



THE LARIAT

Voice of the
LITTLE RIVER RAIDERS

Website www.littleriverraiders.com.au

No5/2017
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July 2017
Scribe: Patrick Floyd Garrett

LETTER FROM THE EDITER

Howdy all

We now have a Facebook page for you to join. It is a closed group so it will be safe for Little Raiders Members to join. You can post your photos and also use it as a forum for single action shooting leave messages for each other in the group. So I encourage all those with Facebook to join the Little River Raiders Group. Just search Little River Raiders in the Facebook Search.

Also a quick reminder there is a working bee on Sunday the 29th of July. So if you are coming let Tony know on 0419 187980 or by email diablot6@bigpond.com

Regards *P.F.G.*

CAPTAIN CORNER (OR SAMBUCCA'S SPEAK).

Howdy all,

I'll kick off with a bit about

WALKER'S CREEK 2018

Our annual Black Powder event looks at the era of Captain Jack Hays and his Company of Texas Rangers and specifically The Battle at Walker's Creek in 1844 which marked a turning point in Indian warfare with the first effective use of repeating firearms in close combat with the Comanche.

Well the wagons gathered on the weekend of 7 and 8 July at Eagle Park and despite the weather 36 Cowboys and Cowgirls did battle starting with the Long-Range event down on the main range. There were 16 contestants who braved the wind and rain at 400 and 500

yards and the trophy was taken out by the one and only Tony Diablo.

The **Main Event** started at 1.00pm with 36 competitors giving it their all over 10 well written and interesting Stages – 4 on Saturday and 6 on Sunday. We only had a couple of showers but it was very cold so everyone rugged up well. Having said that we did have a couple of bursts of sunshine. Being the major Black Powder event of the year there was plenty of smoke and flame and, being on the dark side, a few tall tales were told as well. Catering was courteous of Hoss's Chuck wagon and his reliable assistant Barb so we were well fed and watered for the weekend.

The scores are up on the Website but I can tell you the winners were:

<u>Frontier Cartridge</u>	<u>Frontiersman`</u>
<u>Junior Boy</u>	<u>Ladies</u>
1 st Bullseye	1 st Shaft Shot
Blue Eyed Bandit	1 st Cheyenne Jack
2 nd Bad 4 U	2 nd Amarillo
<u>Junior Girl</u>	2 nd Elsie Lou
3 rd Broken Knee	3 rd Yowie
Arizona Blue	3 rd Shaft Shot
Squaw	

In case you 're wondering why I didn't get a mention – well I got too many misses!

We had visitors from Warrnambool, Wodonga, Mildura, Bendigo, Lakes Entrance and N.S.W. Thank you all for making the trip.

Unfortunately, Yowie, from up near Canberra, missed a Politician but collected a Kangaroo on the way home. His vehicle was a write off but he is okay.

Saturday night the Raffle for the .22 Rifle was drawn and won by Midnight. A general raffle followed with a great range of prizes. For

those who know the luck of Confederate Kid (won a Shotgun and Rifle at last 2 Nationals) he didn't miss out. He won a Rare Breed Bourbon container but it had a can of Solo inside.

P.S. I'm not a great fan of Black Powder because it makes my guns so b....y dirty. However, I did follow a tip to clean my guns with Baby Wipes – bloody fantastic but I'm now concerned with Baby's bottoms if this is what they do to dirty guns!

BOOTS Wet weather is not good for our boots or our feet if your socks get wet. **Tip** After you have cleaned your boots give them a good coating of Dubbin or Bees Wax. It's not long-term waterproofing but does work for a few wears.

SPOTTING is an integral and most important part of Single Action Shooting. We can all make the wrong call sometimes but remember this is unfair on the shooter – and that shooter could be you. Be observant, focussed and in the right spot at all times. Spot for no more than 5-6 shooters and then change. Remember:

- If you know it's a hit, it's a hit
- If you think it's a hit, it's a hit
- If you think it's a miss, it's a hit
- If you know it's a miss, it's a miss
- Call the shot as you see it and how you would like it called for you

See u on the range. Regards, *Sambucca*,
Club Captain

NATIONALS 2019

Howdy all, In the May edition of The Lariat I made mention of the Nationals that we are hosting next year and some of the jobs that need to be covered. I am disappointed to say that only 2 members have contacted me to say they will assist. If you don't have the copy handy go to our Website under Club News and have a look. If we have plenty of offers to assist it will barely intrude on our shooting at all and help the whole event run a lot smoother. Just jobs like painting targets, rubbish removal and water replenishment to name a few are jobs that have to be done. Please consider how you can help and give me a call on 0407

553 281 or send an email

bcooper44@bigpond.com Regards, Sambucca.

