



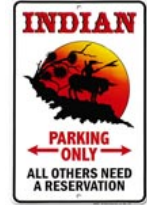
SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

GAZETTE SATURDAY, MARCH 1949 15 CENTS No.33



By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

INDIANS ATTACK !



Chief *Ten Thumbs* & the Medicine man, *Heap-Big-Laughing-Fire-Water*, saw their chance & got the "*Tomahawk Tribe*" to drag their tee-pee's onto the runway at No-name City where Oliver Sudden's plane was deliverin' DW's. He was grounded! They surrounded the bi-plane & helped themselves to thar cases of DW's & started dancing all into the night & shootin arrows at the moon havin' a wow of a *pow-wow*.



"Heap-good fire-water" sez squaw *Poke-ah-hotass*, & the braves got the tom-tom drums beating & *Running-Beer* popped the top off another DW & danced around the beer cases. *Ta-Tonka-Truck* & his mate *Dances-with-hoofs* was nokin'em back & *Crazy-Whore'z* played spin ta bottle.

Hi-ya-ya -yah, them'z was hootin' it up. The runway is part of the property & on their reservation so the law kint touch em -"heap-good free beer" sez *Sun-Kin-Belee-Ber*. They'z was a'scalpin' the tops

Ugh - good fire-water

DW's



off'en dem DW's till smoke signals was cumin' out them'z ears!

The *Pow-wow* was goin to go fer a long, long time, longer than buck

Kik-A-Bear-Kana-Long's name in fact. "How"... sez the Medicine-man. Oliver Sudden our pilot was flabbergasted. "How is a good question? - I've jest lost a race with a train thanks to you" sez he. Sez Medicine-man, "Ugh.. Iron-Whorse no good at jumping river with no bridge"... "Other half of tribe stealing fire-water now from train"!





There are 2 kinds of people. Those who enjoy beer, and the rest of you poor bastards.

Someday we'll look back on all of this and laugh our asses off.

FREE BREWERY TOURS
Every Sunday After Church

Don't cry over spilled milk. It could have been beer.

LAND OF THE GIANTS

MANURE HAPPENS.

A Ticket To Tomahawk



Well now, seems the bridge rails was pulled up by the tribe over the river so the train is havin' problems too. Them DW's are strong medicine to the tribe & they had scouts out ready for both the train & the plane nowin' them'z full of deer-lecktable beers.



So the "Great Race" is still anyone's guess as to how or whoz gina win it? The train is stuck & the rails need puttin' back on the bridge. The plane is stuck & the tee-pee's need movin soz it can take hoof.

What else kin happen to these racers with huge bets of money, gold mines & cattle ranches wagered on a winner?

We'll jest have to wait en see. Will the train beat the plane? Will the plane beat the train?

Oh by jingoe's it's hold ya breath n' see, kain't wait fer this story to end soz we'all kin finds out whoz gana be thar winner of the race?

But when the DW's run out & them injuns are sleepin' if off the race will rezoom & the fun kuntinues...



Meanwhile back Denver ways... the other race to catch that varmint Outlaw goes on. Him & his gang are up in them mountains jest west o'town & the posse are closin' in fast. Don'cha jest love this? Its gittin better all the dang time, & of coor's.. *there'z always sumtin hap'nin in Silverton.*

BONUS FEATURE THIS ISSUE -

The original "Little Folk" involved in "THE GREAT TRAIN CHASE" - world first Hon3 extravaganza.



SILVERTON "LITTLE FOLK" IN THE GREAT TRAIN CHASE AROUND THE WORLD - HON3

Barkeep - Brewer - Mayor - Pianoman - Inspector - Spike - Chief Suntraxx - Sparky - Snappy
Sheriff - Scoop - Madam Lash - Outlaw - Professor - Toyman - Minidekoda - RooDy



Don't let yer refrigerator freeze up...
Call "FRIDGE BUSTERS" helping old bartenders
git into their fridges all over Colorado.

Call 'Frosty' on 347



We'z had a letter to the editor from Miss Natile Drest regarding that terrible "Outlaw" & we publish it here for our readers to decide fer em'selves.

OUTLAW ODE

Man is born with a talent to be Evil,
And practice makes him rotten to the core.
He begins when he is three, pulling wings off butterflies,
And drowning little kittens when he's 4.

To be Vile, you must traffic with the devil,
And listen when he whispers in your ear.
Deflower it if it's pure, then devour and ruin it.
Defame, transgress and further your career.

Laugh when you're treacherous,
Laugh if your lecherous,
Laugh when your name they decry.
Blackmail and kill, hate and do ill,
Be Villainous and laugh all the while... Ah-ha!

Take the gold from those helpless little widows,
Foreclose without a single sense of shame.
Smile and gracefully, bow low; as you thrust the final blow.
Oh, Evil is a fascinating game. Yes, Evil is a fascinating game!

Thanks Spike