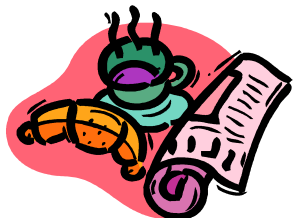




THE BULLET DOUBLE R BAR REGULATORS

Jan/Feb/Mar 2011



Come sit a spell

At

WWW.RRBar.com

Check out the web for the opportunity Drawings and the events calendar

ADVERTISE IN THE BULLET

Would you like to show off your CAS business in our newsletter?

We would like to keep our adds "In the Cowboy Spirit" Ads, Business Card size, for \$25 dollars a year for Non-Members and free to current and active members of the club. Larger ads can be negotiated depending on your needs. Contact Bobbin Along Daisy for more information.

MAILING ADDRESS:

Double R Bar Regulators

PO Box 3105

Victorville, CA 92393-3105

Editors Comments

Thanks to all the members that contributed to the newsletter, here's our first issue of 2011.

We're always looking for stories about shoots ya went to, cowboy fun ya had, cowboy poetry, interesting places ya went, western facts and fables, how you came up with your alias; you get the idea. We can help with the rest. We have the good fortune to have two stories going right now. Hope you enjoy them.

Please send your articles and comments to:

rhonda5647@hotmail.com

I know ya alls got some stories to tell, so let's hear em.

Monthly Match

Second Sundays

Shooting fees:

RRBar members \$10.00

Non-members \$15.00

RRBar Junior members Free

Non-member Junior \$5.00

Active Military SASS members

shoot free at monthly matches.

We also have cowboy trap, for more information contact:

Five Jacks at

760-949-3198

Club meetings are the first Sunday of the month at 9:30 am

CHECK OUT OUR VIDEO PAGE ON THE WEB

RRBAR.NET

2011 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

- President: Five Jacks
- Vice President: Hoss Hall
- Treasurer: Lil Jersey Jo
- Secretary: Diamond D Lucy
- Sergeant At Arms: Kentucky Tex
- Territorial Governor: Desert Dawg
- Range Officers: Twitchy Finger, Mercyless Mel, Buckskin Richard, Chekasah Jo and Smiley Ed

Great quotes in History!

- Never approach a bull from the front, a horse from the rear, or a fool from any direction.

Ralph Fendley' s aka Cliff Hanger

Cowboy Cartridge Co.

Cast Bullets - Reloading Services - Ammunition

Too busy shootin' and having fun!
No time to reload your own.... Let me help!

I am at Cajon Cowboys and Double R Bar Matches. I pickup and deliver at these matches. I can usually return your reloaded rounds to you at the next match.

Turn arounds is about two weeks for most.
Some Rifle rounds and some Black Powder rounds take longer!

I reload Smokeless and true Black Powder

1-760-868-1268
cliffhanger@dslextreme.com

The New Year

Even if you don't believe in making New Year resolutions, it's a good time to look at your life and wipe the slate clean of last years troubles.

There's times when a man gets weary,
times when a man gets sad,
ridin' along, ridin' alone,
thoughts of the life he's had.

But good mem'ries come to the fore,
outweighing all those things,
as a New Year wipes clean the slate
to write what this year brings.

Ain't nothin' left for worryin',
hopes linger on the mind
with thoughts about the year ahead
and life now redefined.



Prayer Corner

Madame "Elaine" Broussard, is undergoing cancer treatments and could surely use some cowboy and cowgirl prayers.

Sad News

Mountain Grizz's mama, Florence Peltier, crossed over on March 4th. She was a good woman and lived a full life, she was truly blessed to have a loving family. Please take a moment to remember her.

The Chuck Wagon *a recipe by Diamondback Jack*

Fruitcake Recipe

1 cup water
1 cup sugar
4 large eggs
2 cups dried fruit
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar
lemon juice
nuts
1 gallon whiskey



Sample the whiskey to check for quality. Take a large bowl. Check the whiskey again to be sure it is of the highest quality. Pour one level cup and drink.

Repeat. Turn on the electric mixer; beat 1 cup butter in a large, fluffy bowl.

Add 1 teaspoon sugar and beat again. Make sure the whiskey is still OK.

Cry another tup. Turn off mixer. Break 2 legs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.

Mix on the turner. If the fried druit gets stuck in the beaterers, pry it loose with a drewscriver. Sample the whiskey to check for tonsistency.

Next, sift 2 cups of salt. Or something. Who cares? Check the whiskey.

Now sift the lemon juice and strain your nuts. Add one table Spoon of sugar or something.

Whatever you can find. Grease the oven. Turn the cake tin to 350 degrees.

Don't forget to beat off the turner.

Throw the bowl out of the window.

Check the whiskey again.

Go to bed.

Who the hell likes fruitcake anyway....



C. JOHNSON LASER

What have ya got...and what do ya want on it?

- * Grips, Forearms & Stocks
- * Guncarts
- * Knives
- * Photos, Crafts & Keepsakes
- * Decorative Glass/Wooden Plaques
- * Scrapbooks
- * Awards & Trophies
- * Commemorative Bottles for that Special Occasion!

