

AGARITA GAZETTE



A Chronicle of the Plum Creek Shooting Society



Agarita Ranch

September 2012

Lockhart, Texas

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Long Juan Here!

The September match was over almost before the month began. A total of 46 shooters braved what we hope was the last match this year in brutal summer heat on

September 1st. When the results were in after the five great stages, we had nine clean shooters, five of whom shot in a Cody/Dixon (long-range) category – **Annalong Longshot, Boon Doggle, Circuit Judge, Gideon Sharps** and **Kettleman**. Our other clean shooters were **Big Iron Patnode, Hopalong Herbert, Kickshot** and **Long Juan**. **Kettleman** is on a roll. The previous weekend, he won the long-range match at Green Mountain. See story beginning on page 8. At Plum Creek, he won his category (C/D Lever), beating five others and he shot clean.

Congratulations, **Kettleman**! Congratulations also to the winners in 22 other categories, 10 of which had more than one shooter. Finally, congratulations to our top 5, **Joe Darter, Big Iron Patnode, Kickshot, Hopalong Herbert** and **Dragon Hill Dave**. **Ivory Venom** was top woman and finished 7th overall. Hope her sprained ankle is better. Complete scores are available at www.pccss.org.

While we are on the topic of scores, my apologies to all for my inability to have the scores available during



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lunch after the match. What I thought was a computer error turned out to be operator error (mine). I will not make that mistake again, at least not soon. Clean shooter pins will be awarded at our next match on

October 6th. We will be shooting six great stages written by **Phantom**. See President **Dragon Hill Dave's** column below, including his announcement that "summer rules" have come to an end. In October, we will be back

President's Word September 2012

The End of Summer. At Plum Creek we have been bravely shooting in blistering heat with the benefit of good shade and some big fans. We have been eschewing our typical cowboy garb to acknowledge the reality of the summer heat. We have been shooting only 5 stages to get done before the sun gets too high and we fry. And while I realize that in central Texas summer is never truly over until the week before deer season opens, I think we at the Plum Creek Shooting Society should unilaterally declare that summer is over. It is time to get serious about our cowboy shooting, so beginning with our shoot in October we are going back to 6 stages and returning to normal cowboy shooting outfits. Maybe if we say it is time for cooler weather, cooler weather will appear.

What happened to the Battle of Plum Creek? A tradition at Plum Creek has been the annual Battle of Plum Creek—a 2 day shoot we would do in October. This year, with a new club starting up and with the SASS Texas State match coming in May, we aren't going to try to gear up to do the Battle of Plum Creek. We will have our normal monthly shoot in October, but the Battle of Plum Creek will be back.

The Conflict with Defend Old Fort Parker. Last year we held the Battle of Plum Creek in mid-October. Why? Two reasons-- Defend Old Fort Parker, the large annual shoot held at Fort Parker near Groesbeck, had been moved to the first week in October, and the Tejas Caballeros, who normally shoot on the 3rd weekend, did not shoot in October because the ranch near Dripping Springs was being used by others. Our decision to shoot on the 3rd Saturday in October was a one-time change. This year we are not planning to move our normal shoot date.

The officers feel strongly that each club should be consistent and hold their annual matches on the same weekend that they normally hold their monthly match. For that reason in October we will have our regular monthly match on the first weekend, even though that conflicts with the shoot at Defend Old Fort Parker. Many regular Plum Creek shooters want to participate in Defend Old Fort Parker, and we understand that and wish them well. In fact, some of our officers will likely be gone from our shoot in October to shoot at Defend Old Fort Parker. But we know a lot of our regular shooters plan to be around. We

to entirely appropriate cowboy/cowgirl attire. See SASS guidelines for costuming if you have questions. Look forward to seeing each and everyone of you in October!



Dragon Hill Dave
and Six Goin' South

encourage them to join us on our regular shoot weekend on October 6.

Unfortunately I will not be shooting with you in October, but for a far different reason than shooting schedule conflicts. Three years ago my wife and I signed up to take a Fall Colors Tour in our RV. But I also was asked that fall to teach what I thought would be a one time class at the University of Texas at Austin, so we postponed the trip. Well, the University teaching position has become an

annual fall event, so we have postponed the trip for two more years.

This summer I was asked to teach in the spring of 2013 instead of the fall of 2012. So right after the September shoot, my wife and I headed off to Vermont, Canada, New Hampshire and New York state to see the fall colors. I will miss you guys, but I know you are in capable hands.

