

Newsletter for the Texican Rangers

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

SASS Affiliated
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Hello Rangers



We had 35 shooters enjoy a beautiful day at the Stieler Ranch for the last match of 2022. Eight shooters shot it clean and they were Alamo Andy, Big Iron Patnode, Dutch Van Horne, Fister Bo, Henly, Maj. Samuel Clayton, Newt Ritter, and Skyhawk Hans. Top Cowgirl was Panhandle Cowgirl and the Top Cowboy and overall was Big Iron Patnode!

Thank you all for coming out and also helping to pull in the targets. May you all have a blessed Holiday Season and I look forward to seeing everyone again the second weekend of January 2023 at the Stieler Ranch.

Alamo Andy
President Texican Rangers



Geronimo after his Surrender

By Dutch Van Horn/Regulator 51153



We have all seen countless movies about Geronimo. All of them end with his final surrender to the Army on 4 September, 1886. It is true that after he was sent to Florida that he never returned to the Southwest, but it is not true that he had a short life after that time.

Geronimo was feared and hated in Arizona and New Mexico. But a strange thing happened as he was being sent to Florida. For every mile he traveled, the hate and fear went down and was replaced by just curiosity.

Now don't get me wrong, life was not easy in Florida. Most of the twenty-seven Apaches sent to Florida with Geronimo died of tuberculosis on the way. Geronimo was condemned to saw logs, hard labor. The next year, the malnourished captives were transported to the Mount Vernon Barracks in Alabama.

It was here that Geronimo — unhealthy, underfed, spiritually challenged — made the inconceivably difficult decision of letting his new, pregnant wife Ih-tedda and their daughter Lenna leave for New Mexico. In Apache culture, this was the equivalent of getting a divorce. It was the last time he ever saw them.

In 1894, Geronimo and 341 other Chiricahua prisoners of war were transported to an American military base in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He was eager to move; he envisioned his people would all have a “farm, cattle, and cool water” at their disposal there.

“I do not consider that I am an Indian anymore,” he told the American soldiers. “I am a white man and [would] like to go around and see different places. I consider that all white men are my brothers and that all white women are my sisters — that is what I want to say.”

But the government wouldn't let them assimilate. Instead, the Apache remained political prisoners. The government gave them each cattle, hogs, chickens, and turkeys, but they didn't know what to do with the hogs, so they didn't keep them. When they sold their cattle and crops, the government would keep some of the money they earned and put it into an “Apache Fund,” from which the Apaches apparently didn't reap any benefits.

“If there is an Apache Fund,” Geronimo wrote, “it should someday be turned over to the Indians, or at least they should have an account of it, for it is their earnings.”

Journalists visited the permanently detained Apache, and, fascinated by his legend, frequently asked if they could see the blanket he had made from 100 scalps of his victims. He disappointed all of those who inquired, as that story was merely propaganda to skew the public discourse against Native Americans. All he wanted, and asked for, was to let his Apache brothers and sisters return to the Southwest.

“We are vanishing from the earth,” he said. “The Apaches and their homes each [were] created for the other by Usen [the Apache life-giver] himself. When they are taken away from these homes they sicken and die. How long will it be until it is said, there are no Apaches?”

Geronimo quickly became a celebrity of the Apache Wars, as Anglo-Americans saw Natives like him as nothing more than savages — something to make money off of. His involuntary career as an item on display began in 1898 when he made an appearance at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exhibition in Omaha, Nebraska. In 1904, he appeared at the World's Fair in St. Louis, Missouri.

He apparently had no qualms about securing a portion of that lucrative celebrity pie for himself — even if the fairs advertised him as “The Worst Indian That Ever Lived.” It was, after all, him that people were paying to see.

“I sold my photographs for twenty-five cents, and was allowed to keep ten cents of this for myself,” he wrote. “I also wrote my name for ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents, as the case might be, and kept all of that money. He would even cut the buttons off his clothes and sell them. I often made as much as two dollars a day, and when I returned I had plenty of money — more than I had ever owned before.”

Regardless of Geronimo’s new disposition — or perhaps, partly because of it — his business savvy was appreciated even after he died. Bruce Shakelford, who appraised Geronimo’s belongings when he passed, was stunned at Geronimo’s foresight in terms of branding and customer appeal.

“I’ve seen his signature on little drums, on signed cabinet card photographs of himself,” he said. “I mean, this guy was early marketing personified. This guy was a celebrity. And he was the main celebrity. He had killed white folks and staked them over ant beds. He was a bad guy... He sold artifacts, and they didn’t necessarily have anything to do with the Apache. People would bring him things he could sell, and they knew they could get more money for it with his signature, so they made a deal.”

