

❖Kings River Gazette❖

Volume 4 Issue 7 The official publication of the Kings River Regulators

July 1999

Whiskey River the Winner

KRR had our drawing for that shinny new Colt, and Whiskey River Steve was the lucky winner. Sure was nice to see a member of KRR win this fine firearm.

Thanks to all those that bought tickets, your purchase helped to support your club. **Thanks!!**

A big thank you to Terrible Ted for his excellent job building us a real fine jail. Thanks cowboy. Seems our brand new jail acquired a very useful appliance overnight, wonder how that happened?

You folks ever wonder what's the deal with Terrible Ted and jail houses??

I hear a lot about spirit of the game in this sport. To me people doing this kind of work on their own time for KRR is the real "Spirit of the Game". This makes me proud to be a member of the best cowboy action shooting club in the world.

With this kind of hard work being done, and hopefully only good ideas being used in our matches, not just different but good, our club will always be moving forward and improving.

Remember there's nothing wrong with using some else's idea, it's only bad when you take their bad ideas. If you're going to steal one steal a good one, (that also applies to horses).

Ft. Miller 99 is coming around the corner. Oct 22, 23 and 24th. Volunteer now KRR needs you!!

Cole Chance



FROM THE BLACKSMITH

Our August shoot proved to be a lot of fun. Hittin' that gong from away back there wasn't as easy as some people thought it would be, and I swear I thought I saw that snake on bay 7 move when I was sightin' at it.

Seriously though, the annual is coming up **F A S T!!!** We need to be gettin' some work accomplished before it rolls around. So, to make a long story short, we are going to hold a:

WORK DAY **SUNDAY, SEPT. 26th.**

There will be a general cleanup and some painting to be done so our range looks real nice for the annual. Please, put this on your calendar now so it doesn't get filled up with something else.

BUCKSKIN

Officers

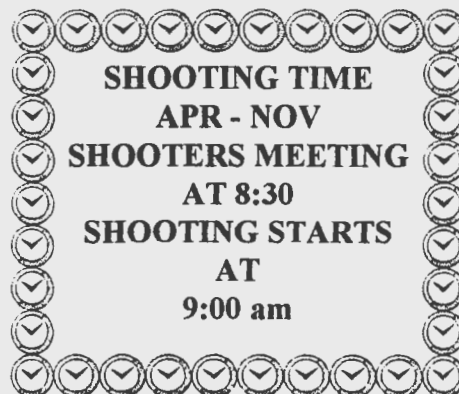
Mayor: Cole Chance (Leon Chism)
673-7416
SASS #8243 KRR #26
Sheriff: Joaquin Rivers (Richard Ramos)
435-6483
SASS #11912 KRR #46
Blacksmith: Buckskin (John Dotts)
855-2713
SASS #12434 KRR #47
Banker: Jessie Montana (Barbara Chism)
673-7416
SASS # 8244 KRR #27
Sec/Editor: Ruthless Ruth (Ruth Polman)
251-9507
SASS #9015 KRR #37
Territorial Governor: Doc James (Eldon James)
675-1230
SASS #5061L KRR #08

WANTED A COWBOY PRESIDENT

by: Flatiron

One hundred years ago, on September 15, 1898 the First Volunteer Cavalry Regiment was disbanded. The Rough Riders, as they were to be forever known, saw only four months of service. The United States declared war on Spain after the sinking of the Maine in Havana Harbor and authorized the forming of three voluntary cavalry regiments to be formed "exclusively of frontiersmen possessing special qualifications as horsemen and marksmen." Teddy Roosevelt was second in command of the first regiment to be raised only from volunteers from the four territories: Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. He led the charge up San Juan Hill, which was undoubtedly the capstone of the frontier period.

The ability to ride hard, shoot straight and tell the truth were traits that were so strongly believed in one hundred years ago that when this country was in need it turned to the West for the men it needed. It is true that Teddy Roosevelt was native to the



East, but after the deaths of his wife and mother he went to the Dakotas and sought out the frontier and was forever changed by it. Big country makes for big men and Teddy Roosevelt was one of the biggest. Soldier, hunter, lawman, explorer, author, statesman president and **COWBOY**. This is the stuff that leaders are made of — not slick politicians surrounded by even slicker lawyers.

