APRIL 2017 **BART 300 CHRONICLE**

Cowboy Action Shooting[™] and RVing is a match made in heaven for many SASS[®] members such as Capt. George Baylor, who provides helpful insights in this issue's Dispatches From Camp Baylor feature.

THE

THE 2016 SASS WESTERN REGIONAL Report by Roger Rapid

SMALL CREEK: KID GALENA RIDES Cowboy Fiction by The Capgun Kid

> NIKOLA TESLA, AMERICA'S MAD SCIENTIST History by Big Dave



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The Cowboy **Úhronicle**



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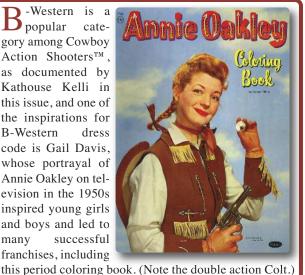
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B-Western is a popular category among Cowboy Action Shooters[™], as documented by Kathouse Kelli in this issue, and one of the inspirations for B-Western dress code is Gail Davis, whose portrayal of Annie Oakley on television in the 1950s inspired young girls and boys and led to many successful franchises, including



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Guest Editorial

2010 Regional Allocation

The Single Action Shooting Society[®] is proud to announce a new Regional structure beginning in 2018.

The SASS Regional Championship allocation has a history of evolution as the need arises. Due to several factors that arose within the program in 2016, it was time (again!) to reexamine the structure. This time around the SASS Board of Directors (The Wild Bunch) enlisted the feedback of those directly impacted by the changes—our members. The process took two rounds of voting and elimination, and after hundreds of emails, discussions, and SASS Wire Forum threads, the votes are in.

The 2018 reallocation eliminates one region, the Mideast, bringing the total number of regions down from eight to seven. The states previously in the Mideast Region have been distributed to their neighboring regions. The re-

allocation also addresses numerous petitions from states that requested to be moved to a different region.

The elimination of the Mideast Region comes with the reality that its Championship event, Guns of August, will no longer be a Regional Championship match. SASS would like to recognize and send our sincere thanks to the organizers and hosts of Guns of August for their many years of hard work, dedication, and support. We are certain the fantastic match that is Guns of August will continue for many years to come.

A huge thanks to all the Territorial Governors who talked to their clubs, polled their members, and cast their votes on the reallocation of the SASS 2018 Regional structure.

-Misty Moonshine 🦊



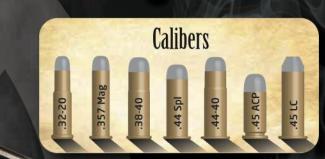
SASS 2018 Regional and Divisional Allocation



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it may still be a dream and for still others, the notion of

living full time in a motor home may just not be that ap-

pealing. But one thing's for sure, the luxury of attending our chosen events and being able to comfortably camp

a used 21-foot Winnebago built on a VW Eurovan chassis

and I haven't regretted it. My choice is small enough to

still be maneuverable in most circumstances and still be

capable of driving to stores with large parking lots with-

out much more difficulty than a large van or pickup. Ad-

ditionally, the six-cylinder Eurovan engine delivers

reasonable gas mileage for an RV (around 15 MPG). The

downside is also the smaller engine, however, as it does not have the gumption to tow even a small car, so when

I can't stay on site I'm usually obliged to rent a car, which

generally comes to about the same amount it would cost

I took the plunge a couple of years ago and acquired

on or near the shooting facility is appealing.

This issue, Capt. Baylor has devoted his monthly

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

me to rent a motel room. As a consequence, the appeal for me



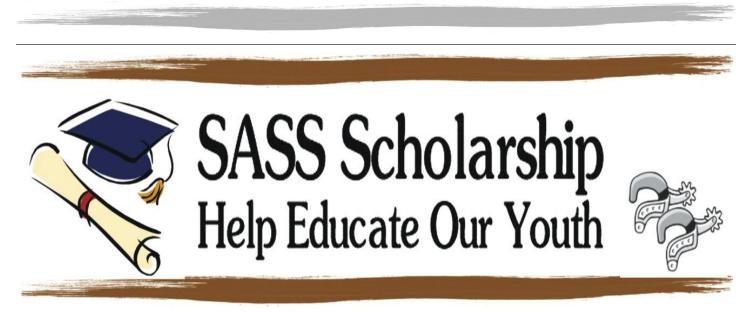
Skinny, SASS #7361

column to a subject I know we've all turned over in our minds once or twice—the idea of spending much or all of our time traveling the country in an RV and dedicating our lives to Cowboy Action ShootingTM. For those of us who have achieved the freedom of complete retirement it sounds like a good life indeed. For those who still work regular or—like myself—semi-regular hours column to a subject I know we've all turned over in ourminds once or twice—the idea of spending much or allof our time traveling the country in an RV and dedicating our lives to Cowboy Action ShootingTM. For thoseof us who have achieved the freedom of complete retirement it sounds like a good life indeed. For those whostill work regular or—like myself—semi-regular hours<math>column to a subject I know we're experimenting with a new idea in the pages of th

We're experimenting with a new idea in the pages of our printed Comboy Chronicles for the next several issues a serialized Cowboy novel. This work of fiction is the brainchild of The Capgun Kid, one of our most faithful supporters and contributors.

I've actually been sitting on Capgun's novel for a little more than a year. He approached me sometime back and asked if I'd be interested in reading two books he'd completed and possibly printing one or both someday. I said sure and I found them to be enjoyable reads, but at around 45,000 words each, I just couldn't feature ever being able to publish either—at least not in its entirety. Then the idea struck me to serialize the first book, *a la* some of the old magazines of the 1800s and early 1900s, such as *The Strand* or *Argosy*. I'm hoping this idea will be well received. If it is, we'll look towards serializing Capgun's second work, *Small Creek 2: The Return of Nevada Ned* in the future.

—Skinny 🦊







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Captain George Baylor, SASS Life / Regulator #24287

Judge Roy Bean (SASS #1) invited me up to the ranch house at Founders Ranch after one of the monthly match down below. He wanted me to write an article aimed at getting RVers interested in SASS. Hmm, SASS has gotten a lot of shooters interested in RVing, so turnabout...

In the Beginning...

The Redhead and I got interested in RVing at the 2006 END of TRAIL World Championship of Cowboy Action Shooting[™] at Founders Ranch near Albuquerque, New Mexico. The Redhead wouldn't come with me unless (a) she could bring our dog, George S. Patton and (b) she didn't have to stay in a hotel. The solution was to rent an RV. After much searching we rented a 31-foot-long trailer from what I now call Satan's Trailer Rental. We would come to call it the Trailer From Hell. Virtually nothing worked, and the AC would not work with any generator we could rent smaller than 9000-watt and it sounded like a squadron of B17s at take off. We got noise com-

DISPATCHES FROM CAMP BAYLOR SASS FOR RVERS

By Captain George Baylor, SASS #24287 Patron Life Regulator



Camp Baylor shop, a 20-foot enclosed trailer custom made for supporting a SASS shooter. Yes, it's small, but it has worked for 10 years, loading four calibers and 12-gauge shotshells as well as firearm maintenance and cleaning.

plaints from three rows away in the middle of the day. It was small and uncomfortable and cold showers got old almost immediately (but did help conserve water).

You enter Founders at the top of a hill and the "town" and the shooting ranges are in the valley below. In between are 15 rows for RV parking, capable of accommodating 600plus RVs. The view of the town below is pretty spectacular. The 2006 END of TRAIL was the 25th Anniversary and attracted 900plus shooters. The RV parking was pretty full.



Camp Baylor, a 2006 Newmar Dutch Star 40-foot diesel pusher motor home with an enclosed shop/car hauler trailer. The Jeep goes in the trailer.



Some RVs at the 2015 END of TRAIL.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor...

Something strange happened in the Trailer From Hell. One morning The Redhead walked outside with her first morning cup of coffee, turned and took in the 360-degree view and fell in love with RVing. By the end of the match we had talked to everyone there who would talk to us about RVing and Cowboy Action ShootingTM and we looked at a lot of RVs. Eventually we found some full-timers and talked to them. Their chosen RVs ranged from fifth wheel toy haulers to 35- and 40foot motor coaches. Notably, we talked with Silver Heart and Pecos Clyde, who had been full-timing for two years in a 40foot, four-slide diesel pusher coach with a 20-foot enclosed trailer that housed their Jeep and Clyde's shop with reloading machines. I went with Clyde to the trailer first, while The Redhead went into the coach with Silver Heart.

When we finished the tour of the trailer I walked into the coach and The Redhead turned to me and said, "You need to retire. We need to sell the house, buy a motor home and go to SASS matches full time."

My first thought was, "Who are you and what did you do with my wife?"

To shorten the rest of that story *A LOT*, in June 2007, about five years ahead of schedule and after I had undergone cancer surgery, we left Houston in our 40-foot motor home and have been living in it ever since, going to SASS matches (and a few SASS Conventions) all over the western United States from Louisiana to Montana.

RVs at SASS Matches

Founders Ranch is the model for how RVing at SASS matches should work. There are a lot of RVs there from tents to 45-foot diesel pushers. Normally they're in rows facing west, uphill, but some friends get together and make "squares" with RVs at 90 degrees, their curbside inside making a patio of sorts. Inside the square picnic tables and such are set up, sometimes with an EZUP for shade, sometimes



At END of TRAIL 2011 The Pooley Gang had a swimming pool.

with seating for 20 or so. Parties and group dinners occur sometimes spontaneously, some, like the Arizona Cowboy Action Shooters party, are anticipated and very popular. If you're lonely at the RV Park you can walk around and eventually someone will invite you in to talk, drink, snack, clean guns, fix a water pump, and so on. Or you can put out your awning and a few chairs, put a Margarita machine on the table, and start it. You will have friends you didn't even know within a few minutes.

A few years back, The Dooley Gang, a Texas-based group known for their parties, had a big, very successful, and occasionally noisy square. This provided inspiration to others. A group of Germans, calling themselves The Pooley Gang had a swimming pool, with water in it. You just don't see that at a match every day.

END of TRAIL has shuttle service from the rows up the hill to the range below and back up. You can also take your "Toad"



-END of TRAIL 2015-Two of the four members of the square have arrived, saving spots for the other two.

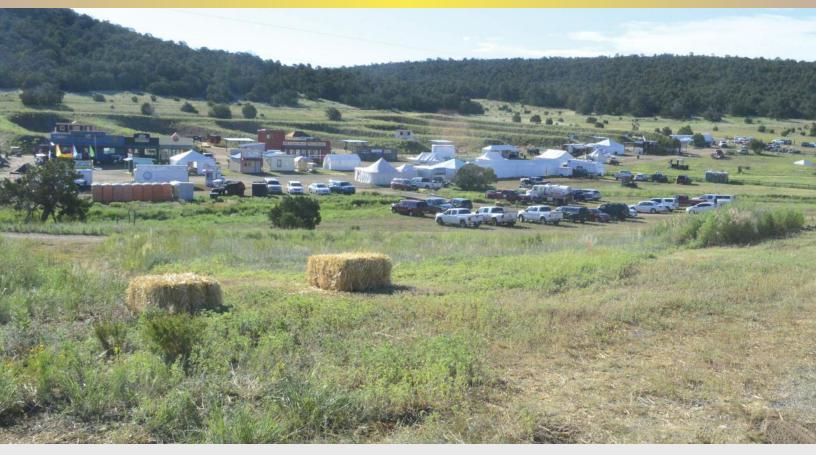
Dispatches From Camp Baylor ... (Continued from page 9)

down to the shooters' parking lot. If you have a golf cart or four-wheeler you can use that.

Like END of TRAIL, many big SASS matches, state championships, Regionals,

Divisionals, and the National Championship Winter Range have at least some on-site RV parking. Some, including Winter Range, even have hookups or at least electric power. But dry camping isn't a problem. Most matches are three or four days. END of TRAIL, if you shoot everything from Wild Bunch through the main match shoot-off, is about 11 days, but water and sewer trucks make the rounds daily. You pay at the SASS registration office and post a big, brightly colorcoded receipt on the windshield, and the appropriate truck stops. After a few years we have learned the tricks to go the distance without either truck. It's a challenge. I treat it as such and revel in making it with water and black tank to spare and still manage to shower daily. But then, 40-foot coaches have big tanks.

An RV is the best vehicle for accessing a lot of activities at these matches. The nearest hotel might be 30 miles away, but your RV spot is 100 yards from the Belle Union, where parties start Wednesday night. Your friends are sitting around after the match sipping Margaritas. You can join them after you finish cleaning your guns, and if you realize you didn't bring something, just ask around until you find someone who has it and borrow what you need. SASS people help each other. If your toughest competitor breaks a gun, you offer one of your spares. It's SASS, where "The Cowboy Way" means something, not a sport where the winner gets a new six-shooter and the bottom of the fin-



The view of END of TRAIL below at the edge of the RV Park. You don't get this at hotels.



Camp Baylor Square at 2012 END of TRAIL. Four RVs made a square, making a meeting and partying area in the middle.



Big Rigs were put on the end of the RV park at Hell On Wheels Regional in Cheyenne, Wyoming in 2007, enabling the biggest of RVs to fit—and get in and out. A few hundred more were down the hill in front of the range.



Trigger Happy Ted's beautiful motor home.

Dispatches From Camp Baylor ...

ishing list gets ignored or razzed. We still win new six-shooters, but they're given away in drawings and raffles. The guy in last might win one of them, etc. If you're in an RV up the hill, you can stay at the party until late and not worry about the affect of the Margaritas or Moonshine.

SASS people help each other in many ways. Twice at matches I've gotten the 40-foot 34,000-pound coach stuck. In one case, the host club produced a 16-ton earthmover that pulled us out. In the other, we learned how to free the coach with a Jeep, a winch, and a post-hole digger. Note both of those occurrences were



Most RV get-togethers are outside, but we had 11 inside our home at END of TRAIL 2016.

during the first year or so. We have learned the value of reconnaissance, and since then we haven't gotten stuck.

There are times we both wish we had a house (with a garage for the shop), but we get to spend time where we want to be. Phoenix is great in the winter, too hot for an RV in the summer. Albuquerque is great in the summer, too cold for an RV in the winter. If we decide we want to spend the summer in Nebraska or traveling from match to match and the winter in south Texas, we can do that. It's not for everyone, and I don't try to "sell" anyone on it. But it is a lot of fun for us. RVing is an adventure. So is going to war. After 10 years we still consider it an adventure. We would do it all over again.

Costuming Cornel



Earlier this year I wrote in my blog about B-Westerns, as I undertook my next sewing projects. For more on B-Western category requirements, you can refer to the SASS[®] Handbook, pages 16-17, but B-Western also relates to TV westerns and the silver screen era—John Wayne, Tom Mix, Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and the like—so a little



Shirts and boots for Jackaroo and Kathouse Kelli.



Kathouse Kelli, SASS #72384

research got me looking further at the term.

Westerns were the most popular TV and film genre in the 1930s through 1960s. Film production in the late 1920s and into the 30s and 40s saw the double billing. The B movie would be inexpensive, shorter, sometimes a continuation of the same character in a series, and added to fill a program. B-Western movies accounted for 25-30 percent of production. B movies made it much more viable for theater rental and running costs for management and staff, benefiting theater-goers as well. More bang for your buck!

Getting back to costuming though, its mostly about the smiley pockets, piping, fringing, different colored cuffs and yokes, brightly colored fabrics, embroidery, with a little bit of bling thrown in for good measure. There are many fine examples of such, with the most revered being those created by Nudie Cohn, in particular for country





Porter Wagoner and the Wagonmasters

B-Western Films and Costuming ...

music artists over many years. Now, the country music artists are an extreme look at a type of B-Western costume and you wouldn't see anyone shooting in these suits, but I seem to recall Handlebar Bob (SASS #4650) having a most spectacular

High Performance

HP1 REF1

outfit in this realm for an evening banquet.

I have now had the pleasure of creating a few B-Western costumes and still have a few more to be done. Pictured in this article is Lil McGill (SASS #85754) from Texas in her Annie Oakley inspired cosApril 2017 Comboy Chronicle Page 13



Country music star Ernest Ashworth wearing his "Talkback Trembling Lips" outfit.

tume (as worn by Gail Davis in the TV series *Annie Oakley* in the 1950s). We saw the original on display in the National Cowboy Museum and Hall of Fame in Oklahoma and it just had to be an outfit for Lil! A ded-

(Continued on page 14)

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- 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!
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Robb and Co. and Katie Younger.

B-Western Films and Costuming ... (Continued from page 13)

icated B-Western costumer, Lil even went to lengths to match her hat, boots and belt to the deerskin we procured for the outfit. Yes the yokes and fringe are deerskin, with many hours of bling placement and setting. She won Best Dressed B-Western Lady at Winter





Sonora Blaze at Winter Range 2016.

Range 2015, END of TRAIL 2015, and Red Dirt Rampage 2015, the Southwest Regional. Other beautifully dressed ladies from Winter Range 2015 are Sonora Blaze (SASS #69510), who won Second Place and Paniolo Annie (SASS #71269), Third Place—fine examples of costuming.

The Aussie's can be partial to a bit of B-Western flair as well and when Katie Younger (SASS #61370) and Robb and Co. (SASS #61369) hit the USA in 2015 they wanted an Australian-themed getup. So the national emblem, flower, kangaroos, the Southern Cross, and the Australian flag were the order. They won Second Place Best Dressed Couple at END of TRAIL 2015.

Sonora Blaze from Colorado was after a show stopper and we got to doing a Dale Evans-inspired number in turquoise rather than the original coral color worn by Dale. White pigskin and bling rounded out this hand cut shapes and fringes number. Sonora placed Second at Winter Range 2016.

Flat Top Okie (SASS #80827) from Oklahoma required a shirt to match some stylish boots, and after searching for the right color we found the perfect match. Add in some custom styled design, a

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Lil McGill's next outfit.

B-Western Films and Costuming...

little bit of bling and we were there.

And so we come to the most recent creation in this genre. Another beautiful outfit for Lil McGill, with bits of Patsy Cline and inspiration from the *Annie Get Your Gun* costume for Betty Hutton, Lil will be the ultimate ray of sunshine on the range in this number. Made in Australia, the pearl snaps and embroidered triangles were the final touches added in the US earlier this year. I can't wait to see this one revealed at a match with Lil's personal touches added.



Lil McGill in her out fit inspired by Gale Davis as Annie Oakley (inset).

Two more colorful shirts were completed once I got back to Oklahoma. Tom Mix-inspired designs are underway for Jackaroo (SASS #29989) and myself at the moment, and some more shirts for others.

Don't feel this is the only way to do B-Western/Silver Screen though. There are many other options for costuming in this genre. There are 1940s Mexican-inspired *señorita* costumes, gingham dresses, turned up denim jeans, check shirts, and more. So many opportunities exist to create the perfect B-Western costume, it just takes a little research.



Annual Reports When the Fog Lifted on the Central Coast The 2016 SASS Western Regional Championship





By Roger Rapid, SASS #96080 Photos by Deb Mann Images

We've had balmy mornings, as we always do on California's Central Coast, but on August 10, 2016 shots rang out before the morning sun melted through the coastal fog, and we were at a full gallop down the trail to the beginning of the Twenty-Second Chorro Valley Regulators Shoot-Out and 2016 SASS Western Regional Championship.

"We had just under 300 shooters," said Sinful (SASS #73672), Sheriff of CVR and Co-Match Director, "and from what I heard from folks at the event, and in emails that

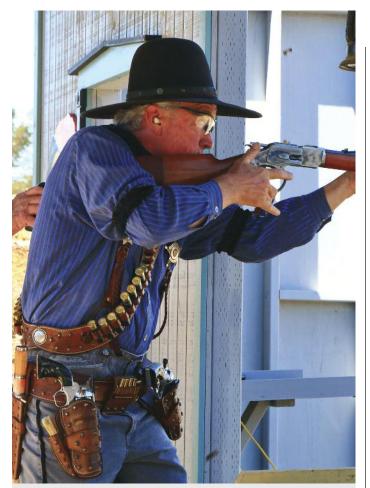
followed, our attendees had a fantastic time."

"The Western Regional featured 12 main matches, warmup matches, speed events, cowboy trap, 100- and 400-yard long range, speed pistol/rifle/shotgun events, RO1 and RO2 classes, Plainsman and Wild Bunch mini-matches, and a blackpowder night shoot," touted Sinful. "There were a lot of shooting activities to keep our Cowboys and Cowgirls busy, challenged, and excited."

Temperatures ranged in the high 70s during the day down



Founded by Ruby Jewel (SASS #96154), 33 Ladies of Cowboy Action Shooting (LoCAS) who were present at the Western Regional gathered for a group photo (capturing Badman Bob—SASS #70751—in the middle). LoCowboy Action Shooting[™] has more than 850 members and uses Facebook as its communication tool to share Cowboy Action Shooting[™] ideas, Cowgirl shooting experiences, costuming, and more.



After he got done boiling the barrel of his '73, El Lazo grabbed four at a time from his bandolier for the shotgun sequence.

When the Fog Lifted on the Central Coast

to the mid-50s at night. "The weather made the event very comfortable," said El Lazo (SASS #13116), our Territorial Governor and the Match's other Co-Director, "but it was the club's members that made it happen, and I'm really proud of our CVR team. Running an event this size requires devoted folks who contribute a lot of their time and energy to bring it all together and provide our shooters with a great Cowboy Action Shooting[™] experience. And," he added, "I get real pleasure when shooters come up to me to say what a great time they had."

"This event drew shooters from all over California," said Horned Toad Tom (SASS #83604), CVR's past deputy and 2015 Cowboy of the Year. "We had Cowboys and Cowgirls of all ages from Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, and a few from Texas. It was fun to see familiar faces return from previous years."

"We had shooters of all levels," said El Lazo, "including our young shooters, who are exciting to watch and very important to us. A bunch of these young guns are fast; they really hold our hands to the fire and make us work harder," he chuckled. "We work diligently to enlist young shooters – they are the Cowboys and Cowgirls of tomorrow and they are vital to the future of our sport. (Continued on page 18) Gunsmithing as a Retirement Income! FREE video Gunsmithing lesson and information package: SPECIAL REPORT - "How-to Get Started in Professional Gunsmithing."

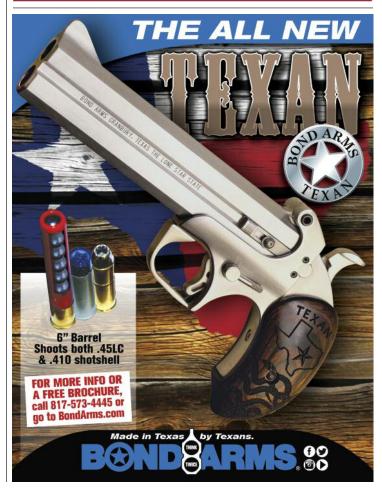
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At the end of the day, the Last Chance Saloon was the place to collect one's thoughts, tell a few tall tales, down a cold one, and try your hand at Texas Hold'em. An old-time wooden bar and mirror, canvas tent, and honky-tonk piano helped us step back in time.

When the Fog Lifted on the Central Coast (Continued from page 17)

With such a mix of shooters, Sinful and I put a lot of time into the scenarios and targets to ensure we had a herd of challenges and fun for everyone."

On Wednesday (Day One) we had an RO1 training class led by Snakebite (SASS #4767) and an RO2 class led by Cole Younger (SASS #4237), a Wild Bunch mini-match, Cowboy Trap, and three stages of warm-up mini-matches. Wednesday evening featured the flash, bang, and smoke of our blackpowder night shoot with about 25 participants hoping they could see the targets. Cowboy Trap continued through Day



The Chorro Valley Regulators (CVR) is a 25year-old Cowboy Action Shooting[™] range located in San Luis Obispo, about halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, and just five miles from the Pacific Ocean. CVR neighbors with the famous Hogue Action Shooting Range, a popular regional and national speed pistol range where the best-of-the-best have competed for top gun. The CVR range sits among 440 grazing acres that were used by the US Army in 1941 as a grenade, 3.5" rocket, and 100- and 500-yard rifle ranges.

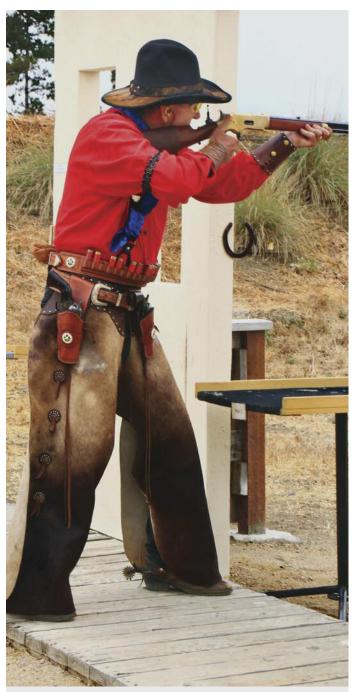
Founded in 1992 by Cole Younger and Johnny Waco, CVR today boasts more than 90 members with regular monthly two-day matches. CVR is a time-honored range with seven permanent stage façades, an open multi-purpose range, and a longrange stage featuring targets at 100 and 400 yards. The range features an adjacent camping area for up to 200 trailers as well as easily accessible housing in nearby Morro Bay and San Luis Obispo. And, to ease those tired legs, the CVR hay wagon makes regular runs from its "town" to the camping area.

Come shoot with us!



An 8,000-square-foot tent served as the meeting place during the day and the perfect ambiance for the Saturday night Five-Star Dinner and Dance.

Two, along with more warm-up mini-matches, Long Range, speed events (pistol, rifle, and shotgun), and a Plainsman shoot. We had 24 posses broken down into two waves of shooters. Led by Sinful and El Lazo, Friday morning (Day Three) was kicked off with a mandatory shooters' meeting for the first wave, during which they set the rules and expectations for the match. A second shooters' meeting was



As we do at all matches, folks wore red shirts on Friday to honor our veterans. Here, Chance McCall (SASS #34488) is showing off his outfit.

When the Fog Lifted on the Central Coast

held at high noon for posses that shot in the second wave.

Our Western Camp came alive as the 24 vendor's tents were erected. Vendors came from all over to provide a wide range of goods and services, from leather to clothing, boots to spurs, hats, Cowboy Action Shooting[™] guns, gunsmithing, ammo, and everything in between. Our on-site chuck wagons included food services and Hawaiian shaved ice.

