

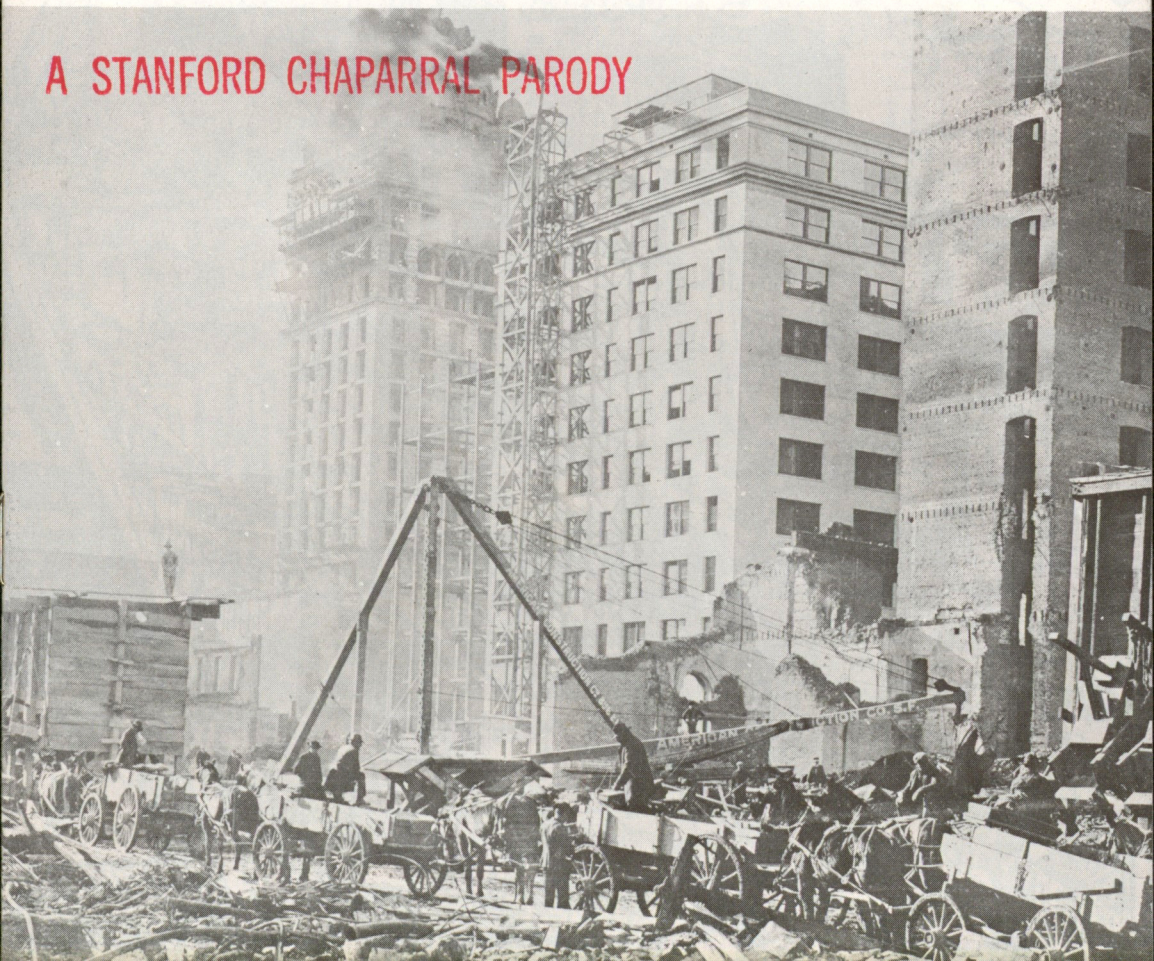
HERBERT CHICANERY'S

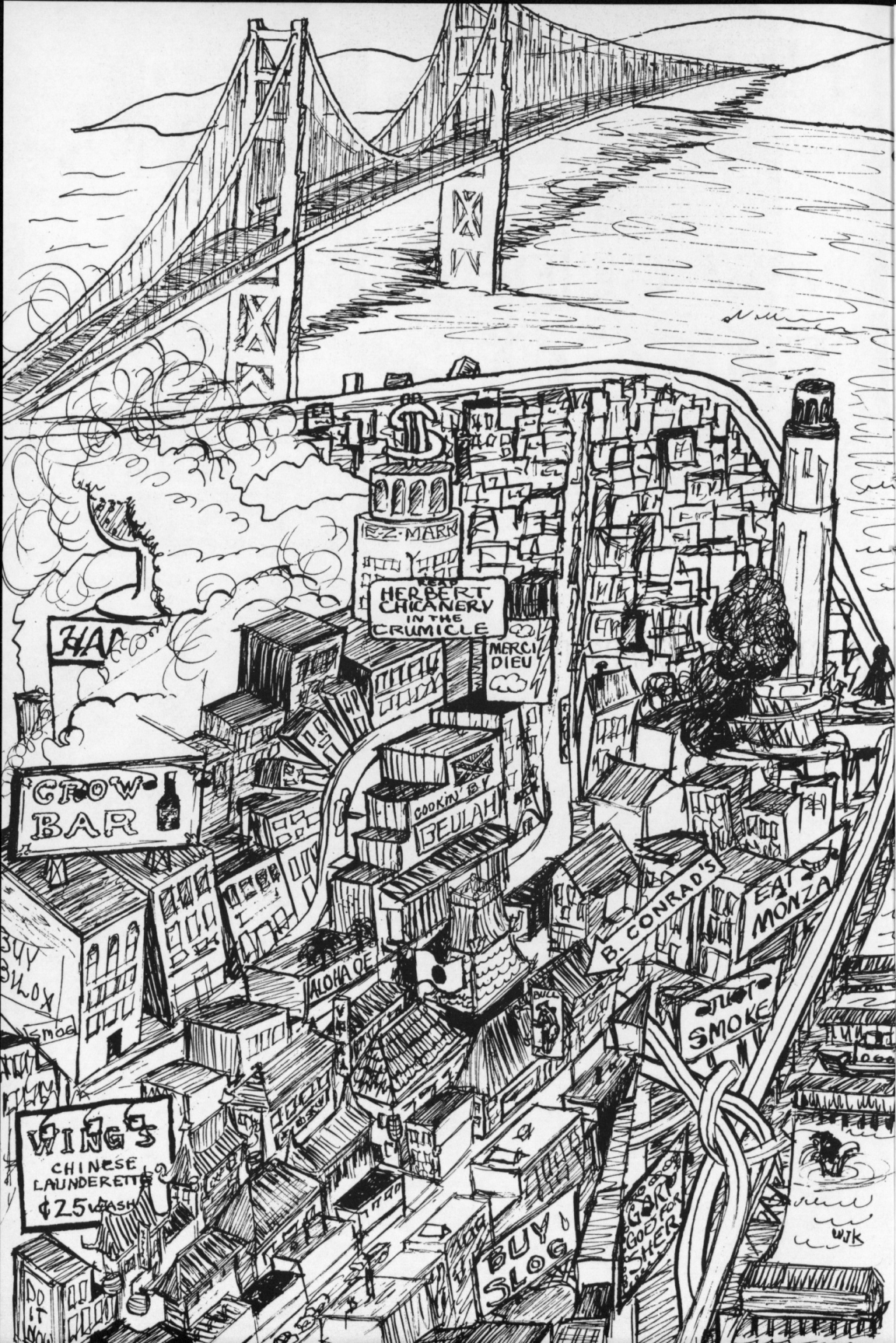
NEW GUIDE TO 'FRISCO

and the BIG CITY

THE FRISCO KID TELLS YOU WHERE TO GO AND WHERE TO GET OFF

A STANFORD CHAPARRAL PARODY





I love San Francisco. That's a fact. San Francisco loves me. That's a romance. And you can have your romance with the City of the Golden Gate when you come to visit . . . only you have to go about it the right way . . . MY way. And there's a good reason.

Because San Francisco is, at heart, or (since everyone keeps talking about the *pulse* of a city) at pulse, a lovely woman. My kind of woman. Capricious, high colored, big, brawny, steep, strapless, warm, demanding, cruel, very very blonde—all over—delicious, mysterious. San Francisco is the kind of woman who wants you to be a man. Don't let her push you around, partner. But you have to be nice to her, too. Just like with any woman.

