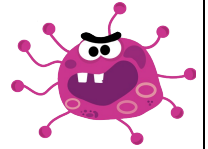




THE VIGILANTE



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Editor: Nasty Newt SASS # 7365

Spring 2020

The Quarterly Chronicle of the Robbers Roost Vigilantes

From the President

Wild Times

I started this column on Monday, March 16, and since then I have revised it three times because the news on the Coronavirus front has been changing dramatically overnight, and lately, hourly. I don't if we are at much risk locally, but we may be. I've heard, but don't know for a fact, that someone has tested positive in Ridgecrest.

I read this morning that the governor is asking people over 65 to stay home, which of course is most of us. I know it's at least partially a CYA thing on his part ("I tried to slow down the spread, but they wouldn't listen.") but maybe he knows something we don't know. Doctors, scientists, and health professionals are recommending against groups of ten or more.

Monday afternoon the RR Bar Regulators announced that that the Callifornia State Championship Shoot has been postponed until Labor Day Weekend. When I started this column Monday morning, it was still on. So much for things changing overnight. In this case, it was after lunch.

As of today, SASS says it's too early to speculate about EOT, but Misty Moonshine just cracked the cancellation door open a little bit. I suspect if things haven't settled down in a few weeks, EOT will bite the dust as well.

Desert Willow and I, our daughter and son-in-law, and three grandkids have tickets to Philadelphia. That's where Mitch is from, and he has long wanted to take us there and show us around, and it's on for the first week in April. Or is it? Even if we're still allowed to fly by then, should we? And if we do, will the things we want to see be open to the public? My guess is we aren't going. Oregon in June? Probably not.

Even though future matches are kind of up in the air, it's been good so far. We've been out there 8 times since the start of the year, for one kind of match or another. **We had a Cowboy Match and a BAMM Match in the works for March 21 and 28, but those are officially cancelled.**
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Squeaky Whiel

RRV # 63

AKA Jim Williams

1937 – 2020

Our old pal Squeaky Whiel passed away in January at his home in Minden, Nevada, from Lou Gehrig's Disease. He was 82. He and his wife Paulette, aka Spin N Whiel, RRV # 64, were faithful and hard-working club members until their retirement and move to Minden about ten years ago. I remember one time when Coso Kid and Kazarah Jane somehow got hooked up with a family of Swedish tourists. We put on a special cowboy shoot for them, and adjourned to Jim and Paulette's home for lunch and BSing. It was a good time. Jim leaves behind Paulette and three children, and lots of friends. R.I.P., Squeaky.

Kelo Henderson

Ranger Travis of "26 Men"

AKA Paul Henderson

1923 - 2019

One of my childhood heroes, actor Kelo Henderson, passed away in December at the age of 96. He was a real cowboy, working on cattle ranches before and after his acting career, and like a lot of western actors in the fifties, he learned his way around a six gun and became a fast draw expert. In the era of Rocks and Tabs, some studio exec decided he should be a Kelo. I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with him about 20 years ago, drinking coffee and talking about guns and shooting. I wanted to see the SAAs that Colt had given to him, but he said unfortunately at one time he needed money more than he needed the Colts, and he sold them. He was proud to have taken acting lessons from Clark Gable's wife, Kay Williams. He and his wife Gail lived in Ridgecrest and managed a mobile home park. When Gail asked if he wasn't getting tired, he said, "No, it's okay. Ken's a fellow gunslinger." I liked that part. R.I.P., Kelo.

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I don't know what the future holds. That's one thing everybody has in common; nobody knows. All I can say is let's give it a couple of weeks and see what we see.

We're on Winter Hours until May, so any matches announced will start signups around 8:00, and we'll try to have the meeting by 8:45 unless otherwise announced.

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Return With Me Now to

Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear

Writing about Kelo Henderson brought back a flood of memories from my boyhood. It was the fifties and early sixties, and the heyday of the Western TV series. My dad said we couldn't afford a television, but when he caught my brothers and me standing in the neighbors' yard watching TV through their living room window, he gave up and bought a green screened Hoffman, probably on credit from Sears, and I sat down on the floor in front of it.

