

AGARITA GAZETTE



A Chronicle of the Plum Creek Shooting Society



Agarita Ranch

June 2016

Lockhart, Texas

Battle of Plum Creek - Recollections

By Dragon Hill Dave

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because forecast rain and already-wet ground forced us to cancel our monthly match in June, I prevailed on Dragon Hill Dave to write another story about the *Battle of Plum Creek*. His memory, like mine, is not as sharp as it used to be, but I think he did a great job, particularly given the amount of time that has passed since BPC16. Thanks DHD for another great article.

An annual shoot, unlike a state or regional shoot, is a labor of love for those who attend. They come because they are looking forward to having a good time shooting some interesting stages and maybe experiencing a

funny story or two. At our annual match, the *Battle of Plum Creek*, we get lots of our regular shooters, we

get the circuit-riders who attend many of the annuals in their area, and then we get folks who happened to hear about it and just decide to come shoot with us. We welcome them all. We appreciate the chance to introduce new shooters to our range and maybe surprise some old shooters with new looks or stages.

Another special thing about the *Battle of Plum Creek* is that during much of the year, to keep the area around the Agarita Chapel more wedding friendly, we take down the loading and unloading tables for Stages 9 and 10. As a result, we rarely shoot those stages. That means at the annual match everyone has the opportunity to shoot some "new" and different stages.

This year I think our signature stage was Stage 10. It had 4 targets in a diagonal from closest to farthest in front of a central gate with 2 shotgun targets on either side of the

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posts that made up the gate. The sweep could be shot front-to-back or back-to-front, 2-4-6-8 or 8-6-4-2, using rifle and pistols in any combination. In other words, there were lots of options. After the rifle and pistols, 2 shotgun targets were engaged from either side of the gate. This was some fun, as folks who never shoot under 30 or 40 or 50 seconds for a stage were having stages in the 20s, and some folks (like me) had one of their first (and best) sub-20s stages.

Phantom, Joe Darter and **Whiskey Kid** did some good on that stage.

The Wild Bunch match might not have been as challenging as other big shoots, but it sure was fun. We shoot the pistol targets with the 1911, but in other Wild Bunch matches, pistol targets are usually at rifle distance. In our defense, we shot some 1911 rounds at the rifle targets, but they were still closer and bigger than I have seen at Winter Range or End of Trail. We wanted to have fun and hit targets! And so we did! News flash - shooting 2-handed in Wild Bunch does not guarantee you a win. **Crooked Bullet** smoked us all in Wild Bunch, and he shot Traditional. No fancy sights or tricked out guns.

I have to mention the following because it is a good reminder to have sympathy for those starting the sport. After we finished Wild Bunch **Sheriff Robert Love**, who was on my posse, challenged me to shoot a

Wild Bunch stage left-handed. Now I don't know why he decided to do that, but it sounded like fun. I figured he had practiced and he was going to just smoke me. Turns out he hadn't done it either. So we were both trying to figure out how to hold the pistol, the rifle, and the shotgun left-handed. It was awkward but a lot of fun - we were laughing the whole time. When we finished shooting I realized that now I could understand the awkwardness and uncertainty that many shooters feel when they start shooting for the first time. In my left hand my old familiar rifle was a stranger. At first I couldn't figure out how to work the lever or look down the sights on this unfamiliar side.



Continued on next page

Same with the 1911 pistol. By the time I got to the shotgun though, things were feeling a little better. But I have deeper appreciation for the tentativeness that some new shooters have in picking up these guns for the first time.

Saturday morning we started with our usual gathering around the porch of the *Lucky Lady Saloon* and *Shamrock Hotel*. A tradition at Plum Creek annual shoots has been our safety instruction by a special guest. This year it was *Chief No Bull*, part Comanche, part Sioux, Native American grandson of *Chief Hides-in-the-Bushes*, a



survivor of the *Battle of Plum Creek*. Chief No Bull reminded us of the special rules we observe at Plum Creek, and seemed to have learned a little from his grandfather about the importance of superior numbers and firepower. Last we heard he was brandishing an 1866 Yellowboy and a tomahawk, saying that if anyone violated any of the safety rules, they would suffer more than a “CHOP.”

