

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

THE GREENPOINT TRIBUNE

Friday, September 30th 1923 • Greenpoint, New York



Famous Swing Star losing fame?

You all have (possibly) heard of Sammy Star, the less famous sister of big hit, Casey Cardinal. But, reports show you may not be hearing of her for much longer. Star, despite massive successes in her business seems to always come up short of her brother. In a seemingly desperate hope to rise

above her rank, she has been seen going for walks with Mr. Gatsby. Are these two conspiring? Lovers? Siblings? All three? Well, we certainly hope not all three but you get the idea. All in town are encouraged to gather as much information on the matter as possible. There's nothing like gossip in Greenpoint!

Reporter: E. Rossi

Gatsby opens up Daisy Dock, boating now bustling!

Boating is back in Greenpoint for the first time in eighteen years. Green Port, named for its murky color and water weeds, has now been cleaned and made beautiful once again, thanks to the town's beloved philanthropist Jay Gatsby. While everyone was busy slandering the man for his mansion built right on the bay, and his lively parties, it seems he was busy as well, funding the cleaning of our port. Once again functioning, trade and commerce is bustling like never before! Additionally, Gatsby donated a dozen rowboats to be kept at the dock

encouraging lovebirds or exercising citizens to enjoy a nice trip through the bay! Young man F. Halabi who has frequented the docks says, "I love taking my girlfriend out on the bay, especially at night when Gatsby's fireworks go off. It's pretty darn swell."

With the murky green gone, Gatsby decided to additionally build a lighthouse near our bridge that shines a green light across the bay, that way the green in Greenpoint is never lost. An insider who was able to speak to Mr. Gatsby reports his thoughts about this: "My favorite part of every night is to slip out of the parties at the mansion and just watch the light. I guarantee you it's the most beautiful thing."

Reporter: A. Marie

Potential Speakeasy Behind Vino's Bel Cielo Restaurant?

Over the past few months, we have been reporting about the ongoing Prohibition measure instituted by the United States Government, and notifying our readers of establishments to stray from. One of these, unfortunately, is the newly opened Vino's restaurant, Bel Cielo, run by identical twin brothers Giovanni and Giuseppe. Suffragette leader, Zelda Fitzgerald, has notified us of a particular patron frequenting the back entrance of the business the past three weeks: none other than the Mr. "Great" Gatsby himself. Furthermore, Mr. Jailbird Jay Gatsby was the very individual to fund the very restaurant. Sgt. Fuzzy and New York police have been notified. Keep your eyes sharp and report any findings to Charlie Chase of The Greenport Tribune immediately! We will report any findings right here, first and foremost!

Reporter: J.K. Lucchesi

A letter to the editor:

For the third week in a row, we have received another strange letter to the editor. As always, we faithfully publish. We do not quite understand the meaning, but if you are able to solve it, be our guest!

TMARBLJEJGTI

This message certainly has us **undeniably scrambled...** this isn't a word you would **speak**. It isn't **easy**, so if it's too hard you can **pass** on deciphering the **word**.

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

“Newsie Doozy: The Undisputed, Definitely Honest Story of a Newsie”

Colby often thought himself the best damn newsie in all of New York. Well, all of New York excluding Brooklyn. Everyone knew those fellas were a different breed.

“Getcha news ‘ere! Get! Cha! News!” he proclaimed from the street corner. It was a good little corner. The best, actually. The best damn corner for the best damn newsie. Colby knew the title of best was not something to be taken lightly. It welcomed a reputation to uphold. Was he the loudest of the pack? No. Was he the strongest of the squad? Also, no. Did he bargain for the best prices? Honestly, barely tried. But most importantly, did he sell the most newspapers? Still, also no.

But he had self-confidence. Lots of it. And that’s something not a whole lotta New Yorkers could say the same about. It was like Colby’s little secret.

Well, it wasn’t his only secret regarding selling papes.

“Extra, extra... corrupt businessman gets thicker sole on right shoe, no longer crooked!” Blank stares from hurriedly walking people. “This just in, Giants lose in blowout game to Yanks, team now changin’ name to ‘The Average Sizers’ out of humiliation!” Not even a pity pause.

