

# 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 roguish guide—extreme left—is being comic for the benefit of the large blonde on the end. 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 it's 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 Boolsky. The toy monkeys, which add greatly to the cover charge, are being let down over the dance floor. (The blonde in the foreground from Geld's millinery department is handing her escort a swell patter all about how, even if she hadn'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.).



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



San Francisco cable cars have slippery seats. Going down hill is almost like the bamboo slide 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.



Meek Mr. Wing Yee of Grant Avenue China Town sporting the latest collegiate outfit. Great rivalry exists between the Chinese sheiks and the Filipino sheiks these balmy summer evenings as to who can display the widest trousers.

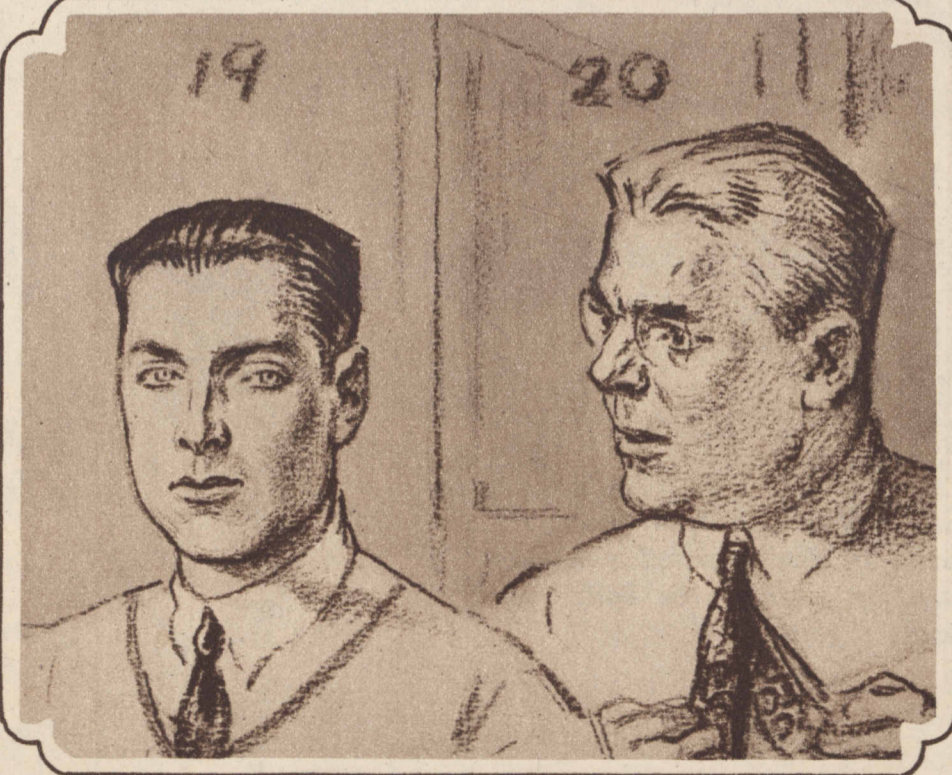
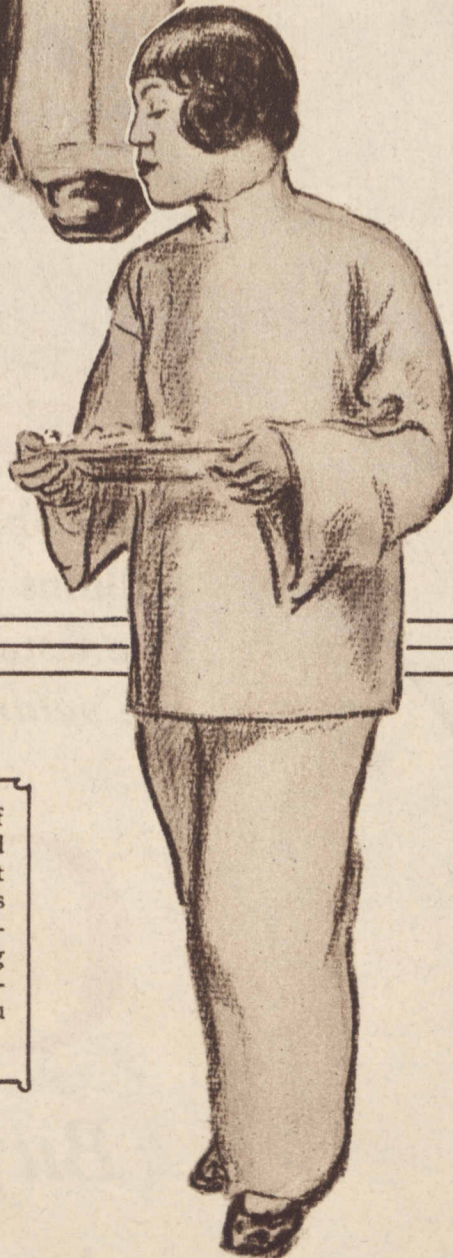


New arrivals at the Murril descending Nob Hill for the first time.



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 collegiate and took to bobs 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.