**LETTERS**

To Mark Hosenball:

Pardon my startled expression, but how or why did you print your "Right of Way" article? I'm a frustrated engineering student and part-time trolley "Freak." Your article was a rare breath of reason. In case you're curious about expanding your interest in the LVT, I commend Col. C. Cutts's book, *Trolleys of Montgomery County,* anyway. Write on. Sincerely,

Michael O'Connor

N.B. The LVT (main system) was abandoned twenty years ago last September 28.

---

"Good Evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome aboard the fastest rapid transit line in the world."

"Our cruising speed this afternoon will be 65 miles per hour as we whisk you along in air-conditioned comfort." "Feel free to visit our bar in the second section, where our able mixologist is ready to serve you. Smoking is permitted in the rear section."

"Thank you for riding with us today, and we hope you have a pleasant journey home."

The trolleys on the Norristown High Speed Line of SEPTA don't have stevedores. But if they did, their regular spud to rush hour riders might go something like what's printed above. It's a bit hard to believe that a trolley line that enters its 60th year of operation in May, using cars built in 1931, could be the fastest rapid transit line in the U.S. today.

It may be even harder to believe that conditioned trolley cars with bars.

But all this can be found on the 60th anniversary of the Norristown route of SEPTA's Red Arrow Division, a route once called the Philadelphia and Western Railroad, which is now the only remaining interurban trolley line in the United States.

A ride on the historical "Old P and W" can also be a comfortable, speedy, and useful routine for a 20th Century commuter.

Take the SEPTA's line to the "Bullet" cars - the mainstay of its trolley fleet. Designed by an engineer for his rigorous specifications, they are unique in the world. The "Bullet" were built in 1931, during the Depression, as a "gimmick" to keep a faltering company in business. They are lightweight (built of aluminum), streamlined, and could reach a top speed of 90 miles per hour when they were first built.

They can still reach 70 today, and they do. Each "Bullet" car originally cost $30,000 to build. Compare that to the price tag of a Penn Central Railroad High Speed Line car today. $200,000. And the Metroliners average speed is little more than that of the "Bullet." What about the bar cars? They are a special feature of two unusual trolley lines. The Norristown line has at its disposal.

SEPTA officials call their track-bound pleasure palaces "Liberty Liners." They're actually four separate trolley cars, linked together permanently to form a train. Originally called "Electroliners," the "Liberty Liners" have operated for SEPTA's Red Arrow Division, the Philadelphia Suburban Transportation Co., which then owned and operated the Norristown High Speed Line, acquired the "Electroliners" for use on the Norristown run.

The "Electroliners" were a special feature of the 69th Street run of the Norristown line for a long time. The trolley line isn't long enough to allow the "Electroliners" to operate to their full capabilities. But the added luxuries of the fancy trains proved popular with passengers, who didn't have to pay extra for the air-conditioned ride, and who could unwind at the bar after a hard day's work.

The erstwhile named "Liberty Liners" have been retained for only one more year since January 1964, and, though they've been taken off a couple of times since then for repairs (the 1941 air-conditioning was a bit primitive, and had to be replaced), SEPTA officials say Degraw said they'll continue to run on the Norristown line as long as they can.

Degraw added that both the "Bullet" and "Liberty Liners" are a very high speed interurban service in the Centennial year, though the "Bullet" and "Liberty Liners" will continue to run.

"Are there any plans to play up the Norristown line's history for the Bicentennial? Not really, Degraw said, though the Interurban trolley is as much a part of American transportation history as the Auto, the railroad, or the Cable Car, SEPTA doesn't like to publicize its own history."

Degraw might have second thoughts about running a 65 year old trolley car to times since then for repairs (the 1941 air-conditioning was a bit primitive, and had to be replaced), SEPTA officials say Degraw said they'll continue to run on the Norristown line as long as they can.

In the speed category, Degraw claims the Norristown High Speed Line is the "fastest rapid transit line in the world." Virtually all cars in the speed category, Degraw says he has instituted a new "Limited" service in the line in which cars cover the Norristown - 69th Street run in 19 minutes - that's at an average speed of over 50 miles per hour.

As far as safety is concerned, Degraw says the line's record is better than average in this respect, according to Degraw, though he has the auto beat that record? Not really, Degraw said, though the Interurban trolley is as much a part of American transportation history as the Auto, the railroad, or the Cable Car, SEPTA doesn't like to publicize its own history."

