

Regulator Gazette October 1897

Headline: Posse Comes down with "Quigley Bucket Fever"

The only known cure for this malady is to get a good whiff of gunpowder smoke while at the same time trying to hit the Quigley Bucket with as big a chunk of lead as possible. Those afflicted this month included Dick Holliday, Slow Hand, Wild Willy Storks, Roberdel, and Gunsmoke. The new bucket champion when the smoke cleared was Big Willy Storks. The Winner this month was the first shooter to hit the bucket three times. Most of the posse was glad to see Big Willy hit it with three out of four of his shots because if he had not we would probably still be out there shooting and getting our brains beat out by the big rifles trying to get some hits. The wind was howling and the 400 yard bucket looked like it was closer to 1000 yards and most of the posse hadn't practiced any. Our only excuse was that Big Willy had been practicing all morning (he really takes this long range stuff serious).

Headline: Red Chief Attacks Whiskey Shipment

Red Chief and his gang really had a hankerin for some fire water and set out to take the Regulatorville whiskey shipment by any means necessary. What they didn't take into count was that the whiskey shipment guard "Mad Dog" wanted a drink worse than they did and was willing to shoot it out to get it. Red Chief sat on yonder hill watching his guys battle it out with Mad Dog and was getting awful dry in the mouth. When he saw his last brave fall he gave his best yell (dry throat and all) and came charging down the hill. Little did he know that long range moving targets were Mad Dogs favorite shot. Five shots later Red Chief went down in the dust with five holes in his head (that was messy, reminded me of the Taliban that i saw that the sniper had shot with the 50 caliber Barret rifle...but that's another story). You would think that after all that the shipment would have been safe but the fight gave Mad Dog a thirst that it took the whole shipment to quench, so another shipment is on the way. The Hard Times Saloon is also looking for a new shipment guard.

The scores were really close this month as only 5 points separated 1st 2nd and 3rd place. I think these guys must be practicing. We had 15 cowboys and cowgirl (singular on the cowgirl since Slow Poke was in jail on a rustling charge).

Scores went like this.....

Cowgirl.....Missalot Missy

Flight one....The Good.....Mad Dog, Dick Holliday, Gunsmoke, Colonel Case Hardin.....did you happen to notice that Mad Dog kicked Holliday's butt....just though i'd rub that in a bit.....

Flight Two....The Bad.....Deacon Dave, Slow Hand, Waccamaw Kid, Hogleg

Senior Flight....The Ugly.....Roberdel, Idaho Spud, Tom Two Feathers, Doc Clock, Blacksmith, Ragtime

Come join us on the third Saturday and we'll be at it again.....Oh and by the way thanks to the Mix boys for cutting us out some new steel targets so we can use the star from the action pistol range....the new stars and circles were a lot of fun...Couldn't they have mad them a little bigger????....they are cutting some new stuff out for next time so be sure to come out and play with us. I did a survey at the last match and determined that the average participant is an old fat guy that can't see too good, run real fast, but likes to dress up and have a good time, so if you're covered by any of the aforementioned please come out and at least watch.....you may get hooked.....so in the words of that old Cowboy....."Take a kid shooting".....Respectfully submitted....Ned Bluntline