

SILVERTON SUB-STANDARD

SATURDAY, MARCH 1949 **GAZETTE** 15 CENTS NO.74



BY THE SILVERTON ACE REPORTER 'SCOOP' - WE NEVER LET THE TRUTH GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY

DISASTER ON THE FAIRPLAY & MOSQUITO PASS!

By special deputy reporter - Professor at the Fairplay & Mosquito Pass Railroad

"Oh the Calamity!" cried Madam Lash. "Oh the Depravity!" exclaimed Barkeep.

"Never you mind your depraved disasters," said Snappy, "friggin bull just smashed through all my exposed glass plates."

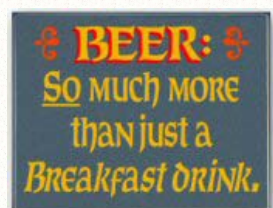
With that, the horn on the D&RGW F7's sounded and with Kid Durango at the control stand the President's private train pulled out of the station and headed north toward Shelby on the Great Northern Railway.

But we are getting ahead of ourselves. How'd Outlaw hijack the President's Train? What was the President doing in Durango on the F&MP? And how come Madam and "El Presidente" are on first name terms? Inquiring minds want to know (and so do youz lot). To learn all this we have to step back a few hours earlier in the day.

You will recall that Outlaw left Somewhere City on his train with the Prize Bull, Mr Chips, in our previous episode. In hot pursuit was the Possie lead by your erstwhile Professor and Madam Lash herself. Sheriff came along too as did most ov the key citizenry.

One prominent citizen missed the train. No less than Scoop himself. Scoop had been inking up the letterpress for a special brochure promoting Madam's Spring Sale. Mistress De Sade was assisting Scoop with his efforts and let's just say they got a little "tied up" over the layout table.

As Outlaw approached Durango on the F&MP (not to be confused with Durango on the D&RG) he had an inspirational moment. The track just north of town runs through a narrow gorge. He hit the air at the mouth of the Gorge and as the train pulled up with a creak and a groan he leapt off, opened the door of the stock car and enticed his newly acquired prize bull out with a crate of unopened DWs.



He loops a rope around a short length of rail and then around Mr Chips capable shoulders and with moments to spare, he had ripped out a neat section of track. He was confident that the Possie train would not pass and as he headed off toward the heart of the city he could have sworn he heard a distant emergency whistle, screeching of brakes and the thud as madam and her possie hit the ground.

A few seconds later the melodious sound of Madam's Bass Contralto voice: giving instruction, cursing Outlaw and calming the Prof's frayed nerves, could be heard echoing around the coaling tower, through the roundhouse and along the station platform.

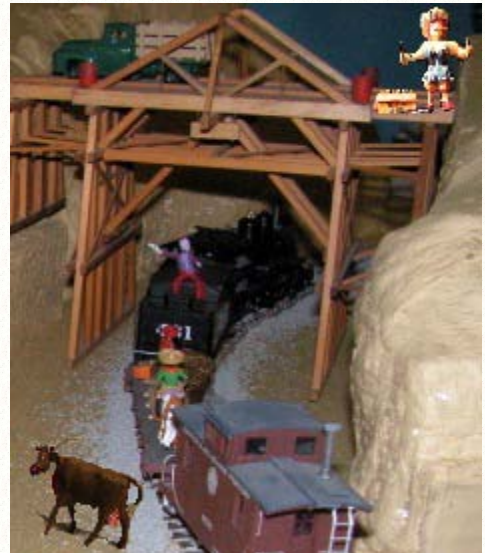
But her sultry tones and curses were soon replaced by the throbbing vibration of a well hung 567 diesel locomotive. In tow behind the diseasel was a rather non-descript flat car but on the deck of that flat car was a sight that took Madam's breath away. Her first love, Hiram B. Schiester, once a junior partner at Dewey, Fleesum and Howe before commencing his own carrier culminating in presidency of all the railroads in these parts.

He was standing beside a beautiful two tone mauve and purple special anniversary boxcar he was delivering to his best customer – the Soundtraxx Company of Durango. Behind the Flatcar/Boxcar combo was another special stock car jointly lettered for Hiram's other railroads, the Alturus & Lone-Pine and Gorre & Daphetid. On board that car was Hiram's second love, Miss Daisy, his prize Hereford-Jersey-Polled Angus cow.

(Miss Daisy was cause of the Calamity, of which we will speak more of later.)

Well when Madam locked eyes on Hiram it was like 50 years flashed backwards. They both fell back to Miss Demeanor's elementary school for gifted children. The birds sang and the sun came out, then Miss Daisy broke wind and everyone remembered where they were.

The posse stranded behind the broken rail, Miss Daisy in heat and Hiram not much better it looked like Madam could have her hands full. I mean she had her hands full keeping up the pursuit. But Madam always preferred being on top (of things).



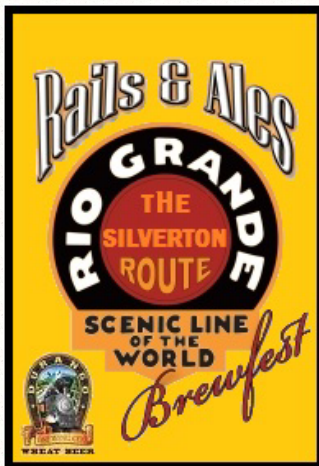
With a flash of her lashes and tilt of her head, she had an invitation for the entire Posse to board Hiram's private business car, "The Love Shack", named after Edwin Shack founder of the Railroad. Not only did they find the fully stocked bar with Gold Top DWs and RMSM on tap but

they also discovered the gold plated bathroom with porcelain fittings and the 8 poster octagonal bed in the master bedroom. The Love Shack was almost as well equipped as her very own Private Car and it was no surprise to Madam when she espied the full length horizontal portrait of herself mounted above the bed.



