



Cops I Have Known

"One of our association's interests is in Sherlock Holmes. In London we intend to visit 22 Baker Street. Have you had any contact with British police?"

On a Fourth of July, London's Johnny Nabs towed my parked car away from Harrods. Stowed it in the district called Elephant and Castle. They were so polite, it was a pleasure. "Your Independence Day, I believe," said the sergeant. "Congratulations. Sign here."

THE FUZZ around the world: Tourists don't run up against police much unless they're making complaints: "At Ostia a man smashed the rear window of our car and grabbed my wife's purse with our passports and all our travel checks. The police insisted the only thing was to go to Rome and report it. Even though one man stood outside our car waving our passports..."

All Italy's a high crime area. Purse snatching is a specialty. The most I've seen of the Law are the carabinieri who stroll the Via Veneto in decorative uniforms: Tricorn hats, blue tailcoats, swords of burnished silver reflecting the Roman sun.

There's an operatic air about them. You can follow this up by viewing the pikemen of the Swiss Guard at the Vatican. The uniforms were designed by Michelangelo.

HANDSOME COPS: The Fiji police in brass buttoned-to-the throat blue tunics. White wrap-around sulus cut at the bottom with pinkish shears. There is no uniform cap — it would interfere with the beehive hairdo.

Only seen TWO working. Directing traffic in Suva's two traffic kiosks. The others seem to play in the police band. One of the swiftest marching bands in the world.

SPAIN'S GUARDIA Civil: Black leather tricorn hats and gray-green uniforms. Mean looking bunch. You see them on lonely hills above the road. Sitting on their horses with rifles slung on their shoulders. I've never seen them smile.

MEXICO: Well known that the policia are under-paid and make up for it by collecting from traffic violators. Offer it with courtesy. "I apologize, Senor. I didn't see your hand up. Since I have an important appointment, could you pay the fine for me with this?" (They're not greedy. A couple of dollars is about right.)

A Mexican gave me this logic: "You pay your American police well. Whereas ours have to make it from the violator. Which do you think will be the more vigilant?"

"If WE drive in England will we have problems taking care of children, one still an infant?"

You won't be able to take them into a country pub. A shame because that's where you find the best, inexpensive lunches. You must look for a restaurant or hotel marked "Fully Licensed." Children not allowed where they serve liquor. In the "fully licensed" place they have a dining room where YOU can have beer. But it's drawn in an adjoining barroom. Unreasonable, right? The British agree with you.

All other things available: Disposable diapers. Formula. The baby food will be Heinz or Gerber's. But it's British-made.

Therefore heavy on sugar. (Ours is over-salted.) Sweets appeal to the English mama's taste, that's why. They eat five times the amount of candy we do.

"... a place we can stay in Honolulu where we can do our own cooking?"

The Royal Aloha has furnished suites with complete kitchens. About \$25-\$40 winter season. Write Cora Spencer, B.K.S. Ltd. P.O. Box 10652, Honolulu, Hawaii 96816.

