



The Texas Star



Newsletter for the Texican Rangers

A Publication of the Texican Rangers
An Authentic Cowboy Action Shooting Club
That Treasures & Respects the Cowboy Tradition

SASS Affiliated
April 2018

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Words from the President



Well, the 2018 SASS Texas State Championship – The 23rd edition of Comancheria Days is over. I would like to extend a huge thank you to everyone who played a part in putting on the championship for the enjoyment of all the shooters and for the benefit of the club.

Comancheria Days Highlights:

307 shooters,

40 classes,

160 buckles awarded,

Lowest winning total time score: 152.40 seconds,

4 shooters total time was less than 180 seconds,

Over 220 for dinner Friday night,

Over 330 for the banquet Saturday night,

48 clean shooters,

5 SASS Wild Bunch officers attended,

Comancheria Days was an opportunity to see old friends and meet new ones.

The positive comments that I heard during the match were usually how well the match was running, what a great range we have or how much fun they were

having. Each of these comments is thanks to the Texican Rangers who volunteered setting up the range, and the folks involved in running the match.

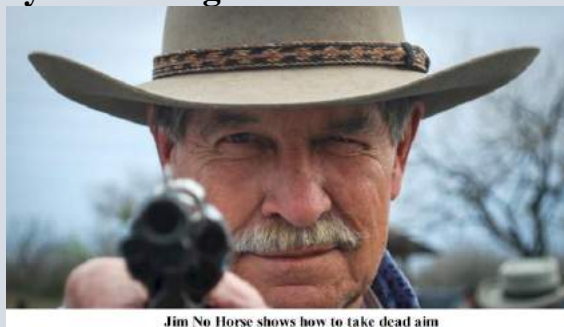
I firmly believe that the Texican Rangers is one of the finest clubs in SASS shooting at a world-class facility.

Looking forward on the calendar to our shoot in May. I will have new stages for the shoot. Also new at the shoot will be some new shotgun targets. We used them in the Cowboy 1911 match and the man on man shoot at the state championship. These targets require a little bit bigger footprint, but we are hoping for less shot rebounding.

There are some members that could use some prayers and good thoughts: Dirty Dog Dale is recovering from a ruptured appendix. He was released from the hospital for a day and had to be readmitted. Tombstone Mary is recovering from an Achilles tendon surgery. She is home and on the road to recovery. I'm sure there are more needs in our group.

Its 5 months till the Picnic, and 11 months to the 24th edition of Comancheria Days 2019!
I can't wait!
A.D. Texaz

The Loss of a Good Man **By Farr Ranger**



James Alan Barbee 1949 - 2018

(Jim No Horse to those with the soul of a cowboy) told his final set of stories. Three years and three months ago, Alan was given 6 weeks to live but Alan was a rule breaker. He fought for the extra time because he just loved life too much to let go so quickly.

Brought up in Houston, Alan wanted to be a writer. He hitchhiked to the University of Iowa after being refused admittance into

their prestigious creative writing program. He demanded entry. They agreed they had a character on their hands and let him in. There, he learned to drink shots with Joseph Heller the author of Catch-22 and was told he needed more life experiences. He left in search of experience.

As a restaurateur, city councilman in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, fighting wildfires in Wyoming, sailing to Venezuela leading helicopter ski trips, building custom homes, he enjoyed life, people, and their stories so much, that he never got back to writing. Alan never found a boundary he didn't want to push, and he still holds the Guinness book of Records for pudding sitting having spent 50 hours sitting in a tub of vanilla pudding to raise money for charity.

Owning a restaurant and bar was the perfect opportunity to test the limits of drinking and drink he did. His epiphany came one morning when he woke up in a stranger's bed. A little girl came in and asked if he was taking her to school. He did not know who she was, having met her Mom the night before. So, he stopped drinking, went to AA and that led to God, dog shows, cowboy action shooting and Karen.

Addiction work became his first ministry and he helped many people. All Saints Episcopal Church opened many doors. He became one of the church's taco guys and together they fed over 80,000 tacos to Austin's homeless.

Alan was a voracious reader. an intelligent, witty, sensitive, loving, wild, and unpredictable man. Known as Jim No Horse after he tied his horse outside a Steamboat Springs bar (his buddies stole it as a joke), he was a single action shooting cowboy with no filter on what he would say.

