



THE VIGILANTE



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Editor: Nasty Newt SASS # 7365

December 2014

The Monthly Chronicle of the Robbers Roost Vigilantes

From The President

Finishing the Year with a Bang

Bang-Clang, Plink-Tink, we usually get some of each at our matches, and it's all good.

We had 23 shooters in December. Of course, it took two matches to get there, but that's still a pretty good month for the RRV these days.

On the 6th, Cowboy Earl, Venomous Doc, and Harvey Mushman put together a great match. At the saloon, Cowboy Earl had us spinning the wheel to determine which rifle target to start on. Down at the depot, Venomous Doc had us throwing out Thanksgiving leftovers, namely a hung-over Pilgrim. Also, Doc has apparently been staying up late again reading his favorite book, "Cowboy Action Sweeps Nobody Ever Heard Of." Out at the graveyard, Harvey Mushman had us reciting Shakespeare, sort of, and talking to the spirits of the melancholy Dane and his pal Yorick. If you didn't have fun at this match, you don't like Cowboy Action Shooting. Order of finish for the Magnificent Seven was Venomous Doc, Harvey Mushman, M.C. Ryder, Nasty Newt, Cowboy Earl, Tank, and Silver Badger.

The 20th featured the first ever RRV Turkey Shoot. To get a ticket in the can, we threw a stick of dynamite in a circle, popped a balloon with the rifle, and broke a clay pigeon with the shotgun. Everybody did very well and there were a lot of tickets in the can at the end of the day. The only person on the range that everybody else trusted was Miss Mandy, home from college for the holidays, so she drew the tickets. The turkey was won by Wrangler Red, and M.C. Ryder won a box of Christmas goodies made by Desert Willow. And we all won cookies from Death Valley Rose!

Oh, I almost forgot, but in the process of all this we also managed to shoot six fun stages, if I do say so myself. Bad Bascomb returned to remind us how it's done, and Venomous Doc, Yours Truly, Orland Granger, and Duelin' Tom rounded out the top 5.

All of the scores for both matches are on our website. *The Vigilante* continued on page 2

When Santa Fell to Earth

By

Willy Whiskers, SASS # 80570

Things were poor in the winter of '86. No work – was all I could do to feed my horse. My saddle bags were empty, coffee gone -- was down to eating burnt corn and what I could find on the ground. There was not even a line shack job to be had, so there I was out on the trail, sitting behind a small camp fire tucked beneath an outcropping, just trying to survive until morning.

Being half asleep, I sensed a flash of light that brought me around. The sky erupted in a blaze of light – like a field of fireflies in mid-May. Streaks of light fell all about me with most of them hitting a collection of boulders nearby. After the sky darkened, the rocks still glowed for a long time – as if they were afire.

My horse, Noel, was jumpy from the happenings so I calmed him before I made my way to the glowing rocks. I was all piqued with curiosity and trepidation and I fingered the .45 in my waistband. The glow was fading by the time I got there, but in the encroaching darkness I saw the damndest sight I ever saw. There was a great sleigh lying on its side with a large man sitting on the runner. The other runner was broken and there were huge leather sacks scattered about. Near the sleigh, several stout antelope milled about in a stupor.

"Hello there," I called, as one would do when entering a camp at night. "Are you well?"

"Yes, well enough." The man replied in a most dejected tone without lifting his head.

The scene reminded me of a cartoon I saw in a Chicago newspaper. Drawn by a man named Nast, it was supposed to be Santa Claus on his Christmas rounds. This old fellow was a dead ringer for the man in the picture. He had to be the biggest man I had ever seen

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In January, we **WILL NOT** be shooting on the 3rd, but we will be out there on the 17th. We're on winter hours, so we'll start sign ups at 8:00, have the meeting at 8:45, and the new shooter class would be at 7:30. We'd like to know in advance if a new shooter is coming out. See ya out there!