Geronimo was invited to ride in President Theodore Roosevelt’s first inauguration parade. The government sent him an invitation and \$179.00 to buy a horse and pay for his expenses to travel to Washington D.C. and ride in the parade. Geronimo pocketed the money, traveled as cheaply as possible to Washington and then when he arrived demanded the government provide him a horse to ride in the Parade. They did and he kept the horse when he went back to Oklahoma.

Geronimo hoped to convince President Theodore Roosevelt to let him and the Apaches return home to the Southwest. He had even converted to the Dutch Reformed Church — Roosevelt’s church — in 1903 to get on his good side. And though he did attend the president’s second inauguration in 1905, and met with the president afterward, he was denied the request.

Through an interpreter, Roosevelt told Geronimo that he had a “bad heart.” “You killed many of my people; you burned villages,” he said. “[You] were not good Indians.”

Still, Geronimo dedicated his autobiography to Roosevelt, hoping he’d read it and come to understand the Apache side of the decades-long conflict.

“I want to go back to my old home before I die,” Geronimo told a reporter in 1908. “Tired of fight and want to rest. Want to go back to the mountains again. I asked the Great White Father [President Roosevelt] to allow me to go back, but he said no.”

By this point, Geronimo had yet another wife (the Apache were polygamous), Zi-yeh. Dissuaded by Roosevelt’s rejection of returning home, Geronimo spent the time gambling, partaking in shooting contests, and betting on horse races. Zi-yeh died of tuberculosis, leading Geronimo to take care of the household.

He washed dishes and swept the floor, cleaned the house, and took care of his extended family. Geronimo was reportedly so visibly devoted to his daughter Eva, who was born in 1889, that one visitor remarked, “Nobody could be kinder to a child than he was to her.”

It was around 1908 that Geronimo’s age began to notably affect his day-to-day life. He grew weaker and his mind began to wander. He started forgetting things. His road to the great beyond began on Feb. 11, 1909, when he sold some bows and arrows in Lawton, Oklahoma.

Geronimo spent his earnings on whiskey. That night, he rode drunk and accidentally fell off his horse and landed in a creek. Only the following morning was he discovered. He was alive and well, except for the pneumonia that had already begun to set in.

His final wishes were that his children be sent to Fort Sill so they could be beside him when he transitioned. It’s unclear who exactly got these directions wrong, but that request was sent via letter, rather than a telegram. Geronimo died on Feb. 17, 1909, before his kids arrived. He was 79 years old.

After his death his children discovered that he had \$10,000.00 in the bank, a huge amount for this time period. This was what was left of the money he had made from his farming and various marketing projects.

Gunfight at the OK Corral - Coroner's Inquest

By Dutch Van Horn/Regulator 51153



After the OK Corral gun fight, Sheriff John Behan attempted to steer the Coroner's Inquest and help assign criminal charges against the Earps and Doc Holliday. His testimony laid all the blame on the Earps and Doc Holliday.

What is a Coroner's Inquest? It is a public court hearing, which may involve a jury. It will be held as soon as possible, usually within six months of the death. During the coroner's inquest the evidence will be reviewed to try to determine how the person(s) died. At the end, the coroner or jury will come to a conclusion, in the form of a legal 'determination,' which states who, where, when and how the person died.

The following is a verbatim copy of the testimony given before the Coroner's Jury in relation to the killing of the McLowry brothers and Clanton, up to the time of adjournment. The Coroner's Jury was composed of the following: T.P. Hudson, D. Calisher, M. Garrett, S.B. Comstock, J.C. Davis, Thomas Moses, C.D. Reppy, F. Hafford, George H. Haskell, and M. S. Goodrich.

"John H. Behan, being sworn says; I am Sheriff, and reside in Tombstone, Cochise County, Arizona; I know the defendants Wyatt Earp, and John H. Holliday; I know Virg and Morg Earp; I knew Thomas McLaury, Frank McLaury, and William Clanton; I was in Tombstone October 26, when a difficulty, or shooting affray took place between the parties named.

The first I knew that there was likely to be any trouble, I was sitting in a chair getting shaved in a barber shop; it was about half past one or two, it may have been later, but not much; saw a crowd gathering on the corner of Fourth and Allen Streets; someone in the shop said there was liable to be trouble between Clantons and the Earps; there was considerable said about it in the shop and I asked the barber to hurry up and get through, as I intended to go out and disarm and arrest the parties; after I had finished in the barber shop I crossed over to Hafford's corner; saw Marshal Earp standing there and asked what was the excitement; Marshal Earp is Virgil Earp; he said there (were) a lot of s---s of b---s in town looking for a fight; he did not mention any names; I said to Earp you had better disarm the crowd; he said he would not, he would give them a chance to make the fight; I said to him: It is your duty as a Peace Officer to disarm them rather than encourage the fight; don't remember what reply he gave me, but I said I was going down to disarm the boys.

