

### Headline: Cowboy Gus Shoots Up Hardtimes Saloon

Cowboy Gus made the mistake of sitting down to play some cards with two drunk indians at the local watering hole. Chief Running Bowel and his son "Silent But Deadly" had come into town to get some more firewater. Gus figured they would be an easy mark and wouldn't catch his dealing off the bottom of the deck. Well as luck would have it Gus had too many drinks himself and was a little clumsy with his crooked dealing. Chief Running Bowel saw what was going on grabbed the cards in one hand and went for his Bowie Knife with the other hand and Gus knew he was about to get scalped. Gus whipped out a piece of standard equipment for a crooked dealer....a two shot .44 derringer. He shot the Chief between the eyes and shot the right ear off of Silent But Deadly. After firing ten shots with his side pistols to keep everybodys heads down, he rode off in a cloud of dust.....

### Headline: Vest Pocket Jack Still at large after jail break

Sheriff Holliday had full jail so rather than trying to cram one more outlaw in the cell he just handcuffed Vest Pocket Jack to the window bars. The good sheriff should have known better than to handcuff someone that was known to be a safecracker and bank robber. The Sheriff went over to the Hardtimes Saloon to check on a shootout in progress and didn't pay much attention to where he laid the handcuff keys. Well.... Ole Vest Pocket took off his boot and was able to snag a coat hanger from the coat rack. He then straightened out the hanger and was able to reach the key on the desk and quickly extracated himself from the cuffs. As bad luck would have it, the Regulatorville posse was just coming back from looking for Cowboy Gus (The previously aforementioned Indian shooter). Vest Pocket Jack had armed himself with the Sheriffs arsenal and took out the posse with rifle and pistol shots and a few shotgun blasts. Sheriff Holliday was heard to say that as soon as he could kind "A Few Good Men" for a new posse, they'd go looking for Vest Pocket Jack.....

The March Posse was a good time as we tried at least one thing that nobody could do....it involved shooting two bottles while looking over the top of the fence with the shotgun stuck through a hole in the fence. Nobody got both bottles (including the fellow who thought it up and had been practicing). Maybe next month we'll try shooting around the corner or ricocheting some bullets off the tombstone or something else fun.....Thanks to our "Out-of-town" guests that showed up. The Flatwood's Posse made the scene which included Slick Vic, Cowboy Gus (The indian shooter) and Pard Picket. Pard shot very well and came in second in the match and first in the seniors division. Vest Pocket Jack came in from the Piedmont Badlands and came in third overall.

Scores went like this.....First Flight--Dick Holliday,Vest Pocket Jack, Deacon Dave, Colonel Case Hardin, Slick Vick, Slowhand, Whisperin Bill, Silverado.....

Seniors--Pard Picket, Cowboy Gus, Roberdel, Idaho Spud, Doc Clock, Tom Two Times, Blacksmith, Tom Two Feathers.

Thanks to Slowhand Sal who overslept and didn't get up in time to shoot but was pressed into service as the match photographer as Matthew Brady had a wedding to photograph and couldn't attend. Hope to see all you folks again next month on the third Saturday and until then.....Take a kid shooting.....Louis Lamanure