Find Delta Raider (Chuck)

Chuck has requested that we use his cowboy alias. From here on out, it will be "Find **Delta Raider**", not "Find Chuck." Last month, I offered entry in a drawing for a free shoot for everyone who found Chuck in the August issue. Participation was great! We had more people find Chuck than ever before. Unfortunately, I had a senior moment and forgot to conduct the drawing before the September shoot and therefore could not offer the winner his or her free shoot. Since the shoot, my wife **Powder Keg Patty**, drew **Buckshot Noble's** name out of the hat. Congratulations, **Buckshot**, your next monthly match at *Plum Creek* is on me. In addition to **Buckshot**, 18 other readers found Chuck, I mean **Delta Raider**, at least once. Quite a few found him all three times. Congratulations to **Sterling Sage**, **Handlebar Bob**, **Nueces Ranger**, **Skyhawk Hans**, **Dragon Hill Dave**, **Meadow Biscuit Slim**, **Dreamchaser**, **Boon Doggle**, **Agarita Annie**, **Cayuse Charlie**, **Mesquite Creek Mike**, **Lefty Leo**, **L.W. Hannabass**, **Artiman**, **Jake Paladin**, **Tudelum Creek Granny**, **Lincoln Drifter** and **Six Goin' South**, all of whom found **Delta Raider** at least once.

See photos to the right. In August, I wanted to make it easy, so I put **Delta Raider** in the photo with **Little Bullseye** on the first page and included a hint in the story about Texas Frontier Forts. See page 9 in the August issue if you are wondering about the hint. I knew he was also in the photo of **Phantom** on page 5. What I did not know, until **Agarita Annie** pointed it out to me, was that Delta Raider was also in the photo of the safety meeting (left of the saloon in red shirt) on page 15. Thanks to all who participated; you are hereby mentioned in the dispatches.



Work Day

We had some good hands who did lots of good work on Sunday, August 26th, at Agarita Ranch. **Elroy Rogers** and **Wild Hog** ran the saws and nail gun, putting together



a new loading table for Stage 7, the Bathhouse.

Phantom and **Pedernales Ranger** were placing and painting targets with help from **Big Iron Patnode**.

The sign we shot on Stage 2 this month was the result of

Phantom's painting efforts. **Kit Carson** and **Dragon Hill Dave** were cutting trees and weeds to clear the lanes to the long range,



Cody Dixon and GAF targets. **Kit Carson** can really handle that chainsaw! **Delta Raider** supervised the operation, ran down stuff that was needed, and helped make decisions on the work that needs

to be done. You will have an opportunity to see the fruits of our labor to improve the range every time you shoot. We hope you are impressed.



Work day certainly started off on the right note, with a beautiful rainbow showing where to find the Pot of Gold at the Agarita Ranch



The Red River War and the Battle of Palo Duro Canyon

by Long Juan

Background. The Red River War (1874-1875), also known as the Buffalo War, was a military campaign launched by the United States Army to remove the Comanche, Kiowa, Southern Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians from the Southern Plains and to relocate them forcibly to reservations in Indian Territory (Oklahoma). Lasting only a few months, the war saw several army columns crisscross the Texas Panhandle in an effort to locate, harass and capture highly mobile Indian bands. Most of the engagements were small skirmishes in which neither side suffered many casualties. The war wound down over the last few months of 1874 as fewer and fewer Indian bands had the strength and supplies to remain in the field. The last significantly sized group surrendered mid-1875, marking the end of free roaming Indian populations on the Southern Plains.

Prior to the arrival of English American settlers on the Great Plains, the Comanche and other tribes lived a wide-ranging nomadic existence. Beginning in the 1830s, significant numbers of permanent settlements were established in what had previously been the exclusive territory of the Indians. Attacks, raids and counter-raids occurred frequently. Prior to the Civil War, the U.S. Army was only sporadically involved in these frontier conflicts, manning forts but only occasionally striking outside of them. During the Civil War, the military withdrew almost completely and Indian raids increased dramatically. After the Civil War, the military began to reassert itself along the frontier. In 1867, the Medicine Lodge Treaty was signed near present day Medicine Lodge, Kansas. The treaty called for two reservations to be set aside in Indian

Territory, one for the Comanche and Kiowa and one for the Southern Cheyenne and Arapaho. According to the treaty, the government would provide the tribes with housing, agricultural training, food and other supplies. In exchange, the Indians agreed to stop raiding and attacking settlements. Dozens of chiefs endorsed the treaty and some tribal members moved voluntarily to the reservations, but it was never officially ratified and several groups of Indians still on the Plains had not even attended the negotiations. The treaty was widely ignored.