ABC and Warner Bros. ruled the roost when it came to Westerns, with at least one show every night, often more than one, including *Wyatt Earp*, *Bronco*, *Cheyenne*, *Maverick*, *Sugarfoot*, and *The Rifleman*. CBS and NBC did some Westerns, but kind of looked down their noses at ABC for doing so many. CBS, though, had some of the best in *Gunsmoke*, *Have Gun, Will Travel*, and *Wanted: Dead or Alive*, which were supposedly aimed at adult audiences, though I liked them just fine. But they were so dead set against heading down the "all Westerns, all the time" path that they cancelled *Johnny Ringo* despite high ratings and a popular star in Don Durant. The self-proclaimed Tiffany Network took the high road, and went instead with intellectually stimulating programming for grownups like *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Petticoat Junction*.

This was years before the coming of the anti-hero, and TV Westerns in those days were pretty straightforward morality tales, with good guys and bad guys, and once in a while a conflicted fence straddler who could go either way. But the good guy always came out on top, and the bad guy usually got shot. The conflicted guy sadly sometimes had to be shot, too, but as often as not he saw the error of his ways in time to dodge the bullet and straighten up and fly right. And at the end of every *Rifleman*, after perforating three or four bad guys, Lucas McCain always had a heart-

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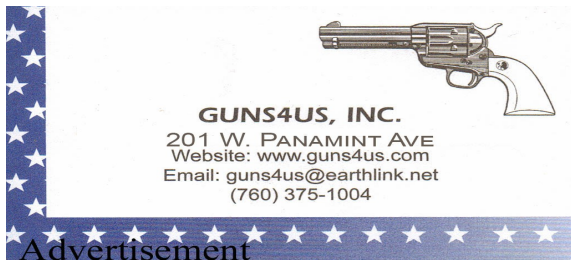


Squeaky Whiel



Kelo Henderson

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How to Join the Robbers Roost Vigilantes...

Come out to a RRV match, held the third (and sometimes first) Saturday of every month, or call Nasty Newt at 760-375-7618, or MC Ryder at 760-384-2321, or mail it in. Our membership application is here [RRV Membership Application](#) Annual membership dues for the RRV are: single membership \$25, member and spouse \$30, family membership (including children under 18 living at home) \$35. First time shooters will be able to take their FIRST (1) NEW SHOOTERS CLASS for \$10, any subsequent new shooters class or RRV match shoot will be \$10 members, \$15 nonmembers. Donations for shooting regular monthly RRV matches will be \$10 members, \$15 non-members. Memberships run from September 1 - August 31. New memberships purchased after September will be prorated depending on the number of months remaining and the type of membership. **RRV members are encouraged to become Single Action Shooting Society (SASS) members.** Please call SASS at 877-411-SASS. SASS membership information can be found here:

<http://www.sassnet.com/Membership-Main-001A.php>

SASS membership is not required for membership in RRV, or participation in RRV regular monthly matches. **RRV encourages all shooters to join and support the NRA and the NRA Foundation, and Ridgecrest Gun Range Association.** For further information visit our website at www.robbersroostvigilantes.com.



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Schedule of Monthly Matches

Matches are announced on the web site and via email to all club members.

Cowboy matches are first and third Saturday. Trail Walks are second Saturday, and BAMB and Cowboy Rifle are fourth Saturday, when scheduled.

Winter Hours: Sign up starting ~ 8:00, Safety Meeting ~ 8:45.

Thrilling Days of Yesteryear continued

to-heart talk with his son Mark about right and wrong, and how he only perforated guys that needed perforating.

Most of these shows had some kind of gimmick. Brett Maverick was a self-proclaimed "devout coward," Cheyenne Bodie looked like Mr. Universe in cowboy clothes, and Sugarfoot was a lawyer looking to solve problems legally and non-violently, etc. But even as a boy I appreciated the "cool" factor in firearms, so the gimmicks that appealed to me the most were the guns.

Wyatt Earp had his long-barreled Buntline. There was Josh Randall's mare's leg, a Model 92 44-40 cut off on both ends and strapped to his leg in a buscadero holster, with 45-70s in the bullet loops for additional "cool." Lucas McCain also carried a Model 92, with a loop lever and a set screw in the trigger guard that pulled the trigger as the lever closed. Johnny Yuma, *The Rebel*, often carried a revolver, but for extra "cool" he would break out his rebel scattergun, a hammered side by side with the barrels cut just in front of the forearm, and the buttstock reduced to not much more than a pistol grip. And Johnny Ringo wielded with deadly affect his LeMat revolver, a massive nine-shooter with a 20 gauge shotgun barrel that made it really "cool."

I was one lucky kid. I kind of knew it at the time, but I *really* know it now.

NN