The black-powder night shoot—a colorful highlight of the SASS Western Regional—featured three stages that (Continued on page 20)



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When the Fog Lifted on the Central Coast (Continued from page 19)

were trail-bossed by Trapper McDaniels (SASS #79238), CVR's 2016 Cowboy of the Year. "We're happy to have folks join us even if they don't regularly shoot black powder," he said. "We hope they'll load up some black powder rounds or dust off those cap-and-ball pistols and come make smoke with us!" Shooting black powder during the day is fun, but shooting it at night, when you can just barely see the target in the dark and smoke, and when the coastal fog moves in to keep smoke low, stirs up a lot of excitement. Minimal lighting was used to help the shooters see the targets, but once the flash and smoke started, it was anyone's guess exactly where the targets were. There was a point where a "clang" was a spotter's only clue of how well the shooter did.

Scoring for the Regional was done electronically on a system called the Cowboy Action Simplified Scoring system that was developed by CVR member Tex Wayland (SASS #95549) and has been used by CVR for almost three years. "To be sure things ran smoothly during the match," said Sinful, "I requested all of our CVR members to learn how to use the system during our monthly matches, so

(Continued on page 22)

	Winners		FC Gunfight	er	
49'er	Coyote Carson			Lefty Eastman	
.,	SASS #91660	CA		SASS #20645	CA
Lady 49'er	Molly Magoo	011	Frontiersman	1	
Eady 19 of	SASS #74540	CA		Taggart	
Buckarette	Little Ace	CII		SASS #14398	CA
Duckarette	SASS #102945	CA	Grande Dam	e	
Buckaroo	Sassparilla Shoote			Paniolo Lady	
Duckuroo	SASS #103005	CA		SASS #28694	CA
B-Western	Maddog Mark	CA	Grande Patro	on	
D-western	SASS #77911	CA		Old Lawdawg	
I D Wester	1 Whirlwind Wendy			SASS #39821	CA
L. D-western	SASS #79889	CA	Gunfighter	Bobcat Tyler	
Cottle Boren	Roger Rapid	CA	e	SASS #10767	CA
Cattle Daron	SASS #96080	CA	L. Gunfighte	r	
Classia C		CA		Calgary Kate	
Classic C.	Dutch Dalton	NTN 7		SASS #33287	CA
Combon	SASS #44089	NV	S. Gunfighte		0.11
Cowboy	Soutpaw Gringo	C •	Stoumgnie	Fanner Fifty	
G 11	SASS #74217	CA		SASS #59504	NV
Cowgirl	Pinky MacRae	C 1	L.S. Gunfigh		1111
D 11.	SASS #93559	CA	E.S. Guilligi	Cruzan Confusion	
Duelist	Pecos Nick			SASS #39081	CA
	SASS #94945	NV	Junior	Deadwood Dalton	CA
L. Duelist	Querida		Junioi	SASS #100343	CA
	SASS #63039	CA	Junior Girl	Bonnie MacFarlan	
Sen. Duelist	Aimless Lee		Junior On	SASS #92385	CA
	SASS #49904	CA	Senior		CA
E. Statesman	Cold Iron Charly		Semor	Royal Flush SASS #78333	CA
	SASS #40009	CA	T. C		CA
F. Cartridge	Nicky Nine Finger	rs	L. Senior	Bella Coola	C •
	SASS #86190	CA	0.1 0 .	SASS #82744	CA
L. F. Cartridge		Silver Senior	Dead Eye Maveric		
	Leia Tombstone			SASS #4434	CA
	SASS #73339	CA	L. S. Senior	Prairie Weet	~ .
	Sen. F. Cart. Snak	ebite		SASS #778	CA
	SASS #4767	CA	Wrangler	Lead Ace	
FC Duelist	Coffee			SASS #87176	CA
	SASS #7008	CA	L. Wrangler	Mame	
				SASS #83535	CA



Almost ready to release the hammer, CVR member Lead Astray Sue (SASS #101245) was one of the more than three-dozen Cowgirls who graced our stages (and shot very well). The hand holding the timer belongs to Snakebite.



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When the Fog Lifted on the Central Coast (Continued from page 20)

(Continued from page 20)

every posse at the Regional would have at least two or three folks who were knowledgeable in its use to assist the scorer if need be." During the Regional,





we scored on both regular time cards and our electronic system and ran them in tandem just in case. "But it was flawless," he said, "and we were able to display real time scoring results on a 50" screen outside the Sheriff's Office. Of course, we didn't reveal any category ratings or ranking, just scores. The system eliminated any possibility of math errors by the scorers and ensured the scores were transmitted immediately to our server with deadly accuracy."

"For 2017, we've taken a giant leap forward." said Sinful, "I asked Tex Wayland and his sidekick Bruce Martin to apply their computer genius to develop an on-line registration system that would make it totally painless for our attendees to register for the match. The on-line system, available at www.chorrovalleyregulators.com, lets the shooter register for the match, pick their category, and then—if they are camping with us-they can go into the camping reservation system where they will see a complete site map of all our camping spots." Sinful snapped his fingers. "It's as easy as that. They will see camping sites in green, yellow, and red. The green sites are available, the yellow sites are reserved with a deposit, and the red ones are paid in full. And what is even better, if they run their cursor over the yellow and red squares they will see the alias of the shooter who has reserved that site! Then they go back to their shopping cart where

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When the Fog Lifted on the Central Coast

they can pay with either PayPal or credit card and they're done!" He snapped his fingers again. "Just like that. And within minutes they will receive a confirmation via email."

"Well, maybe Wyatt Earp didn't reserve a card table at the Oriental Hotel this way, but I'll bet he wished he could!" chided El Lazo.

At the end of the day, CVR's Last Chance Saloon provided the right place and ambiance for peanuts, pretzels, and a cool one. The tent was reminiscent of a Wild West saloon, including background honky-tonk piano music. It was a great time to catch up with old friends and listen to tales of how "the big one got away," "why that old '73 keeps jacking out live ones," and other such questionable tales. As the evening wore on, it was time for our poker tournament, where Texas Hold'em dragged a bunch of cowpokes to their knees, and when the smoke cleared, Callahan (SASS #12298) was sitting in the number one saddle.

On Saturday night, CVR's heralded Five-Star Dinner, one of the icons of this event and a title not to be taken lightly, topped off four days of great shooting. The menu included a choice of prime rib or chicken (or both if you wanted) and shrimp along with all the trimmings, on real plates and silverware. Both the preparation and the service was top notch, as was the ambiance and table settings prepared by CVR's Jacq Neat (SASS #93557) and her team. Dinner was followed by a selection of desserts and live western music lead by the highly touted Monte Mills and his Horseshoe Band. Great food, friends, music, dancing, and folks dressed to the hilt made Saturday night a pretty darn special event.

Sunday morning started with Cowboy Church at 7:45, led by CVR's Bushy Blonco. That was followed by an 8:30 team shoot, and at 10:30 we kicked off the Top-16 Men's and Ladies' Shoot Offs. The competition was pretty fierce, with Bobcat Tyler (SASS #10767) winning the Men's Top Gun and Bonnie MacFarlane (SASS #92385) winning Ladies'. At noon, CVR's Roger Rapid emceed the awards ceremony, where winners were recognized and honored with the presentation of well-deserved trophies.

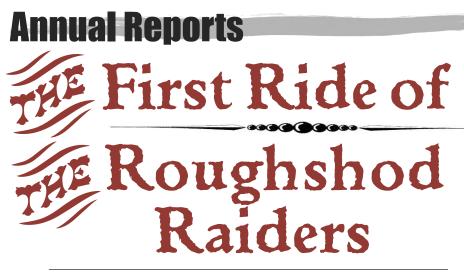
Then came the sad looks as we realized that our escape into the Wild West was coming to an end, at least for now. But the magic of Cowboy Action Shooting[™] never really leaves us, we just leave it for awhile. Handshakes, hugs, and farewells signaled the time to pack up and begin our treks back home, until next time. Mark your calendars for the Twenty-Third SASS Western Regional that will be held August 9-13, 2017. For on-line registration and camping, mail-in registration and camping forms (PDF), a schedule of events, or more information about the Twenty-Third SASS Western Regional, please visit http://www.chorrovalleyregulators.com.



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By Tennessee Tall, SASS #49245 and Rio Drifter, SASS #49244



Little Man (SASS #98721), an up-and-coming Young Gun, shoots well and dresses the part as well.



Tennessee Tall, SASS #49245 and Rio Drifter, SASS #49424

When – April 2014 Where – Gainesville Target Range, Gainesville, Florida

What – The beginnings of the Roughshod Raiders SASS Cowboy Action Shooting[™] club, thanks to Delta Glen, Roughneck Rod, Hawkeye Gin, Major Mishap, and Sage Siren, who hosted the first match for the Roughshod Raiders.

Now – Monthly shoots run by Delta Glen, Hawkeye Gin, Rooster Ray, and Johnny Showchaps, held the fourth Sunday of each month. The club averages 40 shooters each match. Santa Fe River Stan is their TG.

WHAT'S THEIR SECRET?

January 27, 2017. we rolled onto the range to help with set up, but as it turned out, we were relegated to al-



The First Ride of The Roughshod Raiders

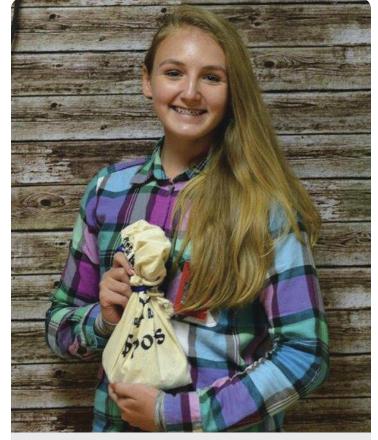
most spectator status! The preplanning was excellent. Major Mishap had built loading/unloading tables (which were actually level enough, ammo didn't roll off). Johnny Showchaps and Tornado Timmy made props bringing the flavor of the old west alive. Miss Patty, Deadly Sharpshooter, Sage Siren, Pistol Whipping Patti, Cassalong Hopidy, Delta Glen, High Springs Drifter, Rocky Creek Shooter, Hawkeye Gin, Zack McGee, and Rooster Ray were on hand putting everything in order. Amazing!

What's their secret for getting everyone out to work? (Could be the fried chicken they served the workers for lunch!)

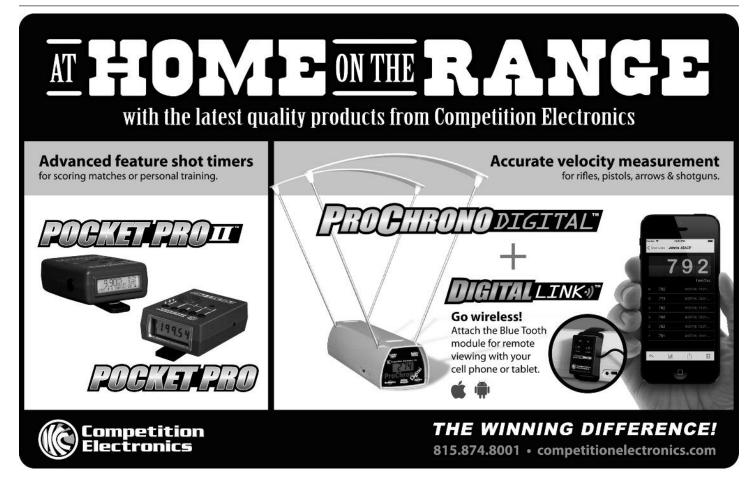
January 28, 2017. The First Ride of the Roughshod Raiders—their first annual event—drew 87 registered shooters. Match Director Delta Glen and Assistant Match Director Rooster Ray can be proud. Although I never heard a title for Hawkeye Gin, it is safe to say she is a major contributor. Among her many chores she created and maintains www.roughshodraiders.com with tons of videos, photos, and up-to-date information.

Gunshots rang out in the frosty morning air. Rooster Ray and Johnny Showchaps came riding in carrying the Stars and Stripes and Don't Tread on Me flags. The cheers of the crowd almost spooked the horses. Elaine

(Continued on page 27)



First place Buckarette Lefty Lucy (SASS #101552).



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<u>Winners</u>						
49'er	Big Country					
	SASS #89731	GA]			
Lady 49'er	Oakley Mouse					
	SASS #34428	FL				
Buckarette	Lefty Lucy]			
	SASS #101552	FL	(
L. B-Western						
	Lady Rimfire					
	SASS #60553	FL]			
Classic C.	Mount Zion					
	Yellowboy					
	SASS #44074	SC				
Cowboy	R.P. Slim					
	SASS #81400	FL				
Cowgirl	Hawkeye Gin]			
	SASS #44595	FL				
L. Duelist	Sassy Teton Lady	у				
	SASS #47525	FL				
Sen. Duelist	Lake City Kid]			
	SASS #95019	FL				
S. Sen. Duelist						
	Yadkin Hawks					
	SASS #65386]			
E. Statesman	Knot Hardly Dur					
	SASS #43113	SC				
F. Cartridge	High Springs Dr					
	SASS #92057	NH]			
L. F. Cartridge						
	Kay Sadeea					
	SASS #93732	FL				

FC Duelist	Confederate Colt						
	SASS #31216	FL					
FC Gunfighter							
	Chance Ramsey						
	SASS #18962	FL					
Frontiersman	Amarillo Rattler						
	SASS #68423	FL					
Gunfighter	Cassalong Hoppic	ly					
	SASS #39703	FL					
. Gunfighter	L. Gunfighter						
	Shamrock Sadie						
	SASS #78511	SC					
S. Gunfighter							
	Deadly Sharpshoo	oter					
	SASS #35828	FL					
osey Wales	Chicken Scratch						
	SASS #96425	FL					
Senior	Charlie Covington						
	SASS #64728	FL					
L. Senior	Purdy Sharp						
	SASS #59649	FL					
Silver Senior	Shoulda Dun Gun	L					
	SASS #59889	FL					
L.S. Senior	Tennessee Tall						
	SASS #49245						
Wrangler	Santa Fe River St						
	SASS #36999	FL					
. Wrangler	Greta Dee						
	SASS #63811	FL					
Young Gun	Little Man						
	SASS #98721	FL					

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The First Ride of The Roughshod Raiders (Continued from page 25)

Blount (daughter of Johnny Showchaps) sang the national anthem and Rocky Creek Shooter offered up a prayer. An impressive opening for The First Ride of the Roughshod Raiders.

Delta Glen's eight stages included the traditional

Raiders' flavor of knockdowns, plenty of movement, and engaging sequences. (Progressive Nevada sweep anyone?) Each stage was written about one of the Raiders, with the theme of how the raid party came to be—fun stages with a great group of shooters.

After shooting the eight stages we loaded up and drove over to Rena's Ballroom for pulled pork, chicken, and all (Continued on page 28)





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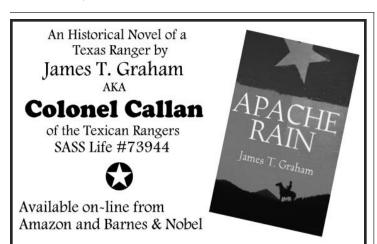
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The First Ride of The Roughshod Raiders

the fixins, complete with sweet tea, y'all! Awards ceremony was unlike any we have seen. A huge thank you to Sage Siren whose loop of pictures of the day's shooters entertained us during the presentation of the First Ride Roughshod Raiders Spoils bags. The Spoils bags were filled with chocolates and beautifully designed First Ride collectors' commemorative coins. Bringing one of the coins to a monthly shoot entitles the shooter to five dollars off



the monthly shooting fee. Oh, yes, beats dusting plaques.

Top Gun was Sante Fe River Stan and Top Lady was Hawkeye Gin. They were presented Yeti tumblers engraved with the



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Hawkeye Gin (SASS #44595), Beck A Boo (SASS #49857), and Ramblin Rider (SASS #93749) placed first, second, and third in the Cowgirl category, and they're cousins.



Overall Man and Lady Santa Fe River Stan and Hawkeye Gin.

The First Ride of The Roughshod Raiders

club logo, another very useful trophy! Check their website <u>www.roughshodraiders.com</u> for all the scores and pictures by Sage Siren Photography.

This concludes chapter one of the Roughshod Raiders saga, more excitement is to come. Their logo speaks for itself: "Action is our middle name." *I*.



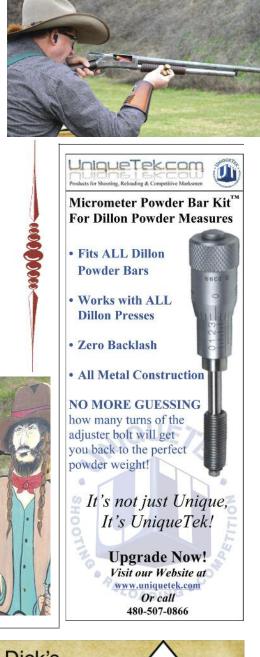




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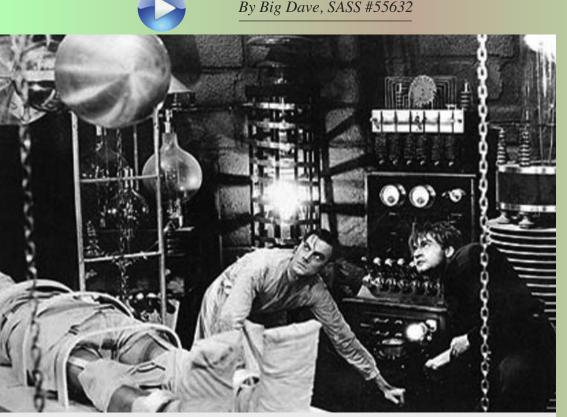
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History

NIKOLA TESLA America's Mad Scientist



Though Tesla never created a monster from dead body parts, he might have tried if the idea had struck him. Note the Tesla coil used as a prop in the classic film, *Frankenstein*.

f you were to picture a man in a laboratory filled with weird inventions that nobody but he could really understand, then Nikola Tesla would definitely fit the bill. However, the image doesn't really do justice to him or his inventions. He was far ahead of his time. Many aspects of modern day life we take for granted were developed, perfected, or at least imagined by Tesla. Like many creative people, Tesla



Big Dave, SASS #55632

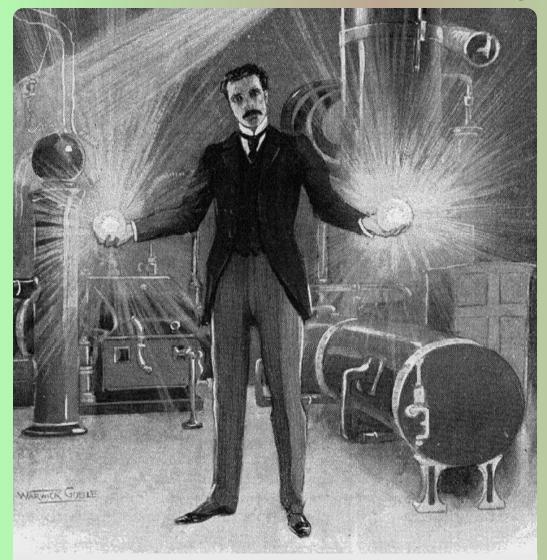
was eccentric to the extreme. His oddness makes his story all the more interesting. He was an American genius who didn't get the credit he deserved, as well as a fascinating example of the thin line that separates a visionary from a lunatic.

Nikola Tesla is associated with the induction motor, the Tesla Turbine, the Tesla Coil, neon lights, early experiments with radio and radar, robotics, the magnifying transmitter (a form of wireless transmission) and a host of other things. In addition, Tesla promoted the AC current we use in our homes today. He was granted more than 300 patents. Nevertheless, he gets scant credit in history books. One reason is, he wasn't much of a self-promoter; his passion was more for dis-

covery than wealth. Another reason is, Tesla didn't fit anybody's mold. He was pretty weird.

Tesla was born in Similijan, Croatia—part of the old Austrian Empire—in





Tesla believed electricity had health benefits.

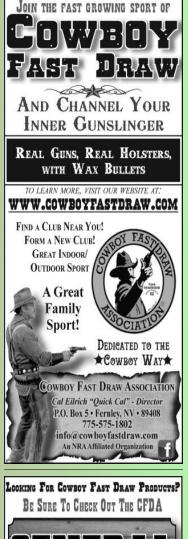
Nikola Tesla • America's Mad Scientist ...

1856, one of five children. His father was a Serbian Orthodox priest who hoped Nikola would follow in his footsteps. However, Tesla was more interested in science than religion. By the time he was 15 years old, he could do integral calculus in his head. Eventually he went to the Polytechnic Institute in Graz, Austria and the University of Prague. Tesla never officially graduated from the University of Prague and did not receive grades for his final semester. During that period he argued with his professors and developed a gambling addiction. He dropped out of college. Later, he suffered some kind of nervous breakdown.

By 1881, Tesla had pulled himself together and got a job in Budapest at the city's telegraph company. The work wasn't all that interesting for him. The next year he moved to Paris and worked for the Continental Edison Company. His job there was to make improvements to electrical equipment. In 1884, he left Paris for New York City.

Tesla went to work for the Edison Machine Works in June 1884, about two days after he arrived in America. Though Tesla worked hard and put in 16-plus hour workdays, Thomas Edison proved to be a skinflint when it came to granting raises. According to Tesla, Edison had insinuated that if he could improve the company's generators, which were inefficient, Edison would give him a \$50,000.00 bonus. After Tesla spent countless hours working on the generators, he finally fixed them. Edison claimed the figure \$50,000 was a joke when Tesla asked for the money. Though Edison granted Tesla a raise, it wasn't a very big one and Tesla resigned.

The good news was, Tesla was granted his first patents after leaving Edison Machine Works; he even got backers who financed an (Continued on page 32)





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Nikola Tesla • America's Mad Scientist ... (Continued from page 31)

electric company in his name, the Tesla Electric Light and Manufacturing Company. The bad news was, Tesla was eventually forced out and lost control of the patents. He was in desperate straits and had to do stints as an electrical repairman and even a ditch digger. The winter of 1886/1887 was not one of the best periods of Tesla's life.

Things began to look up during the following year. Word had gotten around that an inventive genius of some sort was reduced to shoveling dirt and Tesla met two influential men, Alfred Brown and Charles Peck, who agreed to put up the money for a second electrical company which became known as Tesla Electric. A laboratory was set up at 89 Liberty Street in Manhattan where Tesla could go to work on improving and inventing new types of electric motors, generators, and other devices.

Tesla's greatest breakthrough during this period was the development of an induction motor that ran on an alternating (AC) rather than a direct (DC) electric current. People were skeptical about alternating current, but Tesla proved that it was not only safe but more practical than the direct current, which was the industry standard at the time. He wasn't able to convince everybody, especially Thomas Edison, and a terrible rivalry between the two was about to develop.

The industrial giant George Westinghouse had been experimenting with alternating current and was quickly convinced that Tesla was on to something. In 1888, he bought Tesla's patents and Tesla Electric was absorbed into Westinghouse Electric. Tesla's partners, Brown and

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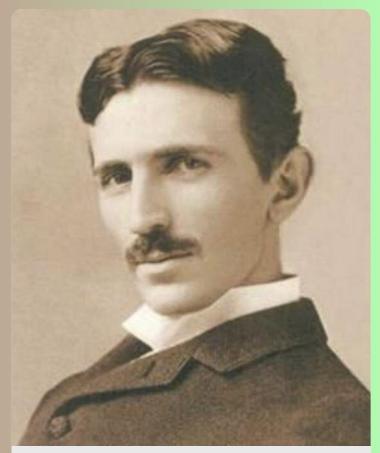
Location: GHSS Range, Old FE Gold Camp Chatanika, Alaska (just north of Fairbanks)

Shooter Application and Information: <u>http://ghssfairbanks.org</u> Match Director: Sweet Caroline jandcholz@hotmail.com or 907-378-9472

While in Alaska include the SASS Alaska Territorial Championship "Shootout Under the Midnight Sun" June 30-July 2 (near Anchorage) Contact: Marshal Stone <u>walling@mtaonline.net</u> www.alaskacowboyshooting.com







Nikola Tesla

Peck, negotiated a shrewd business deal and Tesla became a wealthy man. He then went to work for Westinghouse.

Meanwhile, Thomas Edison, who favored direct current, was threatened by the competition with Westinghouse and Tesla's alternating current. He set out to prove it was dangerous by setting up a series of shocking (excuse the pun) demonstrations. This began the "War of the Currents." (In the event you're an animal rights activist, you should read no further.)

Edison enlisted Harold P. Brown, a professor at Columbia University's School of Mines, to go on a lecture circuit where he would culminate his presentations by electrocuting dogs and horses with AC current. It's difficult to imagine audiences paying to see something like that, but they did. In a bizarre twist to an already unsettling story, the "proof" of AC's lethality led to the first execution by electric chair in 1890. The execution was neither swift nor painless. (This singularly unedifying event was covered in the January issue of The Combog Chronicle.)

Westinghouse and Tesla won the War of the Currents, but unfortunately, Tesla's role in the whole thing is often forgotten. This is probably because Westinghouse Electric became a famous company and Thomas Edison is America's most famous inventor. Edison wasn't gracious about losing. Ahab-like, he continued to electrocute critters with AC current. He even electrocuted an elephant in hopes he would get in the last word.

In 1989, Tesla patented an invention he called the "teleautomaton." It was the first radio-controlled device. He demonstrated it during the Electrical Exhibition at Madison Square Garden by using the device to guide a small boat to the amazement of onlookers. Today we use the term remote control and robotics to describe the teleautomaton. At first, it was considered to be an elaborate toy and it took time for en-

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thusiasm to gather for the gadget's potential. Tesla himself saw his creation as "the first of a race of robots, mechanical men which will do the laborious work of the human race." It was obvious to the inventor that the teleautomaton would have military applications, but the government official to whom Tesla offered the device erupted with laughter.

The next year Tesla moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado. He was now experimenting with wireless transmission and hoped to send wireless telegraph signals from Pikes Peak to Paris. Fortunately (or maybe not), he had people there who were willing to grant him access to all the power he needed without requiring him to pay for it. He had invented the Tesla Coil in 1891 as part of a plan to power cities wirelessly. The thing wasn't good for much at this point except it could shoot lightning bolts, create electron winds, and pass electricity harmlessly through the body. However, Tesla saw a great future with it and began to conduct experiments using his eponymous coil at his laboratory near East Pikes Peak Avenue. Near the lab was an 80-foot mast.

One fine summer evening, people walking on the sidewalks near Tesla's laboratory saw sparks coming off their shoes. Twelve million volts of artificial lightning with bolts almost 150 feet long emanated from the strange looking mast. Thunder was heard nearly 40 miles away and horses panicked in their stalls. According to one story, moths and butterflies became incandescent with St. Elmo's fire. The power generator was shorted out and, in general, the people of Colorado Springs were not pleased with their new citizen.

