

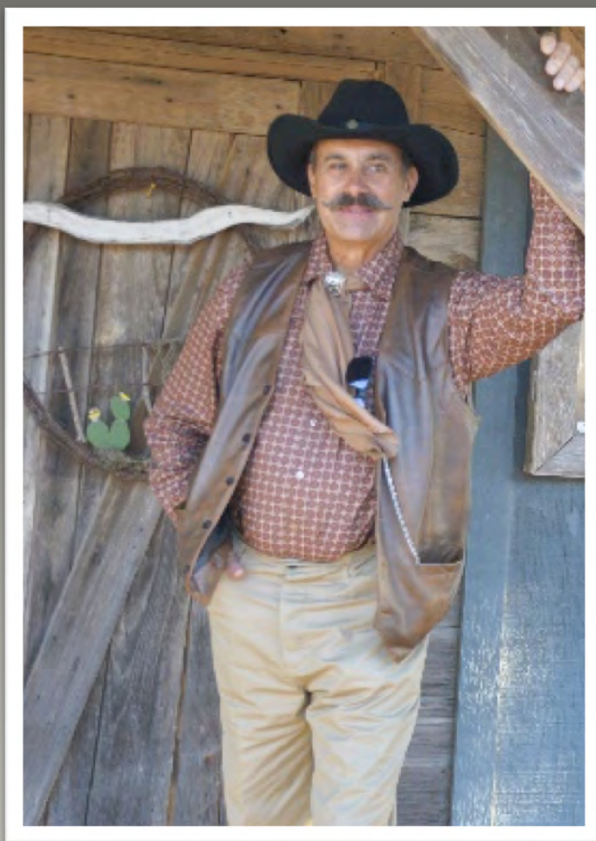
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TEXICAN RANGERS NEWSLETTER

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

PO Box 780301 • San Antonio, TX 78278



San Saba Slim
President

HOWDY FELLOW RANGERS!

It's Not Just About the 2nd Anymore, and Why Are They Called Activists?

If you have been following national news of late, you surely are aware of an up and coming political party calling themselves the Democratic Socialists of America (DSA).

Something you may not be aware of is that they have recently published their platform/agenda.

For too long now, we have watched a never-ending assault by countless entities to diminish or repeal the Second Amendment. It's been called antiquated and no longer relevant in our society. I

OFFICERS

President

San Saba Slim

832-691-7998

lee@lawrence.net

Vice President

Sheriff Robert Love

210-215-9155

e.b.fite@gmail.com

Secretary

Shooting Iron Miller

210-416-3913

aimee.fite@gmail.com

Treasurer

Tombstone Mary

210-262-7464

maryn58@sbcglobal.net

Range Master

Fister Bo

210-542-6255

artyretire@yahoo.com

Co-Range Master

Doc Holloman

410-903-7795

docholloman56@gmail.com

Communications

Dutch Van Horn

210-823-6058

dvh@satx.rr.com

hope you agree that this is utter nonsense. In fact, the founding fathers were not nearly as concerned about personal safety and self-defense, as they were about the ability of we, the people, to have the means to resist and overthrow, if necessary, a government that had become tyrannical. It's no coincidence that it was the second right enumerated in the Bill of Rights.

But folks, it's not just about dismantling the 2nd Amendment. The DSA publicly states that it wants to rewrite or significantly revise the Constitution in its entirety, including the abolishment of the Senate and the Electoral College, replacing the office of the President and members of the Supreme Court with leaders chosen by Congress and granting voting rights to "all permanent residents of the United States," whether citizens or otherwise. This is all in addition to the abolishment of Immigration and Customs Enforcement, thus creating a policy of open borders.

After the signing of our Constitution, Franklin said, "We now have a republic, if we can keep it." If none of this disturbs, frightens, or concerns you, well, I envy you. But regardless of your persuasion, I strongly urge, implore and plead with you to get involved. If you are not already a member of the NRA, TSRA, NAGR, GOA, or any gun rights organization, then please join one or give whatever you can to this cause.

Why a gun rights organization and not something else if our very Constitution is at risk? Because I believe that the 2nd Amendment is the cornerstone of all the other rights listed in the Bill of Rights. If it goes, so goes freedom of speech, assembly, protection from unreasonable search and seizure, and so on and so forth.

Rangers, when we go hammers down in a match, I hear a sound that is more than simply the sound of gunfire. That sound is the sound of freedom! It's the same sound that I hear when an F-16 or A-10 Warthog goes screaming overhead. How blessed and fortunate we are! That sound evokes a visceral response that moves my soul and I pray it has the same effect on you all. This past weekend I was a Range Officer at a womens' Run & Gun event and

that sound was there, as well. Think about that for a moment in terms of other countries around the globe — women, owning and shooting guns freely in society. Not likely to happen anywhere but in America!

Some last thoughts. Why are the parties and organizations hoping to institute the platform of the DSA and other left leaning organizations called “activists”? Quite simply because they ACT! They demonstrate, they give, they volunteer, they make placards and signs, they march in the streets. Our own voter apathy and living in denial that we could very easily lose all our rights will be the very means by which we lose our Constitutional republic.

“Power comes from the barrel of a gun.”
— Mao Zedong, 7 August 1927

And now, something a little more entertaining. What follows is perhaps the most fascinating and spiritually uplifting story from the history of Texas that I have come across. I hope you enjoy!