Colby looked at the stack of papers laying next to him. Slow day. Not like he knew what fast days were, but calling it a slow one made him feel like a real genuine business professional. Colby paused his hollering to thumb through the greasy ink-filled papers and observed the differing front pages. That wasn’t good. Presses only print one cover for each day. Was he so behind he hadn’t even sold all of yesterday’s papes? Had he spent all this effort screaming and hollering only to be flashing old news?

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

His eyes scanned the serif covered paper and settled on the script above the main headline. He stared blankly at the date. It was this moment Colby was reminded he couldn't read.

Illiteracy was his final secret regarding papes. Every headline, every news story, every reason to buy the paper all came from his imagination. He blamed the capitalistic and corrupt society that stood upon the labored backs of the poor, pushing them lower as rich pseudo-oligarchs reached higher and into more power.

Colby had no idea what any of that meant. He just had heard Ariyo say it a lot. He was the oldest newsie and could read, too, so whatever all that meant, he probably had a point.

Colby decided, without a doubt and any real basis on which to make this conclusion, that the newspapers definitely read different dates to anyone who could read. Time for some improvising. Picking up his stack of papers, Colby wandered down the alley to where his office was, a nice space behind some trash cans and one much bigger trash can. He rested on a pile of worn painters blankets and began balling up each individual paper, before drifting asleep.

Two-thirty came around and the chimes of the clock tower woke Colby from his afternoon nap. He stood, stretched, and quickly changed his pants from his knickers that reached halfway down his calves to the pants that extended two feet past his shoes. When clothes are free, you can't be too picky. Then, he grabbed his makeshift stilts built out of a couple empty paint cans and a curtain rod. With a few stumbles he found his balance and lifted himself upright. He looked ridiculous. It was perfect.

Colby strolled down the street to the nearby schoolyard, awaiting their timely three o'clock release. Now, these kids may have the educational edge on Colby, but they didn't have any common sense. At least, not any that their wealthy money could buy.

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

The school bell rang and out came a group of boys celebrating their freedom. It was the perfect market.

“Shoe stuffers! Get your shoe stuffers! Stuff ‘em! Place one of these good ol’ reliable, high quality elevation pads in ya shoe and be the tallest boy in all of Barnaby Barton Elementary!” Colby exclaimed, waving the balled up newspapers. The short little idiots ogled Colby and his hidden stilts, fighting their way over to be first in line.

Let the upsale begin, Colby thought to himself. The greatest newsie in all of New York. Except Brooklyn. Without a doubt.

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923***Ciao, and welcome to Bel Cielo!***

Bel Cielo started out as just a dream for us two Vino brothers, but now it's become not only a buzz, but the best Italian restaurant in the New York area! We are Giovanni & Giuseppe Vino, and although we may at times disagree we are one of the same vine. We left the Vino family casa in Lucca, Italy in 1898 to join the great American Dream and make it big with all the industrial opportunities popping up. Well, dreams come true because our hard work filling odd jobs has finally paid off and we can officially swap our tools for pasta sauce!

We have two specialty dishes that we think you'd like to get the acquaintance of. Mama Vino's Lasagna & Minestrone is a hot seller using our sweet Mama's secret recipe. Mama raised us good and we are happy to honor her by sharing her food with the world (bless her heart, may the Lord protect her, long live the Pope. She's not dead, she's just superstitious.)

The second dish is a party favorite amongst the more hopping crowd. Jay's Specialty Pasta changes on a week to week basis, always having the best Bel Cielo has to offer! Just knock on the door of our head chef, Alfredo, in the back and speak what the pasta of the week is to be let in on Jay's secret— it's easy!

The Vino brothers thank you for your support of Bel Cielo, and as always, thank Mr. Gatsby for being a lifelong benefactor and donor to this restaurant. Without you, nothing we do is possible, thank you for making all the behind the scenes work go smoothly. We've got a life debt to you and will always consider you to be one of the Vinos.