In 1870, a new technique for tanning buffalo hides became commercially available. In response, commercial hunters began systematically targeting buffalo for the first time. Once numbering in the tens of millions, the buffalo population plummeted. By 1878 the buffalo were all but extinct. The destruction of the buffalo herds was a disaster for the Plains Indians. The entire nomadic way of life had been based on the buffalo. They provided food, fuel and construction materials. Without abundant buffalo, the Plains Indians had no means of self support. By the winter of 1873-1874, the Plains Indians were in crisis. The



reduction of the buffalo herds to unthinkably low levels, combined with ever increasing numbers of new settlers and more aggressive military patrols, put them in an unsustainable position. During the winter, a spiritual leader named Isa-tai (White Eagle) emerged among the Quahadi Band of Comanches. Isa-tai claimed to have the power to render himself and others invulnerable to their enemies, including their bullets. He was able to rally an enormous number of Indians for large raids.

Second Battle of Adobe Walls. On June 27, 1874, Isa-tai and Comanche chief Quanah Parker led approximately 250 warriors in an attack on a small outpost of buffalo hunters in the Texas Panhandle called Adobe Walls. The encampment consisted of just a few buildings and was occupied by only twenty-eight men and one woman. Though a few whites were killed in the opening moments of the Second Battle of Adobe Walls (the first had been in 1864), the majority were able to barricade themselves indoors and hold off the attack. Using large-caliber buffalo guns, the hunters could fire on the warriors from much greater range than the Indians had expected and the attack failed. The battle was highlighted on the second day by the legendary shot of William "Billy" Dixon, who killed an attacker on a faraway hill using a Sharps buffalo rifle. Controversy prevails over the exact range of the shot, but a post-battle survey set the distance at fifteen hundred yards, while others set it at about one thousand yards. Either one, it was a long shot. After Adobe Walls, the surviving Indian warriors scattered and raided along the frontier. The explosion of violence took the government by surprise. The "peace policy" of the Grant Administration was deemed a failure and the Army was authorized to subdue the Southern Plains tribes with whatever force necessary. At this time, roughly 1,800 Cheyennes, 2,000 Comanches, and 1,000 Kiowas remained at large. Combined, they mounted about 1,200 warriors.

Army Response. General Phillip Sheridan ordered five army columns to converge on the general area of the Texas Panhandle and specifically on the upper tributaries of the Red River. The strategy was to deny the Indians any safe haven and to attack them unceasingly until they went permanently to the reservations. Three of the five columns were under the command of Colonel Ranald

S. "Bad Hand" Mackenzie: the Tenth Cavalry, under Lieutenant Colonel John W. Davidson, came due west from Fort Sill; the Eleventh Infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel George P. Buell, moved northwest from Fort Griffin; and Mackenzie himself

led the Fourth Cavalry north from Fort Concho. The fourth column, consisting of the Sixth Cavalry and Fifth Infantry, was commanded by Colonel Nelson A. Miles and came south from Fort Dodge. The fifth column, the Eighth Cavalry commanded by Major William R. Price, marched east from Fort Bascom in New Mexico. The plan called for the converging columns to maintain a continuous offensive until a decisive defeat had been inflicted on the Indians.

As many as twenty engagements took place across the Texas Panhandle. The Army, consisting entirely of soldiers and scouts, sought to engage the Indians at any opportunity. The Indians, traveling with women, children and elderly, mostly attempted to avoid them. When the two encountered one another, the Indians usually tried to escape before the Army could force them to surrender. However, even a successful escape could be disastrously costly if horses, food and equipment had to be left behind. By contrast, the Army and its Indian scouts had access to essentially



limitless supplies and equipment. They frequently burned anything they captured from retreating Indians and were capable of continuing operations indefinitely. The war continued throughout the fall of 1874, but increasing numbers of Indians were forced to give up and head for Fort Sill to enter the reservation system.

