ISSUE TEN

The Portsmouth Squire Occasional

A San Francisco Steam News offering

"I'd rather be a busted lamp post on Battery Street, San Francisco, than the Waldorf-Astoria."

KRAKEN SUSPECTED IN SEWERS

Over the past two days reports have been coming in of strange sounds coming from beneath the streets. And storm shutters rattling from below. Reports are local to a block or two of one another, thus perhaps removing one witnesses suggestion that it was the return of the mutated sewer rats of 1872, unless said subterranean creatures have started working in one large group, the possible effects of which are too morbid to discuss here. Indeed we had no actionable story until our own Mabel Buttchimney was doing some novel work. Stepping far outside of her comfort zone she decided to go outside, and interact with the public. Her planned journey of discovering an example of the social world of the common classes was to be a walk of two blocks from her residence to the distillery. She has it noted that she made it through her front door with no assistance, then began seeking the assistance of which direction the distillery would be. While attempting to determine how one should interact with the common classes, she was quite rudely interrupted by a sewer cover being thrown off its frame in the middle of the street. At which point she described that an enormous tentacle emerged from the sewers and headed straight for her. The creature may well have dragged her below however one of Miss Buttchimney ample breasts readily blocked the sewer cover frame, where she remained victorious until the fire brigade arrived a few minutes later to congratulate her on her quick thinking, and separate her bosom from the street where it was trapped. Interestingly there was a similar sighting of a tentacle at the distillery where Miss Buttchimney was headed. This tentacle vanished back into the street reportedly at the same time that Miss Buttchimney existed her residence. Local scientists are now looking to see if the creature is somehow drawn to alcohol.

JUST RECEIVED

Brigadier Euphemia of No.2 Montgomery Street has a new shipment of DRY GOODS, Groceries, CROCKERY, Tin Ware, HARDWARE, mechanical servant droids, and STOCKINGS for sale. Credit available.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ALL PERSPONS HAVING Spanish titles of lots of land in the town of San Francisco, who have not complied with the conditions required in their deeds, are here by required to present themselves before the Alcalde of San Francisco with their titles, on or before the first day of October as their lots have been denounced. – George Hyde

Yolo County – The Emperor has been requested to send his finest troop of cowgirls to aid the county inept police with the current bovine uprising. Cap't Peggy Smith has been sent to quell the rebellion.

(Editor's Note: We believe this is a coded loveletter. To who? We know not.)
"Steamy steaming engines with hooligan goggling goggles"

OBITUARY... A PRE-EMPTIVE FOND FAREWELL TO ANNA PROSPIRSKY

Brisbane, CA – On the 5th of October of this year, famed occultist and spiritual medium Anna Prospirsky will have been found dead in her home of unnatural causes, the spiritualist herself has announced. Speaking at the police office where she had been attempting to fill out a Missing Persons report in advance, Mrs. Prospirsky claimed that she had had advanced warning from her spiritual guide, a great hump backed whale, that her body would go missing for three days and eventually be found rolled up in her living room carpet, covered in ant bites. She had filed the report in an effort to get her body discovered that much sooner as "I always wanted an open casket funeral, and with those bites I will have died from… every day matters. " She declined to speculate on who might wish to cause her harm, saying only that "the netherworld is full of sharp teeth." Due to strict Imperial rules, the police officers, looking shamefaced and red about the collar, explained that they could not accept a Missing Persons report until the person in question had, indeed, gone missing for at least 24 hours. Mrs. Prospirsky sighed heavily and said that she would mail it in on the First of October, but that it would come postage due as she had funerary arrangements to make and didn't feel she should waste a penny because of police inadequacies.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF JEMAINE SKINKER, DOER OF THINGS

My dearest Pansy,

Although you won't know it, I have been writing to you regularly for the past six months. Unfortunately, as the jungle closed in around us and our supplies ran low, I was forced to eat those letters for sustenance. I have also drunk all the ink from the pot like an Uncle Wiggily villain. I'm now writing this with my own urine, which makes a commendable invisible ink of which I seem to have a neverending supply. All that is required to reveal this message is to hold it carefully to a naked flame and cover your nose. My eloquent micturations will then be revealed to you.

