



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD GAZETTE

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949

15 CENTS No.44



By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

"CINDERS REPENT"

Hell-a-loo-ya! Preacher was all chuffed as the celebrations for the grande opening of the Silverton church preceded with our one & only Mayor Mike pontificating at the event.



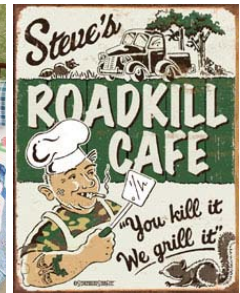
Sheriff had one hand on the DW bottle & the other on his "peacemaker".45 squintin' at the Outlaw. Outlaw had provided the ladies from up Red Mountain with a ride on his new whores to drum up business for his new "*Blazing Saddles Limousine Company*" His new stallion is called "Mr Beans" as he farts a lot when passengers are on him when he trots. Now the town council is runnin' outa land in Baker's Park so the only spare block of dirt was rite nixt to Madam Lash's Bordello of unmentionable salubrious accommodations, so the new church was built where it could do the most good. The stained glass in the church windows are of an old N.G. locomotive now gone to the big RR in the sky, - the place next do is already stained!



OUTLAW'S BLAZING SADDLES

STRETCHED LIMOUSINE COMPANY

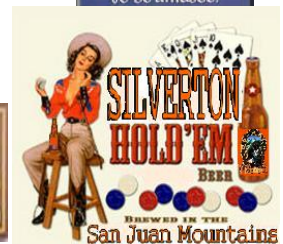
"I hope not to see any pears in bed together from this front porch in your place"? Sez Preacher. " My girls are certainly ripe for pickin', them's fruit of the vine that's fer sure but there's no windows on the church side of my Emporium so no need to worry Preacher". Sez Madam Well the Mayor poured a few drops of DW over the front steps of the new church; well let's not waste good stuff!
Barkeep shouted "hip hip - hooray" & Madam said the place will get a real good clientele as Silverton is full of cinders, why they keep flutterin' down upon this town from above & landin' everywhere. Every injun that goes by seems to float new cinder's



in thru my front door & the girls kin hardly keep up. Why all my girls are sweepin' around she sez. Professor recorded the hysterical events & mentioned something about an appointment he had next door. Outlaw pulled Mr Beans around for the ladies to mount & he'd take em, home that is! The Singing Hobo's on the travlin' DW truck struck up a Hymn & a couple of the girls hit on some other Hymns to see if them's was cinder's too? Preacher was real happy & sez, "Brethren - it's my

Blessed are those who can laugh at themselves; for they shall never cease to be amused.

shout at the Silverton Hotel for constructing this new house of goodness" & with that the whore'll town was going to get liquefied for the rest of the day.



And remember, free beer tours after church & there's always sumtin' hap'nin in Silverton.