The Posse found themselves detraining in Durango in short order. Hiram went forward to drive Miss Daisy out of the stock car to graze in the stick yard. Madam and Prof climbed atop the water tank to see if they could see where that dastardly Outlaw had gone. It wasn't hard to find them as they were coming on down the track toward Hiram's private train. With Guns akimbo they came riding into town and stopped face to face with Hiram in front of his pride and joy. "Pull Em Up" said Outlaw. Hiram pulled his trousers up and turned away from Madam to face his new nemesis. "We're Hijakin this here train," explained the Kid. Outlaw's cousin, Alf Peso appeared from the vicinity of the stockyard with Miss Daisy in toe. Snappy was furiously loading glass plates in his camera recording the scene just as a roar and a bellow came from behind.

Mr Chips had spotted Miss Daisy and with heart shapes figuratively floating before his bullish eyes he charged the stock car. The say love is blind and Snappy agrees as every exposed glass plate was smashed in the stampede. Amidst exclamations and admonishments referred to above, Mr Chips first boarded Miss Daisy and then they (jointly) boarded the stock car. The Kid was already in the cab throttling the 567s and Outlaw was testing out the Octagonal eight poster with Mavis from the Cafe.



The train pulled out of Durango, accelerating rapidly toward the Moefart tunnel and points north. Hiram rushed to the depot to wire for help, only to discover that Outlaw had got there first. He then rushed to the roundhouse and commandeered the only suitable power available, a venerable EMC Doodlebug the M131 of the Sante Fe. As the M131 loaded the posse at the depot a distant toot was heard from the old branchline. The long route to Silverton. It was none other than the Staggering Goose! An old freight motor from the RGS used to deliver essential supplies and DWs to the denizens that reside in the mountains between Silverton and Durango. Today the Staggering Goose had one special passenger aboard. It was none other than Scoop who had come the long way round then boarded the Goose to Durango.

It was quite a reunion. Snappy used his last surviving glass plate and recorded the moment. As Scoop, Prof and Madam posed for the camera. A Moose wandered through the scene as Snappy took the Exposure facing the North for the best light. Pianoman played a serenade befitting the end of the best B-Grade movie and reminiscent of "Blazing Saddles".
Insert Photo Here.
 And with that the troop was off on the M131 in hot



pursuit of the Outlaw and his motley crew or reprobates. Did I say hot pursuit? Well 35 mph is fast on those tracks!

Dares one udder matter kneedin' reporting and dats regaring the Professor and his crazy assistant. Wot our bedloved Professor fogot to mention was the laboratory and moonshine still him and the assistant, Jerry Screwits have and there attempts at cloning the famous DW.

Deep down the back of that Soundtraxx boxcar lurks a room with equipment straight out of a Jewels Furn novel – advanced ticknology stuff. Butt the secret lab was uncovered after the explosion so the gang now nose all 'bout it see. The Sheriff allows this 'Elixir Experiment' to corninue coor's there may cum a time the posse will need explosives!

D-W
GAS

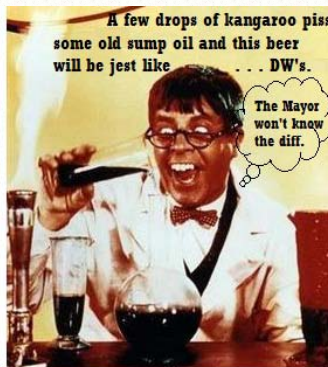


OUTLAW ALWAYS
FILLS UP WITH
NUTTIN' BUTT
THE BEST

HE'S ALWAYS FULL OF IT



'THE NUTTY PROFESSOR'
(A JERRY LEWIS PRODUCTION)



RECYCLED BEER AT IT'S BEST



The Professor's assistant - Jerry Screwits

BREWED IN THE PURGATORY LABORATORY



ADVERTISEMENT FOR - PROFESSOR TRACK GAUGE

And won more thing wez need to mention before getting this exciting edition to print and dats regarding the Professor's track gauge he used for the article he writ-up in that famous HOn3 Annual last year. See he has this model he uses which has adjustable width components to set the 'gauge'. This wundafool uppherarsetus can open a little or a lot and for dual gauge too and is often termed a usefool broad. They aren't yet available from Mudhen Models butt ewes can bet them folks will be getting these gauges in for you to lay and spike. He sez if you lubricate it well with DW the gauge widens easily!

Coor's we'all are plenty thunkfool to the good Prof for covering the story on the Fairplay and Mosquito Pass Railroad and we say "go poor yer'self a stiff one on the Mayor" in our appreciation.

Yes'iree folks, diss 'ol reported always get the story out to you as it happens and dares plenty yet to hairpin coor's this 'Great Cattle Rustlin' Chase' ain't over yet and wez all nose adventures and excitement are third or forth comin y'all's way. And remember diz folk – dares always sum'tin hap'nin in Silverton.

Thanks for partaking and sharing of the tour Prof –good one mate.



APPROACHING THE TUNNEL