The Horrific Scalping of Josiah Wilbarger

*From J. Marvin Hunter's Frontier Times
Magazine, March, 1924*

In the spring of 1830, Stephen F. Austin came to his new colony, located on the upper Colorado, with two surveyors and the advance guard or emigrants for the purpose of establishing the surveys of those who had made their selections. Josiah Wilbarger and Reuben Hornsby were among those who had previously been over the ground and picked out locations for their headright leagues. Wilbarger had come to Texas from the State of Missouri as early as 1828 and first settled in Matagorda County, where he remained about one year and then moved up the Colorado. It was in about the month of March, 1830, that he selected for his headright, a beautiful tract of land situated at the mouth of what is now known as Wilbarger Creek, about ten miles above where the San Antonio and Nacogdoches roads cross the river, where the town of Bastrop now is. After making his selection he immediately moved on his

headright league with his family and two or three transient young men and built his occupation house, his nearest neighbor being about seventy-five miles down the river. In the month of April, Austin, with his surveying party, accompanied by Rueben Hornsby, Webber, Duty, and others, who had also previously made their selections, arrived and commenced work on the Colorado at the crossing of the San Antonio and Nacogdoches roads. The river was meandered to the upper corner of Jesse Tannehill league, when the party stopped work in the month of May. Wilbarger was the first and outside settler in Austin's new colony until July, 1832, when Rueben Hornsby came up from Bastrop (where he had stopped for a year or two) and occupied his league on the east bank of the Colorado river, some nine miles below the site of Austin.

Hornsby's house was always noted for hospitality and he, like his neighbor Wilbarger, was remarkable for those virtues and that personal courage which made them both marked men among the early settlers. Young men who from time to time came up to the frontier to look at the country made Hornsby's house a stopping place, and were always gladly welcomed, for it was chiefly through such visits that news from the States was obtained. A more beautiful tract of land, even now, can nowhere be found than the league of land granted to Reuben Hornsby. Washed on the west by the Colorado, it stretches over a level valley about three miles wide to the east, and was, at the time of which we write, covered with wild rye and looking like one vast green wheat field. Such was the valley in its virgin state, which tempted Hornsby to build and risk his family outside of the settlements. Until a few years ago not an acre of that league of land had ever been sold, but it was occupied by the children and grandchildren of the old pioneer, who lived out his four-score years and died without a blemish on his character.

In the month of August, 1833, a man named Christian and his wife were living with Hornsby. Several young unmarried men were also stopping there. This was customary in those days and the settlers were always glad to have them for protection. Two young men, Standifer and Haynie,



had just come to the settlement from Missouri to look at the country. Early in August, Josiah Wilbarger came up to Hornsby's and in company with Christian, Strother, Standifer, and Haynie, rode out in a northwest direction to look at the country. When riding up Walnut Creek, some five or six miles northwest of where the city of Austin stands, they discovered an Indian. He was hailed but refused to parley with them, and made off in the direction of the mountains to the west of them. They gave chase and pursued him until he escaped to cover in the mountains near the head of Walnut Creek, about where James Rogers afterwards settled.

Returning from the chase, they stopped to noon and refresh themselves, about one-half mile up the branch above Pecan Spring, and four miles

east of where Austin afterwards was established in sight of the road now leading from Austin to Manor. Wilbarger, Christian, and Strother unsaddled and hobbled their horses, but Haynie and Standifer left their horses saddled and staked them to graze. While the men were eating, they were suddenly fired on by Indians. The trees near them were not large and offered poor cover. Each man sprang to a tree and promptly returned the fire of the savages who had stolen up afoot under cover of brush and timber, having left their horses out of sight. Wilbarger's party had fired a couple of rounds when a ball struck Christian, breaking his thigh bone. Strother had already been mortally wounded. Wilbarger sprang to the side of Christian and set him up against his tree. Christian's gun was loaded but not primed. A ball from an Indian gun

had burst Christian's powder horn. Wilbarger had an arrow through the calf of his leg and had received a flesh wound in the hip. Scarcely had Wilbarger regained the protecting cover of the small tree from which he fought until his other leg was pierced with an arrow. Until this time Haynie and Standifer had helped sustain the fight, but when they saw Strother mortally wounded and Christian disabled, they made for their horses, which were yet saddled, and mounted them. Wilbarger, finding himself deserted, hailed the fugitives and asked to be permitted to mount behind one of them if they would not stop and help fight. He ran to overtake them, wounded as he was, for some little distance when he was struck from behind by a ball which penetrated about the center of his neck and came out on the left side of his chin. He fell, apparently dead, but though unable to move or speak, did not lose consciousness. He knew when the Indians came around him — when they stripped him naked and tore the scalp from his head. He says that though paralyzed and unable to move, he knew what was being done and that when his scalp was torn from his skull it created no pain from which he could flinch, but sounded like distant thunder. The Indians cut the throats of Strother and Christian, but the character of Wilbarger's wound no doubt made them believe his neck was broken and that he was surely dead. This saved his life.

When Wilbarger recovered consciousness, the evening was far advanced. He had lost much blood, and the blood was still slowly ebbing from his wounds. He was alone in the wilderness, desperately wounded, naked and still bleeding. Consumed by an intolerable thirst, he dragged himself to a pool of water and lay down in it for an hour, when he became so chilled and numb that, with difficulty, he crawled out to dry land. Being warmed by the sun and exhausted by the loss of blood, he fell into a profound sleep. When awakened, the blood had ceased to flow from the wound in his neck, but he was again consumed with thirst and hunger.