The Battle of Palo Duro Canyon. The Battle of Palo Duro Canyon was the final campaign against the Southern Plains Indians. Since the summer of 1874 the Comanche, Cheyenne and Kiowa had sought refuge in Palo Duro Canyon in the Texas Panhandle. There they stockpiled food and supplies for the winter. Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie, leading the 4th U.S. Cavalry, moved up from the south intending to trap the whole force in their canyon hideout.

Early in the morning, one of Mackenzie's scouts found the Indian camp, including their horses and winter food supply, in the upper Palo Duro Canyon. He notified the Colonel. At dawn September 28, 1874, Mackenzie brought the whole regiment to the edge of the canyon and planned a surprise attack. Mackenzie's troopers were unable to find a suitable path down. Some plunged straight down the steep canyon cliffs.

Others descended a narrow zigzag trail into the canyon. Mackenzie first hit Chief Lone Wolf's Kiowa camp and routed it. Chiefs Poor Buffalo and Iron Jacket managed some resistance, but the camps were so spread out over the canyon floor, a unified resistance was impossible. Many of the Indians fled, leaving behind their possessions, and headed for the open plains. A few warriors remained sniping at the soldiers but by nightfall, the canyon belonged to Mackenzie and the villages were destroyed. Sergeant John Charlton wrote of the battle:

The warriors held their ground for a time, fighting desperately to cover the exit of their squaws and pack animals,

but under the persistent fire of the troops they soon began falling back.

In the panic that ensued following the attack, the cavalry captured more than 1,400 horses and burned the Indian's teepees and winter stores, including countless pounds of buffalo meat. Keeping only the horses he could use, Colonel Mackenzie ordered the remaining 1,100 shot at nearby Tule Canyon to prevent the Indians from recapturing them. The loss was devastating for the Indians. The coming winter without shelter, food or horses meant starvation. *Editor's Note: September 28, 2012, will be the 138th anniversary of the Battle of Palo Duro Canyon.*

Aftermath. Loss of the Palo Duro camp meant loss of the Indians' safe haven and all their winter supplies. Some horses followed the Indians onto the plains but Mackenzie had captured most of them. Casualties were light in the engagement because it had been a complete rout, but without sufficient mounts or winter supplies the tribes could not hold out over the winter. Many returned to the Fort Sill reservation by November 1874. Lone Wolf's Kiowas did not return until February 1875. Mostly they returned on foot, abandoning forever the life of the hunt.



The Red River War officially ended in June 1875 when Quanah Parker and his band of Quahadi Comanche entered Fort Sill and surrendered. They were the last large roaming band of southwestern Indians. Combined with

the extermination of the buffalo, the war left the Texas Panhandle permanently open to settlement by farmers and ranchers. It was the final military defeat of the once powerful Southern Plains tribes and brought an end to the Texas-Indian Wars.

Long Range Fun by Long Juan

Do you know that on the 4th Sunday of each month, the *Green Mountain Regulators* host a long-range shooting match? My daughter, **Sterling Sage**, is interested in long-range shooting and has demonstrated some aptitude for the discipline. Since Ride with Pancho Villa 2012, I have been promising her the next Sunday she was not working and I was available, we would go shoot long range with the *Regulators*. By 7:00 a.m., Sunday morning, August 26th, we were on our way. We stopped at Einstein Bagels for a quick bite to eat and then made the pleasant drive out RM1431 to FM1174 and on to the *Green Mountain* range. We have shot with *GMR* a couple of times and knew the location of the cowboy-action-shooting range. We had only a vague notion where the rifle range was located. We arrived about 8:00 a.m. No one was in the usual parking area. We looked in the general direction where we thought the rifle range might be. Nothing was in sight. Okay, do we park here and walk or do we drive? We elected to drive. That was the right decision. The road has enough bumps and ruts that I was glad to be driving my Expedition. We drove, and we drove, and we drove. Finally, off in the distance we spotted a parked pick-up, a small shed and some shooting benches covered by netting. Somewhere beyond I thought I could see some targets. We must be in the right place.

