



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

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By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop" MMR

— GRANDE 50th EDITION —

SILVERTON SOUP-A-HERO ROCKETS TOWN

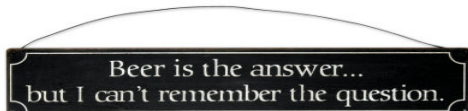
Whoosh ! Bam – Kerplonk ! Residents of Noname City were woken early this morning when old #375 came roarin' into town from Silverton. Now this old injun makes a few noises but nuttin' like what was heard that woke the whore'll town! It was Seymour Ovyah who first saw the figure when he peeped out his bedroom window above his "Unmentionables Ladies Wear" shop next to the RR tracks. He looked around to his bedside table & saw the empty bottle of Red Mountain Sour Mash & thought it was the drink playin' tricks with his eyes. Then a mob of others come out to look fer em'selves. "The Martians have landed" screamed Ida Clair in her buckskins nightie. Oliver DeRails, the injuneer, hit the brakes & the shoes clasped onto the wheels with a terrible ringing, and then out from a cloud of steam a tall handsome figure stood with hands on his hips.

Sez Hart Burn the Pharmacist, "The gay cowboy parade is in Purgatory not here mate & you're a month too early at that".

Well the outfit he was wearing said it all – a marvelous costume but he had two big rockets attached to his back dripping 190 proof DW fluids & he was packin' a pair of "what-are-pistols" in side holsters. He had a Gold Top helmet & Golden Boots that went up to his knees. The train stopped & off jumped a bunch of Silverton folk. The Sheriff & Mayor walked up to the injun & went over to this strange man & quickly offered him a DW.

Snappy set his camera up & Doc Oilman & the Singing Hobos plus Radio K-H0n3 all parked to see this amazing spectacle.

Who is he? Where did he come from? Is he married ? sez Anita Mann. But the Sheriff knew who he was, . . . a Soup-a-hero come to help with the clean-up of the bad folk & a new partner to aid in capturin' tha villain, **THE OUTLAW**.



He was a welcome stranger from somewherez but nobody knew, not even Noah Tall the town busy-body & excrement diposer. Squatting Beer rode in on his moose to see who this *"spirit man"* with dripping firewater was. Old #375 spotted the DW reefer & it was quickly unloaded & the Sheriff opened a few cases & tested the gold-top DW's jest to make sure they was drinkable.

The Mayor decreed a celebration for the new friend who has come to aid in the capture of der dispickable desperate desperados who steal trains, steal gold, steal DW's & steel hearts!



Spike had a case of fresh Red Mtn Sour-mash, madam stood atop of the Snake Oil salesman's wagon & cheered, Scoop jotted down the happenings & Preacher says the goodness had come back to town & asked for a bottle of Oilman's best so he could sip the health of this Soup-a-hero with rockets.

Sheriff turned & sez, "Gold-top man, whoever yar'is we heard 'bout yer being a hard & fast supporter of the law & that no bandit kin out-run yer, . . . we'z welcome you into our fold ". And with that our handsome prince as madam's girls referred to him as, settled down to a few DW's & listened to the tale of the posse & the Great Train Chase.



There was a minor disturbance when a couple of standard gauge guns went off with some amateur bank robbers attempting to rob the Wells Fargold Office but Jason DeVillain, cool & calm, walk up to em' & had some practice shootin' with em' puttin' holes in hats, boots & backsides!

Back trackside a plan was being worked out, one where the Outlaw & Kid Durango were going to get caught. The posse is close'n in.

We'z not real sure wot to call this soup-a-hero jest yit, maybe he'll surprise us & we'z kin call him CAPTAIN CAPTURE ?





I'd like another drink I think
Another drink to make me pink
I think I'll drink until I stink
I'll drink until I cannot blink

Perhaps I'll have a shot of rye
The rye I spy with my own eye
Some rye to make me fly so high
I think that I can touch the sky

Or maybe I will have some rum
It's not so dumb to want some rum
I'll drink and fall upon my bum
Or maybe contemplate my thumb

Some vodka would be very nice
Or wine, or maybe scotch on ice
Perhaps Kahlua would entice
I'll drink it once, I'll drink it twice

Perhaps some gin to make me grin
It's not a sin to want some gin
A 26 will make me spin
And then I will begin again

I want some beer to make me cheer
Hurrah! Hurrah! A cheer for beer!
I will not stick it in my ear
Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm here for beer!

I'll drink with my friends Jack and Ron
I'll drink until my liver's gone
I'll invite Sam and Bud and you
And Captain Morgan can come, too

I'm loaded now, I have to go
My brain is working very slow
There's just one thing I need to know:
Where is the can? I have to go!

By Dr. Souse

**HOBOS
KEEP MOVING**

Food is scarce and rent high. Taxpayers refuse to support you. Long sentences on Chain Gang given here— 60 to 90 days our specialty.

EDWARD KERN, Chief of Police



Free BEER

VOTE FOR MAYOR MIKE & RE-ELECT OUR GOOD SHERIFF MURPHY

ALL VOTERS GET FREE BEER ALL DAY & FREE RAIL TRAVEL

...TOMORROW!



But wot-eva his name is or wot he'z gana be called is up to the Silvertonians to chat about. The girls at Madam Lash's want to find out about him fur em'selves & find out if he'z a missile or just a cracker?

Oh that Outlaw better watch out tho, the posse have a new friend in this soup-a-hero in tights. A quick refill of the potent DW 190 proof into his rockets & he'z good for 50 smiles an hour, five times faster than the Silverton Canon Ball Express & twice as fast as Myrtle to famous bad mans horse. Folks, this is getting exciting. Will the Outlaw finally meet his match? Will the rockets burn his ass? Oh dares so many wot-if's, pass me a DW to settle my hands from shaking in suspense.

And of coor's you nose yo'all be findin' out about the adventures by pickin' up the next exciting issue of this tabloid of tantalizing tales from the beautiful mountains in the San Juans here.

So git in line or order your next newspaper from Del Liver, she call by all homes in Silverton.

C.F. & I. Coals

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