

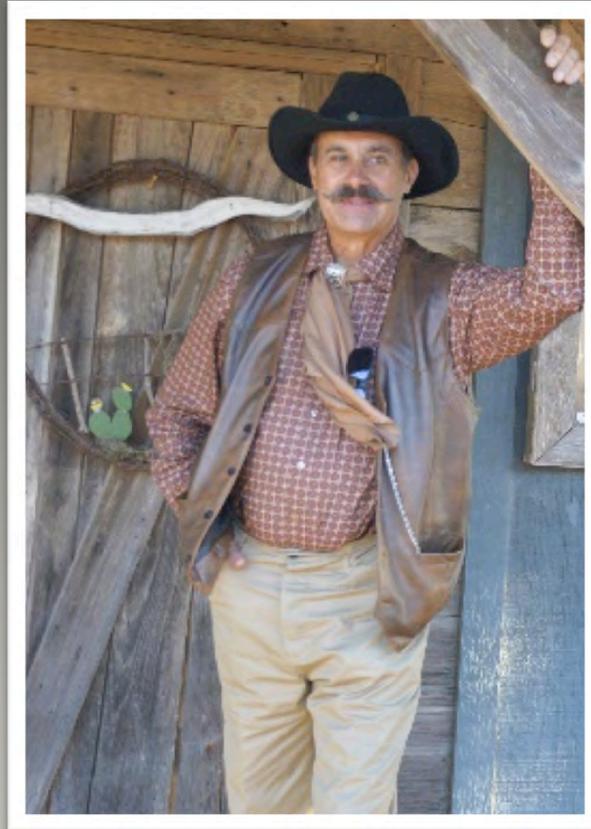
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FEBRUARY 2026

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!

Here's hoping you all have recovered from the holidays and are just now getting the envelopes with the little windows in front enclosing your credit card statements, and likewise survived in good order the winter storm that followed.

Hopefully Old Man Winter has gotten all that foolishness out of his system and that will be all for this year. I for one don't want the back-to-back winter storms that we suffered in '20 and '21. That stuff was for the birds.

Speaking of birds, those of you shooting in the last two matches have probably noticed that we have had a migration of some fowl onto the range. We have a couple pair of

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barn owls that have taken up residence at The Barn, of course, and a good number of vultures, of both the black and turkey variety, that have started roosting regularly in some of the dead trees around the range. These "birds" were made by our Range Master Fister Bo, who clearly has talent as a woodworker and artist. They were added to our props after visiting shooters from CD suggested it last year. Many thanks to Fister Bo for going above and beyond for these creations as well as new signage on several of the stages. Tombstone Mary also played a huge part in our new signage, of which we are very grateful. For all you ornithologists out there, here's some trivia about the real birds:

The black vulture and the turkey vulture are two widespread scavenger birds found throughout the Americas, each playing a crucial role in their ecosystems. Both species help clean up carrion and prevent the spread of disease by consuming dead animals, but they differ in appearance, behavior, and habitat preferences.

The black vulture is easily recognized by its dark plumage, short tail, and silvery patches on the underside of its wings. It has a greyish black head and is generally more aggressive when feeding, often dominating carcasses and gathering in large groups. In contrast, the turkey vulture has a red, featherless head, long wings, and a distinctive V-shaped flight pattern. Turkey vultures rely heavily on their keen sense of smell to locate food, a trait uncommon among birds, while black vultures often follow turkey vultures to find meals.

In terms of habitat, turkey vultures are more adaptable, ranging from open countryside to forests and even urban areas. Interestingly, both species prefer roosting on man-made structures in lieu of trees because they are unable to grasp large diameter branches with their talons. Black vultures, on the other hand, prefer warmer climates and are most common in the southeastern United States, Central, and South America. Despite their differences, both vultures are essential for maintaining a healthy environment and are protected under

the Migratory Bird Treaty Act.

Despite both being protected as migratory birds, the black vulture has been known to be predatory as well as a scavenger, having been documented as taking newborn or infant deer, cattle, goats and lambs. Because of this, Texas Parks and Wildlife have issued a very limited number of special permits to ranchers legalizing their killing. Personally, since the black vultures began appearing in the Hill Country a couple of years ago, I have noticed that they have displaced a very high percentage of the more familiar turkey vulture. Roadkills these days are almost exclusively occupied by black vultures.

