When the floodwaters come in, the room must be raised up 5 feet in the air to get the water out of the building, Dallett said Wednesday. Leaks and seepage, he said, have always been a problem for the Archives, located on the second floor of the university's new engineering building.

"We're living under the cloud of constantly having to strip the books and put them in plastic sleeves when the floodwaters come in," Dallett said. "It's a problem and it's in our minds because the floods could cause major safety problems." 

Dallett said he has asked University administrators "for a long time" to relocate the Archives because "you can't operate archives with water coming through the roof.

Librarians Richard DeGennaro and Patricia Anderson, who administer the university's special collections and the archives, serve on the university's faculty senate. DeGennaro was on hand Wednesday, but because of a faculty meeting was unable to participate in the discussion of the proposed budget cuts. Anderson said the university's special collections, including manuscripts, books, and photographs, are "in immediate need of repairs for a year, but this week's flooding was the worst ever." 

Business-industry relations

Wharton Partnership Aids Development Drive

The worst flooding in Snowstorm in 1964 to 3.04 in 1974. The Wharton School and College for Women averages have shown similar increases of 20 per cent and 12 per cent respectively. At Stanford University, for example, students were recently astonished to find out that 42 per cent of all spring term grades were As. As one Yale administrator, in an interview with Neuwuweh magazine, said, "Certainly not as much as it used to." 

"Much of this grade inflation can be attributed to a sharp increase in the percentage of A's and an equally sharp drop in the percentage of C's given to students. At Yale, for example, there has been a dramatic increase in the number of A's awarded and a corresponding decrease in the number of C's. This trend has been observed at other universities as well. At Stanford University, for example, students were recently astonished to find out that 42 per cent of all spring term grades were As. As one Yale administrator, in an interview with Neuwuweh magazine, said, "Certainly not as much as it used to." 

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Teamster Strike Forces Cancellation Of Inquirer, Daily News Delivery

Communications Manager Jake Egan announced today that the Philadelphia News Delivery Service is canceling delivery of the Philadelphia Inquirer and Daily News effective immediately. The strike was called by the Teamsters Local 808 in response to what they see as unfair treatment by the company.

The strike, which began early this morning, is expected to continue until an agreement can be reached with the company. The exact terms of the negotiations have not been disclosed.

In a statement, Egan said, "The Teamsters have been negotiating with the company for several weeks, but we have not been able to come to an agreement on fair wages and working conditions. We are not going to be intimidated by the company's threat of legal action. The Teamsters are determined to protect the rights of their members and the rights of the public who depend on a reliable supply of newspapers."

The strike comes as the company is facing financial difficulties, with reports of layoffs and decreased circulation. The company has already announced plans to cut back on staff and reduce some of its operations.

The strike is the latest in a series of labor disputes in the newspaper industry, as unions struggle to negotiate fair wages and working conditions in a rapidly changing business environment.

The Teamsters have called on other unions to support their strike and have asked the public to support them by buying local newspapers and avoiding newspapers from other companies.

The Teamsters say they are committed to negotiating a fair agreement and they hope to reach an agreement as soon as possible.

Friday, February 1, 1985
There has been grade inflation, but maybe the students are better or there may be a hidden element we haven’t detected.'
The Real Budget Lesson

By Busy Businger

One of the high points of low season is the budget meeting. University is when it comes time to open the grade envelope the

Saturday morning in the little conference room of

that faculty meeting where the grade meetings are held. The

are usually open only to the faculty and student

committee members.

Certainly budget negotiations are delicate

matters, and we students need to keep the

and student constituencies of

The lines of communication seemed to have been broken down in this case, since faculty and student committee members indicated concern over the President's decision that a faculty budget meeting had already been decided.

More important, budget committee members

weren't getting a feel for whether or not the EOE

figure was the right one. The entire round of

discussions between President Di Biasi and the

academic deans were with apparently little

success. The faculty members were uncertain about the

President's decision.

