ISSUE FIFTEEN

# THE PORTSMOUTH SQUIRE OCCASIONAL

A SAN FRANCISCO STEAM NEWS OFFERING

"In one of our last incarnations, we were all citizens of Atlantis. All of us. We all lived in this lovely, enlightened kingdom that sank beneath the sea a long time ago. Now we've come back to this special peninsula on the edge of the continent ... because we know, in a secret corner of our minds, that we must return together to the sea."

## THE COMMON DORMOUSE NO LONGER IS ALL THAT COMMON

San Francisco – Airhostess and zoological enthusiast Monika van Laer will give a round-table discussion at the Imperial Shoe museum over these next few weekends on the topic of Extinction Events for Zoological Creatures Used in Clothing. Specifically, Ms. van Laer will describe the intense culling of the common dormouse in recent decades. As Ms. van Laer is won't to point out "The common dormouse no longer is all that common." Apparently, the hide and tendons of the littlest city dwelling rodent is absolutely perfect for use in common clothing attachment items. In fact, van Laer virtually guarantees that every reader of this paper is wearing some item made from a dormouse at this very moment.

The round-table discussion is focused, not on eradicating the need for dormouse components in our clothing, but for better methods of dormouse husbandry, so that our clothing will stay in place during the worst weather. It is speculated that the dormouse population will be completely extinct in a mere fifteen years at the current rate of clothing expansion and wear.

"Our clothiers have been using cheaper and cheaper materials," Ms. van Laer stated in a recent interview. "However, our Emperor has mandated stringent regulations for the fastening and fixing of clothing, which involves the dormouse components. With cheapening materials, the dormouse fixators are too strong and are now ripping straight through the clothing material themselves. Why, I saw a woman in a white dress be caught in an updraft in the last zeppelin excursion I attended. The material itself left her body in a most unseeming way. The only thing left on her poor, youthful body were the dormouse fasteners and a thick mantle of embarrassment! If fabric is to continue to be flimsy, cheap, and untrustworthy, then we must have even more fasteners to ensure proper decorum within the Empire!"

Requests for information about the specific zeppelin route and security footage were dismissed by Ms. van Laer's subordinates.

## THE FANGS OF DOOM
## BY DOVER WHITECLIFF
## EPISODE ONE

Rowan ducked under the fall of rain water pouring off the awning in China Town and opened the door to steam and warmth. She scraped the mud off her boots, and entered, closing the door behind her.

"Welcome to our most humble establishment. Me Li Ping Hai. You all wet. You like clean shirt? Me help you." The laundress bowed, fist to palm in front of her chest as the bell over the door stopped jingling. Rowan returned the bow, then tipped her hat up with her forefinger and switched the toothpick from one side of her mouth to the other. She looked the humble laundress up and down, and busted out laughing. The laundress sighed. "Too much?"

"Lord help us, Li. Li Ping Hai. You're actually going by Leaping High? Please tell me these gold diggers don't actually 'spect you to talk like that?"

"Unfortunately, yes, Rowan, they do. It grows irksome."

"Well, I s'pose you could always tell 'em you're Li Ving on account of their idiocy." Li laughed.

"It is good to see you my friend. What kept you?"

"Did a little poking around early this morning. Asked some questions."

"And?"

"We need to get down to the bay. Seems our mysterious tycoon has a shipment being unloaded. And take a look at this." Rowan held out a crumpled bill of lading. Pointed to the symbol at the bottom.

"The Vermillion Fangs? This is worse than we feared. The last time they crawled out of their holes, they called up a typhoon that destroyed seven warships, and laid waste to half of Samoa in the bargain."

"And all my gut tells me that was just for giggles. I think they got their sights set on something bigger this time."

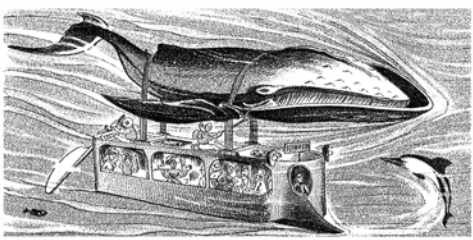
"You don't mean –"

"Oh yes she does." The voice was menacing, sibilant. The beaded curtain at the back of the shop barely rustled, but the first thing through was gunmetal grey with six cylinders. "I'd advise you not to move."

To be continued…

## PEAK OIL DISPROVEN AGAIN

Once again our world has seen a tremendous drop in cost of oil that runs our street lamps and heats our homes. Sensationalist members of the science community predicted late last year that we would only see a rise in the cost of the commodity due to depletion of supply. However as has been show by a simple trip to the utility bill, whale resources are clearly not being depleted nearly fast enough. Further debasing their claims, these so called scientists, describe a need for research into other sources of energy, such preposterous things as mining mineral oil from the earth, or harnessing the wind, some are so absurd that they recommend that we research making electricity from coal, yes you read that right, coal, here we thought that scientists were suppose to bring us forward in time, and yet they are telling us to go back to using coal. We went for comment, on what it was like to use coal, to one of the oldest members of the city, Dementia Greg, and were told that he could hardly remember the stuff, then asked who we were again. As predicted, whale oil has a bright future in lighting our homes and offices.