On a more pertinent topic, we had a super turnout of volunteers on our last workday, and it really expedited opening and setting up the range for this month. I and the rest of the staff are extremely grateful for all those that sacrifice their time and talents to contribute to a successful and exemplary range. As you know, this is another big and exciting year for us and Comancheria Days with another State Championship and the celebration of our county's 250th birthday. We have a number of repair and renovation projects that will require attention prior to CD and the State Championship. We have extra workdays scheduled over the remainder of February, all of March and most of April leading up to Comancheria Days. Any assistance you can offer is truly appreciated.

Well, that's all for now, I hope you all enjoyed your ornithology lesson, and I look forward to seeing you all on the range. May your guns never get rusty and your boots never get dusty!

Happy Trails!
San Saba Slim
President



Sheriff Robert Love Vice President



BB And The Muley Cow

By Jim Williams

This is about an old rancher I'll call BB, because that ain't his name. Old BB was without any doubt, the meanest, orneriest, crookedest, most cantankerous, most egotistical, aggravating, irritating, hateful, unlovable, dictatorial, hard-headed old fool in the state of Texas. He was a thief and a liar. He would cheat a widow woman and an employee. He once stole a bunch of sheep from his own daddy. He could put away a lot of booze and still navigate a steady course. In his arrogance he thought he was the only man in the country who knew anything. No employee ever did anything right. He was a hard-shell Baptist and believed he was ordained to go to heaven, regardless of what he

did here on earth. There was a constant coming and going of employees on his ranch. It is a mystery why some cowboy hadn't put him out of his misery long ago.

One day Cloyd R. (his real name) and I were helping BB brand a few calves. While he was gone to look for another jug, Cloyd and I headed and heeled a spoiled bag, muley cow and just happened to get her stretched out near the snubbin' post. I stayed mounted and kept the heel rope tight and Cloyd got down to milk her. The object of all this activity was to reduce the size of her milk dispensers so that her young calf could nurse. She was a waspy old critter and was pretty much on the peck by the time we got her down. About this time old BB came stompin' into the corral and wanted to know what in tarnation we were doin'. He yelled at us to let the cow up and he would show us dummies how to mild a range cow. He said to snub 'er up to the post. Cloyd told him the cow would choke down if we did that, but BB insisted. While I kept the heel rope tight, Cloyd got his rope loose from the saddle horn and took a couple of dallies around the snubbin' post. I gave 'er some slack and she got up on her feet. BB rammed his head into her flank and proceeded to show us dummies a thing or two. Of course, she fought the rope and at the same time kicked BB's false teeth out of his shirt pocket and came close to putting a hind foot into BB's big mouth. After kinking BB halfway across the corral, she hung back on the rope and choked down and fell over. Cloyd gave 'er some slack and I took the rope off of her neck. She laid there for a minute or two, tremblin' and gaspin' for air breath and then got to her feet. By the time she got her wind back, Cloyd had stepped behind the snubbin' post and I had got behind him. That old muley cow was madder than a teased rattlesnake and was lookin' for somebody, just anybody. The first human specie she spied was BB, scratchin' around lookin' for his teeth. She rolled out her tongue about a foot and bellered like a mad bull. BB took off like a man about to be butted into the next world. He made it to the fence with the cow blowin' slobber on his britches all the way. He grabbed the top rail and with a helpful boost from the cow, landed on the other side flat on his back. Old BB wasn't hurt much. His ego was badly bruised, but in a couple of days he was his old obnoxious self again.

Cloyd and I enjoyed a good laugh at BB's expense and forty years later I have to laugh a little when I think of BB and the spoiled bag cow.



Shooting Iron Miller Secretary



Hello fellow shooters!

Thanks to all of you who have renewed your Texican Rangers membership for 2026. We really appreciate your support.

