

## TWAS' THE SHOOTOUT AT 5 DOGS

Twas the shootout at 5 dogs, and all through the state The shooters are gatherin', They won't miss this date The posse's were split by the sheriff with care in hopes that St. Good Shot soon would be there

The rifles were nestled all snug in their carts
With visions of targets, shot straight through their hearts
and Portugee at the helm and Dangerous in back
Are sitting and prepping for the whining and crap

When out in those hills, a mighty bell rang
The gathering sound, to roundup the gang
Away to morning meeting, they flew with a flash
A few words of safety and God bless the U.S.

A breeze gathering slowly, northwest I recall
Keeping us cool, shooters and all
When what to our bloodshot eyes did we see
A chuck-wagon of green, parked beneath a cottonwood tree

With a crotchety old man, there spoutin and (yin'
I knew in a moment St. GS was hidin'
Dangerous gave mornin meeting, with thank you's and good luck
And told all the shooters get movin don't suck

Now Little Fawn, now Swifty, now deadeye and Baldy
On Drew 2, On Lazo, on Buckshot and El Alacran Del Norte
To the stages you go, 14 stages in all
Now gather your posse's, lets make all those targets fall

As dry dust spins in a wild whirl wind Traveling this way and that reaching its end So out to the stages, with gun carts in tow With pistols and rifles and shot guns they go And then, without warning the sounds throughout town
The firing of weapons, the targets fall down
I readied my pistols, and counted my lead
I gathered my thoughts and cleared out my head

Dressed up as a cowboy, from a time long since lost With a 10 gallon hat and boots laces crossed Targets lined up neatly, a pattern in mind To hit every one, not one left behind

My eyes focused calmly, listening for my start
Squinting toward the distance, steadying my heart
A sound from the buzzer, initiating my run
Drawing pistols at first then to my shot gun

The last bullet left the pipe, brass flying high Smoke circling the barrel, from the bullet passing by A clank from the target said the round was all through Time to unload the brass, find out how did I do?

The number of misses most count on one hand
But for a shooter of my caliber must barrow a friend
So we all change stages, this goes for two days
Till we come to the end, the last of the bays

What a shootout we had, every day was a blast The nights were a party, how could it just last With Dangerous and Portugee, planning this shoot It was worth the time spent, and all the spent loot

What a fine weekend, was heard by the masses

Even though that time bomb kicked some mean a es

When after all was completed, I sat sipping my bear

I heard some folks say, twas great and see ya next year.





I guess it's nappy poo time for the Coal Train

I think I can, I think I can...



Thank you

Oh Lord it's hard to be humble...When you're perfect as I are...To know me is to love me...I must be one heck of a man...

Blackie—for all the great shots, don't get eaten by any Lions!



5 Dogs Idol Presents Almost Dangerous



































Well as you guessed it, Stage 1. Most could barely find a way to carry the guitar let alone a tune. Who's idea was this. "I Riiiide Allllonnne...."









## TOWN COUNCIL

MAYOR:

DAN "ALMOST DANGEROUS" ANGLIN (760) 376-4493

DANGEROUS@WESTERNFIRESUPPORT.COM

Hope this is helpful. Goofy Gunman





SHERIFF:

ALBERT "PORTUGEE PHILLIPS" PIMENTEL

(559) 739-8511

DONOVANOO7@COMCAST.NET

STOREKEEPER:

FRED "BURLEY BEAR FRED" CHRISTENSEN

(559) 784-0525

HELLEN@OCSNET.NET



BLACKSMITH:

DAVE "EVEN DOZEN" COOPER

(661) 837-2126

EVNDZNOUTLAW@AOL.COM



**Camera Shy** 

EDITOR:

STEVE "GOOFY GUNMAN" PENDERGRASS

(760) 379-2157

S.PENDERGRASS@VERIZON.NET



BANKER:

BECKY "MISS BECKY" JENNINGS

(661) 323-5737

CBLLC@ETCRIER.NET





TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR: DOUG "SNAKE BITE" GILMORE (559) 787-2943 SNAKEBITE4767@YAHOO.COM





# The California Range War:

Well the first annual California Range War has come and gone. The rules were simple: speed, accuracy and good old fashioned smarts are your friend. As most are aware, the coveted "Outhouse Crooning Cowboy" trophy is hanging out with the Kings River Regulators at Fort Miller. But don't fret. I hear tell that folks are already gearing up for the next round. That ole boy will be at it's rightful home at 5 dogs in no time.

