

AGARITA GAZETTE



A Chronicle of the Plum Creek Shooting Society



Agarita Ranch

September 2016

Lockhart, Texas

Doc Holliday

By Long Juan

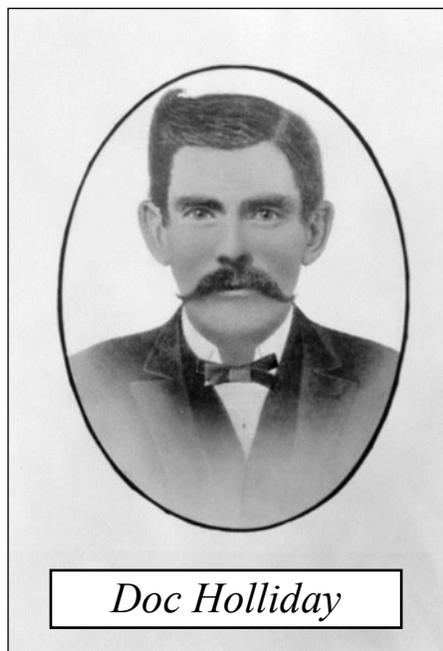
This month, we move beyond Soiled Doves, “tossing fannies” and Big Nose Kate to learn about Kate’s long-time companion, Doc Holliday. John Henry Holliday was born in 1851 and died in 1887 at the age of 36. Holliday was an Old West dentist, gambler and gunfighter, who is usually



remembered best for his friendship with Wyatt Earp and his participation in the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

After graduation from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery at the age of 20, “Doc” Holliday set up a

dental practice in Atlanta, Georgia. In 1873 he was diagnosed with tuberculosis. After consulting with a



Doc Holliday

Dallas, which at the time was the end of the railroad.

Doc Holliday was an unusual man in the Old West. He was well educated and refined. He was fluent in Latin, played the piano well, was a snappy dresser and displayed the manners of a Southern gentleman. He opened a dental office in Dallas, but patients feared going to see him because of his chronic cough. He needed to find another way to make a living. His smarts made him a “natural” gambler and gambling quickly became his primary means of support. He was an active participant and a dealer of both Faro and poker. Because of his poor health, Doc was moody. He was also a heavy drinker and had no fear of death. Gambling was a dangerous profession so he honed his skills with a six-shooter, quickly becoming a deadly gunman.

number of physicians and being told he had only a short time to live, Holliday packed his bags and headed west for a warmer and dryer climate. He hoped the move might slow the deterioration of his health and extend his life. Holliday settled first in

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Plum Creek Shooting Society Officers

President - **Dragon Hill Dave**

David Donaldson
Austin, TX 512-626-8189
dhdonald@mindspring.com

Vice President - **Joe Darter**

Tom Morris
Seguin, TX 210-464-3969
darterjoe@yahoo.com

Secretary & Editor, Agarita Gazette - **Long Juan**

John Soule
Austin, TX 512-750-3923
jsoule@scottdoug.com

Treasurer - **Delta Raider**

Chuck Leshikar
Lockhart, TX 512-227-1389
chuck@agaritaranch.com

Territorial Governor - **Jake Paladin**

J.P. Forage
Austin, TX 512-970-4990
jforage@austin.rr.com

Scoring Marshal - **General Burleson**

Safety and Flag Marshal - **Artiman**

Jay Davis
Lockhart, TX 512-762-7175
rebeljaybird1962@att.net

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President's Word:

No Word from DHD this month. He is on the road traveling with wife **Barely There**. He returns for the October match and says, See Ya at the Agarta!!



Plum Creek President
Dragon Hill Dave

Words from the Veep:



Vice President Joe Darter

We had a great match in September: 66 shooters, no down ranges, lots of smiling, lots of sweating and lots of help. Thanks! It was our first match since signing a new contract with our landowner. We have some new clean-up obligations and got lots of help picking up stray shotshells, a few cigarette butts and other trash. Thanks to all who came early and stayed late to help. We will need continuing help in the future, with both set-up before the match and tear-down/clean-up after the match.

