



SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949 **GAZETTE** 15 CENTS No.55



By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

SHERIFF SINGS SEA SHANTY'S

What do you do with a drunken Sheriff whoz started singing sea shanty's ?

Well the whore'll gang were snozzled all laying around the decks of the S.S.Durango steaming its way across the pond towards Merry Auld. It seems the voyage is taking its toll on the livers & stomachs so the good Professor sea-jestered they all join in songs to try & keep from gittin sick. So the singing commenced.



And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving has come

Sing good bye to Nellie and good bye to Sue
And you who are listening, good bye to you

And good-bye, fare you well, all you ladies of town
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown

Now you Silverton ladies we'd have you to know
We're bound to old England, O Lord, let us go!

Our good ship's a-going out over the bar
And we'll point her nose for the North-eastern Star

Oh say was you ever in Rio Grande?
Oh we all sure miss the Silverton band.



She told me we couldn't afford beer anymore and that I would have to quit.

Then I caught her spending \$6 for makeup.

I asked her how come I had to give up stuff and she didn't.

She said she needed the makeup to look pretty for me.

I told her that was what the beer was for.

I don't think she's coming back..

R.M.S.M.
RED MOUNTAIN MOONSHINE SOUR MASH

Oh say was you ever in Rio Grande?

Way, you Rio

It's there that the river runs down golden sand

For we're sailed from the Rio Grande

And away, boys, away - Way, you Rio

Sing fare you well my pretty young girls

For we're far from the Rio Grande

Oh, New York town is no place for me

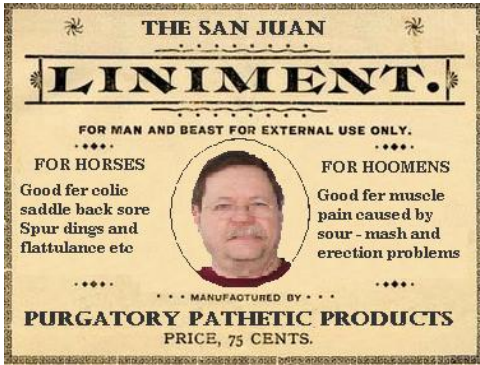
I've packed up my bag and gone out to sea

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way

The girls we are leaving can take our half pay

We'll sell our six guns for molasses and rum





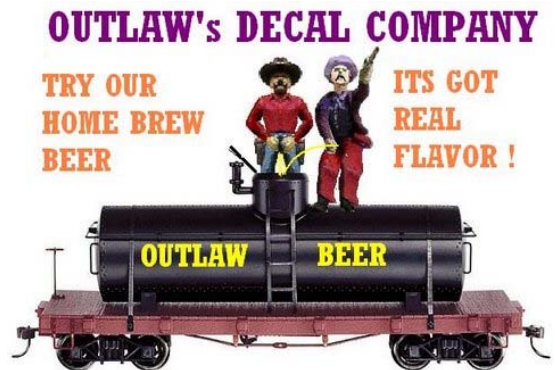
Now whiskey is the life of man
Always was since the world began
Now whiskey gave me a broken nose
And whiskey made me pawn me clothes
Now whiskey is the life of man
Whiskey from that old tin can
I thought I heard the conductor say
I treats me crew in a decent way
A glass of whiskey for all us folk
And a bottle full to Scoop...he's a joke



Blow the Man Down
Come all ye young fellows that follows Missy
To me, way hey, blow the man down
Now please pay attention and listen to me
Give me some time to blow the man down
I'm an old Madam's girl just come from Hong Kong
You give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song

When a trim Black Ball locos preparing to flee
You'll split your sides laughing such sights you would see

There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all
They're girls all dressed up on the loco Black Ball
When the big Black Ball loco's a-leaving by clock
The boys and the girls on the station do flock
Now, when the big loco's taken water & sand
Our conductor he roars out the word of command
Come quickly, lay back keep out of the soot
Or I'll help you along with the toe of me boot
Pay attention to orders, now, you one and all
For see we are riding the loco Black Ball
'Tis larboard and starboard, on platform you sprawl
For the Sheriff, ol' Murphy commands the Black Ball





Well the posse & the Outlaws are enjoyin' emselves passing lots of used beer.

SPIKE'S SECURITY SERVICE "WE HOUND BADDIES"
 Round the back of Madam Lash's Emporium - Banister Street Silverton

PROTECTING SILVERTON'S COMMUNITY

TOYMAN HOBBIES & MUSIC SHOP

Come & play with me



Next to the hotel in Silverton

The PEACEFUL PINYON REST HOME

Parties-
 Striptease-
 Moonshine
 Still Courses-
 Belly-dancing
 Gambling -
 Farting OK -
 Share the bath with a friend -

And of coor's -
 Model Trains
 with FREE BEER every day.

Banister Street Silverton



The voyage is nearing its end - across the Atlantic & soon they will be on dry land & able to unload the locomotives. But you never know what might happen onboard the steam ship or what other adventure await our Little Folk on this tour that jest keeps going on and on.
 Will the DW's ever run out?
 Is there enough Sour-mash whisky to last em' ?
 Will the Sheriff's singing voice slurp into a croak ?
 And wot about the the gold nugget - did it make it aboard ?

So many unanswered question remain but . . .

The chase continues and land is in sight and y'all nose therez always sumtin hap'nin in Silverton