"I meant any parties connected with the cowboys who had arms; Marshal Earp at that time was standing in Hafford's door; several people were around him; I don't know who; Morgan Earp and Doc Holliday were then standing out near the middle of the street, at or near the intersection of Allen and Fourth Streets; I saw none other of the defendants there; Virgil Earp had a shotgun; with the muzzle touching the door-sill, down at his side; I did not see arms on the others at the time; I then went down Fourth Street to the corner of Fremont, and I met there Frank McLaury holding a horse and talking to somebody; I greeted him; I said to him: (defendants here objected to any conversation between witness and Frank McLaury, court overruled the objection at this time) I told McLaury that I would have to disarm him, as there was likely to be trouble in town and I propose to disarm everybody in town that had arms.

He said he would not give up his arms as he did not intend to have trouble; I told him that he would have to give up his pistol, all the same; I may have said gun, as gun and pistol are synonymous terms; about that time I saw Ike Clanton and Tom McLaury down the street below Fly's Photography Gallery; I said to Frank, 'Come with me;' we went down to where Ike Clanton and Tom were standing; I said to the boys, 'You must give up your arms!' Billy Clanton and Will Claiborne; I said to them, 'Boys you have got to give up your arms.' Frank McLaury demurred; I don't know exact language; he did not seem inclined, at first, to give up his arms. Ike told me he didn't have any arms.

"I put my arm around his waist to see if he was armed, and found he was not; Tom McLaury showed me by pulling his coat open, that he was not armed, I saw five standing there and asked them how many there were of them; they said four of us; this young man, Claiborne said he was not one of the party; he wanted them to leave town; I said boys you must go up to the Sheriff's office and take off your arms and stay there until I get back; I told them I was going to disarm the other party; at that time I saw Earps and Holliday coming down the sidewalk, on the south side of Fremont Street; they were a little below the post office; Virgil, Morgan and Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday were the ones; I said to the Clantons wait there for a while, I see them coming down, I will go and stop them; I walked up the street twenty-two or twenty-three steps and met them at Bauer's Butcher Shop, under the awning, in front, and told them not to go any farther, that I was down there for the purpose of arresting and disarming the McLaury's and Clantons; they did not heed me and I threw up my hands and said go back, I'm the Sheriff of this county and am not going to allow any trouble if I can help it; they brushed past me and I turned and went with them, or followed them two steps or so in the rear as they went down the street, expostulating with them all the time; when they arrived within a very few feet of the Clantons and McLaury's I heard one of them say, I think it was Wyatt Earp.

"You s---s of b---s you have been looking for a fight and now you can have it,' about that time I heard a voice say 'Throw up your hands;' during this time I saw a nickel-plated pistol pointed at one of the Clanton party - I think Billy - My impression at the time was that Doc Holliday had nickel-plated pistol; I will not say for certain that Holliday had it; these pistols I speak of were in the hands of the Earp party; when the order was given, 'Throw up your hands,' I heard Billy Clanton say, 'Don't shoot me, I don't want to fight,' Tom McLaury at the same time threw open his coat and said, 'I have nothing,' or 'I am not armed;' he made the same remark and the same gesture that he made to me when he first told me he was not armed; I can't tell the position of Billy Clanton's hands at the time he said, 'I don't want to fight,' my attention was directed just at that moment to the nickel-plated pistol; the nickel-plated pistol was the first to fire, and another followed instantly; these two shots were not from the same pistol, they were too nearly instantaneous to be fired from the same pistol; the nickel-plated pistol was fired by the second man from the right; the second shot came from the third man from the right. The fight became general.

"Two of the three fired shots were very rapid after the first shot; by whom I do not know; the first two shots fired by the Earp party; I could not say by whom; the next three shots I thought at the time came from the Earp party; this was my impression at the time from being on the ground and seeing them; after the party said, 'Throw up your hands;' the nickel-plated pistol went off immediately; I think V.W. Earp said, 'Throw up your hands;' there was a good deal of fighting and shouting going on. I saw Frank McLaury staggering on the street with one hand on his belly and his pistol in his right; I saw him shoot at Morgan Earp, and from the direction of his pistol should judge that the shot went in the ground; he shot twice there in towards Fly's Building at Morgan Earp, and he started across the street; heard a couple of shots from that direction; did not see him after he got about half way across the street; then heard a couple of shots from his direction; looked and saw McLaury running and a shot was fired and he fell on his head; heard Morg say, 'I got him;' there might have been a couple of shots afterwards; but that was about the end of the fight; I can't say I knew the effect of the first two shots; the only parties I saw fall were Morg Earp and Frank McLaury.

