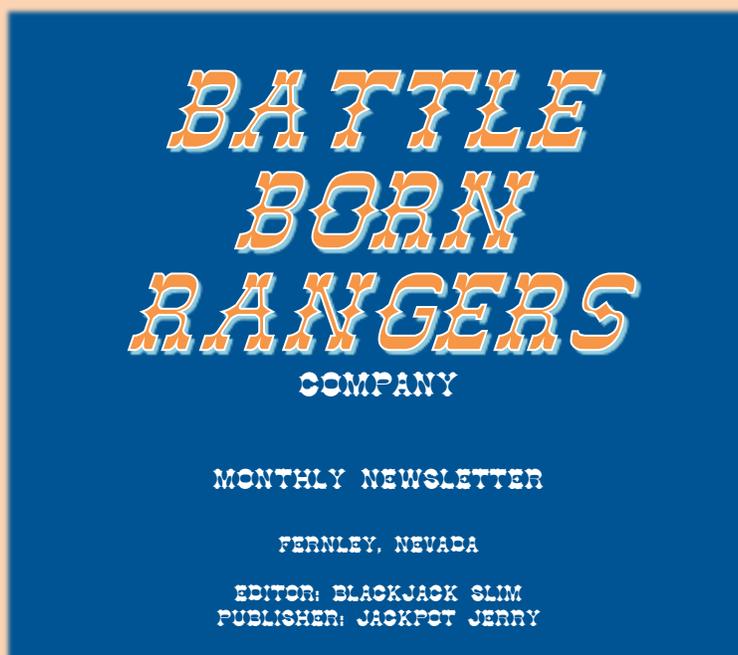




VOLUME 1

ISSUE 3



Hello

Not much to report for the month of March. We are still in the process of getting the State to approve our new corporation. Every time we send it in they come back with another correction. It would be easier if they would review it in detail and combine all their comments! 49er Preacher is updating the application and we are sending it back.

Everything else is waiting to get our approved Corporation number to complete the bank and IRS submittals.

We will be getting the Board and the leaders of the various support groups together for a meeting soon. We need to go over any updates and items needing to be moved forward with.

Ike

Biography!

I was born in Rural Artesia, California in a doctor's office. At least that's what it says on my birth certificate. The town I grew up in was Hawaiian Gardens. The area was at first small farms but eventually became one of the largest dairy farm locations in the USA, Artesia, Cerritos, Cypress, Dairy Valley and HG.

Growing up in the 50's and 60's in Southern California it was all about cars and surfing. Or as I called myself, a wanna be surfer. My brother was 7 years older than me and started his creating his first hot rod out of a 46 ford. So, I grew up around him and his friends working on hot rods and eventually 1/4 mile race cars. I was his bring me that wrench tag along. I learned how to drive at 14 towing his racecar back to the pits at Lion's Drag Strip.

When I was 15 he let me make a run in his car. I was the fastest kid in High School and didn't have a driver's license or car.

And like most kids in the 50's I watched a lot of westerns on TV which became my future sport or entertainment.

I met my wife, Rickey in 7th grade. We became a couple right after 8th grade graduation some 53 years ago. And the rest is as they say history.

Along with Rickey as a beautician, we supported me going to college by working at a local auto supply building engines and other machine work. I did that full or part time for 11 years.

I went to work for the firm I'm still with right out of college. I started as a draftsman, got my Architectural license, and went up the ladder to become the Chairman of the Board. My company is the largest education and healthcare design firm in California. I've been doing that for 42 years.

I started Cowboy shooting when we relocated to Reno as part of opening an office here in 97. I was surfing the web looking into "Quigley" rifles and ran across SASS. I went out to a ROOP county shoot and was hooked. That was 16 years ago.

Rickey and I have 3 daughters and 1 granddaughter living here in the area.

In addition to SASS I have a restored 55 Chevy that I show, and I dabble in nature photography and wood working.

I have set a goal to retire in April of next year. Which was the goal for this year and the year before.

That's about it. I enjoy the friendship and storytelling with all of you. Along with getting to shoot with the best in Nevada.

Jerry



Howdy all,

What a great weekend!! The weather gods shined on us!! I got to the range early on Friday soon thereafter JJ showed up. Reno Slim was behind him to help with putting up chairs and tables from the Christmas party while I, with broom in hand along with rags and cleaner, cleaned up under the pavilion. My roomy 49er Preacher showed up about the time I got what I wanted to do under the pavilion done and we headed off to long range while JJ and Slim set up the wild bunch match for the next day. The other campers, Wylie Fox and Brazos showed up at long range a little while later. 49er Preacher and Brazos were tuning up their varmint rifles and Wylie said he had sight problems with his Browning BPCR. That man has been doing his homework! He shot a three-shot group at 100 yards that was quite impressive!! I gave him a sight change and his next shot was darn near a pinwheel. For those of you who don't know what that means, he hit real close to dead center. Once he retires and has more time to spend with that rifle he is going to be hard to beat!!!! We later retired to the pavilion and much to my surprise my dear friend from Wyoming called and said he was in Nevada City and coming back through Nevada heading for home. He stopped by the range and I gave him a tour. We then went to Fernley potluck and he joined us. After a wonderful dinner, we parted company and he headed for home and we went back to the range for a fire, cigars and maybe a little libation.