CHARLES "CHARLIE" BOWDRE UNLUCKY FRIEND TO BILLY THE KID



Early life

Bowdre was born in Wilkes County, Georgia. When he was three years old, he and his parents moved to Mississippi. By 1854, young Charlie started working in his father's farm, and as he grew up became an adept farmer. Much of what Bowdre did between the year in which his last sister was born (1863) and 1874, remains a mystery.

It is believed, however, that he abandoned the family's farm to become a wanderer. Records show that by 1874, he had arrived at Lincoln County, New Mexico. Bowdre became friends with Doc Scurlock during this time, and the two men opened a cheese factory on the Gila River. He also joined Scurlock on several posses during this period, pursuing cattle thieves and rustlers, on several occasions taking part in the lynching of those captured. On July 18, 1876, Bowdre, Scurlock, Frank Coe, George Coe, and Ab Saunders stormed the very weak Lincoln jail, freeing cattle rustler Jesus Largo from the custody of Sheriff Saturnino Baca, taking Largo outside of town and hanging him. No charges were ever filed for the event. On August 5, 1877, he and a companion were arrested for "shooting up" the town of Lincoln while intoxicated.

Lincoln County War

With the outbreak of the Lincoln County War in 1878, Bowdre sided with the Tunstall-McSween side, and he met Billy, Jose Chavez y Chavez and the rest of the Kid's associates, including Richard M. Brewer and Jim French, George Coe and Frank Coe. During the conflict, he was known to have been present with his fellow Regulators when William Morton, Frank Baker, and William McCloskey were killed along the Blackwater Creek on March 9, 1878. Bowdre was shot by Buckshot Roberts during the Gunfight of Blazer's Mills on April 4, 1878, and in turn shot Roberts. Bowdre would be charged with killing Buckshot Roberts during the Blazer's Mills Gunfight. He was also present in the July 15–19, 1878 Battle of Lincoln.



After the Lincoln County War

Bowdre worked as a cowboy on the ranches of Thomas Yerby and Pete Maxwell as the war went on, as well as being an active participant. Bowdre married a twenty-five-year-old Mexican woman, Manuela Herrera, some months before his death. Manuela was a sister to Doc Scurlock's wife,

María Antonia Miguela Herrera, known as Antonia. The fact that he was recently married when he died makes him less likely to have been involved in the gang's activities during the few weeks that passed between his marriage and his death.

By December 1880, Charlie Bowdre was ready to quit riding with Billy the Kid and surrender for the murder of Buckshot Roberts, but he still joined the rest of the gang on a mission to ambush Pat Garrett in Fort Sumner. A gun battle ensued, but Bowdre and most of the Kid's gang members escaped alive. On December 23, however, the gang was holed up in a rock house at Stinking Springs. At dawn, Charlie Bowdre emerged to feed the horses and was riddled with rifle slugs by Garrett's posse, which had surrounded the building in the night. Later that day, Billy the Kid and his partners gave up. After being riddled with bullets he fell back into the doorway where, at the urging of Billy the Kid to 'take a few of them with you when you die', Bowdre made a valiant exit. Unfortunately he was already too weak and near death at that point and couldn't get his gun out of his holster. In the last seconds of his life he stumbled and fell towards Pat Garrett repeating the phrase, "I wish...I wish..."

His remains were returned to his wife, and he was interred next to Tom O'Folliard, another member of Billy's gang. They were joined later by Billy himself, after he was killed in July, 1881. In 1962, a relative named Louis Bowdre was found, and a court tried to have Bowdre's remains removed. But the relative disagreed, saying that Bowdre would prefer to rest next to O'Folliard.

Portrayals

Charlie Bowdre was played by James Congdon in the 1958 film The Left Handed Gun, by Ron Soble in the John Wayne film Chisum and by Charles Martin Smith in Sam Peckinpah's Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid (1973). In the 1988 film Young Guns, he is portrayed by actor Casey Siemaszko. The circumstances of his death were the basis of a scene in "Young Guns II", however, in the movie Doc Scurlock, played by Kiefer Sutherland, is the one who meets his fate outside the hut, and not Bowdre.