My impression was that the nickel-plated pistol was pointed at Billy Clanton; the first man that I was certain that was hit was Frank McLaury, as I saw him staggering and bewildered and knew he was hit; this shortly after the first five shots; I never saw any arms in the hands of any of the McLaury party except Frank McLaury and Billy Clanton; saw Frank McLaury on the sidewalk, within a very few feet of the inside line of the street; did not see a pistol in the hands of any of the McLaury party until 8 or 10 shots had been fired; Frank was the first of the party in whose hands I saw a pistol; Ike Clanton broke and ran after the first few shots were fired; Ike, I think, went through Fly's Building; the last I saw of him he was running through the back of Fly's Building towards Allen Street."

The Coroner's inquest, like the town of Tombstone was evenly divided between supporters of the Earps and Cowboys. The Coroner's inquest lasted the better part of a week. The Earp supporters didn't want to do anything to anger the Cowboys and the Cowboy supporters didn't want to do anything to anger the Earps. In the end their only conclusion was that Billy Clanton, and Tom and Frank McLaury, died of gunshot wounds.

Did Ulysses S. Grant really have a Drinking Problem?

By Dutch Van Horn/Regulator 51153



Why anyone cares that Grant drank is an interesting question in itself. As has been said, he was a successful, even brilliant soldier.

Actually, in those days everybody drank a lot more than we do today. “In 1825, Americans over the age of 15 consumed on average seven gallons of alcohol — generally whiskey or hard cider — each year (today that figure is about two gallons, mostly of beer and wine).”

More likely, according to most sources, is that he was (at least early in his career) a binge drinker who mostly drank when separated from his family or out

of boredom. According to his friend Lt. Henry Hodges, “He would perhaps go on two or three sprees a year, but was always open to reason.” Reports that he drank to inebriation during or before his Civil War battles seem entirely fanciful.

So, where did the claims that Grant routinely drank to excess come from? According to Civil War historian and archivist Michael B. Ballard, “Almost all, if not all, the stories about various drunken states are doubtful, although widely circulated as being true.”

Grant's purported drinking problems are largely the result of a smear campaign against him by his rivals and political enemies — both “Lost Cause” Southerners still smarting from their defeat in the Civil War and his political opposition — that began after his two terms as Commander in Chief. In part they were upset over his attempts to enforce Reconstruction and protect the freedmen’s rights. In particular, his use of federal troops to enforce the 14th and 15th amendments and confront the Ku Klux Klan and other white supremacists was seen as tyrannical and imposing “black domination.”

Then there are those who find it romantic to consider Grant (as one website article dubs him) “a drunken fighting machine from American History.”

And finally, there are the journalists, who in those days were far more willing to invent things than journalists in the present. Sylvanus Cadwallader, a newspaper reporter, wrote down one such story (though not printed until after his death three decades after the war), claiming that Grant had a barrel of whiskey in his tent for his exclusive use. No one else ever mentioned it.

It would be foolish to state that Grant never drank, or never drank to excess, but the myth of his being either a pathetic drunk or a hard-drinking man of action isn’t borne out by the evidence.

The Colt Bisley Revolver

By Dutch Van Horn/Regulator 51153



Named after the shooting range where the British National Rifle Association had held matches since 1890, the Bisley was a target version of the Single Action Army (SAA). But until fairly recently, the Bisley was overshadowed by its more romanticized older brother.

This is ironic, for the Bisley is part of the Colt single-action family; it uses many of the same components, including the cylinder, barrel and ejector rod, thus maintaining a basic SAA layout.

But there are some subtle and not-so-subtle

differences. Most obvious is the swept-under grip, which enables the Bisley to hang better in the hand; the enlarged trigger guard and wide, curved trigger for better control; and the wavy lowered hammer spur for easy cocking with the ball of the thumb.

Plus, the barrel is stamped “(BISLEY MODEL).” Less obvious is the different mainspring, the deeper frame and the backstrap screws that affix it to the frame under the grips. In addition, in order to reach the cylinder ratchets, the hammer hand is longer than that of the Model P.

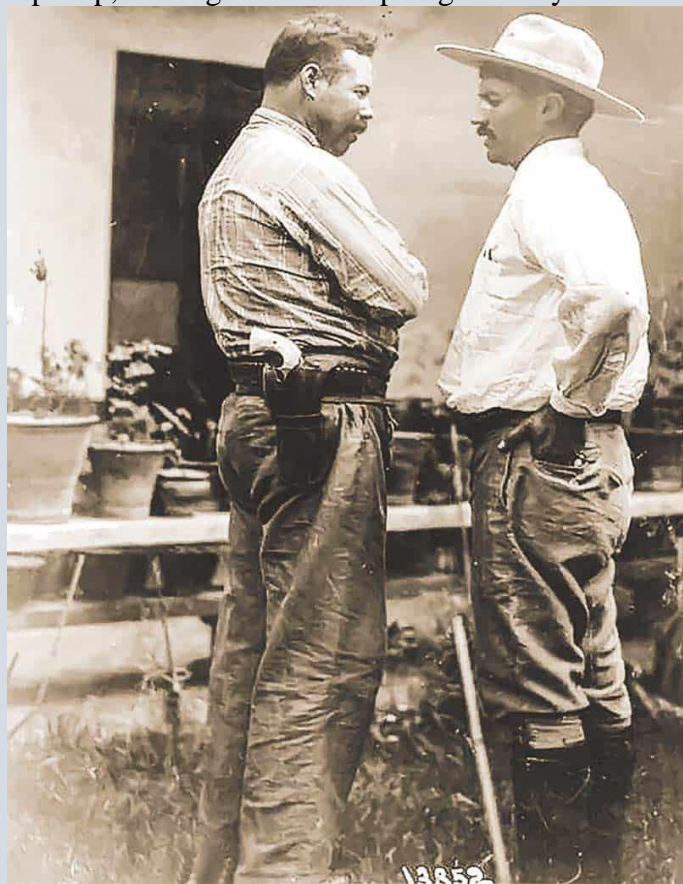
Bisley matches were a timed event with targets staged at 20 yards, then moved to 50 yards as contestants were thinned from the ranks. The contestant could use only one hand with no additional support from their body.

