

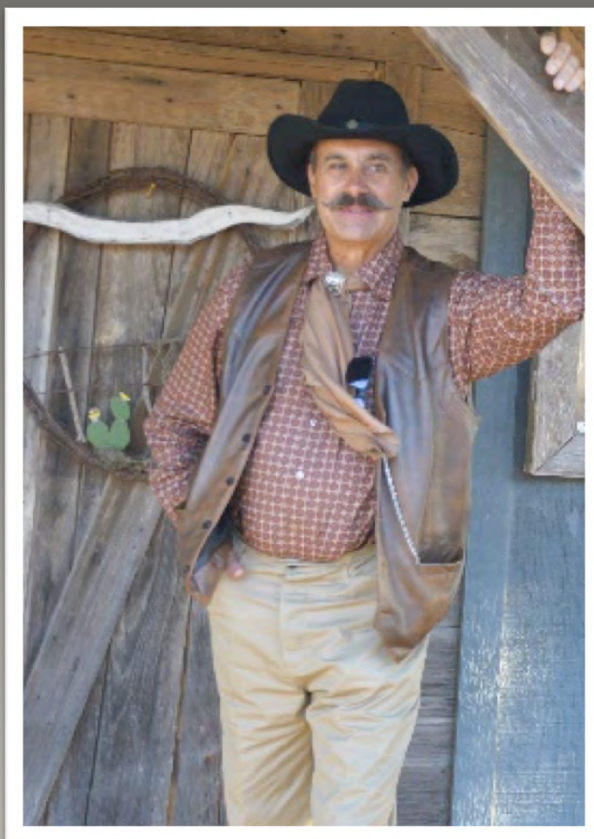
SASS Affiliated

JULY 2026

TEXICAN RANGERS NEWSLETTER

A Publication of the Texican Rangers
An Authentic Cowboy Action Shooting Club That Treasures & Respects the Cowboy Tradition

PO Box 780301 • San Antonio, TX 78278



San Saba Slim
President

HOWDY FELLOW RANGERS!

I sincerely hope this month's edition finds you all safe and unscathed from the latest round of Hill Country flooding. If you or anyone you know was adversely affected, I want to offer my deepest condolences and prayers that you will experience a swift, complete and perfect recovery. If there is anything that the Rangers can do to assist you or anyone, please don't hesitate to let us know.

The worst we endured was being flooded in for three days, as our low-water bridge was inundated and then totally blocked with debris after the waters receded. The neighborhood turned out in force, and we quickly cleared it and made some *ad hoc* repairs to our washed out road.

I'd like to continue my theme of historical articles with another story of the incredible

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resilience, persistence and resolve of our Texas predecessors. I trust you will enjoy reading it as much as I.

Sarah Creath McSherry

Hibbins Stinnett Howard

*A Terrifying Story of
How to Accumulate Surnames*

By life's end Sarah Creath McSherry Hibbins Stinnett Howard could claim five surnames, one from her birth and one each from her four husbands. Along the way she had suffered more hardship on the Texas frontier than most pioneers, man or woman. Described in her youth as "a beautiful blonde... graceful in manner and pure of heart," she had watched as two of her husbands, her only brother and one of her children were killed in front of her and lost a third husband under mysterious circumstances. She herself had been captured by Comanches and escaped, making a perilous and painful journey before stumbling bruised and bleeding into a camp of Texas Rangers.

But she had survived.

Originally from the vicinity of Brownsville, IL, where she was born Sarah Creath around 1810, she married John McSherry while still a teenager. In 1828 the newlyweds moved south, settling in DeWitt's Colony, along the Guadalupe River in south Texas, then a Mexican province. In 1829 a son was born to them. Then tragedy struck.

On an otherwise pleasant day that year, around noon, John left the cabin to fetch water from a nearby spring. Moments later Sarah heard yelling and opened the cabin door to the sight of Indians killing and scalping her husband. She quickly slammed and barred the door, locking herself and the baby inside, then grabbed John's rifle, determined to defend herself and the baby as best she could. While she waited in the still cabin, the Indians slipped away as quietly as they had come.