Mangiamo!***Giovanni & Giuseppe Vino***

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

Roaring 20s Immersive Speakeasy Menu

How To Order

Greenpoint Glitter: Complimentary for anyone able to unscramble Speakeasy password once extra letters are eliminated. Whisper it at the head chef's door and you're in!

Mafia Mule: Smuggle some "water" for the DiSittio Family Mafia without being caught by Sgt. Fuzzy of New York Police. Notify the speakeasy's run driver of the location, and enjoy your specialty drink.

Inside Scoop: Go find some front-page worthy, hot gossip and report it to Charlie Chase of The Greenpoint Tribune. Collect your press badge and return to the bar, you've earned your own inside scoop!

Tropical Traveler: Find a crooked businessman at the Commerce Corner and bargain for something off the black market from one of his worldly travels. Bring the item back as payment to swap out for your drink.

Sammy Star: Get a swing dancing lesson from none other than actress and swing dancing legend, Sammy Star! Show off the moves you learned and get your drink (it's even named after her)!



Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923



Tony's Garage Fixes Nose, Not Car

A surprise visitor came into Tony's Garage last Sunday in seek of a repair... his nose. According to the man, he tripped over the curb by the Suffragette's office and hit hard on his face. A nearby crowd helped the man into Tony's where first aid was supplied. In an interview with Tony, he proudly recalled the encounter, saying he guesses his repair garage can now be considered a 'body shop.'

Reporter: K. Costello

Is Gatsby Great?

It's time we settled the question Greenpoint has been asking: Is Gatsby good or bad for this town? Ever since moving here early 1920, opinions about him have been split. Some love his philanthropic efforts, while others believe he is simply trying to grow his wealth. But no matter the opinion, one thing seems consistent: barely anyone knows him.

Following a neighborhood noise notice that Gatsby mansion will be having a fireworks show at his next party, residents are beginning to wonder who it is he is trying to impress. Rumors about him purchasing a West Egg estate only deepen the mystery behind the man, his wealth, and his grandiose talent for showing off to the world.

Reporter: E.P. Bosworth

Vinos and Spaghettis Twisted into a 'Five-Star' Love Affair... and it's Still Cooking

It seems Greenpoint's rival restaurants may have a lot more history than what was first realized. We all thought the biggest struggle for Antonio Spaghetti, of Spaghetti's Pizzeria, would be convincing customers he only sells pizza, not spaghetti. But as it turns out, new restaurant Bel Cielo brings more than just competition for customers. Wife of Antonio, Angel-Haire, has been reportedly found in an affair with Bel Cielo owners Giovanni and Giuseppe. According to an anonymous source,

Angel-Haire was first going steady with Giovanni for several weeks. However, after a mix up of which identical twin was which, the messy affair expanded to occasionally include Giuseppe instead.

Our anonymous source promises she heard it straight from Angel-Haire herself, saying she was told "You'll never believe what happened last time I went to Bel Cielo's." We reached out to Antonio Spaghetti, to see how he and son,

Penne, were handling the situation. Here was his response: "No, Spaghetti is just a last name! It is not on the menu!" We think he may have been yelling to a customer in line and not us, but it's the most we got out of him.



Both restaurants are continuing their business as usual, and speculation hints the affair is doing just the same. Just recently, Bel Cielo added 'Spaghetti-Pizza' to their menu, claiming to be the only place to get 'the best of both worlds'. Additionally, Spaghetti's Pizzeria is now running a special called "Pizz-a My Mind" which is also doubling as a smear campaign of the Vinos.

Reporter: C. Chase

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

“Suffrajitsu”

Ruby still remembered the excitement four Augusts ago when the 19th Amendment was ratified. Even though she was only thirteen, hearing that she, and all other women, could now vote greatly shaped her. She was so amazingly inspired by the powerhouse women who fought for rights, she too developed a fiery, outspoken attitude on life. One day, in history books, people would read of the greats, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and of course, Ruby herself.

Many women continued the fight for women’s rights. Zelda Fitzgerald was the leader of Ruby’s troop. She did everything she could to lead the suffragettes. And to protect them. It was hard work learning all the texts to cite and laws to reference when arguing with men angry at their protest and acting like, well... men. But in Ruby’s opinion, the studying was the easiest part. The hard part was the hours spent in Zelda’s dojo.