The President's budget committee should make sure that

should students and faculty members in general.

Finally, administrators have rarely explained
decisions to students, although they and their

parents expect (Tom the media and it

indicates the reactors weren't paying

attention to their cuts. However, they do not mean to

mislead.

Indeed they don't.

They just don't.

The ABCDF Alphabet

The ABCDF Alphabet

The academic curriculum has to be more

rigorous. Teachers have to stop using

jargon at the beginning of the year.

The grading policy of the ABCDF alphabet

is accurate reflect it on the students' grades are highly

reflective.

I will no longer be talked to by my

Professor. I will no longer be talked to by

the President of the University. I will no longer be

spoken to by the Vice President of the University.

The transfer class size is also

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Jackson to Run in 1976

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Pledging "to help the people in this country who are getting hurt," Sen. Henry M. Jackson, D-Wash., said Thursday he is running for President in 1976.

The Washington Democrat's long-awaited announcement brought to four the number of candidates for the party's presidential nomination race for 1976.

Jackson, 43, is regarded as the front-runner in the early field. He said both the Senate and the White House will hold joint hearings, and devise "a rational division of labor."

At a first step, the Senate's 11-member panel, Thursday unanimously agreed to hire three aides of William C. Miller, D-Ore., as its staff director.

Ford Demands Action

WASHINGTON (UPI) — President Ford Thursday charged Congress is wasting time and has failed to provide hard work and pass his program and recession and energy programs.

"I believe we can get them to pass the Administration's $93 billion arms buildup and pass the public service jobs to ease the pressure."

As a first step, the Senate's 11-member panel, Thursday unanimously agreed to hire three aides of William C. Miller, D-Ore., as its staff director.

"I have not only met and talked with people do, too," White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler said. "I have done nothing since it began its session a few weeks ago."

"It is not adequate political speechmaking "having done nothing," he added.

SANDWICHES

Food prepared with pride and respect

THE MIRDRASH
OF MY LIFE
An Introspective Adventure into Jewish Literature
Spent a Weekend With Jewish Students From 15 Philadelphia Colleges At Haverford-Bryn Mawr Feb. 14 and 15
Call 243-8268 for the Exciting Details

REMEMBER
THIS NUMBER
EV 2-8158

Beginning February 10, 1976 we will be pleased to deliver our SANDWICHES, SUBMARINES and PIZZA

7 days a week 6 PM to 1 AM

Dannys Food Factory 40th & Spruce St. EV 2-8159

Food prepared with pride and respect

THE NEW PHOENIX REPETORY COMPANY

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING
CARSON MCCULLERS

2 Weeks Only! FEB. 10-22

The Member of the Wedding

THURSDAY FEB 10, 10:30, 8:00, 5:40, 3:00, 10:30, 8:00, 5:00, 3:00
FRIDAY FEB 11, 10:00, 8:00, 5:30, 3:00, 10:30, 8:00, 5:00
SATURDAY FEB 12, 2:00, 8:00, 5:30, 3:00
SUNDAY FEB 13, 5:00, 3:00, 1:00

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SUNDAY FEB 13, 5:00, 3:00, 1:00

THE TRAINS OF EUROPE

Sandra Blumberg

"You haven't really savored the essence of the Continent until you've changed along is second-class compartments and stared at the sausages and chairs of an Italian train," writes Sandra Blumberg in a story of train travel about broken French, or simply learned back and observed the European in his mobility-loving record.

Of most other locations in Europe, the tourist is likely to be a nomad animal, divested from a truly human contact with the population. In a train, this remoteness falls away.

"A moment occurs when the sights and sounds of Europe become irminable and related to people—and that, to me, is a thrill which is monument to museum can ever give."
DP Sports

Mermen Fight Yale

Jan. 22, 1975

BY ROBIN LIPPE

The High Point Outdoor Recreation Center

Mermen vs. Yale

Yale, a team of swimmers from the University of Pennsylvania, took on the University of Illinois

The Mermen, led by Capt. Tony Prink, were looking to continue their winning streak, having

ended the season with a 17-3-1 record. The Mermen were confident in their ability to defeat

Yale, knowing that they had the home advantage.

