



BUNKHOUSE NEWS

Message from the Sheriff

Greetings Cowboys and Cowgirls:

Trust is well in the SASS Cowboy Shooting world. Our life goes on learning about Hemodialysis. This has been the toughest thing Bee Blest and I have gone through in our 57 years of married life. But with all of you standing behind us with your kind words, phone calls, emails and most of all your prayers we are making it. We still have a lot to learn and more needles for them to stick me with, but it all takes time.

As your Territorial Governor I am sending you the following article that was posted on the WBAS Website, by Pecos Clyde.

“Any Winchester Model 12 is legal for WBAS after the date (January 1, 2013) stated above.

So, it does not matter if your WINCHESTER MODEL 12, 12 GA is a vent rib, a solid rib, a plain barrel, a Heavy Duck model, a trap or skeet gun, a trench gun, a riot gun, a featherweight (they only hold 4 rounds in the magazine and kick like the dickens though) or if it has a Monte Carlo stock.....you can use it for WBAS.

NO.....we are not allowing cutts compensators, poly chokes, versa chokes, or artichokes....they are NOT legal. Internal screw in chokes remain

legal. At this time we are unaware of any Winchester Model 12, 12 ga clones. If/when a clone is introduced it will require evaluation by the committee prior to being approved for WBAS.

NO, the Winchester Model 25 is not allowed. Why?? It is not a Model 12.

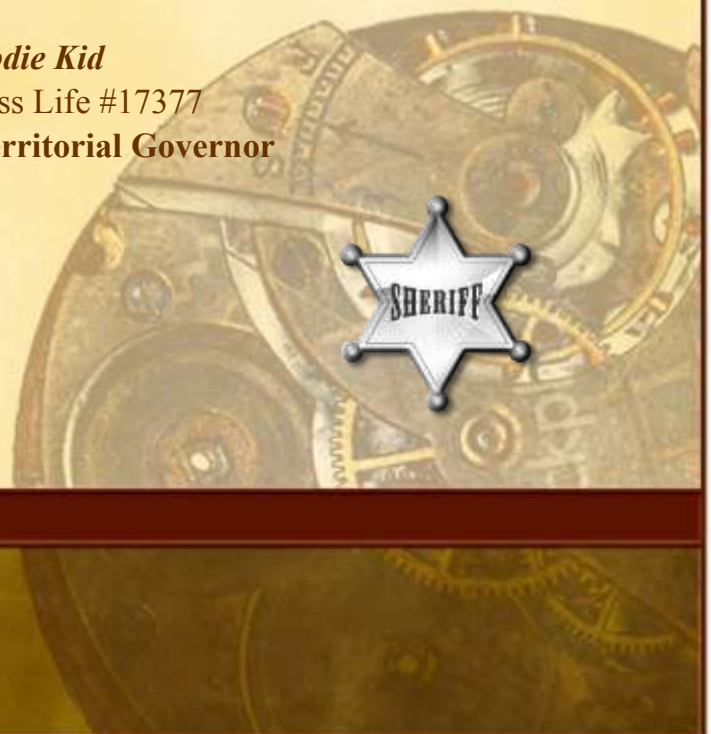
Why is the Winchester Model 12 approval not in force/effective until January 1 2013? We wanted everyone to have the opportunity to find a Model 12 if they so desired, shoot it and become familiar with it before using it in SASS sanctioned matches. (Your local club, as always, can choose to do otherwise if they wish.)”

Looking forward to seeing some of you down the trail soon. Keep your powder day, shoot straight and be safe.

Bodie Kid

Sass Life #17377

Territorial Governor



DUTCH OVENS

Cookware descended from Dutch ovens

Bedourie oven

In Australia, a bedourie camp oven is a steel cookpot shaped and used like a Dutch oven. Named after Bedourie, Queensland, the Bedourie ovens were developed as a more robust (non-breakable) alternative to the more fragile cast iron Dutch ovens.

POTJIE

In South Africa, a potjie (p'oiki:/), directly translated “lesser pot” from Afrikaans or Dutch, is traditionally, a round, cast iron, three-legged (tripod) pot. It is similar in appearance to a cauldron and is usually black. It has a cast iron lid with a special design to allow for hot coals to rest on top, so that the pot may also be heated from above. Care must be taken when cleaning a potjie for storage to avoid rust forming. “Potjie” can also refer to the technique of cooking potjiekos. Among the recipes which require a potjie, there is one for a type of bread called “potbrood”, which literally means “pot bread”.

Among the South African indigenous tribes these pots also became known as phutu pots, after a popular food prepared in it.

This tradition originated in the Netherlands DURING THE Siege of Leiden and was brought to South Africa by Dutch immigrants. It persisted over the years with the Voortrekkers and survives today as a traditional Afrikaner method of cooking. It is still in common use by South African campers.



