



THE HOWLER

May-June Edition

Mayor:

Miss Foxi Schoolmarm
mayor5dogscreek@yahoo.com

Sheriff:

Mad Dog Draper
maddogdraper@roadrunner.com

Banker:

Bull McFearson
kentjmckee@gmail.com

Territorial Governor:

Professor Cubby Bear
cubbybear29521@aol.com

Range Wrangler:

Mescalero
donkathymiller@gmail.com

Store Keeper:

Panhandle Red
Redbirdcrfw@yahoo.com

Editor:

Mad Trapper of Rat River
docmehling@yahoo.com

Our official address:

5 Dogs Creek
P. O. Box 21120
Bakersfield, CA 93311

This is my final effort as your editor of the monthly newsletter. While I have thoroughly enjoyed badgering the sheriff about missed deadlines, taking pictures of others who shoot clean (harumph), and searching for appropriate and, in some cases, inappropriate photos, cartoons and the like, it is time to give up the mighty pen (keyboard) and let someone else drain their creative juices for a while. I hope that in some small way I have informed and/or entertained you. If so I have fulfilled my goal. If not, please have sympathy when you are spotting for me as I shoot, I need all the help I can get. I have included several tidbits and articles that I hope the reader will enjoy. If for some unfathomable reason you are offended, please tell your congressman, he's probably not doing anything anyway. See you on the range.

Mad Trapper of Rat River

From the Mayor . . .

Shotgun Lynn and Jim Bean are doing the stages again this month. It should be another great match. It has been fun being your mayor for the past 2 years. Thank you for the opportunity. It is now time for someone else to step up. Elections are this month, the slate of proposed Town Council members is:

Mayor: Panhandle Red
Sheriff: Mad Dog Draper
Banker: Miss Barah Lee Misditt
Shopkeeper: Sam Ootie
Blacksmith: Bones Brannon
TG

Editor: Calico Blue

As you can see we are still in need of a Territorial Governor, please let me know if you might be interested.

Had a particular bad stage did you? A cattle baron said this and I think it's a particularly good philosophy, not just for shooting, but for all those bumps in the highway of life....

It happened, it's over.... andwe're movin' on!



Sheriff's Log

The sheriff is lost somewhere in the wilderness of Idaho where, apparently, he cannot get electricity, internet, or a warm bath. However, in spite of his obvious "relaxed attitude" about his monthly column I'm sure he is forgiven by all. Why? The sheriff has agreed to re-up and serve another term on the board. He is not the new sheriff in town, he's the only sheriff. Thanks Mad Dog for all you do for our club. This is gonna hurt folks but I write the truth always: "You are not only show great concern for safety on the range, but are considerate, kind (to most), a more than capable gunsmith, mechanic etc. **MAD DOG FOR SHERIFF!**"

Clean Shooters, Sat. May 6th



Shotgun Lynn

El Alacran del Norte, Big Dog Jim, Missouri Drifter, Kaweah Kid, Hawkeye O'Riley, Sam Ootie, Miss Ann Laughitoff, Mad Dog Draper

Heard at 5 Dogs Creek at the Sunday match when it was really cold, yes in May.
It was so eloquently spoken by Sister Sangria....

“Why can’t I have a hot flash when I really need one!”



Clean Shooters, Sun. May 7th



*Big Dog Jim, Mad Dog Draper, Bix Bender, Kaweah Kid, Hawkeye O'Riley,
Miss Barah Lee Misditt, Badman Bob, Coyote Carson, Bull McFearson*

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, & Firearms should be a
convenience store NOT a governmental agency.

Can I get an Amen?

So now we come to the master of the one liners, *El Alacran del Norte*. I was discussing the difference between real whiskey (scotch) and Canadian whiskey (blended) with *Hawkeye O'Riley* when The Scorpion said.....

“I like my scotch whiskey just like my women, 18 years old.”

For those of you who do not know *BT Blade*, he used to live in California and was a regular attendee at the 5 Dogs Creek annual match. He later moved to Hurricane, Utah where he now resides with his beautiful bride *Lucky Wheeler*. *Wanderin Rose* and I attended the Four Corners Regional match recently where BT & Lucky were match directors. He wrote *The Reckoning* for their match book and I thought I would include it as one of the reasons we all love cowboy action shooting so much. I reprint it with BT's permission.

The Reckoning by B.T. Blade

The wind is blowing from the westand the dust stings as it bites my face and neck.

