

# SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD GAZETTE

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949

15 CENTS



## BIGFOOT SCARE !

By the ace reporter "Scoop" - Photography by Snappy A.S.C.



Screams! The whole town heard Phyllis Upp with her horrific screams of terror. She came running from her home on the edge of town in the wee hours of the morning down Bannister Street as scared as can be in her leather nightdress (well she's a cowgirl ain't she!) She fainted in the arms of Hugh Morris outside the gift shop. Mrs Ophelia Payne revived her with medicinal water she uses to wash her husbands underwear & sox in & Phyllis again started to scream. Then she said that dreaded word that shook the whole mob of onlookers - "Bigfoot". Terror entered into their eyes. Now legend around these parts is mighty strong about matters such pertaining to the old stories bandied around by the pioneers & Indians. Seems a giant of a creature with hair all over & big parts has been seen by some, every so many years with its comin's & goin's. Well it scared our girl half out of her wits & the remaining men folk got armed & went to her place to check. Sure nuff, the tell tale footprint was there outside her window in the dirt, a wopping foot & a half long with toe marks & all! Some say Bigfoot is 8 feet tall.



Jason DeVillian, the deputy sheriff, interviewed her later to get her statement fur the record. In it she said "He poked his way in & was scratching & snorting, with big ears & he had this huge "thing" hanging from his body". The lady folk listenin' outside could hear every word she said & they all looked at each other with indifferent expressions.



Amanda Love called the madam's girls together & warned them to lock the emporium as no bigfooter was comin' in their place!

There he is! Someone shouted. Gasps were heard from the crowd that had now gathered outside the sheriff's office. Where? ... In the bar of the Hotel, came the answer. Click, click, you could hear the guns being cocked nearly all at once & they all swung in the same direction - the Silverton Hotel. The mob moved in, slow like, towards the dimly lit bar across the street.



“Hey, that’s not Bigfoot” Chester Draws said. “He’s that mate of Roo’dy’s called “Kanga” who came by this afternoon looking fur his friend.



Well, the story now gets to the truth of the matter as our Phyllis Upp seemed to be having a few too many DW’s & forgot she invited Kanga home for a drink. Anita Drink & Diana Drink the hotel barmaids saw them leave together & told the deputy so. Seems she dozed off & when she awoke she saw Kanga hopping out the window!



Jason DeVillian checked the story out & told Miss Upp that she would be served if she didn’t control her habits better.



Everyone put their guns away & Kanga shouted a round o’ DW’s fur all.

It was a harrowing experience that thankfully had a happy ending.

You never can tell though, those old stories seem to come around every so often to remind up of the funny things that go on high up in these San Juan’s. Oh, there are stories of treasures of hidden Inca gold, of Spanish treasure too. Then there’s the stories from Indian legend about the tribal wars with the Blackstone’s & the Em’emeyes.

News from up north reports the Great Train Chase continues & we hope to have the latest low-down for our readers real soon but remember, There’s always somethin’ happenin’ in Silverton.

