



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

GAZETTE 15 CENTS No.40

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By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

FUN IN FAIRVIEW N.Y.

The Sheriff's story:



h Yes.I do indeed remember.
It was way back in the early



days 29 I think it was, the year of the big crash. That time when we found Madam Lash on the ground after falling off the first rung of the ladder, as she thought she was on ground level after her laborious decent from having used the facilities on the 2nd floor to answer natures call. But there were also other thunderous roars around "Fairview" at that time of year, around Sept.31st if I remember correctly. I do remember that was the year of the great drying spell.



Now this unusual roar was caused by an unmarked train pulling very abruptly into "Fairview" station without as much as a whistle or clang of the bell as announcements arriving on the other tracks behind the station which were used mainly for service and maintenance purposes only.(kinda sneaky if I may say so). But sure as shooten out jumps these fellers and jumping on their hosses which they had brung with them an waving their guns in the air an shouten an a hollerin and yeehawing all over the place bout they's got the gold an D.W.s on their train and there ain't nobody goin to stop them and fer everybody to stay well back from the train.



Now being sheriff & sensitive to the noises going on in our small town of Fairview, it did occur to me that this must be that infamous Richardson gang what done stole the great 14 tonner and almost all the D.W.s available in Silverton!

Well now I thought to myself here indeed is a great chance to capture this outlaw and make a big name for myself and a few extra points with the mayor.

But then suddenly it occurred to me, crap, all my deputies were up in the next town "Grandview" having a frolicking time in a beer drinking bash with the Northside girls. So I knew they wasn't in the best of shape fer a project of this magnitude. Now myself at that time having just come from having a few jars down at "The Place" where a few of the "South End" girls were very liberally adjusting their garters, I realised then that none of us was prepared for this kind of pressure. I was goin to have to get some outside help.

I telegraphed the mayor of Grandview in desperation. The very right honorable Mickey Handler whom I knew from past experiences to always have things very well in hand. So I sez, "Mickey mate fer old times sake you gotta help me out here". He sez "Whatcha got to offer man, whatcha got to trade?" So I replied "I have some whiskey". So he sez. "Naw that wouldn't work". So then I sez, "there wus a possibility of lots a D.W.s available". Almost immediately a reply came in .For a few cases of D.W.s he may be able to muster up a group of the local *Ho-Mawk injuns* who hadn't seen much action lately cause of the bulldozing of the surroundin hills an rocks an the best hiding places disappearing and the squaws were getting very tired of the whitemans firewater an on account of not having much "Meat" on the table on Saturday nights. So they said "Go for it our braves". Now I felt good. I could count on sucksess. These braves were *Ho-Mawks*. I knew the *Ho-Mawks* didn't have many guns but they were very good with their bows an arrows.



So to make a long story shorter a whole gang of injuns showed up to set up their defences. Their chief "*Keen-ho-savy*" showed up also along with his beautiful daughter "*Sek-si-nik-ers*", also his two favourite sons "*Brown Bear*" and "*Nan-si-boy*". All great leaders indeed among the *Ho-Mawks*. They also brought along a group of bushwackers to help out. While all this was goin on as they were settin up among the rocks and other hiding places fer their ambush. Another train with bells clanging and deep chuffing sounds and a whistle a blown loudly pulls into our little station of Fairview. There were very loud voices (one of them seemed to be female)



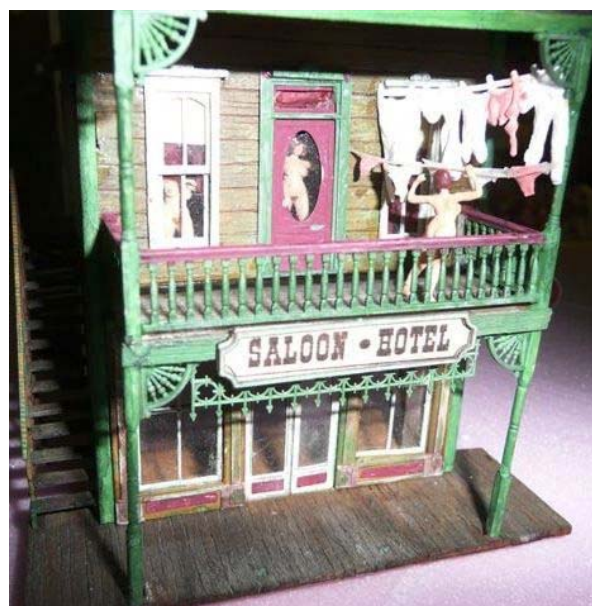
announcing that they were chasing that no good outlaw what stole the 14 ton gold nugget and almost all the available D.W.s in Silverton across 3 continents and were gonna hang him when caught.

Now by this time the citizens of Fairview were very much alerted to the goings on by being light sleepers and paying attention to the cocks crowing. They very soon organized into their respective groups. When it came time for protesting or welcoming or for other political or religious activities they were always on top of things.

