

## Ruger's Hired Gun

The early morning sunlight bounced off the Spanish rawled spurs as he walked into the doorway. Chink, chink, chink, was the only sound that announced the steely eyed gunslinger's presence. As he peered into the room sizing up all armed citizen you could hear him saying, "This town ain't big enough for the both of us!" Hey this is Tontitown, it ain't even big enough for the one of us. It was the Mid-West ICORE Regional Match. "Because the west wasn't won with no bottom feeder!"

Thanx to all the folks at the Ozarks Sportsmans , the Ozark Tactical Shooters and all the tremendous companies that sponsored the 2009 Mid-West Regional. Thar wuz shooters from Texas, Iowa, Kansas, Arkansas, Missouri and even a few Okies in the mix.

I gots to shoot with some top notch shooters at this here match. I don't know how I got put in the Super Squad. Thar wore Elliot and Annette Aysen, and Forrest Boudreaux from Louisiana, Mike Luttrell out of retirement from Arkansas, Ruger's Hired gun, Roger Reid, also from Arkansas joined us in the afternoon, and little ole me. Well maybe not so little.

We started on Stage one. For some reason Pretty shirt Rick called it "Yard Sale" or "One Cheek Sneek". But it was more lak Hansel an Gretel cause if you didn't leave bread crumbs as you wuza shootin you would git losted. Targets wore scattered here to yonder wiff bowling pins in amongstem. Some pins wore even hidin IN the No shoots. Oh did I already tell ya thurty hits required. Wa'll the buzzer went of fer me an I wuza shootin an droppin bread crumbs but when I got to the end the R.O. musta swep up the crumbs, He had plenty of time as I wuz goin slow. Not knowin whar I wuz or even whar I wuza headin I loaded one more clip an far'd my last shots. It tweren't purty watchin an even worsta scorin. Even Annette had some difficulties. She wuza blazin away, but she had a plan. She shot all the paper first then went fer the bowlin pins. She unloaded an then looked up an asked "Why are those bowling pins still up and why do I have extra ammo left?" She loaded back up an got the other pins down an still whupped a bunch of us.

Stage 2. The Grim Three Per. Lets you know a little about the stage. The mostest interesting shootin plan fer this stage wuz figgered out by a fellar Okie, Curt Nichols. Curt wuza watchin the guys shoot the stage an as he walked through afore he shot it he musta thought, "Why in the world are these guys reloadin so much?" As the buzzer sounded Curt's plan went into action. Ran over the rat side of the barricade an fared two hits each on two targets. Hey I got four more shots leffed in the gun. Moved to the port two more hits on a target thar. Hey I won't hafta reload fer the swanger, step up got two hits on it. Ran down the hall an thar wore four targets thar. Hmm? Thought Curt, that makes it great fer an eight shot but a little unfair fer the six shooters, aw well. Eight shots in one spot and moved to finish off the last two targets. Hey I did this with about half the reloads everybody else did. Then he heard "IF!!" "You are finished unload show clear." Why heck yea I'ma dun. Target one two alpha's...one mike. Huh? Target two two alpha...one mike. Wha? And the carnage continued.. Curtis, Curtis. The Stage name "The Grim THREE PER" shoulda gave you a clue. An as my new friend Gregg

Kratochvil duly noted “ Son, Son, you done kicked over the stupid bucket.” Curt slogged back to the line, head held low an stated the obvious. “I musta come here fer the fun kaws I couldn’t be here to win.”

Stage Three, I’m Confused. Three boxes bout in a row an you had to hit two paper an one bowlin pin from box A move to box B or C an hit Target 3 with two more hits. Then open up the flood gates an leter rip. Movin down korydoors an hallways a blastin to beat the band. And you get to the end an ifin you had prepared correctly you would have more than enuff ammo to finish the job but some one did not load up afore he shot. I ain’t gonna say who, and don’t ask Neil Allen kaws him bein from Texas he may tell you that it wuz me. An you know them Texans are notorious story tellars. I will say this on the last target I did hafta holler “Bang, Bang” to keep from gittin a failure to engage. Didn’t help I got one anyways. The R.O. Mike Collie did ask me “Does it smell funny where your head is now?” I sayed no, but I could use a big bottle of Fabreeze rat about now.

