

## THE PORTSMOUTH SQUIRE

## OCCASIONAL

A SAN FRANCISCO STEAM NEWS OFFERING



A CITY IS NOT GAUGED BY ITS LENGTH AND WIDTH, BUT BY THE BROADNESS OF ITS VISION AND THE HEIGHT OF ITS DREAMS.



## HUMBLEDX AUTOROCKET G7 ARRIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO DAYS EARLY, GONZALEZ HAILED AS HERO

Early Monday morning, 3:09 am to be exact, to major fan fare, Lucia Garcia Gonzalez drove into San Francisco on her handbuilt humbledex Autorocket G7. As readers may remember Gonzalez's perilous trek was the end result of a bet with the California chapter of the Moderately Dangerous Adventurers Club International. The MDA had denied Gonzalez entrance to the club stating that women were too frail to acquire the title of Adventurer.

After a vocal altercation between Gonzalez and the venerable club last fall, she set to prove the club wrong by completing the first ever trip up the California coast in a mechanical ground vehicle. Gonzalez spent most of the winter building her Humbledex and researching the route.

Experts told her it was impossible for any vehicle, especially a vehicle driven by a woman to be able to survive the grueling torture to make it from San Diego to San Francisco. Witnesses differ on the exact distance, but all agree the experts did in fact land in Lake Merced when she threw them out of her workshop.

After 3 days, Gonzalez completed the trek, not only proving that a ground route between the two cities was possible, but also broke all land speed records by arriving two days early. Upon arriving in San Francisco, the Moderately Dangerous Adventurers Club acknowledged they were wrong and offered her the honorary title of Adventurer. All gathered were shocked when she declined. She later stated she no longer had any interest in being an Adventurer when the title of Adventurix was a far better title, which she then bestowed on herself.

Visiting eccentric, Horatio Nelson Jackson of Vermont was so inspired by Gonzalez he vowed he's be the first to drive across the country, and hoped Gonzalez would bestow him the first ever title, Male-Adventurix.

### CITY ONCE AGAIN SAVED BY PIRATES INABILITY TO NAVIGATE

Captain Jonathan Button, the notorious airship pirate, heard tale of the riches that our fair city has to offer. As such a raid was planned to extract our most cherished and valued possessions. Fortunately the raid was foiled, as having learned that it is the first city after the ocean ends, our kindly blanket of fog left the pirates not a hint of the city, flying straight over it to discover Oakland as the first city following the ocean. Expecting riches and wonders, and finding instead Oakland, the sky pirates decided to leave a box of silver coins, and continue on their way.

## ADVICE FROM A LADY S TOILET

**A BEAUTIFUL  
BOSOM**

The Countess  
Lola Montez of  
Landsfeld



I am aware that this is a subject which must be handled with great delicacy; but my writings would be incomplete without some notice of this "greatest claim of lovely woman." And, besides, it is undoubtedly true that a proper discussion of this subject will seem peculiar only to the most vulgar minded of both sexes. If it be true, as the old poet sang, that "Heaven rests on those two heaving hills of snow," Why should not a woman be suitably instructed in the right management of such extraordinary charms? The first thing to be impressed upon the mind of a lady is, that very low-necked dresses are in exceeding bad taste, and are quite sure to leave upon the mind of a gentleman an equivocal idea, to say the least. A word to the wise on this subject is sufficient. If a young lady has no father, or brother, or husband to direct her taste in this matter, she will do well to sit down and commit the above statement to memory. It is a charm which a woman, who understands herself, will leave not to the public eye of man, but to his imagination. She knows that modesty is the divine spell that binds the heart of man to her forever. But my observation has taught me that a few women are well informed as to the physical management of this part of their bodies. The bosom, which nature has formed with exquisite symmetry in itself, and admirable adaptation to the parts of the figure to which it is united, is often transformed into a shape, and transplanted to a place, which deprive it of its original beauty and harmony with the rest of the person. This deforming metamorphosis is effected by means of stiff stays, or corsets, which force the part out of its natural position, and destroy the natural tension and firmness in which so much of its beauty consist. A young lady should be instructed that she is not to allow even her own hand to press it too roughly. But, above all things, to avoid, especially when young, the constant pressure of such hard substances as whalebone and steel; for, besides the destruction to beauty, they are liable to produce all terrible consequences of abscesses and cancers. Even the padding which ladies use to give a full appearance, where there is deficient bosom, is sure, in little time, to entirely destroy all natural beauty of the parts. **CONTINUE Page 4**

## FANGS OF DOOM BY DOVER WHITECLIFF EPISODE TWO

"Allow me to introduce myself." The man wielding the six-gun shouldered through the beaded curtain. He had no neck to speak of, and looked so much like a bull that Rowan expected to see a ring through his nose. He kept the barrel pointed slightly toward Rowan, but still between the pair of them. Thunder rumbled overhead, not more than a few seconds after a flash of lightning.