The targets themselves were timed and only visible during a three-second window. During those three seconds, the shooter had to raise the pistol from the shooting rail, aim and fire before the target disappeared again for three seconds. Only one shot was allowed during each appearance of the target and when the target disappeared, the pistol had to be lowered so it was touching a shooting rail. The recommendation was to practice the timing with a metronome.

Each match consisted of 12 shots. At 20 yards the shooter was given 60 seconds to fire six shots. At 50 yards the shooter was given 90 seconds.

Most Colt Bisley pistols went to Great Britain sporting maximum-length barrels of 7-1/2” and adjustable rear sights, but as semi-autos became popular, the single-action Bisley lost favor.

The Bisley, produced from 1894 until 1915, reflected a growing interest in target shooting. It was serial-numbered sequentially with the Peacemaker, spanning the ranges from 156300 to 331916, with a total of 45,326 made. Bisleys were blued and case-hardened or nickered, and made with 4¾-, 5½- and 7½-inch barrel lengths. Special-order finishes and engraving were available but rare. The Bisley was offered in 18 chamberings from .32-20 Win. to .455 Eley. Even though this was a target gun, Colt retained the SAA’s rudimentary grooved topstrap, although 976 flat-top target Bisleys were made.



While a few Bisleys were shipped across the “Big Pond,” many more made their way west into the hands of cowboys, outlaws and lawmen, and firearm historians say the majority of the Bisleys went to the arid Southwest. This may have been from the popularity of one well-known admirer — Pancho Villa.

The Mexican outlaw turned revolutionary had many followers on both sides of the borders. Freedom-loving cowboys from the U.S. flocked to his banner, fighting to overthrow the corrupt leadership that had a chokehold on Mexico. In their admiration for Villa, it stands to reason many of his followers would want similar guns.

Accounts say Villa owned several Bisleys and one now resides in the Autry Museum of the American West. It is a fine example of a 1912 Bisley Colt in .44-40, complete with heavily worn bluing, a faded color case hardened frame and custom mother-of-pearl grips.

While the Bisley’s unique styling may have attracted Villa, it may have been more of a need than a fashion statement. Some historians say Villa had arthritis in his hands and the Bisley grips were easier to hold than other grip styles of the day.

Other good guys liked the Bisley. Cowboy, lawman and writer Walter Rogers wore a Bisley across the arid plains and canyons of Texas. He preferred the Bisley grips as they allowed him to get off a faster first shot.

“In repeat shots, it is much slower than the Army Model,” Rogers wrote, “but it can be used with amazing speed on the draw and first shot, and is very accurate.”

The Bisley was designed for “duelist” or one-handed shooting but Rogers appeared to prefer using the “shootist” or two-handed style of shooting. As a result, he had the trigger spur modified higher to almost the same profile as the original Colt SAA.

The Colt Bisley found its way into many cowboy holsters such as John K. Rollinson’s who worked for the M-Bar Ranch in Wyoming in the 1890s. “We all carried guns. I remember that each of the six men had guns almost exactly alike,” Rollinson said. “We all preferred the Colt single-action six-shooter. Some liked the Bisley model, others the Frontier model.”

At the age of 19, Texas cowboy G.R. Tucker drifted into the pages of history as a “regulator” in the infamous Johnson County War of Wyoming in 1892. Tucker was part of the paid mercenaries from Texas sent to clean out the rustlers and squatters who infested the open range of north-central Wyoming. Working from a death list from the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, the regulators started their lethal work. After a few lopsided “battles,” the tables turned on the regulators when the local populace rose up in force and trapped the regulators on a remote ranch. Tucker managed to stay alive during the two-day siege until the U.S. Army arrived to quell the dispute.