He is survived by his wife of 24 years, Karen Mountain; Skye Moursund, the shared son he always wanted; his beautiful daughter-in-law Natalie; and his pride and joy, granddaughter Scarlett.

No flowers will fit in the church so please plant something instead to look at so when you see it you will remember Alan or make a donation to the Migrant Clinicians Network. He loved MCN and supported it generously WWW. MigrantClinician.org.

The Newton Boys

By Quintana



The Wild Bunch of Butch Cassidy, The James Younger Gang and The Dalton Gang were all a bunch of pikers by comparison. But the Newtons never killed anyone.

By 1914 Willis Newton was fed up with being a dirt-poor cotton farmer in Uvalde County, Texas. To this however, the town folks of Uvalde would probably have scoffed, questioning whether the man had ever really worked. By this time, Newton had already gained a reputation as a thief from a young age. Evidently, the Newton brothers had started breaking into stores when they were still kids, and before long, if something went missing, anywhere

within hundreds of miles of Uvalde, it was quickly presumed to have been the fault of the Newton boys.

But breaking into stores would not meet the ambitions of four out of five of the Newton boys, as they soon progressed to robbing banks and trains.

Willis was the first to rob the railroad when he and a friend boarded a train at Cline, Texas. After taking everything of value from its passengers, they disembarked just short of Spofford in Kinney County, with some \$4,700 in their pockets. Later, when Willis was in Durant, Oklahoma, he joined a gang who robbed a bank in Boswell, making off with some \$10,000.

By 1919, four of the five Newton brothers – Willis, Willie “Doc,” Jess, and Joe, were serving time in different prisons for various crimes. However, Willis and Joe were released that year and Willis soon convinced his brother that they should form their own gang. The next year, “Doc” escaped from a prison in Texas and quickly joined his brothers, who were then residing in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The next spring, Jess was released, making up the final member of the gang.

Between 1919 and 1924, the Newton Gang would rob 87 banks and six trains, taking more loot than the Dalton boys, Butch Cassidy, and the James Gang, combined. Stretching all over the United States, the gang hit their home state of Texas, as well as Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, North Dakota, Illinois, Wisconsin, and even Canada.

Most of their bank heists were committed at night after they had cased the joint for several days. Using nitroglycerin, they would blow open the safes, take the cash, and quickly disappear. On one occasion, they robbed two banks in Hondo, Texas on the same night.

Though they preferred to do their “work” at night to avoid meeting anyone, they were known to commit robberies during the day on some occasions, where their victims described them as extremely polite. They went out of their way to make sure that the people in the bank or on the train were comfortable and not too upset, explaining that they would never hurt anyone. And, during these many escapades, they never did.

Amazingly, these many robberies were not connected nor were the Newton brothers ever suspected, that was until, their final robbery which, due to the large amount taken, brought down the combined forces of several law enforcement agencies.

On June 12, 1924, the Newton boys, joined up with two Chicago gangsters, a Chicago racketeer, and a postal inspector, and robbed a train at Rondout, Illinois, netting them more than three million dollars. It was the largest train robbery in history.

Boarding a mail train in Chicago, the Postal Inspector, named William J. Fahyand, along with Willis Newton, forced the train to stop at Rondout and demanded that the mail sacks containing some three million dollars in cash and securities be thrown from the train, enforcing their demands by firing bullets and tear gas into the mail car. In the confusion, Willie "Doc" Newton was hit in the leg by a stray bullet. With the cash, the Newton boys loaded the wounded Willie into a waiting car and took off. However, while they were loading him up, a bystander heard one of them call him "Willie," which gave authorities a lead on the outlaws.

A few days later, when the police got a tip that a wounded man was being cared for in a north side Chicago house, they followed up and the gang's plans began to unravel. Within days, Doc, Willis and Joe Newton had been arrested. However, brother Jess had managed to get out of Chicago and headed towards Texas with about \$35,000 in cash from the robbery.

But Jess made a mistake when he decided to get drunk in San Antonio. Sure, that he needed to hide the stolen loot, he soon hired a cab that took him into the country, where he buried the cash. The very next day, he decided he should go to Mexico and returned to dig up the money. However, he couldn't remember where he buried it. He even located the cab driver who had driven him the night before, but as it turned out, the cab driver had also been drinking and he wasn't able to remember where they had gone either. After searching for some time, Jess finally abandoned the idea and headed to Mexico anyway. But his freedom was short lived when a federal agent soon located him in Via Acuna and brought him back across the border.

