



ROOP COUNTY SHOOTERS ASSOCIATION

FERNLEY, NEVADA

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Howdy all,

What a great weekend we had!! We had some weather that put a slight damper on things for just a short period of time on Saturday afternoon. BeeBad, I and the cat Bullet made it out on Friday afternoon to find Wild Bill berry waiting for us. The Scouts made their appearance right on time and we got the ball rolling, so to speak. We had nine scouts and I think seven parents

show up for a weekend of camping, cooking and a little shooting as well. The boys 5 younger scouts participated in a class on marksmanship while the 4 older boys went to the Fernley cemetery for an eagle project for one of the boys. We hit the range and the boys had to shoot a quarter size group at 25 feet with a 22 rifle. All five of the kids got their 3 groups eventually and after lunch we opened up the range with our 22 gallery for them to “practice” on. It was a ball. I showed them how to use the dueling tree and set up the first few runs then let them have at it. I had one of the littlest guys come up to me and look straight up into my face and “challenge” me to a run. I don’t know how it happened but the little guy beat me!!! Russian River Ranger set up the clay pigeon thrower next to us and had the boys and adults trying to break the clay birds. One of the leaders had a cap & ball pistol he wanted me to look at. It was a pretty 1860-army type affair with faux ivory grips and plenty of bling. It was decorated with lots of silver and gold. He put it in my hand and something didn’t feel right. It had a rattle to it when I shook it from side to side. I looked it over pretty good and could not find any makers marks of any kind. I pulled the wedge pin and noticed it had been fired. I then saw that the cylinder was 36 caliber and the mussel was 44 sort of. I looked down the barrel and it wasn’t a real gun!!!! It was some very heavy plastic knock off. I asked if they had

fired it and was told only once. I admonished him to clean it up and hang it on the wall and DON'T EVER FIRE IT AGAIN!!!! All this time the scouts were shooting away. I think the 22 gallery was the hit of the day!! The event went so well I'll like to make it an annual event!!

I collected up the bigger boys and they helped me set up the range for our shoot on Sunday. It went fast with 4 enthusiastic boys hauling steel!!! We had 30 shooters join us for Irish Ike's world famous Josey Wales match. Only three shooters managed to shoot clean, congrats to JJ, Flannigan and Gold Rush Allie, Hmmm I see a pattern developing here!! Great shooting girl!! Wild Bill berry's wife Adele came out and learned how to keep score and did an outstanding job. There is one small (pun intended) She was on her tippy toes trying to use the stands that Drifter John made for us!! I spent my day helping one of our younger cowboys who showed up with a cool Remington revolving rifle. He is a civil war reenactor and had used it in their battles, but never had loaded it to shoot balls. After a fair amount of time fussing with it we had it shooting and he had a huge smile on his face coming off that stage.

Thanks to all that stuck around and helped pick up steel. Most of the jobs we do are thankless, but all your hard work is recognized and greatly appreciated. From writing the stages and setting them up. Collecting fees and setting up the posses are tough jobs. Making sure we have garbage buckets and table tops is another thankless job that someone does every time we shoot. We have the unsung hero's that take the scores put them into a format and add them to our website and newsletters. I'm sure I forgot someone or some job that was overlooked and you selfless helpers make sure it's done without having to be asked. All the jobs we do are very necessary and even though its not said enough THANK YOU, THANK YOU THANK YOU.

I've just returned from a lengthy vacation and we are getting ready for one more trip down to Diamond Dick's Cowboy Town for the Calif. state match next week. I know I'm forgetting something, but it will have to wait until next month,

Jasper

Roop County Cowboys April 2016 Josey Wales Match
Results Summary with Clean Shooters 'Hi-Lited' - Congratulations !!
 Further Scoring Details (Category Results) can be found at 'accessoring.com'

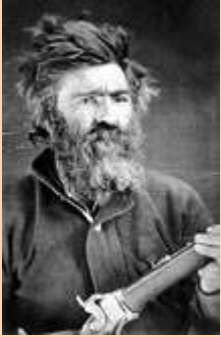
Category Legend: JW - Josey Wales, JWM - Josey Wales Ms, Josey Wales - Kinda, and JWS - Josey Wales Sissy