Tesla fixed the generator free of charge and managed to persuade the superintendent to allow him to power his lab again. However, he didn't remain in Colorado Springs much longer. In 1900 he moved back to New York, this time settling near Long Island.

He continued his experiments with wireless transmission with financial backing from J.P. Morgan. Tesla was working on the development of the radio. Unfortunately, most of Tesla's funds were lost in the Panic of 1901 and Morgan's enthusiasm for the project dried up. As a result, Guglielmo Marconi won the race to become the first person to send a wireless transmission across the Atlantic and most people consider Marconi to have invented the radio. There is an ongoing debate about who really invented it with both sides having passionate defenders.

During this period, Tesla performed another experiment that almost became a danger to public safety. He had invented a steam-powered oscillator (the Tesla Oscillator), which caused vibrations so powerful it threatened to destroy the building that housed his lab. Nearby structures were also affected and Tesla was forced to terminate his experiment with a sledgehammer. The police arrived shortly afterwards. Fortunately, Tesla was able to smooth things over enough to avoid being hauled off to jail.

Tesla thought exposure to electricity was beneficial to a person's health. In 1912, he came up with a plan to make "dull students bright" by wiring a classroom so it was imbued with "infinitesimal waves vibrating at high frequency," according to a 1912 edition of *Popular Electricity* magazine. The electrical waves would form a "health-giving and stimulating" environment for learning. The idea aroused the inter-

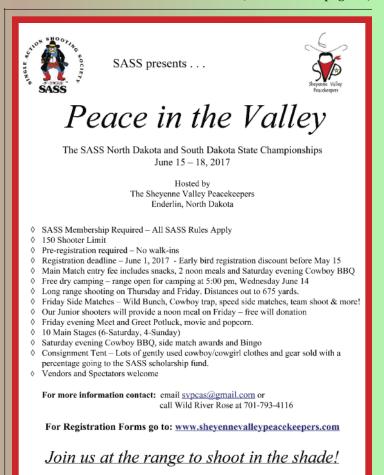
est of the New York State Superintendent of schools, but it was never put into practice.

I once had a student who inserted a paper clip into an electrical socket while he was in a colleague's class. (It wasn't in my class, thank God.) The good news was, "Sparky" only received a minor shock from the experience. The bad news was, he never became any more intelligent. He still had the same dull, confused look on his face and his grades remained abysmal. In other words, I doubt Tesla's scheme would have worked. (Sparky's parents became outraged when they found out about his nickname. It took a great deal of patience and tact to calm them down. However, I digress...)

Tesla moved to Milwaukee in 1919 and began working for Allis-Chalmers. He stayed with them for three years. During this time he perfected the Tesla Turbine. By 1923, Tesla was back in New York, again working for Westinghouse Electric. He took up residence in the New Yorker Hotel, where he remained for the rest of his life. His room number was 3327, on the 33rd floor.

Particularly as he grew older, Tesla needed his life to be ordered around the number three. This is where the story about him becomes increasingly weird. It's a pretty good bet a modern psychologist would diagnose him with obsessive-compulsive disorder or OCD. He washed his hands three times before considering them to be clean. Tesla needed to walk around a building three times before entering it. Things had to at least be divisible by three to work for him, hence Room Number 3327.

Tesla never married and is believed to have lived his life (Continued on page 34)



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celibate. He justified this with a comment that married men weren't as inventive as men who remained single. (This doesn't hold up to examination.) A more probable explanation is his phobias stood in the way of his having a relationship.

He was horrified by human hair and got upset by the thought of a strand of hair falling into a bowl of water. In addition, Tesla couldn't abide the prospect of any kind of jewelry that involved pearls. That would make things difficult to hook up with most women back then. Nowadays, a person could find a website to satisfy almost any stipulation, but in Tesla's time a newspaper ad saying, "Wanted: Hairless Woman with Aversion to Pearls" would receive few responses. One can only imagine the appearance of anyone who might have responded to such a request.

He also needed to clean his plates and silverware with eighteen napkins before a meal. It made sense to Tesla (eighteen is divisible by three), but it might have been the "straw that broke the camel's back" for the hairless woman who shared his aversion to pearls, if she happened to have dinner with him. Another impediment in Tesla's path to a relationship was his extreme horror of germs and infections, which could make intimate matters difficult, if not impossible.

Tesla was, at any rate, very fond of pigeons. (They don't have hair and aren't fond of pearls.) Though pigeons aren't the cleanest of animals, they don't get bent out of shape if you have to clean something eighteen times and I guess Tesla could let a couple of things slide. After all, he didn't actually have to converse with them. The ideal date would involve seeds, bread, and a minimum of conversation.

There was a special pigeon in Nikola Tesla's life. She was white with gray tips on her wings. According to Tesla, "I loved that pigeon as a man loves a woman, and she loved me. As long as I had her, there was a purpose to my life." Unfortunately, the pigeon died and Tesla was heartbroken. According to one article, she died in his hands.

Though Tesla could be very entertaining and made some lasting friendships, he was mostly a workaholic loner. He rarely slept



more than a couple of hours at a stretch. He usually dined alone at the Waldorf-Astoria at precisely 8:10 p.m. and was waited on exclusively by the head waiter. Tesla phoned his order in advance so he could dine at the correct time. After all, 8:10 is divisible by three. After dinner, he would work until 3:00 a.m.

In the late 1930s, Tesla claimed he had invented a "death ray," which he called the Teleforce. Not much is known about the device because Tesla made no drawings or blueprints of it. He believed his apartment had been broken into and preferred to keep the details of the Teleforce in his head. Since Tesla had a photographic memory, he could very well have managed to do this. Whether or not the thing would have worked is another story. Many of his ideas never got past the theoretical stage.

Nikola Tesla died in 1943 at the age of 86. In the last years of his life, he didn't get out much except to feed the pigeons. A maid entered his room and found his body. Apparently he'd been dead for a couple of days. An autopsy revealed he'd had a heart attack.

To be on the safe side, the FBI seized all Tesla's research notes and any object which might be related to his purported death ray. An examination revealed he'd produced nothing that would pose a military threat if it fell into the hands of a hostile nation. (After all, WWII was in full swing when Tesla died and, mad scientist or not, Tesla's ideas were to be taken seriously.)

These days, the work of Nikola Tesla is becoming more widely known. Some of it has to do with the new electric car company named for him. In addition, with the rise of computers and the Internet, there are more people who are appreciative of his ideas and predictions. If Tesla were alive today, he'd look at our laptops and say, "I told you so." We'd probably have some sort of death ray and it's also a sure bet Tesla's doctors would have him on some kind of medication.

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History



LITTLE KNOWN FAMOUS PEOPLE -Way Out West -

Joe Fasthorse, SASS #48769

ohn "Portugee" Phillips was born Manual Felipe Cardoso in 1832 near the town of Terra on the island of Pico, in the Azores. At the age of 18, he left the Azores and headed for California to join the '49 Gold Rush. Phillips followed the lure of gold from California through Oregon and Idaho to Montana. In the summer of 1866 he was prospecting in the Big Horn Mountains when heavy winter snows forced him to seek shelter at Fort Phil Kearny. That winter, the Second Battalion of the 18th Infantry Regiment, under the command of Captain William Fetterman, was stationed at the Fort. In December, a band of Cheyenne and Sioux, under the leadership of Red Cloud and Crazy Horse, lured Fetterman and 80 soldiers into an ambush outside the Fort, where 2.000 Indians attacked them. Fetterman and his entire command were wiped out. Following the defeat of Fetterman, Phillips volunteered to ride 190 miles in subzero weather to deliver official dispatches to Horseshoe Station. The first stop was Fort Reno, which Portugee reached on December 23. There, he received additional messages to carry from Fort Reno to Fort Laramie. Phillips reached Horseshoe Station at 10:00 a.m. on December 25. The dispatches were wired to the headquarters of the Department of the Platte in Omaha and to Washington, DC. Phillips then went on to Fort Laramie to deliver | long been celebrated as Wyoming's frontier hero. .

By Joe Fasthorse, SASS #48769

the messages he had received at Fort Reno. Phillips was carrying mail back to Fort Phil Kearny from Fort Laramie in April 1867, when he found himself surrounded by sixteen Sioux warriors in war paint. The report he wrote of the incident read "without aid of my

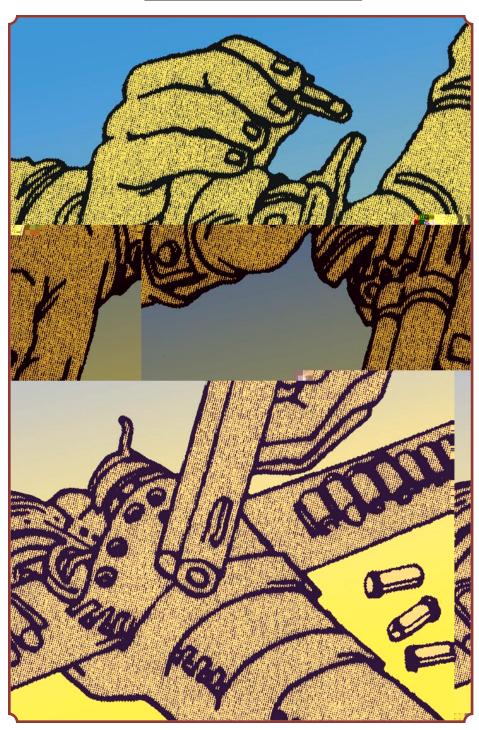
faithful horse and good revolver, I would have lost my hair, the part of my body I feel most anxious about on the prairies." Portugee continued to work as a mail courier until he moved to Elk Mountain. where he supplied ties to the railroad in addition to furnishing the army with goods and transportation at Fort Laramie and Fort Fetterman. In 1870, he married Hattie Buck and the couple established a ranch on Chugwater Creek. During a visit to Milwaukee in 1876, Phillips attended a parade in honor of General Ulysses S. Grant, who was running for the presidency. Upon seeing the scout in the crowd, Grant stopped the procession and insisted that Phillips ride with him in his buggy. In 1878, he sold his ranch holdings and moved to Cheyenne. He remained there until his death in 1883. Hattie died in 1936 at age 94. As the man credited for carrying the news of the Fetterman Disaster through hostile Indian country 236 miles from Fort Phil Kearny to Fort Laramie, John "Portugee" Phillips has

Cowboy Fiction Kid Galena Small Creek: Rid Galena Rides &



By The Capgun Kid, SASS #31398

The Capgun Kid, SASS #31398



Chapter One Nebraska Ned and Black Jack Dan Danbury Connecticut, 1869

Then Noah Dobbs IV opened the door to his boot making shop he noticed his hired man, Andrew, was not there. Although it was well past nine o'clock in the morning, the oil lamps were lit. This was something he considered unforgivable when left unattended. When he stepped inside the shop he began mentally noting all the things that were wrong. He might have admitted this was peevish and small-minded in a more reflective moment, but for now he was annoyed enough to forget himself. There was a belt strap on the counter that he could see Andrew had cut crookedly. An awl blade was broken in plain sight and some of the hand wax had begun to run on the workers seat because the man did not take the time to put it back into the tub of water beside the shoe bench.

This was going to be a bad day. The sun was already rising past the point of burning the morning mist and taking the temperature into the very humid nineties. Residual odors from the hat factories would hang heavily in the air. People would be a little crabbier. Mrs. Clarke would be by around ten to nag him about her high-topped shoes, which were not

Small Creek: Kid Galena Rides

going to be done today. She always paid handsomely, but she always nagged him, reminding him the days of doing business with his father were more predictable and reliable. He wondered if he should contact his fellow shoemakers and harness makers because he may have invented a new market ploy. He wondered if anyone else had the foresight to use a new phrase, "It'll be ready Tuesday." The ledger book, long and narrow, was wide opened on the countertop, something else he thought unforgivable. Andrew would have to be spoken to most forcefully.

The Store was at the end of Main Street, where it ran into South Street in the City of Danbury, Connecticut. Noah's Father owned the store, and his father before him, and his father before him. Noah, the youngest of six sons at twenty years of age, took it as inheritance because none of the other boys wanted to hang around. He was not more than five foot nine. Brown eyes, brown hair, brown moustache, and so on. His plainly contoured face offered no striking features. This suited him, though, because his father had taught him not only the value of building business on references and relationships, but also the value of remaining prudent and unobtrusive. "The shrewd man observes before he acts."

It was a simple store of Cedar and Pine construction, with stout and reliable beams that had already withstood the test of time. It was painted Slate Blue trim on white clapboards and the same family sign had hung there by the door for generations. It was a simple picture of a shoe. The name Dobbs was printed in black. Nothing fancy here, because the family rule for generations was to rely on quality rather than sales pitch and blow-hard marketing. There was no back room to speak of, but rather a partition divided the back of the store from the front. The counter, on the left side of the store, had a big metal cash machine, and shelves underneath which hid products ready for their customers. Noah, the craftsman, needed and liked the light, so there were big windows on all four walls. He had made easternand western-styled saddles, boots that were either stylish, rugged, or intriguingly like those of the western cattlemen, and gun leather... more and more gun leather as the Danbury Residents shared the new Dime Novels about the wild and woolly west.

The family's wealth, amassed back in colonial times in Brookfield, Danbury, and Wilton, could mod-

estly carry him through slow times. Slow times were growing since well before his father and mother had passed away. By the time the War Between the States ended it was even worse. Soldiers returned home poor and the growth of mass-produced goods threatened the business with increasing pressure. Noah's brothers left one at a time between 1865 and 1868. When his father then his mother died within six months of each other, he began to wonder why he himself was staying at all.

Noah found relief from the monotony and stress by reading more and more as the summer passed. Under the counter, near the wall where he kept a rush chair with a high back, were a half-dozen of the dime novels about the wild frontier that were just beginning to permeate Connecticut. There were also some exotic-looking pictures of Indians and several scenes of Kansas. He kept a stamped leather holster with a prototype for the new Colt cartridge-firing revolver in it. The one-ofa-kind gun was stored in a hatch-like drawer where Andrew could not see or get to it, because it was not there for emergencies or protection. It was there so Noah could touch and hold it when he wished, so he could <u>(Continued on page 38)</u>



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strike up images of this emerging wild and woolly west. He was doing so more and more lately. He could stop what he was thinking mid-task and immediately conjure up images of the wild, romantic west: a good horse, a roguish, wide brimmed hat, a striking bandana and a blazing revolver.

He sat down, and looked at the worn cover of a dime novel. The salesman who sold it to him said this was the very first copy by some gentleman named Williams. The picture on the cover showed a blonde woman, amply bosomed and tied to a stake. She was to be shortly saved by a handsome man with a black frock coat and blazing Colt cap-and-ball revolver who was dropping most of the Sioux Nation.



The scene stood out and grabbed Noah every time he looked at it. He tripped the lock on the wooden hatch and pulled out the revolver. He was given it directly from the factory in Hartford when he was there last month. It was one of the first of its kind to be made. It was not yet in production and indeed, this was an early demonstration model. According to what they told him at Colt, he should not have even seen it because he was not a dealer of fine firearms. The salesman who idly stopped by to order some holsters had only shown the revolver to facilitate that. When a case of apoplexy caught up with the drummer and he fell down dead right in the store, Noah thoughtfully tried to return the revolver and his other traps to the Hartford Plant as part of a related business trip. The Vice President he met with was very grateful. Curiously, he did not think this design was going anywhere in lieu of the competing designs by Remington and Smith and Wesson, so they gave him that piece and some of the truck that went with it. Noah left not remotely suspecting that the executive lost his employ within a week.

The ivory grips were striking. Unlike other cap-and-ball revolving sidearms made by Colt, this one had a single, thin strap of steel connecting the top of the barrel to the back of the frame. It was a flat, strap-like piece that seemed to be welded, then smoothed and polished, as if it were put there as an engineering afterthought. The vice president had pointed to it as if it were a flaw, and the central reason why Colt would not penetrate the brass cartridge-firing revolver market yet. Noah stroked the piece, flipped the new-fangled, brass cartridge loading gate open and checked the back of the cylinder. He spun it. Safely empty. Snapping the gate shut he spun the piece around on his finger twice, the way Nebraska Ned had done before shooting down two rival villains. Hit a dime and give you two cents change. Then he snapped it forward and when it spun over his hand he cocked the hammer and stopped the spinning in the same instant. Someone had told him that Wild Bill Hickock could do that proficiently, even in the heat of combat.

Noah Dobbs... the deadliest pistoleer in Danbury. He put the holster on, noting how much he enjoyed having the thick cartridge belt and stiff brown holster low on his hip, around back by the top of his rear end. He had resisted the urge to put silver spots on the rig, and had hand-sewn everything instead of using the trundle-operated patcher sewing machine from the shop. He enjoyed making it, and now could savor a piece that had drawn a lot of admiration from his fellows in the rod and gun club. The barber bought a scabbard like it and the two blacksmiths from up the street also picked up some holsters. Now he drew the gun and snapped off an imaginary shot. He whirled left and fanned off two more. He holstered the piece and drew it again by allowing it to drop out the back of the holster. That way he could twirl it around before shooting to the right, border rolling the gun into his left hand, cocking it while facing to the left, bringing

Small Creek: Kid Galena Rides . . .

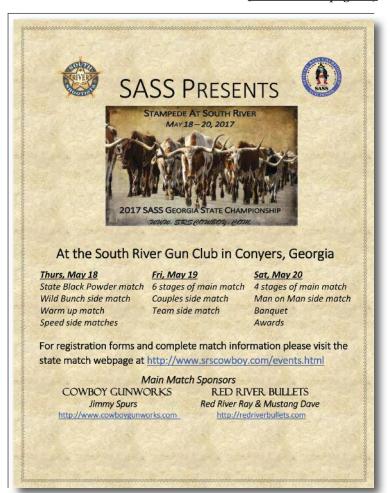
it to bear on Jesse James, the Missouri Outlaw; Nebraska Ned, the terror of Kansas; Black Jack Dan, the heartless killer in Old California; or one of the other henchmen he'd seen in these new dime novels. For some unknown reason, one of the carpenters in Noah's club had taken a fancy to the Nebraska Ned Character, and painted an image of him on a plank for use as a target in their regular Sunday match. That image of their shooting match is what seized Noah's imagination and took his mind from the reality of the shop.

It was an ungodly eternal second or so before he noticed he was facing the door with a cocked revolver pointed at none other than Andrew himself. That man was standing there slack jawed, eyes wide with fear, trying to stammer out enough words to save his life, which he would later tell his children was in mortal peril at that moment. Noah was too surprised to move. He could barely think of the apology due. In that split second Andrew spun his stocky little frame around, bolted down the street, and completely lost the crumb cake fetched from the bakery he had brought back with him for their late breakfast. Panic swept over Noah as he thought of the terrible fear the poor man must be feeling, and the injustice of thinking so ill of him.

He tossed the gun into the hatch-like drawer and took off after Andrew. That man was, by now, leaving a trail of dust as he hurtled toward Main Street. Noah was more limber and spry than the stocky little man, but he made slow progress in catching up while imploring Andrew to stop. Andrew had a look of fear that seemed to be a reflection of his very soul and Noah was very uncomfortable as he began to think of the man as nothing more than a frightened little boy whom he had just bullied. On the other hand, the dairyman, neutrally noticing this event, thought it funny when Andrew flew by him, trying to shuck his apron. The dairyman's lack of any sense of urgency was due to the fact he did not see Noah. Noah did not see the dairyman. Looking over his shoulder, Andrew did not see the maple tree. It was over in a crashing instant. Andrew, after staggering in a small circle around the tree and falling like a sack of grain, was out so cold his feet twitched. When Noah caught up to him he became even more deeply alarmed. He almost vomited over the thought he might have caused the death of this simple man, whose only crime seemed to be lapses into addle-brained moments. The dairyman turned his rig and headed for the police station. He did so at a pace his horse was not at all used to, and the ensuing rattling of the wagon jarred loose several bottles of fresh milk and cream. Soon several milk puddles, left amid the cobblestones as the rig rushed away, attracted what appeared to be every alley cat and rogue dog in Danbury. The small riot of rival species dispersed soon enough, but was enough to arouse the barber, the butcher and the tailor.

Although this whole scene had taken but a moment, several of the townspeople were beginning to take notice and point to the police station in search of relief to the small crisis. As Noah rose and turned to hail some of them he also began running toward said police station. Noah forgot about the maple tree.

Andrew left town that night, convinced he was the target of a notorious killer. He moved to New Milford to live with his sister. She was a long time friend of the family though, who tried to reassure Noah he should (Continued on page 40)



Small Creek: Kid Galena Rides (Continued from page 39)

not be so conscience-ridden. After all, he was clearly not a violent man and was, in fact, quite sweet and harmless. She was downright moved when she saw Noah had broken his nose during the run-in with the maple tree. It would be forever flattened a little, although it would not impair his breathing. He had no idea the flattened nose gave him a completely different look. In fact, in later years he would state he wished he'd known what impact on his lineage this would have. It became his only distinguishing feature and would separate him from other men at first glance. Whereas he once looked placid and affable, now he looked like a stern man to be reckoned with.

It took all that day at the doctor's and the police station to put an end to the affair. The Chief of Police, a strapping man who seemed perennially redfaced in over-exertion even when standing still, handed all the paperwork over to the local Constable who had known Noah Dobbs IV for years. The Constable had the neighborly foresight to act and closed up the shop before joining the newspaper interviews which documented the misfortune. Danbury had not seemed right ever since that Colt salesman died in his store not too long ago. Now even the Constable was beginning to show some impatience in these breaks in the quiet routine of Danbury, Connecticut. Noah closed the shop the next day and left the lamps unlit on their mountings, content to sit in his chair behind the counter after doing most of the packing. He began arranging finances and set up a special bank account from which he could transfer funds. He read the newspaper and his dime novels and it was well toward evening each day before he'd go to eat. It was over dinner he recalled how he saw, for the first time, the advertisement for all the land a man could handle west of the Mississippi. There was a town called Small Creek. It was said to be right in the heart of the cowboy epicenter of Kansas. There was fertile soil and crop potential worthy of Eden itself. Men, women and children were invited to begin a new life under the watchful protection of the US Army. Merchants and craftsmen were so in demand that special rates and good encouragement would be enthusiastically offered them. There were only nominal fees for processing and mortgages for substantial homes were more than reasonable. Why, the ground could hardly wait to be tilled and would eagerly give up crops under the bright sun, nurtured further by the freshest air on Earth. There was room for craftsmen and merchants who had a fortune there for the taking. Catholics, Quakers, and Mormons need not apply.

It was well into June of 1869. Noah Dobbs IV, with newfound conviction, signed the papers with the representative of the banker and real estate agent from Kansas. He sent some money to the bank at Small Creek, but thought it prudent to reserve the balance of his money elsewhere, closer to where his brothers lived in New York and Bridgeport. He sold the entire shop to none other than Andrew, via his sister. Her business sense quickly perceived that Noah's conscience could be turned into a pretty penny. Andrew, however, remained a little fearful of Noah, possibly perceiving he had fleeced the man because Noah gave such an attractive price. In spite of his sister's reproach, he talked about how Noah would soon see through the situation and seek revenge. For his part, Noah took half the boot and shoe lasts, a box of his personal tools, which was quite a sizable collection of awls, knives, floats and files, pincers, punches, stamps and a mallet, thread and hand wax, several bundles of pig's hair bristles and an equal number of the new, polished harness needles, two bone folders and several burnishing irons, a small stitching clamp, his patching machine made by Singer and his block and stirrup, his copy of John Rees' book of 1813, which described shoemaking, and three hammers. Of course he took his guns and their scabbards. He had one of those "Yellow Boy" lever action rifles, so called because of its shiny brass frame, a second .44 Colt capand-ball revolver, and his new center-fire revolver.

The rest of his personal inventory included the cowboy-styled felt hat he had bought downtown (it was gray with a high crown and a crease in it's center), two sets of working clothes, a suit of finer clothes with three shirts and collars and a pair of ties, two pair of shoes which, of course, he'd made for himself, and a pair of brown, unadorned cowboy-styled boots which he had tried to make look as natty as those in the dime novels.

He arranged for the purchase of one "Parson's Boot, Shoe, and Harness Shop" in the western metropolis of Small Creek. He was told it was a thriving, large-scale business enterprise. He wondered, though, why Parson was selling it. No matter. He was sure there was a sound

Small Creek: Kid Galena Rides . . .

business reason, likely the man had already made his profit and was ready to move on. Noah packed everything and shipped most of it per the instructions of the all-too-helpful real estate man who was funding all the migration, within one week after the purchase. Unfortunately, Noah Dobbs IV had no idea the banker had recently left Small Creek just ahead of its irate citizenry, prompting the Boston bankers to frantically install a man named McSweeney to restore order and preserve funds.

Once Noah concluded his travel plans, the west did not seem all that far away. He'd go through Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, then to St. Louis, then into the frontier via Sedalia or Kansas City, then onto Abilene, the famous cow town. Lastly, there'd be a single stage ride to Small Creek, his new home.

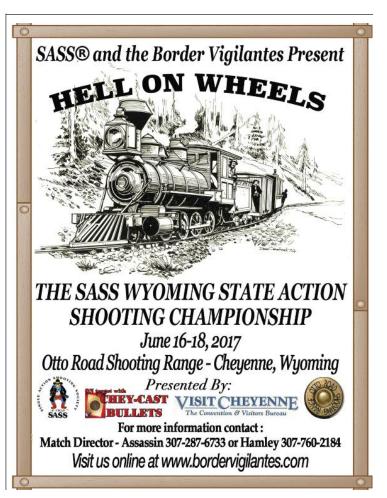
Small Creek, Kansas was about thirty miles north of Abilene, at a point due west of where the bending creek that carried the town's name met the Mud River. Abilene itself was on the Mud River. There might be an overnight stop for the stage line passengers if the weather demanded such, but it was not out of the question for a man alone, on horseback, to be able to make the trip in substantially less time. Although Small Creek had a stockyard, it was remote and small and certainly no threat to draw any of the Texas herds to the town, thereby making it relatively quiet compared to the more wild and wooly Abilene

Chapter Two The Road to Small Creek, Kansas

It did not bother Noah that the real estate man disappeared just after the papers were signed. He was, in fact, intoxicated with the images of the west to the point where he was constantly skimming the dime novels written by Williams and every newspaper article he could get his hands on regarding doings west of the Mississippi. It was to be expected people like real estate salesmen would come and go. That was not cause to worry. Why, Hell, sir, there'd be so many people building a future out there, it'd be necessary to think of building a complete boot and shoe factory before long.