All eight were eventually arrested and except for about \$100,000 the stolen loot was returned in exchange for lighter sentences. All eight went to prison, with William J. Fahy, the postal official who had master minded the robbery, receiving the longest sentence of 25 years in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.

After serving their time, the Newton brothers were released from prison and returned to their home town of Uvalde, Texas. But old habits die hard. In 1968, in Rowena, Texas, Doc Newton, who was by then in his mid-70's, made a bungled attempt at breaking into the bank. Because of his age, he was turned loose.

Five years later, in 1973, Willis Newton was implicated in a bank robbery in Bracketville, Texas, but there wasn't enough evidence to prove a case against him.

OF THE MISSING MONEY, IT HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND, even though the Newton brothers, themselves, hunted for it after their release from prison. Willis said that Jess buried the money on top of a hill, where he dug a hole and put a large rock over it. In court and under oath, Jess had testified that he buried the money somewhere along FREDERICKSBURG ROAD but from what he told his brothers, Willis was convinced it was more likely on THE ROAD TO BANDERA.

(Perhaps, at Nine Mile Hill on Bandera Road. Best of luck with whatever you seek!

Tombstone Mary, Secretary Regulator/Life #19524



Yea Comancheria Days is over! Another successful one for the books.

We only have May, June, July and August matches remaining that will count towards this year's annual awards. You must shoot 5 matches in one category to qualify.

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me at maryn58@sbcglobal.net.
Tombstone Mary

The Best Excuses for Missing a Shot

The sun was in my eyes...

The wind gusted right when I shot...

I didn't have my feet in the right place...

I was too hot/cold/wet...

I ate/drank too much last night...

My jacket is too baggy/tight...

The buzzer went off and surprised me...

I saw a spider...

The RO was standing right behind me...

I don't like these new bullet loads...

I was thinking about work...

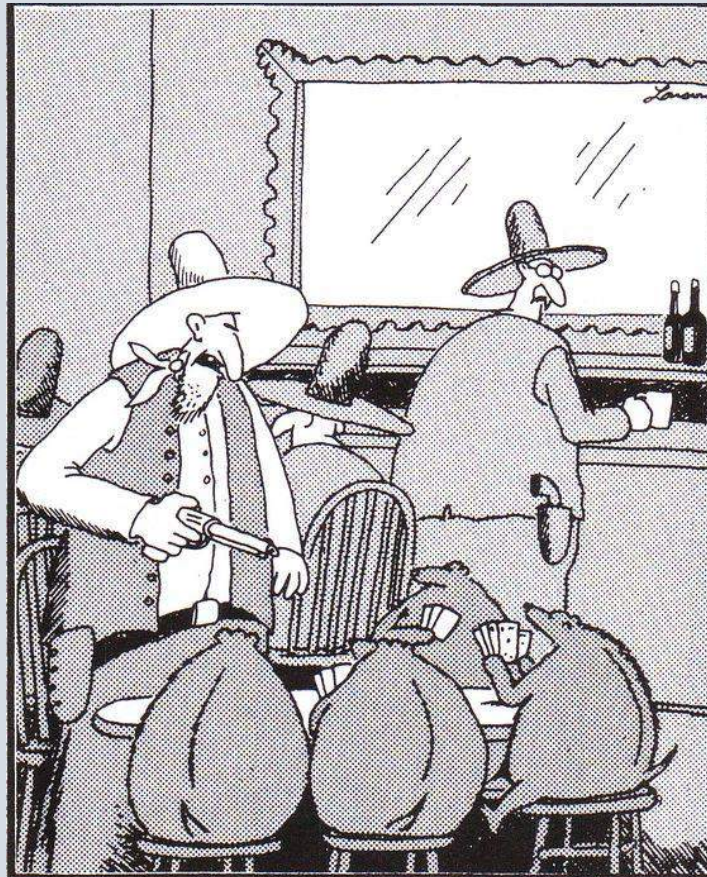
My stock is too tight/loose...

My sight is off, can you help me look for it...