Shooters		Final			Stage 1			Stage 2			Stage 3			Stage 4							
Finish	Alias	Cat	Time	M	P	Raw	M	P	Fin	Raw	M	P	Fin	Raw	M	P	Fin	Raw	M	P	Fin
1	Jeremiah Jonathan	JWS	95.07	0	0	20.87	0	0	20.87	23.70	0	0	23.70	27.39	0	0	27.39	23.11	0	0	23.11
2	Ogallala Kid	JWS	129.69	4	0	34.31	2	0	44.31	21.83	1	0	26.83	26.49	1	0	31.49	27.06	0	0	27.06
3	Capt James West	JWS	139.42	3	0	31.76	0	0	31.76	31.53	1	0	36.53	32.71	2	0	42.71	28.42	0	0	28.42
4	Bordello Fellow	JWS	144.97	4	0	26.03	2	0	36.03	32.44	1	0	37.44	30.12	0	0	30.12	36.38	1	0	41.38
5	Drifter John	JWS	145.92	3	1	31.58	1	1	46.58	31.37	0	0	31.37	31.11	1	0	36.11	26.86	1	0	31.86
6	Justice Coldsteel	JWS	147.45	3	1	30.00	2	1	50.00	31.71	0	0	31.71	29.53	0	0	29.53	31.21	1	0	36.21
7	Fallon Kid	JWS	148.66	1	0	36.48	0	0	36.48	35.22	0	0	35.22	36.48	0	0	36.48	35.48	1	0	40.48
8	Flannigan Flats	JWS	167.82	0	0	48.99	0	0	48.99	38.35	0	0	38.35	41.84	0	0	41.84	38.64	0	0	38.64
9	Wylie Fox	JWK	179.58	7	0	38.54	4	0	58.54	31.02	1	0	36.02	39.57	2	0	49.57	35.45	0	0	35.45
10	Nevada Starr	JWS	195.35	2	0	47.11	0	0	47.11	50.99	0	0	50.99	43.43	2	0	53.43	43.82	0	0	43.82
11	Big Pete	JWS	202.20	1	1	48.39	0	1	58.39	43.01	0	0	43.01	51.79	1	0	56.79	44.01	0	0	44.01
12	Gold Rush Allie	JWS	202.52	0	0	51.45	0	0	51.45	45.81	0	0	45.81	49.70	0	0	49.70	55.56	0	0	55.56
13	Jackpot Jerry	JWK	211.78	4	0	74.70	3	0	89.70	38.43	0	0	38.43	44.09	1	0	49.09	34.56	0	0	34.56
14	Rowdy Robin	JWS	212.55	4	0	46.95	2	0	56.95	52.21	1	0	57.21	48.56	1	0	53.56	44.83	0	0	44.83
15	Pokey Bob	JWS	228.89	3	0	49.95	0	0	49.95	53.41	2	0	63.41	57.24	0	0	57.24	53.29	1	0	58.29
16	Fanner Fifty	JW	246.50	2	0	51.78	1	0	56.78	41.92	0	0	41.92	80.08	1	0	85.08	62.72	0	0	62.72
17	Reno Slim	JWK	280.81	11	0	54.05	0	0	54.05	42.29	4	0	62.29	72.98	6	0	102.98	56.49	1	0	61.49
18	Nevada Blaze	JWM	303.62	21	0	42.30	1	0	47.30	38.38	5	0	63.38	52.43	8	0	92.43	65.51	7	0	100.51
19	Cal Tex Rider	JWK	346.96	8	0	78.55	4	0	98.55	61.49	1	0	66.49	95.36	2	0	105.36	71.56	1	0	76.56
20	Longarm	JWK	349.48	5	0	86.07	0	0	86.07	63.01	2	0	73.01	97.63	0	0	97.63	77.77	3	0	92.77
21	Tumbleweed Ed	JW	363.78	1	0	82.48	0	0	82.48	59.36	0	0	59.36	121.23	0	0	121.23	95.71	1	0	100.71
22	Washoe Monty	JWK	370.91	7	0	87.69	6	0	117.69	62.70	0	0	62.70	101.11	0	0	101.11	84.41	1	0	89.41
23	Irish Ike	JW	372.96	10	0	81.22	3	0	96.22	55.31	3	0	70.31	91.02	1	0	96.02	95.41	3	0	110.41
24	Arron Runner	-	378.41	1	0	67.89	1	0	72.89	120.00	0	0	120.00	65.52	0	0	65.52	120.00	0	0	120.00
25	Wild Bill Berry	JWS	417.61	13	0	84.69	3	0	99.69	42.75	10	0	92.75	132.24	0	0	132.24	92.93	0	0	92.93
26	Fanny Seabride	JWS	437.78	4	1	114.21	1	0	119.21	80.15	2	1	100.15	119.16	1	0	124.16	94.26	0	0	94.26
27	Sheriff Winchester	JWK	447.86	18	0	78.02	5	0	103.02	60.09	2	0	70.09	129.07	7	0	164.07	90.68	4	0	110.68
28	Brazos	JW	449.82	2	1	83.48	1	0	88.48	80.62	0	0	80.62	170.79	1	1	185.79	94.93	0	0	94.93
29	Jasper Agate	JW	510.00	0	0	150.00	0	0	150.00	120.00	0	0	120.00	120.00	0	0	120.00	120.00	0	0	120.00
30	Rob Ore	-	517.84	5	0	120.00	0	0	120.00	120.00	0	0	120.00	132.84	5	0	157.84	120.00	0	0	120.00



LIVER-EATING JOHNSON

WRITTEN BY **ALAN BELLOWS**



Liver-Eating Johnson c. 1876

From the cloudy reservoir of history, it is often difficult to separate legend from reality, and such is the case with the story of the infamous American mountain man John Johnston. It is certain that throughout his life he was known by many names, but most famously he came to be known at the time as “Crow Killer” and “Liver-Eating Johnson.”