It proved, however, somewhat of an unnerving process of endless detail to manage his chattels and himself to the Mississippi. Money seemed to want to jump out of his pockets at every step of the journey. Noah found himself having to pay for tickets that were reserved, but not prepaid after all. People were smirking as he, an Easterner and a Yankee, would learn and question why a ticket was not prepaid or a hotel room reserved. Noah began to realize the hardship of being a foreigner as he'd stand in a dusty train station, plain and devoid of decoration, where chipped paint and soiled floor boards made him feel all the more dismal and alone amidst people who were familiar with each other but cast sidelong glances at him. The further west he went, the more dust there seemed to be. There was not a cobble-stoned road to be found and he found he had to have his suit brushed daily and at great expense. He took note of the demeanor of the surrounding residents, changed out of his suit of clothes and donned garb of a simpler, plain cut and tucked his trouser legs into the simple, brown cowboy boots. It did not really help the dust situation much, although he felt a little more comfortable. People were still a little distant, the smells and odors unfamiliar, and the wallet still grew thinner.

Furthermore, as time dragged and complications and (Continued on page 42)



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expenses grew, he noticed he was losing patience altogether. It started on the railroad through Sedalia, Kansas City, and Abilene. The advances he had issued the real estate man were, in fact, not applied at all, so Noah had to pay for everything all over again every time he found a reservation with a balance due. As suspicion grew, he made a point of observing everything, especially during the layovers and overnight stays in the dusty cow town of Abilene. The terrain of the plains and prairie grew monotonous, wholly lacking the lush forests and noble visages of Indians as shown in the illustrations with the ads.

He was growing concerned over the daily and intensifying fact there was less of a west such as he saw in the dime novels and more of a west he did not expect. In addition to experiencing the smirks and elbow nudging he'd see out of the corner of his eye, he was learning these people had a different sort of body odor than those of the east and a different way of speaking as well. There was more of a southern drawl mixed with a consistent chopping off of consonants such as the 'G' from the end of words. Moreover, they'd chop up words and shorten them, such as "t'weren't" or "t'ain't." There seemed to be more of the foul tobacco juice aroma around their vestments, as well as a lot more whiskey available to them. The women, far more scarce then back east, were also not as well dressed. There did not seem to be a buxom blonde heroin within a thousand miles. He did not relish standing behind these folks any more than he had to either and they all smelled of cattle or horses or some other signature of animal husbandry above and beyond that of simple farmers. Many of the rough-looking men he'd seen apparently had a penchant for flatulence and scratching themselves. He wondered if he could stave off fleas and ticks whilst in such an environment.

Although he made sure he ate regularly, he was careful not to get into saloon crowds or thick groupings of the dirtier people he noticed. The fare seemed to be growing in the volume of beans, beef, coffee, and potatoes at the expense of the vegetables, fine salads, and pleasant desserts served east of the Mississippi. On one occasion, he watched as a party of cowboys rode through town firing their pistols in the air. Their mounts thundered by, hooves pounding deep rhythms in the hardened, packed, dry street as the men wobbled a mite in their saddles and loosed their shots. Most irresponsible. On another, he watched two men shoot each other over what had to be the ugliest woman who ever donned a feathered headpiece and a coat of paint. He took to wearing his new felt hat, fresh from the hatters in Danbury, to keep the sun out of his eyes, and thought about wearing his gun.

He had been told about Abilene along the way to that town, but was amazed at the size and scope of the cattle based economy once he arrived there. Hardly an hour passed without the appearance of another wagon of foul-smelling buffalo hides or a small knot of impatient cattle coming down the street, and the language and bellicose nature of the cowboys and hunters permeated the air. From Abilene, with its massive new stockyards, he resolved to quickly take the stage line to his destination, Small Creek, up the Mud River. When he got to the stage office there was a mob of people there. He was finding out this trend was due to the fact that knots of travelers had to put up with an unreliable schedule, bandits, and general equipment failure due to the poor business management of the owner. That man had an affinity for spirits, the passengers told him, and the saving grace of this company was the experienced and honest drivers. Even more distressing than the daily grind of events came when he found out several of these people were not going to Small Creek, but rather were fleeing from it. They all knew the real estate agent. They all knew the banker.

Now, in the close air and heat of this Abilene stage office, he finally lost patience with the west in general. He had arrived in the morning and sat there through most of the day waiting for service in spite of the reassurances of the office manager. One by one, frustrated refugees told him their life story. He was only slightly reassured by the fact he paid only deposit amounts instead of full fares the real estate agent originally suggested. He was also glad he had only paid a partial finder's fee to the scoundrel and kept a close watch on his own cash reserves. There was an argument between a group of soldiers on leave in which the office manager became more than unnerved. A burly driver with eyes deeply rung with an obvious lack of sleep refused to stop spitting on the floor and also refused to leave the office. He did not look at all like an honest sort

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humbly holding this company together. The woman who was occupying his attentions, a blatant woman of ill repute, also refused to stop spitting on the floor in spite of the ring of spittoons that surrounded the pair. Finally, the office manager handed a list to the driver, threw up his hands and left the office.

Noah was in the outhouse briefly and missed most of the abuses the driver handed out in arranging the passengers and their baggage on and in his coach. In a bull-like voice he reminded a corporal of the cavalry he did not respect uniforms. Then the driver challenged and snapped at a woman who was later proven to be a school teacher and daughter of an influential rancher. He was bullishly insistent she should never have traveled alone. He refused any and all responsibility for her safety, insisting that she needed to be taught a lesson. His sneak attack on her was so sudden, the poor little creature suffered to have tears well up in her eyes. Noah saw that exchange, resolving to prevent any repetition of it, forcefully if necessary. He did not hear the first time his name was called out because he was just emerging from the outhouse in the back.

"Noah Dobbs... I said Noah Dobbs the Guldurned fourth!" The burly driver was looking around the room as he bellowed. "Gul-durn it, I ain't goin' to wait all frikkin' day! Noah Gul-durned Dobbs!"

Noah heard that part as he emerged through the back door, behind the driver. His temper rose immediately. He was now very tired of all this, especially of spending way too much money, and particularly of the dust and smell of the West. When he heard the invective as if it were his middle name he felt himself becoming quite unmanageable and wished he had his sidearm from the bottom of his personal bag. The driver was bellowing something about how he wouldn't wait but one more time before scratching the son-of-a-bitch and was turning slowly on his heels when he yelled out, "WHOOO the hell is Noah Dobbs The stinkin' fourth?!"

Noah now suffered one of the first changes in his demeanor and character he later learned happened to all who made their way out west. The driver was full facing Noah when the angry shoemaker stepped up to him. The burly, unkempt man with the dark rings under his eyes never saw the overhand right. It landed so solidly mid-face as to cross his eyes. The papers slid from his hand, his entire body stiffened, and he fell straight backward, landing on the pine board floor so heavily the building shook. There was an immeasurable moment of stunned silence, which later storytellers would claim brought the entire town to a halt. When the driver sat up and blinked, Noah answered in a low voice, clearly laced with deadliness, "I'm Noah Dobbs IV. If you raise your voice again, I'll stuff your head so far into your collar that all you'll see is the inside of your vermin-ridden shirt. Understand?"

The driver, who had killed men maybe twice as fierce as this one, was paralyzed by his own astonishment. Maybe it was the flattened nose or the fire in the eye, but the glaring face almost scared him. He didn't really know, but he was certain it was a fascinating face full of a violent past.

"Y-Y-Yessir," he managed weakly through the blood that gushed from his nose.

"And one more thing." Snapped Noah, still not raising his voice.

The driver looked at him like a schoolboy waiting (Continued on page 44)



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for orders. In one motion all the spectators to this affair, who had their eyes on the fallen driver, shifted their astonished stares to Noah.

"You spit on a floor again and I'll kill you."

It was out just like that. Noah had to take a second to ponder whether or not he had said that out loud, but the odd way the folks around him murmured convinced him he had. He'd threatened to kill a man, as if there were more than a remote possibility he could rise to such an action. What amazed him even more was his every action seemed to be taking place while he watched as if he were a spectator trapped inside his own body. He was already regretting his actions. There was not a lick of satisfaction at the obvious justice he had just dispensed. Moreover, when Noah turned his eyes briefly to the schoolteacher, she deliberately avoided his glance. When the driver began to recover himself and thought about getting up (he was not at the point of self control where he considered retaliation), Noah took a forceful step forward with fists clenched. Noah never thought of himself as being able to do something like this. It was as if he was powerless to stop himself. He was astonished when the man stopped all sense of movement as if he were waiting for the next thing Noah would do.

"Do you understand me?" he said, trying to keep his regret from overtaking his stern demeanor.

"Why, shore... didn't mean nothin'... yes Sir! I understand..."

"Good. Now shut up and get my baggage on this coach."

The man scrambled into action. The crowd turned to stare at Noah, who walked out the front door as if to



take in some air. When he was standing on the steps at the street, a single hushed voice from the still numbed crowd whispered, "I seen him before... I know I seen him before... That face... He's... a... pistoleer. Yeah, that's it, a deadly pistoleer!"

The man, whose name was Roberts, was a paunchy little man with a derby hat and a frayed, albeit clean, checked suit. His big red nose was made even more pronounced by his watery eyes, amazed into wide, round globes by what he had just seen.

When the driver came back in, that same man-Roberts-turned to him and said, "You all right Rufus?"

"Yeah, I think so. Who is that feller?"

The man answered back as the schoolteacher gave Rufus a glass of water. "Dunno, but I know I seen him before. I think he faced down Bill Hickock onc't. Don't mess with him anymore, Rufus."

"Well," said Rufus as he accepted the glass and some ministrations from the woman, "I just dunno about that... I can't 'low myself to be so whupped... My mama din't raise no coward..."

Then he set his head back and looked at the school teacher, who was rubbing the blood away, "Miss Alice, I'm so sorry for the way I spoke to you. Please don't pay me no mind..."

"It's all right Rufus, only I wish you wouldn't make so many of these trips without sleeping. A man can't drive a stage for four days without sleeping. You know what happens to you when you don't sleep, and now you have paid too heavy a price."

"Yes Ma'am... I know... and you told me so before. But the simple fact is there ain't... I mean isn't... nobody to run these folks back east to get their money from that feller who sold them wrong unless I do it. Oh! Looky here, Ma'am. By the way, here's my homework on them vowels you was showing me last week. I can work 'em now and I think I'll be able to write my name soon..."

"All right, Mr. McCorkindale," she replied quietly, with a matronly sigh that belied her earlier tears, "don't change the subject. You behave yourself. I'll read it when we get to Small Creek. Now, are you sure you can see well enough to drive this coach?"

Rufus winced. When she called him Mr. Mc-Corkindale he knew he was in trouble. "Yes, Ma'am,

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I'm sure." Alice Mason nodded. "All right, then. You just call on me if the road gets too rough and I'll come up there and help you drive."

"Yes, Ma'am, I surely will." He picked up her canvas bag with a tip of his hat and escorted her through the door. When the door closed, the crowd left behind turned back to the office manager and again churned up the din. The incident might never have happened.

As Noah approached the coach, he noted with satisfaction how the big bully of a driver was doting over the woman to whom he had been so abusive not much earlier. Noah thought smugly to himself that he would be well received by these passengers for having emerged such a hero. He was more than surprised when the entire group gave him a relatively cold shoulder in spite of the service he had done them. One of the soldiers muttered something about how a man ought to be able to spit when he has to spit. Another muttered something about how easterners were always less than friendly. Only the red-nosed man stared at him as if overwhelmed with awe. The driver, whom he had seen answer to the name Rufus, eyed him cautiously, but Noah was not sure about the degree of malice he harbored. As far as the soldiers were concerned, there were no other people in the coach and this was a time for sleep. They both nodded off immediately, and barely roused all day. The woman was another matter. There was a clear chill coming from her. There was not an ounce of friendliness nor a hint of overt disdain, but she remained coolly distant and insultingly apathetic. It amazed him.

In spite of this, Noah found himself mildly intrigued by her neatly bunned red hair, her soft green eyes, and slightly sun-reddened complexion. Any affinity he might have had for the woman turned quickly cold as her mannerisms made it quite clear that he might as well not have been there. Imagine! Lord only knows what abuse from which he had saved her, and she could not see fit to give him the time of day. He half thought she would strike him with her short parasol if he dared to speak to her. Imagine!

The coach left Abilene just ahead of its own swirling cloud of dust. Noah tried to use every moment to note the features of the terrain, but it soon occurred to him there were not that many distinctive

features. The droll and decidedly empty look of the prairie was seemingly unending. The ground heaved and swelled in gentle, grass-covered waves, with occasional rock outcrops and ledges or small knots of cottonwood trees. When the coach stopped by a small stream which ran through a grove of trees to feed the Mud River, Noah was more than unpleasantly surprised when the hand he held outstretched to help the school teacher off the stage was met by an icy stare. She just hovered there, framed by the stage door, staring him down until the paunchy man with the checkered suit intervened.

"Here Miss Mason, Let me help you down."

When she answered with a friendly thank you and spoke his name as Roberts, Noah was both stung by his repudiation and mildly angered that this man Roberts appeared to be part of an organized shun. The driver, whom people were now addressing in friendly exchanges that clearly showed they had known each other for years, became devoted to the idea of getting his passengers to their destination. His nose was black and blue, a discomfort with which Noah was more than familiar, but he moved about his tasks alertly and competently. Noah even caught a nod of greeting from the man. Was there no end to the surprises here!

The passengers stood in a small group by the clear stream. Some of them began gracing themselves with handkerchiefs dipped in the stream and applied tenderly to their faces and necks. More and more of the sky was giving way to a darkening, slate-gray cloud mass, but the heat and humidity were not abating. Noah was beginning to really appreciate his light canvas trousers, ordinary cotton shirt, and wide-brimmed hat. He started to think about fetching his pistol and holster from his (Continued on page 46)



<u>(Continued from page 45)</u>

bag when the voice of the driver broke the quiet in disgusted swearing.

Roberts asked aloud what was wrong. Rufus held up the reins of the left lead horse for view. They were clearly frayed down by the bit to the point of breaking. Although the passengers showed little more than concern, Rufus quite clearly understood the peril in which the coach resided because they were more than halfway to the way station. It would be equally risky to keep going or turn back, and there was some uncertain country ahead. It was hot, and it was going to rain soon. With mounting impatience, Noah walked over to the scene. He asked to see the reins and Rufus gave them over with a curious look of fear, resentment, and straight curiosity on his face.

"I think I can repair them. Can you get my box off the top of the coach?"

Rufus spat off to the side. "Mister, I am plumb out of spares. Iff'n you can fix these I'll get whatever you need from yore poke."

Noah nodded and started to remove the harness section that contained the strained leather. As Rufus climbed up Noah looked the piece over carefully. The upcoming breaks were close enough to the rings that he could shorten the rein and re-stitch it. It would cause only minimal shortening of the overall rein. He knew he had some alum paste, but he was also frustrated for lack of a stitching clamp. He pictured a new loop in the strap, which he would want to stitch for about three to four inches. When Rufus brought the box he quickly set it down and began pulling his materials from it. He'd use some pre-spun flax thread from the factory. He tapered the ends on the pad of his thumb by scraping and pulling with his blade (this was to be a quick job, not a seam on a brogan) and waxed up the thread. He fetched some needles and a good stout stabbing awl from the small box.

"Here, Rufus. You hold this piece like this when I glue it, all right?"

The man looked strangely at Noah and nodded. Noah set up quickly and began stitching at a fast clip, trying to settle between ten stitches to the inch, maybe less. That'd do for today. Stab, left needle, right needle, draw closed, stab, left needle, right needle, draw closed. One by one the passengers straggled over to watch. The intermittent hot sun was difficult, but there was nothing they could do about that. Here was something that began as mild interest, unrivaled by anything in the area and thereby attractive by default. Noah finished the first rein in quick time and was working with the second when Rufus became somewhat less reliable in holding the piece steady. At first Noah tsked once or twice, then he stopped and gripped Rufus' hands to firm them. He thought the gesture to be reprimanding enough and was surprised to notice Rufus' hand wander again. The third time he looked up he saw the burly driver staring off into the distance. The return glance Rufus offered upon shifting his eyes to meet Noah's was somewhat alarming. When Rufus again looked past Noah's shoulder there was more than a little apprehension on his face. Noah turned and peered quickly, suddenly aware there appeared to be some banditti or outlaw riffraff nearby. He worked faster, but kept his seam straight. His heritage of generation upon generation of shoemakers emerged as he became living proof of what all cordwainers took for granted; time was money. In this case, time may have meant the avoidance of danger. Rufus and the passengers were amazed at how fast his hands flew at their task. In a few moments it was done. Rufus made no bones about urgency as he re-strapped the harness and shooed everybody into the coach. Noah thought there might have been traces of a smile or two for him, but now he was worried about banditti and rain and could not break any ice however it may be melting.

Once the box was secured on top, Noah went to the rear baggage hold and searched out his carpetbag. He strapped on his revolver on and loaded it hurriedly before again embarking. As he approached the door, Rufus stopped him. "Mr. Dobbs... could ya' see fit t' ride on top with me... I might need yore gun before we're through." Noah nodded. He was beginning to think this Rufus fellow was not what he had initially seemed to be. He suddenly felt a little presumptuous.

His throat was bone dry, else he would have answered. He was afraid he'd be shaking. He climbed up on top and became uncertain with the newfound height. He lost his footing, but caught himself just before Rufus poked his head up while mounting the coach. The driver was thus unable to take notice of Noah's clumsiness. Noah did not even get to seat himself before Rufus (Continued on page 48)



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shoved a cut-down shotgun at him. He mumbled something about hoping there'd be no need to use it. Inside the coach, Roberts was becoming fairly insistent. He suddenly snapped his fingers as if locked in a moment of significant discovery. He blurted out, "Kid Galena. That's it, by God! His name is Kid Galena. He's in from Sedalia. He's a foreigner, though. Yeah, I knew it! I knew it all along! Kid Galena."

As Roberts became more and more talkative, Alice began to get a little nervous in that she sensed something was not right. When sober, Mr. Roberts would almost always get chatty when frightened and nervous... and he was always frightened or nervous whenever he was sober. The soldiers simply nodded gravely, attempting to carry the notion they knew of the danger all along. Miss Alice was less than impressed, but said nothing.

"It'd sure be a tale to tell if Nebraska Ned and Kid Galena shot it out, now wouldn't it?" speculated Roberts as they settled in their seats. A hasty glance into the eyes of each of the other passengers quickly told Roberts that the value of his conversation was thinning fast, so he adjusted his hat, smiled, and gazed out the window. That was the other feature about Roberts that struck Alice Mason as a bit odd. He was prone to long, distant stares off into space as if his mind was working at a pace not experienced by common men. It was just another reason to keep his acquaintance at a distance.

The coach jostled and rocked as if moving forward with only the greatest of agony. The dust began to get obnoxious. The only thing that could make it worse was a rainstorm that would turn it into mud. Indeed it was that very same weather occurrence that yielded the difficult ruts in the road when the mud from the last storm hardened as it dried, leaving harsh and deep gashes in the road that marked a previous stage coach's trail. Fortunately for the passengers, it did not rain until they were in sight of the relay station so they were spared the alternative hazard of a quagmire on the road.

Noah had found another area of the Wild West about which he could not think highly. The top of the coach was not at all kind to him. He almost dropped the shotgun several times, but the strain on Rufus' face told Noah why the driver had missed each incident. There was no let up in the violence of the coach's pace. He thought on two occasions he was going to fall off and he felt the bottom of his spine being beaten raw until he took notice of how Rufus rode with the bumps. By that example he learned how to ride shotgun. He could barely hear anything for the noise. He could not possibly have been party to the conversations inside the coach, where he was the center of speculative conversation. In fact, once he had settled into the rhythm needed to ride on the coach, he found himself getting more sensitive to what was going on in the surrounding area. The sky was blackening fast. There was a constant cloud of dust off to the rear on the drivers side, about a mile or two away. They both knew it was riders.

In spite of this, Rufus did not whip the horses. At this point, the team was moving at a moderate pace. It was not long before Noah saw the corrals and building that made up the way station. The first heavy drops of rain began to slam into the awaiting earth just as the team pulled the stage into the front yard. The building appeared to be half soddy, half logs and was quite large for such a structure, even to the eyes of an easterner. It held enough rooms to provide ample sleeping quarters. The soldiers doubled up in a room because they were used to it and Miss Alice, of course, had her own room. Noah Dobbs slept alone, but Rufus and Mr. Roberts opted to share a room. That left the remaining room to the strangers.

They rode in shortly after Rufus and the way station crew had stabled and fed the horses. There were three of them, all with scruffy-looking whiskers and soiled from obviously hard travel. Two had dusters. All carried their rifles into the main room where they parleyed for some sleeping quarters. They went immediately to their room and were not seen at the dinner table. Supper turned out to be a thin beef stew adorned by large, albeit dry, biscuits. The coffee was also a little thin, having a burned taste due to being on the stove too long. Noah assumed the passengers were all quiet because of the obvious pall the strangers cast over the group. There was no doubt about the tension between the two groups, in spite of the fact not a word had been exchanged between them. Noah strapped on his revolver. He tried to do so with minimal fanfare, but was put out as soon as he realized the man Roberts had not missed it. Watery eyes and all, that man seemed to be fascinated with the shoemaker and it made him uncomfortable and self-conscious.

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Several oil lamps and a set of candles on the crude plank table kept the room from being totally dark. The light was just bright enough to see each other in detail, but it was easy enough to be brought to brooding by the pounding of the newly-arrived rain. The passengers ate with little conversation. Noah thought it was because of the apprehension over the strangers, but the simple fact of the matter was, with the exception of Noah and the soldiers, everyone here knew each other well enough to be taken for granted. Conversation was indeed not needed at all. Moreover, hundreds of mean-looking sorts like these drifted in and out in the course of a year, making them commonplace. There was little else to do except eat and shuffle off to sleep. Noah slept with his handgun under his pillow, dreaming of chasing a green-eyed maiden with flaming red hair and shooting down Nebraska Ned and Black Jack Dan as they harried her.

After coffee and biscuits the next morning, the passengers quietly boarded the coach at about seventhirty. There was almost no talking, except Roberts chatted quietly with the strangers. Those fellows seemed to mumble, grunt and nod as the extent of their conversation and Noah could not help feel they were talking about him. In fact, he was the main topic of their conversation. Roberts had asked them if they'd seen this man somewhere before and asked where they were headed. One of them prepared to reply at this and Noah was intrigued at the thought these men knew each other. The obvious leader of the pack, an imposingly tall and dapper man of the prairie named Nebraska Ned, touched him with the back of his hand to quiet him. Roberts noticed that, and began apologizing... he did not mean any harm.

"It'll keep," muttered Ned, looking away, not particularly enthused about talking to Roberts.

"Sure, Sure," sputtered Roberts, almost in a whisper, "but I just wanted to see iff'n you knew Kid Galena over there."

"Who the hell is Kid Galena?" answered the most oafish looking of the strangers.

"Well, he's... a... foreigner... you know, a deadly pistoleer from... somewhere..."

"What's Galena?" whispered the same man, harshly. At this point, Ned lost patience with the man.

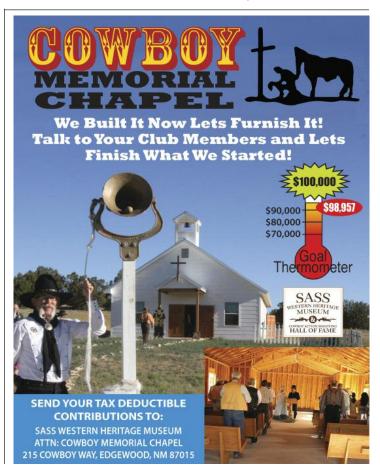
"Don't you know nuthin', Monte? Galena's the Gul-durned Capital of Gul-durned Spain!" There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Yeah, that's it." Piped Roberts, "Spain. I knew it! You better watch him, Ned." Nebraska Ned looked impatiently at Roberts and then turned away, walking towards the horses with Monte in tow.

Noah heard little more than the word Galena, as he was looking at the work he'd done on the reins just to make sure it would hold. He had his spectacles on. He'd take them off as soon as he was done with the close in inspection. What was this "Galena" topic, anyway?

The station fell from view before the strangers mounted and rode away. The rest of the ride was more of the same, except Rufus almost got conversational, talking about the weather at least once and complaining about the food at the station on another occasion. The riders did not seem to be following. Rufus remarked—almost casually—he thought the desperados likely to take to their crime and lowly behavior at a later date. He judged they were simply trailing the coach to see its route and the manner of its travel. Noah thought it curious he could feel them not far behind. Perhaps he did have some of the pistoleer instincts he had read about in the dime novels.

-To be continued in the July edition -



Profiles Scholarship Recipient 2016 Killer Rabbit, SASS #101430

Edited & Adapted by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000





York, PA. My name is Stephanie Leedom, but when I buckle on a set of holsters I go by Killer Rabbit. I have been shooting with my dad, Lee Ridgeway (SASS # 101429) for about five years and shooting Cowboy with him for two years. We first got interested in the sport after attending a match one sunny afternoon just to watch We weren't standing there more than five minutes before a Cowboy came over to say "hello" and explain the rules of the game. Everything came together after that; a year later we were practicing our draws and wearing our cowboy boots just about everywhere we went.

My dad and I are members of the Perry County Regulators in Ickesburg, Pennsylvania, and the West Shore Posse in Lewisberry, PA. We also shoot with the Elstonville Hombres in Manheim, PA. and with the Welsh Mountain Regulators in Gap, PA. Shoutouts go to some of the great Cowboys and Cowgirls we have met along the way: Tuscarora Slim (SASS #28616), whose kind heart and endearing rabbit comments always make me smile; Annie Dote (SASS #84318); Slim Chance Pistolero (SASS #84317), who have given me valuable shooting advice; Letort Lawman (SASS #12300), whose matches always have variety and challenge; Hud McCoy (SASS #56721), who cheered me on for my first ever clean match; and Trusty Sidekick (SASS #32866), who crafted a "partner shoot" I will remember forever because I had the chance to shoot side-by-side with my dad; and to all of the other amazing people who have become good friends to us.

This fall I will be entering the Honors College at Millersville University to pursue a degree in Biology with a possible minor in Environmental Biology. I also plan on entering graduate school in four years to study Microbiology, from where I hope to work in the research field. I would like to thank SASS and all the Cowboys and Cowgirls who make the scholarship a reality for young shooters. I am honored to have received this scholarship and I hope my hard work in college and a career will serve in humble gratitude.