We drove to the small shed and parked. We were greeted by **Kettleman**, who told us what we could do to help set up. Out came the blankets for the shooting benches. They have 10-12 benches, one for each shooter. Most are for right-handed shooters, but can be turned around to accommodate lefties. After setting out the blankets, we helped with the chairs. **Sterling Sage** ended up “adjusting” her chair height by sitting on her foot. Note to self, consider purchasing a shooting stool. **Kettleman** told us he was

headed out to set up the paper sighting-in target at 100 yds. He explained to us that they have at least three different steel targets (one large and two relatively small) at six different distances – 100, 150, 200, 250, 300 and 400 yards. I pretty much had to take his word for it that there were targets further away than the ones at 250 yards. Note to self, I may need better/different glasses for long-range shooting. Later **Bronco**

Birnbaum explained that you always start sighting in at 100 yards and that the bullseye on each and every target is the same size (approximately 14 inches). It is only an optical illusion that the bullseyes appear smaller as the targets get further away from the shooting line. At least that's what they tell the newbies like **Sterling Sage** and me. I'm not convinced.



Other shooters started showing up so we opened the back of the Expedition and pulled out our guns and other gear. We asked which shooting bench we should use and were warned we might as well wait for **Bronco** to arrive to be sure we did not try to set up on his “preferred” bench. We had fun saying hello to the other shooters we know from *Plum Creek* and the *Cabs* and meeting others. I already mentioned **Kettleman** and **Bronco Birnbaum**. Also shooting with us

that Sunday were **Scheutzum Phast, Kyle Moon** and **Muleshoe Bill**. Other regulars who were not there include **Gold Dog**, who was off seeing grandkids, **Circuit Judge**, who was at church, and **Cimarron Jones**. Judge have you heard I'm going to "preach" at Cowboy Church during the Texas State Championship? It was the first time for me to meet **Muleshoe Bill**. He ended the match wearing one good lookin' cowboy hat that looked very authentic and clearly was NOT new. On the way home we passed Muleshoe Bend and wondered if that's where **Bill** lives and/or got his alias. Speaking of clothing (remember I mentioned **Bill's** hat), at least this long-range match was shot in comfortable clothing of the shooter's choice. Order-of-the-day was jeans, comfortable shirts, ball caps and good shoes or boots. More about walking later. I was the only one in my usual cowboy action shooting garb, although I did leave my hat in the Expedition. Look-of-the day appeared to be an A&M gimmie hat turned backwards.

Reminded me of my grandson, **Wasabe**. Note to self, **Wasabe** might like to try this long-range stuff.

When **Bronco** arrived, we added "Bronco's Special Tarp" above the netting for more shade. The weather Sunday was warm, but there was a nice breeze blowing. I say nice for comfort, but for shooting long range, any breeze adds yet another variable. It became immediately clear that **Bronco** would be our mentor. He made no mention of his "preferred" table and suggested **Sterling Sage** and I sit at tables on either side of him. **Bronco** spent 15-20 minutes or more telling us everything we could ever want to know about long-range shooting and more than we could possibly remember. Note to self, ask Bronco to proof read this article for mistakes (done, but any



errors are still mine and mine alone). **Bronco** examined our rifles and pronounced **Sterling's** Shiloh Sharps .45-70 with 28" bull barrel, Soule (no relation) mid-range rear sight and front globe sight, complete with insert and bubble, to be the class act on the line. I was shooting a High Wall .38-55 with open sights and a marble tang sight. I used the open sights out to 200 yards and tried the Marble at greater distances. Note to self, get some Soule rear sights and globe front with level for the High Wall. Further note to self, listening to **Bronco** is getting expensive.

Bronco suggested that **Sterling** change the insert (cross-hairs) in the front sight of her Sharps. He pulled out a neat little caddie in which it looked like he had one or more of every insert known to man. Note to self, we need an insert caddie and more inserts. He recommended an insert. Fortunately it was one we had in our paltry collection. The club loaned us shooting rests for our rifles. Note to self, we need shooting rests. Different insert installed and shooting rests in place, we were ready to start sighting in. Oh almost forgot, **Bronco** loaned us a spotting scope. Note to self, we need a spotting scope. Boy this is fun! There are all sorts of ways to spend money and add to inventory. A guy can never have too many gadgets or too much inventory.

I just have to mention **Bronco's** "book." In his book, you will find notes from what sight-settings (number of MOA at what distance) worked and what did not for what rifles, what loads, what weather, etc. You will also find pictures or diagrams he uses to explain long-distance shooting. There is a diagram showing what happens if your rifle is tilted left or right when you shoot (i.e., why you want a bubble on your front sight). There is a diagram of the proper sight picture. There are pictures of shooting stands and other essential gear. There are pictures of friends. The book is a valuable resource for **Bronco** and for all of his

trainees. Note to self, get a notebook and start keeping records, diagrams, etc. Further note to self, send Bronco some pics; maybe at least **Sterling Sage** will end up in his notebook.

