



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

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By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

MILLION \$ DONKEY'S UP ON RED MOUNTAIN

Here we go again folks, the latest update on the Great Chase, and the headline tells the story. Yep, they'z up Red Mountain in Coloradie where the men are men & the women are too. That scoundrel Outlaw & his gang have run outa tracks as the mob in Ouray dynamited his train in an attempt to stop him & get the "Fourteener" gold nugget & the DW gold-top beers back from his clutches. Old "Dip" Wick the miner stuck a few sticks of dynamite under the rail & lit the fuse & run fer it with the local sheriff, Tim Badge, & a few hardy men folk with their muskets hidin' behind some rocks nearby. The Outlaws train approached & jest as predicted the powder went off with a KA-BOOM ! What happened next was unbelievable. The smoke & dust from the explosion hung in the air & nobody could see for an hour or more. But, the cunning Outlaw stole the team of mules headin' back up the toll-road & slipped the Fourteener & all the cases of G/T DW's onto the wagon. I know what you're all thinkin', the Outlaw *needs* to go on the wagon ! but this wagon was a flatcar ...!



*He'll be cumin round the mountain when he comes,
 He'll be ridin' six brown donkeys that's the sums,
 He'll be rootin' and a-tootin' with six-guns a shootin'
 He's got the nugget and the gold-tops with his bums!*



HEE- WHORIN' IN SILVERTON IS A LOT OF FUN WITH FREE BEER JEST ABOUT EVERY DANG DAY AROUND THESE PARTS

WHY IF Y'ALL DON'T RECON SO THEN ASK A LOCAL IN TOWN.... OR THE OUTLAW !



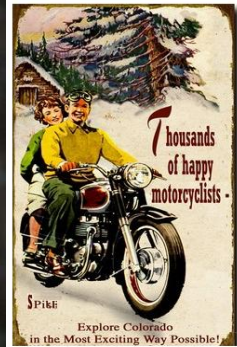
The Outlaw & Kid Durango headin' -up the Million Dollar Hwy. The explosion blew the flatcar clean off the tracks & the team of donkeys were hitched to it.



RED MOUNTAIN SOUR MASH

Those donkeys all had a good drink of "you-no-wot" so they could pull that heavy gold nugget up the road out of Ouray & it looks like them bandits are goin' to steal another train when they git up to Red Mountain & the Silverton RR. How's our posse gana catch the slippery seducer ?

The Kid leads the way up Otto's old toll road.



Our posse

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



caught up to the train wreck & Spike grabbed an old injun, no not that sort of injun silly, we mean a Motor Sickle called an 'Indian'. He dusted off the feathers where a few chooks were sitting on it & took of in pursuit with his trusty .45 in its holster & a fresh DW. He wasn't let'n them scoundrels git away, no sir'ee.

But he was by himself & the Richardson gang outnumbered him 4 to 1 but he likes odds as he's also a bit of a gambler.



So this story is jest getting' more interesting & they'll be more news to report about it in the nixt excitin' issue so don't get wipin' it away in the

outhouse jest yet as you'll need to refer back to how it all cum bout' see. If you need paper use the Purgatory Weekly, it's a bit rough & not as smooth as the SSSG but it's more suited to your purpose!

And remember - There's always sum'tin hap'nin in Silverton.

Scoop - Wishing all the readers a very Merry Christmas & a Happy New Beer.