

HERB CAEN

Baghdad-by-the-Bay

Pocketful of Notes:

IN ONE EAR: The Barnaby Conrads (he's the author of the best selling "Matador," and she was Dale Cowgill of the social set) are going their separated ways — and it looks like the next stop is Reno . . . Omigosh Dept.: A traffic check in a nearby town was hastily cancelled the other midnight — and for good reason; the first drunk driver trapped in the road block turned out to be the town's Mayor! . . . Santa Claus is coming to town (from Japan) dept.: The Japanese motorship Azumasan Maru, first Mitsui Line ship to sail to the Coast since before the war, brought over a load of, hmm, Christmas tree ornaments. . . Add insidems: George K. Whitney, the millionaire Beach boy who just bought historic Sutro Baths and saved it from destruction, got the inspiration for the purchase from a newsman who smiled to him last wk.: "Funny thing, George, that the only place at the Beach that isn't making money is the only place you don't own." Whitney, incidentally, has never swum in Sutro's—and for good reason. He can't swim. . . Literary note: Author John Steinbeck's signature seems to be worth exactly \$8. Regular editions of his great new novel, "East of Eden," are selling for \$4.50 —whereas the 750 autographed copies are going for \$12.50 each.

MEMO TO THE KIDDIES: That fine old slogan, "It's Cool in San Francisco," has been revised by Jason December, the waggo; from now on, he pertzout, "It's School in San Francisco" . . . Cut-rate dept.: Adolph Schuman, the Lilli-Andy dandy, would like it known that he got Ex-King Farouk's \$16,000 Ferrari for next to nothing; paid a niggling \$5,000 for the car. . . Whew: The upcoming divorce trial of a nearby city official will be hotter than the weather; among other things, he'll be asked to explain how come his gal friend is tootling around in a Cadvertible. . . Drama note: "The Lady Is Not For Burning," a play by Christopher Fry, opened last night at the United Nations—but, natchery, the funnymen have already switched it around; to "The Lady Is Not For Frying," by Christopher Burns.

MEET THE PEOPLE: Herbert Richards of our town has just been promoted to national director of the Arthur Murray dance studios; making him the No. 2 man in the fabulous Murray mint—and the successor to the throne. . . The teen-age Bell Sisters, the hottest new singing act in show business today, will share top billing with Tony Martin, Phil Harris and Dennis Day at the Western Living & Home Expo in Civic Aud. Sept. 27-Oct. 5. . . Acme Beer is scouring the State for a model to appear in its new ads—but gals need not apply, sorry; what they're looking for is "California's most photogenic English bulldog" (aw, c'mon) to ballyhoo its new Bulldog brew. . . Wonders of nature dept.: Gene Engle, the ex-S. F. newsman who now owns Brookdale Lodge in the S' Cruz Mts., has put in a TV set, and it's working fine; reason: the aerial is installed atop a 100-ft. redwood tree, see?

ADD SAN FRANCISCANA: The day after Bank of America's Mario Giannini died, Judges Eustace Cullinan and Wm. Sweigert adjourned their courts—out of respect to his memory, and, in a way, their own memories, too. . . What practically nobody remembers is that Euie Cullinan and Bill Sweigert were the first President and first 1st Vice-Pres. of the Gianninis' mighty Transamerica Corp. Happened back in 1929, when Cullinan's father, the noted lawyer, was drawing up incorporation papers for Transamerica. For technical reasons, they needed two "dummy" top officers—and the two dummies selected, tee-hee, were Eustace, then a student at Stanford, and Sweigert, then a clerk in the elder Cullinan's office. . . For three giddy months, young Cullinan and Sweigert were the bosses of the mighty financial empire. Then A. P. Giannini, Mario's father, and Prentis Cobb Hale tapped them on the shoulder, said "Okay, kids, get lost," and moved in as President and 1st Vice-President. The moneymoon was over.