"Must you?" Rowan rolled her eyes, noting that their erstwhile captor saw her as the bigger threat, probably due to the Navy Colt strapped to her hip. His mistake.

"You have no idea what you've stumbled into – ha – or what kind of big trouble you're in."

"Big Trouble, huh?" Rowan shrugged, letting the sarcasm creep into her voice. "Well that's nothing new. We are in Little China after all." "You mock me." Rowan watched the little vein on the side of his left temple twitch...the red in his face clashed mightily with his vermilion shirt and vest. That's it...rile him up. Keep him busy. Give Li the time to get into position. She smirked in what she hoped was an irritating fashion.

"Well Yessir, I do believe I've mocked you twice already. Y'all wanna go for three time lucky?"

"Maybe I will disobey the master and kill you now, Rowan Oak."

"Ent me y'all have to worry about. Li?" And Li unleashed her martial fury, vaulting straight up into the air and lashing out with her left foot.

The six gun went flying, and Rowan dove for it, rolling over her shoulder and coming up on one knee with it in one hand and her Navy Colt in the other. "Your turn not to move, Bud."

"Now. About that shipm –" A flash of light cut Li off. The building shook with the blast of thunder. Glass shattered. Splinters flew. Bits of the ceiling pelted down. Rowan blinked and saw only spots. "Li?!"

"He called that bolt down on us, Rowan!"

"Ready for another?" The voice came from everywhere and nowhere, and the smell of ozone filled the air...

To be continued.

**MABLE  
BUTTCHEMNEY  
MARRIED. EIGHT  
DEAD.**

The long unanticipated marriage taking our very own Miss Mable Buttchimney to our very own Mrs. Mable Buttchimney has come and gone. The wedding went off much as expected, the city and surrounding area was drained of any intoxicants that could be found for the event, and, also as expected, this was not nearly enough to sate the thirst of Mable and her new found husband. The marriage ceremony was a private event, and all that is known is that Mable had a military escort to her carriage after the celebration and was returned promptly to her penthouse, which has been moved beneath Market Street such that she could share quarters with her new mate. It is expected that unspeakable acts of marital bliss occurred on their return to the privacy of their residence.

New from *Aethertech Industries*  
Truth & Honesty

Patented, protected,  
"curative" elixir!\*

OGRE WEE  
all-purpose elixir!

\*Aethertech Industries cannot be held responsible for any resultant ogre moosings

**OAKLANDS MORAL  
DECAY CONTINUES**

Oakland, CA – A monthly congregation of unhappy fellows is creeping upon us again. Whether it is therapy, an ill-conceived public jest, or a weirdling commoner-class safety valve being released, I am not sure. However, each month on the third Thursday of that month, the inmates of local asylums are released and are presented upon a stage for the jeers, cheers, and fevered exhalations of a madding crowd.

Even named for the afflictions that strikes so many of these poor, lost souls, this illicit, insidious, and unfortunately thoroughly captivating show, Tourettes Without Regrets, gives license to those base forms of self-expression; the burlesque dance, the spoken word poetry, the freak sideshows that would make any common circus or carnival stand aside in shame, they are all well represented at this spectacle.

As we all know, the city across the Bay is known for its ill-judged temperament, but indeed, drinking spirits and swilling beer while listening to unfortunates rave and thrash into the darkest night? Has our sister city truly delved that far into that alluring abyss? I fear so, my friends, I fear so.