Tensions have been running high, and there is talk of cannibalism in the offing. Emilio Funtwipe has been giving me strange looks for days now, as if all he sees when he looks at me is a glazed ham. I feel sure that my honey-scented insect repellent has done nothing to deter him, nor the fact that my countenance has often been compared to streaky bacon. As you can plainly see, circumstances conspire against us daily. I have taken to deterring Funtwipe's unwelcome overtures by promising him that my body is riddled with pustules and buboes, but that does not prevent him from attempting to lick my thighs while I'm asleep. For at least twenty minutes last night I was under the impression that I was being romanced by an alsatian until I realized it was Funtwipe with his head between my legs.

If our circumstances do not improve soon, we may have to resort to eating the Twinkies we've been using to insulate our baggage, but nobody feels quite that desperate yet. I shudder to imagine how dire our situation would have to be to put such things in our mouths, but it is a matter of life and death. Do not judge me too harshly. I shall understand if you don't want to kiss me upon my return. If I do eat a Twinkie, this mouth will be forever tainted.

Your ever-loving salt-lick,
Jemaine

ADVICE FROM A LADY S TOILET

BEAUTY OF ELASTICITY

The Countess Lola Montez of Landsfeld

The most perfect form, and the most brilliant skin will avail a woman little, unless she possess, also, that physical agility, or elasticity, which is the soul of a beautiful form in woman. A half-alive and sluggish body, however perfectly formed, is to say the most, but half beautiful. When you behold a woman who is like a wood-nymph, with a form elastic in all it's parts, and a foot as light as that of the goddess, whose flying step "scarcely brushed the unbending corn," whose conscious limbs and agile grace moved in harmony with the light of her sparkling eyes, you may be sure that she carries all hearts before her. There are women whose exquisite forms seem as flexible, wavy and undulating as the graceful lilies of the field. The stiff and prim city belle, encased in hoops and buckram, may well envy that agile, bouncing country romp, who, with nature's roses in her checks, skips it like a fawn, and sends out a laugh as natural and merry as the notes of song-birds in June. And she may be sure that her husband or lover never looks upon such a specimen of nature's own beauty, but that he quietly wishes in his heart that his wife, or sweetheart, were like her. Let the city belle learn a lesson from this. She can have the same charms on the same conditions that the country lass has obtained them. But, by high living, late hours, and all the other dissipations of fashionable city life- NEVER! That country lass goes to bed with the robin and is up with the lark. Her life is after nature's fashion, and she is rewarded with nature's sprightly gifts. Whereas this city belle goes to bed at indefinite midnight hours, and crawls languidly out at mid-day, with a jaded body and a feverish mind, to mope through the tedious rounds of daily dullness, until night again rallies her faint and exhausted spirits. Her life is by gaslight.

Most that I have said in this matter on the means of obtaining a bright and handsome form, applies equally to the subjects of all my advice from the lady's toilet! But, there are some artificial tricks which I have known beautiful ladies to resort to for the purpose of giving elasticity and sprightliness to the animal frame. The ladies of France and Italy, especially those who are professionally, or as amateurs, engaged in exercises which require great activity of the limbs, as dancing, or playing on instruments, sometimes rub themselves on retiring to bed, with the following preparation:

Fat of the stag, or deer…8oz
Florence Oil (or olive oil)..6oz.
Virgin wax……3oz
Musk……1 grain
White Brandy……1/2 pint
Rose-Water…….4oz

(continued on page four)

ASK JASPER

Dear Jasper-

I am currently taking a summer field course in order to obtain a degree in geology. One of the problems we're working on involves a gravity anomaly that has been discovered beneath a resurgent dome within the Long Valley caldera. Some of my colleagues believe that the anomaly is caused by a basaltic intrusion, while others think that the anomaly results from hydrothermal expansion. What are your thoughts?

Sincerely-

Stumped in Yosemite

* * *

Dear SIY-

I am a cat. Please take that under advisement.

