

Little Landmarks:

THE TINY OLD LADY who walks along Sutter St. every day, pushing a handsome baby buggy that contains—a life-size doll (she lost her own child yrs. ago, and this is her tragic way of remembering). . . . The firm at 1178 Market St. that calls itself "The Store With No Name"; that's a name, ain't it? . . . On Broadway, the Helen Wills Playground, teeming every day with kids who never heard of the unforgettable "Little Pokerface." . . . The perennially-dripping neon faucet that leaks its shining drops over and over on Tenth St.—advertising a plumbing company. . . . The padlocked House of Harris on Sutter St., closed for over a year now—a dusty monument to the death of night life in a city that was once famed for it. . . . Cops directing long lines of cars each noon into Union Square Garage, the underground miracle that was supposed to help solve the traffic problem but has merely added one of its own. . . . The most grandiloquently-named little street in town—Imperial Ave., off Greenwich, so tiny despite its flowery handle that there isn't even room for an automobile. . . . The thin little hunchback who pushes a cart along Market St. every a. m. about 3, delivering bundles of newspapers to office buildings; in the still of a foggy night, a sight that makes your eyes shake their heads.

ON FOWELL, the Chinese Health Center—right across the street from Cathay Mortuary. . . . The towering totem pole in front of the Cliff House, which doesn't tell the story of an Indian tribe at all; it's only a few yrs. old, and is supposed to trace the Geo. K. Whitney tribe (he owns the Beach properties). . . . Cops in pairs, tip-toeing along the quiet streets in the post-2 a. m. hush—flatfooted evidence that the blue "heat" is really on. . . . At the corner of Washington and Laguna, all that remains of a once-stately mansion—an old iron gate leading to nothing but yesterdays. . . . Joe Shreve, the doorman at Post and Grant, who has stood on that corner every weekday since 1909, watching everything change and grow old and tired—except himself.

THE SIGN on the Pisa Restaurant on Grant Ave.; yeah, it leans. . . . In the Marina, the ornate stone bldg. (built in 1883) that once housed the S. F. Gas Light Co., and which, in its gay day, was the most up-to-date plant in the country; now, it's dying out its life as a storehouse for PG&E records. . . . John Stoll's brightly nostalgic murals of the first Portola Festival in 1909, festooning the walls of the Parade Lounge in the Whitecomb. (Does anybody want to remember the "revived" Portola Farceival of two yrs. ago? I thought not). . . . Towering 450 Sutter, a glass-enclosed cavity filled with dentists who could enjoy the best view in town—if they weren't so busy peering into mouths. . . . The most moving monument in town—the Key System E car adorned with a dirty, unpolished plaque that singles it out as the first car ever to cross the Bay Bridge. . . . Memories of the days when the "Wobblies" were the town's militant left-wingers: the notes scrawled on billboards along Third St., telling anybody who cares (and who does?) where the JWW newspaper may be bought.

STILL THE BEST daily reading matter in town—the loose-leaf notebook at the entrance to the City of Paris, where women in search of their friends leave little scribbled messages ("Aunt Alice: I was here on time for a change, where were you?" "Mary: I'm broke. Waiting for you in the ladies room." "Joan: I'm up in underwear"). . . . The ice cream parlor at Union and Hyde, whose neon window sign reads simply: "See Us Freeze". . . . That big new Buick with the caricatured silver parrot on its nose—the unmistakable trademark of Mrs. L. L. Ghirardelli (pronounced "Gear-ar-delly") of the chocolate empire. . . . Joe Aragon's barber shop at 46th and Judah, which has no chair for kiddies; just a toy auto on a swivel, and the moppets love it. . . . On Ellis St., the Germaine Hotel—hardly worth a second glance today, but once a tres gal spot, the haunt of vaunted millionaires and their ladies; once it was the St. Germaine French restaurant, with private booths and private dining rooms where more than history was made.

EVERY NIGHT about 11, the long lineup of Yellow Cabs in front of 430 Bush, waiting to take the telephone operators home; as the cabs roll up, a guard lets the girls out a few at a time—a safeguard against any wolves who might be prowling in the shadows (chee, a girl can't have any fun these days). . . . The old bent Italian who shines shoes at a Chinatown corner—lost in a strange little world where the only language he can understand is a dirty boot thrust under his nose; and he came here from the Old Country to look for gold in the streets. . . . Little Harry Lerer, the self-styled Mayor of Geary Blvd., who importantly directs traffic for schoolkids, halts cars to let mothers push baby carriages cross the street, and even hands out phony parking tags to violators; li'l Harry takes his job seriously, too, and that makes him unique. . . . The Hyde St. cable, swinging around the corner at Pine and waddling up that one-way street against the traffic, scattering cars to the right and left—like an old woman impatiently brushing children out of her way. . . . Vanuchi's butcher shop at Filbert and Grant, where there are always free wieners for the kids, and old-fashioned stools for the customers to wait on while the neighbors finish yakking with the butcher.