After going back to the pool and drinking, he

crawled over the grass and devoured such snails as he could find, which appeased his hunger. The green flies had blown his wounds while he had slept and the maggots were at work, which pained and gave him fresh alarm. As night approached, he determined to go as far as he could toward Reuben Hornsby's, about six miles distant. He had gone about six hundred yards when he sank to the ground exhausted, under a large post-oak tree, and well-nigh despairing of life. Those who have ever spent a summer in Austin know that in that climate the nights in summer are always cool and before daybreak some covering is needed for comfort. Wilbarger, naked, wounded and feeble, suffered after midnight intensely from cold. No sound fell on his ear but the hooting of owls and the bark of the coyote wolf, while above him the bright silent stars seemed to mock his agony.

We are now about to relate two incidents so mysterious that they would excite our incredulity were it not for the high character of those who to their dying day, vouched for their truth.

As Wilbarger lay under the old oak tree, prone on the ground, he distinctly saw, standing near him the spirit of his sister Margaret Clifton, who had died the day before in Florissant, St. Louis County, Missouri. She said to him, "Brother Josiah, you are too weak to go by yourself. Remain here and friends will come to take care of you before the setting of the sun." When she had said this, she moved away in the direction of Hornsby's house. In vain he besought her to remain with him until help would come.

Haynie and Standifer, on reaching Hornsby's, had reported the death of their three companions, stating that they saw Wilbarger fall and about fifty Indians around him, and knew that he was dead. That night, Mrs. Hornsby started from her sleep and waked her husband. She told him confidently that Wilbarger was alive; that she had seen him vividly in a dream, naked, scalped and wounded, but she knew he lived. Soon she fell asleep and again Wilbarger appeared to her alive, but wounded, naked and scalped, so vividly that she again woke Mr. Hornsby and told him of her dream, saying, "I know that Wilbarger is not dead." So confident was she that she would not permit the men to sleep longer, but had their

coffee and breakfast ready by daybreak and urged the men at the house to start to Wilbarger's relief.

The relief party consisted of Joseph Rogers, Rueben Hornsby, Webber, John Walters and others. As they approached the tree under which Wilbarger had passed the night, Rogers, who was in advance, saw Wilbarger, who was sitting at the root of a tree. He presented a ghastly sight, for his body was almost red with blood. Rogers, mistaking him for an Indian, said, "Here they are, boys." Then Wilbarger rose up and spoke, saying, "Don't shoot, it is Wilbarger." When the relief party started, Mrs. Hornsby gave her husband three sheets, two of them were left over the bodies of Christian and Strother until the next day, when the men returned and buried them, and one was wrapped around Wilbarger, who was placed on Roger's horse. Hornsby, being lighter than the rest, mounted behind Wilbarger and with his arms around him, sustained him in the saddle. The next day William Hornsby, Joseph Rogers, Walters, and one or two others returned and buried Christian and Strother.

When Wilbarger was found, the only particle of his clothing left by the savages was one sock. He had torn that from his foot, which was much swollen from an arrow wound in his leg, and had placed it on his naked skull from which the scalp had been taken. He was tenderly nursed at Hornsby's for some days. His scalp wound was dressed with bear's oil and when recovered sufficiently to move, he was placed in a sled, made by Billy Hornsby and Leman Barker (the father-in-law of Wilbarger) because he could not endure the motion of a wagon and was thus conveyed several miles down the river to his own cabin. Josiah Wilbarger recovered and lived for eleven years. The scalp never grew entirely over the bone. A small spot in the middle of the wound remained bare, over which he always wore a covering. The bone became diseased and exfoliated, finally exposing the brain. His death was hastened, as Doctor Anderson, his physician, thought, by accidentally striking his head against the upper portion of a low door frame of his gin house many years after he was scalped. We have stated the facts as received

from the lips of Josiah Wilbarger, who was the brother of the author of this book, and confirmed by William Hornsby and others who are now dead.

The vision which so impressed Mrs. Hornsby was spoken of far and wide through the colony fifty years ago; for her earnest manner and perfect confidence that Wilbarger was alive made, in connection with her vision and its realization, a profound impression on the men present, who spoke of it everywhere. There were no telegraphs in those days and no means of knowing that Margaret, the sister, had died seven hundred miles away only the day before her brother was wounded. The story of her apparition, related before he knew that she was dead — her going in the direction of Hornsby's, and Mrs. Hornsby's strange vision, recurring after slumber, present a mystery that made then a deep impression and created a feeling of awe which, after the lapse of a half a century, it still inspires. No man who knew them ever questioned the veracity of either Wilbarger or the Hornsbys, and Mrs. Hornsby was loved and revered by all who knew her.

We leave to those more learned the task of explaining the strange coincidence of the visions of Wilbarger and Mrs. Hornsby. It must remain a marvel and a mystery. Such things are not accidents; they tell us of a spirit world and of a God who "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

Josiah Wilbarger left a wife and five children. His widow, who afterwards married Talbert Chambers, was the second time left a widow, and resided in 1888 in Bastrop County, about thirty-five miles below the city of Austin.

The eldest son, John, was killed many years after the death of his father by the Indians in West Texas. Harvey, another son of Josiah, lived to raise a large family when he died. His widow and only son live in Bastrop County. One married daughter lives at Georgetown and another at Belton, Texas. Of the brothers and sisters of Josiah Wilbarger who came to Texas in 1837, the author, and Sallie Wilbarger (who resides at Georgetown) are the only survivors. Matthias Wilbarger, a brother, and a sister, Mrs. W. C. Dalrymple, died many years ago. Mrs. Lewis Jones, another sister, died on the way to Texas.