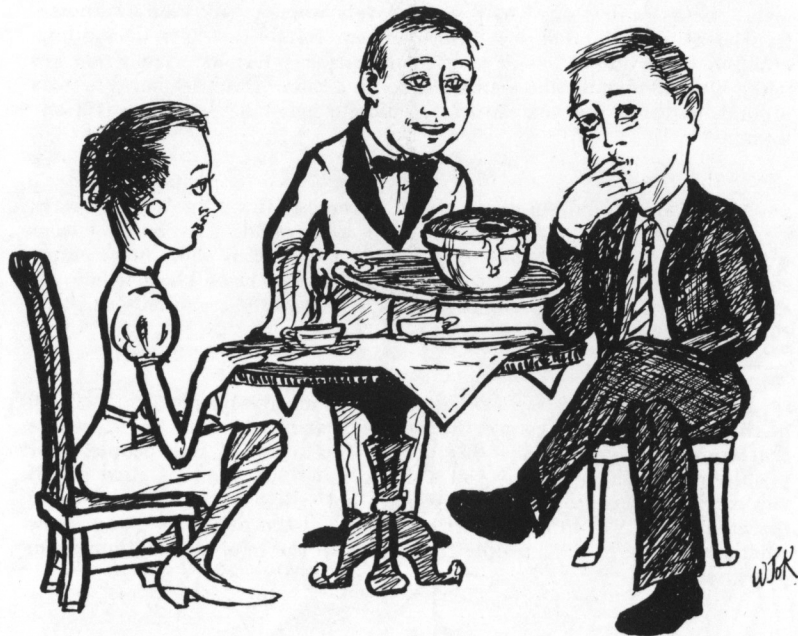
Almost anyone knows how to treat a woman. But I know *just* how to treat San Francisco. I don't let her push me around. That's why I wear a gun wherever I go. That's why I snap a couple of shots off over my shoulder once in a while . . . just to let San Francisco know where she stands. That's why YOU ought to wear a gun, too pal. So let's call that rule number one.

But there's more to San Francisco. There are the people . . . 800,000 of them officially . . . people that you will want to get to know, people that are easy to get to know, big people, small people, rich people, poor people, people that will buy you a drink and think you're a good guy if you mention them in the paper, people that will buy you two drinks or threaten to sue you to keep their names out of the paper . . . you know what I mean, boyo . . . people that make up the hum and the humdrum of a great city.

And there is a key to these people. They drink. And they expect *you* to drink, too. Rule number two on how to make love to a great woman, my woman, San Francisco, has something to do with this *anecdolt*.

It seems that an out-of-towner somehow wrangled an invitation to a cocktail party his first night in town. He went to the party dressed to the teeth, talked art, books, jazz, politics and Zen with the best of them for about two minutes until his host, simply radiating hospitality, approached and asked, "Well, Ralph, can I mix you some drinks?" The visitor couldn't believe what he had heard. "Drinks?" he queried. The host froze. The party hushed. The visitor did his best to salvage what he could from his palpably manifest blunder. "Well, you see I've never heard the . . . What I mean is, didn't you mean drink? Singular? Of course. . . ." The host turned away and motioned to the string quartet to finish the minuet they had been playing. Gradually the party regained a semblance of its former gaiety. But the guest, a sensitive and basically noble sort was quite undone. With unobtrusive dignity he walked over to the french windows, eased them open, and hurled his miserable body to the fog and the pavement below. The story turns out all right, however, because it was a ground floor apartment. The visitor ended his tiny parabola into the night in the midst of a Salvation Army street corner performance, introduced himself, gave a two-minute lecture on art, books, jazz, politics and Zen, and took his new found companions for an Ovaltine at Barnaby Conrad's. He's the one who told me the story. Barnaby's a real pal. So don't forget. You have to be prepared to entertain John Barleycorn if you expect to get along with his sister, San Francisco. One's a part of the other.

Restaurants, Yes, Restaurants. They are the heart of this burly woman I love. And I know that heart, friend. Just like I know every other vital part of her. Just as you will know them all, if you treat her right. So let me don my chef's cap, and then follow me right into the most creative kitchen in all the world.



BEULAH'S—1865 Mason-Dixon St.—For those who's ancestry and appetite hark back to those happy Reconstruction days of the OLD South, this restaurant is a *must*. The interior is highlighted by handsome murals of those carefree post-bellum scenes: such as, "The Ford Theatre, 1865," or "Cherry St., Atlanta, 1867." Beneath each table is a handy carpet bag to take home those extra hoe cakes to your dog.