The game started off with a bang, as the Mermen scored early and often, leading to a...
ASA Considers Commission Plan
In Effort to Increase Work Licensure

By MARK ROBIN
The Associated Student Agencies ASA are considering a proposal to pay some of their student employees as certain wages and commissions for their work. The idea is to increase the number of students who can earn enough money to support themselves. The plan would involve designating some positions as "commission-only" jobs, which would allow students to earn a portion of their income based on the sales or services they provide. The proposal is currently being considered by the ASA board and could be approved in the near future.

Wharton

(Continued from page 1)

participation in the project. The financial contributions, however, are significant. The corporation contributions have reached a total of $100,000, with an additional $50,000 planned for the future.

Tuition Hike

(Continued from page 1)

The decision to increase tuition was made in response to the financial needs of the university. The increase is expected to cover the costs of maintaining the high-quality education that Wharton students expect.

Applications Are Still Available!

Represent A Country At Penn's
Model United Nations Conference
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Feb. 13-16
Applications at Hill Hall, McClelland and Hi-Rise Info Desks
Inquiries: 243-6897 249-6853

Two Shows Tonight!!
6:30 and 10:00 p.m.
Student Tickets Only $3.00
Harold Prince Theatre
Last Show: Tomorrow 8:30 P.M.

Soap's On.
And so is a saucy selection of French favorites
Take a selection of fine French soaps. Spice up the menu with saucy continental omelettes, exotic fondues, light and delicious crepes, and some chopped steak specialties. Create a variety of crop salads. And if these don't do it for you, be sure to taste our famous French dressing.

La Bonne Soupe West
3925 Walnut Street
Philadelphia
EV2-5150
Cagers Take on Lion and Big Red Mollehiss

BY ALAN FREEDMAN

Friday and Saturday night, the three top scorers in the Ivy League will come to Walt Whitman Auditorium for a battle of powerhouses. The game will be one of the most thrilling contests of the season, with both teams giving it their all. Before you all come to watch the teams, you need to know the information about the two teams.

The Penn Quakers, who have been on the upswing of the season, will face the Brown Bears, who have been struggling. The Quakers have been working hard in practice, and their experience will be an asset in this game. The Bears, on the other hand, have been relying on their young players, and they will be looking to make a statement in this game.

The neck-and-neck battle between the two teams, both of which are in the top four of the league, will end with a win for the team that prevails. The game will be a test of the players' skills and determination, and it will be a great day for basketball fans.

By JOEL GOBLING

Penn continues its hot streak as it looks to gain a second straight victory over Brown. The Quakers have been playing well in recent games, and they are looking to continue their winning ways in this game.

The Bears, on the other hand, have been struggling in recent games. They have lost two of their last three games, and they will be looking to end their losing streak in this game.

Both teams have talented players, and it will be a battle of the best to see who comes out on top. The game will be a great test of the players' skills and determination, and it will be a great day for basketball fans.

By JAMES EVAN

The Harvard Crimson will face their Ivy League rivals, the Yale Bulldogs, in what is sure to be a thrilling contest. Both teams have been performing well, and it will be a battle of the best to see who comes out on top.

The Bulldogs have been a strong team this season, and they have been playing well in recent games. They will be looking to continue their winning ways in this game.

The Crimson, on the other hand, have been struggling in recent games. They have lost two of their last three games, and they will be looking to end their losing streak in this game.