We started shooting in earnest right after our safety meeting, and this was probably one of the least troublesome annual shoots we’ve ever had. We had minimal problems with splatter, only a few, very short downranges to fix targets, and very few posses that had to wait on the posse in front of them. We all finished about the same time too. Only two significant issues arose—the

swinger on Stage 8 did not swing as high or as fast as we had intended. But it swung enough for all posses to shoot it, so we got by. We had one SG target fail on Stage 9, causing a few shooters to have to re-shoot the stage, but otherwise, there were few headaches.

When we finished the main-match stages, it was time for lunch, then sidematches. I noticed that previous Long Range state champion **Circuit Judge** didn’t participate in the Long Range match, surely to avoid any conflict-of-interest charges should he continue to an inevitable win. But he sure ran a good match.



Speaking of Long Range, I heard a funny story about perennial long range competitors, **Fairplay John** and his wife, **Bristlecone Jan**. Both apparently shot the same black-powder rifle in one of the two big-bore events.

Fairplay John shot first The heat in the barrel and the heat



Continued on next page

of the day understandably fouled the barrel. You would think **"Fairplay"** would have run a couple of wet patches through the barrel before handing it off so **Jan** could shoot. But no! Not surprisingly, fouling in the barrel caused **Jan** not to shoot as accurately as usual. Guess **John** *really* wanted to beat her. So much for "fairplay!" **Jan**, be sure to shoot first next year!

Hey You and **Waterloo** were last minute additions to the Battle of Plum Creek, but they came in with a bang. It seemed like all night as I



was giving "fastest" award it was



Hey You's or **Waterloo's** name I was calling. They can set up themselves and several of their friends for Tequila shot night with all the shotglasses they won.

But the big question was who would win the Call-Your-Time sidematch. This was a first-timer for Plum Creek. Anyone could enter and have a good chance to win. Before shooting the stage, each shooter had to predict his or her time. **Hey You** thought she won yet another sidematch, having predicted her time within .20 seconds, but **Rusty Shackelford** shot within .07 seconds of his prediction and was the winner!

Saturday night we had a banquet in the Pavilion. Sirloin Stockade fed us all promptly with good, stick-to-your-ribs fare. Of course we didn't have the main match awards because we had 4 more stages to shoot Sunday morning, but we did have 11 items in our stretch raffle as well as lots of sidematch awards to give out. **Texas Flower**



and her assistants were judging the Costume Contest while the guests circulated and visited. Before the end of the evening, they announced the winners. Here are the results that I can remember.

Shooting Iron

Miller took first place in the Ladies Shooting Costume category and second place with husband **Sheriff Robert Love** in Best Dressed Couple. **Major H.J.H. Williams** won the Men's Shooting Costume award.



Not to let **Hey You** and **Waterloo** steal all the thunder, **Paisley** took first in the Junior Girl category. Hard to believe, but Plum Creek's own **Artiman** (1st) and **Lefty Leo** (2nd) took the Military category. Obviously wasn't for best lookin'.

We received many donations for shooter prizes, and we used a first-called, first-pick approach where the shooter whose name was drawn was given his or her first choice

Continued on next page

of shooter prizes. Pretty much everyone got something, but I saw some disappointed looks when earlier picks walked away with prizes later picks apparently coveted. Everyone enjoyed purchasing stretch raffle tickets. How could they not? All the winners were happy when we gave out the stretch raffle prizes, but none were happier than Bruce Duvé our breakfast and lunch food vendor *This & That Barbeque*, who came away with an AR-15 in .22 caliber donated by McBride's.