Confusedly yours,

Jasper

* * *

Editor's Note: Ask Jasper is currently a fictional advice column, but Jasper is an actual cat with an actual laptop. If you would like to contact him over the long-distance instant telegraph system known as Twitter or the minutiae exchange network known as Facebook, his handle is @AskJasper or Jasper Powell.

DEWEY MONUMENT STATUE MISSING

Union Square feels naked and abused today after a shocking aerial daytime burglary. At roughly 2 pm today, a low flying airship was seen descending towards Union Square. The crowd believed the pilot of this stunt ship was merely flying low to wave at the Emperor as he gave his customary walking tour for visitors of our fair city when a small metal monkey like creature leaped from the ship onto the Dewey Monument. In mere moments the statue of Alma de Bretteville Spreckels was pulled from the top of the monument by the creature that jumped back into the air ship. The pilot quickly turned, flew under the Macy' s glass bridge and off towards Oakland. Police and private investigators are currently searching for clues.

Continued from page THREE

.

Put the fat, oil, and wax into a well-glazed earthen vessal, and let them simmer over a slow fire until they are assimilated; then pour in the other ingredients, and let the whole gradually cool, when it will be fit for use. There is no doubt but that this mixture, frequently and thoroughly rubbed upon the body on going to bed, will impart a remarkable degree of elasticity to the muscles.It would be most helpful..I might add here that strong helpful hands belonging to someone else is most beneficial ! Getting to those parts of your body that cannot be gotten to, left in solitary, on one's own.

In the morning, after this preparation has been used, the body should be thoroughly wiped with a sponge, of course another round of helpful strong hands maybe the addition needed to accomplish the necessary blush. The body should then be thoroughly wiped with a sponge, dampened with cold water. One may repeat this treatment, especially requiring masculine assistants at least once a night, more of course will product the elasticity so sought for!

SOUTH CITY SHAMES BAY AREA YET AGAIN

-South San Francisco. Yet another jacklob enterprise has set up shop in our industrious southern sister city. Aberdeen Langley Nook has opened an operation that once again proves anything below School House Station is hardly worth a pinch of salt. "The Society of Enlightened GentleFolke, in the Name of Freedom from Scandle and Rumor" opened their doors with little fanfare and even fewer patrons last Sunday. I travelled down to the opening night gala for the "Society" to find 8 rank old mens sitting around a fire pit sipping pisco punch and giggling in a very uncivilized manner. When asked what the objective and business model of their operations, I found a most unpleasant plan of action. If one is rich enough to pay their steep charge, these men will come into your home and remove all the books from your library! That's it! The Society is a nothing but a worthless book removal service. Nook was cagey when asked what was done with the books, but did motion to the fire pit.

Nook was unable to explain a value of this service. The good people of San Francisco are warned to stay away from Aberdeen Langely Nook and his book disposal operations.

THE EMPEROR'S MUSINGS BY NORTON I, EMPEROR OF THE UNITED STATES AND PROTECTOR OF MEXICO

We continue to be disheartened by Ghirardelli Chocolate Company's continued silence in the face of overwhelming support to bringing back our sundae. We are heartened, however, to learn that the San Francisco Board of Supervisor's 2004 resolution to name our bridge after us was inspired by the demise of our beloved sundae. It is most unfortunate that the California State Legislature overrode the will of the people in the naming of our bridge. We can still place pressure upon Ghirardelli to reinstate our honorable ice cream delight. Set your telegraphs to our innertube site (www.emperornortontour.com) and find the sundae link to sign the petition. Short of that, you can make our sundae at home: take a large goblet glass and line it with sliced cherries and bananas, add two scoops of ice cream of your choice, drizzle with hot fudge, top with whipped cream, and crown with a walnut half.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.

ONLY

CHOCOLATE MANUFACTORY

IN CALIFORNIA.

The Portsmouth Squire, a project of the San Francisco Steampunks (SFsteampunk.com) is always looking for new writers, photographers, advertisements, stories of interest, crime reports, social columns, advice, rumors hear-say and more! Delivery persons also sought. Inquires should be made by electronic mail to PORTSMOUTHSQUIRE@gmail.com. Join the team! facebook.com/groups/sfsteampunks