Please HELP! A few cannot do it all alone.

We had 11 clean shooters (17%) in September.

Congratulations to all category winners. Our top ten shooters were **Kickshot, Dodge City Mike, Skyhawk Hans**, yours truly, **Joe Darter, Dutch Van Horn, Rusty Shackelford, Frank Longshot, Bison Jim, Lightning McQueen** and **Manchaca Kid**. Thanks to our Scoring Marshal, **General Burleson**, who has found a way to post overall scores without the Working Cowboy/Cowgirl category. Those categories shoot only one pistol and rifle and therefore have faster times skew the overall results for those shooting all four guns. The working categories are great for new shooters and for those who just don't want to shoot as many guns, particularly in the hot weather, but it has been confusing to have their scores commingled with the other categories that shoot four guns.

Long Juan will soon be circulating notice of our annual meeting in November when we will be electing and Vice President and Treasurer. Be sure to mark your calendars.

Holliday was fined for “gaming” in Dallas. He moved to Denison, but soon decided to leave Texas. He traveled to Denver and worked as a Faro dealer. He later lived in Cheyenne, Deadwood, Dodge City and Breckenridge, Texas. While in Breckenridge, Doc was seriously wounded in a dispute with another gambler. After recovering from his injuries, Holliday moved to Fort Griffin, Texas. He met and began his long relationship with Big Nose Kate while dealing cards at John Shanssey’s Saloon. Holliday also first met Wyatt Earp in Fort Griffin. When Wyatt became Deputy City Marshal in Dodge City, Doc and Kate moved there.

One night in 1878, while Doc was dealing Faro in the

Long Branch Saloon, a number of Texas cowboys arrived in town with a herd of cattle. After many weeks on the trail, the cowboys were ready to “let loose.” Leading the cowboy mob was a man named Tobe Driskell and another named Ed Morrison. Wyatt had previously encountered and humiliated Morrison in Wichita.

The cowboys rushed into town, galloping down Front Street with guns blazing, blowing out shop windows. Entering the Long Branch Saloon, they began harassing the customers. When Marshal Earp came to investigate, he encountered the cowboys, their guns in hand, his still in his holsters. Morrison yelled, “You’re such a fighter, Earp;

here’s your chance to do some. Pray and jerk your gun! Your time has come!” Suddenly, a voice sounded behind Morrison.

No, friend, you draw – or throw your hands up! Any of you bastards pulls a gun and your leader here loses what’s left of his brains!

It was Doc, his revolver at Morrison’s temple. He had come out from the back room when his card game was interrupted by all the commotion out front. The cowboys dropped their guns and Earp credited Holliday with saving his life. The two became fast friends as a result. Later Wyatt said,

The only way anyone could have appreciated the feeling I had for Doc after the Driskill-Morrison business would have been to have stood in my boots at the time Doc came through the doorway.

Dodge City was not a frontier town for long. By 1879 it was too tame for the likes of Earp, Holliday and Big Nose Kate. It was time to move on to places not yet reached by the civilizing railroad, places where easy money was still to be made.

By this time Doc was as well known for his prowess as a gunfighter as for his gambling. In 1880, Holliday headed for the silver-mining



Life-Size Statues of Wyatt Earp & Doc Holliday at the Historic Railroad Depot in Tucson, Arizona

Continued on next page



boom town of Tombstone, Arizona Territory, to join Wyatt and his brothers.

Big Nose Kate, also on her way to Tombstone, ran into Doc in Prescott, Arizona. He was winning big at the tables and had pocketed \$40,000 in winnings. Kate was happy to keep him company. Holliday reached Tombstone in the early summer of 1880. He was quickly caught up in the local politics and violence that led to the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral, which occurred in October 1881. No one really knows who fired the first shot, but Doc scored the first hit. His shot tore through Frank



Tombstone, Arizona Territory

McLaury's belly and sent McLaury's own shot wild through Wyatt's coattail. The 30-second shootout left Billy Clanton and Frank and Tom McLaury dead. Virgil Earp was shot in the leg and Morgan suffered a shoulder wound. Big Nose Kate reported that Holliday came back to his room after the fight, sat on the bed, wept and said, "That was awful – awful."

