be an excellent mentor. He is credited with the invention of the term "watered stock," which dates back to Drew's earlier days as a cattle drover. Drew would keep his cattle thirsty during the drive until they were almost at the

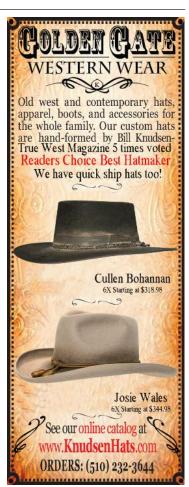
market, then allow them to drink until they were bloated, thereby driving up the animals' weights and their prices. He applied the practice to the stock market by selling stocks at grossly overestimated prices. Since there was no SEC or any other government agency to oversee what was going on, the stock market was regulated mostly by whatever a person could get away with. Fisk learned so much from Drew that he was able to swindle his mentor when the opportunity presented itself some years later.

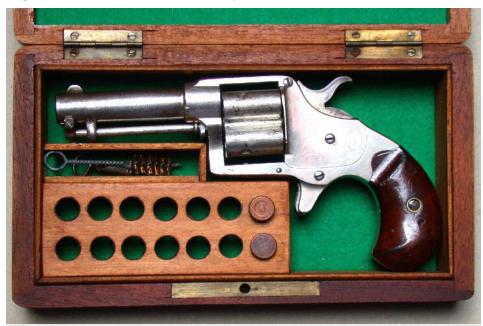
While Fisk was working for Daniel Drew he met Jay Gould, who would eventually become his business partner. Gould had about the same outlook as Fisk when it came to making money: he wanted a lot of it. The two men were cut of the same moral cloth as well. "Do unto others before they can do it to you." might have summed up the mission statement of their partnership. Physically, Gould was Fisk's opposite—Gould was thin and small boned while Fisk resembled a walrus squeezed into a business suit. Their temperaments were opposite as well. Gould was soft spoken and introverted while Fisk was loud and gregarious. But they were a well-matched team. Fisk handled the public while Gould planned and plotted in private. Fisk was the mouthpiece and Gould was the brain of the partnership.

Daniel Drew controlled the Erie Railway Company, which his rival Cornelius Vanderbilt wanted to acquire. As Vanderbilt began to buy up Erie Railway stocks, Drew, Fisk, and Gould concocted a scheme to bilk Vanderbilt out of a huge sum of money. The financial struggle over control of the Erie Railroad became known as the Erie War.

The Erie War went on for almost two years with several truces and betrayals. Every time Vanderbilt thought he had an agreement, Fisk and Gould cheated him some more. This was one of the few times anyone got the best of Cornelius "The Commodore" Vanderbilt. At one point Fisk began printing fake Erie stocks, which Vanderbilt eagerly bought. After buying huge amounts of the fake stocks, Vanderbilt couldn't figure out what was going on. He should have controlled Erie, but somehow he didn't. "If this printing press don't break down, I'll be damned if I don't give the old hog all he wants of Erie!" Fisk exclaimed. Finally Vanderbilt discovered he had been duped again and went into a nearly apoplectic rage.

Eventually Fisk, Drew, and Gould had to flee from New York to (Continued on page 48)





The Colt House Revolver became known as the "Jim Fisk" Revolver because Edward Stokes used one to shoot Big Jim.

It was good only for close range.

The Notorious Jim Fisk . . .

(Continued from page 47)

New Jersey in order to escape the wrath of Vanderbilt, who had unleashed his carefully purchased legislators upon them. Once they arrived in New Jersey, the trio bribed several New Jersey legislators into legalizing their actions. Vanderbilt lost about seven million dollars before he gave up in disgust. Fisk made statements to the press about how he and Gould were just young guys trying to make a buck and were really the victims of Vanderbilt. No matter how much Vanderbilt fumed, he couldn't do anything about it.

By 1869, Jim Fisk and Jay Gould teamed up in a scheme to corner the gold market. Gould bribed President Grant's brother in law to serve as his spy in the White House. Fisk even tried to get the President involved in the operation, but Grant refused. Meanwhile Gould began buying up all the gold then in circulation. This disrupted the gold supply and caused so much turbulence in the stock market that it crashed on September 24, 1869. The event became known as "Black Friday." Thousands of speculators were ruined and the entire U.S. currency system was near chaos. Finally, the Treasury Department stepped in and sold government gold. The crisis was ended. Gould had a network of informers in the government who had given him enough warning to sell at the appropriate time. He and Fisk made millions off the scheme. No charges were brought against them.

