



THE VIGILANTE



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Editor: Nasty Newt SASS # 7365

June-July 2017

The Monthly Chronicle of the Robbers Roost Vigilantes

From The President

There Ain't No Cure for the Summertime Blues?

(Of course, there is. Go shoot your guns.)

The reality that we live and love on the desert may slow us down a little, but it can't stop us. Neither the heat, nor summer vacations, nor near gale-force winds could keep us away from the range for long in June and July. Lord knows it tried.

Ten shooters came out and had a great time at our match on June 3rd. When it was all over, Bad Bascomb, M.C. Ryder and Venomous Doc were looking down at the rest of us. Yours truly was slow, but clean.

Seriously strong winds tested the mettle of the charcoal burners who came out and shot the trail walk match on the 10th. It was a tough day at the range, but M.C. Ryder, Buckhorn Bud, and Cowboy Earl stuck it out and made some smoke, even if it didn't hang around long. I was in Oregon or I would have been out there with 'em.

On the 17th, nine Vigilantes came out and had a great time shooting six fun stages. And just my luck, I was still in Oregon where it was 75 degrees ☐ ☐ Buckhorn Bud brought out his daughter, Shelly, who shot very well. When everything shook out Bad Bascomb, Venomous Doc, and Bud were nested 1,2,3. Bud shot the match clean.

Rather than hit the road and tangle with the Fourth of July crowds, ten of us showed up to shoot on July 1. M.C. Ryder and Bad Bascomb wrote up some fun scenarios (or is it scenaria?) and everybody had a blast shooting them. Thanks to good stage writing and our summer starting time, we were finished around 11:00 and telling tall tales on the patio over a cold one. Bad Bascomb, Venomous Doc, and M.C. Ryder showed us how it was done quickly, and Zig Mar and Tank demonstrated how to hit 'em all as they shot the match clean.

We called off the July 10 Trail Walk, but on the 17th 11 shooters shot some fast and fun stages by MC Ryder and Zig Mar. Venomous Doc showed us how it was done. Magnus Halvorson *Continued on page 2*



Elvy Hopkins, 1938 - 2017

Elvy Hopkins passed away June 29 due to complications following neck surgery. Every shooter in the valley, and certainly the RRV, has lot a true friend.

A native Kansan, he was a physicist, and worked nearly 40 years at China Lake, contributing to the development of numerous weapons systems. He loved cars, motorcycles, ham radio, and was an expert marksman and staunch supporter of the NRA and defender of the Second Amendment.

He was one of the primary builders, and *the* primary maintainer, of the Ridgcrest Gun Range. He fixed whatever was broke, including targets, backstops, and berms, not to mention the backhoe and the bull dozer. Along with his other talents, he was a first-rate mechanic, and he kept those old machines running long beyond all expectations. If the RRV needed the backhoe and it was down, he would fix it and say, "OK, you're good to go." You could always count on him. Simple as that.

Thanks, for everything, Elvy. Keep your barrel hot and your powder dry. R.I.P. NN

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brought a new-to-our-club Junior shooter, Black Rider. He's going to be a good one. Welcome, Black Rider, and don't be a stranger.

We're not offering a Trail Walk in August. We plan to shoot on the 5th and 19th, but that is subject to change. Watch your email and the website for updated information.

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Mr. Spock's Saddle

by

Kenneth Newton

Captain's log, Stardate 2364.7, Centari quadrant. An away team led by First Officer Spock was transported to an earth-like but uninhabited planet, Alpine 377, to investigate reports of a sizeable deposit of dilithium crystals. An ionic disturbance in the planet's atmosphere caused the transporter beam to malfunction, sending the away team to an unknown time and place...

Captain James T. Kirk, Commanding Officer of the Starship Enterprise, tapped his chest as he strode purposefully down the curving hallway. "Bones, meet me in the transporter room—NOW."

"Damn it, Jim," replied Dr. McCoy, "I'm a doctor, not a rock hound!"

The two men arrived at the transporter room simultaneously to see Chief Engineer Scott frantically working the transporter controls. "There they are! I've got 'em, Captain. Locked on!"

"Energize, Mr. Scott." In a few seconds Ensign Chekov, Lieutenant Sulu, and Commander Spock materialized on the transporter deck. Spock was holding a saddle.

"Welcome home, gentlemen," Kirk said, adding, "What in—BLAZES—is that?"

"It's a saddle," said Spock. "Judging from the oversized stirrups and stout horn, most likely a roping saddle, circa..."

Kirk showed Spock the palm of his hand. "I know it's a saddle, Commander. That was a rhetorical question." Spock arched his brow but made no reply. "Bones, scan them for contagions."

Dr. McCoy ran his tricorder around the men and the saddle. "Nothing to worry about, unless you're allergic to cigar smoke, rotgut whiskey, and cheap perfume. Where was the party, boys?"

Spock put down the saddle and the away team stepped off the transporter deck. "Our intrepid chief engineer transported us into a bordello, owned and operated by a Miss Millie, Captain."

"It was me that found ya and brung ya back, ya green-blooded ingrate," said Mr. Scott as he turned to Kirk.

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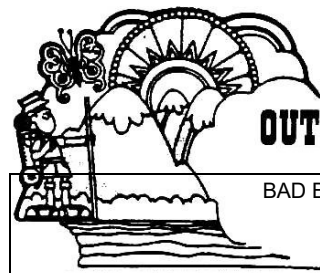
I wrote "Mr. Spock's Saddle" (above) in 2013 and submitted it in a contest. The requirement was a one-page story that would explain how an old saddle wound up on the floor of a hotel dining room in Alpine, Texas, during a remodeling project. The saddle was there when workers arrived one morning, and nobody would admit to knowing where it came from. The hotel thought it would be fun to ask writers to make up a story to explain it. The prize was a weekend at the hotel, with all meals included, if you ever happened to find yourself in Alpine. I didn't win, but I read the winning story, and I should have. □ □She must have been somebody's niece or something. There is a tenuous cowboy connection, and I hope you find it amusing.

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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:

August 5, 2017 Cowboy

August 19, 2017 Cowboy

NOTE: This schedule is tentative and subject to change.

Summer Hours: Sign up starting ~ 7:00, Safety Meeting ~ 7:45.

Mr Spock's Saddle continued from page 2

"Hard as it is to fathom, the interference bounced them to Earth. The closest I can place it is west Texas. They warped back in time as well, maybe late 19th or early 20th century."

Spock cleared his throat. "A Bovine herdsman offered the saddle as barter for Miss Millie's services. When she refused the offer, he shoved it into my arms and stalked out of the establishment."

"That's the God's truth, Kiptin," said Chekov. "Miss Millie then said if she wouldn't take the saddle in trade from that cute cowboy, she sure as the devil wasn't taking it from the likes of Mr. Spock. And the next we knew, we were here." Chekov backed away from Spock's withering glare.

Everyone but Spock laughed. "Well," said Captain Kirk, "as nice as it would look in the museum, we can't keep it. The Starfleet directive on looting and pilfering is quite clear."

Spock arched his brow again. "It is illogical to infer intent to loot or pilfer, Captain."

Kirk shook his head. "I know, Mr. Spock. That was a joke. But we still can't keep it. Mr. Scott, send our lovelorn bovine herdsman his saddle."

"Aye, Captain. But without proper coordinates, there's no way to tell where or when it will end up. I can get it to west Texas, but we might be off by a hundred miles. The timeframe is even dicier."

Kirk walked to a porthole and gazed reflectively into space. "Somewhere, some—TIME, it will arrive at its place in the cosmos." He turned and headed for the bridge. "Beam it down, Scotty."