



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949 **GAZETTE** 15 CENTS NO. 69



RAILROAD NEWS & OTHER NONSENCE - BY THE SILVERTON ACE REPORTER "SCOOP" -
WE NEVER LET THE TRUTH GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY

SILVERTON **SEXTY -** **NINER'S** CELEBRATE

The game hadn't started jest yit & our Sheriff was having a quiet drink when Miss Liz Beanne sat down & asked him "Are you a real Sheriff"? Sez Sheriff, "Well I've spent my whole life chasing outlaws & lockin' bad folk up so I guess I'm a sheriff". She sez, 'I'm a lazybean. I spend my whole day thinking about naked women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about naked women. When I shower, I think about naked women. When I watch TV, I think about naked women. It seems everything makes me think of naked women.

Jest then Spike walked in & sez, "Are you der sheriff?" Sheriff sez, "Well I taut I was but now I'm a lazybean!" Well you'd better cum quick Sheriff coor's dares trouble down at Madam Lash's where the Sexty Niner's & dem other gals from Purgatory & Red Mountain are a - fussin' over pillows. This was how it all started this once calm Saturday morning in lay back Silverton way up in them San Juan Mountains.



See, the 'Big Game' was on between the **Silverton Sexty - Niners**, the **Purgatory Pirates** and the **Red Mountain Randy**

Rednecks & them'z girls meant bizness dats fer sure. Y'all remember last year when they met to play & how Tara Pantsoff made a clean breast of Miss Jersey Twocups. Oh it was talked about for months! The teams were set for the revenge match with sextynine gals in town givin' their all. A special train brung them fancy ladies to Silverton along with a special yellow reefer with 'ewz nose wot' inside it. Yep, DW's.



Madam Lash had sent her loveurious parlour car #69 to collect the Purgatory Pirates & the Red Mountain Rednecks & the Brewer organised a reefer full of DW's with the special train that Scoop drove with Firewoman Miss 'Bubbles' Burstin.



Last year 'Cat' Blewyou from the Black Purgatory Team was known as a tough cumpetitar who grappled with two Silverton lasses & got them both in a Karma Suitya hold. The menfolk were so excited they was throwin' gold nuggets to the gals & beggin' fer more - ...more..more! Some say \$50,000 of gold was thrown to them females!



Anyhowsumever, the trubble this morning all started when our one & only Mayor inspected the pillows & found a blacksmiths anvil in the Purgatory Pirates team's pillow. The Purgatory coach,

(youz nose who wez talkin'bout), sez Cat Blewyou lacked iron so she packed it when she traveled & had forgotten to take it out.

The Red Mountain Redneck girl, Miss Tara Pantsoff had several horseshoes a blacksmith's hammer & rail spikes in her pillow & the local lass Miss Jersey Twocupps had a couple of tie plates in hers, pillow that is! The teams were all shoutin' fowl & Cornel Sanders from the local chicken shop agreed with em.

Sheriff finally arriving to sort things out. He gave the girls a firm "frisk" to make sure themz wasn't hiding anything from him, which seemed to take him forever. He found a derringer, two rail spikes, a lead pipe, monkey wrench, candlestick, ply bar & a tomahawk - amazing wot them girls could hide in jest dare bra & panties ! Now if they had big Lucy Fitt playing they'd a found a kitchen sink & a grande piano!



The timer, Belle Ringer, hit the gong & the pillow fight game began with the Temperance Ladies cheer squad protesting about the beer & whiskey to no avail.

The first blow was landed on the referee when a wild swing from Turner Loose hit the Mayor square between his brains - by mistake!

The feathers flew & these chicks went hard at it. Fanny O'Rear had the sheet knocked out of her while Ophelia Payne was tickled in the kisser by a double - twist mattress blow from Augusta Wind.

The girls were getting knocked - up, spread - out & bent over by Ruth Less, one of the Purgatory wenches who spent her free time lifting cattle into stock cars.

Cow Camp Kate from the Red Mountain Randy Rednecks then landed on top of Collette O'Day who retired & then Gladys Ovawith gave up dazed from her work the night before with Cutz. These fightin' girls were one by one being laid out & only them with fortytood remained.