As people were looking over the stretch raffle items, I had a couple of folks ask me if the decorations on the table were part of the stretch raffle or otherwise were for sale. Lots of credit to **Sue Freely** for picking some dramatic and impressive Wild West era decorations. And the plastic cowboy and Indian diorama table decorations were pretty cool too.

We were blessed to have SASS #1, **Judge Roy Bean**, and SASS #1000, **Justice Lily Kate**, come be with us at the shoot. The

Judge didn't shoot, but he regaled many a shooter with stories about SASS and his life. **Justice Lily Kate** not only shot (and won her category), but served as a representative of the SASS Scholarship Fund that does such good work in helping educate young shooters. Speaking of the SASS Scholarship Fund, we held a 52-card raffle for a 1911 pistol. We sold 52 cards for \$20 each. The big winner was **Mulehead**. For a \$20 donation to the SASS Scholarship Fund he ended up with a nice 1911 pistol. Time to start shooting Wild Bunch **Mulehead!** Between the 1911 raffle (after we paid for the gun) and the Stretch raffle (10% of the total collected) the Plum Creek Shooting Society donated over \$750 to SASS Scholarship fund. In my day that was good for a whole semester of classes and books. Probably won't cover that now, but I'm sure it still helps.



At the banquet we heard the first of two poems from **Texas Drifter**, who has started to distinguish himself as a Cowboy Poet inspired by the events in which he participates.

Plum Creek

The Plum Creek Gang are hosting
The Battle of Plum Creek shoot
They're working very hard to make ready
Thrown in their money to boot

Continued on next page

They make everyone feel welcome
Out of their way so all can see
Only the best that they can offer
All this work for you and me
I feel honored that I can attend
To shoot and enjoy the view
Of this wonderful venue
All the work for me and you

And darned if **Texas Drifter** didn't come up with a Mother's Day poem for our lunch on Sunday and one for Memorial Day that ran in last month's *Gazette*. Thanks **Drifter** for sharing your poetry with us.

Sunday morning looked a little gloomy, so it was a good thing we started early and our posses shot the remaining 4 stages pretty fast. We were finished with lunch before noon and had the awards ceremony done and people on their way by 1:30. It was a good thing, because by 2:30 it was raining pretty hard.

We celebrated Mother's Day at our Awards Ceremony by giving away an arrangement of succulents to each mother and then some. We thank all the mothers who attended or tolerated those who did. We had 21 clean shooters out of 117 (18%). Congratulations to all who managed to hit all the targets in the right order. My own personal experience attests that it wasn't that easy. Kudos to all of our category winners, detailed on our website – www.pccss.org. I hope that you enjoy the flasks and the shotglasses. All you #1 winners remember to share your flasks



when the shotglass people come around, right?

Big congratulations to **You Bet** (beat the rest of the *Reckon Gang* and everyone else) as our top shooter and Overall Man, and to **Hey You** as our top Overall Lady shooter. **You Bet** had some hot competition from his 2nd place dad **Reckon**, who finished only 6 seconds behind and from his son **Still Smokin'**, who finished 6th overall. **Hey You** was 5th overall, and **Panhandle Cowgirl**



came in 10th overall - a very respectable showing by our top lady shooters. Top Ten counting down from 1st were **You Bet, Reckon, Buckshot Sully, Rusty Shackelford, Hey You, Still Smokin', Verdadero Dan, Joe Darter, Waterloo, and Panhandle Cowgirl.**

Chances are that next year's *Battle of Plum Creek* will be the 2017 SASS Texas State Championship, but even if it isn't, this year's match showed we know how to have a good time with great friends at a marvelous venue. Hope to see you next year at the *Battle of Plum Creek*!





Stories from Jake (Paladin that is):

Soiled Doves of the Old West: A staple of Westerns is the “Soiled Dove” with a heart of gold. Who can forget *Gunsmoke* with Sheriff Matt Dillon’s main squeeze, Kitty Russell, and her perfect silk dress, perfectly styled red curls and perfect beauty mark? How clean and wonderful the life of a Wild West saloon girl must have been. It turns out that Miss Kitty

misled us all. Prostitution in the Old West was just as exploitative, degrading and traumatic as it is today.

