



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949 **GAZETTE** 15 CENTS NO. 70



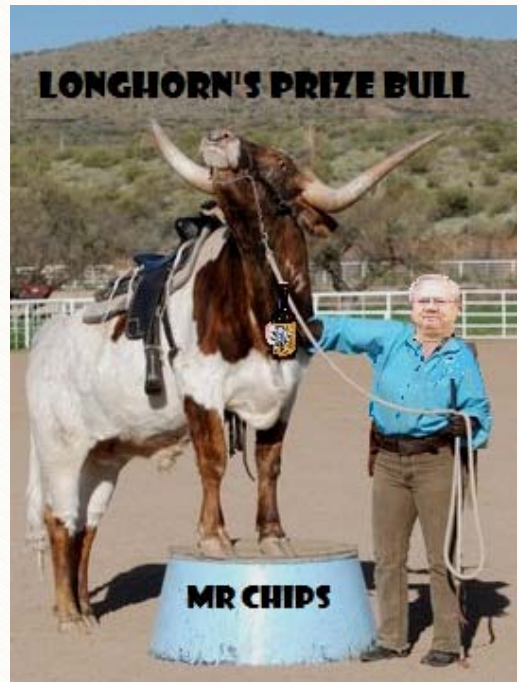
BY THE SILVERTON ACE REPORTER 'SCOOP' - WE NEVER LET THE TRUTH GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY

CATTLE RUSTLING IN SILVERTON?

It was jest like any other Saturday morning when Sheriff awoke & looked out from the second story balcony of Madam Lash's at the end of Banister Street in Silverton. The all-nite party had now spread out across the front lawn & Barkeep was serving liquid breakfasts. Longhorn was to take Mr Chips down to the stockyard for loading into a cattle car. That rascal Outlaw was spying on things & Oilman's flea-bitten dog was rubbing his backside against the lamp post outside the saloon. Won Hung Lo was hanging out bed sheets at his Chinese Laundry and the sweet smell of cheap burning anthracite wafted thru the cool morning air leaving soot streaks on the white sheets. Old #473 had arrived the previous night to collect the prize bull - "Mr Chips" with a stockcar & with a special Red Mountain load too & she was smoking gently by the depot.

Cattleman & Longhorn were bunked in the next room to Sheriff with Miss Plenty Ovitt & Gladys Lovesitt. The boys had plans to ride in the caboose down to Durango & then all the ways to Denver to show them city slickers what real bull comes from the San Juan's & hoped to take the prize money at the Denver Fair. As y'all nose, Mr Chips won first prize at the Silverton County Fair & is valuable prime breeding stock (BS) & them'z had an offer of fifty thousand dollars for him & dat's no BS!

Yes'iree folks this horny handsum critter is going to put Silverton rite smack on the map for being the famous "Town full of Studs" - even if some of the men wear pink tee-shirts!



HOW-JA LIKE TO SUCK ON ONE OF THESE ?

WELL YOU CAN IN SILVERTON COORS THERE'S PLENTY FOR ALL



Dat sneaky sliverin' scoundrel Outlaw & Kid Durango were never too far away from the bull, – Mr Chips that is. Last evening Len Scapon the armature photographer watched a strange event take place down at the railroad tracks near Mineral Creek when he noticed wot appeared to be a cheeky Outlaw practicin' his "stick-em-up" routine. He told sheriff about this but all Sheriff say'd dat Outlaw twas lookin' fer his "ridgity" dat he'd lost along the tracks a long time back. Butt as y'all nose, Outlaw is always thinkin' up ways to strip-off & expose upon the weak, wealthy & fair maidens. Now y'all may think the Sheriff treated this matter too lightly but no, he's too clever to let on & nose that Outlaw is up to no good again. He told the Mayor about the incident & they got together with the town council in secret to form a plan to foil the Richardson Gang if they was to try anythink.



The morning was getting to the nerves of Longhorn wunderin' if his prize bull was in the sights of those shonky bad blokes? He wasn't the only one with nerve troubles coor's the gals at the **Outlaw**



Bottling Plant were seeing train loads of tourists leaving town for treatment in the Durango Hospital after partaking of his 'brew' known to strip paint & rust!

Anyhowsomever, a trap was set. When Mr Chips was to be loaded into the cattle car all the trains brakes would be set & the switch stand padlocked so the train couldn't move plus Deputy Barry Cade would keep folk back from the train with his double barrel blunderbust. In addition to the cattle car a flatcar shipment of DW's with some RMSM was to go with the train. Mr Chips had become fond of these drinks as a treat & to perk up his, well you nose wot DW's do to men folk & we won't go any further as we are talking about a stud bull & yer don't see any skinny stud bulls!

