



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD



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GAZETTE

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By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

POLAR-BEER EXPRESS

Get out you'z winter woolies them Silverton Folk are now in Alaska! Grizzly Beers, Moose, Mosquitoes, Wolves & Santa Claus...yep its right nixt to thar North Pole where this here chase is a headed my friend. That kunivin' Outlaw & his gang thunk it a clever move to swing north catchin' the Seattle train fairy cross' ta Anchorage where them's make all them's movies & DVD's fur modelers. Our RoodY knows the locals & he found a Saloon sellin DW's & caught up with his mate Polarbeer to find out where the Outlaw is hidin'out.

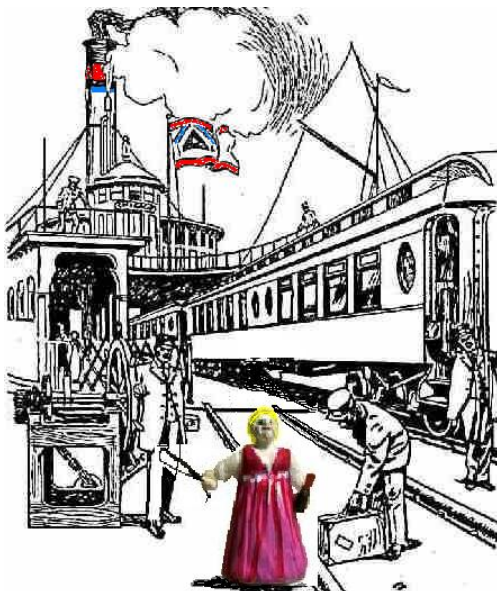
It was real interestin' in the boys room when Polarbeer went fur a leak - crikey that DW makes a fella want to go for a snake's hiss offen.



Anyways, lits bring y'all up to date, no, not with the madam silly, I'm talking about the low-down on the Outlaw & the stole train with the "Fourteener" gold nugget en' them gold top DW's he pinched way back in Silverton months ago.



HO HO HO.. DW's the GO. Us Alaskinz jest love it



SEATTLE - ANCHORAGE STEAM FERRY & STEAM TRAIN TRANSFER. Capt. Ty Tanic

Our gang arrived in Seattle & the Brewer knew the Fairyboat captain, Ty Tanic.

Mayor & Sheriff asked Ty if he'd seen a Dude dressed in Armarni cowboys frock with sum mixicans & a train with a big gold nugget & lot'z o' DW's onboard? Sez Ty Tanic, "Yis-iree - I seez dem yisteday here, them had a flatcar covered with a big canvas blankit & themz was toxicated' up pissed themz eye-balls" sez he.

He arranged rooms on the boat for the posse & the coxswain offer Madam his cabin up on top deck.

So, they are jest a day behind that dastardly desperate desperado & his gang of gourdy ghouls.

"*Heave too*" sez the Captain smiling towards our gracious Madam as our boat casts off. "*Just one would do me*" sez Madam! "Is there a bar onboard"? asked the Professor.

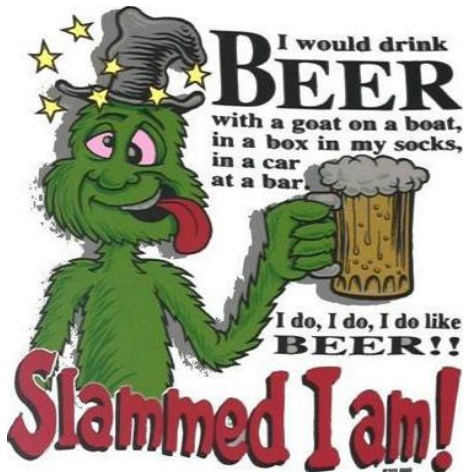
The quartermaster sez "Yes matey, rum, whiskey & DW's we found that

fell off the train on here a day ago"

A quick check of the watch was made by Barkeep & sure'nuff, da big hand was on 12 & the little hand was on 5 but everyone knowed his time piece has been broke fur years. Sez he uses it fer a compass too to find his way home in the dark from the Silverton Hotel!



Sparkey headed straight fer the radio-room to telegraph off a message home. Rusty Bucket punched out the message & then the whore'll posse gathered at the bar to enjoy the voyage north. (ceptin' madam?)



The boat rocked forward & aft, port to starboard, it jest never stopped the motion all the way down the calm inlet. Seems the top deck quarters were seein'

plenty of action! We passed by some grizzlies, intellectual one'z reading the Sub-Standard & knockin' back sum DW's... dem's clever beers.



The Outlaw may be ahead of our posse but he'll havin' ta be weary of them beers in the woods, Smokey is their ringleader & kin sniff a DW from 10 miles away they say. Them half-wit gang members better watch out, the creatures in these parts bite first & don't ask questions.



So git ready fer a wild ol' time in Alaskie' as we'z all know its full of wild animals & next door to Santie Claws. Oh yeah, we'z in fur sum fun times in these parts & dares sumtin else y'all knows too

Yes in-deedie-do...

Git our nixt issue to find out zactly what excitin' adventure is to unfold - coor's there's always sumtin hap'nin in Silverton.

