

SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949 **GAZETTE** 15 CENTS No. 67



By the Silverton Ace Reporter "Scoop"

MERRY CHRISTMAS 09' FROM SILVERTON

Santa is cumin' - have you bin naughty or nice? Well it don't really matter coor's Madam sez she'll be giving all the boys a special present this year rite after the Mayor gets his erection results from the voting to be re-erectioned. The town council took a vote to see who was going to dress-up this year & when Spike jumped forward the Sheriff reminded him it was for the Santa suit not cross-dressing with Denise Erknockin's leather & chain outfits - silly boy!

There was a lot of head scratching which worried Cutz the barber coor's the floor was building up with hairs. The town council sat all day & into the night with several breaks for refreshmintz of 'ewe noze wots'. "In the end" - Madam sez, (& the others smiled at each other) "we need a man who has experieence with understanding what presents folk really want so I vote for da Outlaw". Mayor objected! "What, I'm not sitting on HIS knee" he exclaimed.



Ida Clair & the Temperance ladies all went shy whilst raising their hands to vote for Outlaw, seem his reputation with them females keeps gittin bigger. Oh, the Mayor was unhappy & sez he was going to Brewers place fur Christmas coors it seems he had an accident with another loco that went over his banister!



BREWER MUST HAVE BIN DISTRACTED WHEN HE WAS DRIVING ?



Yes folks, it looks like another Banister Brothers Blackstone Blunder! (Xmas mail will be late)

Spike got his wish to dress-up & he's playing the roll up on Red Mountain with a Xmas special at Wicked Wanda's.

Decisions

Do I drink the DW first or ?



Barkeep sez he's going open his present early but he kain't remember if he needs to twist the top or pull the cork!

His French maid, Miss Pee Pee Lickquior has dusted off a few bottles of Pianoman's best reds - 'Stomped Grapes' to have it ready & laid out on the table for guests, the wine we mean.



Beer
Now cheaper than gas!
DRINK, DON'T DRIVE!

BEER is technically a vegetarian meal.

I'M IN SHAPE
ROUND IS A SHAPE

I'M LOOKIN FUR DAT OUTLAW WHO STOLE MAR SLEIGH

CABOOSE HOBBIES
VALOR KNOWLEDGE EXPERIENCE

COME & SEE TOYMAN CHECK OUT THE BRASS THAT IS "HANGING" ABOUT & GET A SWINGING DEAL

KILT CHECKS
BECAUSE SOME FOLK JUST WANT TO FONDLE THE MERCHANDISE



Toyman's bin busy down in his shop with a mad rush on caboose lamps with folk looking to see how they are wired up.

He's also giving a lengthy discount to wives who cum in looking for that special present so make sure ya girls make-it with Toyman this Xmas.



A Model RR Christmas to all-

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through my pike,
Not a steamer was stirring, not even a Mike.
My yard tracks invitingly empty and bare,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The diesels were nestled all snug in their sheds,
While visions of DCC danced in their heads.
While I, in my blue-and-white engineer's cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When down in the train room, there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the basement I flew like an ace,
Tripped over the cat and fell flat on my face.

I stifled a curse meant for Chessie (the cat),
And I muttered to no one, "I meant to do that,"
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But an HO scale sleigh and eight Preiser reindeer,

With an engineer driving, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than GG-1's, onward they came,
And he blew a steam whistle and called them by name:

"On Athearn! On Lionel, Kato and Walthers!
On Kadee and Micro-Trains, Atlas and others!
To the top of the mountains of Hydrocal plaster,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away faster!"

As dry leaves that behind a new Genesis fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So in through the window the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of trains, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, on my roundhouse, I saw on the roof
The prints in the dust of each HO scale hoof.
As I drew a deep breath, and was turning around,
From beneath the bench work, St. Nick came with a bound.