Bronco explained MOA (minutes-of angle), that one MOA is equivalent to 1" at 100 yards and twice that at 200 yds, etc. In other words, at 400 yards, one MOA would be 4". Thus if you are 8" low at 100 yards, you raise the rear sight 8 MOA. If you are 8" low at 400 yards, you raise the rear sight 2 MOA. At least I hope I have that right.

Bronco next explained how to read MOA on a Vernier scale, which is what one finds on Soule, Creedmoor and other similar sights. I had played earlier with the Sharps and estimated, with the .45-

70 rounds I had reloaded, 24

MOA would get **Sterling** on target at 100 yards. Her first shot was a little low. It took only one MOA adjustment (to 25) to get her centered at 100 yards. Then she worked at 150 (30 MOA or +5 from zero at 100 yards) and 200 yards (35 MOA or +10 from zero). What about 250, 300 and 400? Guess we'll find out when we shoot? Next **Bronco** talked to us about other variables we needed to consider. He started with bullet velocity. You have chronographed your loads, right? Note to self, we need a chronograph. Next came bullet weight. I knew the answer to that one. How about ballistic coefficient? Then there was the wind. He told us it was coming from behind us and would knock the bullet down a little on its way to the target. How much? Who knows? Okay, got it? We were starting to understand. Yeah, right!

It's finally time for the match. How do we score? **Bronco** announced a new and improved scoring system. Everyone else seemed a little skeptical. Guess they were thinking, "This is **Bronco's** scoring system and **Bronco's** keeping score. What are the chances that **Bronco** won't win?"

Apparently in the past, the hits were

weighted based on which targets were hit. Targets hit at longer distances got a higher score than hits on closer targets.

Bronco explained to everyone, "One point for a hit; two points for a bullseye, regardless of distance." Seems simple enough.

Remember I said more about

walking later? Before the match could begin, we needed to paint all of the targets. Cold range! That's no handling firearms, not a comment about the temperature. With bucket of paint cans (white and black) in hand, off we trudge. **Muleshoe Bill** carried what looked like big pieces of foam rubber with 14" holes cut in them. Hold them up to the target, paint with white, and you have your bullseye. Neat! Someone else followed along with black paint and touched up the rest of the target. That was my job, shared by others. On we trudge - 150, 200, 250, 300, 400 yards. At the 400-yard targets, all the experienced shooters point at the smallest of the three. It has a hole in the center. They explain it had a plug. **Dragon Hill Dave** shot it out. In other words, **DHD** had a center hit on the smallest target at 400 yards. I'm impressed, so I asked Dave about it the next day. His response: "My shot at the 400 was a lucky shot at best, and might just be spotting error, but I will accept the legend." Alright! The legend lives and he's our president!! Before we leave the 400 yard targets, **Sterling Sage** has ventured beyond the berm. Watch for snakes! Earlier we had been told they have found only one snake on the range and it was dead, killed by the blade of a dozer making berms. Time to return to the firing line. Where is it? Oh yeah, it's about a 15 minute hike in that general direction. Off we go.

Back on the firing line, we get ready to shoot. Everyone has a spotting scope. Note to self, should we have at least one spotting scope for the Cody/Dixon-GAF shooters at *Plum Creek*? I know when I spot for those categories, I often end up saying, "I have no idea, so it must be a hit." Remember, if you know it's hit, it's a hit. If you know it's a miss, it's a miss. If you don't know, it's a hit. Ah, but I digress. During the *Green Mountain* long-range match, except for the shooter, everyone spots. At each end of the line, the first and last spotters have clipboards with cork glued on them and a target drawn on the cork. They also each have a giant push pin. Wonder what those are for? **Kettleman** is first to shoot.

"Bullseye, two points; hit, one point, 7 o'clock." I look at one of the clipboards.

Muleshoe Bill is holding it up with the big push pin stuck at the 7:00 position on the cork, just outside the bullseye. Neat!

Kettleman looks up and takes note. Time for his third shot, "Miss." Guess you can't



Sterling Sage and her Sharps

hit 'em all, even if you know exactly where the last hit was.