WESTERN SHORT STORY

Billy Browning-Bounty Hunter By William F. Stocks

Up at dawn after a shave and hot mineral bath the previous evening and with a good boarding house breakfast under my belt, I danced Blackjack south out of Warm Springs toward the Sierra Madre Mountains and Battle Pass, an old trail over the Divide between the Green River and Platte River drainages overlooking Battle Lake.

[It was at Battle Lake where Major Thornburgh, on a fishing trip with Thomas Edison's party to view the solar eclipse of '79, received news of unrest at the White River Agency and orders from General Crook to proceed immediately to agent Meeker's support. Northwest from Warm Springs and southwest of Rawlins is Bridger's Pass, a geological break in the Continental Divide along the Overland Trail much better suited to wagon travel and used by immigrants going further West to Salt Lake City and beyond.]

Ascending to the divide about mid-morning, I could hear the shrill call of a wapiti bull in the distance heralding the close of the rut, which had begun with the cow elk estrus about a month earlier. Soon the mule deer bucks would succumb to their version of this annual wont, as their necks nearly double in size and the prudent exercise of caution is literally cast to the winds by the irresistible scent of a doe in season.

The Utes I encountered a few days earlier, did well to hunt deer when they were fat and fit after a summer of mountain feeding in preparation for winter and before the wild musk tainted their meat. In the following months the deer herds would migrate to the lower country, where they must now compete with ever increasing droves of cattle for winter sustenance.

From the vista atop the divide, I could see the blue-sky mirror of Battle Lake below and a vast panorama stretching an infinite distance to the West. Beyond the pristine forest canopy of evergreens and aspen in full fall colors, lay rolling sagebrush hills that transition out on the horizon into the red desert landscape of the remote lower country; and in-between those two extremes, lay the secluded beauty of the Little Snake River Valley.

[The Little Snake, a tributary of the Bear River, heads in Northwest Colorado Territory near the Continental Divide, where its three forks converge and flow west-south westerly some 65-70 miles into Lily Park. There it combines with the Bear, before merging into the mighty Green River in Pat's Hole, about 20 miles south of Brown's Park.]

The Valley which lies well off the more beaten paths to the North is comprised of lush bottom lands skirted by gently sloped hills of sage and short grasses, making it an ideal area to raise range-cattle. Though much like a scaled down version of the larger Platte Valley, its primary difference and ultimate attraction is isolation.

"It would be a prime place," I thought, "to find a rustlin' skunk like Jody Wolfe."

Though it was a bit early, I made camp at the lake and proceeded to catch a few late afternoon trout for supper. The water was cold and exceptionally clear. I could see down to the bottom nearly 8 to 10 feet offshore as dozens of fish swam about. My fishing pole was a long red-willow branch cut from a thicket near the lake and tied with a roll of hooked line I always carry in my saddlebags. With my hat, I swatted a few die-hard grasshoppers for bait and in no time at all, had eaten a nice mess of fish, washed down with some black "cowboy coffee".

[Cowboy coffee is made by dumping fresh coffee grounds into a pot of creek water and setting it on a high boil near the edge of the fire. An old coffee can, fitted with a wire bail, set on a flat rock usually works perfect. Once the coffee looks ready, depending on your particular taste, it is set aside and the grounds are allowed to quietly settle out. Then it can be carefully poured or dipped out with a tin cup. "Can milk" (sweetened condensed milk) is used when available by those who prefer not to drink theirs black.]

Blackjack who had enjoyed a deep drink from the cold lake, grazed contentedly along his picket in the late afternoon sun. When the great gilded orb began to sink beneath a fiery crimson glow, I could not imagine a more picturesque place to be.

But despite the mariner's rhyme of a "red sky at night" being a "sailor's delight", just a short few hours later, a rain storm moved in on a fierce wind. Lightning was followed by thunder, reverberating off the high rock outcroppings above the lake. Blackjack was not having any of it, so I had to lead him into the shelter of some heavy pine

timber where I had moved my belongings to wait it out. Though we endured quite a downpour for a while, it finally broke and I was able to get a minimum of shuteye under the umbrella of trees. Next morning all was clear, so I hung out my dampened bedclothes to dry on the bushes. By the time I had cooked some tinned bacon and brewed fresh coffee, they were mostly dry and ready to pack.