Rat about now the R.O.s and crew wenta fixing up fer the afternoon shootin. Stage 4 Tunnel of Doom. Thet about sums up my shootin up to this point. You started wiff yor unloaded gun on a table in a dark tunnel wiff a initial loader beside it an you bout ten foot away in a box. On the signal git you gun an shoot two targets wiff two shot each an two plastic knock downs. Back up till you could go rat or leff an hit three targets to the rat move to a closed winder open the winder an hit three targets thar an then you could get to the leff edge an hit three more targets. Elliot did good an when he backed out an got the three target to the rat he opened the winder on his way to the leff side to shoot the three target thar sos he could jess reload an hit the three targets at the winder no wasted time to open the winder. I tried thet but found myself waitin at the winder a wunerrin and reloadin so I fergot about the winder till I came back to it. One feller was in the dark tunnel an wuza wunnerin how he would be able to see his sights in the dark. I jess tole him to back up three feet as he was loadin his revo. He sayed “I never thought of that, thank you” Yor welcome Fred.

Stage 5. Five The Hard Way. Every whar you stopped thar would be five hits to be made. Heck even Curtis couldn’t mess this one up. Wa’ll maybe he couldn’t but I didn’t see him shoot it so you would never know. Two Paper target wiff a bowlin pin at every spot you could thank of an then five more pins kaws we had extra. On the signal thar wor two paper an a pin rat in front of you then off to the races along the leff side wor another set then down the hall aways on the leff. Down a little more nother set on the leff an right an then the five pins in front of you. I shot this one well but for the Killer B’s thet attacked my score card.

Stage 6 Memory X’s You had five boxes scattered hither an yon an six paper target in a row. On Signal from Box A, one hit each then Box B, Three hits each on T 3 and T 6. Huh? Move to Box C, Three hits each on T 2 and T 5. Move to Box D, “Hey wait a minute fellars you are using up more of the alphabet than I normally consider.” From Box D Three hits on T 1 an T 4. Then I last box one hit each again. “Oh wait I get it

Box B lines up on T 3 and T 6 an Box C is in the middle with T 2 an T 5. Hey this ain't so complicated." Until Forrest Boudreaux added yet another move to it. As he wuz goin in the last box his foot rolled on the back of the pvc box an the rod acted lak a naner peel sending him up into a semi flip. He kept it safe but we explained to him thet we didn't know if he wuz goin fer a sow cow or a double sow cow and didn't know the degree of difficulty he wuz tryin fer so we could not score the move fer bonus points an would jess hafta take his time fer the score.

Stage 7. The Infernal Eternal Swanger, but we eightysixed the Swanger an jess delt with the flopper stopper. You started from a box an then stepped onto the trap door. It caused a no shoot to drop out of yor way to shoot at a couple of targets behind it. But it jess would not stay down, an unlike me it wuz purty fast. Wiff six more target strewn about an five bowin pins on a rail made it seventeen hits required. But ifin you were lucky you could play the careen offin one pin to git two. Nobody got thet lucky. I got on the trapdoor an got my two shots off fer the bottom target afore the noshoot popped back up. I wus feelin purty good about my self kaws I had a clear shot at half the top A zone on the target but chose to put one in the bottom B zone thet wuzn't clear of the noshoot. Last stage why change now.

Wa'll when the dust settled Smilin Dean Gomez wuz the High Overall Match winner. When they announced it the glare from his shiny tooth wuz enuff fer me to put my shades on.

Jess Christensen wuz the High Limited Shooter. An you remember that Hired gun from Ruger. High Six shot, High Senior, and Top Ruger Shooter. He wore his blazen Chicken patches with honor. Congrats Roger (Ruger) Reid. Heck he might of got top gamer too, don't let Ruger know whut he is doin to his Revos kaws everybody'll wont one.

Wa'll thet's jess about it gotta git ready fer the ICORE Cup in Mississippi an Hopalong's match in Memphis, both in October.

Later Tater