Around twilight a man named John McCrabb happened by. Seeing what had happened and hearing Sarah's story, he placed her and the baby on his horse and led them through the darkness to the home of the McSherrys' nearest neighbors, Andrew Lockhart and family, some 10 miles upriver. Mother and child remained with the Lockharts several months until Sarah remarried, to a well-off Guadalupe Valley man named John Hibbins (also given as Hibbons or Hibben). In 1835, after having given birth to a second child, Sarah returned to Illinois with her two children to visit relatives. In early 1836 they returned to Texas by way of New

Orleans, accompanied by Sarah's only brother, George Creath. In February the four met up with John Hibbins at Columbia, Texas (present-day West Columbia) on the Brazos River, setting out from there by ox cart bound west for the Guadalupe Valley. They never made it. Fifteen miles from home, they were attacked by a band of 13 Comanches who killed Sarah's husband and brother, took her and the children prisoner, and rode north.

"They traveled slowly up through the timbered country," John Henry Brown wrote in his 1880 book *Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas*, "securely tying Mrs. Hibbins at night and lying encircled around her. "The next day one warrior, weary of listening to the

a buffalo robe, she quietly slipped out of the Indian camp and into the darkness.

"Daylight found her but a short distance from camp, not over a mile or two," Brown wrote, "and she secreted herself in a thicket from which she soon saw and heard the Indians in pursuit. The savages compelled the little boy to call aloud, 'Mama! Mama!' But she knew that her only hope for herself and child was in escape and remained silent."

When Sarah was certain the Comanches had given up their search, she pressed on through the heavy brush and down the Colorado, eventually stumbling across a riverside cabin in which 18 Texas Rangers had just settled down to their evening meal. Though she'd



A romanticized 1858 engraving depicts a lone female captive being carried off by Comanche warriors. Real-life captive Sarah Creath McSherry Hibbins Stinnett Howard witnessed the murders of two husbands, her brother, and a child by Comanches. (Granger)

cries of Sarah's infant, killed it by smashing its head against a tree as Sarah helplessly watched. Days later the party crossed the Colorado River deep in Comancheria and relaxed the security in which they held their captives.

Sarah faced a crossroads. Though she realized there was a chance to escape, she knew she could not make it away safely with her young son, so she made the heartrending decision to leave him. Wrapping him in

walked only 10 miles, it had taken her 24 hours. "She was so torn with thorns and briars, so nearly without raiment and so bruised about the face that her condition was pitiable," Brown wrote.

The Rangers, under the command of Captain John J. Tumlinson Jr., quickly saddled up and went after the Comanches. The next morning, after a brief but hard fight, they rescued Sarah's child.

Sarah and son next went to live among the families

Harrell and Hornsby, near the site of present-day Austin, and fled with them as the Mexican army that had taken the Alamo in March moved north. They eventually found refuge with former Dewitt's

second time. The Howards later moved farther down the San Antonio River to southern Goliad County. There they experienced more Indian raids and again fled, this time to the vicinity of present-day Hallettsville, in Lavaca County.



In 1840, after having lost family members to raids and escaped captivity in Comancheria, Sarah moved to the San Juan Capistrano Mission (above) south of San Antonio with fourth husband Phillip Howard. Further raids prompted two more moves before the couple settled in Lavaca County, Texas. The Howards lived out their days in peace in Bosque County. (San Antonio Conservation Society Foundation)

Colony neighbor Claiborne Stinnett, and in the spring of 1837 Sarah and Claiborne married. In 1838 Stinnett was elected sheriff of Gonzales County. That fall the sheriff disappeared while returning north to Gonzales from Linnville, on Lavaca Bay. He was thought to have been killed, either by Indians or, as Brown believed, by two runaway slaves. Regardless, Sarah was again a widow.

By then, though still shy of 30 years old, she had been widowed three times and seen her brother, one child and two husbands killed before her eyes. On May 29, 1839, she married her fourth and final husband, Phillip Howard. In June 1840 the couple left the Guadalupe Valley and moved west to the San Juan Capistrano Mission south of San Antonio. On arrival they were subjected to an Indian raid, Sarah's son barely escaping capture a

Finally finding peace there, Sarah gave birth to three daughters, and her husband was named a county judge. In their later years the Howards moved once more, settling in Bosque County, where Sarah died on March 28, 1870, of natural causes. She had been with Phillip for more than half of her 60 years — her reward after long years of hardship.

Rangers, I've done some pretty hard and scary things in my time, but this story is absolutely awe inspiring and leaves me speechless. Once again, it strongly reinforces my admiration and appreciation for those Texans who came before us. Faced with similar hardships, I could only pray that I would be up to the challenge.