The menu is a tribute to southern cuisine of the Chattanooga school. The author recommends the house specialty cocktail, White Lightning, to commence with. (This is authentically served in a dented tin cup, to be taken neat.) Goobers are offered with cock-tails, obviating the need of an hors-d'oeuvre. There is a wide choice of entrées at BEULAH'S, all estimable. Some old favorites: Hopping John with chickasaw peas; fat back and chitling; the best hush puppies west of Biloxi. Scuppernong wine is served with a flourish (stains only cotton). Lye hominy is their top dessert, although paw-paws can be had at patch price.

All in all, an evening at BEULAH'S is always a gastronomic experience. But one gamely cakewalks out the door to the ringing of banjos with hardly a thought to that chronic heartburn. The price is a moderate \$.28 or \$122,450.00 (Confed.).

ALOHA OE—14 Pacific St.—This is a restaurant of remarkable poly-nesian charm. Lava-lava draped car-parkers greet you, setting the tone. The "Lanai Room" is cunningly decorated with fishnets; the indirect lighting honestly depicts a tropic moon in full wane. (A word of caution is extended here to those with less than perfect night vision. It is always best to follow in the steps of the head-waiter. While the fishnets are now little more than decoration, their effectiveness has not been diminished. One evening the author erred, became ensnared and was ultimately discovered by Thelma Thomas, the scullery maid, at 4:30 A.M.) The pacific atmosphere of the blue lagoon and lovely hula hands is sustained by "Steam-boat" at the Hammond organ.

The food is excellent, especially tailored to those gourmets who pine for the more exotic tastes. Before dinner there is a wide selection of innocent rum punches, each of a secret formula. The author's favorite is captioned the "Missionary's Gavotte," puce in color, acidic in taste and producing a definite singing in the ears after the third sip (something between the Gateway Singers and the Robert Shaw Chorale).

As an hors-d'oeuvre, FIJI SHRIMPS are heartily recommended, as is PORK LUAU (fried in genuine Cantonian style) for an entrée. PAGO PAGO TAPIOCA PUDDING is a refreshingly different dessert, and should be followed by KAMEHAMEHA COFFEE.

This food is boldly unique and will suit only the more adventuresome, the Gaugins or Stevensons among us who choose to desert our humdrum civilization. Truly, the ALOHA OE restaurant transports the gourmet to polynasia. The price is a modest \$1132.99 round trip.

MERCIDIEU—1789 Bastille St.—At last, here is a "coin," a "boite" imported stone by stone from the exclusive Place Pigalle district of Paris and conscientiously reconstructed at our doorstep. Amiably presided over by Mendès, "le Maitre d'hôtel," the gourmet readily finds all of the charm associated with those happy summers in Europe: the American couples at each table, the fetching rudeness of the waiter and the padded bill. While seated "a la table," one fights the overwhelming compulsion to whisper, "Wish you were here."

"Comme apéritif" the author warmly recommends "Le fusillade de De Gaulle," a happy marriage of Cointreau and Curaçao, slightly exophthalmic in effect. The specialties are: escargots auto-da-fé; homard au dessous de la quai; and soufflé Dieu-sait-comment. The wines are without peer, originating from the fabled Napa Valley district of the "Midi."

The price of all this fare is extremely reasonable considering that the restaurant was opened by the French Consulate in a desperate effort to rectify the gallic national debt. As in France, however, one must bear in mind that their tipping standards differ slightly from our own.

(The accepted method is to allow ten percent of the total bill plus two and a half percent for every child the waiter possesses—to be ascertained during the meal—plus one percent for each charming comment plus an added one percent if it was said in French. This goes to the waiter. Next, one must consider the "sommelier," or wine steward. His problem is a little more difficult if itemized carefully; it is best to slip him a fiver and be rid of it all. The headwaiter presents a dilemma to even the most experienced French "restauranteur." Visibility of table, number of solicitous visits and the ferocity of reprimands to the waiter must all be taken into account. But, as with the "sommelier," it is far better to be done with the situation neatly by the simple expedient of grossly over-tipping. The hatcheck girl presents no difficulty as her ululations are normally squelched with a couple of dollars, not much more, anyway. At this point one is at the door. However, don't fail to notice that the door is tentatively held by a doorman, "Homme de la Porte." Failure to do so will cause him to forget that he is holding the door, making your egress far from brilliant.)

In summation, an evening spent at MERCIDIEU is always a pleasant and rewarding one for all concerned.