COWBOY TERMS:

JIGGER or JIGGER BOSS:

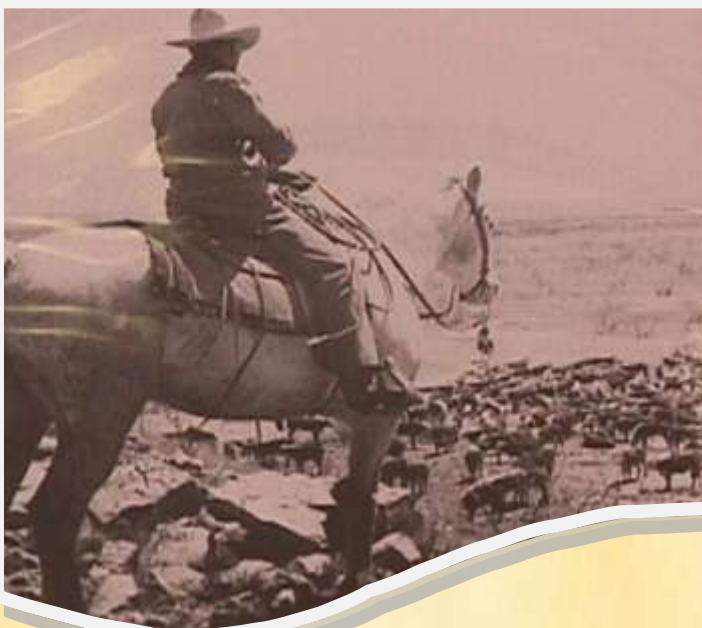
Second in command to the buckaroo boss. Often ropes the buckaroos' horses for the day.

LEAD RIDERS:

Two cowboys that ride on each side of the 'lead steers' in trail herd. They push the cattle in the general direction they want the herd to move.

DRAG RIDER:

Cowboy following the herd pushing the stragglers.



COWGIRL QUOTE

Don't squat with yer spurs on!

COWBOY QUOTE

It's good to look over your shoulder once 'an awhile when your riding lead.

THE VISIT

June 1878

Bodie Kid,

Thanks to the help of some new friends on the case, there are new clues we are looking into. I hope to have more to report soon.

Deputy Flatland Kid

Among the numerous basins, ridges, and creek bottoms along the Santa Cruz Mountain Range, is a hidden valley with good grass, fresh water, and dotted with White Oak Trees. If a traveler was to find Coyote Valley, it would be purely by accident. Mayor Tom saw the significance of Coyote Valley when he set about to develop a town along the main water source on the valley floor. The town of Little Creek started with a set of cattle corals at one end of town and a livery stable at the other end. In between the two was a stage stop, mayor's office, and a lot of nothing but open space.

As was the way with many a boom town however, things changed fast. Just fourteen months later, a bank, saloon, Sheriff's Office, and General Store filled the open space in Little Creek. Why they even sported a Barber Shop complete with a striped pole rumored to have come over the trail all the way from St. Louis! Mayor Tom heard somewhere that, "If you build it, they will come" and come they did.

Soon, faces of all kinds of western folk could be seen on the boardwalks in town. The westward movement brought everybody from young pioneer families with nothing more than the shirt on their backs and a prayer in their hearts to battle-hardened soldiers and aging gunfighters, men who were looking to hang their guns up and make a start fresh, away from the perils that shadow a man with a quick draw and straight aim. All of them, every man, woman, and child was proud of what they were building in Little Creek. It should be of no surprise to any of them when one of these proud citizens went to spreading the word about his newly adopted home town.

There wasn't much Lash LaRue hadn't accomplished in his life. He went from being an ex-Union Officer, turned wagon train boss, to an injun fighter. Lash was hoping to enjoy some of the freedoms the Republic had to offer when he happened to cross trails with his old Commanding Officer, US Grant. Retired General and recently former President, US Grant just happened to arrive on the west coast from Arizona Territory when he had the chance encounter with once Captain LaRue.

When Lash spoke briefly of Coyote Valley, it was to his surprise that Grant was already aware of the valley and Little Creek. In fact, since Lash was a citizen there, it was all the General needed to hear for him to promise to come and see Little Creek for himself. Little did Lash know, the General had his own reasons for such a visit but had been waiting for the right "reason" to make the ride north legitimate.

The weeks flew past once the word of Grant's visit was announced via the local paper, "The Scratchin' Post". The population of Little Creek seemed to grow ten fold overnight right about the same time Jed I. Knight procured the dying confession of a local gun-tough in Rancho Rincon. Jed's quick actions enabled Bronco Fitz to relay the important information to Jack Rojas, enabling Rojas and Flatland Kid to put a plan into action to try and foil the devilish ploy.