Tucker drifted back south and became a U.S. Deputy Marshall, then Assistant Chief of Police in Ardmore until moving on to Ragtown during the oil boom in 1915. He must have fallen into a large sum of money because he purchased a nickel-plated Colt Bisley engraved by none other than Cuno Helfricht. The gun is stunning with mother of pearl grips sporting a steer head on the right side. It currently resides in the Autry Museum of the American West.

Shooting Iron Miller, Secretary Regulator/Life



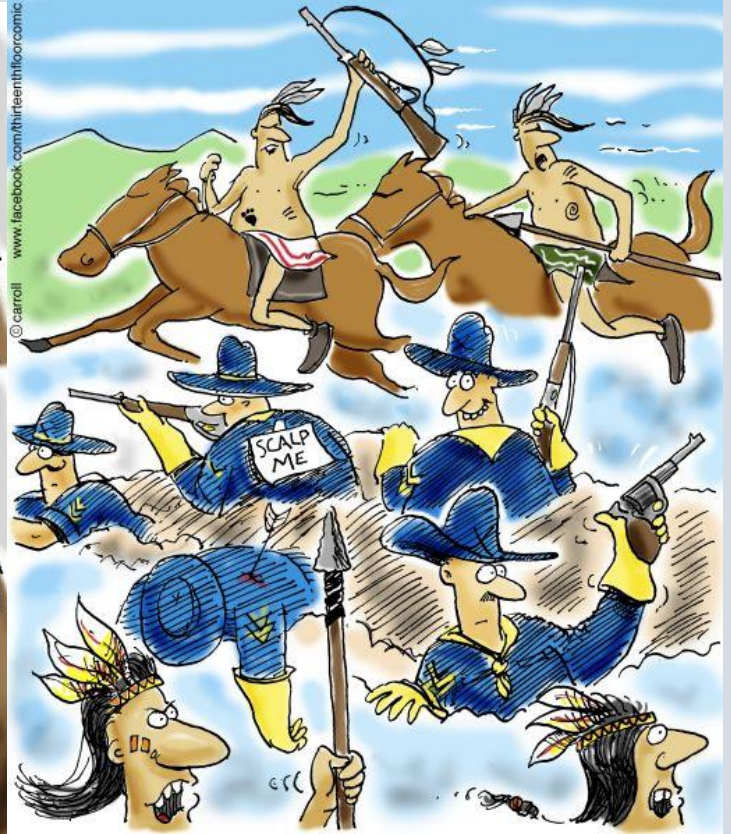
It’s really nice to experience a change in weather. The cooler mornings and evenings are have been great. Since the Texican Rangers are not shooting in November and December at Stieler Ranch, be sure to check out other clubs in the area for those months. There are several to choose from, so be sure to take advantage of their shooting weekend and support them – Tejas Caballeros, Plum Creek Shooting Society, South Texas Pistoleros, Green Mountain Regulators, Texas Riviera Pistoleros, and more!

Remember to mark your calendars for Comancheria Days 2023. We are accepting

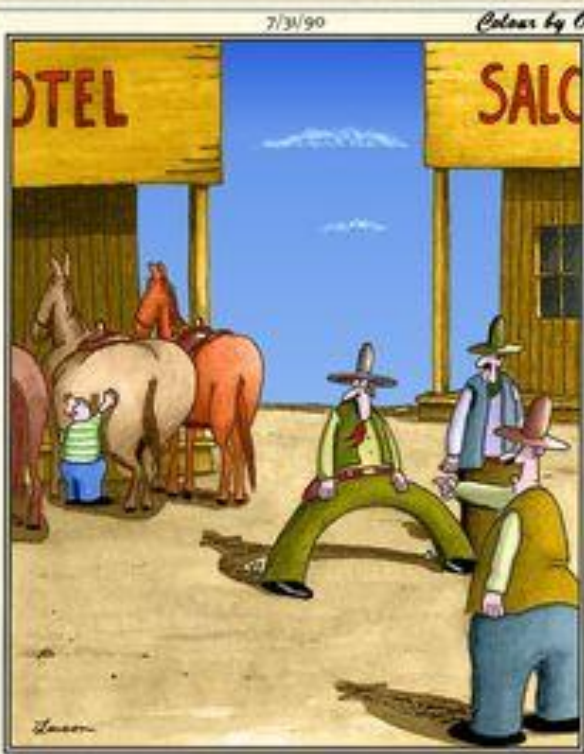
applications and payments now. You will also find a Vendor and Sponsor form for your convenience on our website. Our match next year will be the last weekend of April 2023. In addition, your Membership/Waiver Application to the Texican Rangers is available. It will be effective January 1 – December 31, 2023. Individual Membership is \$36 and Family Membership is \$48. Visit our website at www.texicanrangers.org for everything you need.