Scholarship Recipient 2016 • Killer Rabbit, SASS #101430 . . .

SASS[®] and shooting in general have provided me with both confidence and responsibility that is insurmountable—confidence and grace in shooting competition, and responsibility in promoting the Cowboy tradition as well as doing my small part in helping to protect the rights of responsible, gun-bearing Americans.

There have been quite a few people in my life who have impacted me in such ways that have changed the ways I think or act or even dream. Among these individuals are my family, teachers, and the other enthusiastic shooters I get to see each match. Yet, there is one person I cannot imagine my life without—my dad, who is my greatest company, has encouraged and supported me in everything that I do, and of course who introduced me to the shooting sports. It is truly a pleasure to shoot every match with him, and I am happy to share something I care about with someone I care most about.

Thank you again to the scholarship committee and fund-raisers for giving me the chance to go after my career aspirations through this generous scholarship and to all of the Cowboys and Cowgirls out there who make the Cowboy sport what it is. *I*.

What Gun Ownership Means to the Individual

By Killer Rabbit, SASS #101430 Adapted & Edited by Justice Lily Kate, SASS #1000

afety and security are aspects of life that should be granted to all law-abiding citizens no matter where they choose to live, and while this basic concept is provided for us by military, police, and counter-intelligence, no one can have eyes on everything at every time. This is why the right of US citizens to bear firearms is absolutely critical to personal protection and freedom.

Advocates for widespread bans on firearms argue that taking away guns from all people would actually make everyone safer. This type of irrational thinking is pervasive in the anti-gun community and is highly unlikely to succeed in turning all criminals into lawabiding citizens.

What then can be done if it is nearly impossible to change the mindsets and actions of criminals and proponents of gun bans? The answer is simple—put in place a sufficient deterrent. The prospect of going to prison is enough for most of us to stay on the right path, but this is not true for those who disobey the law. There may not be a deterrent that will definitely stop criminals in their tracks, but certainly the knowledge that private citizens may own firearms will make them think twice about committing a crime against the public. Recent media coverage of criminal activity involving guns has shown that criminals are deterred from committing crimes in areas where they may encounter gun owners and instead seek out areas where they know responsible citizens will follow restrictive rules. I believe expanding the areas where responsible gun owners can legally carry would present a sufficient deterrent.

Those of us who do not support such "blanket" bans on firearms view gun ownership as a self-defense issue as well as a basic right belonging to the people and have few options when it comes to protecting themselves and those we care about. There are physically fit individuals who practice martial arts as a means of self-protection, but for most of us that isn't an option. Sure, no law can take away an individual's chance at survival through hand to hand combat, but it *can* take away a person's right to own a firearm, which for many is the single greatest hope for coming out alive. As the argument goes, "God created man, but Samuel Colt made them equal."

Our fundamental right to keep and bear arms lies with the court system, which in 2008 in the case of *District of Columbia v. Heller*, ruled in favor of the second amendment. There will always be little middle ground surrounding this topic, narrow victories, and some lost battles, but the focus of why it is important for individuals to own guns should never be lost.

Gun ownership is a right that our founding fathers set forth to protect when they drafted the US Constitution and it remains an issue that must stand firm. It is our responsibility as gun owners to protect this right in order to give every citizen a fighting chance. *I*

Trail Markers

🛹 A Sass Icon Has Passed On 🛩

By Miss Mary Spencer, SASS #55147 Life/Regulator



General Custer and Erik.

Victoria, British Columbia. Erik, the thespian pony, has crossed over the Rainbow Bridge. Star of stage, screen, and arena, and famed for his exploits in Wild West Shows for six years, as well as his fundraising abilities for various good causes, Eric passed away on February 4, 2017 at the age of 32 years, 10 months and 2 weeks.



Grey Fox on Bron.

Erik was one of the trio of horses that introduced Cowboy Mounted Shooting to Canada in the summer of 1998, when Grey Fox (SASS #223), mounted on Bron; Tony Austin (aka General Custer), mounted on Erik; and



Mounted Shooting Headquarters, circa 1998

Patrick Licciardi, mounted on Reno; put on an exhibition of mounted shooting at the Victoria Fish & Game Protective Association, Victoria, BC Canada.

Grey Fox employed Erik as a gun cart during the early days of SASS competitions. Erik was an expert trail horse, having carried Grey Fox thousands of miles. He also was the mount for Tex (SASS #4) on a tour of the hills and trails of rural Metchosin, BC in August of 1995.

Erik had a long and illustrious career. He was well known and cherished by all. May he rest in peace. *A*.



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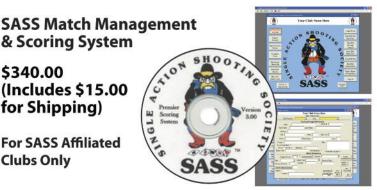
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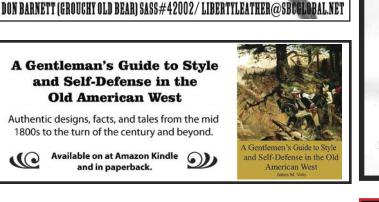
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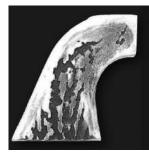
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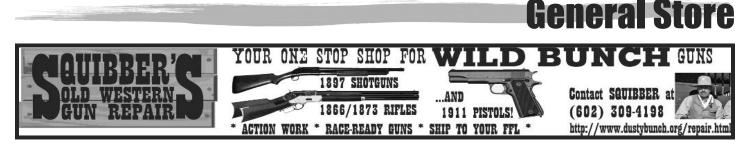
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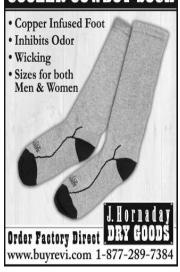


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SASS Affiliated Clubs 2017 Monthly Shooting Schedule For additional contact information please visit <u>http://www.sassnet.com/clubs/</u>

CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTAG	CT R/	ANGE LOCATION	
AUSTRALIA Adelaide Pistol & Shooting Club Fort Bridger Shooting Club SASA Little River Raiders Single	Drouin	1st Sat & 3rd Sun 4th Sun 3rd Sun 🏄 👫	61 08 284 8459 61 41 863 2366	Lobo Malo Duke York	Koru WDI	unye PC	
							WISSION POLICITO
Game Protective Association	Victoria Frontier Shootists	Malahat	2nd Sun		250-744-4705	Black Ashley	Courtneay Fish a Victoria Fish & Ga
e Protective Association	New Brunswick Beau Bassin Hange Riders	Saint-Andre LeBlanc	2nd Sat		506-512-0455	Frenchy Cannuck	Cap Pelè Gun Clu
	Nova Scotia						
Loading Association	Nova Scotia Cowboy Action Shooting Club Ontario	Camden	3rd Sun (weath	er permitting)	902 890 23 ()	Wounded Belly	Nova Scotia Muz
	Bar E Ranch Butler's Rangers	Barrie Thorald	2nd & 4th Sat 1st Sat & 2nd St		705-434-7065 905-374-3328	Northern Crow Grey Ow	Barrie Gun Club Decew Gun Club
Revolver Club	Fort Burlington Bushwackers Huronia Gunfighters	Burlington Penetanguishene	3rd Sun (Octob As Scheduled		905-647-2281 705-526-8459	Chuckwagon Chad Buffalo Bri Bowie	Burlington Rifle Huronia Hand Gi
	Ottawa Valley Marauders	Cheney	As Scheduled		514-792-0063	Highwall Onfter	Eastern Ontario
idgun Club d Hunting Association	Robbers Roost Hamilton Robbers Roost Hamilton Wild Bunch		As Scheduled As Scheduled		905 393 4299 905 393 4299	Legendary Lawman Legendary Lawman	Hamilton Angle Hamilton Anglin
nd Hunting Association	Royal City Rangers	Eden Mills	As Scheduled		905 878 9440	Indian Frank	Guelph Rod & G
Club	Ruff's Requiators Wild Turkey Posse	Cornwall Prescott			613-933-6798 819-453-7816	Ruff Justice Rooster Corrigan	Cornwall Handge Creenville Fish a
Club Game Club						nooster corrigen	
	Quebec Beausecour Marshalls	St Jean Chrysostome	As 5cheduled		418 889 0517	Reata Slim	Club de Tir Beau
311	Granby Gang	Granby	As Scheduled		450-344-0077	Eithy Phil	Centre de tir Gra
/ Multisport Centre igent	Silver Bullet Posse	Sore: Tracy	As Scheduled			The Quiet Dude	Club de tir balle
	Saskatchewan Saskatchewan Association of Wild West Shooters	Saskatoon	As 5cheduled		306-749-2822	Granny One Shot	Saskatoon Muzz
oader Club (SMLC)	DENMARK Association of Slevy gske Blackpowder Shooters	Tonder	As Scheduled		(4560201365	Captair: Wildbeard	Torrder Shooting
nge	Danise Black Powder Federation	Copenhagen	As Scheduled		45 20 655 887	Slim Dane	Copenhager Sho
ing Center	FINLAND — Classic Old Western Society of Finland	Helsinki	As Scheduled		+358-50-5174659	Woodbury Kane	N/A
	SASS Finland	Loppi	As Scheduled		+358 50 5174659	Woodbury Kane	Loppis Shooting
	FRANCE						
	Association Mazauguaise de Tir Rock Canyon	Mazaugues	As Scheduled		33 494 280 145 3368 746 258 2	Redneck Mike The Kirl of Neckeh to	 Rock Canyon Rocte de Charlie
	Buffalo Valley	Châteauneul en Thymerais	As 5cheduled		02.37.63.65.83	Silve Buffailo	Avenir Sport if Th
	CAS/SASS France Create Fills Clear Internet	Varios Askie Die L'Ones	Varies As Estadudad			Frenchie Boy	Golden Trigger d
petown	Green Hills Cowboys Greenwood Creek Gana	Athis De L'Orne France	As Scheduled 1st & 3rd Wkd		330233657690 33 68 809 1360	Vallombreuse Handy Hook	
	Loire Valley Regulators (Club de fin Sport fide Tourain)		As Scheduled		brisset37-chotmail fi	Marshall John McClane	Club de Fir Sport
e louraine	Old West French Shooters Societe de la Bedoin ventoux (Windy Mountain Vigilantes	Chatillon Bedoin	As Scheduled 2nd Sun		0145326028 0609244403	Trusty Phil Sheriff Ch. Southpaw	FFT N/A
	GERMANY						
	- CAS Europe	Heerd	Wed			Hurricane Irmi	TR Dusseldorf
	SASS Germany Cowboy Action Shooting Germany	Wegberg Edderitz	Wed Last Sat		49 28 235 807 4918097652588	Rhine RiverJoe Marshal Heck	Caritzi Springs Tomostone Vilac
	ITALY						
	Association Federal Old West	Civite la Val Chiana	As Scheduled		3663232538	John Skally White	Dev i's Crub
	NETHERLANDS						
	 Dutch Western Shooting Association 	Oss, Noord Brabant	As Scheduled		31 619 430 223	Dutch Bear	
	SASS Netherlands	Leeuwarden	As Scheduled		31 619 430 223	Dutch Bear	
	Ashburton Pistol Club	Ashburton	3rd Sun AM		543 304 8401	Shellie Jector	Ashburton Pistol
ub	Ashburton Pistol Club Wild Bunch Shooting	Ashburton	3rd Sun PM			Shellie Jector	Ashburtan Pistal
ub b Manawata Inc.	Bullet Spittin' Sons O'Thunder SASS Pistol New Zealand	Palmerston N. Hastings	2nd Sat As 5cheduled		64272419111 16421488345	Kodd Rusther Kiwi Pl	 Bifle Rod & Gun G New Zealand Pis
Association	Wairarapa Pistol and Shooting Club	Gladstone	2nd Sun		6421774666	Wild Ben Hickok	Waitarapa Pistol ar
hooting Sports Club inc. Gladstone		Change & Laure	Dual Core		37 31 703 3073	Protect David	Enlan Devid and d
	Western Shooters of South Africa SWEDEN	Simon's Iown	3rd Sat		27 21 702 3070+	Dusty Devil	False Bay Gun Cli
	 SASS Sweden Northern Rangers 	Varies	Varies		46-72-206-7005	Northern S.T. Sanger	Lesjofors Pk

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CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
SWITZERLAND	and a second second				
Old West Shooting Society Switzerland	Unterlunkhofen	As Scheduled	05616342278	Palouse Creek Hondo	N/A
Shooters of the Cast Iron Shore	Liverpool	As Scheduled	44 011 787 637 7609	Woodrow F. Call	Atlantic Leisure Sport Comples
USA					
AK Golden Heart Shootist Society	Fairbanks	2nd Sat & Last Sun	907-479-9339	Drover Knutts	N/A
Alaska 49er's	Chugiak	1st Sat & 3rd Sun	907-373-0140	Tripod	Birchwood Recreation & Shooting Park
Alaska 49ers (Wild Bunch) Juneau Gold Miners Posse	Birchwood Juneau	3rd Sat 3rd Sun	907-232-1080 907-723-9309	Marshal Stone Five Card Tanna	Birchwood Recreation & Shooting Park Juneau Rifle and Pistol Club/ Hank Harmon Rifle Range
AL					
Alabama Rangers	Brierfield	2nd Sun	205-531-7055	Dead Horse Phil	Brierfield State Park
Gallant Gunfighters North Alabama Regulators	Birmingham Woodville	3rd Sun 1st Sun	205-587-5103 256-431-3737	Dobe Bob Drake Robey	Brock's Gap Training Center Cavern Cove
Old York Shootists Russell County Regulators	Cleveland Phenix City	4th Sun 1st Sat	205-616-9395 706-566-1740	Derringer Di Will Killigan	Greenridge Shooting Range East Alabama Gun Club
Vulcan Long Rifles	Birmingham	2nd Sat	205-541-2207	Parson Henry Brown	Brock's Gap Training Center
AR					
Arkansas Lead Slingers Judge Parker's Marshals	Rogers Fort Smith/Van Buren	2nd Sat & 4th Sun 3rd Sat and Sun	479-633-2107 479-651-2475	Dirty Dan Paladin Naildriver	Frisco City Old Fort Gun Club
Mountain Valley Vigilantes	Hot Springs National Park	1st Wkd	501-337-9368	Bulldog McGraw	Mountain Valley Sportsman's Association
Outlaw Camp White River Gang	Heber Springs Mountain Home	2nd, 4th & 5th Sat 1st Sat	501-362-2963 870-847-0733	Ozark Red Arkansas Harper	Outlaw Camp Twin Lakes Gun Club
AZ					
Arizona Cowboy Shooters Association Inc Arizona Yavapai Rangers	Phoenix Camp Verde	2nd Sat 4th Sat	602-564-0321 602-505-5824	Champ Tom Elder	Ben Avery Shooting Facility N/A
Bordertown Inc. Wild Bunch	Tombstone	As Scheduled	480-266-1096	Pecos Clyde	Tombstone Livery
Bordertown, Inc. Colorado River Regulators	Tombstone Lake Havasu	As Scheduled 2nd Sun & 4th Sat	520-290-8599 928-669-8707	Quicksand Mike L. Phikzit	Tombstone Livery Lake Havasu Sportsman's Club
Colorado River Shootists	Yuma	4th Sun	719-660-9466	Saddle Horn	Adair Range
Cowtown Cowboy Shooters Cowtown Wild Bunch Shooters	Peoria Peoria	1st Sun & 3rd Sat 2nd Sun	480-773-2753 602-721-3175	Barbwire Wild Bodie Tom	Cowtown Shooting Range Cowtown Shooting Range
Dusty Bunch Old Western Shooters Lake Powell Gunslingers	Casa Grande Page	4th Sat 3rd Sat	520-568-2852 928-645-5799	Squibber Arizona Lawman	Casa Grande Shooting Range Page Gun Club
Los Vaqueros	Tombstone	3rd Sat	520-235-0387	Myles Houston	Tombstone Livery
Mohave Marshalls Old Pueblo Shootist Association	Golden Valley Tombstone	3rd Sun 1st Sun	928-231-9013 520-249-2831	DB Chester Gilly Boy	7-Mile Hill Shooting Range Tombstone Livery
Payson Cowboys Rio Salado Cowboy Action Shooting Society	Payson Mesa	3rd Sun 1st Sat	575-937-9297 480-982-7336	Rowdy Lane A. J. Bob	Jim Jones Shooting Range Rio Salado Sportsman Club
Tombstone Shootist Society	Tombstone	2nd Sat	520-457-3559	Cowboy Doug	Tombstone Livery
Tombstone Shootist Society Wild Bunch Whiskey Row Gunslingers	Tombstone Prescott	1st Sat 2nd Sun	520-508-4446 928-925-7323	Blaze Kinkaid Turquoise Bill	Tombstone Livery Whispering Long Tree Range
White Mountain Old West Shootists	St. Johns	1st & 3rd Sat	928-245-6276	Fred Sharps	Cedar Gulch
CA 5 Dogs Creek	Bakersfield	1st Sat & Sun	661-342-3442	Miss Foxi Schoolmarm	Five Dogs Creek Shootin' Range
Buffalo Runners	Rail Road Flat	Sat Before 2nd Sun	530-676-2997	Grizzly Peak Jake	Taylor Park
Cajon Cowboys California Rangers	Devore Sloughhouse	2nd & 4th Sat 2nd Sat	760-900-5199 209-296-4146	Pasture Patti Jimmy Frisco	Gem Ranch Sacramento Valley Shooting Center
California Shady Ladies Chorro Valley Regulators	Sloughhouse San Luis Obispo	4th Sat 2nd & 5th Sun	916-447-2040 805-286-1188	Lady Gambler Sinful	Sacramento Valley Shooting Center San Luis Obispo Sportsman's Association
Covote Valley Cowboys	Morgan Hill	2nd Sat & 3rd Sun	408-722-0583	Bad Eye Bobolu	Coyote Valley Sporting Clays
Coyote Valley Sharpshooters Double R Bar Regulators	Morgan Hill Lucerne Valley	4th Sat 2nd Sun	408-356-5031 909-228-5154	Springfield Slim Smiley Ed	Santa Clara Coutny Sports Park Lucerne Valley Lions Club
Dulzura Desperados Escondido Bandidos	Dulzura Escondido	2nd Sat 1st Sat	619-997-2755 858-735-2354	Reuben J. Cogburn Rustler	South Bay Rod and Gun Club Escondido Fish & Games Assoc.
Faultline Shootist Society	Morgan Hill	4th Sun	408-306-1886	Pascoe Pete	Coyote Valley Sportin Clays
Gold Country Wild Bunch Guns in the Sun	Sloughouse Thousand Palms	3rd Sat 2nd Sat	530-713-4194 760-346-0972	Sutter Lawman Johnny 2moons	Sacramento Valley Shooting Center N/A
Hawkinsville Claim Jumpers Helldorado Rangers	Yreka Ukiah	4th & 5th Sat 3rd Sun	530-926-5413 707-391-5991	Royal Flush Lead Nickel	Dodge Range Ukiah Gun Club
High Desert Cowboys	Palmdale	3rd Sun	805-791-6443	Doc Silverhawks	Desert Marksmen Rifle & Pistol Club
High Sierra Drifters Hole In The Wall Gang	Rail Road Flat Piru	2nd Sun 1st Sun	530-676-2997 661-373-2709	Grizzly Peak Jake Lefty Longridge	West Point Rod & Gun Wes Thompson, Inc. Piru Rifle Range
Hole in the Wall Gang Wild Bunch Imperial Valley Rangers	Piru Imperial	1st Sat 2nd Sun	818-640-0945 760-587-1743	Frederick Jackson Turner Southern Southpaw	Wes Thompson Inc. Piru Rifle Range Imperial Valley Rifle & Pistol Association
Kings River Regulators	Clovis	3rd Sun	559-268-1115	Sierra Rider	Fresno Rifle & Pistol Cb 15687 Auberry Rd., Covis
Mad River Rangers Mother Lode Shootist Society	Blue Lake Jamestown	4th Sat 1st Sun	707-445-1981 209-795-4175	Kid Kneestone Sioux City Kid	Long Prairie Gun and Archery Club Mother Lode Gun Club
Murieta Posse Northfield Raiders	Sloughhouse North Hollywood	3rd Sun 3rd Sun	530-676-2997 818-761-0512	Grizzly Peak Jake Gun Hawk	Sacramento Valley Shooting Center Lopez Canyon Shooting Range 16550 Bailey Road, Sylmar
Pozo River Vigilance Committee at Lazy Arrow	Santa Margarita	4th Sat	805-801-8750	Roger Rapid	Camatta Ranch/Lazy Arrow Adventures
Richmond Roughriders River City Regulators	Richmond Davis	2nd Sun 1st Sun	925-250-0737 530-679-2321	Leapin Otis Bangor Brink	Richmond Rod and Gun Club Yolo Sportsman's Association
Robbers Roost Vigilantes Saddle Tramp Posse	Ridgecrest Pala	3rd Sat 3rd Sat	760-375-7618 760-431-8629	Nast Newt Tequila Vaquero	Ridgecrest Gun Range Pala Indian Range
Saddle Tramp Posse Wild Bunch	Pala	5th Sat	760-431-8629	Tequila Vaquero	Pala Indian Range
Shasta Regulators Shasta Regulators Of Hat Creek	Redding Burney	3rd Sat 2nd Sat	530-365-1839 530-275-3158	Modoc Cayenne Pepper	Redding Gun Club, Seven Lakes, Old Alturis Road, Redding Hat Creek Rifle & Pistol Club
Sloughhouse Irregulators Sunnyvale Regulators	Sloughhouse Cupertino	5th Sat & Sun 3rd Mon Night	530-265-9213 650-464-3764	Marlin Schofield Shaniko Jack	Diamond Dick's Cowboy Town Sunnyvale Rod and Gun Club
Sunnyvale Regulators (Wild Bunch)	Cupertino	4th Mon	408-264-5647	Lucas McDennis	Sunnyvale Rod and Gun Club
The Cowboys The Outlaws	Corona Sloughhouse	4th Sun 1st Sat	805-402-4144 209-296-2709	Mattel Sackett Allie Mo	Raahauge Shooting Enterprises Sacramento Valley Shooting Center
Two Rivers Posse	Manteca	1st Sat & 4th Sun	209-836-4042	Dragon	Manteca Sportsman Club
CO Black Canyon Ghost Riders	Hotchkiss	4th Sun	970-835-8871	Fandango Dave	Stengel Gun Range
Briggsdale County Shootists	Briggsdale	2nd & 4th Sat	970-493-1813	Kid Bucklin	Pawnee Sportsmens Center
Castle Peak Wildshots Castle Peak Wildshots Wild Bunch	Gypsum Gypsum	2nd Wkd 1st Sat	970-390-1369 970-390-1369	Doctor Death Doctor Death	Gypsum Shooting Sports Park Eagle Valley Rod & Gun Club, Inc.
Colorado Cowboys Colorado Shaketails	Lake George Hanover	1st Sat 1st Sun	719-491-4524 719-495-3833	Scary Indian Dude Shootin Hoosier	M Lazy C Ranch Frontier Sportsman's Club
Four Corners Gunslingers	Durango	3rd Sun	970-247-0745	Cereza Slim	Durango Gun Club
Montrose Marshals Northwest Colorado Rangers	Montrose Craig	2nd Sun 4th Sat	970-240-0419 970-824-8407	Silver Rings Black Mountain Cat	Montrose Rod & Gun Club Bears Ears Sportsmens Club
Pawnee Station Pawnee Station Wild Bunch	Nunn Fort Collins	3rd Sat 3rd Sun	970-667-0734 303-857-0520	TriggerHappy Ted Red Creek Dick Martin	Great Guns Sporting LLC Great Guns Sporting LLC
Pueblo West Vigilantes	Pueblo West	2nd Sat	719-545-9463	Grizz Bear	Pueblo West Sportsmen's Assoc.
Rockvale Bunch San Juan Rangers	Rockvale Montrose	3rd Sat 1st Sun	719-371-0172 970-417-6247	Cherokee Diablo Kodiak Kid	Rockvale Gun Club San Juan Shooting Range
Sand Creek Raiders Thunder Mountain Shootists	Byers Whitewater	4th Sun 3rd Sat & Sun	303-366-8827 970-464-7118	Sweetwater Bill Pinto Being	Colorado Rifle Club William Jarvis Shooting Complex
Thunder Mountain Shootists Wild Bunch	Whitewater	2nd Sat	970-260-5432	Colorado Blackjack	William Jarvis Shooting Complex William Jarvis Shooting Complex