The Texas State Championship/Comancheria Days planning is well underway. We are working hard to make this a match to remember. Work is being done at the range thanks to all the folks who join us for workdays. If you want to and are able to come out, we will be working every Tuesday morning for the next several weeks. There's lots to accomplish before April. We are steadily working to secure raffle/shooter prizes, vendors, food, and awards...you name it, we're working on it. We will have a nice selection of guns to give away as well as other prizes. You can, of course, look forward to

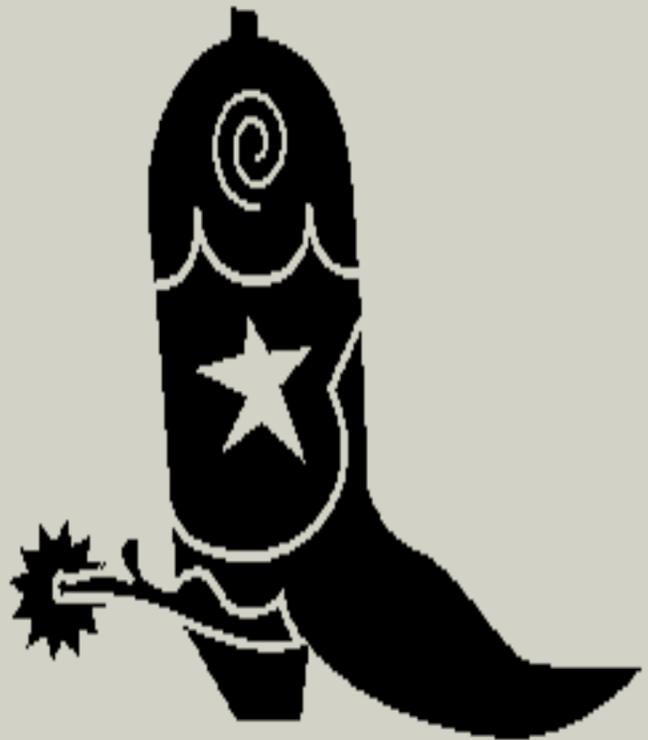
some fun stages. If you stick around Friday night, Blacky Vela & The Hipshots will entertain you before we hand out the Side Match Awards. We will have a new food truck on the range as well this year - Fat Bottom Grill. They will be with us Friday evening if you'd like to purchase a great meal from them at a reasonable price. We will have tea and lemonade available as well as desserts for you.

Remember, you can pre-order bullets from either Bullet Boss or Dodge City Mike. They both plan to prepare your order and bring it to the range during the match. Even if you are not able to shoot the annual match, you can still order your bullets and pick them up that weekend in April.

If you plan to join us for Comancheria Days this year and haven't yet signed up, we encourage you to do so. We have over 200 already signed up, so plan to join in on the fun if it fits into your schedule.

Any questions? I'm happy to answer them for you.

Until next time,
Shooting Iron Miller



The History of Pardoning Turkeys

By Dutch Van Horn/Regulator 51153

Colt's patent on being the sole producer of cap and ball pistols ended in 1857. They had a complete lock on the market up until then. Colt tried to get their patent extended but Congress, with growing unrest between the North and South, decided that would be a bad idea. Competitors were quick to come out with their own guns. One of the best was the Remington 1858.

The Remington Army revolver was large-framed, in .44 caliber, with an 8 inch barrel. The Remington Navy revolver was slightly smaller framed than the Army, and in .36 caliber with a 7.375 inch barrel.

What gave the Remington its distinctive look was the sail. The sail was the piece of metal on the bottom of the barrel that tapers from the cylinder to the end of the loading lever. Remington kept the look even after they converted to metallic cartridges. The Remington revolver owes its durability to the "topstrap," solid-frame design and their screw in barrel. The design is stronger and less prone to frame stretching than the Colt revolvers of the same era. It had the added affect of enabling a Remington shooter to be able to remove the cylinder without removing the barrel. In fact, a Remington shooter could have several loaded cylinders and could quickly remove an empty one and replace it with a loaded cylinder, much like today's speed loaders.



Remington marketed their new revolver to the military and made several variations to meet U. S. Ordnance Department recommended improvements. By the time of the Civil War, most percussion revolvers were fired with commercially made combustible cartridges, constructed of a powder envelope glued to the base of a conical bullet. The paper was treated with chemicals that enable it to be completely burned up upon firing. You just dropped the whole thing into your cylinder, paper first, then seated it with the loading lever.

Colt recognized that the Remington design was better than their own open-top design but since Colt was selling their 3rd Model Dragoon, 1851 Navy and 1860 Army as fast as they could make them, they didn't see a reason to change.