We have slid a long way in a hundred years and it is not going to be easy to find a leader who has been hardened under the Western sun. Who has climbed mountains for a reason other than a "photo op". Who has led men in a desperate fight. Who tells the truth when he looks you in the eye. These may be considered to be obsolete or quaint ideas by some who pretend sophistication, but let them show me one of theirs who can stand up to T.R. the *Cowboy president*.



Places to Shoot & Things to do

<<<<<Monthly Matches>>>>>

1st Sunday of Month
5 Dogs Creek
Bakersfield



"Henry! Hurry you're gonna miss it — ghost riders in the kitchen!"

2nd Sunday of Month

Chorro Valley Regulators
San Luis Obispo
Need Directions? Call
Riley at 805-489-4989

<<<<<<Annual Matches>>>>>>

John Wayne Shoot Sept. 11th & 12th

San Luis Obispo
9 Main Stages
Side matches
\$60 entry - Spouse \$50
Dinner & Music included
Camping available
Riley (805)489-4989
Cole Younger (805)481-4100
Polish Clarence (805)528-6705
This is a good one, sign up early

Fort Miller "99"

F.R.P.C. Range
Fresno, CA
October 22nd - 24th
8 Main Stages
Side Matches/Long Range
Shooter prizes
\$60/Spouse \$40

Juniors Shoot Free
Lunch & cold drinks available Fri,
Sat & Sun. provided by
Auberry Vol. Fire Dept.
Potluck/Entertainment Sat. night
The Auberry Vol. Fire Dept. is also
providing target setters for long
range and gate attendants at the
long range gate

5 Dogs Wild West Extravaganza

Nov, 12, 13 & 14th
Pot shoots/side matches Friday
Main Match Sat. & Sun.
\$70 - includes dinner Saturday
Checks payable to
Five Dogs Creek
Mail entry to:
Shady Lanie
9017 Thurber Lane
Bakersfield, CA 93311
(661) 663-8933
e-mail ejapple@aol.com

<<<<<<<Fun Stuff To Do>>>>>>>>

Butterfield Stage Days

Oct 2nd and 3rd
Porterville, CA
2 Day Wagon Train
Cowboy mounted Action Shooting
Buffalo Soldiers\Chorro Riders
Mountain Men
Living History Exhibits & Demos
Old-Fashioned Kids Carnival
for more into call
Rick (Hoss) or Gail Inman
(559)781-1886

Civil War Reenactment Society

Civil War-Kearney Park
Fresno, Calif.
Oct 1 - 3

Fresno Veteran's Day Parade
Nov. 11 th

Squaw's Leap
(near Auberry)
Nov 13 - 14
For more info call
Blackie 299-1811
Longbranch 855-4113

Welcome New Members

John Soper
Alias: Soapy Deal

Anthony Iafrati
Alias: Ten Bears

Ramona
Alias: Little Elk

Welcome to the KRR.
All three of these folks have
been shooting with us for
months, and we're real proud
to have them as club members.

FORT MILLER RAFFLE

Don't forget to get a book of raffle tickets, to sell or buy yourself, from Jessie Montana for these good prizes.

1 st Place: Sharps Rifle 40-65 with tang and front globe by C-Sharps/Montana Armory

2 nd Place: Custom Belt and Holster by JAX Leather.

3 rd Place: Custom Hat by Tonto Rim.

All three are great prizes, they should be real easy to sell.



HEARD ROUND THE CORRAL

You may have noticed the new jail, set up on Bay 5. Well just let me give a big **Thank you!!** to Latigo Slim for the use of his truck, and Michigan Bob for his muscle power, and expertise with a spray can (*he must have been a graffiti artist in another life*). Without these two helpful KRR members, that jail would still be in Terrible Ted's and my garage. Nice to be able to get the wagon under cover again. I like the new wooden throne Michigan Bob made for the jail. I'll try to round up some catalogues or corn cobs to go with it. By the way he says if you use it you clean it. He didn't provide us with monthly clean out service.