For reasons discussed in the article about Big Nose Kate in an earlier issue of the *Gazette*, it was not too long thereafter that Holliday said farewell to Kate for good. He moved to Colorado, where he spent the rest of his life.

Doc increasingly used alcohol and laudanum to ease the pain of his tuberculosis. His health and his skills as a gambler and gunfighter began to deteriorate. Holliday led a



Leadville, Colorado

quiet and uneventful life in Leadville, Colorado, until the afternoon of August 19, 1884, when his last gunfight occurred in Hyman's Saloon. An inexperienced and arrogant gunfighter named

Billy Allen entered the saloon looking for trouble. When Allen drew his pistol, Holliday fired two shots, one hitting Allen in the arm and disarming him. A news report in the *Leadville Daily Democrat* stated,

The public sentiment, which has nothing to do with the law, is largely in favor of Holliday.

The manlier class of the community not only appreciates this, but has little criticism to make as to his actions in connection with his trouble with Allen.

By the winter of 1885, fearing a bout of pneumonia, Holliday moved to Denver. Though his health did not improve, he was able to see his old friend Wyatt Earp when they met in the lobby of the Windsor Hotel. Sadie Marcus, Earp's common-law wife, described the skeletal Holliday as having a continuous cough and standing on "unsteady legs."

Holliday's health continued to deteriorate. In 1887, prematurely gray and badly ailing, Holliday made his way to the fashionable Hotel Glenwood in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, to take advantage of the curative power of hot springs there. Unfortunately, the sulfurous fumes from the springs may have done his lungs more harm than good.

Holliday had come West years before, knowing his days were numbered. He often said that his end would come from lead poisoning, at the end of a rope, a knife in his ribs or that he might drink himself to death. That's what everyone else thought too, but it was not to be so.



Hotel Glenwood

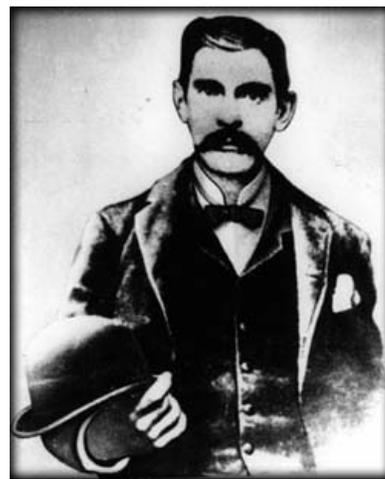
On November 8, 1887, Holliday awoke clear-eyed and asked for a glass of whiskey. He drank it with enjoyment. Then, looking down at his bare feet, he said, "This is funny" and died.

Doc Holliday's obituary appeared in the *Leadville Carbonate Chronicle* on November 14, 1887.

There is scarcely one in the country who had acquired a greater notoriety than Doc Holliday, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most fearless men on the frontier, and whose devotion to his friends in the climax of the fiercest ordeal was inextinguishable. It was this, more than any other faculty that secured for him the reverence of a large circle who were prepared on the shortest notice to rally to his relief.

Doc Holliday was one of the most recognizable gunslingers in the Old West. He and Wyatt Earp became modern symbols of loyalty, brotherhood and friendship. Speaking of Doc after his death, Earp said:

I found him a loyal friend and good



company. He was a dentist whom necessity had made a gambler; a gentleman whom disease had made a vagabond; a philosopher whom life had made a caustic wit; a long, lean blonde fellow nearly dead with consumption and at the same time the most skillful gambler and nerviest, speediest, deadliest man with a six-gun I ever knew.



