



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949 **GAZETTE** 15 CENTS No.39



By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

SILVERTON PREACHER ARRIVES – FREE BEER!

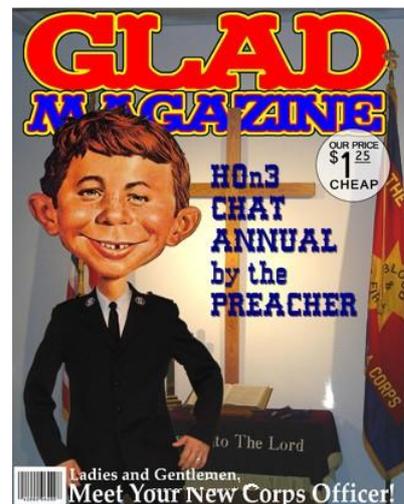
Hal & Lew Yaah seen him a-cum'in in on the Durangie train diz aftanoon all drist up in the Pilgrim Preacher's black n' white "bowl-a-fruit" (suit). He had the new "Book of Gauges" under his arm along with a bottle of DW he keeps for medi-sin-anal purposes. The whole'll town cum down the depot to see fer damsels wot he looked like & to hear his fist wundafool wordz. No wonz any special believing in anything udder than narrow gauge herebout'z & his new lityrapture is gana be taught in skoolz by Miss Ella Mentry, & our Professor of Hysterical Facts here in Silverton.

Miss Ida Clair was standin' right nixt to the parlor car steps when he stepped down. Then he spoke his first word when Ida, in her excitement, dropped a full bottle of DW rite onto his foot!

Sez Preacher, "*Cinders*"! And Ida sez "*Yes I have been a very naughty girl of late & so have some of the other ladies – sinner'z been a shortage of men folk – the weakness of the flesh Preacher, you must understand*". "*Oh you poor thing, I was talkin' bout the soot cinders I jest trod in*" sez Preacher.

And with those first wordz the whole'll town no'd he recognised a place where everyone was blackened in sum way or udder.

Now this was a time for joy & celebration so the Mayor & Madam Lash organised an open air reception & the Durangie Brewery had a reefer full of "*you-no-wot*" fer everyone to enjoy & to celebrate the cumming of the narrow book, the "**BOOK of GAUGES**" had arrived at last!



Then Spike cum forward & sez, "Preacher, please hear my cunfession... I may have taken the name of our Scale and Gauge in vain late last night whilst Spiking more boots to the rail, and my faith in Code 55 may have wavered. I also gazed upon *standard gauge* at a Narrow Gauge gathering last weekend. Please, forgive me my wanderings, so that I may buy you a shot and a DW at Barkeep's altar".

His boots still had those holes in em' from his earlier attempts at cobblin' – true to his name!

Brethren, We have all heard Brother Spike' confession. Yet I say unto you, Who amongst you hast not gazed upon standard gauge with lust in your hearts, or taken thy name of H0n3 in vain whilst spiking the fickle and kinky Code 55? Let ye amongst you who is without such sin, cast the first Kadee Spiker. Brother Spike, where art thy accusers now? If they not condemn ye, then nor shall I! Say 5 Hail Mary MMR'ies, and be extra generous as the collection plate is passed. Go and sin no more! For it is written in the Goode Book, (1 Confusions 3, 4-6) " Abide in me and I will make your rails straight. You face no temptation that doth not befall man, yet I am faithful, and will always provide a way out." Sez Preacher.



Theology On Tap



Preacher climbed upon a large box, grabbed

another DW & sez to thar folk : "Behold brethern!

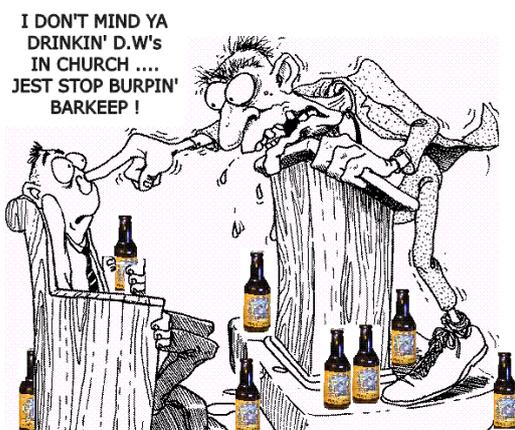
It is I, the humble Preacher, who hast stumbled upon your midst, seeking a place to plant my church of H0n3, here in the gawd forsaken wilderness of cyberland. I have traveled far, and am grateful to be amongst a group of true believers, AHEM!

As requested, I have placed my visage amongst the gallery of rogues. Brother Barkeep and Brother Mayour foretold of my coming, but ye I fear that in their zeal and the zeal of our distant Brother Boone, who is forced to live amongst the mostly nakkid natives, consume fruitly demon rum of every kind, and spend day after day in a tropical hell of pleasant weather and sun-burned tourist, some might be confused as to the timing of my coming.

I say unto you, the H0n3 Annual will be released in the summer of 2000 and 9. The Nov. release is for my other congregation, the On30 Annual. They are a sturdy group, industrious and clean, though a bit liberal in their reading of the "*Book of Gages*". Still and all, I have been honored to serve them, and likewise am honored now to be in your midst among the Little Folk.

Ye may sign up for an email church bulletin at www.hon3annual.com and I believe the Widow Johnston has made a bunt cake.

I will now rest before continuing to build my church. I also hear one of the girls at Linda's Laces of Love is feeling poorly, so as a man of the cloth, I will proceed there forthwith and lay hands on her, and perhaps anoint her with (massage) oil".



“AHEM ! wot about a AH’WOMEN! , & to see you with a bottle of DW under yer arm, oh the devil of the drink” screams Miss Tizall Drydupp from the Female Temperance Guild, with Amy Whitener. Sez Preacher, “My dear, dis here DW is full of effervescence, whore’ly water in fact, from the spring upon high, – Red Mountain wayz & is goodness in a bottle”.

Welcome Preacher to Silverton:

*He comes from Colorado
With a book that’s full of truth
Got the train up from Durango
We’z got to listen to this sleuth*

*This book he bring he preaches
A narrow gauge delight
On the pulpit does it teach us
How to give us each insight*

*Why this preacher has arrived?
To our naughty little town
Of coor’s, he has connived
To take away our frown !*

*The con-grog-ation listens
To the meaning of the verse
And all our eyeballs glisten
We will never need to curse*

*Our little model railroad
Has found a heavenly peace
It’s easy to decode
And it even speaks of geese!*

*This wunderfool Hon3 Annual
Is the answer to our prayers
We’ll use it as a manual
To run our trains affairs*

*We don’t expect a Shakespeare
Or a preacher without a bottle
Durango Wheat is our beer
And when we drink we tottle*

*We welcome our new preacher
A church? We’ll build one soon
In the mean time you can feature
In Madam Lash’s sin saloon*



Folks wez sure pleased to have a new member of Silverton. The *Great Train Chase* continues, as we goz to print we are gitin’ disturbin’ news from the east. Seems the Ho-Mawk injuns are involved & the Sheriff has had a rib-tickler, no silly, not from them girls, the Kid Durango wez talkin’ bout. Kid’s Colt 45 has him bailed up – but wot news of the Outlaw? What about the tank full of beer? All will be revealed (like at Madam’s) in the nixt fabulous issue. Coor’s dares always sumtin’ hap’nin in Silverton !