Both teams have talented players, and it will be a battle of the best to see who comes out on top. The game will be a great test of the players' skills and determination, and it will be a great day for basketball fans.
Music

by Mitchell Berger

There are two great places to drink in Philadelphia, one of them is your apartment and the other is New York. Now, don't get me wrong, I like Philadelphia a lot, it's just that drinking in this town gets me down. There's no one reason—there's just a lot of them. For example, there's the dubious legal status of drinking law having to be twenty-one before you can legally have a drink. Now that's a fine line you're planning on donating your liver to science, but if you're a normal healthy person, strict adherence to the law makes as much sense as not shaving until you're 30 or showering once every year.

That's just for starters. If you decide you're going to brave it, scoff at the fine of the law, and head out for a drink, you have two major problems: one, no one's going to trust you to buy a drink; and two, they'll look quizzically. First, there's your cheery neighborhood bar, usually decorated by a man who used to work in the electric or plumbing trade, and always a little too friendly. The place always smells like they wash the floors with beer, and it looks like they haven't cleaned up since some joker was killed there after a pinball match.

But, you don't have to drink in a bar. There's always the State Store. Prices are high, selection is bad, hours are short, and the guy in front of you usually looks like someone who's been in the face of the week before. That's just inside. The guys who cluster around the front of the store look like they'd kill you for a bottle of Ripple or maybe even Woodchuck. So, the State Stores are out. What do you do if you really need a drink? Well, there's always New Jersey, where the drinking age is 18 and store prices are cheap. There's just one catch. It's illegal.

It just so happens that there is a federal law that forbids you from buying liquor in one state and transporting it to another. It also happens to do with taxes. Or death.

In any case, if you cross the Camden border in pursuit of boom, you'd better be ready to face some clowns from the Law. Control Board who would like nothing better than to arrest you and keep you effectively out of law school. Unless of course you decide to outrun the cop, in which case you'd better be ready to take driving lessons from Gene Hackman.

Add to all of this the fact that the kind of swill they serve in this Pennsylvania area isn't worth drinking anyway—and I mean, who ever ordered an Ortlieb's beer?—and you're almost ready to join the WCTU.

It's all so depressing that it could drive you to drink. We here at 34th Street want to know just what the hell started all this non-sense that surrounds drinking in this town, so we sent Staff Writer Lu Anne Tracey around town to poke into some of the nation's best drinking lore to find out. And she did. And for once, we have a story that doesn't end in death.

First Baptist Church

The Towering Inferno

Talpan's Place

A new organization, the Philadelphia Jazz Pianists, was formed over the Christmas holidays, and is equally comfortable with the blues as with the classical repertoire. Its president is Lewis Bernstein, a youthful pianist who has pursued a music degree at Temple University. He has played with many of the nation's best jazz artists and is featured in concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra and in the orchestra's annual Spring Festival.

The group consists of about a dozen jazz artists, including soprano saxophonist Jackingleton, baritone saxophonist Charlie Bernstein, and bassist Paul J. Czarny, all of whom are original members of the group. The pianist is Lewis Bernstein, who has a long history with the group, and has played with many of the nation's best jazz artists. He is featured in concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra and in the orchestra's annual Spring Festival.

The Philadelphia Orchestra's new series of chamber music concerts, featuring the work of American composers, was opened last weekend with a performance of the String Quartet No. 2, Op. 111, by Béla Bartók. The concert was given with the support of the National Endowment for the Arts.

I just want to say that I think this is a new beginning for the Philadelphia Orchestra. I think that we are all looking forward to this new season of chamber music concerts and that we will all be able to enjoy these concerts in the future.

But, you don't have to drink in a bar. There's always the State Store. Prices are high, selection is bad, hours are short, and the guy in front of you usually looks like someone who's been in the face of the week before. That's just inside. The guys who cluster around the front of the store look like they'd kill you for a bottle of Ripple or maybe even Woodchuck. So, the State Stores are out. What do you do if you really need a drink? Well, there's always New Jersey, where the drinking age is 18 and store prices are cheap. There's just one catch. It's illegal.

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Brewerytown. That's what Philadelphians used to call the section of the city north of Market Street where some fifty breweries flourished in the days before Prohibition.