For two men to crash the stock market and to nearly bring the currency system of the United States to its knees takes a special mixture of selfishness and greed. They were already rich before they set the thing in motion; it can only be supposed that Gould and Fisk thought the only thing better than a lot of money was a lot more money. As for the people they ruined, well that was just too bad; if you run with the big dogs you might end up getting bitten...

Jim Fisk enjoyed spending money as much as making it. He liked expensive clothes, fine food, parties, diamonds, (one of his nicknames was "Diamond Jim") and the company of women other than his wife. It was his acquaintance with

Josie Mansfield that eventually caused his undoing.

Josie Mansfield was an actress who was considered a great beauty by the standards of the day. She had a figure that might be reminiscent of a painting by Raphael—that is to say a rather large woman. (Jim Fisk wasn't exactly svelte either.) The concept of morality was as foreign to her as it was to Jim. It was pretty far down the list of her priorities if it was there at all. They had a torrid and scandalous affair until Josie got involved with another man, Edward Stokes, and the two of them decided to blackmail Fisk.



This cartoon suggests Fisk could balance several schemes at once. Though he was guilty of most of the Seven Deadly Sins, Sloth was not among them.

The Notorious Jim Fisk ...

Josie and her new boyfriend claimed to possess letters that Fisk had written to her detailing some of Fisk's crooked dealings. Both sides hired lawyers and a complicated legal battle ensued. Fisk could afford to ride the battle out and refused to pay Mansfield anything. Edward Stokes, who was almost bankrupt, became desperate. On January 6, 1872 Stokes approached Fisk at the Grand Central Hotel in New York City and shot him twice. One shot hit Fisk in the arm, but the other lodged in his abdomen.

Stokes had used a Colt House Revolver, an unusual weapon that had a four-shot cloverleaf cylinder. It was chambered for the anemic .41 rimfire round. Had Fisk worn a heavier coat, the rounds might not have penetrated his body. The .41 rimfire was an adequate round for hunting baby goats at the petting zoo, but it had little stopping power. Nevertheless, a bullet in the abdomen was a virtual death sentence and Fisk died of sepsis the next day. Before he died, he was able to identify Stokes as his assailant. Fisk was only 36 at the time of his death.

Edward Stokes eventually served four years in prison for manslaughter. Josie Mansfield tried to sue Fisk's widow but lost the lawsuit. The letters that Fisk had written her were published but proved to contain nothing damaging. In 1873, she went to Paris with a woman named Ella Wesner who was a male impersonator from a Vaudeville show. (Yes, you read it correctly... it was a huge scandal.) Josie died in 1931 at the age of 83.

Jay Gould endured some financial setbacks but went on to become even more fabulously wealthy as a financier and railroad owner. Later in his life he became a philanthropist. Daniel Drew, who had been swindled earlier by Fisk and Gould, lost what money he had left in the Panic of 1873. He died bankrupt in 1879.

Jim Fisk had a short, profitable, and unscrupulous life, which embraced at least five of the Seven Deadly Sins. Though he was a scoundrel and a crook, he was cheerful about it and absolutely unrepentant. Of all the things you could say about him, you couldn't call him a hypocrite. He was probably a lot of fun to be around as long as you weren't part of the competition. Fisk knew the rules of the game he played—there weren't any. The business world of the late nineteenth century was like a pit filled with vicious, hungry predators. The only ones that stood a chance of emerging from that

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pit would have to be pretty wily. Unfortunately for Fisk, he got involved with a woman as greedy and manipulative as he was. Indirectly, she became his downfall.

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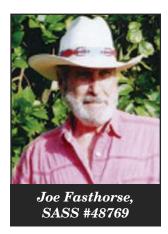
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History



LITTLE KNOWN FAMOUS PEOPLE

-Way Out West-

By Joe Fasthorse, SASS #48769

igfoot Wallace was a six-foot-two-inch, 250pound, fearless Texas Ranger. He was born William A.A. Wallace at Lexington, Kentucky in 1817. When he was 19 years old, he set out for Texas to "take pay out of the Mexicans" for shooting down his brother and first cousin at the Goliad massacre. He joined the newly formed Texas Rangers and fought shoulder-to-shoulder with Captain Jack Hays and Rangers Ben McCulloch and Sam Walker to free Texas from the Mexicans and Comanche Indians. It took Bigfoot more than forty years of fighting in campaigns such as the Battle of Salado Creek, the Battle of Hondo River, the Battle of Mier, the Black Bean Incident and the Battle of Monterrey to finally square the account. In the early 1850s, Wallace commanded his own Ranger Company, fighting Mexican border bandits and Comanche Indians who were raiding ranches and killing men, women and chil-

dren on the Texas frontier. **Bigfoot** drove a mail wagon from San Antonio to El Paso in the late 1850s. His mules were stolen by Comanches On one trip. Wallace walked back to El Paso. On the way, he stopped



at the first Mexican ranch he passed and ate 27 eggs before arriving in town for a full meal. During the War Between the States he and his Rangers guarded the Texas frontier against the still hostile Comanche tribes. Wallace never married and spent his later years in South Texas near the village of Bigfoot. He died on January 7, 1899. He is buried at the Texas State Cemetery in Austin. ...

