



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD GAZETTE

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949

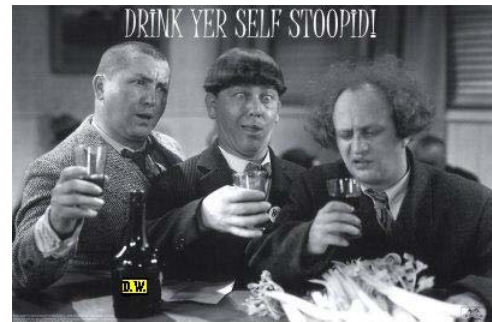
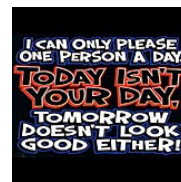
15 CENTS



UP CLEAR CRICK - ON THAR NARROW GAUGE

By the ace reporter "Scoop" - Photography by Snappy M.M.R.

It twas "Up Clear Crick on thar Narrow Gauge" we find ourselves brunkin' along the steep walls of'en the valley leavin Golden & climbin' tewards Georgetown. The windin' tracks proved hard on them injuns. The Outlaw n' his gang were strugglin' with'en that lump o' nugget & them's posse was a catchin ups.



With Durango Wheat's at the Silverton Hotel Colo.

The posse made it to the water tank coor's the injun was whoreful thirsty. But that sneaky snivillin' skunk was a waitin' fer em, his injun had ova-heated & sum flues had flown water leakin'. He had bin hidin behind the boxcars in the yard & sprung out wheeldin' his pearl handled six-shooter's.

YOUR TRUSTY ENGINEER & FIREMAN ARE FULL OF DURANGO WHEAT BEER & ARE NOW READY TO DRIVE YOUR TRAIN TO SILVERTON WHERE THEY CAN RE-FILL!



GINGERBEER ED & COL SHOVLIN AT YOUR SERVICE hic....



"Hands up yo'all n keep them hands away from yer guns hear" he sez. Sheriff sez, "you plannin' to rob us agin Outlaw?" sez he, sez Outlaw "No, butts I'm figerin' to relieve yo'all of sum of'en them Wheat's to fix me leak" sez he. Sez Madam "You no good squirrel nut pincher, leave us our DW's" demands the woman. Sez Outlaw, spinin' his pistols around his fingers, "I'll leave yo'all jest nuff so'ens ye don't die o' thirst". And with that the Kid & the other gang members grab sex cases of DW's & pour them into the tender of their stolen train. Within minutes the DW's have sealed them leakin' flues & thar boiler pressure jumps up to 200 pee ess eye. Safety's start a jumpin' & their train is ready to go once more.

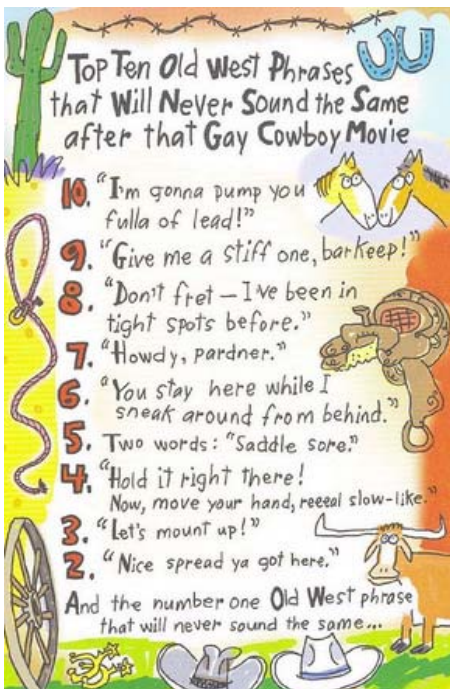


Sez the Outlaw, “No one moves till me trains up on yonder bridge or the Kangaroo gits it see” And he slips & nearly gits a *broken back mountin’* his horse.

Then the gang hi-tail it back to thar train & take off leaving a string of boxcars blockin’ the tracks on the main line.

The Sheriff picks up his guns & curses sayin’ “the day I had the misfortune to think twice about

fillin that one full o’ lead had been & gone”. Madam said that Miss Fortune was still workin’ back at the bordello & he’d git his chance again when he returns home!



With his arm around the Brewer to console him, the Mayor sez “Us folk has ta stick together & we needs to stay gay about ourselves & keep punchin ahead”

The Pianoman played “Don’t fence me in” & waited for their train to take on water while the others jumped on the boxes & undid the brakes soas they could move em’ outa they way to lit the train thru.

They didn’t want to let Roo’Dy, the kangaroo from Oz to git shot so they waited till the desperate desperado’s had crossed the high steel bridge & let him go.

Sez Scoop “They are headed fer Climax” & madam said “I nearly did seezin’ that handsome young Kid again, he such a looker & a shame he’s tied up with that scoundrel”.

So they’s all “up the crick” & still chasin that outlaw & his gang. Oh don’t y’all fret nun cause yer kin sense thar’s more to come as’en they’s headed fer the Rio Grande Southern in the San Juan’s & most prob’ly ridin’

the steel over the Silverton & Ouray RR tracks, so keep gittin the newspaper fer up-dates & all the latest guff on howdy things are goin’.

And doncha fergit, there’s all ways sumtin hap’nin around Silverton.