That’s right. Three hours a day, every suffragette working with Zelda would be in the dojo hidden at the back of their Greenpoint, New York office, learning jiu jitsu. It was physically demanding, especially since Zelda insisted they stay in their lengthy dresses and fancy hats.

Ruby could hear her words repeated in her mind. *The men who will attack to stop our success won’t come when you’re in your comfortable undergarments, they come when we’re on the streets. They come when we’re on active duty at our street corners!* So dresses and hats it was. It was the sensible decision Ruby came to realize.

Zelda Fitzgerald continued to work everyday, eventually announcing her petition for women’s rights wherever she could. Today, she was at the Commerce Corner in the center of town, full of sleazy and crooked businessmen. Ruby typically avoided this part of Greenpoint,

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

but being there with Zelda made it worth it. She was a brilliant woman to study under, although she seldom gave praise and approval. That just made Ruby work even harder, practicing her public petitions to perfection.

“Ay, ‘ow about ya finish your movement by going back inside the homes where you are most productive, okay dolls?” someone shouted, interrupting the speech Ruby was in the middle of. To no one’s surprise it was a man. Ruby’s focus was thrown and she faltered to a quiet. Zelda turned from the small crowd she was speaking with and saw Ruby. Cursing under her breath, Ruby jumped into one of her highly rehearsed and highly educated rebuttals, hoping Zelda wouldn’t notice her pause.

At the presence of the intellectual debate Ruby was beginning, the man began resorting to aggressive taunts and vulgarities. Instinctively, Ruby mentally started going through each observational check she had learned from the dojo.

The man seemed to be walking from the exit of Bel Cielo before he began heckling. The *back* of Bel Cielo to be exact. There was a rumor that shifty liquor sales happened there, and this man certainly seemed to be in a drunken state. If not by his movements and looks, his smell made it rather evident. It seems prohibition did nothing but make sellers more creative in how they got away with sales.

Clearly impatient with Ruby, and clearly losing the argument, the man resorted to what he could rely on as a brutish individual— physical strength.

You see, there was a reason Zelda chose jiu jitsu. She could have taught any other martial art to prepare women to fend themselves off of attackers, but Zelda knew who the opponents would be. Jiu jitsu is all about redirecting the advances of others. Using their strength against

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

themselves. Defending your position but not getting caught up in the heat of a fight. And with this man's drunken vigor and poise, not much of a fair chance remained.

He got up in Ruby's face waving his finger, slurred words stumbling out his mouth clouding her with alcohol-breath. Ruby had enough. She couldn't help herself.

"There's no need to get violent, sir. I'm sure you wouldn't be able to land a hit in your drunken state and I'd hate for you to become embarrassed." Ruby knew just which nerves to hit. Ruby also knew it wasn't something she needed to say, but she just really wanted to humble this man. It would be nice to make a statement to not only protect herself and her fellow suffragettes by showing their skills, but bring attention to her petition as well.

The confrontation itself had already begun gathering attention. Zelda had finished with her crowd and stood out of sight behind Ruby watching on.

The man took a swing. Ruby dodged. He stumbled. Her arm slid around his throat. He backtracked. She grabbed her forearm on the other side of his head. He began struggling to breathe. She held him in a chokehold. He began desperately trying to run away. She waited, with all the time in the world.

Guess I shouldn't hold him forever, she thought to herself. After a moment, and with some disappointment, she suddenly released.

The man who was straining so hard to run away flew forward at the sudden lack of restraint. Four clumsy paces forward, none of which allowed him to catch his balance, sent him face first across the walkway into the brick of Tony's Garage.

Ruby straightened herself out and proudly looked at the stunned crowd before her.

Excerpts from Greenpoint, New York, 1923

“The nineteenth amendment only did so much! Now it’s time to fully do justice—” she continued.

Zelda looked on proudly, a rare smile covering her face. Ruby kept her attention on her increasingly growing crowd, feeling pride and adrenaline rush through her. All in a day’s work, she thought. All in a day’s work.