Prohibition has come and gone now, and gone too is Brewerytown, leaving Philadelphia with just two beer-making establishments it can call its own. C. Schmidt & Sons, Inc., located at 122 Edward Street, and the Henry F. Ortlieb Brewing Company at American and Poplar Streets, have somehow managed to stay aloof in the sudsy sea of well-known, nationally-advertised beers.

For both local breweries, family pride and tradition are the watchwords. From its table beginnings in 1869, Schmidt's has grown into a 17-state operation, but it's still in family hands—run by the great-grandson of the founder. Ortlieb's began in 1869, when a Civil War veteran named Trupert Ortlieb decided he could make a beer better than the stuff he'd been drinking. In his early brewing days, Trupert sold all the beer he produced in a small tavern near his fledgling brewery.

Today, "Ortlieb's Tavern" still stands, but the company, now in its fourth generation of family management, distributes beer in five states.

Both Schmidt's and Ortlieb's claim that brewing is more than an industry. For them, it's a matter of family pride. Schmidt's prides itself on quality. "Schmidt's prides itself on quality," claims Charles McMenamin, public relations manager for the company. "We strive for consistent, uniform quality throughout all our brews."

The key to a consistently good-tasting beer, McMenamin says, is the special formula that each brewery has for growing its yeast cultures. The distinctive flavor of the yeast beastes is what puts the gusto in Schlitz, the Mabel in Black Label and the Iron in Iron City.

"If you like Schmidt's beer one time, you'll like it every time," McMenamin promises, adding, "of course, if you don't like it at all, there's nothing we can do about it."

Brewmaster William Moeller also puts the emphasis on quality and consistency in a tour through the Ortlieb brewing complex.

"My mental image of a "brewmaster" had been a cross between Grandpa Stroemann and ye olde Swiss watchmaker, and I pictured a brewery filled with jovial but rugged men carrying wooden kegs on their shoulders while vats of barley boiled nearby. In both cases I was only partially right."

Moeller looks the part of the brewmaster with his wiry mustache and neat gray cap, but he speaks with the scientific acumen of a microbiologist. In the brewery itself, the old wooden kegs have been replaced with stainless steel, but there are plenty of steaming vats and an occasional puddle of beer froth on the floor. The workers themselves, although sufficiently jovial and rugged, seem to do more assembly-line watching and gauge-checking than keg-rolling.

As Moeller explains the process, the glass of beer we all know and love begins its life as a combination of water, malt, cereal grains and hops. This concoction is heated until it becomes a mash, then pumped to what yeast is then boiled in a giant copper kettle, hops are separated, yeast is added, and voila—beer is born. From this point, the brew goes through a complex series of fermentation and filtration, until it is ready to be put in draft kegs, cans or bottles.

Moeller points out that "the true connoisseur will always prefer draft beer" because it's usually being consumed within two weeks of brewing. Packaged beers which might sit on store shelves for weeks or months have to be pasteurized—and this changes the flavor.

Whether it's draft of packaged, Moeller says the thing strives for is its consistency—"it's incumbent upon the brewer to give a uniform product. The consumer can pick up even small changes in the taste of his favorite beer, and if the changes happen more than once, he's likely to find another favorite brand.

Moeller says the small brewer is under even greater pressure to produce a consistent, quality beer because "he has to be good to survive" against the big-named brands.

The nationally-distributed beers, with their high-powered advertising campaigns and easy availability seem to be the biggest thorn in the side of local brewers. When asked if Schmidt's is Ortlieb's biggest competition, secretary for the company Henry Ortlieb remarks ruefully, "everybody's our competition. People think when something is bigger it's better, but actually a smaller company takes more personal pride in the product."

The national brewers, with their slick commercials depicting the gusto life and the joys of having more than one, have been very successful in luring beer connoisseurs into their camp. Ortlieb Sales Manager Anthony Casinelli says that younger men often lean toward Budweiser and Schlitz, "not because they think it tastes better but because it's the thing to do."