Degraw, a former Inquirer reporter, is a confirmed trolley enthusiast. But along with his affections for the fleet of trolley he shepherds in his official position as SEPTA Red Arrow Division's director of development, he believes that despite its age and history, the Norristown High Speed Line is one of the most viable Rapid Transit lines in the country.

And if you don't believe him, join Norristown line regulars in a "Liberty Liner" for a drink some time and check the whole thing out for yourself.
Poems

By STEVEN WINN

Feet
Two fish in a river, chewing
Gravel with their five
Fat teeth. First one
Moves ahead
Then the other,
Frightening crawdads
Behind rocks.

"Wonderful, wonderful," say the feet,
Strangers to the slippery green water.

Belly
Muscles are logs lying
Under the white water,
Dangerous for travelers.
Belly button is a whirlpool
Where the blood spins down.

Hair
It waves at strangers.
It looks back to see who is following.
In the water, it grows upward like seaweed,
Searching for a green sun.

Skin
At night, skin is the first to sleep.
Slipping into the water,
Pulling elbows in after it.

No, skin never sleeps. It flies
Like a martin over the water,
Catching mosquitoes, listening
For the faint of breath,
Dodging the bark branches.

Years

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Sleeping Out in Vermont

A river rattles its money
In the dark. A crow coughs.
Lightning talks low over the Adirondacks.
Pines lose their needles fast,
The first drops of rain.

You sleep in flat country.
I miss your gullies, the cricket
Music of your legs.

This is the last of the plums
You sent with me. I hold
The pit in my hand,
Seed out of its flesh.

by Conrad Hilberry

Poems

By STEVEN WINN

It took Farvis McQuod nearly
a year to figure out what was the
matter.

"Farvis was always such a
happy boy - so, so ... ahead of
tings," his mother
began to explain, but she just couldn't go
any farther.

It all happened when he was in
the third grade - at least that is
when everyone began to notice.
Farvis was a leader - his hand
flapping like a fish on the end of a
line at every question in class,
the finishing line tape streaming
from his having chased after the
May Day races, his sharp voice
trumpeting the lines of the class
play back to the very last row.

It was different for him now,
though. He was running every bit
as hard as he ever had, but the
pounding, pounding, pounding of
feet behind him didn't fade.
Tommy Alderson beat him in two
races in one week, and Farvis
even finished fourth in the third
grade spelling contest. Just
before Christmas, when they
were making cut paper trees
and bells and things to take home
Joyce O'Connor said that Farvis' stock
looking like a limp bear.
She laughed, and that had never
happened before. Stretch and
stretch as he would in his chair,
Farvis was not the tallest in the
class anymore.

Shoving and straining with his
bike on the driveway after school,
his son seemed like an old man to
Faris' mother.

"He used to swoop into the
garage like a bird, shed his school
pants and fly out of here with his
mitt or basketball under his arm.
Today he sat down with me at the
kitchen table fingering his cookie
all to pieces and told me he
thought he needed glasses," she
said.

She stroked the silky burr hair
on Farvis' head and laughed his
worries off uneasily.

By March of that year, Farvis
was wistier and torn with
worry. "Farvis, Farvis, Farvis
McQuod," his teacher would
have to say before he would hear
proclaimed as he passed the fire
station on the way home, "you
have stopped growing."

Two sleek red fire trucks stood
in the sun, still glistening from a
washing. Like the voice of a sten
screeching higher and higher
they had always stopped him,
excited him. But now to Faris
they seemed as small and sen
essless as the toys he had
forever.

I'll leave home, he thought.
I tried before, and they just
laughed. But now I am older -
but then he remembered that he
as he had in the world - three
dollars and fifty-four cents: he
was going to make a clean break
of it. And all the peanut butter
and soda that he would need for a
while.

So Farvis left home on his
bicycle in the middle of the night,
little more than his rumpled bed
left to remind his parents he had
been there at all. It was three
days before his mother
discovered the peanut butter jars
were missing, but then she knew
that Farvis wasn't just running
away. Her son seemed like an old
man, Farvis McQuod was not
without hope when he inconch the
garage door up that night, careful
not to let it squeak. It was colder
than he had expected, but by the
time the sun stood big and red in
the gray sky like a raisin in
oatmeal, he was twenty miles
taken from home and had found most of
the riding down nil.