Sheriff Robert Love Vice President



watched their first Cowboy Action match, and just like me, they were hooked. The land belonged to Mary Lou Harvey and she and husband Mike (Texas Jack Omohundro, SASS #151) hosted an annual match there for several years called "The Battle of Plum Creek." They met a couple of shooters there, Bad Jack Abernathy and Silver Bullet Bev, President and Secretary of the Texican Rangers. They invited Jim and Jacque to Stieler Ranch for the next match and before you knew it, they were Cowboy Action Shooters and SASS members.

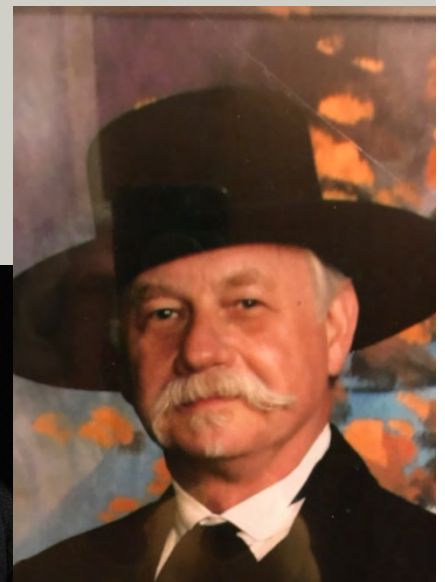
When Jim showed up at a match, you never knew what persona to expect. One month it would be El Bandito with sombrero and crossed bandoliers and the next it would be Judge Roy Bean or Wild Bill Hickok with a pair of butt forward pistols and sash. Quintana was the only shooter I have seen who could draw and holster pistols in this manner safely. He also wore a very sharp Confederate States of America uniform. He helped to write the history and record the terms of the officers of the Texican Rangers. He designed, built and created the signs for the CODY-DIXON Hide Trading Company, our present long-range facility. Quintana would always greet you with a howdy, a handshake and a smile.

Vaya Con Dios, amigo.

TRAIL MARKER QUINTANA

Our pardner, Jim Berne, known to all us Cowboy Action Shooters as Quintana (SASS #18843), hung up his spurs and moved in with Jesus on August 8, 2026. Jim was born in San Antonio on June 18, 1945. His childhood home was a few blocks from the Alamo. He later moved northwest and rode horses in the area known as Locke Hill, across from USAA. He graduated from Northside High School, which is now John Marshall High School. He married Jacque (Pepper Jacq, SASS #18842) when he was 19 and they spent the next 62 years together and were still in love.

They went to Schulenburg, Texas in 1997,



Shooting Iron Miller Secretary



Hello Texican Rangers! Another year has almost come and gone. Shindig is right around the corner and we hope you are looking forward to joining us as we prepare to host you once again. Our members will be able to enjoy a free shoot and nice lunch. Anyone can shoot with us, of course, but if you aren't a member, we ask that you pay \$25 to shoot the match and \$5.00 for lunch. Our plan is to serve sloppy joes, coleslaw, chips, sausage wraps, dessert, tea, lemonade and water. So be sure to come hungry!

We will also have a Swap Meet, so if you have items you'd like to show off and sell, feel free to bring them. Please bring your own table(s) to display your wares, as we will be

using the picnic tables for lunch. We want to be sure to have plenty of room for everyone who will be joining us.

Come prepared to shoot five fast stages and have an opportunity to participate in the Team Shoot. After you sign in for the match, we will write your name down if you'd like to be included in the Team Shoot. Once everyone has signed up, we will do a random drawing for teams. After the five stages have been shot, we will go to the Gallows area and have some fun! We will then all enjoy a good meal together and hand out awards.

Please remember we will hold our 2027 elections. Officers are voted on in September but officially take office in January. Our slate of officers will be as follows:

President.....San Saba Slim
Vice President.....Beauregard Beard
Treasurer.....Tombstone Mary
Range Master/Co-Range Master.....Fister Bo
Mad Dog McCoy
Communications.....Dutch Van Horn

We look forward to a fun, fast and enjoyable match for Shindig.

Please be sure to RSVP to Shooting Iron Miller by September 9 so we can get a good count for lunch. We wouldn't want anyone to go home hungry!

A Quick Word on Summer Safety

With summer temperatures at their peak, maintaining proper hydration is critical for all shooters and guests. Please take frequent water breaks and monitor how you're feeling throughout the match.

Should anyone feel sick, light-headed, or overheated, provide immediate assistance and alert an officer without delay. Being proactive helps us prevent serious incidents and ensures the wellbeing of everyone participating in our events. Our goal is to stay ahead of any incident and ensure every shooter and visitor is safe, supported, and able to enjoy the match.



Dan Bogan

The Most Underrated Gunman in the Old West

By Jim Dickerson

Bogan was born in Alabama in 1860. His family moved to Hamilton County, Texas while Bogan was still only a boy and Bogan began working as a cowboy as soon as his age would allow. After moving to Texas, his father died, and his mother would remarry and divorce twice by the time Bogan was in his late teens. His two older brothers became involved in activities involving horse theft, resulting in one being shot and killed by the Hamilton County Sheriff and the other receiving a prison term.

Bogan had avoided criminal acts, but at the same time he was prone to fight and often it seemed to many that he wished to do so. On May 2, 1881, while he and friend Dave Kemp were making their way around Hamilton's saloons, drinking heavily, an intoxicated Bogan began taunting the patrons of the saloons, daring any who desired to take him on in a fight. Kemp began urging his friend to leave and led him to where their horses were tied behind the W. T. Cropper General Store.