Saturday Morning, we had 12 people show up for our first wild bunch match of the year. JJ did a fine job on the stages and all, even Winchester, had a ball. Good job JJ!!!! The only issue we had was we were all too tired on our first hot day of the year to finish all the stages. We pressed on and probably shouldn't have shot the last stage, more on this later. Saturday afternoon we had Nevada Star join us. After some rest from the morning shoot we headed back out to the range for some more casual shooting. We had a marvelous potluck that evening with a fire and libations after words.

On Sunday, we had our World Famous Red Shirt Gunfighter Match. There were a bunch of red shirts but just a few gunfighters!! We had 28 shooters come out for the glorious weather and 5 individuals shot clean. Good job gang!! It was great to see Fanny and Big Pete and my dear friend Will Bill Berry show up from their flooded Lemon Valley!!

Keeping in mind that we are all safety officers we need to be acutely aware on what's going on around us. We noticed that as a group we were losing focus on the last stage of the wild bunch match. I asked the group if we should shoot the last stage and got a reluctant yes. We finished, but in my opinion we should have stopped. We had trouble getting assistance doing the match chores during the last stage and picking up all the steel afterwards was a physical drain on those

who helped. I witnessed many shooters sitting around in the shade looking entirely haggard. Most who shot the wild bunch match were visibly tired the next day. When it came time to pick up steel on Sunday one of the posses had only one guy helping Brazos pick up steel. A big thanks to Imus Often for his great help. Brazos was very displeased with the help he received after two of the stages were picked up and put away and he and Imus had to finish by themselves. Brazos was quick to add that he had plenty of help picking up the first two stages from the other posse. Towards the end of the day I was putting away the last stuff from under the pavilion and saw Brazos muscling the trailer into the conex by himself. That can't happen anymore. Brazos works way too hard to be taken advantage of. We were all tired, but we still need to help or we're going to lose any help we have!!! There is no reason that the old and infirm, like me, can't help. You can pick up the garbage buckets; tabletops and empty ice chests or help stack the chairs under the pavilion. While this doesn't seem like much, all help is greatly appreciated!! These are your clubs and we all need to participate to keep the few that do most of the physical work happy.

For the Roop Shoot in April on the 9th we have Irish Ike's not to be missed Josey Wales match, which is always a hoot!! Details to follow!

Despite the issues on Sunday afternoon it was a fantastic weekend of fun, friends and, oh yeah, SHOOTING!!!

See you on the range,

Jasper



Unfortunately, the March HPD shoot didn't happen. Six brave souls showed up, but it was way too cold to shoot! It's a tough call to predict the weather. I know we all want to shoot as much as possible, that's why I'm reluctant to cancel shoots, but that's life here in Nevada! Spring is almost here hopefully bringing with it the good weather!

Sheriff Winchester







Here are some facts about cowboys you might not have gleaned from John Wayne movies.

1. Many cowboys had been Civil War soldiers, from both the North and the South, and many others—perhaps up to a quarter of all cowboys—were freed ex-slaves. Some cowboys were immigrants from Europe, and others were Mexicans and American Indians.
2. 8 to 12 cowboys could move 3,000 head of cattle along the cattle drives. They might travel 15 miles in a day. Any more than that and the cattle would lose too

much weight and arrive too thin. There was also a trail boss and a camp cook along on each drive.

3. Cowboys considered "Cookie," or the camp cook, the most important person in camp. Sometimes called "biscuit shooters," "belly cheaters," and "bean masters," camp cooks fed the cowboys three hot meals a day, no matter what. One of the cook's jobs was to note the North Star each night and turn the tongue of the chuckwagon toward it. This way, the drive would know which way to head out the next morning.

4. Cowboys often wore their clothes for weeks without changing. They wore denim jeans with chaps to protect their legs from the thorny branches their horses rode through. Their wide-rimmed Stetson hats protected them from the sun's glare and also served as a cup—they'd use it to scoop up water for both themselves and their horses to drink. They wore a bandana around their neck, which they could pull up to protect their nose and mouth from trail dust.

5. At night, once the cattle were bedded down and quiet, two men on guard might slowly circle around and sing to calm them. They worried about the danger of stampede from thunder and lightning or other unexpected noises, and singing calmed jittery cows. Sometimes one man would sing the first verse of a song, and the second cowboy would sing the next verse, trading back and forth. Some of the songs American cowboys commonly sang to their cows included "Old Dan Tucker," "Nearer My God To Thee," "In the Sweet By and By," and "The Texas Lullaby." Lucky cows.

— Leslie Lang