There is a special load of Red Mountain Sour Mash that Spike brews that's going on the train too so this has to be mighty tempting for anyone thirsty or looking to get horny – the bull. Folks watched the Richardson Gang go about their business with cases of RC-Beer & Rusty Bucket from the hardware store provided the tipoff when he told Sheriff Outlaw had got a pair of bolt-cutter from him. It was all falling into place butt wot was goin ta hairpin. The cutter would remove the padlock from the switch stand & the train wood be stolen? The rusty hinges on the shotgun & rifle storage cabinet doors squeaked as Sheriff opened it up in his office. Boxes of cartridges were opened & all the guns were loaded & ready. Now Sheriff needed to find some sober men to protect the train?



Sex longhornette's were

released from the D&RGW cattle car. The gals were to provide a going away present for Mr Chips this night. Sparky had Radio K-HON3 there to broadcast to folks the **"Animal Lover Hour"** where information with vet C.M.Dangle is disgust. This is popular with the Red Mountain & Purgatory farmers.



In the meantime, down at the Blacksmith shop, Andy Ville was secretly making a new **"Chase Vehicle"** for our Sheriff. Custom made from bits of tin, old rail spikes & fencing wire, this kuntraption was the one dat was going to capture any bandit foolin' with the law in Silverton.

Now the tension is building. The next day see's the train pull out with the Silverton County Fair's prize bull & delecttable DW's.

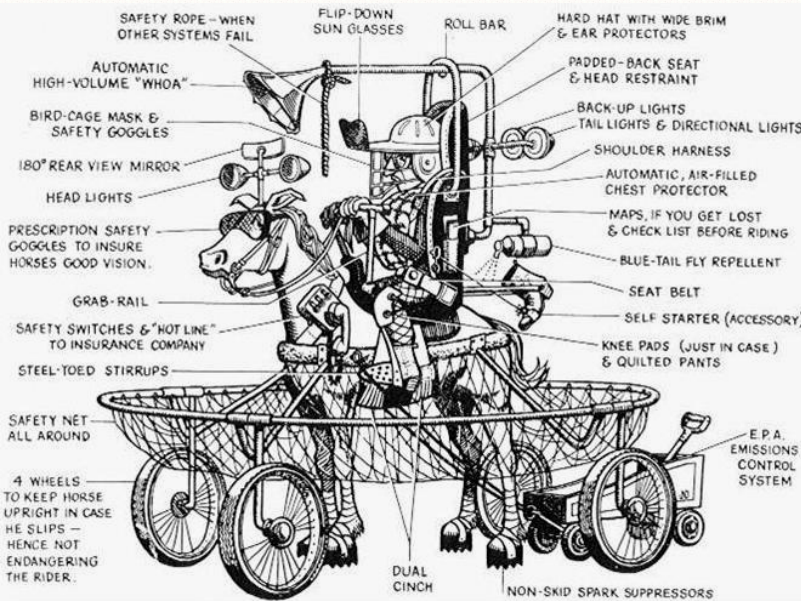
Wotz going to hairpin ? Will the Outlaw &

parder Kid Durango attempt to steal the train ?

Were them the Silverton Movie prop blank cartridges that got loaded into them guns ?

Will Sheriff's new chase vehicle be ready in time ? And who is it down by the switch unlocking the padlock ?

Crikey - we can't print the future but one things fer sure Dare's always sum'tin hap'nin in Silverton so don't miss der nixt exciting issue of this newspaper dat brings you the latest bull information.



SILVERTON SHERIFF'S HON3 CHASE VEHICLE

Though all of us may try our best
We can't bring back the Wild Wild West
But there's one thing we can recall
Of treasured days when we were small

With stories told around the old camp fire
Of Iron horses on grades that would never tire
While cattle grazed the meadows lush
That's where you heard your boots go **'mush'**

The San Juan Mountains rise up slow
And cattle graze the lush meadow
With fences few and far between
That's where the cow-chip can be seen

Be it Buffalo or white man's steer
You're boots are sure to get a smear
When chasing trains is on your mind
You tread in what comes from bulls behind

They quickly spread throughout the land
And along the tracks of the Rio Grande
But to this day, they'll never change
They're still spread across the open range

Scoop.