I forgot to mention that we are shooting at three targets at each distance. The first target is in the center, a relatively large (at least at 100 yards), rectangular piece of steel painted black with a white bullseye painted in the middle. Second target is to the left,

smaller with the same paint scheme. Third target is on the right. They tell me it is the same paint scheme, but all I see is a white bullseye. What happened to the black? Oh yeah, that target is only about 15" in diameter. That's the target set-up at each distance. **Kettleman** is finished. **Sterling Sage** is next. She hits two of three with one bullseye. Hey, she scored the same number of points as **Kettleman**! Then **Bronco**, me, **Kyle Moon**, **Scheutzum** and **Bill**. We have all shot at 100 yards. On to 150, same order. We progress through the shooters and distances. I hit a few at the closer ranges, but not many. **Sterling** is doing very well at the closer ranges. As we progress further out, she and I are told to shoot all three shots at the largest target. Don't bother with the smaller targets on either side. Must be some sort of handicap they give the newbies. All I can say is thanks. I think I hit the target once at 300 yards. At 400 yards, I had to be satisfied with, "close miss; great shot!"

The match is over and **Bronco** is reading the names. Third place – **Muleshoe Bill**. Big smile. Second place – **Scheutzum Phast**. His response, "aw shucks!" And the winner, - **Kettleman**. Wait, it's **Bronco's** scoring system. How could he not finish at least among the top three? Possible answers: (1) He would tell you he had erratic loads. Did them at midnight the night before and did not weigh each charge. (2) I would tell you he spent too much time helping **Sterling Sage** and me. He did not even take



Kettleman savoring his victory!

the time to sight in his own rifle. Again, all I can say is thanks. **Sterling Sage** and I had a great time and will be back.

Congratulations to **Kettleman** for his first-place finish, his first ever he announced. As with every event I have ever shot with a cowboy action shooting club, it's the people who make a difference. Everyone was great!! Thanks to all!

After the match, we spent a little time putting everything away before heading home. How did **Sterling Sage** and I fair in the final results? As **Bronco** told us early in the day, their goal at *Green Mountain* is to become the best long-distance riflemen they can be. They work hard learning how to shoot, how to adjust their sights, how to take into account the variables like wind, humidity, temperature, etc. No guessing for them. It's a science and an art and

experience counts. **Sterling** and I are newbies. We understand some of the science. She explained more to me on the way home. She lost me when she said, "It's all a function of x. You just plot the variables on the x and y axes." We both will have to learn the art by experience, but in my heart of hearts, I know **Sterling** understands the science better than I do and is a better long-range artist than I can ever hope to be. We finished where we belong for now. We are newbies, but better watch out long-range shooters. There's a competitive woman in your mix now. Oh, I finished the match DAL. **Sterling** finished ahead of me. She will improve. I plan to continue having fun. And most of all, I really, really enjoy shooting with my daughter. Thanks, Laurie, I mean **Sterling Sage**. Final note to self, this was really fun!!



Remington Rolling Block
One of the Favored Long-Range Rifles at Green
Mountain

Notice any Change? Adventures in Typography

When I became editor of the **Agarita Gazette**, my main goal was to make it the best newsletter ever and to publicize the *Plum Creek Shooting Society* throughout Texas and the United States. A secondary goal was to be somewhat period-correct. While I use a modern desktop publishing program when creating the newsletter each month, I have tried to generate the look and feel of a late 19th Century newspaper. Before my first issue, I spent time looking for a typeface (font) that would be both readable and period correct. I selected Palatino Linotype and have used that font from the beginning for both headlines and body text.

This past month, I got into a discussion about the font I was using. I mentioned that I was using an old-style font to present a period-correct look and feel. When told that it looked like Arial, a font not released or used until 1982, I righteously responded that I was using Palatino Linotype. The name just sounds old and western, but the discussion got me thinking. Was I right? Is Palatino Linotype really a font that might have been used by newspapers in the Old West? What I learned was surprising. Palatino is a large typeface family designed by Herrman Zapf that was not released until 1948. Yes 1948, not 1848. It

is described as an “old-style” serif typeface patterned after the calligraphy of a 16th Century Italian master, Giambattista Palatino. Two out of three wasn’t bad. It sounded old and it looked old, but it wasn’t actually old; it wasn’t period correct.