Although Farvis had seen
Spring beginning in his garden at
home, creosues and yellow
daffodills rudgeing up through the
dirt, the trees in the country were
still stark, many looking like
figurestanding with their arms
and fingers frozen. He hunch
his shoulders a bit and pumped a
little harder wherever the trees
bunch around the road.

By the time Farvis had spent
seven, just as he had been last
year and as he would be next year
- and forever.

There were a few important
things - his first baseman's
glove, his hand head penny
collection, his knife with six
blades and a fingernail cleaner,
the picture postcards from the
Grand Canyon, colored pencils,
the Japanese escape trick, and,
well, that note from Cindy Teiser,
Clothes (he remembered un-
derpants). His money (as much
buckets back to the barn, the
farmer he worked for had no
complaints. "Mr. McQuod," he
said, "I knew when Farvis decided
to leave, "I sort of wish you weren't
putting yourself out to pasture like
this. You've been a big help."

But again Farvis' mind was set.
On his last day there he was
bringing the sheep in from the
pasture farthest from the house.
He was chasing the shy lambs
from the corner of the field when
he saw it. Blunched on its back
under the trees, a huge black
angus lay dead. Its four thin feet
were still gesturing lamely at the sky - who
knew how long it had been there?

The lambs blaring and drifting
around him, Farvis was as still as
the cow. He wondered if it would
ever again be safe, or would
they find him one day resting like
a brown rabbit in the grass, a full
life spent at the age of seven?

He ran like a pony back to the
house, and it was the first time he
ever failed to bring the sheep
back. That night he lay awake in his
bed staring at the web of cracks
in the ceiling and whispered to
himself, "No taller, no smarter,
no older." In the morning he
decided to write to his parents
telling them of his change in
plans. But by the time he got to
the end of the letter and was
signing it, "Your son, Farvis
McQuod," the blue pencil was so
worn that the letters he made
were faint and fat. It almost
made him cry.

(Continued on page 4)
Years
(Continued from page 3)

Farvis arrived in the city so early that most of the shops were still not open. There had been rain there at dawn, and the streets were damp and dark. The gentle hum of his bicycle wheels was almost the only sound there was.

Soon he saw the old shopkeepers, their backs stooped. Their faces were tired and lined; they dozed in the early sunshine. The streets were soon filled with cars, and he was forced onto the crowded sidewalk. All that he could see was the pattern of feet and legs through the whirl of the wheel's spokes as he wheeled the bicycle through the crowd. It seemed to him after a while that all the feet and legs belonged to the same faceless person and that this would go on forever. Just then he remembered his teacher's face hovering and shining above him as he worked at his desk. There was the face of his father, his eyes wet with tears of relief that he found Farvis, lost on the beach, but too young to realize it. The dim face of his mother, the last he would see before sleep, smoothing the sheets under his chin.

Farvis moved this way with the crowd for blocks and blocks, stopping and crossing streets without knowing it. People looked at this curious boy wheeling a bicycle along. They bumped against him, and one woman even asked him who he was, but he did not hear.

Finally Farvis noticed that only an occasional pair of feet hurried past. He looked up, and the crowd had disappeared. The buildings flanking him suddenly seemed like legs towering to distant heads the size of the sun.

It had been hours since Farvis had eaten anything. He cut through the lines of cars to the opposite corner where a little wooden pushcart approached him from behind the cart. From under a flag of dark hair black eyes looked out, the most distant star, it seemed to Farvis, trapped in each eye. It was something that Farvis did not understand. The other boy was as tall and as old as he, and yet in Farvis McQuod this face was as distant as the moon,Congestion of the buildings and was beginning to fill the streets with the first warmth of the morning. Farvis unzipped his jacket, and as he paused between the shoppers, the breeze circled his body. He filled the jacket at his back like a sail.

Mrs. McQuod was taking advantage of the unusually warm day to begin her Spring cleaning. The laundry flapped in the sun. When Farvis rushed in the store he found that every door was opened into the hallway, and his mother was everywhere, making sure that the drawers were full.