Before they reached their horses, Bogan came across local farmer F. A. "Doll" Smith, who was in town to buy supplies, seated on his wagon. Bogan began to verbally taunt Smith, calling him names and daring him to step down and stop him. Smith, who did not know Kemp or Bogan, at first ignored him. However, when Bogan dragged a chair out of Smith's wagon and began beating it on the ground, Smith became agitated. Bogan then replaced the chair and again turned his taunts toward Smith. Smith had already made the statement, "I do not whip dogs, otherwise I'd step down and whip you."

Bogan's taunts began to wear on Smith, who eventually climbed down from his wagon and headed toward Bogan. As Smith walked toward Bogan, the latter stuck his hand into his coat. Smith told him that if he pulled his gun, he'd knock him to the ground. Bogan did pull his

pistol, at which point Smith did knock him down with one punch. The two then wrestled briefly before Smith was able to take the young man's gun from him. As he did this, Kemp ran over producing his own handgun, and hit Smith in the back of the head. Smith then turned and pointed his pistol at Kemp and pulled the trigger. However, the pistol misfired, according to witnesses, and Kemp fled at top speed. Smith turned Bogan's pistol over to the town marshal.

Bogan left Hamilton not long afterward, settling into working on ranches in and around the Texas Panhandle. In 1884, Bogan was a ring leader in a cowboy's strike for better wages, which ended in all who took part being blacklisted, finding themselves unable to work in the Panhandle. Bogan rode to Wilbarger County, Texas, and joined up for a cattle drive as a drover, working for the Worsham R-2 Ranch. Cowboy T. J. Burkett, also working on that drive, would years later comment that Bogan was a valuable hand to have, and that one night during a fierce thunderstorm, Bogan alone was able to hold 600 head of cattle from breaking into a stampede. When the drive reached Dodge City, Kansas, and the cowboys were paid, they commenced to drink and party. Believing they were getting out of hand, Town Marshal Jack Bridges and his deputies confronted them and ran them out of town. This resulted in a brief gunfight between the lawmen and the cowboys, during which cowboy John Briley was shot and killed. Bogan and Burkett were both involved in that escapade, and the cowboys took no action in retaliation.

After returning to the Panhandle, Bogan learned things had gotten worse for the blacklisted cowboys. He joined up with cowboy Tom Harris, who had organized what was called the "Get Even Cattle Company," which was taking to the practice of placing their own brand on already branded calves owned by the ranchers. Bogan was by this time going by the name Bill Gatlin and he registered two brands in his own name. The ranchers and county officials commissioned former Lincoln County, New Mexico sheriff

Pat Garrett to stop the cowboys and in doing so it was insinuated he either “should” or “could” kill the main ring leaders, which included Bogan.

At one point, Garrett and his followers rounded up 30 head of cattle bearing Bogan’s brand, stating they were stolen, whereas Bogan claimed they were mavericks. Bogan approached lawyer H. H. Wallace, who demanded that Oldham County, Texas officials pay \$25,000 in damages, and fearing Bogan might have a case, the county settled for \$800. By the fall of that year, indictments had been handed down against 159 cowboys, Bogan being one, and Garrett and his men set out to round them up. Garrett, however, did not disguise his movements, as he wanted to avoid trouble if possible and would be satisfied if the cowboys merely left.

In February 1885, Garrett and Oldham County Sheriff Jim East learned that three of the holdouts, those who refused to leave the Panhandle, were hiding out at the Howry Cattle Company headquarters. Riding all night through a snowstorm, they reached the house in which the cowboys were believed to be located. Cowboy Bob Bassett was outside the house gathering firewood and spotted the posse, alerting the others. Tom Harris then yelled out to Garrett as to what his business was, to which Garrett announced he had warrants for Woods, Bogan, and Thompson, but had no issues with anyone else. Nine cowboys then fled from the house, leaving only Thompson and Bogan inside. Woods was not present. Bogan and Thompson, however, refused to surrender, and a shootout ensued, during which Bogan was able to make his

escape, while Thompson was killed. Three posse members were wounded during the exchange.

By 1886, Bogan was in Wyoming working for the Vorhees Ranch, near Lusk, Wyoming. He is known to have killed three men by this time. One was the alleged murder of a dance hall proprietor who prohibited Bogan and his men from ever entering his saloon. Bogan, who had taken the alias of Bill Gatlin

at that time, still forced his way into the establishment and when he met the proprietor with a rifle in his hands, Bogan drew his revolver and shot him in cold blood. Bill Calkin, the editor of the local newspaper, wrote that Bogan was possibly a cowboy wanted in Texas, and who had gone by at least two other names in the past. Bogan was infuriated and set out looking for him, accompanied by cowboy Sterling



Balou. The two entered the Cleveland Brothers Saloon, at which point Bogan drew his pistol, calling for Calkin, and daring any of his friends to challenge him. One of the Cleveland brothers was able to bring a sawed off shotgun to bear on the two cowboys and seconds later Charles S. Gunn entered with his own pistol drawn, backing Cleveland. Bogan and Balou retreated and fled.

A few days later, while Gunn was out of town, Bogan again went on a rampage. When Gunn returned, and learned of this, he went looking for Bogan and warned him that if this happened again, he would arrest him. To this, Bogan replied he would do as he

pleased. Gunn had a reputation, which he had shown on several occasions, as a man who would not back down nor be intimidated, and was known to have killed two men while holding office. Gunn was a former Texas Ranger, who'd made his way up to Wyoming from Texas. Bogan hated Gunn, who had reprimanded him on several occasions by this point. However, by later witness accounts, Bogan feared Gunn, which probably led to what happened next.