If you’d like to submit an article for a future newsletter, please send it directly to Dutch Van Horn – dvh@satx.rr.com. He’d love to receive some additional articles written by our members. One idea would be for you to submit an article telling us how you selected your alias. We’d love to hear all about it.

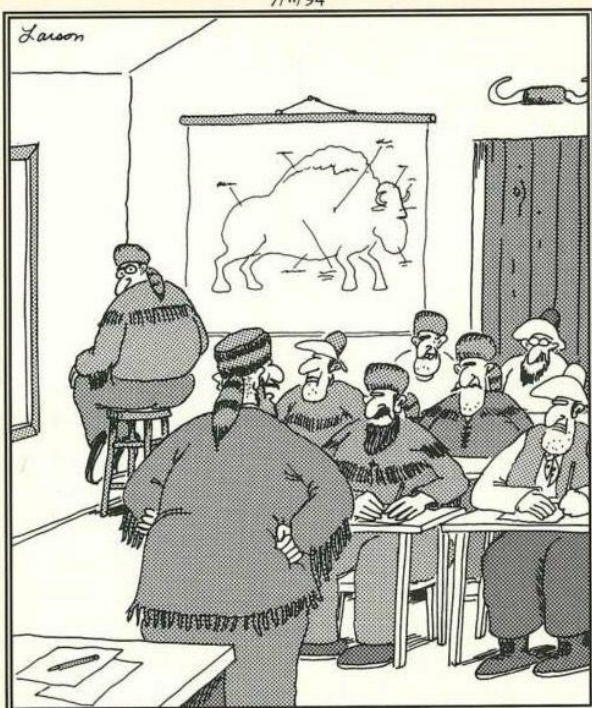
I hope to run into you at a shoot over the next couple of months. In the meantime, take care.
Shooting Iron Miller
Secretary



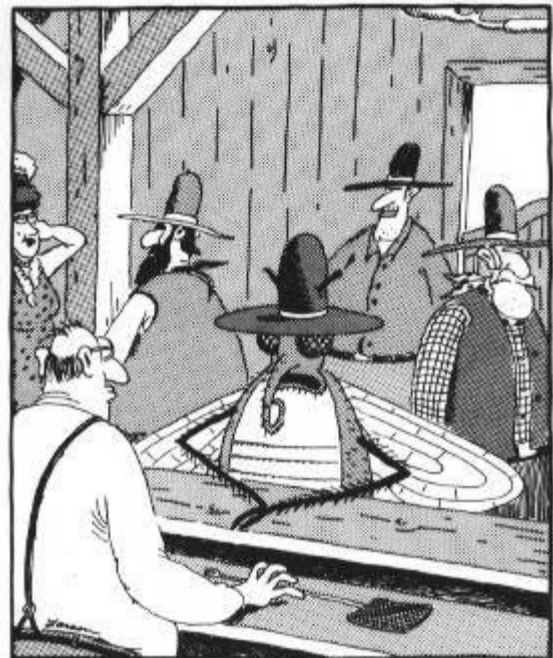
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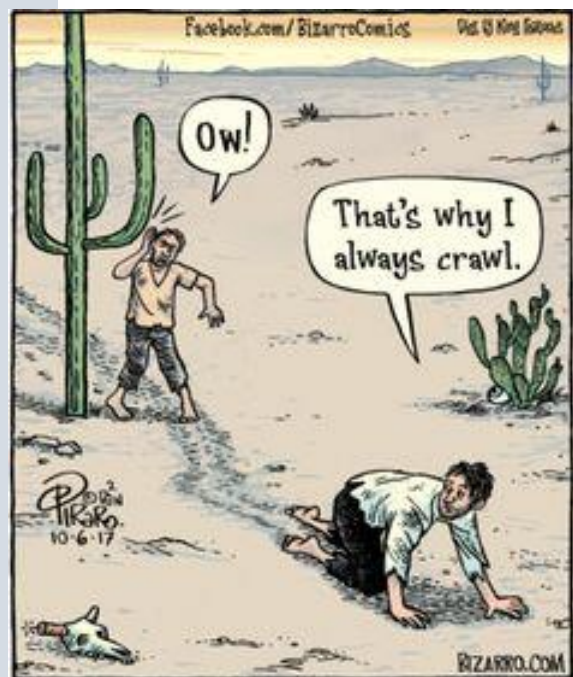
"Dave! Ain't that your horse that kid is messin' with?"



"Anybody else? ... This here's a school for *buffalo* hunters—and anyone who so much as utters the word 'bison' can join Morgenstern in the corner!"



<http://go.to/funpic>
 "I wouldn't do that, bartender. ... Unless, of course, you think you're fast enough."