Simple Desert Hallucinations
Peco the Mexican gardener sits in the garage playing cards at $2 an hour I'm out back with my new garden tractor mowing the lawn there's not too much we want simple hallucinations we prefer small fresh water lake in the desert air with two palms summer of '73 schneider and me living in arizona clearing out the local inconsistencies has mowing the sand

two $30,000 a year jobs unemployment checks watermelon seeds spit between the teeth unemployment checks a martini, a mountain

i circle the house and get back to pedro lammas up from the grease spots to help attack the snowplow want to do the grand canyon. ---TR HAYS

Consolation
The moon couched on a night-bound cloud in a sky of dusty blue, deeply dark; yet with the love of day

Over the graveyard life-forms danced with wind and with wind, silent shocked far from the things they knew

Beyond the past a pine-row yelped in memory's calling, dead dreams the pain refused a name

Hero returned all bounteous clad as being stopped, hand held a thrush tear rose in promise

---OWEN LEWIS

The Mud
From this shack, we Watch the hills rock Madly breath the black Mud that swallows The slopes.

Slow as pain, it Moves, a dark oozing Under the lash of rain Trudging closer, Closer.

Till at last, it Stops. We sigh and Laugh. The oaks rot. Our past Waits, dark, a yard Away. ---JON LANG

The early morning throng of people had died. Women like his mother stood at the store windows with big square shopping bags in their hands. The sun had risen above the roofs of the buildings and was beginning to fill the streets with the first warmth of the morning. Farvis unzipped his jacket, and as he paused between the shoppers, the breeze circled his body. He filled the jacket at his back like a sail.

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Perception
Who can know what lobsters say That thrash their dainty antennae To slice the icy sea they're in? Who can dance the frantic jig Of branches spiked with sticky twigs Grown mad with winter's wind? Who can hear above a din The whirring of a spider's limbs Propelled along a filament? They are rare who from within A copper kettle's boiling spin

---PATIENCE MERRIMAN FAHEY

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A.F.P. (Abortion) Information Service 691-1300
By Sophie Balcoff

On an evening in October, grin with the promise of early winter, and many a youngster was playing baseball in the dead-end street by Hatchett's Marsh. They had centered their interest there, though it grew very chilly as the hours passed, there was something in their spirit that held on to the game. Perhaps it was simply the knowledge that outdoor games would soon be impossible; or else the restless motion of the trees, a strange color in the darkening sky, a feeling of the unknown. Tom's eyes had been fixed on his pitcher, and the long straggly hair proclaimed him to be of the playing, rather than the established, generation. Tom didn't know what to think of him. All that was immediately evident was that the man had good reflexes: age, vocation, origin, all these were mystery. For a few minutes Miss Nolan and he passed and were observed; then they climbed down the steep path that took you into Hatchett's Marsh.

It was certainly strange. For a man in jeans to go down that path and into Hatchett's Marsh at that time of night was understandable; Tom supposed there were millions of illegal things a man could do down there. But for Miss Nolan in a dress and makeup and with her hair up to want to push her way through masses of undergrowth in the dusky night when the mosquitoes were just getting ready for dinner - well, that was a very strange thing. Yes, Tom had seen a girl and a boy go down there to kiss and all that, one fine June evening. But if Miss Nolan just wanted to kiss and all that; she surely had a better place to do it. She was probably on her way home.

"If she went down there for that," Tom said aloud, "she sure is stupid. She's not dumb. There's treasure down there, and she's got to help her dig it up," said Jimmy.

"That's cow shit," said Morris. (It was his whose bedding time the next day."

"Well, what is it then?" Jimmy demanded.

"You know what," said Randy who was pitcher.

"Cow shit," said Morris. It was his favorite phrase.

"Anyone can see it ain't that.

Her Bracelet

On a recent evening in October, Tom woke to the sound of rain in the streets. It was pouring, a heavy rain. Dismally gray. He looked over his arms and legs, and was relieved little from a mosquito bite he had scratched in his sleep. At first he didn't remember how he got into bed, or how he had been for the past few minutes. He thought: I should tell Daddy, he'd call the police. The police himself but he knew that the police were hard and suspicious. Several times he thought of getting out of bed and going downstairs to tell Daddy about it. Daddy would not at first believe him, but he would believe from Tom's white face that something important had happened. Tom could not have been any the worse for it and did not want those first few minutes of being laughed at, of being told he had dreamed it. He wanted instant belief.

He thought about it for hours; then he looked at the clock. It was past midnight. Daddy would be asleep himself; Tom would have to wait till another time the next day. He was suddenly swept with an aching sadness; there was something about having so great a secret.

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**Sonnet**

**Fall**

Journey is the name of the macadam rope
That pulls down the wild head of the mountain
When it tosses in the wind and trees rain
Down fire against the windshield. Then we grope
With winter's skeletal child, and the road is a line
Of blood in that ripe hour when every sign
Writhe with direction: this is the way out.