We departed the lake on a circuitous trail that first led up and then gradually descended through some large parks surrounded by a mixture of aspen and pine. Then the steeper terrain gave way to more rolling forestland populated mostly with aspen in brilliant fall hues of yellow and red. These breaks opened up into sagebrush hills and grassy flats that traversed the base of a flat-topped mountain known as Bastion to the French speaking voyageurs, but was later named Battle Mountain.

[On August 21, 1841 Henry Fraeb (known as Ol' Frapp) and a company of trappers fought a battle with a large allied war party of Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho at the base of Bastion Mountain near the confluence of the Little Snake River and a creek that comes in from the North. Fraeb was killed, along with three others. Jim Baker, a local mountain man also took part in the fight, which ended with the Indians withdrawing, giving Jim and the remaining trappers an opportunity to make their escape. From that day forward, the mountain, creek and lake at its head, have been named Battle.]

Though the trail forked in several places, the main path went beneath Battle Mountain and entered the Valley in an area near the confluence of the Little Snake River and a creek coming in from the South named Slater, where the trail became a well traveled wagon road going both directions.

It was now late afternoon, so I stopped to water Blackjack and stretch my legs. I had gone but a short distance from the river bank when all hell broke loose and the damndest buzzing of rattlesnakes I had ever heard surrounded me in the tall grass. Blackjack was alarmed too and stomped around throwing his head as if to say : "C'mon let's get the hell outa here!"

I realized I'd stumbled into an annual fall migratory path the snakes were taking to their winter den, which I figured was probably south across the river where Slater Creek comes into the Valley through a rocky canyon cut into a volcanic uplift many millennia ago. They were all gathered here

trying to get up enough collective nerve to swim to the other side before dark. I backed up cautiously and grabbing the reins, literally jumped into the saddle and hightailed Blackjack back toward the wagon road leading down river.

[Not far down the road was the Stonewall, where in 1870, William Slater and Henry Brockmire, known as Bible back Brown, built the first permanent structure in the Valley, a cabin, beneath the sandstone cliffs. Slater and Brown were trapping/prospecting partners who had done well free-mining gold at Hahn's Peak. On a trip to Rawlins the next fall for winter supplies, Bible back met Noah Reader, who was heading northwest with his family but had run low on both health and finances. He convinced Reader to join him on the Little Snake and offered him the use of the snug little cabin. The next spring Reader homesteaded what later became the Stonewall Ranch and started a lucrative cow/calf operation next to Jim Baker, who homesteaded just west of there in 1873.]

The wagon road went squarely through the Reader place, which was a characteristic "road ranch" laid out beneath the aforementioned sandstone cliffs. Buildings constructed of log and lumber occupied both sides of the road, with free ranging chickens, a milk cow waiting in the barnyard, and horses grazing among beef cattle in nearby meadows. The residents seemed to be away, with the exception of a mature woman who tended the fall remnants of a large vegetable garden near the main ranch house.

"Hello!" she said cheerfully, approaching the fence and removing her sun bonnet.

"Howdy ma'am, my name's Billy. I'm looking for an old Army scout named Jim Baker. I've heard he lives hereabouts?"

"Yes, his place is about two miles west of here. I'm Mrs. Noah Reader and Jim's a good friend and neighbour of ours."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs. Reader. I've never met him, but as a former trooper in the 5th Cavalry, I believe we'll have plenty to talk about."

"Please, everyone calls me Rosanna. It'll be dark soon and you're quite welcome to stay for supper. My husband's been out gathering cattle all day, but they should be back before long and I'm certain he would like to meet you too."

"I do appreciate the offer, but I'll have to take you up on it some other time. I'll look forward to meeting Noah and explaining more, when I get a little further along with my purpose here, but for the time being, my line of work requires that I lay low and try not to get recognized by a certain someone."

"I see. Well, remember you're welcome here anytime, Billy," she replied.

"Much obliged, Rosanna," I said, tipping my hat as I turned Blackjack back toward the road.