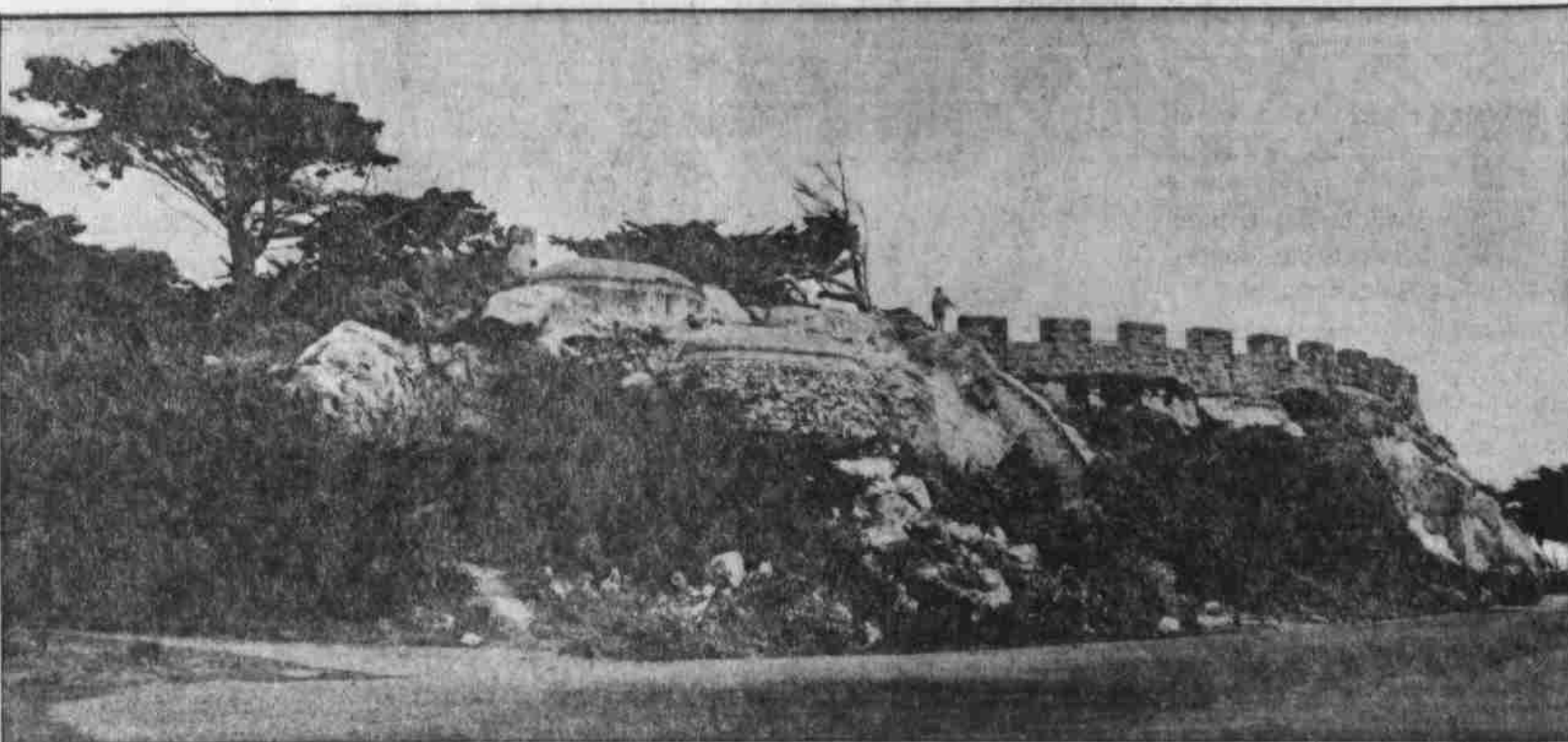
LUXURY IN Acapulco: Five white air-conditioned limousines carry you from the airport to Villa Vera Racquet Club. It was the first place in Mexico I saw guests swim up to the bar. Has a hundred suites and casitas, 18 swimming pools and night-lighted tennis courts.

Villa Vera was built by a man from Omaha who made his money in hairpins. Named it for his hair-pinned wife Vera. (The info sheet doesn't mention prices. So I expect they are expensive.)

Fenwick



The End of the World



By Mike Maloney

By Margot Patterson Doss

THERE IS something otherworldly about Suto Heights, a quality of enchantment, stategy, bittersweet and melancholy.

No matter how much grooming the Golden Gate National Recreation Area gardeners give it — and they have been knocking themselves out for two years to perk it up — Suto Heights has that mysterious ambience that the Pre-Raphaelite poets sought to evoke.

Which makes it interesting indeed to walk about. If you haven't been out to Suto Heights for awhile, put a copy of the poems of Swinburne, Tennyson or Dante Gabriel or Christina Rossetti in your pocket and come out today to this remarkable cliff that Adolph Suto, San Francisco's most philanthropic mayor, chose for his home.

To make this walk, transport yourself out what was in his time the Point Lobos Toll Road, and is now called Geary Boulevard most of the way, to 48th Avenue, preferably via Muni bus Nos. 2, 38 or 18. If you use your own wheels, there is plenty of parking along Merrie Way, once the terminus for the Ferries and Cliff House Railroad.

If the Old Grove seems sunnier than you recall, look groundward, where stumps indicate that the eucalyptus that Suto, a great tree-planter, imported from Australia, complete with Australian soil in which to plant them, were thinned out, revealing the tall funeral cypresses.

Start along Palm Avenue and you soon become aware of a great stag recumbent on your left. Long antlerless, his renewed rack of horns already has been vandalized of several points. Further along, Diana the huntress, a statue also restored by the GGNRA, has lost her bow and arrows. The stiff-upper lip British lions are



copies of the Landseer sculptures at the base of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square.

Bear seaward at the fork in the road and walk over to the renewed Well House. It was all that was left when the mansion, conservatory, stables, watertank and watchtower

There is a World War II battery near the parapet of Suto Heights, TOP PHOTO, which overlooks the Cliff House and Seal Rocks, LEFT, 'Trafalgar Square' lions, ABOVE RIGHT, guard a path in the park, now a part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

were razed in 1930, after the death of Suto's daughter, Dr. Emma Merritt, who left it as a public park to the city.

The Well House is the original charming structure, a gem of Victorian, well painted and resembling a gazebo.