Robbers Roost Vigilantes

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UPCOMINGEVENTS

Monthly shoots:

The Cajon Cowboys shoot on the: 2nd and 4th Saturday at the Gem Ranch in the Cajon Pass on old route 66. Contact Luke Warmwater at (909) 987-7017. www.cajoncowboys.com.

Five Dogs Creek Cowboys in Bakersfield shoot on the 1st weekend of each month. Call Utah Blaine, (661) 203-4238. www.5dogscreek.com

High Desert Cowboys shoot in Acton on the 3rd Sunday. Contact Doc Silverhawks, (661) 948-2543, or Lumpy Grits or Ima Schofield at (661)265-1923.

Double R Bar Regulators, Lucerne Valley, shoot the 2nd Sunday. www.rrbar.com. Contact Little Jersey Jo, 1-760-247-5012, joed56676@gmail.com.

Lone Wolf Shooters, Pahrump, NV, shoot the 4th and 5th Sunday. Call Lash Latigo or Penny Pepperbox, (775) 727-4600 days, (775) 727-8790 evenings. www.lonewolfshooters.com.

El Dorado Cowboys, Boulder City, NV, shoot the 1st weekend (Sat & Sun). Contact Charming at 702-565-3736, or Creeker at 702-328-4867. www.eldoradocowboys.com.

Chorro Valley Regulators shoot the 2nd Sunday and most 5th Sundays at Morro Bay. www.chorrovalleyregulators.org.

Santa Continued from page 1 His long black boots were so shiny they reflected the green glowing rocks. A flowing stocking cap finished his appearance.

Without thinking I blurted out, "Santa?"

"Unfortunately," he replied, still not moving.

"What happened?" Fretting less, I moved up to the sleigh.

"We hit a falling star," he said. "Bigger than We thought. It's happened before." He let out a mighty sigh. "We expect it will happen again. We are so tired of this life." Sitting with slumped shoulders, he looked as low as any farmer wiped out by a summer hail storm. I stood there, saying nothing.

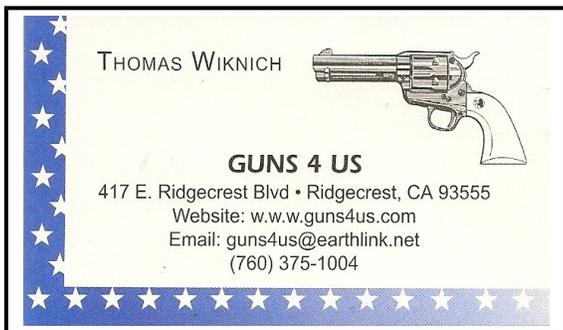
The animals kicked at the ground as Santa began to speak softly, as if to himself. "We've been doing this job for hundreds of years and if anyone else wanted it, We'd give it away. We were a blacksmith once. We could do that again. No traveling all over the world, no keeping a list of good and bad, no worries about having enough toys or if the toys match the requests, no reading all those letters." He sighed, more heavily than before.

Seeing such a man so down hurt my heart. "What can I do?"

"Oh, nothing. We're so tired."

Continued on page 4

Business Card Advertising



How to Join the Robbers Roost Vigilantes...

Come out to a RRV match, held the third (and sometimes first) Saturday of every month, or call Nasty Newt at 760-375-7618, or MC Ryder at 760-384-2321, or mail it in. Our membership application is here [RRV Membership Application](#) Annual membership dues for the RRV are: single membership \$25, member and spouse \$30, family membership (including children under 18 living at home) \$35. First time shooters will be able to take their FIRST (1) NEW SHOOTERS CLASS for \$10, any subsequent new shooters class or RRV match shoot will be \$10 members, \$15 nonmembers. Donations for shooting regular monthly RRV matches will be \$10 members, \$15 non-members. Memberships run from September 1 - August 31. New memberships purchased after September will be prorated depending on the number of months remaining and the type of membership. **RRV members are encouraged to become Single Action Shooting Society (SASS) members.** Please call SASS at (505) 843-1320, or go to www.sassnet.com. SASS first year single initiation membership is \$55, renewal for single membership is \$45. As part of your SASS membership you will receive The Cowboy Chronicle (12 issues/year), registration of your alias, a SASS badge with your SASS number on it, a membership certificate and membership card, a SASS Marshall lapel pin, and SASS Shooters Handbook. SASS membership is not required for membership in RRV, or participation in RRV regular monthly matches. **RRV encourages all shooters to join and support the NRA and the NRA Foundation, and Ridgecrest Gun Range Association.** For further information visit our website at www.robbersroostvigilantes.com.