On January 14, 1887, Bogan again was causing a disturbance, this time in a dance hall. Gunn entered, yet again to stop him. Bogan, as he had on many occasions prior, backed down when confronted by Gunn. However, evidently Bogan was beginning to tire of the embarrassment of having been slighted so many times by Gunn. The following morning, January 15, 1887, Bogan was waiting inside the Jim Waters Saloon for Gunn to make his usual rounds. When Gunn entered, Bogan stated to him, "Charlie, are you heeled?" meaning was he armed. Gunn replied that he was always armed.

Accounts differ if Bogan drew his revolver or if he already had an unholstered revolver behind his back. Nonetheless, after learning that Gunn was armed, Bogan yelled "then turn her loose" before quickly whipping his gun out and shooting Gunn in the stomach. As Gunn fell face down to the floor, he pulled his own pistol, but before he could bring it up Bogan ran over and shot him point blank in the head, killing him. Bogan was so close when he fired this second shot, that the muzzle flash caught Gunn's hair on fire. Bogan brandished his pistol at the shocked patrons, and ran out, mounting a horse belonging to Jack Andrews. However, Deputy Marshal John Owens was quick to respond, and blocked Bogan's only exit from town. Owens fired one blast into the air as a warning, and when Bogan continued riding forward, Owens shot him in the shoulder, knocking him from his saddle and into the street.

Bogan was placed in the back room of a local saloon, as there was no jail at the time, but before his shotgun wound had healed, the next day in fact, he took advantage of the poor security and made an escape during a roaring blizzard. Owens, knowing that Bogan was badly wounded, believed he could not go far. He was right, as two weeks later Bogan, burning up with fever and with his wound infected, sent word to Owens that he wished to surrender and

receive medical attention. Bogan met with Owens sixteen miles outside of Lusk, and voiced to Owens that he feared a lynch mob would be waiting for him when they reached Lusk, as Gunn was extremely well liked and respected in the town. As they entered town, Owens backed down a mob that was intent on hanging Bogan, then Owens shackled Bogan in the back of the Sweeney Saloon. The next day, Owens left with Bogan *en route* to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and by February 4 he had him secured in the Laramie County jail.

On September 7, 1887, Bogan was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death. However, Bogan still had several friends in cowboy circles, namely Tom Hall, whom famed Old West detective Charlie Siringo would later identify as having actually been Tom Nicholls, a murderer from the Texas Panhandle. Hall paid professional safecracker James Jones to commit a minor crime in Cheyenne, and to allow himself to be captured, thus being placed in jail with Bogan. Concealed in his shoes, Jones had saw blades, which he and Bogan used to saw through the bars and make an escape on October 4, 1887. Joined by fellow prisoners Charles H. LeRoy and Bill Steary, both horse thieves, they made their escape through a ventilator and onto the roof. Within hours a posse was organized in one of the largest manhunts in Wyoming history.

Laramie County Sheriff Seth Sharpless led the posses, which separated into groups of fifty men each. In addition to this, a \$1,000 reward was placed on Bogan, dead or alive. When the manhunt did not produce Bogan, Siringo, acting on information he had received from sources, went undercover and was able to gain the confidence of Hall and his cohorts. Bogan, however, was no longer riding with them and had made his way towards Utah. Siringo was able to produce evidence for indictments against Hall and several others for their having assisted Bogan, resulting in their arrests.

Siringo continued to pursue Bogan, a trek

which led him into Utah, then to New Mexico Territory, where he came into contact with Lem Woodruff, an old Panhandle friend to Bogan. According to Woodruff, Bogan was last known to be heading for New Orleans, intending on taking a ship's passage to South America, stating he was tired of living on the run. The last he was heard of, Bogan sent a letter addressed to Tom Hall in Cheyenne, from New Orleans, indicating he was heading to Argentina.

Anything after that was mere hearsay. The Laramie Sentinel announced in 1889 that Bogan had been killed during a shootout in Mexico. In 1907 it was announced by yet another newspaper that he'd been killed when his horse bucked him, again in Mexico, suffering a broken neck. It was rumored Bogan was killed while riding with bandits in Argentina, and

also that he'd built a ranch there and prospered.

Charlie Siringo revealed that he believed Bogan was still living, and that he had reason to believe Bogan had returned to the United States under yet another assumed name, married, settled in southwestern New Mexico, and raised a family on a small ranch. However, he never revealed the identity of who he believed Bogan to be. Suffice to say Siringo felt all but certain he knew these facts. In some support of Siringo's allegations, former Bogan friend A. C. Campbell stated in 1931 that the last he heard of Bogan, he was alive and well with a family, operating a small ranch under an assumed name in Texas.

The Texas Pipes are Calling

By Col. Callan, Texican Rangers Piper

During my first bagpipe lesson, my instructor told me, "Remember, everyone loves bagpipes for about ten minutes."

Perhaps some folks, like me, love the tunes because they are evocative, calling to mind a nostalgic sense of a misty past, or we feel a sense of gallantry when a march is played by a massed band, and we just can't get enough of that sound (when the pipes are actually in tune, that is). Perhaps others love them best when the piper is done with those ten minutes. In whichever camp you find yourself, everyone can agree that pipe music is distinctive.