Western

By Joe Fasthorse, SASS #48769

ost men in the early west carried a jack knife made by the Buck knife company. When playing poker, it was common to place one of these Buck knives in front of the dealer so everyone knew whom he was. When it was time for the next hand, the deck of cards and the knife were

Passing the Buck and the **Buck Stops Here**

given to the new dealer. If this person didn't want to deal he would pass the Buck to the next player. If that player accepted, then the Buck stopped there. 4



PEDRO ALTUBE INDIGORAS

Basque Cowboy Is Not an Oxymoron

By Luther Sage Kelly, SASS Life #47344

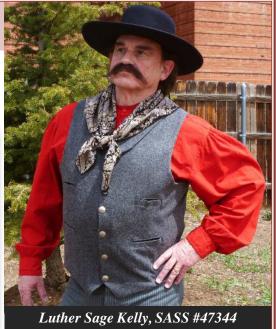
veryday notions make it almost misguided to think of a Spanish Basque in the Old West as anything other than a lonely, isolated man; a frisky, ever-vigilant dog; and, a large flock of peaceful, but sometimes-errant sheep. Basque and sheepherder seem synonymous, but nothing is further from the truth. Casting preconceived ideas aside leads us to the fact that there were Basque Cowboys, too. One who exemplified the term "Cowboy" was Pedro Altube Indigoras (1825-1905).

Altube was born in Oñati, Gipuzkoa, Spain in the month of April. He was the son of Joaquin Altube and Micaela Indigoras, and came to California via Argentina in 1850.

With his skills as a buckaroo, Pedro was perceived through the eyes of mundane immigrants to America as rather dashing and colorful—a Zorro of sorts. His alias was Palo Alto (Tall Pine) but it could have been "The Vasco Kid." Kid clearly warrants classification as diminutive in stature, but it is incongruent in respect to Palo Alto, who at 6' 6" was a mountain of a man, especially in the 1800s.

In 1870, Pedro and his brother, Bernardo, drove 3,000





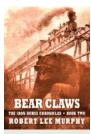
head of cattle from Southern California to Elko County in Northeastern Nevada. With these cattle they established the Spanish Ranch in Independence Valley, near today's Elko City. By the 1880s, the Altube operation was one of the largest and most influential in all of Nevada. In the early 1900s, the Spanish Ranch consisted of more than 42,000 head of livestock—including 2,000 horses on 400,000 acres of land. The Ranch exists to this day.

Pedro was inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame at Norman, Oklahoma in 1960. Now you know that a cowpoke from the Pyrenees of Spain is more than pure conjecture—it is an honest-to-goodness fact. The only thing left to speculation is how you say "Howdy pard" in Euskara, the Basque language. ...

BEAR CLAWS

Reviews Books

Book Two of the Iron Horse Chronicles



Bear Claws is published by Five Star Publishing, an Imprint of Gale/Cenage.

By Robert Lee Murphy

Reviewed by Sgt. Shuster, SASS #60835

ear Claws will take you back to the building of the transcontinental railroad across Wyoming in 1868. Better than a rail building show on TV, Bear Claws allows you to use your imagination as Will Braddock continues his adventures that began in Eagle Talons, the first book in the series.

A teenaged hunter for his uncle's

railroad survey team, Will's friendship with Lone Eagle, a mixed blood Chevenne, and his fascination with Jenny McNabb both grow as he fends off the vengeful Paddy O'Hannigan. Robert Lee Murphy will take you on a great adventure as Will uses his skills to save



General Grant when Paddy attempts to blow up his train, saves a German aristocrat hunting in Wyoming, and helps Jenny's sister Elspeth escape Paddy's clutches.

Among many professional organizations, Murphy is a member of Western Writers of America and the Railway and Loco-

(CLICK HERE to continue on page 59)

Profiles

Scholarship Recipient

Red River Emma, SASS #90161

Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000





wasso, OK. My name is Paige Townsley, aka Red River Emma. My sister Taylor, aka Tater Bug (SASS #90160), and I were introduced to Cowboy Action Shooting™ by my father, Mark Townsley, aka Josey Kidd (SASS #13170) and have been active members of SASS® since 2010.