Although “proper” ladies of the Old West labeled those who did not share their values in dress, behavior or sexual ethics as “disgraceful,” Soiled Doves were generally tolerated as a

“necessary evil.” As in most occupations, there was a pecking order. At the top were the women who lived in the best houses. They scorned those who worked out of dance halls, saloons or “cribs.” Many Soiled Doves worked out of parlor houses, the best of which looked like respectable mansions. To advertise the building’s true intent, red lanterns were often hung under the eaves or beside the door and bold red curtains adorned the lower windows. Inside, there was usually a lavishly decorated parlor, hence the name “parlor house.”



A saloon or dancehall girl’s job was to brighten the evenings of the many lonely men of western towns where men, starved for female companionship, substantially outnumbered the women. The saloon girl would sing for the men, dance with them and talk to them – inducing them to remain in the bar, buying drinks and patronizing the games. To the owner, saloon and dancehall girls were a profitable commodity. Men were discouraged from paying too much attention to any one girl, as the owners lost more women to marriage than any other way.

Lower than the saloon and dancehall girls were those who worked independently, living in small houses or cabins called “cribs.” Cries were usually in segregated districts with a front bedroom and a kitchen in the rear. Often they were illuminated by red lamps and or curtains.

Some madams kept a string of “cribs” available for women no longer employable within the house, continuing to make a profit off of the older painted ladies. If life for parlor house, saloon and dancehall girls was tough, life in a crib was miserable. Conditions were poor and volume was the name of the game.



As with much we see in Hollywood Westerns, Miss Kitty sure was good lookin’ and was a great friend to Marshal Dillon, but the stories were far from reality.

FIND DELTA RAIDER:

Mentioned in the dispatches this month for finding **Delta Raider** in last month's issue of the Gazette: **El Sabre, Hoss Roonwright, Bronco Six, Mad Dog McCoy, Hairtrigger Hayes, Shooting Iron Miller, Big John Mesquite, John Selman, Preacherman Lee, Six Goin' South** and **Joe Darter**. The rest of you need to try harder this month!



Ditties from Jake (Jones that is:)

More about Soiled Doves: Following up on Jake Paladin's little story, I made an effort to see how many different names I could find for Soiled Doves of the Old West. There were many, including Shady Ladies, Ladies of the Line, Sportin' Women, Daughters of Sin, Fallen Frails, Doves of the Roost, Scarlet Ladies, Fallen Angels, Frail Sisters, Fair Belles

Painted Cats, Ladies of the Night, Women of Ill Repute or Ill Fame *Nymphs du Prairie* and *Demimonde*, just to name a few. I just love the last two, particularly *Demimonde*, which I discovered is French and means "a class of women who were financially supported by wealthy lovers." That definition made me check on the economics. I found that the average price for "tossing" one's "fanny" ranged from 25 cents to a dollar. Nuff said!



Long Juan Here:

We missed out on our monthly match in June. Even those of you who noticed that it did not rain as much as forecast will understand how wet and muddy the ground was. Be sure to wear your **Red, White & Blue** in celebration of Independence Day at our monthly match on July 2nd. Summer rules are now in effect. That means short-sleeve shirts and shorts are okay for shooting, but please still try to dress like

a cowboy or cowgirl - boots, cowboy hat, etc. We are after all a COWBOY Action Shooting club.

I appreciate everyone who looks for **Delta Raider** each month. But I hope you also read at least some of the articles and columns. I asked **El Sabre** recently if he ever reads the stories or just looks at the pictures. We reminisced about magazines of years past where we would look at the pictures, but tell everyone we also read the articles. Yeah right! That said, I would like to invite everyone to write an article for the *Gazette*. Anything that has something to do with life in the Old West, guns of the Old West, cowboy action shooting or similar would be great. I look forward to running some different bylines in the *Gazette* over the next several months. Thanks in advance.

