

# SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD GAZETTE

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949

15 CENTS

## DON'T DRINK THE WATER- RIVER'S BEEN POISONED!

By the ace reporter "Scoop"



"What else can go wrong"? A cry from the Mayor on the eve of his re-election campaign. The famous railroad is in trouble & so too the town of Silverton when a cyanide tank from the Silver Spur Mine cracked & spilt into the town's water supply which also feeds the locomotives.



Without any D-W beer left & now water contaminated the towns General Inspector brought the bad news to the Mayor & citizens. The only water clean nuff to be drunk is in Madam Lash's bathin' tub said the Professor.

No Beer & No Water Silverton is in a real fix. The picketing girls have gone back to their homes & are locking the doors preventing the men folk from entering until them git things affixed. The newly wed Miss Bigwonz won't lit her new husband in neither! She says.....



All the girls are keeping their boots on tonite!



"GIT A ROPE EN'HANG IM" - A wild call came from the men folk but hang who? Them's t'was lookin towards the towns civic leader for the blame of problems.



The Mayor saw the red in their eyes & the fists been clinched & scampered for his fast horse knowin them's mean bizznis & his scalp was what dar afta.



"I'll be back" he shouted as his pony "Arnie" pounded the pavements taking him into the hills. "What would make him say that" the Toyman uttered? "Kan onlee be the Dee-Dubue's he's got hid ups dare in dem hills" replied Davey Crewcut, the old injin' fighter now a miner.

So Silverton is in turmoil, no civic leader ceptin' the Sherriff & he's busy with the jail full o' folk who'd caused the trouble in the streets earlier. We need help in this town & its going to be up to the railroad.

When all seemed lost it was our old friend Chief Gingerbeer Mr Ed who came a runnin' down from the depot screamin "bring yer buckets - bring yer buckets"! - the sweat pouring from him as he ran towards the mob.

Yipes! You says there a whole tank car full of beer down the depot?

"No, not just one tank car a whole string of em' filled up with sweet Durango Wheat beer to the tops of em" he said. Flabbergasted by his comment Madam Lash grasped him in her bosoms & sung "Hallelujah he stinks of beer", twasn't sweat at all on him - he was soaked in sweet DW!



The railroad saved the day with extra #464 pulled a string of tankers up from Durango where the brewery had steamed out the Farmington oil & filled the cars with Durango Wheat juice. Barkeep was told to take charge & the Fire Chief told to bring his pumper round & park it beside the first tank car & to use the 3 inch hose to pour drinks - it was time for nother' celebration in Silverton!

That Brewer's goin for Guv'na of the state of inebriation & he's gana git all our votes. Now sum mite says the hole thing was planned but with DW's by the bucket load no one's complainin' anys more & free beer is still being put on the mayor's slate!

Well the old depot hasn't never seen a sight like this before, the whole town getting "TANKED"!

There's always something happening in Silverton.