By this time a honky tonk piano was set up on the flatbed they were hauling and their pianoman was a jumpin an a leppin all over his piano with wonderful lively tunes which attracted lots of citizens both young and old. There was one man in a skirt which attracted some of the "Southend" girls one of whom jumped right up on top of the piano wearing her birthday suit. Oh my, those "Southend girls" were really sumpin else in those days. They also had a photo man a reporter, a radio man and other debonair and sophisticated individuals and amazingly a kangaroo in a yellow shirt marked "D". But the most obvious one present was, who it became known soon after, that she was Madam Lash herself. Now this woman looked like she could strike fear into Satan himself. You could hear her all over the town in her demands. She shouted .Where in hell is the ladies room around here. She had a bottle in her hand which looked empty and she needed to make room fer more. Some of the citizens pointed over to the



double decker yonder in the field. So she gets there mumbling under her breath something about the indignity of it all and other internalised foul language that would not be fit even for a dock worker to hear. So shortly after we all heard this loud earth shaking thump. Turned out Madam had missed the last rung of the ladder coming from the ladies room and tryed to save her D.W. from spilling a drop she rolled into a sort of backflip like the professional wrestlers do nowadays. But at this time while the festivities are going on with great hilarity many cases of D.W.s are being transferred to many interiors. Now Madam Lash is a bit done in and needs to put her head down fer a good nights sleep. She observes a commodious sort of saloon that kinda looks familiar to her however when she sees all the laundry hanging up on the front porch and all ladies unmentionables.



She declared out loud "I would never allow this in Silverton! – Shame on this town". "What is the name of this establishment anyway she declared". A coupla drunks staggering by shouted out "let's check out Madam Broncko's. Then she knew.

She'd heard of Madam Broncko's from the old days. She was a great trend setter who opened up many, almost closed methods and avenues of approach. However Madam didn't realize this was the best Drying Year ever being the 31st of Sept. that year and the ladies had done their monthly laundering on every stitch of clothes they possessed sort of suddenly or otherwise all at once.

A few of the girls happened to be looking out the windows as they often do and noticed Madam Lash seemed to be a bit tired, so they invited her in and provided comfort for the night as they were very well accustomed to doing.

As things quieted down through the nite however long before the cock crowed the local citizens decided to organize a parade. This would be a very spontaneous event with all cummers welcome. Some wanted to protest Madams visit but most wanted to welcome her. This town of Fairview has always been a complexing mixture of society.

The very demanding leaders of the parade, the very old and withered great grannies were totally against Madams visit. Their daughters ,granddaughters and greatgranddaughters along with their meek and say nothing husbands who were told in no uncertain terms to dress in their best clothes and to keep their mouths buttoned. All of these ladies were from the Powerful Ladies Auxiliarry of the Temperence Society. Some of these ladies had heard somewhere in their past about "HO" and Narrow which was ok with them but they just couldn't get to accept THREE. Any way they decided to meet behind the meat market to get organised. When the men showed up they were told where their place was in the parade and not to say a word and to look meek and dignified.



As Madam Lash awakened to all this new activity on a bright sunny morning and after a good breakfast of bully beef and oats, she couldn't believe her bleary eyes. A huge parade of the local citizens in grand splendour of dress waving signs of some sort and horses and coaches and horseback riders all in a very controlled line except an ass that seemed to be attracted to the other direction and a young lady with the "Southend" girls group trying to get her ass to behave and move in the right direction. There were the usual protesting women waving their sticks fer all the good that seemed to do. Now the 69th street boys had gotten a hold of a supply of D.W.s and were very well on their way to total oblivion. Soaked to the gills and almost in need of gurnies (those carts they wheel you into where you might not come out of). The Mayor of Fairview the Right Honorable "Rick Drippen" brought up the last of the parade along with yours truely who was least and catering to the needs of the mayor at that time in order to keep his job and would put up with any dang thing.



Meantime, that Outlaw had escaped with help from the Kid tick'lin a 45 in the Sheriff's ribs. Kid had great news for Outlaw, sez he " We filled the tender with what we thought was water but it was DW & does the injin like it"! With that the stolen train was away at unbelievable speed. Sheriff was deflated, he'd lost his man but wasn't gana give up. But at last down from the rocks came the Ho-Mawks after somehow gettin into a supply of D.W.s and hollering and screaming something about "Where are they ? have they gone already? Sadly our posse knew this chase weren't ended yet. Night time closed in and all was normal and well in Fairview again on the Lofty Peaks and Cumbersome R.R. but news cum in they'z goin to ill & anoy Chicagie ways via the Plywood Mountains.

Thanks Sheriff for yer tale.

So, them bandits filled the stolen train with the DW that was pumped into it by mistake, what a waste!

The posse is reforming, no silly, they's not givin' up the DW's, they's gitin' ready to continue the chase for the Gold Top DW's & the "Fourteener" gold nugget what's we means, git real!



That Outlaw is as slippery as a soap bar on a wet floor.

So they are headin' fer Ill'anoy, hmmm a smelter ?

Don't miss the next update issue coor's dares always sum'tin hap'nin in Silverton & the adventure continues westward-ho.