

ELDORADO COWBOYS



ELDORADO CANYON GAZETTE

Volume 17

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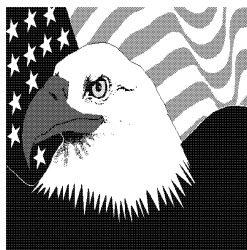
Next Shoots
February 6, 2016

And

February 7, 2016

Main Match 9:00

Side Match 8:00



**SCORING WILL
BE MANDATORY
FOR ALL
SHOOTERS**

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BEST SHOOT BY A DAM SITE UPDATE

The Best Shoot by a Dam Site pages are up and functioning. We currently have the 27 shooters signed up. Fox Smokehouse Bar B Que has been signed on to cover the luncheon again this year. The first draft of the stages have been written and we are in the process of reviewing them for accuracy and clarity.

We are looking forward to getting your registrations. If you know you are coming, Charming will take your registration as a "Will Call". If you have any questions, please advise. We're looking forward seeing you at the 10th annual Best Shoot by Dam Site.

ELDOARDO 2016 SASS NEVADA STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

The website for Eldorado 2016 SASS Nevada State Championship is up and running also. Please go to the website for the latest information. We ask that you use registration forms that are on the web site. We have had to add the \$5.00 SASS shooter fee. This is a pass through and will be sent to SASS immediately after the shoot. Thank you for your understanding.

CLEAN SHOOT WINNERS

Congratulations to Just Ace with 16 Clean Shoots and Blazin' Betsy with 11 Clean Shoots for being the top clean shoot winners for 2015. Nothing like keeping it in the family. Good job guys. Good luck in 2016.

Off Target with Creeker

The following is based on a true story. It is supported by eye witness accounts, and through the use of certified documents. It is difficult to believe that in the United States of America, these types of abuses still take place. This story is presented to shine a light on all the forgotten victims and their sacrifices.

Again. They are coming for us again. I can hear the key being inserted into the padlock that holds the rust colored doors closed and I know it will not be long until we are laboring in the hot desert sun again; not long before we are being beaten again.

The doors swing open with a mournful groan that gives testament to how long they have left us in here. No windows in this prison and without light; time loses its meaning. Has it been days? Perhaps even weeks? The sour smell of long closed space wafts thru the air, causing some to cough.

The handlers rush in. Strong hands grab us and pull us to the outside; towards the labors. Towards the pain. The bright light is blinding as we are moved roughly to the transports. We pile on; trying desperately to focus on anything other than the impending labors and the unavoidable pain. The labors are difficult and we have been trapped into this life. My fellow passengers evidence the beatings we have taken and I know my appearance is no better. Old scars cover our bodies and we know before the day is out; some of us will have fresh wounds.

Some pulled from that grey prison do not even make it to the transports; the idea of facing another day proves too much, they are discarded as useless and tossed to the side. We do not mourn; we are not allowed this luxury. It is what our existence has become; it is expected.

As we are being loaded; I notice that the smaller among us have been deemed unsuitable and are being left behind. This has happened before; the bigger amongst us do the most labors. Endure the most beatings. Today, the smaller are lucky. They avoid the labors; the beatings that the rest of us will endure. But this may be small consolation as the doors swing closed and they are again sealed into the still air and dirty confines of their prison.

When the transports fire up; our journey begins. The drivers are uncaring and do not consider the passengers in the rear. We jostle together, bumping and scraping. Even before our labors begin, some are already injured.

Every once in a while; one of my fellow

laborers attempts to escape. They tumble from the transport and land sloppily on the ground; sliding along in the red dust and dirt that surrounds our prison. They vainly try to evade notice, but they never do. Bent from their labors and filled with fear; their bodies are not made for running and they are easily picked up and thrown back on the transports. Rarely is anything said about the attempt and no punishment is forthcoming. They know as well as we what is coming. There is nothing worse they can do to us.

We arrive all too quickly at our worksite. Yanked from the transports and briskly hustled into position. The lead handler steps back and surveys us; just a field of nameless, faceless laborers. He curses and pulls stained and wadded paperwork from his pocket. He is not happy with what he sees. He yells at a fellow handler to move us. But evidently, some of us are simply not suited for these tasks; not up to his expectations. We are thrown roughly to the ground and ignored while others are moved into place.

Eventually, all of us have our assigned tasks. Now it is simply to survive the day. The ground is familiar; we have been here before. We strive to persevere through the labors; through the beatings.

I have already determined that being small and nondescript results in fewer beatings. So I attempt to appear small, but I am hit anyway. I don't understand; why? I've done everything I have been tasked with, but I am struck with ringing hard blows; again and again. I've survived worse; I know I have. I hold my place; begging for the pain to stop. . But the pain is nearly unbearable; like nothing I have ever experienced before. The strikes continue. I can feel my body tear; my very core pulling apart. Again, mercilessly I am struck. I am being ripped in half. I can no longer stand and I fall to the hard packed ground. I can smell sulfur and brimstone. Is this hell? Am I dead?

Strong hands grab me and I gaze up at one of the handlers. He runs his hands over my wounds and shakes his head. He quickly carries me to the side and without ceremony another is put in my place. The beatings are over; my labors are complete. As the world grows dim, I hear a handler call out, "How much black powder are you using anyways? You broke that plate clean in half".

The life of a CAS steel plate is a harsh and cruel existence.

It is estimated that in the United States alone, well over 10,000 of these plates experience forced labor and beatings yearly. But since CAS steel plates are hidden away in the shadows; secured within storage units and conex boxes; the numbers may actually be quite higher.

*Do your part
Please send your donations to:
Creeker c/o of "I Can Certainly Use The Money" Charities.
PO Box 867-5309
Las Vegas, NV*

For your generous donation of \$100 or more; you will receive a color photograph of the steel plate that you helped save.

Show the steel you care. Please send your donation today.



Who would have thunk it? Good lookin' cowpoke and reasonably good shooter. Can dream up fair to middlin' shooting scenarios and has a wicked imagination and writin' skills. Funny article written from the perspective of a target.

Charming
Eldorado Gazette
Editor

50/50 DRAWINGS

We will continue doing the 50/50 drawings at our monthly shoots. We will try to do it each shooting day. It had fallen by the wayside occasionally during 2015. We will try our best to be more consistent in 2016. Thank you to everyone who participates in the 50/50. Every little bit helps.

INK CARTRIDGE RECYCLING

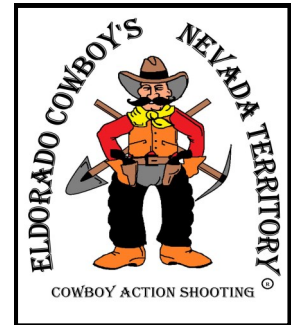
Speaking of every little bit helping, thank you for those who have the contributed ink cartridges in 2015. The recycling credits we received helped greatly in offsetting the

costs of printing and general office supplies throughout the year. Thank you for your continued support in this matter. It is appreciated.

THIS AND THAT

We have submitted our request for the 2017 SASS Nevada State Championship. We should get our certification in August of 2016.

If you are the Boulder Rifle and Pistol Club member and have not yet renewed your 2016 membership, please do so soon as possible. Everything is done via their web page. Just go to www.brpc1.org and follow the prompts for membership renewal. You can even pay via credit card. If you wish to remain a member of BRPC, it is important and that you renew your membership. They will be cutting off any new memberships as of February. The membership has reached the upper limits of the number of shooters that can be accommodated. If we hear anything further, we will keep you posted.



Lord grant me the strength to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can and the friends to post my bail when I finally snap!