Proprietors:
Calamity Candy and J.J. Johnson

(951) 961-2008
www.cjohnsonlaser.com

NEWS FROM



Joel Dortch
Executive Director

For Immediate Release

Banquet Celebrating Roy Rogers' Centennial Helps Fight Child Abuse

APPLE VALLEY, California – In celebration of the Centennial (1911 – 2011) of legendary Western entertainer Roy Rogers, star of radio, films, records, television and personal appearances, the inaugural “Friends of Happy Trails Banquet” will be held to raise funds for supporting abused children. A dinner with live entertainment, games, prizes, live and silent auctions, raffles, guns and collectibles, are the highlights of the event being hosted by the Happy Trails Children’s Foundation at the Hilton Garden Inn & Conference Center in Victorville, California on Saturday night, April 16, 2011 at 6:00 P.M.

“This will be a fitting tribute to the ‘King of the Cowboys’, Roy Rogers, and his mission of fighting the epidemic of child abuse in this country, which kills five children a day,” according to Joel Dortch, the organizer of the event and executive director of the foundation.

The banquet will raise funds via dinner ticket sales, raffles, and auctions of cowboy collectibles with items donated by companies including Colt, Henry, W.R. Case and Sons, and more. Entry into a special drawing for a Colt Model 1911 .45 ACP with a unique Roy Rogers Display Case -- commemorating the centennial of that firearm in conjunction with Roy’s -- will be included with *Early Bird* dinner tickets purchased on or before March 31. The entertainment will center on Joey Dillon, the world champion cowboy trick and fancy gun spinner.

Dinner tickets are \$40 and purchase is encouraged before March 31, 2011 as a higher door rate of \$45 will be charged at the event. Multiple raffle and gun drawing tickets can also be obtained in advance. The tickets for the banquet, raffles, and Colt gun drawing will be available for purchase on the foundation’s website, www.happytrails.org, by phone or in-person at their office. Corporate and individual sponsorships are still available and will be fully tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law.

About the Charity- Happy Trails Children’s Foundation is a non-profit, 501 (c)(3) charitable organization that was inspired by Roy Rogers and Dale Evans to aid children who are the victims of abuse and neglect by providing a safe, secure environment where they can live while receiving treatment. Since 1997, over 850 children have been aided by the foundation’s care facility, the Cooper Home, located in Apple Valley, California. Rogers and his wife were passionate, lifelong advocates for children who were the victims of abuse and neglect, having adopted children from these backgrounds into their own home in addition to their charitable efforts.

Contact:

Joel Dortch, Executive Director

www.happytrails.org

(760) 240-3330

Roan's Droppin's

Seemed like they was shootin at us from all sides. We was low on water and grub, but had some ammo. Since we couldn't see anybody to shoot at we figgered we'd let them spend all their ammo. We was just gittin tired of the whole situation. We was pinned down in a low spot that looks like it may have had a couple inches of water in it at times but nuthin in it now but dust, some empty brass, and us three. Seemed like eight or ten men out there waitin for us to try and break for cover which was about forty yards away. They had done shot at us a bunch since it had been full moon at night , seemed like high noon all night. On the afternoon of the third day the wind picked up and brought in some serious lookin clouds. A storm was fixin to blow in so we thought with them clouds for cover we might make it outta that hole. Sometime after full dark we hear a hell of a set too off in the distance over that wind. We done cut our hosses loose 'couple days before thinkin they might maybe go back to a nice grassy cove a half day back up the trail. When we hear all the shootin and shoutin , we hit it for the tree line and lay up till 'bout daylight. From a little higher ground we could make out the spot where it happened. We waited a another half day to make sure the country was clear then go down and find three arrowed up horses layin in the dust, a dead fire and some bloody rags.

Ethan was probly the best tracker of all us but we all figgered some injuns had done slipped up on these boys , whosoever they was while payin more attention to us than the country around em.

We figgered we should trail in after em cause, after all, you wouldn't wish be'in took by comanches, even on your worst enemy, but bein low on grub and such like we was we went a 'round a bout way outta there so we could swing by McGirtys place where they sold fixins of all kinds to travelers in need who came thru that country. We figgered we could pick up the trail that many men would leave since we had a good idea what part of the country they would be headed into. We go back to that grassy spot and sure nuff them hosses are laid up as if they was on a holiday or something.

By the time we ride into McGirtys it was bout sunrise and we see three strange horses tied to the rail, one of them carry'in a side saddle. About the time we git down, a rough lookin poke comes round the cabin with a bucket of water in one hand and a winchester in the other. Twitchy recognizes him as a feller that was carryin on bout losin all his money to Twitch at the poker table over in Brownwood a couple weeks ago but knowin how good Twitch is at poker, it didn't surprise us none. That cuss drops the bucket and takes a shot at us with that long gun and we all dive outta there. Twitch's hoss jumps and takes a grazin shot to the neck on the second shot and Twitch drops the hombre with two quick shots from his pistola. A second man and a yellow haired woman run out on the porch and starts shootin. Ethan gets the drop on the man from the corner of the porch who plays smart all the sudden and drops his gun, but the woman starts to yellin and pulls up her own rifle gun and I'm fixin to let the wind out of her when Granny Girty thumps her on the back of the head with a big skillet. That yellow haired woman goes out and hits the porch like a sack of oats.