THE ANGRY SIGN on a Franklin St. garage door: "No Parking—Dammit." . . . The beautiful scale model of the G'Gate Bridge in Frank Yee's cafe on 24th St. in the Mission—painted by 64-year-old Venerando Indelicato (wonderful name) at the cost of almost three yrs. of his time and \$3,500 worth of materials. . . . In the heart of the Western Addition's slumlords—gleaming new Malmontes Hospital, where the ill may suffer in luxury just around the corner from the healthy who live in squalor. . . . The Mission Dist. drayage operator who calls himself "Honest John Franco, the Poor Man's Friend"—an advertising line from the days of nickel beer, nickel trolleys, nickel stogies, and poor men who still believed they could find a friend. . . . Gallons of paint gone to waste: the miles of no-parking zones in front of the little downtown hotels and apt. houses where, like the Grand Hotel of literature, "nothing ever happens"; nothing to warrant the death of a precious parking space, anyway.

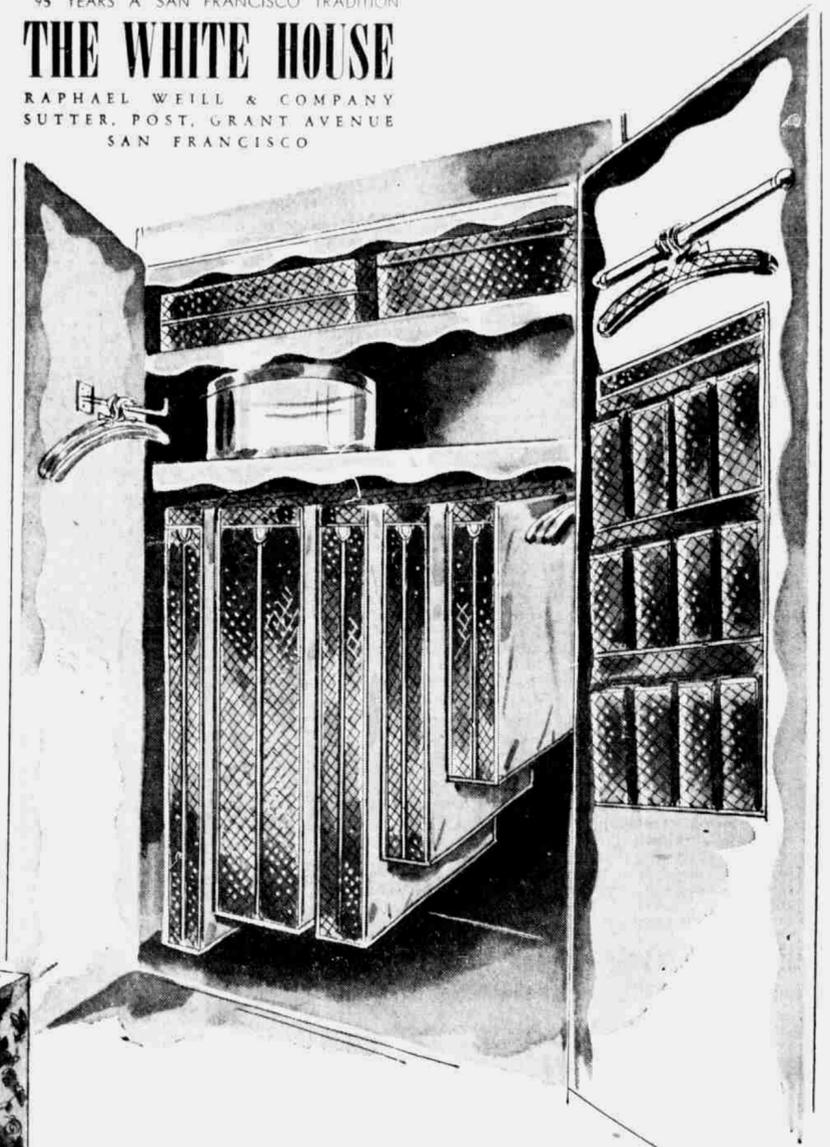
THE BIG "Capretti" banners on the windows of the No. Beach butcher shops, an even surer sign of spring than daffodils in Maiden Lane ("capretti" is spring kid, an annual Easter-time delicacy for all Italians). . . . The black limousine with the four initials "COGM" on its doors—which, as any San Franciscan must surely know, can only add up to C. O. G. Miller, the millinaire. . . . The grave of Thomas Starr King (1861) in the courtyard of the First Unitarian Church at Franklin and Geary; as befits a pioneer hero, he still rests in San Francisco—not in San Mateo Co. with the fitful shades who were moved. . . . The curly-cue of Lombard between Hyde and Leavenworth, the clock that stops a pretty face in the St. Francis lobby; the smellbound tourists at F'man's Whiff, the 3 a. m. buzz of hungry showfolk in the P'gayo, the rookie cops with their crushed "hot pilot" caps, the little hamburger jermts near the Cliff House whose windows overlook a million-dollar view, the crowded downtown garages whose signs always say the same old story: "Sorry." . . . These are some of the little landmarks in this landmarkable town, where every corner has its character—and its characters.