Blackjack quickly covered the couple of miles to the Baker's and by the time I arrived there, it was getting pretty dark. His cabin sat in the middle of a wide open meadow area far out of rifle range from any surrounding cover. The two story house was nearly flat-roofed and built of well fitted hewn logs. The second story was about six feet smaller in width than the first and the surplus roof area served as an observation platform with a full railing. There were several outbuildings and a corral nearby and like the Reader's place, horses and cattle grazed all around on the open pasture. Lantern light shone from a multi-paned side window and smoke rolled out of the stovepipe.

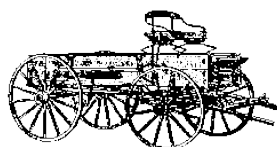
"Hello the camp!" I called, in the customary protocol of the old mountain men, reining in Blackjack about 50 yards away. The front door immediately swung wide open and the first thing I saw was the barrel of a rifle pointing in my direction.

"What be yer bizness with this ol' coon?" asked the tall grizzled man in buckskins, as he lowered the barrel of his Sharp's buffalo rifle. His rough face was bearded and long reddish-grey hair lay across his shoulders. There was no question he was Jim Baker.

"My name's Billy, I'm an ex-trooper who rode with the 5th Cavalry in '76," I replied.

"Well I'll be a 'tarnal fool! Come on in! We're jist settin' down to vittles. You can turn that handsome fella loose in the corral!" he hollered.

Thus was my first encounter with a living legend of the mountains, a man who would become a valued ally and mentor in the coming days.



COWBOY/COWGIRL QUIZ

1: Hugh O'Brian starred in this western about a legendary lawman of the frontier. What series was it?

2: "Wagon Train" first rolled across the prairie in September, 1957. Who played gritty Wagon master Major Seth Adams?

3: Guy Madison played the starring role of US Marshal Wild Bill Hickok in "The Adventures of Wild Bill Hickok" (1951-1958). Who played the role of his 300-pound partner Deputy Marshal Jingles P. Jones?

4: "Deadwood" started a three season run in 2004. Which saloon did Al Swearengen own?

5: "Wagon Train" ran from 1957-1965 and depicted the problems encountered by a California-bound wagon train. In 1960 Ward Bond, who portrayed a wagon master named Seth Adams, passed away. What actor replaced him?

6: This western was about a group of men herding 3,000 head of cattle to market.

- Wagon Train
 - Bonanza
 - Cowpoke
 - Rawhide
-

7: When the Barkleys of "The Big Valley" needed the law enforced, who did they call on?

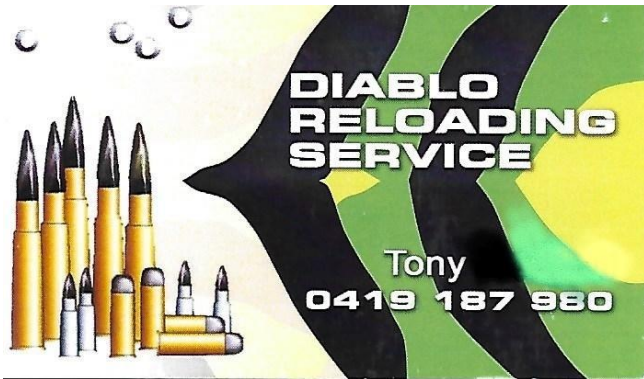
8: What was the title of the one season-only western that was designed to be a prequel to "Bonanza"?

9: Who kept the peace in Latigo, N.M. on the series "The Black Saddle"?

10: The mysterious east met the old west in which western series of the 1970s?

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Regards *P.F.G.*

COWBOY JOKES

1: Back in the Old West three Texas cowboys were about to be hung for cattle rustling. The lynch mob brought the three men to a tree right at the edge of the Rio Grande. The idea was that when each man had died, they'd cut the rope and he'd drop into the river and drift out of sight

They put the first cowboy in the noose, but he was so sweaty and greasy he slipped out, fell in the river and swam to freedom.

They tied the noose around the second cowboy's head. He, too, oozed out of the rope, dropped into the river and got away.

As they dragged the third Texan to the scaffold, he resisted, "Please! Would yaw'l tighten that noose a little bit? I can't swim!"

2: Visitor: Wow, you have a lot of flies buzzing round your horses and cows. Do you ever shoo them?
Cowboy: No we just let them go barefoot.