BAY CITY BUGLE: Wm. Winter, the TV commentator, is the first San Franciscan with a recorded phone answering service—but he's about to give it up. What happens is that you phone WEst 1-4100, and if he's out, a recorded voice comes on (his wife's, by the way) and says that Bill isn't there but that you can leave a message on a record attached to the phone. So many of the Winters' friends have called and left ridicerlus messages, jokes, nasty crax, etc., that Bill figures it isn't worth the trouble. . . The fall jazz season, ta-da, is about to get under way; Billy Eckstine, Geo. Shearing and Count Basie will tee it off with a concert at Civic Aud. Sept. 21—a session that should be jammed. . . Character-of-the-week: Police Officer John J. Creamer, who directs traffic in the Geary-Stockton sector (girls, girls, girls!), but can't find a girl. "I wanna get married," sighs young Officer Creamer, "but all the girls I meet around here are either stuck up or stubborn." Love is just around the corner, but not the corner of Geary and Stockton, apparently.

STUFF ABOUT THINGS: S. F.'s Andy Geer's book about the Marines in Korea, "The New Breed," will be published by Harper's on Nov. 10—birthday of the Marine Corps; the royalties will go to the orphans of Marines killed in Korea. . . Dog-owners over in swank Belvedere are getting ready to do battle with the City Council, which is trying to sneak through a powerful anti-dog ordinance; it'd make you keep your pet in a special enclosed area on your property, and even the dogs are yapping about it. . . The Caen Mutiny: "The Four-Poster," starring Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, is such a hit at the Geary—and deservedly—that now, mebbe-praps, the theater's owners will get around to replacing those badly-frayed seats. Pretty disgraceful. And you should see the dust on the grand piano in the pit. An inch thick, if it's an inch thick, and it is.

Herb Caen's column is in The Examiner every day but Saturday

THE WHITE HOUSE

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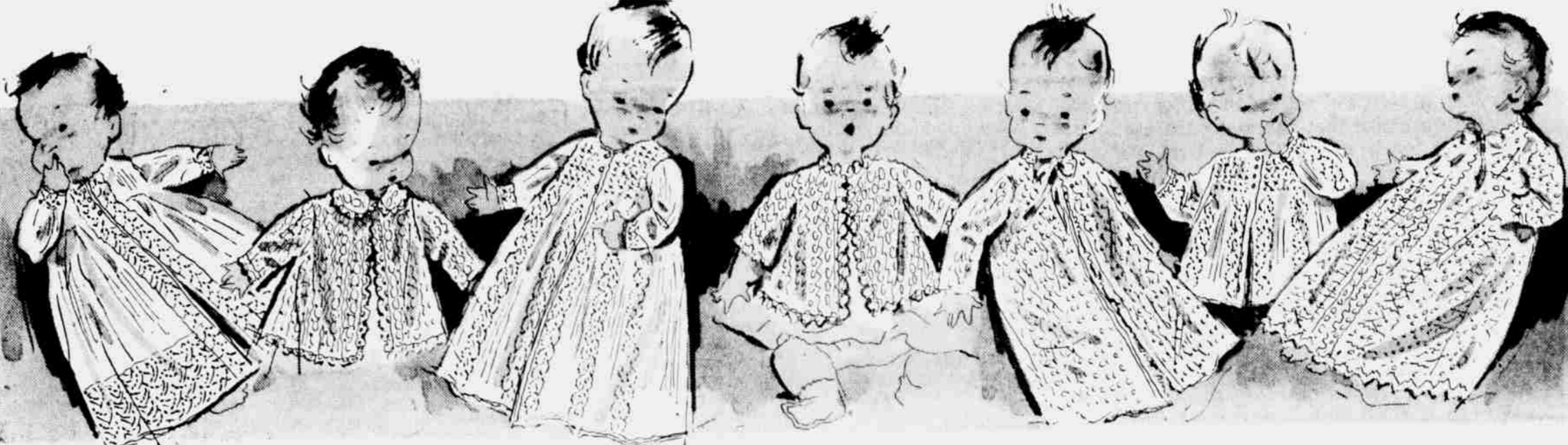
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