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CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
Windygap Regulators	Cortez	1st Sun	970-739-9705	Stumble Leena	Windygap Regulators
ст					
CT Valley Bushwackers Ledyard Sidewinders	Coventry Ledyard	2nd Sat 1st Sat	860-508-2686 860-536-0887	Milo Sierra Yosemite Gene	Manchester Sportsman Association Ledyard Sportsman's Club
L L .	Ledyard	TSC SdC	000-330-0007	rosennite dene	Ledyard sportsmans club
DE Paden's Posse	Bridgeville	3rd Sun	302-670-9990	Vaquero Dan	Bridgeville Rifle Club
FL	Ť				10. In 19. In
Antelope Junction Rangers	Clearwater	Fri nite & 2nd Sat	727-742-2434	Horrace E. Rider	Wyoming Antelope Club
Big Bend Bushwhackers Cowford Regulators	Woodville Jacksonville	3rd Sat 4th Sat	850-567-5694 904-316-0644	Ocklawaha Kid Misfire Mordecai	Tallahassee Rifle and Pistol Club Gateway Rifle and Pistol Club
Doodle Hill Regulators Five County Regulators	Ruskin	4th Sun	612-709-1234	Valrico Kid	Gun Craft Inc. Range
Fort White Cowboy Cavalry	Punta Gorda Fort White	4th Sun 2nd Sat	239-772-7994 352-222-4214	Vaquero Tom Confederate Colt	Hansen Shooting Range Fort White Gun Club
Ghost Town Gunslingers Gold Coast Gunslingers	St. Augustine Sunrise	1st Sat 1st Sat & 3rd Sun	904-808-8559 786-256-9542	Copenhagen George Washington McLintock	Ancient City Shooting Range Markham Park Pistol & Rifle Range
Hernando County Regulators	Brooksville	1st Sun	517-622-4372	Shoulda Dun Gun	Hernando Sportsman's Club
Lake County Pistoleros Lake County Pistoleros (Wild Bunch)	Tavares Tavares	3rd Sat As Sch	352-208-2788 352-208-2788	Arcadia Outlaw Arcadia Outlaw	Eustis Gun Club Eustis Gun Club
Miakka Misfits OK Corral Outlaws	Myakka City Okeechobee	1st Sun 3rd Sat	941-758-9454 Ext106 863-357-2226	Crossfire Brown Kokomo Kid	Manatee County Gun & Archery Club OK Corral Gun Club
Okeechobee Marshals	Okeechobee	2nd Sat & 4th Sun	561-371-5507	Amaduelist	OK Corral Gun Club
Panhandle Cattle Company Panhandle Cowboys	Chipley Cantonment	4th Sat 2nd Sun	850-638-4939 850-932-3955	Desperado Dale Jeb Stuart Foley	Gulf Rifle Club Escambia River Gun Club
Red Hills Rangers Roughshod Raiders	Midway Gainsville	3rd Wkd 4th Sun	850-459-5472 352-317-2357	Cassalong Hopidy Delta Glen	Talon Training Group Gainsville Target Range
Southwest Florida Gunslingers	Punta Gorda	3rd Sat	239-772-7994	Vaquero Tom	Hanson Shooting Range
Tater Hill Gunfighters Weewahootee Vigilance Committee	Arcadia Orlando	2nd Sun 1st Sat	863-990-7822 407-847-7285	Arcadia Ranger Cypress Sam	Desoto Gun Club Central Florida Rifle & Pistol Club
GA		(175 TAS)		About South	2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 - 2000 -
Cherokee Cowboys	Gainesville	4th Sat	706-654-8109	Krazy Kajun	Cherokee Gun Club
Doc Holliday's Immortals Lonesome Valley Regulators	Griffin Junction City	2nd Sat 1st Sun	678-230-0316 478-922-9384	Captain Bill Burt Wishbone Hooper	Griffin Gun Club Lonesome Valley Regulators
River Bend Rough Riders	Dawsonville	1st Sat	770-893-7745	Done Gone	River Bend Gun Club
South River Shootists Tennessee Mountain Marauders	Covington Chattanooga	3rd Sat 3rd Sat	404-405-8266 423-593-3767	Fast Eddie Double Barrel	South River Gun Club Mystery Dog Ranch
Valdosta Vigilance Committee	Valdosta	1st Sat	229-244-3161	Goliath	Little River Sportsmen's Assoc.
IA					
Fort Des Moines Rangers Outlaw's Run	Indianola Red Oak	1st Sun 2nd Sun	515-537-3633 712-621-5726	Marshal Kane Capt. Jim Midnight	Central Iowa Shooting Sports Red Oak
Turkeyfoot Cowboys	Elk Run Heights	1st Sat	319-240-2224	Ranger Mathias Fischels	Turkeyfoot Long Rifles Range
Zen Shootists	Nevada	2nd Sat	515-783-4833	Sergeant Duroc	Scorpion Gulch
ID Border Marauders	East Port	3rd Wkd	208-920-9068	Mud Marine	Kootenai Valley Rifle & Pistol Range
Hells Canyon Ghost Riders	Moscow	3rd Sat	208-836-5742	Cottonwood Hart	Bernard Peterson Memorial Range
Oregon Trail Rough Riders Snake River Western Shooting Society	Kuna Jerome	2nd Sun & 3rd Sat 4th Sat	208-466-0061 208-731-6387	Gem Hunter Missy Mable	Black's Creek Rifle Range Jerome Rod & Gun Club
Squaw Butte Regulators The Vagueros	Emmett Pocatello	1st Sun 3rd Sat	208-866-7271 208-237-7521	Idaho Sixgun Sam Varmit Hunter	Gem County Rod & Gun Club Gate City Sport Shooting Association
IL	rocateno	Sid Sur	200 237 7 521	vannerhanter	date city sport shooting association
Fort Beggs Defenders	Plainfield	3rd Sun	815-254-1062	Toranado	Oak Park Sportsmen's Club
Free Grazers Good Guys Posse	Effingham Winnebago	2nd Sat 4th Sun	217-821-3134 815-206-3534	Fossil Creek Bob Shamrock	Effingham County Sportsman's Club Dry Gulch Ranch
Illinois River City Regulators	Chillicothe	2nd Sun	309-243-7236	Granville Stuart	Chillicothe Sportsmen's Club
Illowa Irregulars Kaskaskia Cowboys	Milan Sparta	3rd Sun 2nd Sat	563-340-8288 618-571-2132	Shamrock Sis Phiren Smoke	Milan Rifle Club World Shooting and Recreation Complex
Kaskaskia Cowboys (Wild Bunch) Kishwaukee Valley Regulators	Sparta Waterman	As Scheduled 1st Sun	618-632-0712 815-751-3716	Boben Weev Snakes Morgan	World Shooting and Recreation Complex Aurora Sportsmen's Club
Lakewoods Marshals	Rinard	1st Sat	618-262-4562	Rusty Banker	Lakewood Flying Duck Sporting Clays
Marion County Renegades Marion County Renegades Wild Bunch	Sandoval Sandoval	4th Sat 2nd Sun	618-267-6952 618-267-6952	Shell Stuffer Shell Stuffer	Centralia Trap Club Centralia Trap Club
McLean County Peacemakers	Bloomington	3rd Sat	309-379-4331	Marshall R. D.	Darnalls Gun Works & Range
Rangeless Riders Shady Creek Shootists	Bunker Hill Little York	1st Sat 1st & 4th Sun	618-210-2586 309-734-2324	Jean Duke Dapper Dan Porter	Brittany Shooting Park Ltd. High Point Gun Club Inc.
The Long Nine Tri County Cowboys	Loami Polo	4th & 5th Sun 2nd Sat	217-971-6107 779-207-5973	Billy The Avenger Msgt. SH Long	Lefthanders Gun Club Tri County Gun Club
Vermilion River Long Riders	Leonore	2nd Sun	815-875-3674	Lead Poison Lar	Sandy Ford Sportsman Club
IN					
Atlanta Cattle Company Circle R Cowboys	Atlanta Brookston	2nd Sat 3rd Sat	765-215-8758 219-208-2793	Hutch Mustang Bill	AtaInta Conservation Club Wildcat Valley Rifle & Pistol Club
Deer Creek Regulators	Jonesboro	4th Sun	765-506-0344	Doc Molar	Deer Creek Conservation Club, Inc.
Paradise Pass Regulators Pine Ridge Regulators	Etna Green Brazil	1st Sat 3rd Sat	574-354-7186 317-373-0362	C. C. Top Ratlesnake John	Paradise Pass DBA Proteq
Pine Ridge Regulators (Wild Bunch) Pleasant Valley Renegades	Brazil Canaan	1st Wkd 2nd Sat	313-373-0362 812-839-3052	Rattlesnake John Nomore Slim	DBA Proteq N/A
Wabash Rangers	Cayuga	4th Sat	217-267-2820	Henry Remington	Clark's Shooting Range
Westside Renegades Wildwood Wranglers	Evansville Michigan City	4th Sat As Scheduled	812-624-2022 219-221-0868	Persimmon Dan Voodooman	Westside Sportsmen Facility Michigan City Rifle Club
Wolff's Rowdy Rangers	Bristol	3rd Sat	574-536-4010	Justice D. Spencer	Cheif Wa-Ke-De Range
KS	Destroy	146-216-221	013 004 0755	P. #-1- P. 1	
Free State Rangers Butterfield Gulch Gang	Parker Chapman	1st Sun, 3rd Sat, & 5th Sun 1st Sun	913-904-8733 785-479-0416	Buffalo Phil Flinthills Dawg	N/A Clark's Station
Chisholm Trail Rowdies Millbrook Wranglers	Benton Hill City	4th Sun 2nd Sun	316-491-3249 785-421-2537	Monco Grandpa Buckten Millbrook	Chisholm Trail Antique Gun Association Mill Brook Station Shooting Range
Powder Creek Cowboys	Lenexa	2nd & 4th Sat & 4th Wed	816-453-0156	K. C. Ranger	Powder Creek Shooting Park
Powder Creek Cowboys (Wild Bunch) Sandhill Regulators	Lenexa Hutchinson	As Scheduled 3rd Sat	913-568-1849 620-664-7003	Fire Boss Merimac Menace	Powder Creek Shooting Park Central Kansas Gun Club, Inc.
KY					na a pres a constantina a para construir referencia e 1920/2020/102/102/102/102/
Green River Gunslingers	Bowling Green	2nd Sat	270-792-9001	Yak	Green River Gun Club
Hooten Old Town Regulators Kentucky Long Rifles Cowboys	Mckee Morehead	1st Sat 2nd Sat	423-309-4146 606-462-3278	Double Eagle Dave Hoss Lytle	Hooten Old Town Kentucky Long Rifles
Kentucky Regulators Knob Creek Gunfighters Guild	Boaz	1st Sat	270-354-5040	Shenandoah Slim Shaddai Vaguero	Kentucky Regulators Gun Club Inc
Levisa Fork Lead Slingers	West Point Pikeville	1st Sun 2nd Sat	406-231-2329 606-631-4613	Escopeta Jake	Knob Creek Gun Range East Kentucky Sportsman Assoc.
Ohio River Rangers Ponderosa Pines Posse	Paducah Manchester	3rd Sat 3rd Sat	270-554-1501 606-599-5263	George Rogers Copperhead Joe	Jackson Purchase Rifle and Pistol Club N/A
LA	- Her for the states		500 577 5205		
Bayou Bounty Hunters	Amite	2nd & 4th Sat	985-789-0744	Soiled Dove	Florida Parsh Skeet and Gun Assoc.
Deadwood Marshals Jackson Hole Regulators	Sorrento Quitman	1st & 3rd Sat 2nd Sat	504-458-1898 318-278-9071	Doc Spudley Slick McClade	Deadwood Marshals Jackson Hole
succession for negatators	Sentiment	2000 000	310 270-3071	sites mesidue	

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CLUB NAME	СІТҮ	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
Up The Creek Gang	Lake Charles	2nd & 4th Sat	337-274-3625	Hellbender	South Lake Charles Gun Club
MA Danvers Desperados Harvard Ghost Riders	Middleton Harvard	As Scheduled As Scheduled	781-254-8041 978-456-6971	Pittsburg Mac Grazer	Danvers Fish & Game Club Harvard Sportsman's Club
MD Damascus Wildlife Rangers	Damascus	4th Sat	301-717-9672	Chuckaroo	Izaak Walton League
Eas'dern Shore Renegades	Sudlersville	1st Sat	302-378-7854	Teton Tracy	William T. Roe Memorial Range
Monocacy Irregulars	Frederick	2nd Tues	301-717-9672	Chuckaroo	Monocacy Pistol Club
Thurmont Rangers	Thurmont	1st Sun	240-285-7673	Cash Caldwell	Thurmont Conservation and Sportsman Club
ME Beaver Creek Desperados	Berwick	As Scheduled	207-324-3117	Rhino Jacks	Sanford-Springvale Fish and Game
Big Pine Bounty Hunters	Willmantic	As Scheduled	207-876-4928	Ripley Scrounger	Big Pine Gun Club Inc
MI Eagleville Cowboys Hidden Valley Cowboys Johnson Creek Regulators Lapeer County Sportsmen's Club Wranglers Mason County Marshals	Central Lake Sturgis Plymouth Attica Scottville	4th Sat 3rd Sun 4th Sat (Mar-Oct) Sun As Sch 4th Sat	231-676-0922 269-651-5197 734-812-5679 810-938-4412 231-343-2580	One Son of A Gun Saulk Valley Stubby Panhead Pete Horse Whisperer George Metis Two Gun Troll	Eagleville Ranch St. Joseph Conservation and Sportsmans Club Western Wayne County Conservation Club Lapeer County Sportsmen's Club Fin & Feathers Club of Mason County
River Bend Rangers	Niles	2nd Sat	269-684-1782	Paul Puma	Bend of River Conservation Club
Rocky River Regulators	Utica	3rd Sun	248-709-5254	Terrebonne Bud	Detroit Sportsmen's Congress
Rocky River Regulators Wild Bunch	Utica	As Scheduled	248-709-5254	Terrebonne Bud	Detroit Sportsmen's Congress
Saginaw Field & Stream Club	Saginaw	As Scheduled	989-585-3292	Katie Callahan	Saginaw Field & Stream Gun Club
Sucker Creek Saddle and Gun Club	Breckenridge	3rd Sat (April-Oct)	989-832-8426	Kid Al Fred	Sucker Creek Saddle and Gun Club
Wolverine Rangers	Kimball	As Scheduled	248-528-0440	R.J. Law	Blue Water Sportsman's Association
MN					
Cedar Valley Vigilantes	Morristown	1st & 3rd Sat	612-701-9719	D M Yankee	Cedar Valley Vigilantes
Fort Belmont Regulators	Jackson	2nd Sun	507-840-0883	Mule Town Jack	Des Moines Valley Sportsman's Club
Granite City Gunslingers	Kimball	1st & 5th Sat	320-979-1745	Timber Jack Thompson	Kimball Rod and Gun Club
Lookout Mountain Gunsmoke Society	Virginia	3rd Sat	218-780-6797	Wagonmaster	Virginia Rifle & Pistol Club
MO Bear Creek Volunteers	Walnut Shade	2nd Wkd	417-501-1886	Alice K. Grierson	Liberty Range
Bear Creek Volunteers Wild Bunch Butterfield Trail Cowboys Butterfield Trail Cowboys Wild Bunch Central Ozarks Western Shooters Cotwards the backt & Gritostooters	Walnut Shade Walnut Shade Walnut Shade Newburg	2nd Wkd 4th Wkd 4th Wkd 3rd Sun 2rd Sun	417-501-1886 417-759-9114 417-759-9114 573-486-2259 314-846-2904	Alice K. Grierson Smokie Smokie Irish Jack Daniels	Liberty Range Ozark Shooters Sports Complex Ozark Shooters Sports Complex Central Ozarks Pratical Shooters Range
Gateway Shootist Society	Barnhart	3rd Sun	314-846-2904	Doc Slogun	Arnold Rifel and Pistol Club
Gateway Shootist Society Wild Bunch	Barnhart	1st Sun	314-846-2904	Doc Slogun	Arnold Rifel and Pistol Club
Liberty Land and Cattle Company	Walnut Shade	3rd Fri & Sat	417-294-0239	Hon. Sgt. Edward Greenwood Hampton	Liberty Range Bear Creek Shooting Complex
Mountain Oyster Gang	Higginsville	1st Sun	660-909-6519	Schnickelfritz	Lafayette Gun Club
Shoal Creek Shootists	Joplin	3rd Sat	417-434-8169	Two Knives Tom	Shoal Creek Shootist Range
Southern Missouri Rangers	Marshfield	4th Wkd	573-374-8491	Flossie	Outlaw Range
The Ozark Posse	Cassville	1st Sat	417-846-5142	Tightwad Swede	N/A
MS Gulf Coast Gunslingers Mississippi Peacemakers	Biloxi Mendenhall	1st Sun 3rd Sat	228-860-0054 662-417-0250	Old Rebel Buck Bow	Coast Rifle & Pistol Club Purgatory/Peacemaker
Mississippi River Rangers	Byhalia	4th & 5th Sat & 3rd Sun	662-851-4153	Taska Jim	Rabbit Ridge Ranch
Natchez Sixgunners	Roxie	1st Sat	601-807-1513	Silky	N/A
MT Sun River Rangers Shooting Society	Augusta	1st Sat/Sun & 4th Sat	406-590-7192	Picture Takn' Gal	N/A
Bitterroot Buckaroos	Hamilton	1st Sat	406-531-4116	May B. Shecann	Whittecar Rifle & Pistol Club
Black Horse Shootists	Great Falls	Wkd of 3rd Sun	406-727-7625	J. E. B. Stuart Montana	Great Falls Shooting Sports Complex
Custer County Stranglers	Miles City	3rd Sat	406-232-0727	Hartshot	Custer Rod & Gun Club
Gallatin Valley Regulators	Logan	2nd Sat	406-388-2902	El Hombre de Montana	Manhattan Wildlife Association
Honorable Road Agents Shooting Society	Ennis	1st Sat	406-640-1184	Rough Rider 45	Bloated Carcass
Last Chance Handgunners	Basin	3rd Sat	N/A	N/A	Hi Ore Sportsman's Range
Montana Territory Peacemakers	Billings	4th Sat	406-254-9414	Lascivious Latigo	Billings Rod & Gun Club
Rocky Mountain Rangers	Noxon	2nd Wkd	406-847-0745	Jocko	Noxon Rod and Gun Club
Buccaneer Range Regulators	Winnabow	2nd Sat	910-330-7179	Jefro	Buccaneer Gun Club
Carolina Cattlemen's Shooting and Social Society	Creedmoore	2nd Sat	919-791-9816	J. M. Brown	Sir Walter Gun Club
Carolina Cattlemen's Shooting and Social Society Wild Bunch	Creedmoore	4th Sat	919-791-9816	J. M. Brown	Sir Walter Gun Club
Carolina Single Action Shooting Society	Ridgeway	2nd Sun	336-627-7615	Carolina's Longarm	N/A
Cross Creek Cowboys	Wagram	3rd Sat	919-830-8054	Gunrunner Joe	Wagram Sportsmen's Association
Neuse River Regulators	Hevelock	Every Sat	252-726-3982	One Eye Ray	Sure Shot Gun Sports
North Carolina Cowboys, Inc.	Salisbury	As Scheduled	919-920-7819	R. J. Gatling	Sir Walter Shooting Services
Old Hickory Regulators	Rocky Mount	1st Sat	252-908-0098	Wendover Kid	Old Hickory Gun Club, Inc.
Old North State Posse	Salisbury	1st Sat	336-558-9032	Tracker Mike	Rowan County Wildlife Association
ND	Sansbury	13t Sat	550 550 5052		nowar county minute Association
Dakota RoughRiders Badlands Bandits Shawaya Villey Basadhaanaa	Moffit Belfield	As Scheduled 2nd Sun	701-471-2334 701-260-0347 701 702 4116	Blake Stone Roughrider Ray Wild River Rose	Fried Family Marksmanship Complex Belfield Sportmens Club
Sheyenne Valley Peacekeepers Trestle Valley Rangers NE	Enderlin Minot	Last Sat 2nd Sat	701-793-4116 701-852-1697	Doc Hell	Sheyenne Valley Peacemakers Range Minot Rifle and Pistol
Columbus Rifle Club	Columbus	As Scheduled	402-276-1391	Scruffy Skippy	Columbus Rifle Club
Eastern Nebraska Gun Club	Louisville	2nd Sun	712-323-8996	Flint Valdez	Eastern Nebraska Gun Club
Platte Valley Gunslingers	Alda	3rd Sat	308-380-4682	Stirrup Trouble	Hearland Public Shooting Park
NH	Delleser	Averation .	603 773 6044	Miss Delegan Bells	Dullana Clabard Comp
North-East Western Shooter, LLC	Pelham	As Scheduled	603-772-5041	Miss Delaney Belle	Pelham Fish and Game
Pemi Valley Peacemakers	Holderness	As Scheduled	603-703-1355	Crystal Creek Chris	Pemigewasset Valley Fish and Game Club
The Dalton Gang Shooting Club of NH LLC	Dalton	3rd Wkd	603-444-6876	Littleton S. Dalton	The Dalton Gang Shooting Range
White Mountain Regulators	Candia	As Scheduled	603-957-0377	Dead Head	Kinnicum Fish & Game
NJ Jackson Hole Gang Monmouth County Rangers Shongum Wiley Coyotes	Jackson Monmouth Oxford	4th Sun 2nd Sun 3rd Sun	908-872-7459 732-803-2430 973-219-9585	Dancin Angel Utah Tom Johnny Swan	Central Jersey Rifle & Pistol Club Monmouth County Rifle & Pistol Club Shongum Sportsman Association
NM Angels and Outlaws	Clovis	2nd Sat	575-799-9154	Shadrac Northcutt	Patriot Outdoors Club
Bighorn Vigilantes	Edgewood	1st Sat	505-286-0830	German George	Founders Ranch
Buffalo Range Riders	Edgewood	1st Sun	505-832-6882	Estancia Kid	Founders Ranch
Buffalo Range Riders Mounted	Edgewood	3rd Sat	505-886-4049	James Earl Dalton	Founders Ranch
Chisum Cowboy Gun Club	Roswell	1st Sun	575-626-9201	Two Bit Tammy	High Lonesome
Chisum Cowboy Gun Club Wild Bunch	Roswell	1st Sat	575-626-9201	Two Bit Tammy	High Lonesome
Del Norte Diablos	Rio Rancho	4th Sat	505-672-1583	Chimayo Red	Del Norte Gun Club
Gila Rangers	Mimbres	2nd Wkd	575-388-2531	Chico Cheech	Fowler Land and Cattle Company
High Desert Drifters	Edgewood	2nd Sat	505-550-9230	Texas Tiger	Founders Ranch
Lincoln County Regulators	Ruidoso	2nd Sat	505-681-1377	Dirty Earl	Ruidoso Gun Club