By the time they get to be sophisticated junipers and seniors, he theorizes, many have found that a locally-made beer tastes just as good and costs less.

Not only do the national brands have the advantage in advertising, but they also have "full distribution in the military," according to Casinelli. This kind of monopoloy makes it difficult for the small brewer to survive, but Ortlieb's defiantly points to a "perennial avenue in the approach to selling." Casinelli claims that a small company's ability to cut red tape and deal directly with distributors and tavern owners gives them "better rapport with people in the business."

In addition to battling the national brands, local brewers are also struggling to maintain the family quality in the face of spiraling operating and production costs. "The brewing industry is in a veritable quessadilla," McMenamin claims. He points out that the Russian wheat deal has created a shortage of beer ingredients, while the "cost of glass, cans, cardboard and labor are all rising."

"The price increases in beer haven't kept pace with the rising cost of ingredients," McMenamin says, and brewers fear further increases might price the product right out of existence. "We're trying to cut back on other things," he explains, "but definitely not on quality."

Compounding the problems of Philadelphia's local brewers is Pennsylvania's 21-year-old drinking age. "It hurts very much," Casinelli admits, noting the number of nearby states where 18 to 21 year-olds are allowed to buy alcoholic beverages. "In my opinion, it should be uniform," he says since the present system makes it "hard for distributors and tavern owners.

Both Schmidt's and Ortlieb's direct their advertising campaigns toward younger beer-drinkers, because "that's where the money is. College crowds drink a lot of beer," Casinelli stresses. Schmidt's aims for the 18 to 24 year-old group ("of course that would be 21 to 34 in this state," McMenamin adds quietly). Their brewery "stresses toward a light beer" in an attempt to keep up with the changing tastes of young beer drinkers. "Young people today don't like a heavy, malty beer," he observes, "they like a light, refreshing beer—in the old days heavy beer was the thing."

In addition to the youth appeal, Schmidt's is trying to shake its down-home reputation as the plain beer of simple, unsophisticated drinking. "McMenamin calls it trying to enhance our image." In those commercials exhorting you to tell the world you know what you're doing by reaching for a frothy Schmidt's, McMenamin says they are appealing to the affluent, well-dressed people of society—the beautiful people."

So, after more than a hundred years, Philadelphia's last two surviving breweries are still going strong. They've survived Prohibition, inflation and the attentions of inferiority. They've managed to weather all the gimmicks the national brands have thrown at them—from the Col McAlsons and the Budweiser of the beer that made Milwaukee famous. But despite this success, some in the industry still feel nostalgic about the good old days when Brewerytown was in its heyday, and hometown beer reigned supreme.

"If people would just support their local beers," the Ortlieb brewmaster says, shaking his head, "it would be a great thing for this city."
**The Happy Cooker—**

**Says-a-who? Sesame!**

**By Daniel A. Kasle**

Okay kiddies, it's law suit time. I'm sorry but I can't help it. For years now our Madison Avenue Media Moguls have been polluting our minds in their own efforts to push unwanted, inedible, and totally disguised food products on the unsuspecting public. I cannot in good conscience permit these falsehoods to continue. Therefore I have prepared my own list of claims (I don't think any less of me!) for the products most offending the spectres of haute cuisine and decency.

1) Momma Celeste is not a good cook. 2) Promise does not taste like butter. "Bing me butter." 3) Tastykakes are not all the good things all wrapped up in one. I have never seen Nabisco's wrapped up in one. Now that would be tasty...
4) Mountain grown coffee beans are the best tasting in Paglers' aren't. Ya, Congressman Merley? 5) Dogs do need cereal in their diet, but they don't know the difference between cheese flavors and an old sock.
6) Minute Rice is never perfect. 7) How much money can Jack Palance need?
8) Wheaties do not make a boy feel like a Congressman Morley? 9) There are some things better in this world than A-l and steak. 10) I don't like vegetables, vegetables, vegetables, any shape you wish.