I had something in my eye...

I had to pee really bad...

I closed the wrong eye...



"Varmints! ... You're all just a bunch of cheatin' varmints!"

Four Famous Guns at the NRA National Sporting Arms Museum By Dutch Van Horn/Regulator 51153



Probably one of the most notorious outlaws of the Old West, Jesse James was indeed a robber and a killer, but he also became somewhat of a folk hero as he carried forward simmering hostilities after the Civil War. James rode with the guerrillas, or bushwhackers, on the Confederate side. After the war, he formed a gang with his brother Frank and robbed banks in former-Union territory. The press assigned a Robin Hood-style slant to James' motivations in the telling of his misdeeds, though one would be hard-pressed to find any evidence of the give-to-the-poor side of the equation.

The .45 Smith & Wesson Schofield revolver that James carried was known for its top-break action.

Probably the most famous of the Old West firearms is the Colt Single Action Army .45 revolver. The museum displays one such pistol connected to a macabre story of murder and mayhem. The US Army deemed the Colt SAA .45 its standard-issue military side arm toward the end of the nineteenth century; the firearm was nicknamed "the Peacemaker." Such a moniker points to good social media marketing even in the 1890s.

Black Jack, loosely affiliated with the Hole-in-the-Wall gang through his brother Sam, counted as friends the notorious outlaws Butch Cassidy and Kid Curry. Sam and a few gang members attempted a train robbery on a particular stretch of track in New Mexico. Unfortunately, the "social

Tom "Black Jack" Ketchum's .45 Colt Single Action Army revolver



media" of Black Jack's day failed him; unaware of the botched raid, Black Jack staged a hold up in the same spot a few weeks later. The result produced a wise conductor who didn't ask questions. Instead, the railroad man pulled out his shotgun and pelted Ketchum without slowing down. US Marshals found Black Jack wounded at the side of the tracks the next day. He soon lost his arm to amputation at a prison hospital in Colorado. Found guilty of felonious assault at trial in New Mexico, Black Jack Ketchum faced the gallows. The saga continued, as the hanging carried its own sordid drama.

Whether due to miscalculations on the executioners' part, or new weight Ketchum carried due to good hospital food in Colorado, we will never know, but the result is in the history books. When the trap door opened, Ketchum dropped, and his body landed in one spot and his head in another. The image was one of the most popular postcards of the region for decades. Ironically, shortly after Ketchum's death, the Supreme Court declared execution for felonious assault on a railway unconstitutional.

It was bad timing once again for Black Jack Ketchum—he could have enjoyed good prison food for years to come.

John Wesley Hardin's .41 Colt Model 1877 double-action revolver

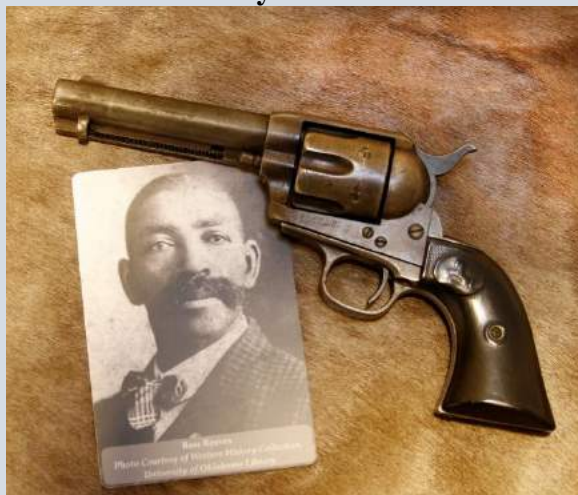


Perhaps less well-known than his contemporaries, John Wesley Hardin was nonetheless a stone-cold killer with a long string of brutal crimes in his wake. His “record” begins all the way back at the age of 13, when he stabbed and nearly killed a classmate. At age 15 he killed a man he lost a wrestling match to. He killed three Union soldiers sent to arrest him and over the next seven years, he claimed 30-plus killings.

Eventually the Texas Rangers caught up with him in Florida, and he was sentenced to 25 years in prison. During his incarceration, he studied law and emerged 25 years later as a lawyer, but it didn't stop his killing ways.

This particular handgun has incredible provenance, as the gun's serial number was recorded in a court of law at Hardin's trial.