Herb Caen's Column appears in The Examiner every day except Saturday.

95 YEARS A SAN FRANCISCO TRADITION
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your
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By Dream House . . . looks just like gleaming taffeta, it's durable, practical plastic, beautifully quilted, in green, rose or blue. Complete ensemble for glamorous closets . . . garment bags, blanket and comforter boxes are moth-proof!

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- Shoe bag, ladies' . . . 2.95, men's 3.50
- Shoulder covers 50c, 75c
- Comforter bag 2.50
- Hat box 3.50
- Blanket box 4.95
- Hangers, set of 4 1.00

12c shipping charge for 1 item, 2c each additional



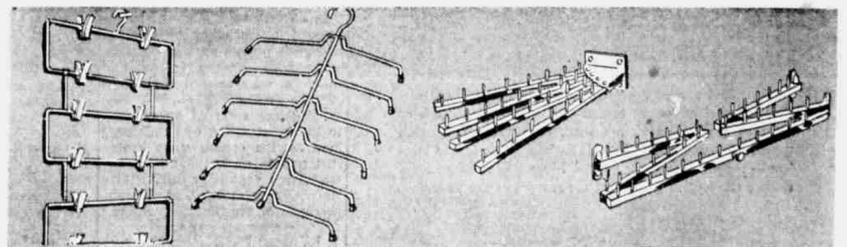
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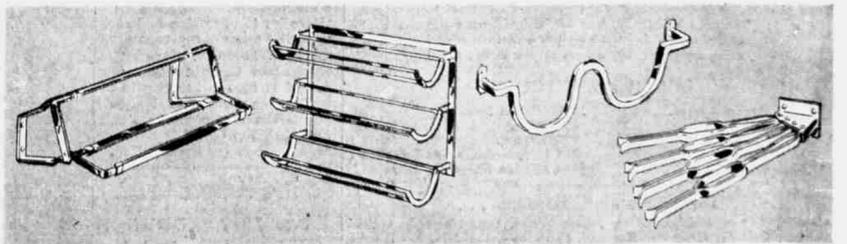
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31c shipping charge



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- Lee Rowan blouse tree . . . holds 6 garments on free-swinging arms. Rubber tips prevent damage to fabrics. Chrome finish. 1.00
- 4-arm tie rack . . . holds up to 100 neckties! Fingertip touch swings rack into view! Chrome finish. 2.50
- Folding tie rack . . . pulls out, folds back out of the way. Holds 36 ties in separate spaces. 20 inches long, gift-boxed. Kivencia. 3.00



- Toe guard shoe rack . . . holds 4 pairs of men's shoes or 5 pairs of women's shoes securely in place. Chrome finish, adjustable length. 1.50
- 3-tier shoe rack . . . holds up to 12 pairs of shoes! Attaches to wall or door. Chrome finish, complete with screws. Kivencia. 4.00
- Double hat rack . . . by Kivencia. Holds 2 hats flat against wall or closet door. secure, gentle. Chrome finish. 22 inches. 75c
- Trouser-skirt rack . . . by Kivencia. Swings out from wall. . . . garments slide quickly and easily out of arm. Chrome finish. 2.50

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