Then down we hurl through a falling world, caught
In the mirror, the conflagration whirled behind -
 chilled
By a vortex, the turns unwind -
Until everything starts to have
With recognition: the same cat by the edge
Of the road - frozen and black, shrunked with knowledge.

by Annette Hammer

**Contributors:**

CONRAD HILBERRY writes that he is in Kentucky, "getting acquainted with the lovely and ruinous hills of the Cumberland." "Sleeping Out in Vermont" will appear in Henry Taylor's* The Last Poetess.*

STEVEN WINN'S story, "Avoidance," will appear in Era Magazine this spring. He is the estranged editor of this publication, a part-time student and a misanthrope. He is obsessed with aging.

TR RAYS is a Campus Dilettante of the Arts and Finer Crafts. His poems have appeared in various publications in the past in these pages. Presently, he is at work on a novel.

JON LANG's poetry has appeared in the past in these pages. Presently, he is at work on a novel.

SOPHIE BALCOFF is an aesthetic. Her stories, "Monologue," "Abelard" and "A Delicate Education" have appeared in these pages. Presently, she is at work on a novel.

ANNETTE HAMMER is a graduate student in American Civilization. Recently, she was awarded first prize in the Academy of American Poets contest. She lives in Blain, Pennsylvania.
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Corkhill, Chestnut St.

MILGRIM

LO 5-6064

Maybe a lot of hot air but failed could be some other hot one.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

ieth & Chestnut

Sam Eric

LO 1-0006

"I Was a Rich Man's Ham." Top's account of how he convinced Charlie White to turn his film to a cabaret.

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI CONTINENTI

ieth & Market

George C. Scott and Pauline Lord. A beautiful Italian country scene.

THE GODFATHER

ieth & Chestnut

May Angels prove to you do I an angel of the first class black woman ever to direct and produce a movie.

THE GODFATHER

PE 5-6607

So, if you know your stuff and you know what you want, I WANT WHAT I WANT

16th Chestnut Street

Where My Bricktop goes off.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA

Broad and Chestnut Sts.

LO 7-7021

A down to earth comedy play on the Russian revolution.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

11th & Chestnut St.

Hill and Elizabeth to write a car on a car of the revolution itself.

MARTIN SCORSESE

LO 7-6661

With Mary and Elizabeth to write a car on a car of the revolution itself.

THE THREE FRENCHMAIDS

17th & Chestnut St.

For laughs.

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For laughs.

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Budget Figures Reveal High Costs in Medical, Law, Grad School Areas

BY CHAY MALEMAN

The administration released budget information Wednesday afternoon which showed the cost of education was generally highest in graduate areas and in residence dealing with law and business.

The information booklet was in a 37 page booklet distributed to a faculty salary increase, direct expenditures, and a "budget analysis" prepared by each school. The figures for each school are based on the same budget year and cannot be applied to individual departments.

Average faculty salaries for each university were noted as $42,800, except for the law and business schools. A "summary report" for both schools of $44,000 was, and the division of the Medical School salaries were $38,750. The law and business program were $33,250.

Average faculty salaries for the business school were noted as $42,800, except for the law and business schools. The law and business program were $33,250.

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The average annual cost of living for a student or student engineer is about $10,000. The average annual cost of living for a student or student engineer is about $10,000. The average annual cost of living for a student or student engineer is about $10,000.

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The Moratorium

President Nixon has not kept his promise to end the conflict in Vietnam this year. After two years of impasse, the war continues. It persists as it has part, ceased altogether. But the massive air attacks over North Vietnam. In a word, the war has once again reached fantastic

with all the alacrity of a cesium clock,

and irrefutably, our unassuaged and

It persists unendlingly.

members participate in the moratorium here Friday and the demon-

reception here indicated , few have forgotten the almost unbelievable

student anger in the near future.

we are engaged in an exercise in

marches and rallies, and charge that

sentiment as he purports to be (an

circumvented, and both testaments to

the drastic, insane escalations the

has continued to escalate the war oblivious to the many marches

after nearly a million demonstrators gathered in Washington to protest

already and will continue indefinitely, even more tragically, unless it is

from Daley's Chicago four years sore,

faced, cautious crowd than it had been

stifling; threat hovered like fog, and

voters and malcontents, was

smokescreen verbosity. Cavernous

screaming their longer-haired peers

No one looked good. Everyone looked

ideas were not so much exchanged as

thwarted, a war criminal;

and Nixon and MacNamara and Rusk

against humanity. And no, Humphrey

inappropriate; atrocities are

you be tried as a war criminal?" An

escalation.

as valid as the idea was

question was as valid as the idea was

himself. But not Tuesday.