"Ding", the bell rang for the end of round one & of coor's it was time fur refreshmints & lunch. By this time well over half the girls had been knocked up & were out of the game. Professor had the towels to give the remaining girls a "wipe-down" & Toyman offered to help to swab em' down. We needed to record this wundafool event so Scoop spotted a flat car outside Madam's with assistance from Firewoman, Miss 'Bubbles' Burstin, & the girls lined up for a foto shoot with some of the townsfolk & of coor's the event patron Mizz **Madam Lash** herself. Spike had "Hotpants Hooligan" spread-eagle on his bike & the Singing Hobos joined in the fun & frivolity. The reefer door swug open & free DW flowed for everyone - even Mayor!



MADAM LASH STIFF-ONE WINE HOLDER



Half-time saw the ladies posing fur the camera on the flat car & Snappy captured their breast angles.

It was hot werk & some of the girls climbed up into the tank fer a skinny-dip in wot is known to be the Pleasure Palace's swimming hole. Zorro & Sheriff was keepin' an eye on Outlaw as the prize bull, "Mr Chips" wandered over to git himself in the picture. Pianoman was busy with a waitress who kept askin' him requests & supplying free wine. Them musicians have

some special appeal to the ladies. Madam stood atop the DW reefer with our girls & Mayor reminded folk that a 'quick-one could be had around the back where the Baa-Baa-Que was being worked by one of his sweethearts.



Miss Carmine Getitt was workin' her sweet lil'ol behind off at the B-B-Q. She was 'round back o' Madam's during the lunch break & the rumps & sausages were a favorite for all the boys who were hankerin' fur a bit to nibble on after watchin' the first half of the fight. She had a unique way of opening the DW's too!



The Mayor reminded folk that a vote for him was a free DW then he asked Belle Ringer to hit the gong. Phyllis Upp was first to go, thrown off the bed with a flying pillow that had a few empty bottles in it. Feathers flew as the pillow fight saw Irene Over & Wanda Chewya slammed out then Laya Ontopp was gripped by Connie Torshonist & fainted, unudder one gone.

That only left the three team captains & the gold dust was being thrown about with Outlaw as the bookmaker taking the bets. The Red Mountain Randy Rednecks was one hundred to one odds, the Silverton

Jersey Twocups was sixty to nine & the Purgatory Pirates, Cat Blewyou was taking it even. Outlaw was out to make a 'killing' & bankroll his nixt exploit? Them longhorns in the stockyard must be lookin' mighty tempting?

The boys eyes couldn't move from the girls padding each other up then an almighty "twang" rung out when Tera Pantsoff's bra strap snapped & the 'balloons' bounced up & she clean knocked herself out!

With jest two gals left the bell rang & drinks were taken. A third round was goin ta be needed to find a winner. Each side was keen to win.

Purgatory's Kid Durango gave Cat Blewyou a fresh bottle of beer & Scoop gave the Silverton gal a nice cold DW with a Red Mountain Sour - Mash chaser.

The gong rung for the last time & both females cum out swinging but then a funny thing happened.

The Purgatory pussy 'Cat' went all wonky at the knees & Jersey Twocups took advantage & downed her cold with an up - n - under.

Hoorah - yippie. . . the crowd went crazy for the hometown girl had won! Silvertonians were celebrating their gal.

Outlaw looked at Kid Durango & then their eyes slowly focused on the empty "used-beer" bottle in their corner. They'd given their girl Cat Blewyou a dose of the stuff they sell to tourists!

Madam was so happy she announced her place was open & anyone could come in for a stiff - one. Oilman sez its bin many a long year since he's had a stiff - one so in he went. Shop Chief & Toyman went to find that Scottish lass with the fascination fur kilts.

The whole town celebrated with Durango Wheat beers.

The Richardson Gang were fumin' worse than a blocked smokebox with cheap anthracite coor's dayed lost & the miners were collecting their winnings from him at gun - point.

Well things settled down once more in sleepy Silverton & the celebrations went on all night long. Madam Lash's joint never closes & the girls don't either.

So, one again we bring you the events & exciting news from way up high in our very own San Juan mountains where men are men & women are too. Dares always sumtin hap'nin in Silverton.