With a little more than a week before the visit, Bobcat Brian put Texas Twister up on his good cow horse, Roany. With Twister's single shot scatergun in a scabbard and his bedroll behind the cantle, Twister rode off for Coyote Valley to help El Vaquero gather his herd to drive them to market. Twister aka Youngin' Dammit, the youngest ever of the Dammit Gang, spent his days riding between El Vaquero in town, and Boolut Boy, who was leading the round up in the surrounding hills of the valley.



Twister had plenty of opportunity to take notice of the ever growing groups of riders camping all over, just outside Coyote Valley. Twister brought the news in so El Vaquero could get word to Sheriff Bad Eye Bobolu in time so he could prepare a warm reception for their additional guests.

By 0500 hours on the morning of June tenth, a Concord stagecoach rolled north up the El Camino Real from St. Martin of Tours. The all white four horse team ambled effortlessly toward the obscure entrance to Coyote Valley. Besides the driver, there were two shot gunners, one sitting next to the driver and the second who sat back over the rear boot. Surrounding the stage were four outriders.

As the stage rolled closer towards the Santa Cruz Mountains, two posses of riders descended upon the stage. Without a word, the four outriders split into pairs and rode to intercept each posse. With pistols drawn, the outriders rode into the posses with their guns blazin' smoke and fire.

Now that the coach horses were in a full gallop, the two posses broke off their attacks since the stage had outrun them. The only problem was, the outriders refused to let up on the rogue posses. When the stage disappeared through the grove of ancient Oak trees that hid the entrance to Coyote Valley, the four outriders finally retreated to cover the stages back trail.

One hundred and fifty feet ahead on the trail, the driver could see a herd of over fifty head of cattle bedded down. Movement on the hilltop to his left revealed two new riders cresting the rise at a high lope. One rider was dressed in black and rode a magnificent black horse, the tails of his duster and his long locks of hair snapping in the air behind him. Off to his left traveled a buckskin gelding. By the way the horse never broke stride down the hillside, it was apparent he was a mountain horse. It was pretty rare to find a horse that possessed such unique skills at these sea level elevations so it was almost mesmerizing to watch how he moved around nature's obstacles.

Jed I. Knight and Jack Rojas entered the herd quietly from two separate places once they reached the bottom of the hill. The horsemen sized up the herd as they rode closer and now sought out the lead cows to focus their attention on. Each horse slipped through the herd as if the cows weren't even alive. Discovering the lead cows by the way they reacted, Jed and Jack got them on their feet and moving off the trail at a trot simply by making eye contact with the bovine and moving toward them.

As the Concord approached where the herd had been bedded, there were only a handful of meandering calves left. The attentive mother cows up on the hillside bawled at their youngsters to scold them for not keeping up with them.

As the stage continued to rumble on down the road, they passed a stock pond as the valley opened up before them. Coyote Valley came alive with outlaw riders when the stagecoach entered Little Creek. Texas Twister led Roany into a mine shaft at the Coyote Den Mine, just as his Pa instructed him to do when the fighting started. Watching all the horse soldiers in the valley reminded him of ants that smelled honey close by.

The townsfolk gave US Grant cover fire while the stage screeched to a halt. Lead Ace and Dirty Pete were busy heating up the barrels of their pistols and shotguns from the windows of the Barber Shop. Bad Eye Bobolu and Z Shooter were busy firing their Winchesters from the Jail while Pascoe Pete, Lucas McDennis, Musty Dawg, Ready Ranger, and others were scattered about the corral.

Utah Johnny Montana ran out from under the water tower to free the coach horses as the driver threw the reins down. The man pulled the bandana down off his face to reveal himself as Wimpy Hank Yoho. Riding shotgun next to him was Bobcat Brian who was armed with a fully stoked lever action shotgun. Holding the well worn gun at waist level, Bobcat started working the lever as fast as he could while Flatland Kid opened fire from his spot in the rear boot.

Meanwhile, in the midst of a hailstorm of lead, the door to the Concord was kicked open as US Grant started firing his own rifle into the swarm of riders coming down the hillside. Two of the four outriders suddenly appeared near the coach. One man lunged to the ground on his belly, seeking shelter from the rear wheel while the other took his place next Grant.

Both men wore silver crosses on their duster lapels identifying them as members of Verutas Negras, the Mexican Secret Service. It was a sure sign this man they were guarding was somebody special.

The gunfight lasted until early afternoon before the outlaw riders slowly began to retreat out of the valley. At times, the other two outriders with Jed I. Knight covering their flank, could be seen chasing small bands of the outlaws with justice being served from the muzzles of their guns.