See y'all on the range!



Sheriff Robert Love Vice President



COWBOY SAM AND THE BUSINESS MANAGER

By Jim Williams — Cowboy Poet

Sam had cowboied and worked pretty well all over the Texas Panhandle and was known all over that part of the country to be honest and dependable. He was also known to pack a very short fuse and at times was prone to get on the peck whenever he thought any member of his family or himself had been treated unfairly or abused in any way. Otherwise, he was just about the nicest feller you could meet up with.

I was at the feed store one day and got to talking with Sam's sixteen-year old son, Sam Jr. Old Sam had a pretty good-sized family and was having a hard time making a living for them on cowboy wages, so he moved to town and took a job with a grain and

feed company.

Sam Jr. told me about his little brother falling out of a tree and breaking both arms. One arm was broken when he bounced off a big limb and the other when he hit the ground. Sam had just come home from work. He and Sam Jr. loaded the kid in the pickup and rushed to the local clinic. The clinic was a sort of small, privately owned hospital, run by old Doc Pester and another doctor and three or four nurses. The clinic had prospered over the years, so Doc had hired a dude to take care of the business end of the place. Doc called his new employee his "Business Manager."

By the time Sam and the boys got to the clinic, there was no one there but a nurse and the Business Manager. Sam yelled for the Business Manager to call Doc Pester. The Business Manager wanted to know if Sam had any insurance on the boy, or if he had fifty dollars to put up as a deposit. Sam said he had no insurance or fifty dollars but demanded the Business Manager call Doc and worry about the money later. The Business Manager refused, which was a serious mistake he never would have made had he known Sam better. Sam reached across the desk and grabbed the Business Manager's coat lapels and yanked him halfway over the desk and shook him until his little pea-sized brain rattled around in the empty space above his ears. The Business Manager was suddenly anxious to do what Sam demanded. He called Doc Pester and asked him to please hurry down to the clinic. He then called the sheriff and asked him to come and arrest a madman for assault and battery and attempted murder.

Doc Pester and the other doctor arrived first and went immediately to the treatment room where the nurse had taken the boy and was doing what she could for him. After the doctors and the nurse got the boy fixed up, Doc went to the front desk and told the sheriff he might as well go back to his office. The sheriff didn't want to arrest Sam anyway, so he left. Doc then told the Business Manager he might as well go to his room and pack his bags, as he would soon be leaving town. He told Sam when to bring the boy in again and not to worry about the bill and to pay when he could. The kid was treated and the Business Manager learned a much-needed lesson in common sense.

—Submitted by Sheriff Robert Love

Jim Williams was a working cowboy and ranch manager his whole life. He worked on ranches in West Texas, the Panhandle and New Mexico. He was my mother's first cousin. He spent more time on a horse than most office workers spent behind a desk. He was a big, friendly man and a dedicated follower of Jesus.



Shooting Iron Miller Secretary



Howdy Texican Rangers! I hope the month of July finds you well. After the recent rains, we are now experiencing pretty warm temperatures, so stay hydrated if you are out and about.

We will soon vote on new Officers for the club for 2027. Elections will be held at the Annual Meeting during Shindig in September.

The following positions are open and nominations received thus far are as follows:

President — San Saba Slim
Vice President — Beauregard Beard
Treasurer — Tombstone Mary
Communications — Dutch Van Horn
Range Master/Co-Range Master —
Fister Bo, Mad Dog McCoy,
Dirty Dog Dale
(two will be selected during voting process)

Qualifications to serve as an Officer are:

- Must be a member in good standing for at least one year prior to the election
- Must be at least 21 years of age.

Members in good standing may self-nominate or nominate other members as candidates for offices. Nominations should be submitted to the Executive Committee by the last day of June but may be submitted as late as the last day of August.

Terms of Office:

- The President, Vice President, Range Master, Co-Range Master and Communications Director shall serve one (1) year terms from January 1 to December 31.

The Secretary shall serve a two (2) year term beginning January 1 of each odd-numbered year.

- The Treasurer shall serve a two (2) year term beginning January 1 of each even-numbered year.

- There shall be no term limits on any office.

As we look ahead to 2027, we invite nominations for officer positions within our membership. This is a valuable opportunity for you to contribute your talents, energy, and vision to help determine the future of our club. Our strength lies in the dedication of people like you who are willing to step forward and serve. Whether you're nominating yourself or someone you believe would be a great fit, we encourage you to help bring a fresh perspective and make a meaningful impact to the organization.