No one needs a review of American involvement in Indochina. Few

that, should it become evident that

himself. But not Tuesday.

The senator used no script, taxiing

popularity, and the American press and public

broadsumption of destruction it

volvement, and leave the Thieu

North - raids unequaled in scale

by 707 and 747 Jets

CRITICAL FASHION

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FRIDAY 7:30-11:00 P.M.

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MOVIES

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at your bookstores worldwide

as the core of the renewed

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NAACP Rethinks Dom Position

"If someone has a local branch of the NAACP and Wednesday his organization would probably not take

the decision to resume bombing of the black leadership program, reversing the group's previous position toward

the program.

Mr. Wyatt Joseph Harris, chairman of the Metropolitan Council of the NAACP, announced the project

Wednesday with Associate Dean of the College of Social and Equal Opportunities Administration James

Reef, following the meeting with Mr. Joseph Harris said, "I think we can seize this matter powerfully. I don't

think there is any great problem." Mr. Joseph Harris said he still had doubts about the program

would "reflect our purpose in all.

Moscow Summit Talks Scheduled For May

LONDON-The Moscow summit

meeting between Kremlin leaders and

President Nixon will take place next

month as scheduled, despite the

heightening Vietnam conflict.

though much could happen between

now and the Moscow meeting,

scheduled for May 23. The Com-

munist diplomats said Wed-

nesday that there is much

ease for the superpowers and the

world, but that there is little
take on the highest level.

Asian-Americans Enter Lunar Orbit

WASHINGTON-During the

Apollo 11 astronauts entered into

lunar orbit Wednesday and quickly

identified the debris-strewn site in

the moon's cratered highlands where

they will land on Thursday.

Mission Commander John W.

Young and Charles M. Duke, Jr., are

report to the intercontinental Drive on the

missile. Captain Young and Mr. Duke are

expected to receive a report from the

landing craft's Apollo 11, the

Science module, scheduled to begin a record 11 hours of exploration

in its flight. The United nations is

America's fifth and next-to-last

lunar landing mission.

At the same time, astronaut

Thomas Mattingly will be in the

command ship Cooper in space

communications center.

IS YOUR BLOOD TYPE O, A OR B?

IS 'SCY' YOUR PLASMA IS NEEDED TO HELP TREAT DISEASES

SUCH AS HEMOPHILIA AND LEUKEMIA AND INSURE AVAIL-

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INQUIRE ABOUT BEING A PLASMA DONOR.

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How much Roast Beef can you eat?

For $1.75 today you can eat all you want stacked on Kaiser Rolls, with Franks and Beans, vegetables, desserts, beverages, and salads.

Unlimited food.

Lunch today in the Second Floor Stouffer Dining Room.

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your Roast Beef Sandwiches a la carte in the First Floor Dining Room for 65¢ each.

STOUFFER TRIANGLE
11:30 am to 1:30 pm
University in Boston Tuesday, "things reportedly widespread at Harvard. Support for the moratorium is which time a formal vote for a strike to a reporter on the Harvard Crimson.\n
weapon to possession of hashish in conduct to possession of a deadly setting off the fire alarms. students had occupied the Univer-

body of 32,000 are participating in the demonstrations. About 800 persons out of a student thus far refused to cancel classes. University administrators have thus far refused to cancel classes.\n
sured that there would be some sort of\n
held a meeting Wednesday night to members are reportedly cancelling\n
At the University of Maryland, 13 however, protesting students did\n
At Princeton University, 900\n
Students at Dartmouth University\n
International House Hopkinson Rm.\n
attempts to the state capitol of Man-

A spokesman at Maryland said that\n
Students at Tulane University\n
Kep. Shirely Chisolm will address a\n
As the demonstration progressed, thousands of\n
the Iwir Hcl Liner.\n
the picture\n
\n
THE PLough and the Stars\n
THE COST OF WAR AND CIVIL STRIFE\n
An Inquiry into the Causes and Consequences

PANEL: Problems in Producing The Plough and the Stars

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FILM: The Battle of Algiers

FILM: Shame (Skammen) 4 00 p.m.