Now for the surprise, Colt was offered the Rollin White patent on bored-through revolver cylinders for metallic cartridge use in 1855. At this time Colt turned it down. Why not, they had a lock on the patent for cap and ball revolvers and didn't see the future advantage of metallic cartridges. Smith and

Wesson bought the patent for this and turned the tables on Colt. Now Colt and other gun manufacturers had to wait for this patent to run out in 1871 so they could make revolvers to shoot metallic cartridges. Remington beat Colt to the punch and began offering metallic cartridge conversion of the 1858 in .46 rimfire. How did they get around the patent? Well, in 1868 they paid Smith and Wesson a \$1.00 royalty fee per gun to allow them to sell their Remington Conversion pistol. This was two years before Smith and Wesson marketed a large bore metallic cartridge revolver and 4 years before Colt could get around the patent.

A prized possession of the Remington Arms Company is an original New Model Army with ivory grips once carried by William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody. This historic revolver is on display with Cody's simple handwritten note, "This old Remington Revolver I carried and used for many years in Indian wars and buffalo killing. And it never failed me." Cody carried the revolver in its original percussion form well into the cartridge era, and never converted it to cartridge use.



Ben Johnson Recommended by Deadlast

He rode into Hollywood delivering horses for \$300 and left with an Oscar and a world championship that no one else has ever matched.

In June 1940, Ben Johnson was 22 years old, earning thirty dollars a month as a cowboy on the Chapman-Barnard Ranch in Oklahoma. The work was honest but brutal: long days under a scorching sun and nights in bunkhouses, with barely enough money to survive. Then, a call came from California. Howard Hughes had purchased horses

for a film and needed someone to deliver them to Arizona. Johnson volunteered. The pay was three hundred dollars—ten months of wages for a single trip.

He loaded a dozen horses into a boxcar and headed west, fully expecting to return home once the job was done. But Hughes noticed something special: the young cowboy handled the animals with a skill that couldn't be taught. Within days, Hughes offered him \$175 a week to stay on as a wrangler. Johnson later recalled, "I'd been making a dollar a

day as a cowboy. My first Hollywood check was for three hundred dollars. After that, you couldn't have driven me back to Oklahoma with a club."

For seven years, he worked in the shadows. He wrangled horses on sets and doubled for the biggest stars of the era—Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, John Wayne, and James Stewart. He was reliable, skilled, and invisible—just another cowboy doing dangerous work while someone else took the credit.

Everything changed in 1948. Johnson was doubling for Henry Fonda in *Fort Apache* when a wagon broke loose with three men clinging desperately to the sides. Without hesitation, Johnson spurred his horse into a full gallop, chased down the runaway, caught the lead horse, and brought the wagon to a stop. Director John Ford had been watching. The next day, Ford called Johnson into his office and slid a contract across the desk. Johnson's eyes moved down the page until they hit the fifth line: five thousand dollars a week. He stopped reading, signed his name, and handed it back.

He went from stuntman to actor, from anonymous to essential. His first credited role came in *3 Godfathers* later that year. Over the next few years, Johnson became a staple of Ford's legendary stock company, appearing in classics like *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *Rio Grande*, and *Wagon Master*. He bought a ranch in California, invested wisely, and secured his future.

But at 35, Hollywood's glamour couldn't compete with a deeper calling. His father, Ben Johnson Sr., had been a world champion roper, and Ben had grown up watching him, learning the craft, and feeling the pull of the arena. In 1953, he walked away from film for a full year to honor that legacy. He competed in every major rodeo, and by the end of the year, he stood as the 1953 World Champion Team Roper. He had achieved what his father had taught him to pursue.

Then he tallied his expenses. After a year of travel and entry fees, he had broken exactly even. "I came home with a championship belt and

didn't have three dollars," he laughed years later. "All I had was a worn-out car and a mad wife."

Hollywood welcomed him back, but he never stopped roping. For decades, he competed in charity rodeos, raising millions for children's hospitals. In 1971, director Peter Bogdanovich offered him a role in *The Last Picture Show*. Johnson initially disliked the script's profanity and nearly refused, but John Ford personally called and asked him to reconsider. Johnson agreed on one condition: he could rewrite his character's dialogue to remove the foul language.

He played Sam the Lion, a gentle theater owner in a dying Texas town. Critics called it the finest performance of his career. At the 1972 Academy Awards, when Johnson's name was announced for Best Supporting Actor, he walked to the stage and set aside his prepared speech. Instead, he spoke from the heart, telling the audience that rodeo cowboys worked harder than anyone in show business. He famously said that the championship belt he won in 1953 meant more to him than the Oscar he now held. The room erupted in applause.

