



THE VIGILANTE



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Editor: Nasty Newt SASS # 7365

December 2017

The Monthly Chronicle of the Robbers Roost Vigilantes

From the President

Blastin' Away at the Winter Blahs

We were out at the range three times in December, and it is looking like we may be out there four times in January. But more on that later.

The First Saturday match on the 2nd was another outstanding Week One Production. Bandit Bascomb shot with us again for the first time in quite a while. She rarely shoots a match and never practices, but if she did, you can see that she would develop into a good shooter pretty quickly. She has good genes. □ □ My son-in-law Rick Winks, who is a trail walk and BAMM veteran, shot his first cowboy match. His cap guns gave him some grief, but then again, cap guns give everybody at least a little grief. He had fun and it was fun having him out there, and he will get those pistols ironed out. Bad Bascomb lapped the field, followed by M.C. Ryder, yours truly, Zig Mar and Silver Badger. I shot the match clean and scored a M.C. Ryder pin.

I thought I might have won the trail walk on the 9th, but wound up tied with M.C. Ryder. But like Apache underwear, I'm creeping up on him. John Newton, Cowboy Earl, Silver Badger and Zach Newton rounded out the field.

We had a great Christmas Turkey Shoot on the 16th. The stages were fun if I say so myself, and the ticket shots were challenging but fair. I hit the flyer with my muzzle loader shotgun, but it took both barrels. Some boldly attempted the optional two-ticket rifle shot, and some of **US** hit it. Death Valley Rose shot her first match in a while, and soldiered through it. Bad Bascomb, your humble editor, M.C. Ryder, Cowboy Earl, and Wrangler Red were the top five. Bad Bascomb and I shot the match clean.

After the match Cowboy Earl grilled up a feast and we drew for a table full of prizes including two GUNS4US gift certificates, not to mention misc. ammo, ammo boxes, primers, gun cases, knives, and baked goodies etc. all donated by RRV members.
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Christmas Musings

Nasty Newt
SASS #7365

Like most Cowboy Action Shooters, I was born into and grew up in a world where guns and shooting were a normal part of everyday life. When I was a boy, I don't think anyone, and certainly no one in my family and circle of acquaintances, thought of guns as a cause of trouble that needed to be controlled legislatively.

Instead, guns were a rite of passage. I have three brothers, and every one of us got a 22 rifle for Christmas at the age of 10. I don't know what it was about the age of 10, but I guess our dad thought that was about the right time. We were all shooting 22s before we turned 10. But up until then, we didn't have one of our own.

My oldest brother Paul actually got a hand-me-down, if you can call your dad's gun a hand-me down. It was a Winchester Model 67 single-shot. After you loaded it and closed the bolt, you had to pull back the cocking knob before you could shoot it. My dad was a tinkerer, and had filed the front sight down to a sharp blade. He could hit everything he shot at with it, but we boys had to remember to "float the target."

Larry's gun was a Stevens Model 15. It wasn't as nice as the Winchester—stained hardwood vs. oiled walnut, etc.—but single-shot 22s aren't too complicated, and it shot just fine.

My brother Cliff was next, and his rifle was a Remington Model 510. If such things had mattered to us, it was probably the fastest of the three to shoot and reload. But they were all fine rifles in our minds, and we all loved shooting all of them.

At long last it was my turn. I was the youngest, and a little bit spoiled. OK, maybe a lot. Anyway, by this time we were in Ridgecrest where the VFW ran what was called the Junior Rifle Club. It consisted of several Saturdays

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Death Valley Rose and Desert Willow added brownies, cookies, and deviled eggs to the table of food provided by the club. If you weren't there, you *are* square.

In January we're shooting on the 6th and 20th, plus a trail walk on the 13th. We may shoot a BAMM match on the 27th. Watch your email for confirmation. We're on **Winter Hours**, so we will start signups around 8:00 and try to have the meeting by 8:45.

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Musings *continued from page 1*

of safety and marksmanship training, culminating in a shooting competition with gold, silver, and bronze medals at stake. I had been down the single-shot road all my young life, and I wanted a repeater.

The old man thought I would just waste ammo and develop poor shooting habits, and he tried to talk me out of it, but eventually threw in the towel. He couldn't afford a new one, so my first gun was a second-hand Winchester Model 72. Like my brothers' guns it was a 22 bolt action, but it had a long tubular magazine under the barrel that would hold a handful of long rifles. I think what sold my dad on it was the fact it sported an after-market receiver mounted peep sight.

Daddy liked the Junior Rifle Club because it taught marksmanship the way he was taught in the army: Ready on the right, ready on the left, ready on the firing line, commence firing. He ate that stuff up. I just wanted to stand up and blaze away, but I also learned to shoot kneeling, sitting, and prone, and I got pretty good at it.

Then came graduation day and the medal match, and who should show up but an 18-year-old who had already shot in the National Matches at Camp Perry and had only dropped in on a couple of the 8 or 10 Saturdays that we were out at Sandquist Spa. Apparently that was enough to make him a member of the class, because he shot the match and of course won the gold medal. I'm proud of my bronze medal and still have it, but it should have been silver if not for that ringer.

Cliff and I still have our Christmas 22s. Larry's probably got traded for a carton of cigarettes or a carburetor or something. Paul's house in Riverside was burglarized, and his rifle was one of the things that went out the door, or window, as it were.

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Some 30 years later Desert Willow and I were at a friend's house for dinner. She was still cooking, and the women sent me away to amuse myself. Hanging on the wall in a room down the hall was a Winchester Model 67 identical to the one that had been stolen. She loaned me the rifle, and the next time Paul was in town we went out and shot it. He was grinning from ear to ear. I took the gun home to my friend and thought no more about it. But, as the song goes, "Then one foggy Christmas Eve" she came to our house for dinner. She was carrying that 22, with a red stickie bow on the butt stock. It had belonged to her late husband, and she was giving it to me. I tried to talk her into keeping it, but I didn't try very hard.

Paul and Larry have been gone for a few years, and I still have that Model 67. It's the first gun I ever shot, well, it's just like that one, anyway, and it kind of feels the same. I take it out and shoot it once in a while, and so far I've resisted the urge to file on the front sight. Neither it nor my Model 72 is going anywhere until I'm ready to start passing on my treasures, at which point one of my grandsons will get them.

Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, and Happy New Year to you all. I hope you find a gun under the tree.
NN

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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 877-411-SASS. SASS membership information can be found here:

<http://www.sassnet.com/Membership-Main-001A.php>

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.

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Schedule of Monthly Matches

RRV Match Dates:

Jan 6, 2018 Cowboy
Jan 13, 2018 Trail Walk
Jan 20, 2018 Cowboy
Jan 27, 2018 BAMB (tentative—TBD)
Winter Hours: Sign up starting ~ 8:00,
Safety Meeting ~ 8:45.



Well, we have another great year in the books. The RRV may not be the biggest or most celebrated club there is, but we are out there shooting guns dang near every chance we get. I feel extremely fortunate to be able to shoot Cowboy Action, Trail Walks, and BAMB matches fifteen minutes from the house on the best range for miles around. I sincerely appreciate every member of our club, especially the hard-working core that keep things going. The Ridgecrest Gun Range and Duelin' Tom have made our lives easy compared to when we started out, shooting on public land, and packing everything in and out. Here's to a terrific 2017, and what I know will be a super 2018.
NN