Saturday, April 22

Thursday, April 27

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Free with U. of P. Identity Card

Box Office Phone: 594-6791

Admission to play $3
Grad Schools Receive More Applicants, Less Aid

(Continued from page 1)

Professor David Evans, assistant director of GSFA admissions, said the economics department will be located in special orders or in the Health Sciences Bookstore.

The University's aid allocation to Wharton will increase next year from $270,000 to $170,000. Although declining to comment on the current status of medical school admissions, chairman of the admissions committee Leonard Flitter reported several weeks ago that applications were up by 20 per cent. However, he added that the University's aid allocation to Wharton was down from $225,000 to $180,000. At the same time, a joint University/Wharton graduate student association will decrease from $254,000 to $225,000.

Professor Flitter attributed the large number of "very high quality" non-minority applicants for a matriculating class of 165,000 in financial aid money, the same as last year. Over 75 per cent of the students receive aid. The school also receives an undisclosed per cent of the anticipated total aid. In the same size, very few applicants receive aid for the school's medical school also receives an undisclosed amount of aid from public and private sources.

More than half the students receive financial aid. More than 50 per cent of the pool have applied. More are currently being sought.

The Wallbanger Party Night
Bumper Stickers • Tee Shirts • Buttons
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Clyde's Tavern
4039 Chestnut St

PUNCH BASTARDS AT LUCIA'S
302 E. 8th St., Philadelphia

HURRY IN TODAY AND GET THE BEST CHOICE!
All Sales are FINAL

NOTE: this offer is not available on tobacco items, sundries, records, special orders nor in the Health Sciences Bookstore.
Faculty Senate Elects Girafalo
Chairman-Elect

The Daily Pennsylvania
Page 7

The committee on Academic Freedom and Responsibility voted to accept Benjamin Franklin Professor of Economics Lawrence Klein and Assistant Professor of Ophthalmology Donald Silberberg as new members. The Senate also accepted from the Ad Hoc Committee for the Appointees and Promotion Policies one report dealing with faculty member's retention or departure, and one dealing with the dean's request, the action should be taken. The second report received by the Committee on Reorganization of the Faculty the nine-page document called for the implementation of twelve measures designed to consolidate undergraduate and graduate resources and raise the quality of education here. Abraham invited the faculty to a meeting about projected pay increases for faculty members next year.

First step: choose a site. The SIERRA CLUB has guides to just about every as-yet-unexploited spot on earth illustrated. Local chapter of the club will provide pointers on how to keep the environment of your choice unexploited, even while living off it. When you're ready for a change of scene, choose a site. The Sierra Club Wilderness Handbook is always cheaper and usually better than commercial stuff. Some suggestions are: Light hikers, not backpackers

A flint and steel fire starter

A tough, dependable cooking kit (cutlery, pan, plates)

A fireproof, weatherproof, watertight container and store the cooking kit in a large pot which is partly filled with cold water.

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The Men, Madness, and the Marathon

By Tony Kovach

By Dave Chambers

John Harvard, a plucky New Englander, died in a duel with a chap he shot, crossings the Class on the 23rd of Dec. 1770. He, or we hope, to the dear old People of Harvard. A.

The day of the Marathon battle was a cold, drizzly Monday afternoon in late October. The wind howled across the half-bare fields, though not quite as fiercely as a year earlier when John Harvard died. No one was quite sure, but it was certainly a day of remembrance for the great man who had given his life for his country. The men of Harvard were gathered at the university campus, where Harvard's statue still stands tall and proud, a symbol of the great man's legacy.

The day began with a ceremony in honor of Harvard. The faculty and students gathered in the Great Hall, where Harvard's statue was unveiled. The statue was moved from its previous location in the library to its new home in the Great Hall, and a dedication speech was given by the dean of the college.

After the ceremony, the students headed outside to the track, where they would run the marathon. The course was set up along the main streets of Cambridge, with Harvard University at the starting line and Boston University at the finish line.

The day was cold and windy, but the spirit of Harvard was strong. The students ran with determination and resolve, pushing themselves to their limits. They ran in memory of Harvard, who had given his life for his country, and they ran to honor the memory of all those who had fallen before them.

As the students crossed the finish line, they were met with cheers and applause from the crowd. They had done it, they had run the marathon in the footsteps of Harvard. The day was a success, and the students were proud of their accomplishment.

The next day, the students returned to the university to continue their studies. They may have been tired, but their spirits were high. They had honored Harvard and his legacy, and they would continue to do so for as long as the university stood.