Shooting together has become one of our most valued activities and we have participated in years of local monthly matches as well as several state competitions like Ruckus in the Nations and Pursuit into the Osage Nation. We shoot alongside the fine cowboys and cow-

girls at Indian Territory SASS in Sand Springs, OK, and Tulsey Town in Tulsa, OK.

Cowboy Action Shooting[™] has become an integral part of my life and over the years more of my family and friends have gotten hooked to the sport as well, including my stepfather Tim Zwahlen, aka Vallian (SASS #99388) and my mother, Kim Zwahlen (though she hasn't become an official member of SASS yet). We spend many weekends all together at the range, having fun and bonding as a family. The relationships I have with the great, supportive people with whom I shoot are ones I would not trade for the world.

I am now in my final year of undergraduate studies at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater, OK. I plan to receive my Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration in May 2016 with a major in Management Information Systems with an Information Assurance focus, and a minor in Accounting. I have loved my time at OSU and have done very well in my studies, maintaining a 4.0 GPA every semester and have earned mentions on the President's Honor Roll and Spears School of Business Dean's List. I am active in the OSU Baptist Collegiate Ministry as a student Hospitality Leader as well as OSU's chapter of the Association of IT Professionals. I am very proud of these accomplishments and my personal growth in confidence, faith, knowledge, and skill, as well as in my career.

My college experience has been more than I ever could have imagined, granting me many great memories and friends and opportunities that I never would have thought I would have. The aid of the scholarships I have received from the SASS Foundation have allowed me to get my education and start my career with a minimal amount of student debt and relieve the strain on my family to put two kids through college at the same time.

I will be graduating in May of 2016 and have accepted an offer as an Information Technology new hire (Continued on next page)

Scholarship Recipient • Red River Emma, SASS #90161 . . .

(Continued from previous page)

at Phillips 66 in Bartlesville, OK. I hope to be there many years and learn several areas of the company and expertise of the energy industry. I finished an internship with them this past summer and loved working in SAP Logistics.

I plan to continue as an active member of SASS and shoot with my family when possible, as Bartlesville is still close to home. My Mom and Dad are two of the most influential people in my life and have taught me the importance of determination and to believe in my

abilities and myself. Without their constant support and encouragement I would not have thought it was possible that I could become an IT professional with such a large and successful company as Phillips 66.

Thank you to everyone from SASS who has supported me over the years and made my success possible, as well as the SASS Scholarship Foundation for the scholarships I have received the past four years. Please continue funding the Foundation so other deserving students can pursue high education as I have done. Go pokes, and happy shooting!

Gun Control

By Red River Emma, SASS #90161 Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000

hese days, the subject of gun control is one you cannot discuss without a clash of opinions or rubbing someone the wrong way. Many gun control activists see possession of firearms as a catalyst to gun-related crimes and gun-related injuries and deaths. Gun control activists are not wrong to seek ways to reduce gun-related crimes and injuries but they may be chasing the wrong solution. Many gun control activists assume that restricting possession of guns will ensure that crimes will not be committed with guns. I believe this solution would not work to the extent that gun control activists think, due to its potential ineffectiveness and the incentives it creates.

Banning all firearms may initially reduce crimes committed and injuries by people who are not qualified or cannot safely handle guns, but I believe these effects will be short-lived. The reality is that the people who would misuse their right to bear a firearm will continue to do so. It seems foolish to assume that a person already willing to commit a crime using a gun will not hesitate to break an additional law restricting possession of guns. The habits of criminals will not be changed by the passage of such a ban. In fact, the only real effect I can see is the taking away

of the ability for households and individuals to protect themselves against such crime and the elimination of recreational shooting and hunting. Statistics show that out of the gun-bearing population of the United States (which is less than half of the total population), the majority of gun owners use their firearms for protection against crime. Criminals that would previously be deterred by an armed victim, with that protection taken away, will commit much more crime.

A restriction on gun ownership creates incentives for crime to turn to other forms as well. Other weapons such as knives and blunt-force crimes may experience a rise to replace the dip in firearms-related crime. Some may say this creates an incentive for crime to shift to potentially more painful and devastating types of abuse. If such a ban were enacted, we may also experience a counteractive resistance by illegal ownership and use similar to the prohibition of alcohol or use of illegal drugs. What makes a gun dangerous is the safety practices (or lack of) of the man or woman handling it.