With the fighting over, everybody from Little Creek drifted back into the middle of town and gathered under a giant Elm tree. Barrels of whiskey and kegs of beer were brought out of the saloon for a celebration. The outriders of the stage turned out to be Filthy Lurce and Marshal Phil DeGrave along with the other two Verutas Negras agents, Jittery Jim Jonah and Grant's longtime friend, Youngblood.

Lash LaRue finally made it to the gathering and when he tried to apologize to his old Commanding Officer, Grant just waved him off. "Don't worry about it Lash," he chuckled. "The Secret Service know that a handful of die hard Confederates are chasing an elusive legend of lost gold. Rumor has it too, I know the real truth behind the legend of the iron-clad CSS Savannah."

When it was time to move on Mayor Tom asked Wimpy Hank where they were off to next.

"Up north, beyond Cowboy Town, is a place called Sloughouse," Wimpy whispered to him quietly. "When we get there, the General plans on recruiting Badlands Bud to travel with him as a bodyguard on a trip to Europe."

As the rest of the stage's escorts took up their positions again, Flatland Kid turned to Jittery Jim and asked, "You mean the General doesn't know about the Savannah after all?"

Jittery Jim looked up at Flatland Kid as he sat down in the rear boot. A smile appeared from under his mustache, "That's the thing about rumors Kid, the challenge is to figure out which are true and which aren't!"

Youngblood had ridden up next to Jittery Jim and noticed the puzzled look on Flatland Kid's face. As Jittery Jim pushed his horse back to a lead position, Youngblood took one more moment to say to Flatland Kid, "Hey Kid, how much do you know about the San Joaquin Delta?"

NOTE-

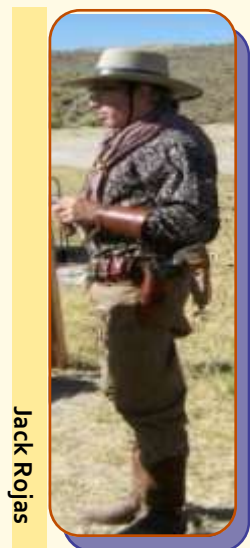
Coyote Valley is a SASS affiliated club that has only been shooting for a year and a half. Located in the Santa Cruz Mountains just outside of Morgan Hill, the range named "Little Creek" has eight permanent stages along with a mine entrance completed.

In June 2012, US Grant SASS #2 visited Little Creek during their monthly match to the delight of everyone in the club.

J. Rojas
Hog Mountain Ranch
Republic of California

J. Rojas

/h





Cowboy and Cowgirl of the Month



Don and Sandy Quilici

AKA Washoe Zephyr and Reese River Ruby

Washoe was born in also the town that Washoeing has always been a part AKA from the wind that in. The wind is persistent, es some damage.

In 2009 along with the High watch the Western States guns and stuff were going to the Bodie Kid and wondered silver.

Currently I am a member and shoot with The Bridgeport Vigilantes, High Plains Drifters and Roop County Cowboy Shooters.

Sandy, AKA Reese River Ruby, and I were married in 1978. My greatest accomplishment in Cowboy Action Shooting has been to get my wife to shoot with me.

The Bridgeport Vigilantes are proud and honored to have Washoe and Reese River Ruby shooting with us. They are a great help in all areas of our club.

Thanks Washoe and Reese River Ruby!



Carson City, Nevada. This is grew up in. Hunting and shoot- of Washoe's life. I chose my blows in the local area we live annoying and sometimes caus-



Plains Drifters, I went out to Shoot in Fernley. I realized the cost a lot of money. Then I saw how I would pay for all of that

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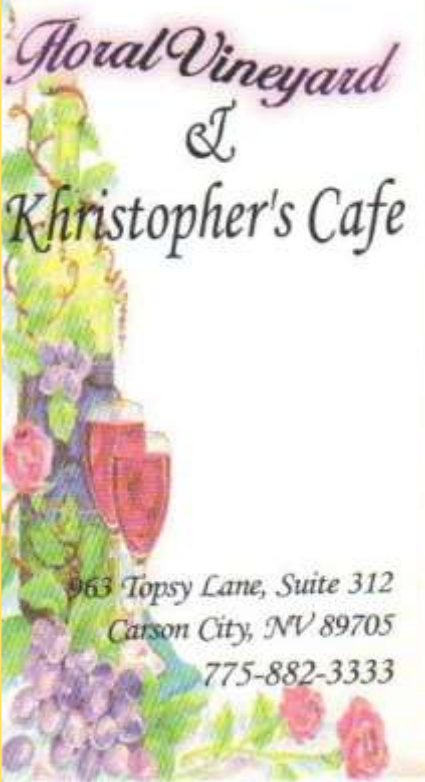
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