TAKE ONE WHILE YOU STILL CAN!
TRAVEL BY WHALE-CARRIAGE!
DEPARTS DAILY FROM MEIGG'S WHARF
TO ALL PARTS OF THE BAY.

## A QUICK REMINDER: ADVICE FROM A LADY S TOILET

## POWDERS

### The Countess Lola Montez of Landsfeld

Excessive use of powder is also a vulgar trick. None but the very finest powder should ever be used, and the lady should be especially careful that sufficient is not left upon the face to be noticeable to the eye of a gentleman. She must be very particular that particles of it are not left visible about the base of the nose, and in the hollow of the chin. Ladies sometimes catch up their powder, and rub it on in a hurry, without even stopping to look in the glass, and go into company with their faces looking as though they just came out of a meal-bag. It is ridiculous sight, and ladies may be sure it is disgusting to gentlemen.


GIANTS

in *your* swimming hole???

It's more likely than you think!

Find out more about inland tsunamis and giant-proofing **your** water supply from the Aether Brigade!

Aether Brigade


## YANKS TAKE OVER FORT

No shots were fired as a battalion of Yankee soldiers succeeded in taking over and occupying Fort Point on Saturday, the 24th of January, in the year of our Lord 2015. Yankee soldiers, along with their wives and children, were spotted participating in a variety of activities within the fort. Citizens of our fair city poured out in droves to watch and wonder at the invasion. Young children, both male and female, some no taller than a grasshopper's knees, were seen being given weapons training along the edge of the quad. A military brass band played as a platoon of soldiers performed fancy drill. Hoop-skirted women and bearded men set up shop along the edges of the quad, purveying everything from weapons, dry-goods, and toys. Visitors watched in wonder as uniformed soldiers taught young boys how to load and fire the cannon along the outer walls. Off-duty soldiers were spotted openly gambling on faro and smoking their pipes in one corner of the quad, while others sat on barrels playing checkers in another. The fort was fully bedecked in large red, white, and blue banners for all the world as if a celebration was taking place. Upon notifying the esteemed Emperor Norton of said invasion, this reporter was assured that the battalion of soldiers was simply passing through and would be gone by early the following Monday. And, so they were, leaving nothing so much as a paper wad behind to mark their passage.

# UPCOMING

**February 21 – Celebrate the opening of the Panama Pacific International Exposition,with all day long community event with exhibits, entertainment, and ukuleles!**
**- Palace of Fine Arts**

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**February 28-March 1st – SF History Expo. Join over 50 San Francisco organizations to create mini museums showcasing the diverse histories of our fair jewel of a city and it's many communities. Moving pictures, special programs and more. The Old Mint, 88 Fifth Street at Mission.**

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**March 14 – Join the revolution! Rise up with our sisters, mothers, and daughters and be heard! Now is the time for the right to vote! Join the Suffragette March on Hyde Pier. Noon & 3 pm.**

# THE EMPEROR'S MUSINGS

It truly gladdens our Imperial heart when our magnificence is honored and remembered. A special thanks goes out this month to the Emperor's Bridge Campaign for a wonderful 197th birthday celebration on February 3.

The Imperial Calendar is certainly full this year, and the next big event will be our annual proclamation at our beloved widow's grave in Colma on February 15. Drop by the Old Mint on February 28 and March 1, where we will be in residence at the San Francisco History Expo. Next up, keep your eyes open at the Chinese New Year Parade on March 7, as we shall be crashing it again this year. Hopefully, we shall be allowed to read our annual proclamation on earthquake preparedness at the 1906 earthquake anniversary ceremony on April 18. Following that, we will be remembered in a Jewish away with the unveiling of a special memorial plaque at the House of Peace Cemetery in Colma on May 3. Finally, the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus is possibly planning a surprise for us later on in the year, but we must keep this under our Imperial hat for now.

**By Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico**

# DOWNHILL WINNERS

Alison Funston and her human, Liz won Eureka Valley's annual downhill reptile race this past Sunday. This year marks the tenth anniversary of what has been come to be known as the city's most popular downhill reptilian competition. Over the years the race has grown from a simple rolling of snake eggs down Castro to the multi dollar event that we have today. This year saw the largest number of racers, a total of 15 racers signed up this year, though little Hugo Martin of Petaluma was eaten by his crocodile minutes before the race begun and had to be disqualified. He was heard from the belly of the croc, "I'll be back next year by dang it!...now can someone get me out of here? I'm afraid of the dark."

The crowd favorite Grekor the Mighty, a gila monster from Emeryville had won last year and it was believed he would once again win the downhill race, but at 19th Alison sped past, Liz was heard screaming, "Get me off this thing!" as they flew past. Ribbons and caged birds where given to the losers of the race. Alison Funston and her human Liz won two tickets on board the underwater ship, Maupin on it's inaugural trip in search of the elusive kraken.

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February MMXV