CLEMSON'S SLAUGHTER HOUSE—44 Stockyard Way—This is a barbecue restaurant without equal, one for those who prefer their meat *really* rare. The decor is simple; the omophagous atmosphere is appetite-provoking; the waiters are handsomely attired in once-white aprons. To the scintillating background music of lowing cattle, one peacefully dines on that specialty of the OLD West, good, red beef.

The author suggests a Beefeater martini to start with. The steak tartare is an admirable hors-d'oeuvre. The entrée should unquestionably be Clemson's world famous beef (ask for it *rare*). Their Cold House sherbet is excellent: strawberry in color but dry to the taste.

The bill for this fare is usually in keeping with the simplicity and general rough-and-ready atmosphere of the restaurant itself. However, the prices at CLEMSON's *do* fluctuate. Consult the daily cattle prices on the financial page of your paper before making a reservation.

HOME—632 Elm St.—Here is a new and gratifyingly different restaurant which the author includes for those gourmets among us who search for the less expensive cuisine. The decor here is almost stark in its simplicity, the meals being served on breakfast dinettes in the kitchen itself. Nevertheless, one senses a genuine aura of prosperity and there is usually a tolerant geniality which holds the atmosphere together.

The food is in keeping with the attitude, being admirably suited for that before-the-theater meal or whenever a time element is involved; the service is quick. The preferred cocktail is HOME's famous surreptitiously powerful Old Fashioned. Hors-d'oeuvres are usually dispensed with, although one may have pineapple juice for

the asking. As an entrée, quick-frozen veal and peas is always a success. The author suggests their new quick-frozen pizza as a novelty. (It is sufficiently filling by itself.) HOME's quick-frozen peach pie is delicious.

The food at HOME is miraculously inexpensive. As a matter of fact, it is gratis with a forced compliment. Derogatory comments call for a verbal settlement with the cook, but even then one can get off surprisingly cheap.



CONCLUSION:

There are other restaurants you might consider, but they aren't a part, a real part . . . you know what I mean, of San Francisco. They don't call you "Master," like San Francisco does.

San Francisco, like any woman, any whole and complete woman, has her ins and outs. There's the opera and the baseball team; the theatre and Chinatown; the art galleries and the Nike missiles; the sailboats on the Bay and Oakland; Marin County and Bayshore; The Palace Hotel, and Palmicia Village. You may be in town long enough to see them all. Or you may not be. If I were here for a limited space of time I would:

1. Decide upon the limits. So, if-I were in San Francisco say, between planes I would:

A. Check with my stewardess to see whether I was free to disembark. I know of a man who was on a quarantined plane and didn't know it, got off, and spread pellagra from Kentfield to Gilroy. EVERYBODY had it.

If I were in San Francisco free and clear for a day, I would:

1. Breakfast at the Buena Vista in North Beach. Nice View and the natives are friendly. Take a cable car to Market Street. Visit Pebble Beach—same name, but no relation. Lunch on cotton candy—just cotton candy. Climb Mt. Diablo. Visit the Blaclutha. And while there look at Alcatraz through one of those pay-as-you-go telescopes made available by the state to help pay the upkeep on the inmates. Skip dinner. Dig the sounds at the Tonga Room. And with head whirling, with senses reeling at all the color and grandeur, with heart full of love for a new-found mistress, retire.

Of course, San Francisco wasn't built in a day. Even if Eichler *had* been around. And no one can expect—*no one* really can expect to understand a woman in just one instant out of all eternity. But take my word for it. I love San Francisco. That's a fact. San Francisco loves me. That's a romance.



HERBERT CHICANERY

asks you to buy him a drink or maybe you won't look so good next time he mentions your name in his column.

He wants you to buy him that drink in one of the fabulous bars in that big beautiful city by the Bay where he gets a kick-back.

As Herbert Chicanery says—"I've been thrown out of some of the best places in 'Frisco, and some not so good, too. If nobody buys me a drink, I'll be damned if I'll pay. What a City! 'Frisco has bars that rival the Raffles in Singapore, Harry's in Paris, the Ritz in London. Why, some of the bars in 'Frisco have more bottles than you could count, much less drink. Those sleazy places in North Beach have at least as much atmosphere and as many perverts as any bar in Cairo. Yeah, they've all give me the boot at one time or another. That's how I know 'em. The City. 'Frisco.

"'Frisco is all of this—and lots more. There's the Golden Gate Bridge, the Ferry Building, Kezar Stadium, the Cow Palace. People from 'Frisco never go anyplace. It's all tourists. I hope you'll enjoy finding out why and how."