Anyone want to talk about the second

stage Sunday? I heard some real interesting comments, like "it sure don't take long to miss 10 pistol and get to shooting your rifle," "you want me to shoot that gong with my what?". Now while no one cleaned that stage, I understand that Tom Doodley Squat only missed 1 shot, and one of our Junior shooters, Sasparilla Slim, only had 3 misses on the stage. We've got some real good young shooters coming up in the ranks.

There's been a lot of talk about gamers, but did you guys see Snakebite pre-shooting the painting of the building in bay 2 during Saturdays setup. That's going too far.

Understand Bearpaw is busy working on a new prop, a train. He says it will be ready in time for the annual shoot.

Seems ole Sam Luis is hanging up his guns till after the first of the year. Says he thought he'd give Tom Doodley Squat a chance to win a couple of matches. We'll miss you Sam, see'ya in Jan or Feb.

Sudden is going to be a year older on August 31st. Not sure what year, my source said maybe 65, or 62, but he doesn't look a day over 60. Happy Birthday cowboy.

Ruthless Ruth



Due to insurance Company guidelines the following policy will go into effect August 1, 1999

All Shooters must sign up before 8:30 am. Every shooter must attend the shooters meeting, this is mandatory, no exceptions.

**Shooters this rule will be enforced
Cole Chance**

FOR SALE

LC Smith Hunter Field Grade
12 ga. SXS \$350

Model 97 12 ga.
22" Brl. 1901 mfg. \$250

Ruger P97 Auto, like new in box
w/400 rds new ammo.
\$400

Call: Hoss (Rick Inman)
@ 559-781-1886

FORT MILLER 99

I've heard a few club members say "I'm not shooting the annual, it's no use I just don't shoot that good, haven't got a chance of winning." That's not the point. You shoot the annual, because you'll have a great time.

You get a whole bunch of side matches, long range and regular match shooting. You get a chance to give your guns and your skills a really good workout. *It will make you a better shooter in the long run.* Besides if you miss the potluck and show on Saturday night, you really miss one heck of a good time.

It's your chance to shoot a pretty good size match without leaving town, and for a whole lot less than most of the other annual matches cost.

So don't be scared off by the fact that there might be some really good shooters there. Heck there's some really good shooters in KRR.

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If your address or telephone number has changed, please let me know so the club roster can be updated.

Thanks,
Ruthless Ruth
(559) 251-9507

The following is a reprint of a story appearing in the Sept. issue of Blue Press. It couldn't really happen, or could it??

The Editor.

Sundown at Coffin Rock

The old man walked slowly through the dry, fallen leaves of autumn, his practiced eye automatically choosing the bare and stony places in the trail for his feet. There was scarcely a sound as he passed though his left knee was stiff with scar tissue. He grunted occasionally as the light sinews pulled. Damn chainsaw, he thought.

Behind him, the boy shuffled along, trying to imitate his grandfather, but unable to mimic the silent motion that the old man had learned during countless winter days upon this wooded mountain in pursuit of game. He's 15 years old, the old man thought. Plenty old enough to be learning. But that was another time, another America. His mind drifted, and he saw himself, a fifteen-year-old boy following in the footsteps of his own grandfather, clutching a twelve gauge in his trembling hands as they tracked a wounded whitetail.

The leg was hurting worse now, and he slowed his pace a bit. Plenty of time. It should have been my own son here with me now, the old man thought sadly. But Jason had no interest, no understanding. He cared for nothing but pounding on the keys of that damned computer terminal. He knew nothing about the woods, or where food came from...or freedom. And that's my fault, isn't it?