Parting Shots Funny Signs

1. The two unwritten rules for life: 1. And 2.
2. Today's offer: Buy any two tacos and pay for both of them.
3. I am getting way too comfortable looking this good, all the time.
4. Being an adult is like folding a fitted sheet.
5. Dairy Queen: Scream until daddy stops the car!
6. Queso Diem. Cheese the day.
7. Swimsuit season is over, eat more bacon.
8. Save Earth, it's the only planet with margaritas.
9. What if Soy milk is just regular milk introducing itself in Spanish?
10. I need to practice some social distancing from the fridge.
11. Drink water and get lots of sun, you are basically a houseplant with more complex emotions.
12. Trust me, you can dance.---Alcohol
13. You say 4 hour car ride, I say 4hour live concert featuring me.
14. Road Rage? How would Jesus drive?
15. Does struggling to put on your jeans count as cardio?
16. I'm going to Carpe so many Diems when this is all over.
17. Stupidity knows no boundaries but it knows a lot of people.
18. We're all precious in God's eyes. He may shake his head a lot but we're all precious!
19. Brunch without booze is just a sad late breakfast.
20. Is your refrigerator running? Because I might vote for it.
21. The worst part about parallel parking is the witnesses.
22. Apparently you can't use Beef Stew as a password. It's not stroganoff.
23. Come in and try the worst meatball sandwich that one guy on Yelp ever had in his life.
24. A yawn is a silent scream for coffee.
25. God didn't create anything without a purpose, but mosquitoes come pretty close.
26. Dear Santa, I can explain!
27. Don't drink and light fireworks, your eyebrows will thank you.
28. Turning vegan would be a big missed steak.
29. Auto correct had become my worst enema.
30. What I if told you that you read the first part wrong.
31. How is your summer body looking? Mine is looking like I have a great personality.
32. To the thief who took my anti-depressants, I hope you're happy.
33. Live nude dogs. Free lap dances.
34. If you see me talking to myself this week, I'm having a parent – teacher conference.
35. If attacked by a mob of clowns, go for the juggler.
36. Zombies ahead. The end is near. Order Pizza!
37. If cats could text you back, they wouldn't.
38. Roses are red, so is ketchup. Have a corndog.

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



October Birthdays

Kettleman	10/4
Captain George Baylor	10/5
Culebra Blaze	10/6
Crazy Clyde	10/8
Dusty Leather	10/10
Marshal Jamison	10/13
Maid Jalaff	10/17

November Birthdays

Beans Ahgin	11/6
Brazos Belle	11/17
Grouchy Spike	11/20
Hoolihan	11/21
Alamo Andy	11/23
Lady Graves	11/24
Dusty Chambers	11/28

December Birthdays

Asup Sleeve	12/1
Dutch Van Horn	12/3
Plumb Roostered	12/8
Minnesota Clay	12/9
Half-Hitch Holley	12/14
General Burleson	12/14
Sauk Valley Sam	12/15
Barrel Stream Jax	12/21
Badlands Bruce	12/25



Key Links

www.sassnet.com
www.texicanrangers.org
www.greenmountainregulators.org
www.pccss.org
www.stxpistolaros.com
www.tejascaballeros.org
www.trpistolaros.com
www.texasjacks.com
www.cimarron-firearms.com
www.tsra.com
www.wildwestmercantile.com

TEXICAN RANGERS

2022

January 8	Monthly Match
January 9	Monthly Match
February 12	Monthly Match
February 13	Monthly Match
March 12	Monthly Match
March 13	Monthly Match
April 7-9	Comancheria Days
April 30	Wild Bunch/BAMM
May 14	Monthly Match
May 15	Monthly Match
June 11	Monthly Match
June 12	Monthly Match
July 9	Monthly Match
July 10	Monthly Match
July 29-31	TSRA 2022 CAS State Championship
August 13	Monthly Match – at Tejas Caballeros
August 14	Monthly Match – at Tejas Caballeros
September 10	Shindig
September 11	Monthly Match
October 8	Monthly Match/Tear Down
November/December	Range Closed

CENTRAL TEXAS MONTHLY CLUB SHOOTING SCHEDULES

1st Saturday	Plum Creek (Lockhart)
1st Saturday	South Texas Pistoleros (San Antonio)
2nd Saturday	Texas Riviera Pistoleros (George West)
2nd Sunday	Rio Grande Valley Vaqueros (Pharr)
2nd Weekend	Texican Rangers (Comfort)
3rd Saturday	Tejas Caballeros (TX Republic Ranch)
4th Saturday (Cowboy) and 4th Sunday (Long Range)	Green Mountain Regulators (Marble Falls)

2022

Feb 28 – Mar 6, 2022

March 17 - 20, 2022

March 23 – 26, 2022

April 7 - 9, 2022

October 8 – 16, 2022

November 4 – 6, 2022

EOT (SASS World Championship)

SASS Texas State Championship Trailhead

SASS Southwest Regional

Comancheria Days

SASS National Championship – Land Run

**SASS Texas State Wild Bunch
Championship**

Photo Album