Please mark your calendar for our next workday, August 4, and match days to be held August 8 and 9, 2026.



Links between Highlanders and Native Americans

By Dutch Van Horn

After watching an episode of *Outlander* I got to thinking about how quickly Scottish Mountain Men adapted to the Native American way of life. What caused this?

Despite an ocean separating their ancestral homelands, Scottish Highlanders and Native Americans encountered each other frequently on America's wild frontier, fighting, trading, and even living together.

Both cultures were treated as tribal societies and driven from their lands by British authorities who would later romanticize the very ways of life they had destroyed.

The two peoples on the edge of Britain's Empire underwent similar experiences at the hands of colonial powers.

In the eighteenth century, Scotland's Gaelic speaking Highlanders and the Indians of North

sets of peoples — who were fiercely independent — resisted the tide of colonialism.

Both groups of people experienced displacement and other forms of colonial assault on their social and political structures, their cultures, language, and ways of life.

Highlanders and Indians organized their societies around clan and kinship, occupied land communally as tribal homelands rather than as real estate, and found themselves in the way of an expanding material world that stressed individual ambition, private ownership, and aggressive exploitation of resources for profit.

Despite differences between clan and tribes, eighteenth century observers viewed Highland and Indian ways of life as basically the same.

They both came from rugged lands, had a strong warrior tradition within a tribal society and were used to hardship, and it wasn't long before the two cultures met. As a result, the two peoples often filled roles in colonial American society such as hunters and fur traders where interactions were common.

The beaver trade among the northern tribes across Canada and the deerskin trade among the southeastern (USA) tribes like the Creeks, Cherokees, and Choctaws lasted long into the eighteenth century.

Trading with Indian tribes was commonplace and relations between Highland men and Native women ranged from casual encounters to enduring relationships.

Intermarriage between Highlanders and Indians reached all across North America and entire Scots-Indian families were produced from these unions.

Most of these Scots-Indians lived a quiet simple life but some played a significant role in American history. Scots-Indian John Ross was the principal chief of the Cherokees during the era of Indian Removal around 1830, when the United States expelled 80,000

Indian people from their homelands east of

the Mississippi to new lands in the West.

Ross led the majority of Cherokee people in opposing Removal, wrote letters and petitions, lobbied in Congress and led them in rebuilding the Cherokee Nation in Indian Territory.

With prominent ancestors like Ross, perhaps the Highland influence is most keenly felt today among Native Americans in the Cherokee clan.

I guess that the plot on *Outlander* was based on the shared experience of these two distinctive but similar groups of people.



America were facing increased pressure and aggression from a rapidly expanding Great Britain that was fast becoming the most powerful nation on earth.

In Scotland there was a clash between two cultures, one that was based on ancient obligations of honor and kinship, and the other an aggressive pursuit of progress and profit.

British and American governments believed the Highlands and Indian lands had to be pacified before they could be civilized. This view led to several brutal and bloody confrontations as both

The Baby Russian Gets its Due

By Jim Dickerson



Another single action has slipped from notice today, but it played its own not insignificant part in the Old West. I am talking about the caliber .38 S&W 5-shot top break spur trigger single action. Often called the Baby Russian model, it was a magnificent back-up and concealment pistol, for it was small but very easy to hit with. In fact, it is a lot easier to hit with than most of its modern rivals, and since only hits matter, that means it has not lost its place as a top gun for its purpose even today. The .38 S&W cartridge was an improvement in stopping power over the cap and ball .36 caliber Colt Navy favored by Wild Bill Hickok and others although, as the later Army Thompson Laguardia Commission Report proved conclusively, it takes a .45 to reliably stop a man, and you can't get enough velocity out of a pistol to make up the difference in caliber.

Carried in pockets, boot tops, and holsters concealed under a coat, these unobtrusive little pistols did their job without being noticed until they were drawn and fired. They were often the only gun carried by men, especially in towns. For the man openly carrying a big Colt .45, they were a perfect back-up pistol. Small enough to easily conceal yet able to deliver accurate long-range pistol fire, something you can't do with a Derringer or, for that matter, most highly concealable pistols then and now. This made them deadly on jack rabbits

needed for dinner or coyotes about to make a dinner out of a farmer's chickens. Gunfights are not always close range affairs, and whether they were carried as a back-up to a .45 or as a concealed primary weapon, the ability to hit easily and at whatever range circumstances dictate is a life and death matter. The S&W's three-inch barrel may not have been as long as an 1851 Colt Navy, but it could shoot and hit right alongside it. How many small concealment pistols today can make that claim? Not many, if any.