Bass Reeves' .32-30 Colt Single Action Army revolver



The display case would not be complete without recognizing the honorable men (and their firearms) who worked hard to create a safe territory in the Old West. One famous lawman of the day was Bass Reeves. Born into slavery in 1838, Bass' freedom eventually led him to Indian Territory, where he mastered the skills of hunting and tracking animals. Judge Isaac Parker, known as “The Hanging Judge,” deputized Reeves as the first African-American US Deputy Marshal west of the Mississippi River. He proved to be one of the very best in history.

Bass Reeves brought in outlaws of all

stripes over a long career and is credited with more than 3,000 arrests. He tracked criminals for many hundreds of miles to bring them to justice. This particular firearm is from a family descendant, a judge in the area of Fort Smith, Arkansas, and will eventually be featured at the US Marshals museum.

Texican Rangers Regulators

Tombstone Mary	2003
A.D. Texaz	2004
Dusty Lone Star	2008
Handlebar Bob	2010
Dusty Chambers	2010
Sheriff Robert Love	2012
Grouchy Spike	2013
Agarita Annie	2016
Joe Darter	2016
Nueces Slim	2016
Skinny	2016
Dirty Dog Dale	2017
Dutch Van Horn	2017
Shooting Iron Miller	2017



April Birthdays

Bama Sue	4/2
Moonshine Bill	4/4
Handlebar Bob	4/6
Engin Wrangler	4/17
Frank Longshot	4/17
Madam Ella Moon	4/18
Miz Ella	4/19
Brass Case	4/28
Jake Jones	4/28

May Birthdays

Bluebonnet Nell	5/01
Marshall Willy	5/04
Texas Sarge	5/05
Texas Tony	5/08
Shootin Steel	5/08
Whiskey Kid	5/16
Frontier Faith	5/17
Faye Starr	5/18
Sierra Cheyenne	5/29



Key Links

www.sassnet.com
www.texicanrangers.org
www.greenmountainregulators.org
www.pccss.org
www.stxpistoleros.com
www.tejascaballeros.org
www.darbyroughregulators.com
www.trpistoleros.com
www.texasjacks.com
www.cimarron-firearms.com
www.tsra.com
www.wildwestmercantile.com

TEXICAN RANGERS 2018

January 13	Monthly Match
January 14	Monthly Match
February 10	Monthly Match
February 11	Monthly Match
March 10	Monthly Match
March 11	Monthly Match
April 12 – 15	Comancheria Days
May 12	Monthly Match
May 13	Monthly Match
June 9	Monthly Match
June 10	Monthly Match
June 30	Wild Bunch, BAMB, Long Range
July 14	Monthly Match
July 15	Monthly Match
August 11	Monthly Match
August 12	Monthly Match
September 8	Shindig
September 9	Monthly Match
September 29	Wild Bunch, BAMB Long Range
October 13	Monthly Match
November/December	Range Closed

CENTRAL TEXAS MONTHLY CLUB SHOOTING SCHEDULES

1st Saturday	Plum Creek (Lockhart)
1st Saturday	South Texas Pistoleros (San Antonio)
2nd Saturday	Texas Riviera Pistoleros (George West)
2nd Saturday	Darby Rough Regulators (West Point)
2nd Sunday	Rio Grande Valley Vaqueros (Pharr)
2nd Weekend	Texican Rangers (Comfort)
3rd Saturday	Tejas Caballeros (TX Republic Ranch)
4th Saturday (Cowboy) and 4th Sunday (Long Range)	Green Mountain Regulators (Marble Falls)

	2018	
Feb 9-11	Jail Break	Oakwood Outlaws
Feb 19-25	Winter Range	Phoenix
Mar 22-25	Trailhead	THSS
April 12-15	Comancheria Days	Texican Ranger (Comfort)
April 19-21	SASS Southwest Regional Land Run	Oklahoma
June 14-24	End of Trail	Founders Ranch, NM
Oct 19-20	SASS Texas State Black Powder	
	Championship	Groesbeck, TX
Oct 19-21	SASS Texas State Wild Bunch	
	Championship	Cleburne, TX
Nov 2-4	Battle of Plum Creek	Plum Creek



"OK, boys—that'll be enough.
We don't allow any gunplay in this town."

Photo Album