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CLUB NAME	CITY	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
Los Pistoleros Wild Bunch	Edgewood	4th Sat	505-563-0545	J. Frank Norfleet	Founders Ranch
Picacho Posse	Las Cruces	4th Sat	575-644-3317	Fast Hammer	Butterfield Shooting Range
Picacho Posse (Wild Bunch) Rio Grande Renegades	Las Cruces Albuquerque	4th Sat 2nd Wed, 3rd & 4th Sat, 5th Sun	575-644-3317 505-670-6347	Fast Hammer Rooster B.	Butterfield Shooting Range Albuquerque Shooting Range
Rio Grande Renegades (Wild Bunch)	Albuquerque	3rd Sun	505-263-1181	Mica McGuire	Albuquerque Shooting Range
Rio Vaqueros Tres Rios Bandidos	Truth or Consequences Farmington	3rd Sun 4th Sun	575-744-5411 505-632-9712	Dusty Star El Mulo Vaquero	Adobe Hills Shooting Range San Juan Wildlife Federation
Tres Rios Bandidos Wild Bunch	Farmingtion	2nd Sun	505-632-9712	El Mulo Vacquero	San Juan Wildlife Federation Shooting Range
Desert Desperados	Las Vegas	3rd Sun	702-419-7024	Nasty Nels	Desert Sportsman Rifle Club
Eldorado Cowboys	Boulder City	1st Wkd	702-328-4867 775-530-3935	Creeker	Boulder Rifle & Pistol Club Fernley Hills Shooting Range
High Plains Drifters Nevada Rangers Cowboy Action Shooting Society	Fernley Las Vegas	1st Sun 2nd Wknd	702-460-6393	Jasper Agate MT Fargo	Clark County Shooting Range
Roop County Cowboy Shooters Assoc. Silver State Shootists	Fernley Carson City	2nd Sun 3rd Sun	775-849-7679 775-586-9178	Jasper Agate Tahoe Bill	Reno Fernley Tahoe Speedway Carson Rifle & Pistol Range
NY	carson city	Sidodii		Number Bill	carbon nine a ristor nange
IN T Alabama Gunslingers	Alabama	1st Sat	716-693-3237	Nickel City Dude	Alabama Hunt Club
Bar-20 Inc.	West Eaton	2nd Sat	315-247-7244	Badlands Buck	Eatonbrook Rod & Gun Club
Boot Hill Regulators Circle K Regulators	Chester Ballston Spa	1st Sun 3rd Sun	845-782-0760 518-588-0312	Tom Payne Smokehouse Dan	Monroe Chester Sportsmen Club, Inc. Kayaderosseras Fish & Game Club
Circle K Rough Riders (Wild Bunch)	Ballston Spa	As Scheduled	518-584-9869	Roy Cassidy	Kayaderosseras Fish and Game Club
East End Regulators Hole In The Wall Gang	Westhampton	First Sun 3rd Sat	631-921-6753 631-864-1035	Waco Johnny Lane El Fusilero	Pine Barrons Calverton Shooting Range
Mythical Rough Riders	Calverton Blasdell	5th Sun	716-838-4286	Rev Dave Clayton	Blasdell Rod and Gun Club
Oxford Regulators	Oxford	2nd Sun	607-859-2677	Doc Hostetler	Oxford Rod and Gun Glub
Sackets Harbor Vigilantes The Long Riders	Watertown Shortsville	4th Sun 4th Sun	315-465-6543 585-467-4429	Ranger Clayton Conagher Loco Poco Lobo	Sackets Harbor Sportsmans Club Shortsville Rod & Gun Club
Tioga County Cowboys	Owego	1st Sat	604-760-5746	Dusty Drifter	Tioga County Sportsman's Association
ОН					
Auglaize Rough Riders	Defiance	3rd Sun	419-258-6483	Bear River Smith	Auglaize Village Muzzle Loaders
Big Iron Rangers Blackhand Raiders	Middletown Nashport	2nd Sat 2nd Sun	513-304-3505 740-964-0476	Deadwood Stan Olde Mill Bill	Middletown Sportsman's Club Dillon Sportsman Center
Brown Township Regulators	Malvern	Last Sat	330-863-1139	Sandy Creek Jake	Brown Township Sportsman's Club
Central Ohio Cowboys Firelands Peacemakers	Circleville Rochester	4th Sun 3rd Sat	614-563-6034 419-651-4312	Stagecoach Hannah Lefty Lobo Lee	Pickaway County Sportsmans Club Rochester Rod Range
Greene County Cowboys	Xenia	1st Sun	937-422-4595	Ruger Ray	Greene County Fish & Game Assoc.
Miami Valley Ćowboys Middletown Sportsmen's Club	Piqua Middletown	2nd Sun (Mar-Nov)	937-418-7816 N/A	Buckshot Jones N/A	Piqua Fish & Game Middletown Sportsmen's Club
Ohio Valley Vigilantes	Mt. Vernon	1st Sat 4th Sat	614-599-0721	Slow Movin Ron	N/A
Sandusky County Regulators	Gibsonburg	2nd Sat	734-241-7933	P K Paladin	Sandusky County Sportsmans Club
Scioto Territory Desperados Shenango River Rats	Piketon Masury	3rd & 5th Sun 2nd Sat & Last Thurs	740-412-0625 330-719-5078	Col Caleb Boone Shenango Joe	Arkoe Gulch-Arkoe Outdoors, LLC Brookfield Tri-District Conservation Club
Stonelick Regulators	Batavia	As Scheduled	513-307-7705	Lindy Longshot	Miami Rifle and Pistol Club
Stonelick Regulators (Wild Bunch) Tusco Long Riders	Milford Dennison	As Scheduled 1st Sat	513-891-3420 216-932-7630	Longshot Ace Prairie Dawg	Miami Rifle and Pistol Club Tusco Rifle Club, Inc.
Wild Wild West Point Cowboy Action Shooting	Lisbon	2nd Sun (Apr-Nov)	330-386-6975	Blue Eyed Bob	West Point Rod & Gun Club
ок					
Cherokee Strip Shootists	Stillwater	1st Sat	405-641-3796	Numa	Stillwater Rifle & Pistol Club
Cherokee Strip Shootists Wild Bunch Indian Territory Single Action Shooting Society	Stillwater Sand Springs	1st Sat 2nd & 5th Sun, 3rd Sat, 4th Wed	405-880-0499 918-830-2936	Paladenton Burly Bill	Stillwater Rifle & Pistol Club Red Castle Gun Club
Lincoln County Cowboys	Cushing	1st & 3rd Sun	918-285-0543	Scott Wayne	Crossroads Gun Range
Oklahoma Territorial Marshals Oklahoma Territorial Marshals Wild Bunch	Arcadia Arcadia	2nd Sat & 4th Sun 2nd Sun	405-373-1472 405-694-5270	Flat Top Okie Hondo Tweed	Oklahoma City Gun Club Oklahoma City Gun Club
Rattlesnake Mountain Rangers	Checotah	1st & 4th Sat	918-908-0016	Black River Jack	Muskogee Gun Club
Red River Valley Cowpokes	Albany	2nd Wknd	580-847-2210	Calamity Di Bar	Red River Valley Cowboy Church
Shortgrass Rangers Tater Hill Regulators	Grandfield Coweta	1st Sat & 3rd Sun 3rd & 5th Sun	405-640-5650 918-622-3630	Oklahoma Spuds Tulsey	N/A Oil Capital Rod & Gun Club
Tulsey Town Cattlemens Association	Tulsa	2nd & 4th Sat	918-697-7396	Dry Gulch Deryl	Tulsa Gun Club
OR					
Dry Gulch Desperados Horse Ridge Pistoleros	Milton-Freewater Bend	1st Sat 1st & 3rd Sun	509-520-2789 541-848-2819	Pinto Annie Cactus John	East End Rod & Gun Club Central Oregon Shooting Sports Association
Horse Ridge Pistoleros Wild Bunch	Bend	3rd Sat	541-848-2819	Cactus John	Central Oregon Shooting Sports Association
Klamath Cowboys	Keno Carata Para	2nd Sun & 4th Sat	541-884-2611	Jasper Wayne	Bill Scholtes Sportsman Park
Merlin Marauders Molalla River Rangers	Grants Pass Canby	1st Sat 1st Sat	541-218-3137 503-866-8993	Long Henry Thompson Rowdy Rex	Josephine County Sportsman's Association Canby Rod & Gun Club
Old 97 Railroad Rangers	Redmond	TBD	541-548-3198	Tetherow Tex LaRue	Redmond Rod and Gun Club
Oregon Old West Shooting Society Orygun Cowboys	Albany Sherwood	3rd Sun & 4th Sat 4th Sat	541-619-7381 503-539-6335	Tuffy Tumbleweed Kansan	Albany Rifle & Pistol Club Tri County Gun Club
Pine Mountain Posse	Millican	2nd & 4th Sun	541-350-3339	Stargazer Sal	COSSA
Siuslaw River Rangers Table Rock Rangers	Florence Eagle Point	1st Sun 1st Sun & 2nd Sat	541-997-6313 541-944-2281	Johnny Jingos Jed I. Knight	Siuslaw Rod & Gun Club Jackson County Sports Park
PA	1940 - #J6895985059	192009-0320079782079992077520	10-10-3710-00-377-393	1999 - 1999 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 - 1997 -	oosaammanaanaa tahdaata oo ah ka
Beaver Valley Bushwhackers	Beaver Falls	4th Sun	724-234-2893	Duncan Disorderly	Beaver Valley Rifle and Pistol Club
Boot Hill Gang of Topton Chimney Rocks Regulators	Topton	1st Sun 2nd Sat	610-704-6792 814-695-7064	Lester Moore	Topton Fish & Game Association Hollidaysburg Sportman Club
Chimney Rocks Regulators Delaware Drifters	Hollidaysburg Muncy	2nd Sat As Scheduled	570-506-0658	Colorado Smith Fort Benning John	Keystone Sportsmen Association
El Posse Grande	Muncy Valley	4th Sun	570-538-9163	Black Hills Barb	Muncy Valley
Elstonville Hombres Jefferson Outlaws	Manheim Spring Grove	4th Sun 3rd Sat	610-939-9947 443-392-1615	Trusty Sidekick Red-Eyed Kid	Elstonville Sportsman's Association Jefferson Rifle Club
Logans Ferry Regulators	New Kensington	2nd Sat	412-607-5313	Mariah Kid	Logans Ferry Sportsmens Club
Mainville Marauders Matamoras Mavericks	Mainville Milford	2nd Sun 2nd Sun	570-690-3932 570-686-3618	Dodge Bill Ziggady Zag	Mainville Sportsman's Club Matamoras Rod & Gun Club
Perry County Regulators	Ickesburg	1st Sat	717-606-5652	Slim Chance Pistolero	Ickesburg Sportsmen's Assoc.
River Junction Shootist Society Welsh Mountain Regulators	Acme Gap	3rd Sat 2nd Sat	724-593-6602 610-913-1992	Mattie Hays Biloxi Bob	Indian Creek Sportman's Club New Holland Rifle and Pistol Club
Westshore Posse	Lewisberry	2nd Sun	410-984-2249	Hud McCoy	West Shore Sportsmens Assoc.
RI					
Lincoln County Lawmen	Foster	3rd Sun	401-651-5827	Preacher Ben Pray'n	Pine Tree Gun Club
SC					
Belton Bushwhackers	Belton	2nd Sat	864-760-9366	Pants A'Fire Meyer	Belton Gun Club
Geechee Gunfighters Greenville Gunfighters	Ridgeville Greenvilee	4th Sat 4th Sun	843-863-0649 864-414-5578	Doc Kemm Cowboy Junky	Palmetto Gun Club Greenville Gun Club
Greenville Gunfighters (Wild Bunch) Hurricane Riders	Greenville	5th Sun	864-414-1968 843-249-3599	Hondo Jackson	Greenville Gun Club
Palmetto Posse	Galivants Ferry Gaston	3rd Sat 1st Sat	803-422-5587	Arizona Mahoney Dun Gamblin	Horry Chapter Wildlife Action Mid Carolina Rifle Club
Savannah River Rangers	Gaston	3rd Sun	803-960-3907	Kid Ray	Mid Carolina Rifle Club
SD					
Black Hills Shootist Association Cottonwood Cowboy Association	Pringle Clark	3rd Sun 2nd Sun	605-342-8946 605-881-7929	Hawkbill Smith J. D. Henry	Pringle Shooting Range Cottonwood Cowboy Range
Medicine Creek Road Agents	Oneida	1st Sun	605-222-5145	Iron Mender	Medicine Creek Road Agents Shooting Range
Snake Creek Rustlers	Faulkton	4th Sun	605-252-8403	O'Town Kid	Faulk Couty Trap Club

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CLUB NAME	СІТҮ	MATCH DAY	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
CLOB NAME	CITY	MAICH DAI	PHONE	CONTACT	RANGE LOCATION
TN					
Wartrace Regulators Greene County Regulators	Wartrace Rogersville	1st Sat & 3rd Sat 1st Sat	931-703-8274 423-360-7494	Whiskey Hayes Shamrock Paddy	N/A N/A
Memphis Gunslingers	Lakeland	1st Sun & 2nd Sat	901-601-7459	Hot Lead Lefty	Memphis Sport Shooting Association
Memphis Gunslingers Wild Bunch	Lakeland	3rd Sat	901-867-8277	Hot Lead Lefty	Memphis Sport Shooting Association
Ocoee Rangers ORSA's Oak Ridge Outlaws	Cleveland Oak Ridge	4th Sat 2nd Sat	423-476-5303 865-314-0321	Ocoee Red Keystone	Cleveland Hunting Rifle & Pistol Club Oak Ridge Sportsman's Association
Wartrace Regulators (Wild Bunch)	Wartrace	3rd Sat	931-723-7896	Papa Dave	N/A
тх					
Badlands Bar 3	Clarksville	3rd Wkd	903-272-9283	T-Bone Dooley	Badlands Bar 3
Butterfield Trail Regulators Canadian River Regulators	Anson Clarendon	3rd Sat 2nd, 3rd & 5th Sat	325-668-1473 816-335-9915	Lil McGill Hipshot Percussion	Abilene Gun Club Bar H Dude Ranch
Comanche Trail Shootists	Midland	1st Sat	432-557-0860	Tumbleweed Dan	Timberline Ranch
Comanche Valley Vigilantes	Cleburne	4th Wkd	817-980-7206	Shady McLarry	Ormsby Ranch
Concho Valley Shooters Darby Rough Regulators	Water Valley West Point	2nd Sat 2nd & 5th Sat	325-655-3625 979-561-6202	Doc Sanders Cherokee Granny	McDuffie Range Van Wart Ranch
Green Mountain Regulators	Marble Falls	4th Sat	254-449-0082	Reckon	Joma Enterprises LLC
Gruesome Gulch Gang Lone Star Frontier Shooting Club	Plainview Cleburne	3rd Sat 2nd Wkd	806-729-5887 817-905-3122	Eli Blue Rock Rotten	N/A Ormsby Ranch
Oakwood Outlaws	Oakwood	2nd Wkd	214-384-3975	Denton Dancer	Shank Ranch
Old Fort Parker Patriots Orange County Regulators	Groesbeck Orange	3rd Wkd 1st & 3rd Sat	903-720-7270 409-267-1091	Bent Barrell Betty Texas Gator	Old Fort Gun Club Orange Gun Club
Plum Creek Shooting Society	Lockhart	1st Sat	512-626-8189	Dragon Hill Dave	Agarita Ranch
Purgatory Ridge Rough Riders	Slaton Pharr	4th Sat 2nd Sun	806-777-6182 956-648-7364	Armed to the Teeth Dream Chaser	Rustic Range Pharr Rifle and Pistol Club
Rio Grande Valley Vaqueros South Texas Pistolaros	San Antonio	1st & 3rd Sat	210-310-9090	Bexar Bill Brocius	A Place To Shoot Inc.
Tejas Caballeros	Blanco	3rd Sat	210-275-5424	Barb Steele	Texas Republic Ranch
Texas Historical Shootist Society Texas Riviera Pistoleros	Columbus George West	3rd Sun 2nd Sat	979-479-4380 361-937-4845	Catfish Doyle Stinking Badger	Brune Ranch Gamble Gulch Range
Texas Ten Horns	Leonard	1st Sat & Sun	972-658-4347	Hairtrigger Hayes	Top Gun Texas
Texas Troublemakers Texas Tumbleweeds	Brownsboro Amarillo	1st Sat 1st Sat	903-539-7234 806-231-4569	Lefty Tex Larue Cayenne	Troubletown Range Tumbleweed Range
Texican Rangers	Comfort	2nd Wkd	210-378-6966	Judge GeePee	Adolf Stieler Ranch
Texican Rangers (Wild Bunch)	Comfort	5th Sat as Scheduled	210-378-6966	Judge GeePee	Adolf Stieler Ranch
Thunder River Renegades Willow Hole Cowboys	Plantersville North Zulch	1st Wkd 3rd Wknd	281-785-2397 979-696-1300	Osage Mike Def Willie	N/A Thomason Ranch
UT Castle Gate Posse	Price	4th Sat	435-820-0076	Ruby Jane Cassidy	North Spring Shooting Range
Cowboys Of Utah	Salt Lake City	2nd Sat	801-971-8555	Ace High Bill	WASR "Big Salty"
Deseret Historical Shootist Society	Kaysville Hurricane	2nd Sat	801-201-0700 435-773-8916	Ruckus Rick William Waddy	Wahsatch Shooter's Association Red Rock
Dixie Desperados/Senior Games Hobble Creek Wranglers	Springville	2nd &4th Sat 2nd Sat	801-787-5208	Stoneface Daguerrean	Garth Kilpack Shooting Range
Mesa Marauders Gun Club	Lake Powell	2nd Sat	435-979-4665	Copper Queen	Mesa Marauders Gun Club
Utah Territory Gunslingers Utah War	Salt Lake City Salt Lake City	1st Sat 3rd & 5th Sat	435-840-5193 801-518-3374	Rusty Razor Jubal O. Sackett	Big Salty WASR "Big Salty"
Wahsatch Desperados	Kaysville	4th Sat	801-940-9742	Sly Steadyhand	Wahsatch Shooters Association
Wasatch Summit Regulators Wasatch Summit Regulators (Wild Bunch)	Salt Lake City Salt Lake City	2nd Sun 5th Sat	435-224-2321 435-224-2321	Old Fashioned Old Fashioned	WASR "Big Salty" Big Salty Lee Kay Shooting Complex
	San Lake City	501580	433-224-2321	Old Pashioned	big saily Lee kay shooting complex
VA Bend of Trail	Hardy	4th Sun	504-520-5862	Mad Dog Irv	Roanoke Rifle & Revolver Club
Cavalier Cowboys	Montpelier	1st Sun & 2nd Wed	804-339-8442	Striker	Cavalier Rifle and Pistol Club
KC's Corral Cowboy Shooting Association	Mechanicsville	3rd Sat	804-382-3407	Bucksaw Bob	Black Creek Gun Club
Liberty Long Riders Mattaponi Sundowners	Bedford Shacklefords	1st Sun 3rd Sun & 4th Sat	434-942-7369 804-339-8442	Thunder Colt Striker	Bedford Rifle and Revolver Club West Point Gun Club
Pepper Mill Creek Gang	King George	4th Sun	540-775-7213	Justice Deadly	Northern Virginia Gun Club
Pungo Posse Cowboy Action Club Rivanna Ranger Company	Waverly Charlottesville	1st & 2nd Sat 2nd Sat	757-471-3396 434-286-6949	Missouri Marshal Dunderberg Drifter	Sussex Shooting Sports Rivanna Riffle and Pistol Club
Virginia City Marshals	Fairfax	1st Tues	703-801-3507	Humphrey Hook	NRA Headquarters Range
VT					
Verdant Mountain Vigilantes	St. Johnsbury	As Scheduled	802-223-7746	Buckskin Ranger	Caledonia Forest and Stream Club
WA					
Apple Valley Marshals	East Wenatchee	3rd Sat	509-884-3827	First Chance	North Central Washington Gun Club
Beazley Gulch Rangers	Quincy	Last Sun	509-787-1782	An E. Di	Quincy American Legion Gun Club
Black River Regulators Mima Marauders	Rochester Olympia	4th Sat 2nd Sat	360-786-0199 360-352-1393	Short Schatz Diablo Dalton	Capital City Rifle & Pistol Club Evergreen Sportsman Club
Northeast Washington Regulators	Colville	1st Wkd	509-684-4476	Granny Gunsmoke	Ricochet Junction
Olympic Peninsula Strait Shooters Pataha Rustlers	Port Townsend Dayton	3rd Sat 2nd Sat	360-461-6927 509-520-2789	Jose Cuervo Pinto Annie	Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association Patit Range
Poulsbo Pistoleros	Poulsbo	4th Sun	360-830-0100	Sourdough George	Poulsbo Sportsman's Club
Rattlesnake Gulch Rangers Ranton United Cowboy Action Shooters	Benton City Renton	4th Sat	509-628-0889 425-271-9286	Ricochet Robbie Jess Ducky	Tri Cities Shootig Association Renton Fish & Game Club
Renton United Cowboy Action Shooters Smokey Point Desperados	Renton Arlington	1st Wkd 2nd Sun	425-335-5176	Jess Ducky Mudflat Mike	Marysville Rifle Club
Wolverton Mountain Peace Keepers	Ariel	3rd Sat (Mar-Sept)	503-703-2313	Stumptown Kid	Wolverton Mountain Gun Club
Yakima Black Roch Bunch	Moxee	2nd Sat	509-576-0866	Hondo Red	Sun Valley Shooting Park
WI	270.12				72.1 (30 72.00 70.00 1 FB 70 7
Bristol Plains Pistoleros Crystal River Gunslingers	Bristol Waupaca	2nd Sun 2nd Sat or as Scheduled	815-675-2566 920-913-1615	Huckleberry Polish Pistolero	Conservation Club of Kenosha County Chain O'Lakes Conservation Club
Hodag Country Cowboys	Rhinelander	2nd Sat	715-493-0152	Singleshot Virgil	Hodag Sports Club
Liberty Prairie Regulators Rock River Regulators	Ripon Beloit	3rd Sat 1st & 3rd Sat	920-966-6035 608-931-4821	Dirty Deeds Stoney Mike	Ripon Rifle and Pistol Club Beloit Rifle Club
Western Wisconsin Wild Bunch	Holmen	2nd Sat	608-790-3260	Flyen Doc Koyote	Holmen Rod & Gun Club
Wisconsin Old West Shootist, Inc	Glenwood City	2nd Sun & 4th Sat	715-790-9959	Colonel Carbine	WOWS Station
WV					
Cowboy Action Shooting Sports	Great Cacapon	4th Sun Mar to Oct	540-428-1805	Arizona Anzie	Singing Hills Ranch
Kanawha Valley Regulators Dawn Ghost Riders	Eleanor Hinton	2nd Sat 1st Sun	304-397-6188 304-327-9884	Eddie Rebel Coffee Bean	Putnam County Gun Club Dawn Sportsmen Club
Kanawha Valley Regulators Wild Bunch	Eleanor	2nd Wkd	304-397-6188	Eddie Rebel	Putnum County Gun Club
Henderson Wilds Justice League	Williamstown	3rd Sat	740-516-6624	Thaddeus Jones	Henderson Wilds
WY					
Bessemer Vigilance Committee	Casper	1st Sun & 3rd Sat	307-267-1155	Smokewagon Bill	Stuckenhoff Sport Shooters Complex
Border Vigilantes Cheyenne Regulators	Cheyenne Cheyenne	3rd Sat 1st Sat	307-287-5567 307-637-6974	Dazee Bristol Wild Horse John	Otto Road Shooting Range Otto Road Shooting Range
Colter's Hell Justice Committee WSAS	Powell	1st Sat	307-254-2090	Yakima Red	Heart Mountain Rod and Gun Club
Donkey Creek Shootists Great Divide Outlaws	Gillette Rawlins	4th Sun 4th Sat	307-686-7519 307-320-7250	Wyoming Gus Slingn Lead	Milney Valley Range Rawlins Outdoor Shooting Complex
High Lonesome Drifters	Cody	2nd Sat	307-587-2946	Joe Cross	Cody Shooting Complex

SASS[®] Affiliated Clubs 2017 Annual Matches

For additional contact information please visit http://www sassnet.com/clubs/

CLUB NAME	DATE	CONTACT	PHONE	EMAIL	CITY	ST	WEB SITE
CANADA	-				-		
Showdown in the Valley	Aug 5-6, 2017	Kananaskis Kid	250-923-6358	brianslater15@shaw.ca	Courtenay	BC	www.valleyregulators.com
SASS WESTERN CANADIAN REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Shootout at Bounty Gulch	Aug 9-12, 2017	Grey Beard	306-749-2822	chuckm@sasktel.net	Saskatoon	SK	www.sawws.com
Headquarters Shootout in the Canadian West Salmonella Gulch	Aug 25-27, 2017	Black Ashley	250-744-4705	ash man@shaw.ca	Victoria	BC	www.vfgpa.org/shooting/frontier-shootis
USA							5. 5. 5
Showdown at Purgatory	Mar 31 - Apr 2, 2017	Diamond Lilly	601-594-7992	marty@coffeenewsjackson.com	Mendenhall	MS	www.mississippipeacemakers.com/
SASS North Carolina State Black Powder Championship The Big Iron Showdown	Apr 1, 2017	Layden Payde	704-785-6096	layden22953@alltel.net	Salisbury	NC	WWW.ONSP.US
SASS Alabama State Blackpowder Championship Bama Red's Last Ride	Apr 2, 2017	Marshal T. K. D.	256-262-4545	gofftkd@bellsouth.net	Woodville	AL	www.northalabamaregulators.com
Land Run	Apr 6-8, 2017	Missouri Mae	405-373-1472	missourimae@gmail.com	Oklahoma City	ОК	cowboy.okcgunclub.org/
SASS Texas State Championship Comancheria Days	Apr 6-9, 2017	Judge GeePee	210-378-6966	judgegeepee@gvtc.com	Comfort	TX	www.texicanrangers.org
Gunfight at the Double C	Apr 8-9, 2017	Striker	804-339-8442	les.lillge@gmail.com	Montpelier	VA	www.cavaliercowboys.org
Shootout at Fort Miller	Apr 13-15, 2017	Snakebite	559-787-2943	snakebite4767@yahoo.com	Clovis	CA	www.kingsriverregulators.com
SASS California State Wild Bunch Championship	Apr 20-23, 2017	Sutter Lawman	530-713-4194	mike.calvo24333@gmail.com	Sloughhouse	CA	www.californiagunslingers.com/
SASS Washington State Blackpowder Championship Rattlensnake Gulch Roundup	Apr 21-23, 2017	Crisco	509-521-9628	m.ensminger@frontier.com	Benton City	WA	www.rattlesnakegulch.org
Showdown at Rattlesnake Mountain	Apr 22-23, 2017	Ricochet Robbie	509-628-0889	ricochetrobbie@rattlesnakegulch.c	om Benton City	WA	www.rattlesnakegulch.org
SASS Western Territorial Wild Bunch Championship	Apr 24-26, 2017	B. T. Blade	949-677-7926	bbugland@gmail.com	Hurricane	UT	www.dixiedesperados.com
SASS FOUR CORNERS REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Legends	Apr 24-29, 2017	B. T. Blade	435-635-0258	bbugland@gmail.com	Hurricane	UT	www.dixiedesperados.com
SASS California State Championship	Apr 27-30, 2017	Sutter Lawman	530-713-4194	mike.calvo24333@gmail.com	Sloughhouse	CA	www.californiagunslingers.com/
SASS Illinois State Wild Bunch Championship	Apr 29-30, 2017	Back Forty	618-663-7423	back.40@earthlink.net	Sparta	IL.	www.kaskaskiacowboys.com/
SASS New York State Wild Bunch Championship Muster At Fort Misery	Apr 29-30, 2017	Roy Cassidy	518-584-9869	roycassidy1911@yahoo.com	Ballston Spa	NY	www.circlekregulators.com
SASS Mideast Territorial Black Powder Championship Smoke in the Woods	Apr 29-30, 2017	Lassiter	937-687-1039	lassiter45@aol.com	Middletown	ОН	www.bigirons.com
The Great Spagetti Western	May 5-7, 2017	Hairtrigger Hayes	972-658-4347	hairtriggerhayes@texas10horns.org	Leonard	TX	www.texas10horns.org/ClubLeadership.ht
SASS Kansas State Black Powder Championship Siege at Clarks' Station	May 5-7, 2017	Flinthills Dawg	785-479-0416	dawgpownd@eaglecom.net	Chapman	KS	www.butterfieldgulch.com
SASS Delaware State Championship Eas'dern Shore Round-Up	May 5-7, 2017	Teton Tracy	302-378-7854	tetontk@yahoo.com	Sudlersville	MD	www.dsarange.com/
Ambush at Ricochet Junction	May 6-7, 2017	A. T. McGee	509-684-2325	donaldlindacleave@gmail.com	Colville	WA	www.newregulators.com/
Middle of the Road	May 6-7, 2017	Gem Hunter	208-466-0061	gepdaisy@msn.com	Boise	ID	www.idahocowboyaction.org/ica/
The Best Shoot by a Damn Site 2017	May 6-7, 2017	Creeker	702-328-4867	sass43022creeker@aol.com	Boulder City	NV	www.eldoradocowboys.com
SASS Georgia State Black Powder Championship Smokeout at South River	May 18, 2017	Fast Eddie	404-405-8266	fasteddie76308@hotmail.com	Covington	GA	www.srscowboy.com
SASS Georgia State Championship Stampede at South River	May 18-20, 2017	Fast Eddie	404-405-8266	fasteddie76308@hotmail.com	Covington	GA	www.southrivergunclub.com/
Battle of Rogue River	May 19-21, 2017	Long Henry Thompson	541-218-3197	long.henry.18117@gmail.com	Grants Pass	OR	www.merlinmaraudercowboys.com
Southeastern New Mexico Shootout	May 19-21, 2017	Curly Bill Jones	575-392-5017	mattray1220@yahoo.com	Hobbs	NM	www.msbushwackers.com
SASS West Virginia State Black Powder Championship Smoke over Buffalo Flats, X	May 20-21, 2017	Eddie Rebel	304-397-6188	ecclark@suddenlink.net	Eleanor	WV	www.kanawhavalleyregulators.com
SASS Utah State Black Powder Shootout Castle Gate Smudge Match	May 20, 2017	Fargo Kid	435-650-6544	fargokid@emerytelcom.net	Price	UT	www.thecastlegateposse.net/
SASS Alaska State Wild Bunch Championship Shootout at Moose Nugget Flats	May 20-21, 2017	Marshal Stone	907-373-0140	walling@mtaonline.net	Birchwood	AK	www.alaska49ers.pistolshooting.com
SASS Texas State Blackpowder Championship The Fort Goes Black	May 20-21, 2017	Kow Katcher	903-219-2862	kowkatcher@gmail.com	Groesbeck	TX	www.oldfortparkerpatriots.com/
2nd Annual Lazy Arrow ShootOut	May 25-28, 2017	Roger Rapid	805-801-8750	siminoff@siminoff.net	Santa Margarita	CA	www.prvcatlazyarrow.com
High Sierra Shootout	May 25-28, 2017	Marlin Schofield	530-265-9213	grantr@hughes.net	Rail Road Flat	CA	www.californiagunslingers.com
SASS Mississippi State Championship Smokin' Guns at Rabbit Ridge	May 26-28, 2017	Deuce McCall	901-833-1316	RNDuke@bellsouth.net	Byhalia	MS	www.MississippiRiverRangers.com
5ASS Pennsylvania State Championship Shokin Cana de nabori ninge	May 26-28, 2017	Black Hills Barb	570-538-9163	basnyder1@comcast.net	Muncy Valley	PA	www.elpossegrande.com
End of Road	May 26-28, 2017	Missy Mable	208-731-6387	missy@idahocas.com	Jerome	ID	www.idahocas.com
SASS Ohio State Championship Shootout at Hard Times	May 26-28, 2017 May 26-28, 2017	Mean Gun Mark	937-219-4376	mak21122000@earthlink.net	Piqua	ОН	www.miamivalleycowboys.org
SASS Iowa State Championship Shootout at Coyote Gulch	May 26-28, 2017	Tuco	515-988-2301	tucohd@msn.com	Indianola	IA	www.fortdesmoinesrangers.com
Where the Old West Stayed Young	May 27-28, 2017	Sagebrush Burns	970-208-3196	270burns@gmail.com	Craig	со	www.bearsears.org
May Mayhem	May 27-28, 2017	Two Shot Hoss	417-839-8325	twoshothoss@yahoo.com	Marshfield	MO	www.so-mo-rangers.com/
SASS Utah State Championship Utah War	Jun 1-3, 2017	Jubal O. Sackett	801-518-3374	sackett@utahwar.com	Salt Lake City	UT	www.utahwar.com
The Plainfield Incident	Jun 2-4, 2017	Bangor Brink	530-679-2321	bangorbrink@gmail.com	Davis	CA	rivercityregulators.org/
SASS MA, CT, and RI State Championship	Jun 2-4, 2017	Yankee	781-383-9799	yankeesass266@gmail.com	Harvard	MA	www.harvardghostriders.com
SASS Mia, CT, and Ri State Championship SASS Nebraska State Championship	Jun 2-4, 2017 Jun 2-4, 2017	Scruffy Skippy	402-276-1391	fricke_roofing@hotmail.com	Columbus	NE	www.columbusrifleclubcowboys.weebly.co
Prince of the Pistoleers	Jun 2-4, 2017 Jun 8-10, 2017		816-453-0156		Lenexa	KS	
	Jun 8-10, 2017 Jun 8-10, 2017	K. C. Ranger	970-260-5432	kc.ranger.pcc@gmail.com coloradoblackjack@hotmail.com		0	www.powdercreekcowboys.com www.tmscba.com
SASS Colorado State Championship	Jun 8-10, 2017 Jun 10-11, 2017	Colorado Blackjack Hondo Tweed	405-694-5270		Whitewater Arcadia	ОК	
SASS Oklahoma State Wild Bunch Championship	and a second second	SASS Office		hondotweed@gmail.com	the second s		cowboy.okcgunclub.org
SASS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP END of TRAIL	Jun 15-25, 2017		505-843-1320	Sass@sassnet.com	Founders Ranch	NM	www.sassnet.com
SASS North Dakota and South Dakota State Championship Peace in the Valley	Jun 15-18, 2017	Wild River Rose	701-793-4116	wildriverrose5@aol.com	Enderlin	ND	www.sheyennevalleypeacekeepers.co
Revenge of Montezuma	Jun 16-18, 2017	Piedra Kidd	970-799-1133	piedrakidd01@beyondbb.com	Cortez	CO	www.windygapregulators.com
SASS Wyoming State Championship Hell on Wheels	Jun 16-18, 2017	Assassin	307-287-6733	chrshrdyh@aol.com	Cheyenne	WY	www.bordervigilantes.com
Ridin' the Trail with BTR	Jun 17-18, 2017	Lil McGill	325-668-1473	cwbplace@suddenlink.net	Anson	TX	www.btrsass.com/
Women's Wild West Shoot	Jun 17, 2017	Two Shot Hoss	417-839-8325	twoshothoss@yahoo.com	Marshfield	MO	www.so-mo-rangers.com/