Johnson continued acting for 25 more years, appearing in over 300 productions, including *The Wild Bunch*, *The Getaway*, and *Chisum*. He used his fame to sponsor celebrity rodeos, raising millions for sick children. Despite his extraordinary wealth from careful investments, he remained unchanged. He lived on his ranch, kept competing in rodeos, and never forgot his roots.

The honors followed: the ProRodeo Hall of Fame in 1973, the Western Performers Hall of Fame in 1982, and the Hollywood Walk of Fame in 1994. On April 8, 1996, at age 77, Johnson was visiting his 96-year-old mother in Arizona when he collapsed and died of a heart



attack.

To this day, Ben Johnson remains the only person in history to win both a World Rodeo Championship and an Academy Award—a distinction that may never be matched. When asked about his life, he always gave the same

answer: "I'm just a cowboy who got lucky." But luck doesn't chase down runaway wagons or win world titles. Ben Johnson earned everything he achieved, and he never forgot the value of thirty dollars a month.

IMAGES FROM FEBRUARY, 2026















Indian
SLANGO
TOWEL
*White Rag-Turn
Black-When
Wipe Um-Puss*
MILK TOAST
*Sink Um-Ratt
In-White Sea*
SAVE FOR YOUR
Slango SCRAP BOOK



Indian
SLANGO
FOUNTAIN PEN
"Squirt-um-
Words"
FRIED EGG
"Sunrise-In-
White-Cloud"

BIG CHIEF WAHOO

SAUNDERS and Woggon

WHOA, AMMONIA!



Indian SLANGO
STEER is "Animated-Steak"
RADIO is "Loud-Mouth-In-Box"

SAVE FOR YOUR SLANGO SCRAP BOOK

Parting Shots

Western Slang Phrases

1. Ace-high ~ first class, respected.
2. According to Hoyle ~ Correct, by the book.
3. A lick and a promise ~ to do haphazardly. "She just gave it a lick and a promise."
4. All down but nine ~ missed the point, not understood. (Reference to missing all nine pins at bowling.)
5. Bear sign ~ cowboy term for donuts. A cook who could and would make them was highly regarded.
6. Beef ~ to kill. (From killing a cow to make beef to eat.) "Curly Bill beefed two men in San Antonio."
7. Bend an elbow ~ have a drink. "He's been known to bend an elbow with the boys."
8. Bone orchard ~ cemetery.
9. Calaboose ~ jail.
10. California widow ~ woman separated from her husband, but not divorced. (From when pioneer men went West, leaving their wives to follow later.)
11. Difficulty ~ euphemism for trouble, often the shootin' or otherwise violent kind. "He had to leave Texas on account of a difficulty with a gambler in San Antonio."
12. Dry gulch ~ to ambush. Reference from abandoning a body where it fell.
13. Fish ~ a cowboy's rain slicker, from a rain gear manufacturer whose trademark was a fish logo. "We told him it looked like rain but left his fish in the wagon anyhow."
14. Get a wiggle on ~ hurry.
15. Gospel sharp ~ a preacher. (Apparent opposite of a card sharp!)
16. Grass widow ~ divorcee.
17. Like a thoroughbred ~ like a gentleman.
18. Pony up ~ hurry up!
19. See the elephant ~ originally meant to see combat for the first time, later came to mean going to town, where all the action was.
20. Take French leave ~ to desert, sneak off without permission.
21. The Old States ~ back East.
22. To beat the Dutch ~ to beat the band. "It was rainin' to beat the Dutch."
23. Who-hit-John ~ Liquor, beer, intoxicating spirits. "He had a little too much who-hit-John."
24. Wind up ~ settle. "Let's wind up this business and go home."

February Birthdays

Doc O'Bay 2/1

Fister Bo 2/2

Newt Ritter 2/3

Shooting Iron Miller 2/7

Major Samuel Clayton 2/11

Col. Callan 2/21

March Birthdays

Texas Pearl 3/10

Whiskey Strait 3/11

Uncle Law 3/16

Tombstone Mary 3/17

Marshall Brooks 3/22

Maverick McCoy 3/29

April Birthdays

Bama Sue 4/2

Handlebar Bob 4/6

Henly 4/8

Frank Longshot 4/17

Beauregard Beard 4/27

Madam Ella Moon 4/18

Wild Bill McMasters 4/28

Brass Case 4/28

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



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Price List effective 11.01.25

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 pcs.			180 (500)	