Now as for those "Hired Guns", let's see. Bud was a no show (rumor has it that he wouldn't be caught dead shootin' for KRR) and if not mistaken, even Lead Dispenser opted for being drug by rope through the water rather than bein' known to shoot as a Regulator.

Ok, time to be honest. Three shooters were chosen at random for each stage. The shooter had no idea when a stage was being counted. Not that it was being kept a big secret. Most of us never really thought to ask. So, congrats to the Kings River Regulators of Fort Miller. Enjoy your time. Every once in a while the "Bad Guys" do win. So ride off into the sunset, with your trophy in hand. We'll be gunnin' for ya.



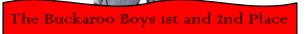


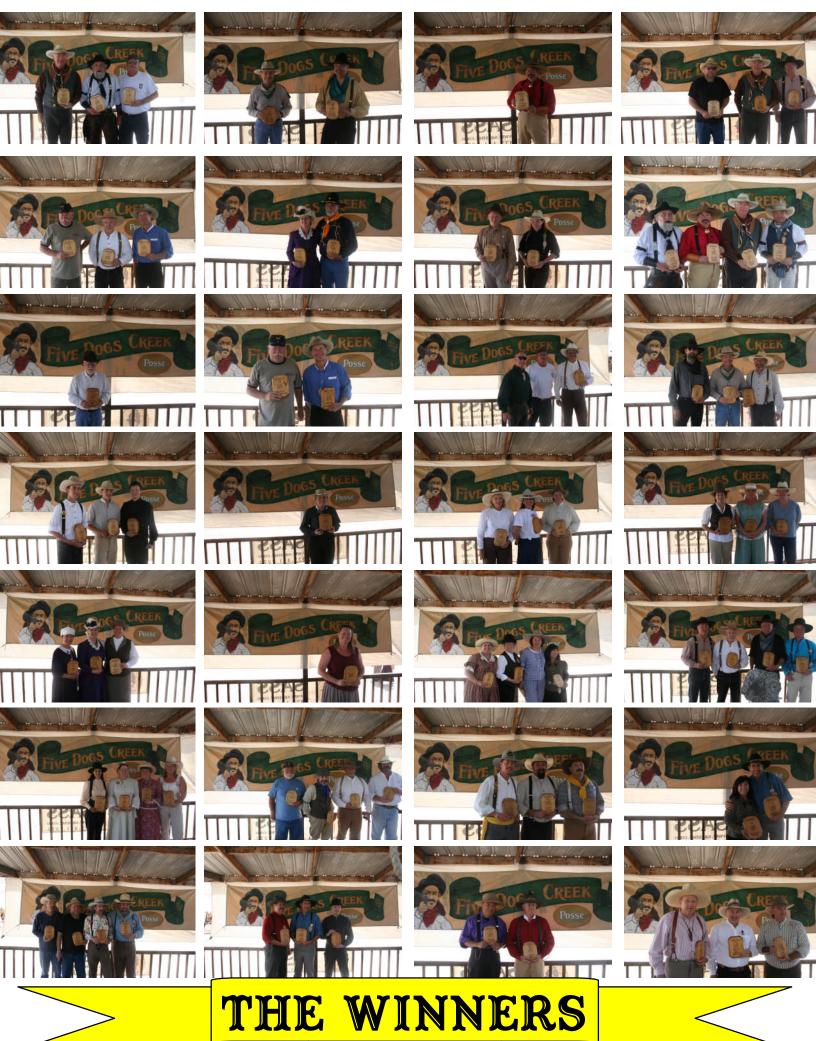
XL 650

Thank you Doll Maker for all the great shots.



Behind the scenes is where it all comes together. Scrap 'n' Good and Madame Woo worked hard to keep track of everything.







As you can see, I took this issue to give more pictures than words. Most of you out there enjoy those candid shots of our friends and family. I hope you've enjoyed this issue.



### WANTED

If you have an idea for an article or just a thought you want to get out there, please send it to: s.pendergrass@verizon.net. It becomes difficult to put some of these newsletters together without your assistance. Besides, everyone has something to say, this is a good place to say it.

- Goofy Gunman

Chorro Valley slosa.org/cvr/ 2<sup>nd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Sunday

Kings River Regulators kingsriverregulators.com 3<sup>el</sup> Sunday

Robbers Roost Vigilantes robbersroostvigilantes.com 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday High Sierra May 25th–28th

Western States Championship June 1st–4th

John Wayne Sept 7th—10th

Fort Miller