

HERB CAEN



These Foolish Things

SENTIMENTAL NOTE (or, what were you trying to say, dear Leon?): The library at UC Medical Center here, which welcomes donations of books, rec'd one this week with the following inscription penned on the flyleaf: "To Emily, dearest mine always, this book by Dr. Parran, Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service, I give you on New Year's Eve, 1937, with all my love and kisses. Lovingly, Leon." The book: "Shadow on the Land." Its subject: syphilis.

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CAENFETTI: If you don't believe that Gypsy Rose Lee does ALL the talking on her TV "interview" show, ask Screenstar Jimmy Stewart. He appeared on it the other day, mouth opening and closing silently like a fish out of water as Gypsy rattled on, until at last he slid sideways out of his chair and collapsed on the floor. Somehow, this attracted her attention long enough for her to ask: "What happened?" "Sorry," said Jimmy, "I was trying to get a word in edgewise" . . . Is North Beach turning South? All we know is that the girls at Off-Broadway, already topless, are now "semi-bottomless" as well, and, as Tom Cahill might sigh, the end is definitely in sight . . . KYA, a hard-core rock'n'roll station, is breathing heavily down KSFO's pristine neck in the latest Pulse ratings, indicating anew that the teenagers are not to be denied.

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CLICKETY-CLACK: Writer Lionel Olay, the Topanga free-lancer, is off to Cuba on a meaty assignment from Cavalier and The Realist: to find out from Fidel what happened to Havana's 10,000 whores under the New Order . . . Could it be that we're scraping the bottom of the manpower barrel already? Tom Cara, the noted importer of expensive pots and pans, has been called back to duty—as a full Colonel—in the Army Intelligence at Fort Knox . . . On the other hand, I'm encouraged by the FBI's new ploy, as demonstrated in the Ted Nelson case: announcing to the press how they juuuust missed capturing him, and by only two days. This opens up all sorts of possibilities: "FBI Narrowly Escapes Capturing Bandit," "FBI Eludes Kidnapers," etc. . . . As you might have suspected, the result of all the theater activity around here (down the Peninsula, across the Bay, here, there, everywhere) is that hardly anybody is making money . . . On his TV'er the other night, Les Crane gave the results of a survey of women who were asked "What headline would you most like to see?" "All Nations Agree on Peace" came in a poor second. The winner: "Jackie Kennedy Marries Again."

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NO, BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS: A few more words from Bob Orben, last of the stand-up comedy writers: "LBJ says we're fighting in Vietnam for our national honor, but aiming for a negotiated settlement—and you know what they call anyone who negotiates for their honor" . . . "He sent Henry Cabot Lodge back so he wouldn't have to break in a new loser. Poor Vietnam. It's the first time a whole country has been used for on-the-job training" . . . "And McNamara says the situation is still deteriorating. Well, that's what happens when you buy a second-hand war." And now, back to dancing.

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CAENDID CAMERA: Scribbled on Mickey Kennedy's newsstand at Market and Spear: "Will Casey's Injury Ruin the Mets' Pennant Hopes?" . . . In the August dusk, the crew of Eight Engine lazily tossing a football back and forth across Pacific Ave.—the sure sign that opera season must almost be here . . . Glen Taylor, the ex-U.S. Senator from Idaho, playing golf at Sharp Park, bald head gleaming (since he owns Taylortopper Toupees, wouldn't you think—?). However, his putter attracted the most attention: plastic, shaped like a croquet mallet, and loaded with B-B shot! . . . **VERY San Francisco:** Mariachis playing in a Chinese restaurant at a farewell party for a Greek artist. The host was Alfonso Pardinias, the scene was Sun Hung Heung, and the guest of honor was Jean Varda, off for Europe in a cloud of fried rice . . . On West Portal, Bob Law, collector of the aforementioned suchlike, taking a photo of a restaurant whose window proclaims "Quan's Pagoda Restaurant—Our Specialty, Shish Kebab" . . . Don Truman, following the "Rest Rooms Downstairs" arrows in the Hall of Sciences, to find three doors, all in a row, labeled "Men," "Women" and "Reptiles and Amphibians," and who housebroke THEM?

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FILE & FORGET: KFRC Discjockey Dan Sorokin, kicked off a Chicago station for testifying in behalf of Lenny Bruce in a trial there, will test the local climate by having Bruce on his morning show this wk. or next . . . Three of the Crosby boys, Lindsay, Dennis and Phil, are getting into the old man's act: sponsoring a Crosby Boys' Golf Tournament in Hawaii Oct. 9-17, with Andy Leros arranging for a planeload of 100 duffers to fly over . . . Morey Amsterdam, the ex-S.F. comic, is making a H'wood movie fetchingly titled, "Don't Worry, We'll Think of a Title" . . . At Forest Farm Camps in Marin the other noon, a bunch of kids with well-scrubbed hands walked into the dining room, and found the nurse wasn't on duty, whereupon one griped to Harold Gregg: "Gee, we could've gotten in free today!" . . . And Mike Connolly, art-shopping on Union, asked why one Pop Art effusion cost twice as much as a similar one next to it. "Because," huffed the artist, "I used two coats of paint on it."

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SHOWBIZ: On Tues., Gerard Lyly of the Fantastics sent a wire of congratulations to his friend, Marrian Walters, opening that night in "Damn Yankees" at Melodyland. Yesterday morning, he found this notice from Western Union under his door: "Your message to Berkeley Auditorium undelivered for following reason: messenger unable to find parking space."