The old man stopped and held up his hand, motioning for the boy to look. In the small clearing ahead, the deer stood motionless, watching them. It was a scraggly buck, underfed and sickly, but the boy's eyes lit up with excitement. It had been many years since they had seen even a single whitetail here on the mountain. After the hunting had stopped, the population had exploded. The deer had eaten the mountain almost bare until erosion had become a seri-

ous problem in some places. That following winter, three starving does had wandered into the old man's yard, trying to eat the bark off of his pecan trees, and he had wished the "animal rights" fanatics could have been there then. It was against the law, but the old man knew a higher law, and he took an axe into the yard and killed the starving beasts. They did not have the strength to run.

The buck finally turned and loped away, and they continued down the trail to the river. When they came to the "Big Oak," the old man turned and pushed through the heavy brush beside the trail and the boy followed, wordlessly. The old man knew that Thomas was curious about their leaving the trail, but the boy had learned to move silently (well almost) and that meant no talking. When they came to "Coffin Rock," the old man sat down upon it and motioned for the boy to join him.

"You see this rock, shaped like a casket?" the old man asked. "Yes sir." The old man smiled. The boy was respectful and polite. He loved the outdoors, too. Everything a man could ask in a grandson...or a son.

"I want you to remember this place, and what I'm about to tell you. A lot of it isn't going to make any sense to you, but it's important and one day you'll understand it well enough." The old man paused. Now that he was here, he didn't really know where to start.

"Before you were born," he began at last, "this country was different. I've told you about hunting, about how everybody who obeyed the law could own guns. A man could speak out, anywhere, without worrying about whether he'd get back home or not. School was different, too. A man could send his kids to a church school, or a private school, or even teach them at home. But even in the public schools they didn't spend all their time trying to brainwash you like they do at yours now." The old man paused, and was silent for many minutes. The boy was still, watching a chipmunk scavenging beside a fallen tree below them.

"Things don't ever happen all at once, boy, they just sort of sneak up on you. Sure, we knew guns were important; we just didn't think it would ever happen in America. But we had to do something about crime, they said. It was a crisis. Everything was a crisis! It was a drug crisis, or a terrorism crisis, or street crime, or gang crisis. Even a 'health care' crisis was an excuse to take away a little more of our rights." The old man turned to look at his grandson.

"They ever let you read a thing called the Constitution down there at your school?" The boy solemnly shook his head. "Well, the Fourth Amendment's still in there. It says there won't be any unreasonable searches and seizures. It says you're safe in your own home." The old man shrugged. "That had to go. It was a crisis! They could kick your door open any time, day or night, and come in with guns blazing, if they thought you had drugs...or later, guns. Oh, at first it was just registration - to keep the guns out of the hands of criminals! But, it didn't work, of course, and then later when they wanted to take 'em they knew where to look. They banned 'assault rifles' and then 'sniper rifles' and 'Saturday-night-specials.' Everything you saw on TV or in the movies was against us. God knows the news people were! and the schools were teaching our kids that nobody needed guns anymore. We tried to take a stand, but we felt like the whole face of our country had changed and we were left outside.

"Me and a friend of mine, when we saw what was happening, we came and built a secret place up here on the mountain. A place where we could put our guns until we needed them. We figured some day Americans would remember what it was like to be free, and what kind of price we had to pay for that freedom. So we hid our guns instead of losing them.

"One fellow I knew disagreed. He said we ought to use our guns now and stand up to the government. "Said that the colonists had fought for their freedom when the British tried to disarm them at Lexington and Concord. Well, he and a lot of others died in

what your history books call the 'Tax Revolt of 1999,' but son, it wasn't the revolt that caused the repeal of the Second Amendment like your history book says. The Second Amendment was already gone long before they ever repealed it. The rest of us thought we were doing the right thing by waiting. I hope to God we were right.

"You see, Thomas, it isn't government that makes a man free. In the end, governments always do just the opposite. They gobble up freedom like hungry pigs. You have to have laws to keep the worst in men under control, but at the same time the people have to have guns, too, in order to keep the government itself under control. In our country, the people were supposed to be the final authority of the law, but that was a long time ago. Once the guns were gone, there was no reason for those who run the government to give a damn about laws and constitutional rights and such. They just did what they pleased and anyone who spoke out...well, I'm getting ahead of myself.