The repercussions on recreational shooting societies and hunting would effectively destroy the re-

(CLICK HERE to continue on page 59)

Profiles

Scholarship Recipient

Miss Grizzelda, SASS #71308

Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000





ellersville, PA. My name is Erin Snyder and in 2004 I attended my first Cowboy Action Shooting™ match. My grandfather, Ron Zakeosian, aka Boomer Zak (SASS #8198) had already been shooting for many years when he decided to pass the love of the sport on to me and later my father, Jim Snyder, aka J.S. Sooner (SASS #73526). My first match was in Topton, PA with The Boothill Gang and I am still shooting with them today. Recently, matches started up again in New Holland, PA with The Welsh Mountain Regulators. I had the opportunity to attend the first cowboy competition there in about fifteen years! It was a really fun shoot and I hope that I have future opportunities to attend their events.

My favorite aspect about Cowboy Action Shooting™ is everyone is so welcoming and willing to give advice and help each other. At my first match I met so many new people who all tried to help me out as much as they could. They wanted me to be successful so I would enjoy myself and continue coming out to the shoots. They told me how much they enjoyed seeing young people come out because we are the generation that needs to continue the sport. All of these people have influenced my shooting and me because they always try to point out different things I could do to become a better shooter. Many of the people I met that day are still in my life today and whenever I can make it to an event they are sure to ask about how college is going and how I am doing.

SASS® has had a big impact on my life. I began shooting with my grandfather and it was an activity that brought us closer together. When I was younger, all I knew about Cowboy Action Shooting™ was that my grandfather would "go play cowboys" for the day and I would sometimes help him with his reloading. Now I am really happy I got to spend that time with him and learn to do something he loved to do. It has also given my dad and me something to do together. We even have mini competitions between the two of us. When I was younger, we would compare times with him "giving" me 20 seconds a stage off of my time to try to beat him. Now, I keep him on his toes by beating him without any time subtracted.

SASS has helped me gain confidence when talking to older people. I never used to enjoy engaging in conversations with people I did not know or people with whom I was not comfortable. SASS has provided me with a welcoming environment to grow as a person

(Continued on next page)

Scholarship Recipient • Miss Grizzelda, SASS #71308 . . .

(Continued from previous page)

throughout the last ten years and become a more successful young adult. This confidence also translates into a new role I am taking on at my university this year. I have been selected as one of the three drum majors for our marching band. It takes a lot of confidence to be able to address a group of 250 musicians and to instill confidence in the band while conducting the performance. Cowboy Action Shooting[™] has given me the confidence to "aim high" to achieve things I didn't think I could.

This coming school year (2015-2016) I will be a senior at the University of New Haven in West Haven, CT. I will be continuing my education, working towards a degree in Forensic Science with a concentra-

tion in Chemistry. Going into the last year of my undergraduate studies, I am glad I have chosen to pursue this degree and I hope to work in a forensic lab when I finish my schooling.

I am very grateful to the SASS Scholarship Application Committee for awarding me a scholarship for all four years of my undergraduate studies. Thanks also to all supporters of the SASS Scholarship Foundation who made my scholarship possible. Without all the events that are put on, fundraising that is done, and donations to the Foundation, I would not have even had a scholarship to receive. I hope many other young shooters will be able to do the same with the continued support of the SASS community.

Supreme Court Rulings on the Second Amendment

By Miss Grizzelda, SASS #71308 Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000

here are two sides to a theory scholars use to interpret the Second Amendment, the individual and the collective rights theories. The first of these focuses on the second half of the amendment. People who follow this believe the amendment works to prevent the government from prohibiting firearms and makes restriction of these rights unconstitutional. The second theory avers the amendment exists only to prevent congress from creating legislature that restricts "a *state's* right to self-defense." Proponents of this believe the amendment does not prevent restrictions and regulations on the individual possession of firearms.

In *United States* v. *Miller* (1939), the Supreme Court decided the case on a collective rights approach. In this case, Miller tried to take an unregistered sawed-off shotgun across state borders. Under the National Firearms Act of 1934, it was determined that Congress had the right to regulate this since a sawed-off shotgun, per that Act, has no function pre-

serving a well-regulated militia. The second amendment was interpreted in this case as to help the military and not the individual.

In 2008, *District of Columbia* v. *Heller*, there was a handgun ban in place in Washington DC. This ban stated handguns could not be registered, a license was needed to carry a pistol, and all firearms needed to be stored disassembled or trigger locked and unloaded. The Supreme Court agreed with Heller in this case and followed the individual right theory stating these bans and regulations were unconstitutional. They kept consistent with Miller, however, by saying even though U.S. citizens have the right to possess firearms, there is no law-abiding purpose for a sawed-off shotgun, so certain firearms have the ability to be regulated because there is no real purpose that a normal person would need to have these firearms.