**EARTHQUAKE COMMEMORATION  
APRIL 18TH - 5:12 AM  
LOTTA S FOUNTAIN  
MARKET AND GEARY**

It only takes a tiny corner of  
This great big world to make a place you love  
My home up on the hill  
I find I love you still  
I've been away but now I'm back to tell you

San Francisco  
Open your golden gate  
You let no stranger wait outside your door  
San Francisco  
Here is your wandering one  
Saying I'll wander no more  
Other places only make me love you best  
Tell me you're the heart of all the golden west

San Francisco  
Welcome me home again  
I'm coming home  
To go roaming no more

**CONT. FROM PAGE TWO****ADVICE FROM  
A LADY'S  
TOILET**

The Countess  
Lola Montez of  
Landsfeld

As soon as it becomes apparent that the bosom lacks the rounded firmness due to the rest of her form, instead of trying to repair the deficiency with artificial padding, it should be clothed as loosely as possible, as to avoid the least artificial pressure. Not only its growth is stopped, but its complexion is spoiled by these tricks. Let the growth of this beautiful part be left as unconfinned as the young cedar, or as the lily of the field. And for that reason the bodice should be flexible to the motion of the body and the undulations of the shape. The artificial india-rubber bosoms are not only ridiculous contrivances, but they are absolutely ruinous to the beauty of the part. The following preparations, very softly rubbed upon the bosom for five or ten minutes, two or three times a day has been used with success to promote its growth. Where available the gentle loving hands of another may apply a soothing touch.

Tincture of myrrh....1/2 oz.

Pimpernel water.....4 oz.

Elder-flower water....4oz.

Musk.....1 gr.

Rectified spirits of wine.....6oz.

I have known ladies to take a preparation of iodine internally to remedy a too large development of the bosom. But this must be a dangerous experiment for the general health. The following external application has been recommended for this purpose.

Strong essence of mint...1oz.

Iodine of zinc.....2 gr.

Aromatic vinegar.....2 gr.

Essence of cedrat.....10 drops.

If, from sickness, or any other cause, the bosom has lost its beauty by becoming soft, the following wash, applied as gently as possible morning and night, will have a most beneficial effect.

Alum water.....1/2 oz.

Strong camomile water....1 oz.

White brandy.....2oz.

If the whole body is not afflicted with a general decay and flabbiness, the use of this wash for a month or two will be quite sure to produce the happiest effects!

**THE EMPEROR'S  
MUSINGS**

Although it is well-known that we were born Jewish, we were not a very observant one, even though we attended Temple Emanu-El nearly every Saturday. What is not well-known is that we were never given a proper Jewish funeral in 1880 during our burial at the Masonic Cemetery or at our 1934 reburial in the Woodlawn Cemetery.

In 1979, the Court of Historical Review ruled we should be given the Jewish burial rights, and this was done in 1980 in conjunction with the centennial of our death.

In order to honor us in a Jewish way, Judi Leff has undertaken a project to have a memorial plaque erected to us at the Home of Peace Cemetery, 1299 El Camino Real, Colma, on Sunday May 3 at 2 p.m. Please RSVP to [enortonday@yahoo.com](mailto:enortonday@yahoo.com) by April 21.

Because of her extraordinary service we declare and proclaim Judi Leff a Knight of the Empire, and shall from this day forward be given the title of Dame.

**Norton I**

**Emperor of the United States and  
Protector of Mexico**

**TRICK PLAYED ON  
SHOE STORE**

J.C. Godwin, manager of the Regal Shoe Company, Geary and Stockton streets, received a telephone message on Saturday to send three pairs of shoes to the manager's office at the Emporium as samples. A boy was sent with the shoes and when he reached the Emporium a young man took the parcel from him and told him he would take it to the manger's office. It was discovered later that the shoes had not been ordered by the Emporium and that a trick had been played on the shoe company, which reported the matter to the police.



The Portsmouth Squire, is a periodical for news and hear-say in and around San Francisco, brought to you by the San Francisco Steampunks (SFsteampunk.com) & is always looking for new writers, illustrators, advertisements, stories of interest, crime reports, social columns, advice, rumors, gossip and more! Delivery persons also sought. Inquires should be made by electronic mail to [PORTSMOUTHSSQUIRE@gmail.com](mailto:PORTSMOUTHSSQUIRE@gmail.com).

Join the team!

[facebook.com/groups/sfsteampunks](https://facebook.com/groups/sfsteampunks)

March MMXV

**HIGH SESERT STEAMPUNK EXPO  
APRIL 18-19  
RENO-SPARKS LIVESTOCK EVENTS  
CENTER  
VENDING-WORKSHOPS-ART-  
DANCING-GAMES-DARING STUNTS  
WWW.HIGHDESERTSTEAM.ORG**