"It took a long time to collect up all the millions of firearms that were in private hands. The government created a whole new agency to see to it. There were rewards for turning your friends in, too. Drug dealers and murderers were set free after two or three years in prison, but possession of a gun would get you mandatory life behind bars with no parole."

"I don't know how they found out about me, probably knew I'd been a hunter all those years, or maybe somebody turned me in. They picked me up on suspicion and took me down to the federal building.

"Son, those guys did everything they could think of to me. Kept me locked up in this little room for hours, no food, no water. They kept coming in, asking me where the guns were. 'What guns?' I said. Whenever I'd doze off, they'd come crashing in, yelling and hollering. I got to where I didn't know which end was up. I'd say I wanted my lawyer and they'd laugh. 'Lawyers are for criminals,' they said. 'You'll get a lawyer

after we get the guns.' What's so funny is I know they thought they were doing the right thing. They were fighting crime!

"When I got home I found Ruth sitting in the middle of the living room floor, crying her eyes out. The house was a shambles. While I was down there, they'd come out and took our house apart. Didn't need a search warrant, they said. National emergency! Gun crisis! Your grandma tried to call our preacher and they ripped the phone off the wall. Told her that they'd go easy on me if she just told them where I kept my guns." The old man laughed. "She told them to go to hell." He stared into the distance for a moment as his laughter faded.

They wouldn't tell her about me, where I was or anything, that whole time. She said that she'd thought I was dead. She never got over that day, and she died the next December.

"They've been watching me ever since, off and on. I guess there's not much for them to do anymore, now that all the guns are gone. Plenty of time to watch one foolish old man." He paused. Beside him, the boy stared at the stone beneath his feet.

"Anyway, I figure that, one day, America will come to her senses. Our men will need those guns and they'll be ready. We cleaned them and sealed them up good; they'll last for years. Maybe it won't be in your lifetime. Thomas. Maybe one day you'll be sitting here with your son or grandson. Tell him about me, boy. Tell him about the way I said America used to be." The old man stood, his bad leg shaking unsteadily beneath him.

"You see the way this stone points? You follow that line 100 feet down the hill and you'll find a big round rock. It looks like it's buried solid, but one man with a good pry bar can lift it, and there's a concrete tunnel right under there that goes back into the hill."

The old man stood, watching as the sun eased toward the ridge, coloring the sky and the world red. Below them, the river still splashed among the stones, as it had for a million years. It's still going, the old man

thought. There'll be someone left to carry on for me when I'm gone. It was harder to walk back. He felt old and purposeless now, and it would be easier, he knew to give in to that aching heaviness in his left lung that had begun to trouble him more and more. Damn cigarettes, he thought. His leg hurt, and the boy silently came up beside him and supported him as they started down the last mile toward the house. How quiet he walks, the old man thought. He's learned well.

It was almost dark when the boy walked in. His father looked up from his paper.

"Did you and your granddad have a nice walk?"

"Yes," the boy answered, opening the refrigerator. "You can call Agent Goodwin tomorrow. Gramps finally showed me where it is."

Think about this. It could happen if you let it. There are already a lot of new gun control laws just waiting to be voted on. Contact you lawmakers and let them know how you feel about gun control. Enforcement of existing laws and punishing those who use guns to commit crimes makes more sense than more laws.

Dianne Feinstein

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Kings River Regulators
MATCH FINAL OVERALL STANDINGS
STAGES 1 thru 5