In both of these rulings, I think the court took the correct approach. I agree with the Miller ruling saying

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Trail Markers

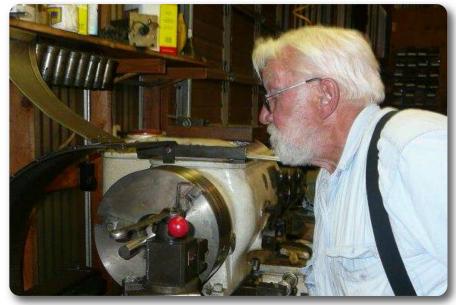
SASS LOST A COWBOY AMERICA LOST AN ENTREPRENEUR SILVER DAN

6/4/35 ~ 11/7/15

Written by his Friends

Te was a cook on a U.S. Navy sub-I marine during the Cold War. He was the owner of a manufacturing company employing 10 people located in Prineville, Oregon. He was a loving father, and a "go to" fix-it man for Cowboy Action ShootersTM in Central Oregon. Dan Rohrer, AKA Silver Dan (SASS #52613) was a member of two action clubs in Oregon, the Horse Ridge Pistoleros and the Pine Mountain Posse, and members of both dearly loved him. He shot slow and deliberate using several of the 180 firearms he collected over the years. His pride and joy was a Crown Grade LC Smith side by side 12 gauge shotgun, followed closely by an original Winchester 1873 in caliber .22 short. His firearms collection was main-

tained in a steel-lined vault-like room in his home. No one dared enter it without Dan close at hand.



Silver Dan at work in his home machine shop making another firearm. This man was a mechanical genius.

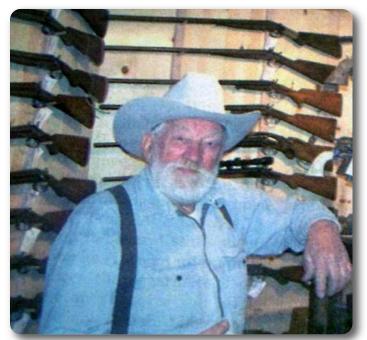
Silver Dan didn't just pick up and leave us no, after giving it considerable thought, he left us for a venue he thought would be more challenging than the one he had already mastered on planet earth. His friends will of course miss him, and they wanted to say something about him before it was forgotten... So, listen up Dan!

"We Rodeoed a bit, packed horses into the Cascade and Ochoco mountains, and went to our first Cowboy Action ShootTM together." (Cowboss)

"We had a big annual match and Dan brought his cooker out and roasted a whole pig for us." (Diamond Willow and The Legend).

"He holds several patents—one of which is the air-powered fence post driver, which his company





Silver Dan with a fraction of his impressive firearms collection.

Silver Dan ...

sells worldwide (www.rohrermfg.com). I compare him to Carbine Williams who, while in prison, designed the gas-operated, semi-automatic rifle better known as the M1 Carbine—Dan also made firearms. If you asked Dan to design something, he would do it almost overnight." (Palaver Pete)

"I loved walking by Silver Dan's camper when he was cooking up something special for us, it always smelled so yummy! Dan would have a good story or two to go along with the food." (Arctic Annie)

"Dan let the ladies from the posse use his industrial sewing machines to make bags to hold the info sheets for the annual match. Dan would come in to see if we needed help, then tell us how slow we were; that he had two girls working for him that could work faster than the four or five of us. He helped us cut the canvas and fixed the sewing machines when we messed them up." (Juniper Loni)

"Dan was always handy when it came to feeding family, friends and fellow shooters. Whether it was a whole pig for fellow shooters at the range or oysters in his back yard, Dan was the perfect host. We will miss you!" (Stargazer Sal and Side Kick Rick)

"Dan went the extra mile in helping both cowboy clubs. Enthusiastic, humble, helpful are just a few of the adjectives describing Silver Dan. I wish I had been able to shoot more with him." (Zeke)

"Years ago, when we first joined HRP and we were hosting the NW Regional, I had a broken firing

pin on my double shotgun. I called Dan up in a panic, knowing he was a machinist, and in the true giving fashion that Dan was known for he said come on out to his place and he'd see what he could do. He disassembled my shotgun, took the good pin out and we went out to his shop. He picked a piece of tool steel and began to grind me a new one while I watched. When he was finished, and he checked the diameter and whether it would fit smoothly in the gun, he groused that it was .002" out of diameter! Dan was a perfectionist, and it bugged him that it wasn't exact. The funny part was, the new firing pin made from hardened tool steel would likely outlast the original, and would probably outlast the life of the shotgun! Dan was a character, both in Cowboy Action Shooting™ and outside as well. I will miss him quite dearly. Happy trails my friend. Rest-in-peace." (Wildcat Annie)

Well, that's it for now Dan. Your son will take care of the shop. Your daughter will fill your house with joy, and Connie will talk about you at the Powell Butte post office—you won't be forgotten for a very long time. Until we meet again, we hope you can tell everyone there we'll be along soon, and as usual, "Hell will be coming with us.".





illiam "Bill" Miller, aka Wilkes (SASS #28702) passed away on March 17, 2015 at St. Anthony Hospital, Pendleton Oregon, from complications from a recent surgery.