It is said that he earned these names through his penchant for killing Crow Indians, then cutting out and eating their livers; a symbolic way of completing a revenge slaying. His personal war against the Crow tribe was an errand to avenge the murder of his wife, who had been killed by Crow warriors in 1847. John Johnston was born sometime around 1824 as John Garrison, though little is known of his early life. Some say that he joined the navy as a young man to fight in the Mexican American War, but deserted after striking his superior officer during an unknown disagreement. In any case, when he was aged about twenty years he changed his name to John Johnston and headed west to become a hunter and fur trapper, setting out with Old John Hatcher as his guide.

Hatcher— an experienced mountain man of some repute— took Johnston to his cabin on the Little Snake River in northern Colorado. There, he taught Johnston the trapping, hunting, and survival skills which a mountain man needed in order to live and profit. Johnston caught on quickly, proving handy with his .30 caliber Hawken rifle and Bowie knife. When Hatcher quit the mountain-manning trade several years later, Johnston took over the cabin and set out for the Bitterroot

Valley of Montana, where a year earlier a Flathead Indian sub-chief had offered his daughter to Johnston in a trade. Johnston made the exchange, and he and his new wife set off to return to his cabin on the Little Snake River.

During the journey of several weeks, Johnston had his wife begin to teach him the Salish language of her tribe out of respect for her, and he taught her how to use a rifle so that she might hunt to feed herself during the winter while he was away. Once they arrived at the cabin in early Autumn, Johnston spent the rest of the season putting together an ample supply of dry goods for her winter's stay, and set out to do his trapping.

When he returned to his cabin in the following Spring, he was met with a gruesome scene. The remains of his wife— little more than bones after lying exposed for months— were lying in his cabin's open doorway. It was clear that she had been the victim of a Crow hunting party. Even worse, amongst her bones was a smaller skull... that of his unborn child. She had been about seven months' pregnant when she was killed.

Soon the scalped bodies of Crow warriors began to appear throughout the Northern Rockies and the plains of Wyoming and Montana. Each had had his liver cut out, and presumably eaten by the killer. Eventually other mountain men and Indians learned of Johnston's ongoing vengeance slayings, and he soon became known as "Liver-Eating Johnson" (dropping the "t" in "Johnston"). Also known as "The Crow Killer," he was waging a mortal, solitary battle against the whole Crow tribe, and no Crow warrior was safe from his wrath.

Many deaths followed. In time, the Crow decided to hand-pick their twenty best warriors and set them on a mission to hunt down and kill Johnston. How the battle played out, no one knows, but not one of the warriors would return. Johnston's killings continued for years, and the Crow seemed helpless to respond. But one winter, as Johnston was traveling over five hundred miles to visit his Flathead kin, he was ambushed by a group of Blackfoot warriors who intended to present him to the Crow for a handsome reward. The Blackfoot overtook Johnston and captured him, placing him in a teepee and binding him with leather straps. A young warrior guard was placed just outside. But Johnston turned out to be an unmanageable prisoner.

Inside where he couldn't be seen, Johnston eventually managed to chew through the leather straps which bound him, and he slipped out of the exit. When he confronted the guard outside, Johnston— who was a large man of about six feet and two hundred pounds— landed a devastating blow to the man's nose before he was able to act. Johnston wasted no time in taking the warrior's knife, which he used to saw one of the Indian's legs off at the hip. Armed with the leg as a blunt instrument and with the warrior's knife, Johnston managed to fight his way out of the Blackfoot camp and make his escape into

the woods.



Bronze statue of Johnson over his grave in Cody, Wyoming.

As Johnston began the two hundred mile journey back to his cabin, the guard's leg proved to be useful as more than just a weapon. He used it as a source of food for lack of anything better in the harsh winter, and it sustained him until he reached his destination.

After almost twenty years and countless Crow deaths, Johnston finally ended his vendetta against the Crow and made peace. This truce was so complete that he thereafter referred to the members of the Crow tribe as "his brothers."

Liver-Eating Johnson never ate another human liver, but during the Civil War he did join the Union Army in St. Louis. He worked as a sharpshooter, and was honorably discharged the following year. During the 1880s he was appointed deputy sheriff in Leadville, Colorado and later as a town marshal in Red Lodge, Montana.

In December 1899, aged seventy-six years, the Crow Killer was admitted to a veteran's hospital in Los Angeles, where he died on January 21, 1900. He had lived a long and adventurous life, and his story was passed on through the generations. While some of the events from his life are verifiable, many of the stories are no doubt improved upon from over a century of retelling and embellishment.