Not being the primary weapon of famous gunfighters and not big and flashy looking enough for the hero of a Western movie or TV show to use on the silver screen, they are forgotten today except by collectors. S&W replaced them with double action revolver versions and today all top break .38 revolvers are looked on as obsolete by most shooters. That's a shame as they still have so much to offer.

They eject all the empty cases instantly when the action is opened with no possibility of an empty case falling behind the extractor and tying up the gun, as can happen with the "modern" swing-out cylinder guns. The grips are small, and it is best to put your little finger under the grip to make them point more accurately. Recoil is negligible and the gun is pleasant and fun to shoot. The sights are small but precise, like most 19th century pistols, for back then people knew that a pistol was meant to be pointed accurately, and the sights were usually just to enable you to see more quickly where a new pistol was pointing.

The spur trigger may seem odd, but it works perfectly and eliminates the problem of threading your finger through a small trigger guard, which may prove impossible if you are wearing gloves. It is perfectly safe because this is a single action that can only be fired after it is cocked. You normally cock and fire it, rather than walking around in the woods with it cocked waiting for thick brush to push your finger against the trigger.

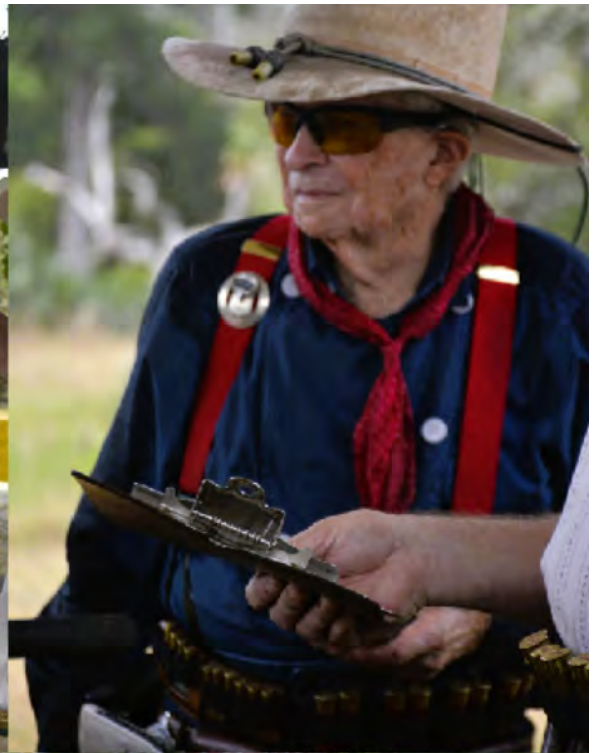
So it only holds five shots. Well, that's all you can safely carry in a Colt Single Action, so what's new? In the Old West, this gun served its purpose well and it still does today