Born in Washington, DC on November 20, 1941, he attended Catholic schools in Silver Springs, MD and graduated from Macklin high school in Washington, DC. After that, he traveled west and worked for the Bureau of Land Management in Burns, OR. He then enlisted in the Army and served in Vietnam in Special Forces, earning the Combat Infantry Badge and Bronze Star.

Following his discharge he continued his education and graduated from Northwestern School of Physical Therapy in Chicago. In 1967 he married Virginia Anderson. During his career he



Wilkes 1941 ~ 2015

By Runamuck, SASS #49216

worked in Pendleton as a Physical Therapist for St. Anthony Hospital and the Umatilla Educational Service District.

Bill was very civic minded and was involved in numerous volunteer activities. He enjoyed reading, especially history related to the Civil War, running, hunting, and Cowboy Action ShootingTM. He is survived by Virginia and their three children, Arthur (North Carolina), Teresa (Pennsylvania), and Kimberly (Washington, DC).

Bill chose "Wilkes" for his alias as his family had actual historical ties to the infamous assassin John Wilkes Booth, his great grandmother having played the piano while Booth sang songs during visits. Also Dr. Mudd, who set Booth's broken leg, was a distant relative of Bill's.

Wilkes was a true gentleman with a gentle and kind soul. Anybody who knew him never heard a cross word from him or about him. Everyone who had the honor of knowing him appreciated his

optimism and cheerful demeanor, but he was transformed into a steely eyed competitor at the sound of the buzzer! Wilkes was the smoothest and most consistent shooter in his area. He participated in untold local, state, and regional matches, achieving dominance of his category almost anywhere he went and was the National Champion Elder Statesman in 2012.

He was proud of keeping things simple though, as he used a old Mec Junior for his shot shells and a even older single stage press for all his cartridges. He also cast all his bullets with a single or double cavity mould.

He enjoyed bringing old double barrel shotguns back to life with professional looking refinishing and re-checkering. Wilkes was the embodiment of everything that is great about Cowboy Action ShootingTM. He was just flat out one of the nicest people you will ever meet and his passing leaves a hollow in the hearts of anyone who knew him. .



SASS Scholarship Help Educate Our Youth



Supreme Court Rulings on the Second Amendment . . .

(Continued from page 55)

there is no true need for a sawed-off shotgun and I also agree with Heller, saying the bans and regulation of firearms set in DC were unconstitutional. I think there needs to be a balance between the individual rights and collective rights theories and these court cases have been decided in this way.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Scholarship Essays represent the opinions of of the writer and are not necessarily an accurate reflection of the opinions of SASS. 4.

BEAR CLAWS...

(Continued from page 51)

motive Historical Society and his knowledge of transcontinental railroad history shines through in *Bear Claws*. Visit the author on line at www.robertleemurphy.net.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Sergeant Shuster, SASS Regulator #60835, is an historian living in Billy the Kid country, Lincoln County, New Mexico, and the purveyor of Cowboy Action Coffee at KonaCowboyCoffee.com. 4.

Gun Control . . .

(Continued from page 53)

spective sports. This would remove a way for people to meet and enjoy an activity together, as well as restrict a traditional way for families to spend time together. Imagine if the government were to make fishing or skiing illegal. The effect on hunting would cause several other problems as well. Many households make a living and obtain their food from hunting; the livelihoods of these people would be at risk if a ban were passed. In addition, without hunting, many animal populations would expand past the land's capacity and cause a multitude of other problems.

In conclusion, a total ban on firearms would not only potentially worsen the problem of misused guns but cause a number of other problems as well.

Scholarship Essays represent the opinions of of the writer and are not necessarily an accurate reflection of the opinions of SASS. 4.

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Articles

SASS CONVENTION December

AN ATTENDEE'S REPORT

By Quicksilver, SASS #103257





The crowning event, attended by some lovely people.





A glimpse of the grandeur of Green Valley Resort.

Tere is a little feedback from two first timers at the wonderful SASS® Convention in Las Vegas.