The origin of the Great Highland Bagpipe is lost to history. We find some evidence in the Bible, in ancient Rome, through the troves of published music and through oral traditions of many lands. Although there are countless kinds of bagpipes throughout the world, the Great Highland Bagpipe has come to be the most recognized and familiar, and even though it is universally associated with Scotland, the greater influence prior to the 16th century was from

Ireland. That's what I play, the Great Highland Bagpipe, though I'd love to show up one day with a Galician gaitas in its original form — a full goat skin for the bag, hair and all.

Some of you may wonder if there is a place for the bagpipes in our Cowboy Action lore. Right away I point to John McGregor, a piper from Scotland who settled in Nacogdoches, Texas. He served as the Second Sergeant of the Artillery Company under Captain William R. Carey in the Texian army. He died defending Texas independence at the Alamo. From interviews with Alamo survivor Susanna Dickenson, we have a first-hand account that McGregor played his bagpipes during pauses in the fighting during the siege in an effort to keep spirits up. She also related that McGregor and David Crockett would try to outdo each other musically while entertaining the troops — Crockett playing his fiddle. She related that "McGregor always won so far as noise was concerned, for he made strange and dreadful sounds with his queer instrument." Apparently, Ms. Dickenson

didn't last even the ten minutes enjoying the pipes.

There is a legend (myth?) that Santa Anna sent a note to the Alamo under a flag of truce. It was a request that McGregor stop playing the pipes. When the request was refused, Santa Anna ran up the red flag, signifying that no prisoners were to be taken. I guess we know how much he enjoyed the pipes.

Later historical evidence informs that during the potato famine in Ireland and the Clearances of the Highlands in Scotland, tens of thousands of folks came to the U.S. They faced massive discrimination. Many factories displayed signs reading "NINA" — No Irish Need Apply. The Scots and Irish took the only jobs they could get. Jobs that were dirty, dangerous and earning low pay. Jobs like police officer and firefighter.

The Irish firefighter funerals began to attract attention as they always included the playing of the pipes. It wasn't too long before non-Irish folks became enchanted with Amazing Grace on the pipes and the demand for pipers grew. Today, police and fire pipe and drum bands, especially in the East, will feature more than 50 uniformed members, all wearing a kilt and tunic, be it Scottish clan tartan or Irish single-color kilt.

I am always similarly clad when I play for weddings, funerals or other memorials. It never fails that I get comments about how much dignity I was able to contribute to the occasion

with my pipes. Those are folks on the more than ten minutes side.

Keeping my instructor's advice in mind, I never play unless I'm asked. When Little Bit Sassy and I travel, I search for a place to practice that is out of the way. We were at an RV park in North Carolina a few years ago and I was preparing for solo bagpipe

competition at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, the largest such event possibly in the world. I found a spot to practice below a pavilion which had a sharp drop off on one side with a ten-foot stone wall between me and the rest of the park. There was nothing in front of me other than woodlands. I was safe. Many times, I use ear plugs when I practice to keep distractions at a minimum. I put in my ear plugs, tuned up and played a few tunes. Then I heard a noise behind me and turned to see a group of about a dozen folks, clapping and pumping fists. I was embarrassed because I was not performing. I was practicing and most of the time a practice isn't fit for the faint of heart.

So, there are folks who enjoy the pipes enough to go a bit out of the way to hear them. I hope you are in that group, and if you are not, I hope someday you will listen to the pipes on purpose, and come to appreciate the ancient sounds of the bagpipe skirl. They are calling.



PHOTO ALBUM

A BLAST FROM THE PAST











Big Chief WAHOO

by SAUNDERS and WOGGON





Parting Shots

10 Worst Western Movie Accidents

1. *The General*, 1926. During filming of the epic comedy in Oregon, there were a number of incidents. Several National Guardsmen, employed as extras for the Civil War battle scenes, were injured by mishaps caused by misfired muskets or explosions. Director and star Buster Keaton was knocked unconscious when he stood too close to a cannon firing. Assistant director Harry Barnes was accidentally hit in the face by a blank charge. Train brakeman Fred Lowry sued the production for \$2,900 after his foot was crushed when it was run over by a locomotive wheel during filming of one of the railway scenes.
2. *Jesse James*, 1939. A horse was killed during the scene where it was ridden off a cliff into a river. This incident led to the American Humane Association opening a Hollywood office in 1940 and monitoring the treatment of animals in films.
3. *They Died with Their Boots On*, 1941. Three horsemen perished during the cavalry charge, one of whom was extra Jack Budlong, whose horse tripped as he rode alongside Errol Flynn. As he fell forward, he had the foresight to toss his sword ahead of him. Unfortunately, it landed handle down and stuck in place. Budlong was impaled on his own sword and died.
4. *The Royal Mounted Rides Again*, 1945. Addison "Jack" Randall was killed at Canoga Park, California, while riding a horse past the cameras at full speed. He fell from the saddle while trying to retrieve his hat, which had blown off his head and struck a tree. He died shortly thereafter.
5. *The Horse Soldiers*, 1959. Fred Kennedy, a veteran stuntman and bit player, was killed in a horse fall on location in Louisiana. Director John Ford was so upset he closed the set and had to film the rest of the scene later in the San Fernando Valley.
6. *The Alamo*, 1960. Actor Laurence Harvey, who played Colonel Travis, was injured when a cannon recoiled while firing, with one of the wheels rolling over his foot, fracturing it. He did not reveal his injury until filming of the scene was completed.
7. *How the West Was Won*, 1962. Stuntman Bob Morgan, husband of Yvonne De Carlo, was seriously injured and lost a leg while filming a gunfight on a moving train. Chains holding logs on a flatbed car broke, crushing Morgan as he crouched beside them.
8. *Barquero*, 1970. Director Robert Sparr was killed in a plane crash while scouting filming locations with cameraman Gerald Finnerman. The single engine plane they were riding in went down near the Brush Hollow Reservoir outside Penrose, Colorado. The pilot was also killed in the crash, but Finnerman survived. Lee Van Cleef was scheduled to accompany them on the scouting trip, but he backed out at the last minute.
9. *Comes a Horseman*, 1978. Filming the scene where Jason Robards' character is dragged (presumably) to his death, his stunt double Jim Sheppard was killed when a horse that was dragging him veered from its course and caused him to hit his head on a fence post. The scene made it into the film, although it was cut right before the horse passed through the gate that killed Sheppard.
10. *Gettysburg*, 1993. During filming of the battle scenes on Little Round Top, Bradley Egen, an extra playing a Union soldier, was unintentionally struck in the head by the butt of a musket and suffered a severe concussion. He died two weeks later from brain hemorrhaging.