He was dressed like an engineer from head to foot,
And his clothes had that fine smell of ashes and soot;
A bundle of trains he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

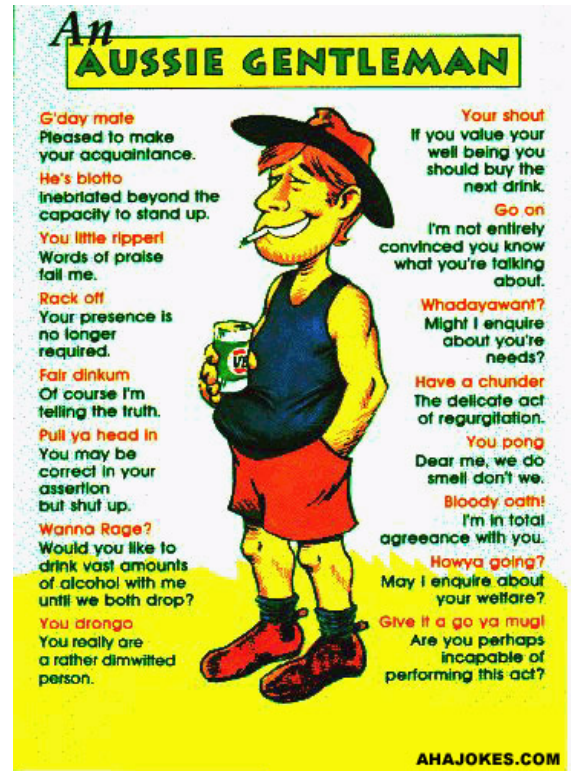
His eyes - just like marker lights! Dimples, how merry!
His cheeks like a War Bonnet, nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And his beard was so white, it would please Phoebe Snow.

He puffed on a pipe as he refilled its bowl,
And the smoke, it smelled just like bituminous coal.
He had a broad face and a belly (I found)
That shook like a tank car with wheels out-of-round.

He was chubby and plump, and I wanted to shout,
"Yes! The man's got a route the UP can't buy out!"
A wink of his eye as he passed near the door
Soon gave me to know I'd have freight cars galore.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work.
He filled all my yard tracks; then turned with a jerk,
And leaving an airbrush he'd found on eBay,
And giving a nod, he returned to his sleigh.

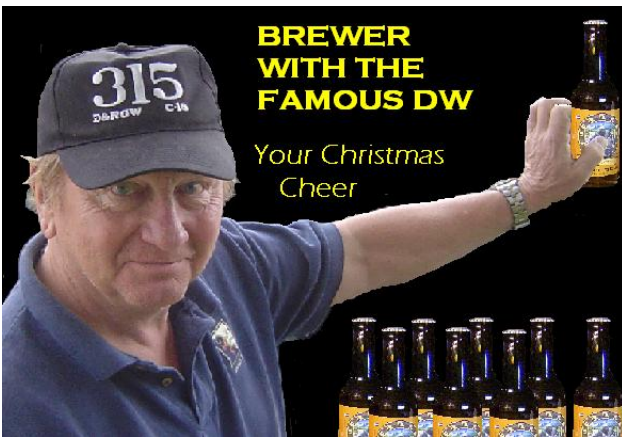
He pumped up the brakes, blew two blasts on his whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL! KEEP 'EM ROLLING! GOOD-NIGHT!"





Longhorn Barry has bin down the Silverton stockyards preparing the motive power for Santa's Sleigh pouring the high-octane into her. She should have enough gas to get Outlaw 'high' nuff to jump over all them chimneys!

Brewer made up a special batch of DW's for the festive season & Spike & the Red Mountain gang brought the train with all the grog into Silverton on the flatcar specially fitted out with a bar & pianoman ticklin' the ivories to provide music as they arrived in town with a toot-toot.



Sparky will be doing his Christmas Special on Radio K-HON3 just before the big day & y'all invited to sing-along with Mavis Screamer as she sings *San Juan Santa*, *Cum Ride With Me* plus many other mounting folk favorites. Preacher & Reverend with beholding a special service for all the single ladies in town & they will be held in the church next to Madam's. The service will be "Throw off those things & come together" - be early as last year was a squeeze with so many to service. Ladies are asked to bring strawberries or cream.

Well that's it for another year & wot a year its bin. Cornventions, Great Train Chases, new friends & heaps of excitemintz & adventures. But y'all nose things may be gittin' into celebratory moods real soon & the staff at your newspapie want to thank y'all for being able to read or those who live a bit higher up we hope you enjoyed lookin' at the pretty pictures. And remember - dare always sumtin' hapnin' in Silverton - **MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.**