



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

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By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

GREAT RACE ENDS!

What a race, the train Vs the plane. We saw sum funny things happnin' with them two racing from Silverton to Durangie with the DW's onboard. The bridge rails were pulled up stopping the train while the Tomahawk tribe grabbed a bunch of DW's for their Saturday nite pow-wow, & they stopped Oliver Sudden & hostess Heaven Elphiss from taking off. Old #473 with the reefers in tow got the rails back with jest a few spikes nuff to keep her on the rails to cross the Animas River. Oliver promised Chief Sunken Belly Beer he'd bring more DW's back if he was allowed to take off again... that chief ain't dumb.

So the pair were once again racin' thems ways down to Durango.

With a lightened load Oliver could see the train down below but the Durango Airfield was way out of town & the delivery had to be made to the Strater Hotel. *How was he going to manage this?*

The injuneer had a grin on his face like a Cheeseshire cat — a grin from ear to ear wide. He knowed the track was right near the hotel to unload the reefer & his fireman Col Shovlin was telling how he was goin' to be spendin' his winnings with a full week stay in the "Mirror Room" at Madam Lash's. (Hope Layem Strate the undertaker has a box ready!)







ON THE WAY WITH DW'S A crowd was gathering outside the Strater, every man & his dog were there waitin' ta see who was gana win the great race. Bets were

The Best Chew Chi Town

still being taken. Then the mob heard the whistle of the train cumin' into town. The chugs & chuffs were gitin' louder & still no sign of Animas Airways. Sez Harry Carey, "I've bet the gold mine on the train winnin' & if it don't I jest kill meself!" Then Deputy Sheriff Jason DeVillian's police radio got a strange call. He went over

STEP AWAY FROM THE FRIDGE

& picked up the microphone & then hurried to clear the end of the street of cars & little folk. What was going on? The train was now in sight chuffin' at a reckless 20 MPH ... then ...

"Well tie me up in a pink ribbon & pour custard over me" sez Phyllis Upp. Eric Shin was standing nixt to her & fainted! Splutter - burp - ping ... the yellow biplane cum roarin' over the hotel & did a reverse loop-d-loop barrel roll & cum glidin' straight as an arrow from Chief Suntraxx's bow a landin' in Main Avenue rite nixt to the hotel. The dust soon settled & Heaven Elphiss jumped down with a case o' DW in her arms & the men folk fell on their knees begging for a cold one. She gave it to them sure nuff, by-passin' em straight into the bar to deliver the goods & collect the winnings.

The brakes on the train had failed & it went half a mile past the hotel & down to the depot before she stopped. Jack Tupp's truck quickly parked alongside the reefer & unloading started & the crown moved over to see things fer em'selves.

The singing Hobo's struck up "Dare's no second prize" & the train grow know them's

second prize" & the train crew knew them's was too late. Seems the reputation of the train remains intact tho!

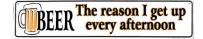
Our poor fireman Col, he was not goin' ta have that spell in Madam Lash's bordello TADIO RADIO RADIO

with Amanda Love & Ava Norty after all & the next mirror he sees will be when he's shaving.



Durangie tonite. One things fer sure, dare'll be another race & we kin all look forward to it coor's there's sumtin always a'hap'nin in Silverton. Our next issue will have the latest on the Great Train Chase so don't miss it — it will be full of it like this newspaper is.

In other news the jail at Red Mountain has been re-built & should be ready fer the Outlaw if'en they eva catch the varmit.



Des Patcher & Dot Dash jumped for joy. They bet on the plane & won. So did Hugh Morris who was stickin' it into all them who bet on the train. Joe King didn't see an humor in it nor did Estelle Hertz who started crying. Our banker. Bill Foldes has a smirk on his face & the barber Dan Druff was scratchin' his head. Woody DeWitt had a different bet with one of the girls, Olivia Klozoff & we don't think she minded loosin'!

Oh well, the race has ended & dares gana be sum hoot-te-dooin' in

