

HERB CAEN



About This Town

THE GOOD NEWS, beams Carl Nolte, is that the Powell Theater, smack in the middle of our new Cable Car Mall (thousands of tourists!), has stopped showing dirty movies featuring naked women. The bad news: Now it's showing gay dirty movies. . . . "The good news," continues Chase Webb implacably, "is that Mr. Nixon has promised to keep his hands off the Watergate investigation." The bad news: "He is installing a revolving door in the Attorney General's office" . . . Bolder and bolder: Those "Another Burglar for Nixon" bumper strips you may have seen are made and sold for 50-cents each by Glenn Becker — a Deputy Public Defender over in Marin! This is the same Becker whose personalized license plates read "PNG JT," which initials, he is pleased to explain, stand for "Plead Not Guilty — Jury Trial" . . . Meaner and meaner: As an inducement to cut fuel consumption, the President will bestow Energy Conservation Awards, and Jimmy Price thinks the first should be given to the 49ers, "who haven't gone on a long Sunday drive since mid-October." Seconded.

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HARD CHEESE: Barrington Hall, the big co-op dormitory at UC-Berkeley, has asked one of its most distinguished alumni, Mayor Warren Widener of Berkeley, never to darken its door again. Reason: the Barrington people are for rent controls in that city and the Mayor is against them. As a result, Widener is no longer welcome to dine free once a month at Barrington Hall, a privilege granted its alumni.

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PLL TAKE the "energy crisis" a little more seriously when certain city officials, including fire and police brass, stop using their (our) official cars to deliver their wives to work and pick up their children at school, okay? . . . Paged over the airport public address system a few days ago: "Cecil B. De Mille, white courtesy phone, please." No gag, like the time we heard "Stokely Carmichael, white courtesy phone." This call was for the immortal director's 16-yr-old grandson, Cecil Blount De Mille, a student at Cate School in Santa Barbara . . . Sudden afterthought: why are "courtesy" telephones always white? A little unconscious racism there? . . . Buddies at Lompoc, the Federal prison down the line: S.F.'s George Andros, serving an income tax rap, and Atty. Donald Segretti (UC '66), doing six months for political sabotage. Segretti: "I feel like my Republican friends took me for a boat ride and when we came to Niagara Falls, they all jumped out, taking the oars with them. Before this is over, Tricky Dick will be Sorry Dick."

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FILLMORE Bill Graham's Sunday was not like yours and mine. In the first place, he overslept and missed his 7 a.m. American flight to Phoenix, where he was presenting the Grateful Dead that day, and this panicked him: "The Dead are like my kids. I never miss a chance to be with them" . . . So he asked his travel agent to "get me on something, anything," and what the agent came up with, finally, was a six-place Lear jet that had to be flown in from Boise. The price: \$2700. Energy crisis or no, Bill took it After the concert, the Dead chorused that **THEY**, all six, wanted to ride the Lear back to San Francisco. "Go ahead," sighed Bill, who managed to get the last seat in tourist on American's Phoenix-S.F. flight at 12:45 a.m. yesterday. Quote: "Going down I'm alone with six seats, coming back I'm squeezed between two fat schnooks, I gotta be nuts." Check.

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THE CAEN SCRUTINY: At Ernie's Sunday night, John Brodie cutting up old backfield touches with Frank Gifford and Don Meredith. Nearby, hams living high on the hawg: Howard Hardsell and Milton Berle, who deserve each other, except that Miltie has talent . . . Washington Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman racking the lamb at Stanford Court's Fournou's Ovens, surrounded as usual by doting women. Left doter: Ch. 7's Karna Small. Right: Real Estateperson Joan Rockwell . . . A "Streets of San Francisco" segment, being shot at 10th and Mission Saturday, coming to a dead stop as Pvt. Eye Mike Murphy drives up in a car with a TV set. The cast and crew, mainly from L.A., crowded around to watch the USC-UCLA game, as the overtime mounted . . . Noted by John Raymond in Berkeley, a "Driver Carries No Cash" notice on the doors of a bakery truck, and handwritten beneath, "Donations Accepted" . . . And the kinkiest sightem of the week, caught by Graham Arlen at Ghirardelli Square: 20 Japanese businessmen emerging from a bus, each carrying a neat blue flight bag bearing the logo, "Kinki Nippon Tourist" . . . They are definitely in the right town.

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A HIGHLY-CHARGED name in Peninsula electronics has left Wife No. 4 to return to No. 3, which is slightly confusing to the seven children involved . . . On Stage, the theatrical program used in most playhouses here, has been banned from the Circle Star because of the Yianni Jewelry ad on the back cover, showing the firm's owner, Skip Ferris, wearing no clothes but displaying lots of jewels. "Offensive," says a Circle Star spokesman, twinkling not at all. "Jealously," retorts Skip, who's in pretty good shape, but when you wear that amount of jewelry in public, you have to be . . . Charles Bittmann, contemplating that bright light—the comet Kohoutek—shining in the East: "Does this mean Nixon will turn up pregnant in a month or so?"