Stories from Jake (Paladin that is):

During his short life, Doc Holliday carried many different guns. Three of them were an 1866 Remington Derringer, given to him by Big Nose Kate, an 1851 Colt Navy similar to those carried by Wild Bill Hickok and a double-action Colt 1877 Lightning.





Ditties from Jake (Jones that is:)

I am fresh out of ditties, so I thought I would share another photo this month, *apropos* to Doc Holliday's career as an Old West Dentist. The photo below shows a soldier being treated by a dentist during the Civil War. Soldiers were required to have at least four opposing front teeth, so that they could open a

gunpowder pouch.

Some draftees had their front teeth removed to avoid service. In my day they just jumped the border into Canada.



Long Juan Here:



The Plum Creek Shooting Society needs a new Secretary. I have resigned, effective December 31, 2016, or whenever my successor is appointed, whichever is earlier. At least for the foreseeable future, I plan to continue as editor of the *Agarita Gazette*. I have enjoyed being Secretary, but now plan to spend more time traveling with my wife, **Powderkeg Patty**. As a result, I will not have the time needed to perform my duties as Secretary in a timely manner. I am hoping someone willing to serve as Secretary will step forward soon. I will be happy to help with the transition. The Secretary serves on the Board, handles club communications and maintains club membership records. As Secretary, I have also assisted routinely with match registration, including our bigger annual or State matches. Anyone with reasonably simple computer skills, including the ability to handle email, can do the job. If you are interested in becoming Secretary of the Plum Creek Shooting Society, please let me know by email or the next time you see me. I missed the match traveling in September and will miss the match traveling again in October, but should be at the match in November.



Original Henry Rifle

FIND DELTA RAIDER:

Turns out I had **Delta Raider** hidden three times in the August issue of the *Gazette*. Top right is the photo where I intended to hide him among the Hornets. Sorry DR! Below right is where he was also hidden, unintentionally. I had hidden him in the SASS logo in a previous issue and then inadvertently reused the edited logo in August. Both **Mad Dog McCoy** and **Artiman** found **Delta Raider** in the logo on page 9. Incredibly, **Mad Dog McCoy** also found him in the masthead logo on the front page. Sharp eyes there **Mad Dog!** Others who found **Delta Raider** last month, but only among the Hornets, were **El Sabre, Big John Mesquite, Grayrock, Six Wire, Hairtrigger Hayes, Preacher Man Lee, Sheriff Robert Love** and **Shooting Iron Miller**. Congratulations to all. You are hereby mentioned in the Dispatches - **Artiman** twice and **Mad Dog McCoy** THREE times! **Delta Raider** is hidden again this month. Let's see how many of you can find his this time. And don't bother looking in the masthead. I fixed that one.



For Sale:

You may have noticed that **Delta Raider** had some guns and gear for sale at the last couple of matches. Rumor has he will do it again at the October match. **Artiman** also will have some guns and gear for sale at the October match, including some of his reenacting gear. Finally, **Incorrigible** is moving and has a gun safe for sale. It is a Cavalry safe, in "great shape other than some external blemishes."

Not sure the safe is still available, but if interested, you might send her an email. See handout attached to the email sending this month's *Gazette*.



Skyhawk Hans

RO's Corner: *Splatter that goes thump and minimum power factors!*

At a recent match, while spotting for another shooter, I was thumped in the chest by a bullet that bounced off a target. It was a full-size bullet that had suffered no flattening or other deformity as a result of hitting the target. If it had been the correct weight and diameter, I could have taken it home and loaded it in a new cartridge for the next match. How did that happen? Turns out, one answer might be low power factor. SASS has minimum required power factors, not only to prevent competitive advantage (less recoil), but also for safety, i.e., to reduce the likelihood of *splatter that goes thump*.