MATCH FINAL	ALIAS	CLASS	< STAGE 1>		< STAGE 2>		< STAGE 3>		< STAGE 4>		< STAGE 5>		<-- TOTALS -->	
			TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	PNTS
1.	TOM DOODLEY SQUAT	# 5035 D	55.02	1	47.88	1	43.63	1	57.64	1	43.62	2	247.79	6
2.	SNAKEBITE	# 4767 T	63.52	2	66.58	4	56.95	2	60.62	3	41.09	1	288.76	12
3.	LONGBRANCH	#12433 T	69.80	4	53.49	2	65.13	9	87.37	20	46.56	3	322.35	38
4.	JESSIE MONTANA	# 8244 W	85.69	14	75.40	12	66.96	14	59.85	2	62.59	8	350.49	50
5.	COAL TRAIN	# 8146 T	100.01	25	78.63	18	65.19	10	69.82	4	59.90	4	373.55	61
6.	HAWKEYE O'RILEY	# 6443 T	88.09	16	78.52	16	60.73	4	87.88	22	61.18	6	376.40	64
7.	LEADFOOT	# 5535 T	103.44	27	68.74	6	62.79	6	78.85	9	75.88	19	389.70	67
8.	HAWKEYE	# 594 T	76.85	6	86.96	28	66.28	12	85.23	16	74.54	17	389.86	79
9.	T-BONE	***070 T	109.51	34	76.62	14	72.56	22	71.89	6	60.40	5	390.98	81
10.	JOAQUIN RIVERS	#11912 T	69.12	3	103.02	44	68.70	17	78.09	8	62.76	10	381.69	82
11.	PORTUGUESE PHILIP	#17510 T	83.73	10	91.89	32	70.17	19	83.42	12	62.73	9	391.94	82
12.	VENTURA	***106 T	78.31	7	74.01	10	66.61	13	84.95	15	93.26	38	397.14	83
13.	FARGO	#18631 M	96.80	24	69.68	8	72.80	25	85.53	17	62.79	11	387.60	85
14.	COLE CHANCE	# 8243 BP	93.90	21	104.44	45	65.06	8	69.93	5	63.19	12	396.52	91
15.	DOC JAMES	# 5061 T	83.54	9	82.88	22	72.60	23	86.86	19	74.88	18	400.76	91
16.	TEN BEARS	***071 D	84.36	12	74.19	11	61.42	5	87.59	21	101.77	42	409.33	91
17.	HANK	# 7369 D	90.75	18	78.62	17	79.94	30	73.23	7	76.12	20	398.66	92
18.	TERRIBLE TED	# 9014 OT	113.95	37	76.02	13	63.72	7	80.80	11	83.10	27	417.59	95
19.	HOSS	# 9565 D	87.46	15	78.85	19	58.97	3	92.05	27	88.54	34	405.87	98
20.	MADERA DAVE	# 5929 D	95.42	22	76.69	15	84.66	32	84.18	13	77.88	23	418.83	105
21.	SHILOH	#17515 BP	76.48	5	97.54	38	72.79	24	96.80	33	62.10	7	405.71	107
22.	BEAN POT	***089 M	104.79	28	84.28	23	65.96	11	96.36	31	77.99	24	429.38	117
23.	BAD BOYCE	***095 T	92.42	20	90.56	31	68.65	16	95.24	29	77.54	22	424.41	118
24.	TEQUILA JOE	***093 M	117.56	39	69.55	7	99.13	42	79.63	10	76.57	21	442.44	119
25.	FLATIRON	# 7983 T	89.85	17	105.10	46	68.19	15	86.46	18	83.38	28	432.98	124
26.	GEO KID	***082 T	100.25	26	67.25	5	105.55	45	98.25	35	66.37	13	437.67	124
27.	BUCKSKIN	#12434 OT	105.70	29	86.10	25	97.00	41	84.58	14	72.08	16	445.46	125
28.	SASPARILLA SLIM	***105 J	106.25	32	61.18	3	82.05	31	96.89	34	82.36	26	428.73	126
29.	RUTHLESS RUTH	# 9015 W	84.04	11	92.52	33	87.34	33	90.03	25	90.16	35	444.09	137
30.	GOOD HANDS	***098 T	105.99	30	96.38	36	89.02	35	88.34	23	72.00	15	451.73	139
31.	TOELESS JOE	# 8608 OT	91.19	19	86.79	26	91.23	38	119.47	43	68.26	14	456.94	140
32.	HARDPAN CURMUDGEON	# 8967 M	112.14	35	92.56	34	70.76	20	90.72	26	84.45	29	450.63	144
33.	TUCSON SMITH	***064 OT	114.02	38	85.22	24	75.64	27	107.98	36	93.05	37	475.91	162
34.	PLAINS DRIFTER	***102 T	125.42	43	81.58	20	106.46	46	95.92	30	81.89	25	491.27	164
35.	TWO-TOE BILL QUICK	#25358 D	112.44	36	96.59	37	70.15	18	109.75	39	98.73	41	487.66	171
36.	BIG JOHN	***076 T	96.67	23	82.75	21	79.35	29	122.62	46	130.45	52	511.84	171
37.	JUSTICE LOVING	#22874 T	125.19	42	89.97	30	73.47	26	116.25	42	85.15	32	490.03	172
38.	SUTTER LAWMAN	***084 D	78.53	8	99.12	40	90.36	36	109.22	38	138.91	53	516.14	175
39.	LONG FEATHER	***101 OT	106.80	33	116.26	51	90.68	37	92.49	28	91.60	36	497.83	185
40.	ROUGH CUT	# 8446 D	138.41	45	102.98	43	93.49	40	89.60	24	87.32	33	511.80	185
41.	LIGHTFOOT	***100 M	121.31	40	114.04	49	76.22	28	112.76	40	98.48	40	522.81	197
42.	SHORTY	#12810 T	84.45	13	97.60	39	111.67	51	152.91	52	111.52	44	558.15	199
43.	QUICK WHIP	#23419 T	106.20	31	115.18	50	111.52	50	96.58	32	95.16	39	524.64	202
44.	LITTLE ELK	***091 W	123.46	41	86.83	27	110.35	49	113.58	41	112.52	45	546.74	203
45.	MICHIGAN BOB	***079 T	139.35	47	101.06	41	92.09	39	125.35	48	84.57	31	542.42	206
46.	BLACK KNIGHT	#18944 OT	152.39	51	108.77	47	109.63	47	108.64	37	84.53	30	563.96	212
47.	STONE FINGERS	***092 M	157.79	52	89.41	29	102.13	43	119.89	44	120.92	49	590.14	217
48.	BULL CALAHAN	***096 T	138.66	46	119.60	53	72.00	21	151.32	51	125.55	50	607.13	221
49.	SGT. CARTER	***103 BP	145.06	48	124.65	54	87.55	34	122.10	45	110.33	43	589.69	224
50.	3 FINGERS RED LABE	# 9219 D	159.96	53	71.11	9	990.00	56	990.00	56	125.80	51	2336.87	225
51.	SOAPY DEAL	***104 OT	129.02	44	118.68	52	103.94	44	143.43	50	147.60	55	642.67	245