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CLUB NAME	DATE	CONTACT	PHONE	EMAIL	CITY	ST	WEB SITE
SASS Wisconsin State Black Powder Shootout Smoke in the Hills	Jun 24-25, 2017	Tracker Jack Daniels	715-643-2011	trackerjackd@yahoo.com	Glerwood City	WI	www.wowsinc.org
SASS Alaska Territorial Championship Shootout Under The Midnight Sun SASS Alaska State Championship Chatanika Shootout	Jun 30- Jul 2, 2017 Jul 7-9, 2017	Marshal Stone Sweet Caroline	907-373-0140 907-456-3583	walling@mtaonline.net jandcholz@hotmail.com	Anchorage Fairbanks	AK AK	www.alaskacowboyshooting.com www.ghssfairbanks.org
Shootout On the Sun River	Jul 7-9, 2017	Gooch Hill Drifter	406-763-4268	ardebern@gmail.com	Augusta	MT	www.grissianbanks.org www.sunriverrangers.weebly.com
SASS Minnesota State Championship North Star Showdown	Jul 7-9, 2017	Timber Jack Thompson	320-979-1745	dloesq@yahoo.com	Kimball	MN	www.gcgunslingers.com/
SASS New Hampshire State Championship Fracas at Pemi Gulch	Jul 7-9, 2017	Dakota Joe	603-620-5001	dakota814@msn.com	Holderness	NH	www.pemipeacemakers.com/
Shootin' for the Brand	Jul 7-7, 2017	Calamity Di Bar	580-847-2210	dibartoma@me.com	Albany	ОК	n/a
Renegade Shootout	Jul 8-9, 2017	Gem Hunter	208-466-0061	gepdaisy@msn.com	Boise	ID	www.idahocowboyaction.org/ica/
Black Gold Shootout	Jul 13-15, 2017	Copperhead Joe	606-599-5263	jeromejarvis61@gmail.com	Manchester	КҮ	www.ponderosa-pines.com
SASS Montana State Championship Battle at Black Horse	Jul 14-16, 2017	Jeb's Lady	406-727-7625	dlfjaf@charter.net	Great Falls	MT	www.blackhorseshootists.com
SASS NORTHEAST REGIONAL The Great Nor'easter	Jul 20-23, 2017	Preacher Ben Pray'n	401-651-5827	Heath53@cox.net	Pelham	NH	www.thegreatnoreaster.com/
SASS Missouri State Wild Bunch Championship Outlaw Range Mid-Summer Shootout	Jul 21-22, 2017	Two Shot Hoss	417-839-8325	twoshothoss@yahoo.com	Marshfield	мо	www.so-mo-rangers.com
SASS Missouri State Blackpowder Championship Outlaw Range Mid-Summer Shootout	Jul 22, 2017	Two Shot Hoss	417-839-8325	twoshothoss@yahoo.com	Marshfield	MO	www.so-mo-rangers.com
SASS Washington State Championship Westmatch	Aug 3-6, 2017	Margarita Villain	206-979-7495	dsrbitoys@aol.com	Renton	WA	www.rucascowboys.com/
Ambush on the Prairie	Aug 4-6, 2017	Ranger Mathias Fischels	319-235-3300	ted.simons@mchsi.com	Elk Run Heights	IA	www.turkeyfoot.org
SASS WESTERN REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Chorro Valley Shootout	Aug 9-13, 2017	Sinful	805-286-1188	michaelgarripee@yahoo.com	San Luis Obispo	CA	www.chorrovalleyregulators.org/
SASS MIDEAST REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Guns of August	Aug 10-14, 2017	Deadwood Stan	513-894-3500	jswanner@cinci.rr.com	Middletown	ОН	www.bigirons.com
SASS Idaho State Championship Magic in the Valley	Aug 10-13, 2017	Missy Mable	208-731-6387	missy@idahocas.com	Jerome	ID	www.idahocas.com/
SASS Vermont State Championship Green Mountain Mayhem	Aug 11-13, 2017	Doc McCoy	802-363-7162	docmccoy@gmavt.net	St. Johnsbury	VT	www.vtcowboys.com
Shootout at Pawnee Station	Aug 18-20, 2017	TriggerHappy Ted	970-667-0734	cowboytsk@lpbroadband.net	Nunn	CO	www.pawneestation.com
SASS Kentucky State Championship Hooten Holler Round-Up	Aug 25-27, 2017	Double Eagle Dave	423-309-4146	doubleeagle3@hotmail.com	McKee	KY	www.hootenoldtown.com/
SASS New Mexico State Wild Bunch Championship	Aug 26-27, 2017	Boggus Deal	505-506-5783	tboggus@hotmail.com	Edgewood	NM	www.lospistoleros.org/
SASS Alabama State Championship Ambush At Cavern Cove	Sep 1-3, 2017	Marshal T. K. D.	256-262-4545	gofftkd@bellsouth.net	Woodville	AL	www.northalabamaregulators.com
SASS Michigan State Championship Wolverine Rangers Range War	Sep 1-3, 201717	Deuce Stevens	616-890-6657	deucestevens45@yahoo.com	Kimball	MI	www.wolverinerangers.org
RoughRider Roundup	Sep 1-3, 2017	Rod-Iron-Rip	701-223-3085	ripsroast@bis.midco.net	Moffit	ND	www.dakotaroughriders.com
SASS Arkansas State Championship	Sep 1-3, 2017	Bulldog McGraw	501-337-9368	mvvcowboys@yahoo.com	Hot Springs	AR	www.mvsaonline.com
SASS Virginia State Championship Star City Shootout at Bend of Trail	Sep 1-3, 2017	Mad Dog Irv	504-520-5862	danzanddogs@gmail.com	Hardy	VA	www.bendoftrail.com
SASS Oregon State Wild Bunch Championship	Sep 1-3, 2017	Texas Jack Morales	541-420-3955	guntraders@gmail.com	Bend	OR	www.hrp-sass.com/
SASS Kansas State Wild Bunch Championship Uprising at Monticello	Sep 2-3, 2017	Tucker McNeely	402-274-8832	tuckermcneely91911@gmail.com	Lenexa	KS	www.powdercreekcowboys.com
SASS Indiana/Illinois State Championship	Sep 8-10, 2017	C. C. Top	574-354-7186	c.ebersole@yahoo.com	Etna Green	IN	www.paradisepassregulators.com/
Return of the Buffalo to the Plains	Sep 8-10, 2017	Sixty-Nine Cent Wizard	970-396-9010	sixty9centwizard@aol.com	Briggsdale	CO	www.briggsdalecountyshootists.com
SASS Maine State Championship	Sep 8-10, 20177	Matchlock	603-512-6292	gdrew6292@excite.com	Berwick	ME	www.ssfga.com
Northwest Territorial Shoot	Sep 9-10, 2017	Gem Hunter	208-466-0061	gepdaisy@msn.com	Boise	ID	www.idahocowboyaction.org/ica/
SASS MIDWEST REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Gunsmoke	Sep 12-16, 2017	Bronco Kate	507-269-2230	broncokate45@gmail.com	Morristown	MN	www.cedarvalleyvigilantes.com
SASS Oklahoma State Championship Ruckus in the Nations	Sep 14-17, 2017	Creek County Kid	918-370-0781	stockstill.gunshop918@yahoo.com	Sand Springs	OK	www.itsass.net
SASS New York State Championship Heluva Rukus	Sep 15-17, 2017	Maurice "Mo" Lasses	518-762-9190	donadler@hotmail.com	Ballston Spa	NY	www.circlekregulators.com/
SASS Four Corners Territorial Black Powder Shootout	Sep 15-16, 2017	Fargo Kid Two Shot Hoss	435-650-6544 417-839-8325	fargokid@emerytelcom.net	Price Marshfield	UT MO	www.thecastlegateposse.com
SASS Missouri State Championship Show-Me Shootout	Sep 21-24, 2017 Sep 22-23, 2017	Howlin Wolf	719-510-7307	twoshothoss@yahoo.com wolfpow@msn.com	Fruit Heights	UT	www.so-mo-rangers.com/ www.wahsatchdesperadoes.com/
Rampage SASS West Virginia State Championship Appalachian Showdown	Sep 22-23, 2017 Sep 22-24, 2017	Last Word	304-289-6098	lastword@citlink.net	Burlington	wv	www.wvcass.org
Fall Roundup	Sep 22-24, 2017 Sep 22-24, 2017	Shamrock Sis	563-340-8288	sisandta@gmail.com	Milan	IL.	www.shadycreekshootists.com
SASS NORTHWEST REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Badger Mountain Thunder N' Brimstone	Sep 27-Oct 1, 2017	First Chance	509-667-9377	originalchancey@yahoo.com	East Wenatchee	WA	www.applevalleymarshalls.com
Comin'At Cha	Sep 27-30, 2017	T-Bone Dooley	903-272-9283	tbonedooley@aol.com	English	ТХ	www.badlandsbar3.com
SASS Nevada State Championship Eldorado	Sep 28-Oct 1, 2017	Creeker	702-328-4867	sass43022creeker@aol.com	Boulder City	NV	www.eldoradocowboys.com
SASS EASTERN DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Mason Dixon Stampede	Sep 28-Oct 1, 2017	Chuckaroo	301-831-9666	wildlifeRangers@aol.com	Thurmont	MD	www.tcandsc.org
SASS South Carolina State Championship The Duel at Dixie	Sep 28-Oct 1, 2017	Kid Ray	803-960-3907	jmrm3@sc.rr.com	Columbia	SC	www.scstatematch.com
SASS Kansas State Championship The Battle at Butterfield	Sep 28-30, 2017	Flinthills Dawg	785-479-0416	dawgpownd@eaglecom.net	Chapman	KS	www.butterfieldgulch.com
SASS Ohio State Wild Bunch Championship	Sep 30, 2017	Ruger Ray	937-422-4595	rugerray@woh.rr.com	Xenia	ОН	www.greencountycowboys.com
SASS Tennessee State Championship Regulators Reckoning	Oct 12-14, 2017	Whiskey Hayes	931-703-8274	Bill_May@b-f.com	Wartrace	TN	www.wartraceregulators.com/
SASS SOUTHWEST REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Red Dirt Rampage	Oct 12-14, 2017	Missouri Mae	405-517-8433	missourimae@gmail.com	Oklahoma City	ОК	cowboy.okcgunclub.org
Peacefuls End of Track at High Sierra	Oct 12-15, 2017	Grizzly Peak Jake	530-676-2997	trb94611@yahoo.com	Mokelumne Hill	CA	www.californiagunslingers.com
SASS New Jersey State Championship Purgatory in The Pines	Oct 13-15, 2017	Angrod	732-614-5944	angrodjhg@gmail.com	Jackson	NJ	jacksonholegang.com/New-Jessey-SASS-State-Championship-2011.html
SASS Wisconsin State Championship Fandango	Oct 14-15, 2017	Flyen Doc Koyote	608-790-3260	dockoyote@aol.com	Holmen	WI	www.wwwildbunch.com/
SASS Pennsylvania State Black Powder Shootout Smoke on the Ridge VII	Oct 15, 2017	Letort Lawman	717-249-5049	letortlawman@gmail.com	Ickesburg	PA	www.perrycountyregulators.com/
SASS Oklahoma State Black Powder Championship War Drums and Black Smoke in Tulse	Oct 20-22, 2017	Reverend Lyin Kerrdawg	918-955-6190	revlyinkerrdawg@gmail.com	Tulsa	ОК	www.tulseytown.com
SASS Southwest Territorial Blackpowder Champoinship Fire and Smoke at the Fort	Oct 20-22, 2017	Kow Katcher	903-219-2862	kowkatcher@gmail.com	Groesbeck	ΤХ	www.oldfortparkerpatriots.com/
Iron Hero	Oct 21, 2017	Stirrup Trouble	308-894-2146	stirruptrouble@plattevalleygunslingers.com	Grand Island	NE	www.plattevalleygunslingers.com/
SASS West Virginia State Wild Bunch Championship at Buffalo Flats VIII	Oct 21-22, 2017	Eddie Rebel	304-397-6188	ecclark@suddenlink.net	Eleanor	wv	www.kanawhavalleyregulators.com
SASS Arizona State Championship Bordertown	Oct 25-29, 2017	Quicksand	520-290-8599	pikecoyle@msn.com	Tombstone	AZ	www.bordertowncas.com
The Branson Triple Classic	Oct 25-28, 2017	Smokie	417-759-9114	jeffedunaway@cs.com	Walnut Shade	MO	www.btc-sass.com/
SASS Nevada State Wild Bunch Championship Nevada Day Blowout	Oct 28-29, 2017	Bordello Fellow	775-971-4029	gadevore@bigfoot.com	Fernley	NV	www.northernnevadacas.com
SASS North Carolina State Championship Uprising at Swearing Creek	Nov 2-5, 2017	R. J. Gatling	919-920-7819	brollins@entech-pme.com	Salisbury	NC	www.sassncmatch.org/home.html
SASS SOUTHEAST REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Gunfight in Dixie XV	Nov 7-11, 2017	Hot Lead Lefty	901-601-7459	Inolan@nolansav.com	Lakeland	TN	www.memphisgunslingers.com
SASS Louisiana State Championship Hangin' At Coyote Creek	Nov 10-12, 2017	Rattlesnake Blake	985-788-5623	rattlesnakeblake@bellsouth.net	Amite	LA	www.bayoubountyhunters.com

NEW SASS[®] Members

March 1 – 31, 2017 From Each State & Country

MEMBERS BY STATE

SASS # ALIAS

AK

105,447.....Tatitlek Tim

AZ

105,344	Sun City Kid
	Johnny Didit
	Rob R. Baron
105,363	Val'kri

CA

105,348	Sixgun Slim
105,367	Benician, The
105,388	Appanoosa
105,402	Miss Chievous
105,407	Buck Rogers
105,408	Sassy Lucy
105,413	Mex Vaquero
105,420	Sparky Skye
105,423	Tombstone Tony
	Mina Bill

CO

105,357.....Jake MacNeil 105,403.....Doc Raylin McCoy 105,445....Snake-Bit Sean 105,449.....Catfish Jim

СТ

105,350.....Hey Moe

FL

105,327	Tinman Rudy
105,328	Bete Noire
105,341	
105,354	Rapid Fire Trouble
105,382	Gray Grinner
105,384	El Q Jones
105,392	Ponderosa's Hoss

105,406.....Annie Mae 105,461.....Earnest T. Bass

GA

105,332.....Jon Hensley 105,451.....Preacher Joe 105,452.....Grievous Angel

ID

105,347.....Ol'Sourdough, The

<u>IL</u>

105,343......105343

IN

105,455	Doctor Dave "Ducky"
Mallard	
105,456	Julie Ringo
105,457	Yosemite Stu
105,458	Wiley Coyote
105,459	The Tasmanian Kid
105,460	Captain Calamity
	Colin

KS

105,383.....Silver Creek Jack 105,410.....Dodge City Dandy 105,411.....No H Sara

KY

105,389.....Samuel D. Rat 105,412....Lefty Jay

LA

105,404.....Pepper Ann 105,405.....Salty Rob 105,425.....Bill the Butcher

MD

105,390.....Professor Deadwood

ME

105,400.....Lucien

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MI

105,342.....Chester Brown 105,374.....Jackalope Jeb 105,375.....Mystic Ruby Rose

MN

105,360	John Grant
105,369	Doc Zahl
105,418	Tsarina
105,419	Horrible Henry

MO

105,340	Shotgun Kegger
	Boss Cactus
105,373	Southpaw Slinger
105,446	Wild Dog

MS

105,331.....Michael Two Dogs 105,370.....Yalobusha Jack 105,381.....Wild Man Eddie 105,422.....Frank Kelby

MT

105,421.....Powder River Joe 105,432.....NoDoc Holliday

NC

105,336.....Blue Duck 105,339.....Dead Ready 105,349.....Purple Kid 105,385.....Buck Morgan

ND

105,428.....R. J. Hoss Winchester

NH

105,371.....Buffalo Lyn Cody

NJ

105,355.....Sass Mass 105,438.....Col. John Marlowe

NM

105,442....John Leland 105,444.....Matador Mac

NV

105,372	Jesse III
105,386	Archer E. Bow
105,387	Lotta Flat Ulents
105,398	Gold Rush Allie
105,399	Moose Tasche
105,443	Tequila Joe Crow

NY

105,397	Smokey Clanger
105,401	Queens Own Bob
105,441	Rusty Coupling

ОН

105,337.....Irish Larry

ΟΚ

105,351	Pistol Dee
105,395	Jodi Coyote
105,396	Gordie Hattrick
105,414	Bronco Lane
105,426	Salt Fork Bandit
105,434	Angus Red

OR

105,361.....Dirty Mike

PA

105,409	Blue Mountain Belle.
105,415	.Case Harden
105,416	.Lilly Grace
105,417	.105417
105,427	.Grizzly Gravedigger
Jones	
105,431	.Charlie Rose
105,436	.Goldie Locks
105,437	.Creekside Kid
105,439	.Colonel Youngblood

TX

17	
105,325	Constantine
105,326	Coyote Catcher
105,333	Capt. Pete Hackberry
105,335	Action Annie Bellum
105,338	Aiyama Kay
105,352	Trickster Dick
105,353	Buckeye Bandit
105,358	Czech My Smoke
105,359	Gadsden Kid
105,364	
105,365	
105,377	Buckshot Martin
105,378	Shakie Tex
	Digger O'Penny

105,453	Pistol Packin Parson
105,454	Jack of Hearts
105,462	Montana Dave
105,463	The Smoking Gun
105,464	Lit'l Bit of Rosie

UT

105,435.....D. Ranged Dan

VA

105,379	Bad Medicine
105,380	
105,429	Ethan

WA

105,376Cascade John

MEMBERS BY COUNTRY

SASS # ALIAS

AB

105,345	Rusty Cogburn
	Pepperpot Annie

BC

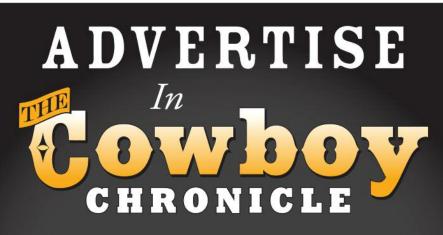
105,324.....Whiskey Peddler

ON

105,450..... Educator "The"

QC

105,433.....Smoking Mik Whitecloud



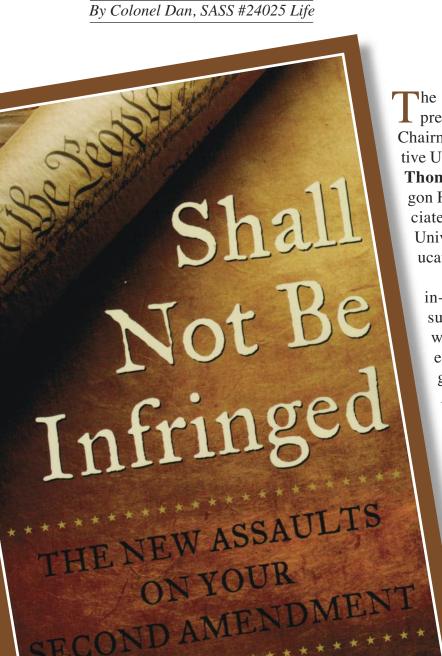
Each issue of *The Cowboy Chronicle* has a readership of more than 75,000 and contains articles on Cowboy Action Shooting[™] and the laws that affect it, as well as information on SASS[®] monthly and annual events.

Of immediate interest are our upcoming May, June (digital) and July (printed and digital) issues. Advertising deadline May is April 14, 2017. Advertising deadline for June and July is May 12, 2017. Visit www.sassnet.com/chronicle for more information.

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Shall Not Be Infringed





Colonel Dan, SASS Life/ Regulator #24025

The book by **David A Keene** (past president of the NRA, former Chairman of the American Conservative Union and columnist), along with **Thomas L. Mason** (attorney, Oregon House of Representatives, associate professor at Portland State University and author), is a very educational, enlightening read.

Keene and Mason provide an in-depth, well researched encapsulation of historical events which have impacted gun owners everywhere, shaping our gun laws and the Second Amendment into what we have today. In short, it links "isolated" events and actions, tying them together thus giving the reader a clear view of how we got from the original "...shall not be infringed" to the more than 20,000 infringements with which we are forced to live today.

Not only do they outline America's internal political push for increasingly restrictive gun control, but they clearly show how the push for global governance and

international actions have and will continue to tighten the noose around our Sec-

David A. Keene and Thomas L. Mason

Shall Not Be Infringed ...

ond Amendment. They particularly illustrate the dangers imposed by the UN Arms Trade Treaty if America signs on to it, surrendering yet more of our sovereignty to international governments. They go into detail regarding this dangerous treaty, which former President Obama called an "agreement" in a feeble attempt to circumvent the treaty clause of the Constitution, thus sidestepping the required Senate approval for all such treaties. They also outline Obama's and Clinton's roles on the world scene in this regard and tie in the relationship to the Benghazi fiasco.

Keene and Mason not only point out the dangers of such glacial international movements and the pressures placed on America to comply, but provide a good recounting of the on-going NRA actions designed to thwart such freedom-robbing initiatives and thus preserve, protect, and defend everyone's Second Amendment rights. They conclude by summarizing their thoughts and recommendations in answering the universal question of "what can I do?" Keene and Mason provide nine common sense actions all of us can take that will strengthen our position and aid significantly in the fight to preserve, protect, and defend America's cherished right to keep and bear arms... not only for us, but for generations yet unborn.

In summary, *Shall Not Be Infringed* is a truly enlightening "connection of the dots." It is intended to be historically factual, educational, and revealing while providing effective actions gun owners (in fact all patriots) can take to join in the fray for the preservation of freedom built on a solid foundation of American constitutionalism. I highly recommend this work to all in the SASS family and encourage each to share it with as many others as possible.

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Phone:	Email:
Buckle Inf	rmation *Please provide proof of placement"
Hosting Club Name:	
SASS Sanctioned Mate	Name:
State Regional	National 📮 World 📮 Territorial Shoot Out 📮 State Shoot Ou
Year of Match:	Location:
Category:	Place of Finish:
\$114.95 (inclue *New Mexico Resider	s UPS shipping) — Flapper Clasp? Please add \$10.00 s Please add \$7.95
Total: \$	
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Card#:	Exp. Date:
······	AIL TO: SASS 215 Cowboy Way, Edgewood, NM 87015 Fax 877.770.8687



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

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

Please do not embed your photos in the Word document. They can be extracted for use in the The Cowboy Chronicle, but it can be a chore to do that. Instead, send your photos separately, in one or more emails, as attachments. Three to six photos per email usually works best. It's best to send JPEGs, but other formats are acceptable, and it's best to keep them at about 300 dpi and 3000 pixels (10 inches) on the short side. That will allow us plenty of leeway when it comes to cropping and adjusting them for publication, but in any case try to use photos that are at least 1000 pixels on the short side. If you're unsure of the size of your pictures, or how to size them, send what you have and we'll adjust them.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

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

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

Please use <u>editor@sassnet.com</u> for all article submissions.

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