For main match ammo, the minimum power factor is 60 and the minimum velocity is 400 fps. Maximum velocities are 1,000 fps for revolvers and 1,400 fps for rifles. Derringers, pocket pistols and long-range rifles are exempt from the power factor and velocity requirements. *SASS Shooters Handbook, page 12.*

Power factors are determined by multiplying bullet weight times the velocity, then dividing the result by 1,000. For example, a 200 grain bullet traveling at 400 fps has a power factor of 80 ($200 \times 400 / 1,000 = 80$). A 125 grain bullet traveling the same speed has a power factor of 50, below the SASS specified minimum. Factory ammo should be fine, but shooters who load their own need to know not only the weight of their bullet, but also the velocity of the bullet when fired.

Velocity can be estimated using reloading data. Checking load data for my .45LC reloads, the power factor should more than 100, but use of a chronograph is required to be accurate. Several of our members have chronographs. If you would like to check

your ammo to be sure you meet minimum power factor/velocity requirements or do not exceed maximum velocity requirements, please let us know. We'll arrange for a chronograph to be

available. In the meantime, those of you spotting or timing for the shooters whose rounds go "poof," rather than "bang," be careful not to get thumped.



Hopalong Herbert

Annual Thanksgiving Turkey Fry
Presented by:
Agarita Ranch Events Center
And
Austin Light Artillery Battery
November 5, 2016

Meal cost: \$15.00 per person if paid by September 15, 2016
\$20.00 per person between September 16 2016 and October 1, 1016

Limited to the first 50 paid reservations

Reservation and payment in advance required

Reservation and payment must be received no later than October 1, 2016.

No refunds for cancelations after October 15, 2016

Agarita Ranch Events Center Turkey Fry Registration

Name: _____ Alias: _____

Number of Meals: _____

Amount Included: _____



Scoring Marshal General Burlison and True Blue Cachoo busy helping with match registration



September Match Photos

Thanks to Dutch Van Horn for all of our photos this month!



Who was shooting the snubie this month?



Texas Sarge



Kickshot



Annalong Longshot, Bronco Birnbaum & G.T. Sharps



Show Me



Kuckleburr

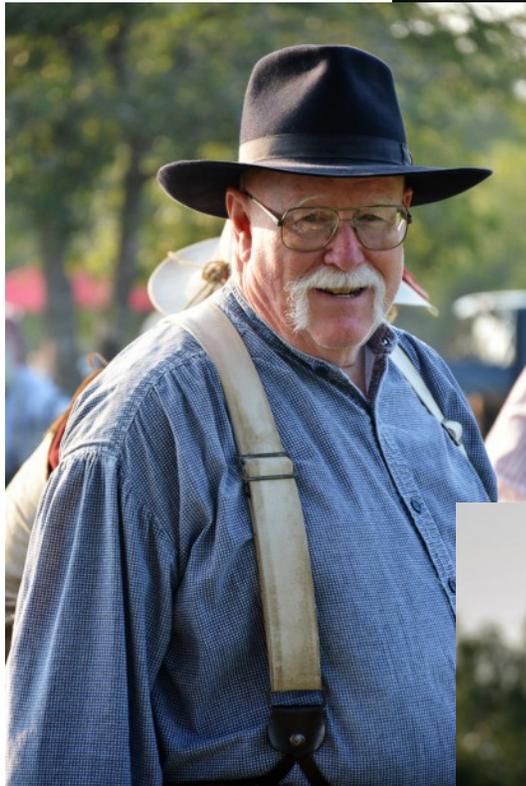
Wild Hog





Hopalong Herbert

Picosa Kid



Scooter

Jake Jones





Lefty Rhodes



Three-Fingered Dutchman



Jim Bob Dandy



Coyote Catcher



Slick Six Guns



Gunfighter General Burlison



Picosa Kid, Wildcat Bob on the timer



Chisos' better half, LaDonna



T-Bone Paul

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Battle of Plum Creek Vendor - See you there!



Longhorn Bullets



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Don Herbert (Hopalong) 210-602-6994

Rick Page 210-844-9362

Caliber	Weight	Config.	Price/500	Price/1000
.38	100	RNFP	32	64
	105	FP	33	66
	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.