The choice of Green Valley Resort could not have been better. It had all the grandeur of the "strip" hotels but none of the hassle and inconvenience we've experienced on our previous trips to the strip. The ballrooms, restaurants and accommodations were all first class. Perfect!

The convention was fascinating, the Silver Ball a delight. All vendors were not only pleasant and down to earth friendly, but all displayed an enthusiasm and a genuine passion for our sport. The costumes were amazing, with many people showing up with a new, different outfit every morning. We smiled every day with childish delight.

With the NFR rodeo in town and two large Cowboy Christmases to attend, SASS' choice of Vegas could not have been better. We are not drinkers, gamblers, did not even go to any of the shows, and still had the most memorable, fab-

(See more HIGHLIGHTS on next page)



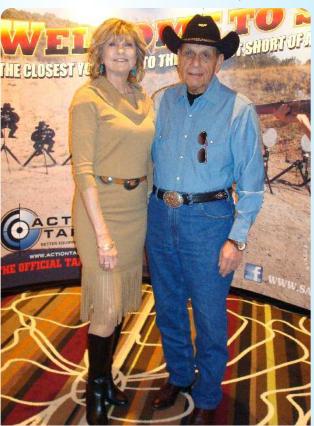
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Articles

***SUBCONSCIOUS SHOOTING**



By SASS Kicker, SASS # 91899

believe the subconscious mind is one of the most powerful attributes humans have. As a competitor in a sport dominated by the mental game, I have

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learned what separates first and second place is not necessarily skill but the power an individual competitor possesses to overcome their innermost thoughts. Last summer at END of TRAIL, the World Championship of Single Action Shooting™, I felt compelling pressure to retain my previous title. To prepare, I practiced often, but more importantly I trained my mind to believe I was capable of winning. This mental focus prevented unnecessary mistakes and allowed me to overcome obstacles beyond my control. I approached each stage with confidence, which allowed me to rely on instinct rather

than calculated effort, confirming the power of the subconscious mind.

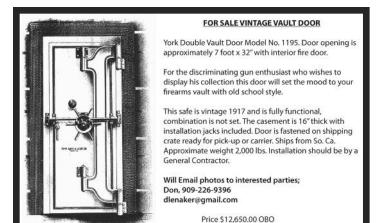
Unfortunately, events occurred beyond my control. My firearm broke while shooting, which added damaging rank points to my score. Before I could finish the final four stages, I had to



overcome this setback. Devastated, I wanted to convince myself it wasn't a disaster. Emotions and tears literally poured out without warning. Some might declare this a weakness, but the release dismissed my negative emotions and thoughts that would have prevailed in my mind. Afterwards, I visualized myself shooting each stage perfectly three times. Although this wasn't going to change the past, I needed to redeem myself mentally. I moved onto the next stage with confidence, and approached each of the last four stages with the mental focus of a champion. Nothing was going to impede my performance.

It was my turn to shoot stage nine. I envisioned a flawless performance, lined up the sights like I had done hundreds of times, and the stage coalesced into one fluid motion. Moments before, I remembered a saying that has helped me: "slow is smooth, smooth is fast... front sight." The range officer directed me to the firing line and all eyes were on me. Three commercial cameras documented every shot and spectators watched anxiously, hoping to witness a comeback. When the loud buzzer prompted me to begin the stage, I picked up my first firearm just as I had envisioned and the rest was a blur. It was only after the stage concluded that I had time to reflect on the events that had transpired.

Unknowingly, I had shot the stage in my subconscious mind. Although I had heard of this concept, I have never experienced it until that moment. Even today, I cannot recall the 17.08 seconds that changed my life except by validating the theories regarding the subcon-





scious mind. My coach, Pecos Clyde, gave me the techniques that guided me to the World Championship. However, what really allowed me to overcome adversity was trusting my mind to take over my body.

In most competitions it is unheard of to succeed with equipment malfunctions, but I was able to defy the odds. I am the current Women's World Champion of Single Ac-

tion Shooting and I believe my subconscious mind is the most powerful weapon I possess and quite possibly the reason for my success. It is the reason the hours of practice every night paid off, the reason I woke up early every Saturday morning, the reason I missed my first two homecomings. But most importantly, it is the reason all the sacrifices were worth it. ...



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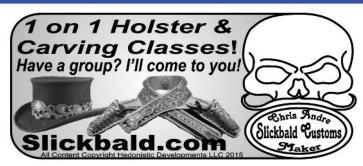
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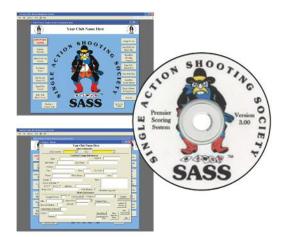
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