I decided to look again for fonts or typefaces that were actually used in the 19th Century. I found and liked Goudy Old Style, but that font was not released until 1915. Next I found Caslon fonts that date from the early 1700’s and were still popular into the 1800’s. In fact, the first two printed copies of the Declaration of Independence were printed using Caslon type, although the copy that was actually signed was handwritten calligraphy. Unfortunately, I don’t have ready access to any of the Caslon fonts. Finally I discovered Bookman Old Style, a font that began life in the mid-19th Century (1858 to be exact) and is still readily available today. I decided to use it for body text in the Gazette.



This is NOT a “Find Delta Raider” photo!

I learned during my reading on typography that a serif font for body text should be paired with a sans serif font for headlines. Serifs are semi-structural details on the ends of some of the strokes that make up letters and symbols. Sans means without; thus sans serif has no such structural details. I began my search for a 19th Century sans serif font to use for headlines. Here I had more trouble. San serif fonts first appeared in the late 18th and early 19th Centuries, but those early fonts are not readily available for use today. I decided to use the closest thing I could find, a late 19th Century, early 20th Century sans serif font – Franklin Gothic. Starting with this issue, the **Agarita Gazette** is more period-correct, at least with respect to typography. I will continue to use modern desktop publishing functionality and color, including mostly color photos. I welcome your comments – good, bad or ugly.



L.W. Hannabass
I like this one so much, I had to include it twice!

Lincoln Drifter's Page

Last month I asked for folks to send me more photos for the Gazette. This month both **Lincoln Drifter** and **Dragon Hill Dave** sent me several that appear in this issue. Thanks! The photos on this page, however, were sent to me by **Drifter** last month, but not in time to appear in the August issue.



Richard Cranium & Little Scooter
Drifter's son and grandson

The
Adobe
Kid



Phantom timing Boosey Babe



Little Scooter



Lincoln Drifter



Phantom timing Richard Cranium



Texas Sarge



Hopalong says, "You want me to do what with the flyer?"



Boon Doggle



Nueces Ranger

Boosey Babe & The Adobe Kid



Elroy Rogers



Little Bullseye keeping score



**The friendly registration table.
Long Juan, True Blue Cachoo & Jake Paladin**



Lightning McQueen



G.T. Sharps



**Scooter
shooting GAF**



Annalong Longshot takes dead aim!



**Six Goin' South Trying to hit that darn flyer!
Lincoln Drifter timing**



Wild Hog



Palo Duro Canyon



Sage Brush Molly, Six Goin' South & Shotgun Jim



Doc Prairie



Circuit Judge
"Boy this '76 is heavy, but it sure does shoot good!"



Hopalong
Herbert

Jake Jones, True Blue Cachoo & Texas Sarge



Big John Mesquite
Hoppy timing



Judge Menday Coming
Joe Darter timing



Little Bullesye
Dragon Hill Dave timing





Muleshoe Bill & Big Iron Patnode



The Canyon Kid
pickin' brass

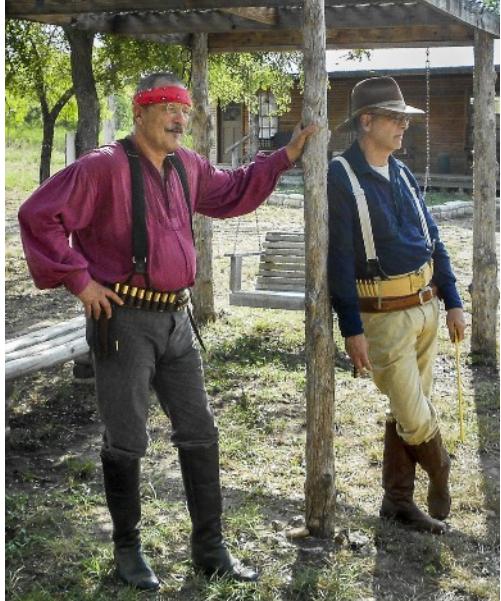


Ivory Venom



Alamo Bill with Dragon Hill Dave timing

Sombrero Negro & Jarhead Jake



Sage Brush Molly with Judge Munday timing



Jarhead Jakes says, "One miss!"



Kettleman on his way to winning Cody/Dixon Lever and shooting a Clean Match



Dawgtooth Dave



Shotgun Jim with Drifter Timing

Joe Darter shoots "the sign" to start Stage 2



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	158	SWC	63
.380	100	RNFP	53
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.41	215	SWC	77
.44	180	RNFP	67
	240	SWC	81
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