As I move to the doorway and stand looking down the street, I see them - the six men who killed my partner and rustled our cattle. My heart is racingI have to think!

My pistols are loaded on my hips, but my rifle and shotgun are with my horse six paces..... maybe a lifetime away. I'm not certain if I can do this, but I must try.

Suddenly, a noise to my right! My hand comes up as if it has a mind of its own and I fire. I empty my pistol at the shapes in the street - again with my second pistol. I believe three men are down.

I run from the doorway, pull my Winchester from its scabbard and jack the lever. My shots ring true and hit their marks - but then I'm empty and the "click" of the hammer falling on an empty chamber sends a chill to my soul.

I reach my double and the 12 gauge rounds are deafening as the gun bucks against my shoulder. I swing left, then right and I hear yelling from some distant place as I try to grasp what I've just done.

People are applauding - and someone yells "26.32 and clean! Nice shooting BT." I'm at the Four Corners Regional in Southern Utah - not Dodge City, Kansas, but for one wonderful moment....I stepped back in time.



New guests this month. Say howdy to Pine Box Filler & Dustbowl Debbie



It may have been cold but the Chili Verde was spicy and the food was great. The Mexican pot luck was a great success



Everyone enjoyed snacks from Frito Lay on Sunday courtesy of George & Beverly Rodriguez.

I'm sure that for those of you who have been in this game a while the following poem is old hat. But just in case there are some who have never heard or read *Silver Bells and Golden Spurs* here it is below. It's one of my all time favorites, next to *The Cremation of Sam McGee*. Enjoy! MTRR

Silver Bells and Golden Spurs

"Twas a mining town called Golden Gulch while the west was yet untamed.
There two bad men met, made a bet, and the winnings never claimed.
The boys had ridden into town one payday afternoon,
To line the bar at the Lucky Star, which was Dandy Dan's saloon.

Now the Dandy was an 'onry cuss if by chance you made him sore.
His only law was the lightening draw of the heavy guns he wore.

On his watch chain hung a dozen bells of the finest silver spun.
One tiny bell for each man that fell when the Dandy drew his gun.

They seemed to jingle merrily to a tune that brought him luck
But they rang the bell for the man that fell when the Dandy rang them up.

Well the boys had finished a round of drinks when the bar room door swung wide.
A man walked in with a reckless grin and a funny cat-like stride.

On his dusty boots were golden spurs, his face was lean and brown.
And at each hip the well-matched grips of his six guns, holstered down.

He spoke in a voice that was deathly quiet, said "I've come to waste some shells.
On a man they say whose draw is quick.....with a chain of silver bells."

A dozen bells for a dozen men buried somewhere on the plain.
It's my intent to beat that gent, so I've come for the Dandy's chain.

Well the Dandy faced the stranger's gaze - his coat was buttoned tight.
A gun swung free above each knee ..but the bells were hid from sight.

"So it's the Dandy's silver bells on which your heart is set
That's a fancy pair of spurs you wear...Would you care to make a bet?"

The silver bells for the golden spurs--but I'll warn you from the start,
You'll lose that bet and all you'll get is a bullet through the heart..

Well the stranger smiled his reckless grin and said "if the Dandy tries..
They'll find him dead with a chunk of lead placed neat between his eyes."

The stranger unbuckled his golden spurs and slid them along the bar.
Said "I'm calling the hand of Dandy Dan, come out wherever you are."

Then slowly the Dandy's hand went down and unbuttoned his lapel.
And there it rest on his checkered vest, the chain of silver bells.

The stranger watched with narrowed eyes, the time had passed for talk.
He hadn't drawn, but his hands were clawed like the feet of a diving hawk.

Then suddenly the Dandy's had went down for his right-hand gun.
No one saw the stranger draw....but two shots rang out as one.

The Dandy stumbled to his knees with a look of wild surprise....with a chunk of
Lead like the stranger said, placed neat between the eyes.

The stranger stood at the end of the bar apparently unhurt.
Except for a spot of red that spread from the left pockets of his shirt.

The Golden Gulch is a ghost town now, it's mining days are done.
Coyote tracks in it's crumbled shacks are bleached white by the desert sun.

The Lucky Star is deserted too....all littered with sand and straw.
Where the laughter rang and the Dandy's gang once drank to his light draw.

And the Silver Bells and the Golden Spurs still hang in their place of fame,
Above the bar at the Lucky Star....still waiting the victor's claim.



...AND THAT'S A WRAP....