Finally, I need to mention again this month that those of you wanting to partake of **Lefty Leo's** great turkey at our November match need to make your reservations. See the form to complete and mail with your payment on page 9 of this issue. I've sent mine; hope you will too. And thanks **Leo** for being a great turkey chef!

RO's Corner:

The following comes from a recent thread on the SASS wire: Targets on the stage were spaced appropriately. The rifle sequence called for 5 shots on the first rifle target. The shooter's first shot hit a pistol target. The next 4 shots hit the first rifle target. The shooter completed the rest of the stage without incident. What's the call for the first rifle shot that hit the pistol target? Miss, procedural, both?

Common sense answer: When shooting the rifle, only the rifle targets exist for scoring purposes. The other targets may as well be dirt. Answer to our question is one miss. The hit on the pistol target was like hitting the dirt. But what about the fact that the shooter *engaged* the wrong target with the first rifle shot? Shouldn't that be a "P"?

Answer, no. See page 25 of the *RO1 Handbook*. Among the 5-second penalties: "Each target hit with an incorrect firearm, either intentionally or by mistake." The Handbook goes on to state, **A MISS CANNOT CAUSE A PROCEDURAL.** (emphasis in the Handbook) Whether the shooter hit the pistol target with his first rifle shot intentionally or by mistake was irrelevant. The question was whether the shooter hit the rifle targets with the rifle. The shooter hit 9 of 10 rifle targets in the correct sequence – 9 hits, one miss. Had the shooter hit all 10 rifle targets with the rifle, but not in the correct order – one "P" and zero misses.

So there you have it – both a common sense answer and what the rules say.

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A Very Nice Thank You Note
From Justice Lily Kate

Justice Lily Kate

SASS #1000 & REGULATOR

CEO, SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Plum Creek Cowboys:

Thanks for your generous donation to the Scholarship Fund. It is greatly appreciated + will be put to good use. The Judge + I also enjoyed our weekend with you guys.

Regards,

Kate

BPC16 Photos

Thanks to **Bolo Bob**, **Dutch Van Horn** and **Six Goin' South** for the photos this month. To see all the photos from the Battle of Plum Creek 2016, use the link on the Plum Creek website home page. You can see awards photos at the Photos page on the Plum Creek Shooting Society website. www.pccss.org.



Kettleman enjoys a great stretch with Shotglass as Kickshot waits his turn!



Scooter's Great Hat!



Safety Marshal Artiman



Sue Freely's Great Western Dioramas



Texas Cutie has an infectious grin



Lorelei Longshot making smoke

Frontiersman Competitors Six & Wildcat Bob



Mad Dog McCoy ran a great Plainsman Match



Lady & Texas Ghost - a handsome couple



Manassas Jack makin' smoke too.



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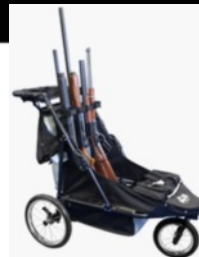
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	125	RNFP	35	70
	125	FP	35	70
	130	RNFP	36	72
	158	RNFP	39	77
	158	FP	39	77
	158	SWC	39	77
.380	100	RNFP	33	65
.38-55	245	RNFP	59	117
.41	215	SWC	49	98
.44	180	RNFP	41	81
	240	SWC	52	104
.44-40	200	RNFP	45	90
.45 COLT	160	RNFP	46	92
	180	RNFP	41	81
	200	RNFP	45	90
	250	RNFP	53	106
9MM	124	RN	35	70
	125	CN	35	70
40 S&W	180	FP	41	81
.45ACP	200	SWC	45	90
	200	RN	45	90
	230	RN	51	101
45-70	405	FPT	111	222

*Price increase because of higher cost of lead. Sorry for any inconvenience.