Touring San Francisco

By W. E. Hill

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A gay party of sightseers being photographed for the folks back home in the Muir woods. (Walter the requisite guide—extreme left—is being comic for the benefit of the large blondes on the left. All the boys from the sightseeing bus company are very partial to large blondes and will do anything for them. The blonde lady has asked Walter the name of the big tree, and Walter is nearly killing her by telling her its his family tree and he's the sap. That's the kind of a wag Walter is.)

One of those college nights at the Ool Boolky. The toy monkeys, which add greatly to the cover charge, are being let down over the dance floor. (The blonde in the foreground from Guild's milinery department is handing her escort a swell pitter all about how, even if she hasn't been told he was a U. of C. man, she'd have known right off because U. of C. boys have that swell air of non-chalance, etc., etc., etc.)

Paris, the handsome Leland Stanford guides, is waiting feverishly to show a fresh batch of tourists the frescoes on the chapel. The last luncheon was very trying. Two ladies from the east thought they were to see Mr. Hone's boyhood home and were terribly disappointed.

San Francisco cable cars have slippery seats. Going down hill is almost like the bateau ride at an amusement park. Tourists who visit the Queen City for the first time (particularly those with brittle bones) should never take a seat up front except on the upgrade.

Mr. Wing Yoo of Grant Avenue China Town sporting the latest collegiate outfit. Great rivalry exists between the Chinese chinks and the Filipinos who shove these balmy summer evenings as to who can display the widest trousers.

This lovely San Francisco girl will tell you at the slightest provocation all about the blankets they sleep under at night. "Why," says she, "even in the hottest weather we sleep under four or five and sometimes six blankets at night!"

The old oriental flavor of China Town has departed since the Chinese girls went college and took to boots and short skirts, but the Japanese cigarette girls in the big hotels carry on the old tradition by dressing a la Manchu princess.

"Rough? Why, there were places you couldn't go into with a policeman without having both ears bitten off and an eye gouged out. Those were the days!" San Francisco can't help boasting now and then of the glories of the Queen City, particularly of the old Barbary coast.