IMAGES FROM JULY 2026

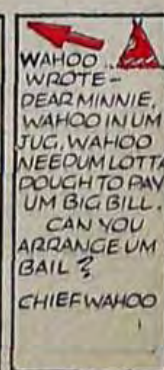












Big Chief WAHOO

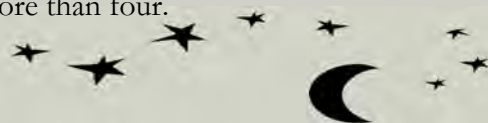
by SAUNDERS and WOGGON





Parting Shots

1. Did you hear they arrested the devil?
Yeah, they got him on possession.
2. What did one DNA say to the other
DNA? "Do these genes make me look
fat?"
3. My IQ test results came back. They were
negative.
4. Why can't you trust an atom? Because
they make up literally everything.
5. What's the difference between an outlaw
and an in-law? Outlaws are wanted.
6. I used to be a people person, until
people ruined it for me.
7. I think I'm addicted to cheese. Don't
worry, it's only mild.
8. I just had the dentist pull out all my
teeth. I'm never doing that again.
9. Inflation's high, but my standards are still
higher.
10. I didn't choose this life – the algorithm
chose it for me.
11. Monday called. I ghosted.
12. I always take life with a grain of salt.
Plus, a slice of lemon. And a shot of
tequila.
13. I don't have a beer gut, I have a
protective covering for my rock-hard
abs.
14. I read recipes the same way I read
science fiction. I get to the end and I
think, "Well, that's not going to happen."
15. I'm feeling pretty proud of myself. The
puzzle I bought said 3-5 years, but I
finished it in 18 months.
16. This is my step ladder, I never knew my
real ladder.
17. I have all the money I'll ever need — if I
die by 3:00 p.m. this afternoon.
18. I am not a vegetarian because I love
animals, I am a vegetarian because I hate
plants.
19. I don't suffer from insanity, I enjoy every
minute of it.
20. Most people are shocked when they find
out how bad I am as an electrician.
21. My first job was working in an orange
juice factory, but I got canned. Couldn't
concentrate.
22. Worrying works! More than 90 percent
of the things I worry about never
happen.
23. Before you marry a person, you should
first make them use a computer with a
slow Internet connection to see who
they really are.
24. I was told never to date a tennis player.
Love means nothing to them.
25. At every party, there are two kinds of
people: those who want to go home and
those who don't. The trouble is, they are
usually married to each other.
26. I asked my date to meet me at the gym,
but she never showed up. I guess we
aren't going to work out.
27. If you arrest a mime, do you have to tell
him he has the right to remain silent?
28. Four fonts walk into a bar. The
bartender says, Hey, get out. We don't
want your type here.
29. Money talks. But all mine ever says is
goodbye.
30. A computer once beat me at chess, but
it was no match for me at kickboxing.
31. It's impossible to joke around with a
kleptomaniac. They always take things
literally.
32. The easiest time to add insult to injury is
when you're signing somebody's cast.
33. You don't need a parachute to go
skydiving. You need a parachute to go
skydiving twice.
34. Letting go of a loved one can be hard.
But sometimes, it's the only way to
survive a rock-climbing catastrophe.
35. I just read that alligators can grow up to
15 feet. But I haven't seen any with
more than four.





July Birthdays

Sheriff Robert Love – 7/10

July Smith – 7/10

Dirty Dog Dale – 7/11

Kincade – 7/17

Bisbee Jackson - 7/25

Little Bit Sassy – 7/31

August Birthdays

Crooked Creek Sam – 8/09

Moose McCoy – 8/09

Yakima Jim Tombaugh – 8/20

Scooter – 8/27

Farr Ranger – 8/28

Harmony Bell – 8/29

Llano Leadslinger – 8/29

September Birthdays

Abilene – 9/4

Uncle Nick Wilson – 9/7

A.D.– 9/15

T Bone Paul – 9/16

Kit Carson – 9/21

L.W. Hannabass – 9/21

Texican Rangers Regulators

- Tombstone Mary 2003
- A.D. 2004
- Dusty Lone Star 2008
- Handlebar Bob 2010
- Dusty Chambers 2010
- Sheriff Robert Love 2012
- Grouchy Spike 2013
- Agarita Annie 2016
- Joe Darter 2016
- Nueces Slim 2016
- Skinny 2016
- Dirty Dog Dale 2017
- Dutch Van Horn 2017
- Shooting Iron Miller 2017
- Beans Ahgin 2022
- Colorado Horseshoe 2024



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Dodge City Mike 512.801.8424

Price List effective 11.01.25

Caliber	Weight	Config.	Price/500	Price/1000
.38	100	RNFP	44	88
	105	FP	45	90
	125	RNFP	54	108
	125	FP	54	108
	130	RNFP	55	110
	158	RNFP	67	134
	158	FP	67	134
	158	SWC	67	134
.380	100	RNFP	44	88
.38-55	245	RNFP	104	208
.41	215	SWC	91	182
.44	180	RNFP	76	152
	240	SWC	102	204
.44-40	200	RNFP	85	170
.45 COLT	160	RNFP	76	153
	180	RNFP	76	153
	200	RNFP	85	170
	250	RNFP	106	212
9MM	124	RN	53	106
	125	CN	53	106
40 S&W	180	FP	76	153
.45ACP	200	SWC	85	170
	200	RN	85	170
	230	RN	98	196
45-70	405	FPT	90 (250)	360 (1K)
COATED 10.00 PLUS 1000 pes.			180 (500)	