The McGirtys are all alright whilst we all try and figger out just what happened the last few days. Near as we could figger that yellow haired gal was watchin the poker game Twitchy was in back in town, but there must be more to it than that. Seems like there's always some tinhorn tryin to up his anti by takin one of us three out.

to be contd.....

Tom "Forty Rod" Taylor

Hellstorm (Cont)

Copyright 2004 Tom Taylor

Time passed slowly. The freight wagons were due in under an hour, maybe sooner.

"Here they come", shouted the well-dressed gent. He fired a shot, then another. Barnes fired several quick shots, and Mort got a shot off. In the quiet after the shooting, Henry Helstrom silently opened the trunk and pulled the gun belt out and put it around his hips, snugging it down just right. He quickly loaded the Remington and, as an after thought pushed a round into the sixth chamber to completely fill the gun. He then took the Winchester carbine from the trunk, removed the blanket from around it and loaded it fully as well. He briskly worked the lever and put one last cartridge into the magazine. No one noticed him until Mort heard the rifle being levered. He looked over his shoulder at Henry and walked back to where the shopkeeper had re-seated himself on the trunk.

"Henry, d'you know how to use them guns?"

He looked into the eyes of the man sitting quietly on the trunk, nodded briefly, and said, "Stay calm and shoot low. You'll do fine, Henry. You'll do just fine."

The next rush was fiercer than the others, but was still driven back.

"The next one will be the big one. They know they have to get in here before those wagons start through that pass. Once they're in the pass they're gonna have to come on through. Watch close, folks. They'll hit us any minute now."

The attack came from the front, as the others had, sudden and fierce. At the rear was an abrupt crash and the woman with the little girl screamed as Darlene Allen fired. Henry turned to see an Indian, blood running from his arm grab her and raise a tomahawk to strike her down, then he felt something jolt his right hand. He glanced down and was surprised to see his gun, smoke pouring from the barrel, the hammer already back for another shot. He quickly looked back and saw the Indian fall away from the young woman, half of his face shot away.

Another warrior hurtled through the back door and Henry shot twice before that man fell too. Behind him he heard the sounds of battle, shots and yells and screams. He turned the pistol butt forward to the woman with the little girl, handed her a partially filled box of cartridges, and said simply, "Reload this, please.

Grabbing the carbine from the top of the trunk he fired, levered, fired again, and was struck a stunning blow to his chest. He staggered backward a step, then fired at a figure running at him through the smoke. From the corner of his eye he saw the woman aim and fire his big forty-four revolver, saw both women firing at the door, then he was struck in the leg and fell forward and down. He hit and rolled over, was hit again, and shot yet another Indian as the man was about to plunge a knife into Henry's chest.

Struggling to his feet, Henry Helstrom fired again and began to reload the carbine from the cartridges in his belt. He took time to see the woman, still holding his pistol, covering him from behind and to the side. As he turned back to the door, a large Indian slammed into him, knocking him to the ground. The Apache fell over the top of him, stumbled to his feet and was shot by Darlene Allen and once more by Henry. As he started to fall, he and Henry exchange shots once again before the Apache fell dead atop the injured storekeeper. Strugglin' to get from under the dead man, the last thing Henry Helstrom heard before he last consciousness was Mort's bull roar voice yelling, "They're takin' off. Keep your eyes skinned. They might be back."

Leather Neck Knife Scabbards!



Crossdraw Mike
951-263-0231

How Roan got his alias. An old friend of Ella's that worked with her for years named Maggie always called me Henry. Growin up, my mama called me Highpockets. First alias was Highpockets Henry. One day my beard turned gray, new alias, Roan Henry. The End.



THOMAS WIKNICH

Duelin Tom #20080

GUNS 4 US

417 E Ridgecrest Blvd

Ridgecrest, Ca. 93555

Web site: WWW.guns4us.com

(760) 375-1004)

Cross Draw Mike is crafting leather neck knife scabbards, these are for sale. Half of all proceeds will be donated to the RR Bar scholarship fund. In addition to the knife scabbards he is also fashioning with ladies in mind, handy totes for lipsticks/chap stick or a stick pin for self-defense. Each scabbard is an individual one of a kind design. Custom orders welcome. Look for Cross Draw Mike's Ol Gyme Neck Knife Scabbard collection at the monthly shoots... The picture doesn't do it justice you need to see these in real life.

New Members—Joined in December

Deja Vous—Sharon Ericson

Jittery Jim Jonah – Jim Youden

My Alias—well its really quite simple—Being a cowgirl at heart, I wanted to be "Cattle Kate" which was Ella Watson's alias, but that alias was already taken, so I took on her given name. Some accounts of Ella Watson make her out to be rather colorful, some not. So there is a lot of history and mystery behind Ella Watson, so the story goes on... Ella Watson



Double R Bar Regulators

P.O. Box 3105

Victorville, CA 92393-3105