Merry Christmas

Happy Hanukkah

Happy New Year

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Schedule of Monthly Matches RRV Match Dates:

January 17, 2015

Winter Hours: Sign up starting
~ 8:00, Safety Meeting ~ 8:45.

New Shooter Class ~ 7:30.



Santa *Continued from page 2*

My thoughts turned to my own condition and prospects. I was tired too, tired of long days in the cold and heat, tired of bad trail food, days in the saddle, being jobless when cattle prices dropped. A change could do me good. Suddenly my mouth spoke these words, "Would you really give up being Santa?"

He raised his head for the first time and looked me up and down. Squinting, he pulled his pipe from his pocket and packed it and then it somehow lit itself. Puffing away, smoke encircled his head and his countenance lightened slightly. "You might do." Then after dropping back into his sadness he said, "No, We think not."

"Why not?" I protested. "You were a blacksmith, you said. I'm a cowboy. You couldn't have known how to be Santa when you started. I could learn just like you did."

"No, sorry, We didn't mean it – just weariness talking."

"Santa, you look awfully down. A rest could do you a world of good. I could just sit in for a little while and you could take a break. Then when you're up for it you could come back. I sure could use the work too."

I felt the earth shudder when he jumped down off the runner and started picking up the spilled sacks. "No, No. It's our job and we need to do it. Besides, we wouldn't lay this burden on a common man."

Not one prone to an abundance of false pride, I was still confident in my own abilities and was not about to leave his comment unmet. "Who's a common man? I'll have you know you're lookin' at the champion bulldogger of the Carson City Roundup two years running. I've survived war, an Indian attack, three stampedes and two blizzards."

"We're sure you are a fine man, but this is a job like nothing you've done before. We couldn't possibly risk the joy of all the children to a newcomer."

"Give me a chance! I can do it."

"You couldn't even fit into Our suit."

"I'll eat a lot! I'll get a new suit."

Santa frowned and stared at me hard. "Oh you think so do you? Take off your clothes."

At first disrobing in the winter cold seemed unthinkable, but I had pushed it and now had to pony up. Still, I realized that I had not felt the cold for some time and it seemed as warm as a spring morning. Sitting on a rock, I pulled off my boots as Santa just extended his leg and his boot just fell off. By the time I had my jacket and pants off Santa was handing me his. Once we exchanged hats the work was done. Being so excited about becoming Santa, I did not notice that the red suit actually fit me or that Santa fit my cowboy clothes with no difficulty. As I admired myself I was ready to take the next step. "How does this work?"

Santa said, "The magic is in the suit. Put your finger to your nose." When I did this the sleigh sprung into position, showing no damage. All the sacks popped up and found their place and the reindeer assumed their places and were fully rigged. We marveled that We now knew they were reindeer and not antelope.

Santa cautioned, "Be careful if you pick your nose, things can get out of hand."

"What else do We need to know?" We asked

"Like I said, it's all in the suit. You already know everything there is to know," he answered. We realized then that he now looked as We had and We as he was. We were Santa Claus and he was the blacksmith he had once been!

Feeling renewed and with toys to deliver, We gave a whistle and the team rose in a wide upward spiral. In a moment, We were out of sight, leaving the blacksmith behind.

The End