MATCH			< STAGE 1>		< STAGE 2>		< STAGE 3>		< STAGE 4>		< STAGE 5>		<-- TOTALS -->	
FINAL	ALIAS	CLASS	TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	RNK	TIME	PNTS
52.	TUOLOMNE LAWMAN	***074 BP	148.76	50	131.27	55	110.08	48	131.63	49	113.77	46	635.51	248
53.	KEEBLER KID	***099 J	147.24	49	94.78	35	129.21	53	179.39	55	153.98	56	704.60	248
54.	BEARPAW	# 7559 OT	243.71	56	101.32	42	163.78	55	159.85	53	120.19	48	788.85	254
55.	DENVER ROSE	***097 J	197.05	55	141.64	56	120.43	52	124.71	47	118.97	47	702.80	257
56.	WIND DANCER	# 8576 W	169.79	54	110.99	48	135.09	54	168.54	54	147.58	54	731.99	264

LONG RANGE

Single Shot

1 st Terrible Ted
2 nd Sgt. Carter
3 rd Lightfoot
4 th Madera Dave
5 th Longbranch
6 th Tuolomne Lawman

Lever Action

1 st Madera Dave

GOAT ROPERS

1 st Lil' Annie
2 nd Mongo Jr.
3 rd Cody Coyote
4 th Taco Belle
5 th Shortcut