August Birthdays

Crooked Creek Sam – 8/09

Moose McCoy – 8/09

Yakima Jim Tombaugh – 8/20

Scooter – 8/27

Farr Ranger – 8/28

Harmony Bell – 8/29

Llano Leadslinger – 8/29

September Birthdays

Abilene – 9/4

Uncle Nick Wilson – 9/7

A.D.– 9/15

T Bone Paul – 9/16

Kit Carson – 9/21

L.W. Hannabass – 9/21

October Birthdays

Kettleman – 10/4

Captain George Baylor – 10/5

San Saba Slim – 10/5

Culebra Blaze – 10/6

Crazy Clyde – 10/8

Marshal Jamison – 10/13

Maid Jalaff – 10/17

Texican Rangers Regulators

- Tombstone Mary 2003
- A.D. 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
- Beans Ahgin 2022
- Colorado Horseshoe 2024



TSRA Representation Announcement

Notice of changes coming to TSRA-CAS discipline representation

Scott Love, aka Texas Jack Daniels, will not be seeking re-election this fall as a TSRA-CAS discipline director. I am not seeking re-election due to significant personal health issues.

Dee Brown, Oklahoma Dee, was nominated, and accepted nomination, to run for the TSRA-CAS discipline director position this fall. I strongly encourage all TSRA members to vote for him. He is a strong supporter of TSRA and will be an exceptional representative of CAS to TSRA.

There are two TSRA-CAS directors. Each term is for 2 years.

Forrest Person, Reckon, does not plan to run for re-election in the fall of 2027. We are actively seeking people interested in representing CAS to TSRA to fill this position. If you are interested or know of someone interested, please inform Oklahoma Dee (deebrown1@peoplepc.com)

Seeking club to host 2027 TSRA-CAS state championship

TSRA-CAS are openly looking for a club to host our 2027 TSRA-CAS discipline Texas State Championship. If you, or a club you know, are interested in hosting this event please reach out to Oklahoma Dee (deebrown1@peoplepc.com)

Note: This is NOT the same as the SASS Texas State Championship.

TSRA Mission and Objectives

The primary objective of the Texas State Rifle Association (TSRA) is to protect and defend the constitutional and inalienable rights of law-abiding Texans to own, use, and carry firearms.

Core Missions

Mission I

To champion and support the rights of law-abiding Texans to own, enjoy, and use firearms as guaranteed by the constitutions of the State of Texas and the United States of America.

Mission II

To protect and defend the rights of Texans to lawfully acquire, possess, transfer ownership, and use firearms for self-preservation, defense of family and property, and the common defense.

Mission III

Support junior education, competition, and hunter education.
Recognize state champions in competitive shooting.
Support Texas teams participating in national championships.

Objectives

Defend Constitutional Rights

Champion the Second Amendment and state constitutional rights protecting self-preservation, defense of family and property, and public safety.

Legislative Advocacy

Maintain a full-time presence and lobbying team at the Texas Capitol to monitor, support, or oppose state and federal legislation affecting firearm owners.

Education and Training

Provide public safety education, hunter safety courses, and training for firearm owners, with a strong focus on youth programs.

Promote Shooting Sports

Sponsor and sanction adult and junior individual and team shooting competitions across Texas, declaring state champions and supporting state teams.

Preserve Heritage and Conservation:

Advance wildlife conservation, the wise use of natural resources, and the traditions of hunting and responsible gun ownership in Texas.

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Caliber	Weight	Config.	Price/500	Price/1000
.38	100	RNFP	44	88
	105	FP	45	90
	125	RNFP	54	108
	125	FP	54	108
	130	RNFP	55	110
	158	RNFP	67	134
	158	FP	67	134
	158	SWC	67	134
.380	100	RNFP	44	88
.38-55	245	RNFP	104	208
.41	215	SWC	91	182
.44	180	RNFP	76	152
	240	SWC	102	204
.44-40	200	RNFP	85	170
.45 COLT	160	RNFP	76	153
	180	RNFP	76	153
	200	RNFP	85	170
	250	RNFP	106	212
9MM	124	RN	53	106
	125	CN	53	106
40 S&W	180	FP	76	153
.45ACP	200	SWC	85	170
	200	RN	85	170
	230	RN	98	196
45-70	405	FPT	90 (250)	360 (1K)
COATED 10.00 PLUS 1000 pes.			180 (500)	