The road you are on is known as the North Esplanade and leads past a splendid open view of the Marin Hills and Point Bonita light to Inspiration Point. Go up close to the fence on the end for a fine overview. From here Suto watched a modest Cliff House burn in 1887 when the schooner *Parallel*, laden with 40 tons of dynamite, went aground on the rocks. The Cliff House burned again in 1894 on Christmas. The first time, he repaired it. The second time he replaced it with the "Gingerbread Palace," the gaudiest building to stand on the site. It, too, burned in

1907 to be replaced by the present structure, now modernized only slightly.

Look north beyond the foundations of the old Suto Baths, which the builder called "Tropic Beach" to locate one of Suto's tunnels. Since he had made his fortune with tunnels in the Comstock silver mines, it is not surprising that he should build one here for fun to house the locomotive to his railroad.

Bear left up to the Parapet of the now vanished mansion. From its crenelated wall, it is possible to identify Seal Rocks. Fishing Rock is one tied to the mainland with a weir. North Seal Rock stands farthest out of sea. Repose, Arch, Hermit, and Cone Rock are the others, all aswarm with cormorants, sea lions and sometimes murres and puffins.

The battery concealed at the north end of the parapet is left over from World War II. Walk to the far side of the parapet to look south along Ocean Beach and watch as the waves, looking like Poseidon's stallions, come crashing in as rhythmically as dancers.

Park rangers conduct free historical tours on Sunday afternoons.

THE WIBBERLEY PAPERS

The Undomesticated Male

By Leonard Wibberley

THERE IS no one so useless around the house as a man when the place is being cleaned.

There is no spot he can go to where he does not feel monstrously in the way. And all the bustle of cleaning — the whine of the vacuum cleaner, the moving of furniture, the rattle of dishes — discomforts him with the thought of what a mess and a muddle he makes of things and how much work must be done to restore some order to his household.

I confess, if the confession is needed at all, that I am an old-fashioned sort of man. It is not entirely my fault, for I was brought up old-fashioned as a boy.

I have trained myself to do the dishes and mop the kitchen floor and run the vacuum cleaner. But I have never been able to put any zest into these things. I do them well, mind you, but without any joy.

And during the years when I was a bachelor, I can never remember doing any cleaning at all.

Gradually, my own muddle mounted around me until there was not a place I could look without my eye falling on stacks of books or magazines and newspapers, doleful mounds of clothing in need of the laundry, litters of socks each divorced from its mate (socks have a positive horror of being in pairs) and cooking utensils full of the hoary reminiscences of the meals of yesterday.

In this situation, I decided that the solution lay in getting married and paid court to a young lady who was undergoing nurses' training at a local hospital. I took her out to dinner several times, quoted what scraps of Marlowe, Spencer

and Keats I could bring to mind, took her for walks in the park and once or twice to the theater.

Then one day, I received permission from my landlady to entertain her in my apartment up to 10 at night.

Well, that was a long time ago and in those days, landladies had but two things on their mind. The first was to see that the rent was regularly paid and the second that the Sixth Commandment was not broken on their premises.

I cleaned my apartment up pretty well, I thought, and was rewarded by finding three or four pound notes lying among my books and a ten-shilling note which I had used as a book marker in Carlyle's huge polemic which he titled *The French Revolution*.

Actually, I found that I hadn't cleaned my apartment up very well at all, for as soon as the young lady entered it, she looked about in disbelief and set about giving it a thorough cleaning.

While she was doing that, I, of course, was entirely in the way. There wasn't a place for me to go that she didn't need to get to immediately and I decided then and there that marriage was not the solution, bade her goodbye at 10 o'clock and a week or so later moved into a new apartment, deserting my belongings, and started the clutter all over again.

I AM NOT going to lay down the law for all men — but I think the greater number of us are basically untidy and I have discussed the matter with a biologist, positing the theory that there

may be in males a gene for untidiness and in females a gene for cleanliness and order.

He said there was no such gene, but all was learned behavior, which makes of me a dunce of domesticity, for I have never been able to learn it.

I seem to have passed this same handicap on to my sons, though my daughters are untainted by it. They are as neat as flowers on a stem, while my sons leave their belongings wherever gravity takes hold, so that baseball bats often inhabit the kitchen and clothes are banished to the corridor rather than the hamper which seems a perfectly adequate receptacle for clothing in need of laundering.

And, yet, there is a corner of my mind in which tidiness to charm a hundred housemaids presides.

Ask me about anything I have read and I can pretty soon tell you the book or magazine in which I read it and without too much trouble discover the page. I have some kind of a neatness there and, though it is of a piddling sort, yet, I will claim what credit I may for it.

If there is any sort of moral to be drawn from this, it is perhaps that man is not yet a domesticated animal. He spent millions of years tramping about the fields and forests hunting game and berries out of the cave and cleaned up the children.

I'm not saying a word in favor of that. I want only meekly to point out that 20 years of women's lib cannot eradicate millions of years of undomesticated males.

Women's lib is by no means a failure. It just has a few more millions of years to go.