11) Quake and Quisp are both Quap.
12) There are some things better in this world than A-1 and steak.
13) Stove top stuffing was invented by a cardboard box.
14) Jiminy Dean is queer.

All of these have nothing to do with the two great recipes for this week but I couldn't find a definitive history on the sesame seed.

**SAVORY SESAME CHICKEN**

8 large chicken breasts 2 eggs, beaten 4 oz. sesame seeds (approx.) 4 servings egg noodles. any shape you like 1 tablespoon fresh chopped parsley 1/2 sticks butter 1/2 cup dry white wine Buy high quality breasts so as to get ones with the most meat. Bone the chicken breasts with a very sharp knife trying to get most of the fillets in one piece. Cut all the meat into 1/2 inch cubes or thrice bite-sized pieces. Dip in egg and roll in the sesame seeds. Don't put all of the seeds in the bowl at one time so that you can save some of them from being eggged (and for the cookies you will make for desert.)

Taking the prepared pieces in about four shifts, fry 4-6 minutes in about two tablespoons of butter each time above a medium heat. The temperature should be hot enough to brown the meat well but not too high as to burn the milk solids in the butter. If you are used to using clarified butter, do so. Place the finished pieces in a covered glass baking dish and keep warm in the oven.

Prepare the noodles as directed on the package. Melt three tablespoons of butter in a saucepan adding the chopped parsley. Pour over the noodles and toss gently.

Bring the frying pan to a medium heat with all the extra butter and the other succulent juices still inside. Pour in the wine and make sure the pan is well cleaned by the scoring. Arrange the chicken pieces on top of the buttered noodles on a warmed serving platter and pour over the wine sauce.

Tell the other three people you cooked dinner for that you learned it and send them to Gino's. Enjoy with a green vegetable, soup and-or salad and the rest of the bottle of wine you used in the recipe.

**CHINESE SESAME COOKIES**

4 cups all purpose flour, sifted 2 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt 1 cup butter, at room temperature 1/2 cup granulated sugar 2 eggs, beaten 3 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds 1/2 cup water 1 teaspoon vanilla preheat oven to 375 degrees.

Sift the flour into a measuring cup to get four cups. Sift again with the baking powder and salt added. In another bowl cream the butter and the sugar together until it has reached the consistency of a paste. Beat the eggs into the butter and sugar mixture. Stir in the seeds and the vanilla. Add the flour and water alternately and beat well. Chill the dough for at least 2 to 3 hours, or overnight.

Drop from a teaspoon onto an ungreased cookie sheet. Flatten each drop with a flour covered fork so as to make cookies of about 1/4 inch in thickness. Bake for about ten minutes or until edges are golden brown.

To roast the sesame seeds in preparation for this dough, spread them on a cookie sheet and put in the oven at 300 for 20 minutes. You may also want to top the individual cookies with a few seeds before baking in which case these few seeds do not need roasting. This recipe makes 6 dozen honorable cookies.

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**City Edition—**

**The Great Race Begins**

**By Peter Ginsberg**

Battle lines are now drawn for what may be the roughest political battle of the century. Peter Camel (and now by definition, Louis G. Hill) and Mayor Frank Rizzo will cover every angle and hit every low punch necessary to destroy each other before the May Primary. The stakes are more than pride—victory means control of the city, and a job for at least the next few years.

Camel, if his candidate looses, will be crippled beyond repair. He has spent much of his 60 years fighting for what Rizzo threatens to take away—untested power. For Rizzo, his political future rides on this one. If he can't beat the party now, he certainly won't be given another chance.

Almost lost in the malaise of warfare so far is Hill. The Mt. Airy State Senator and party standard-bearer does not appear to love the politics that his stepfather—former Mayor Richard D. Dilworth—used to breath. Rather, Hill said—and you have to believe him—he is running for Mayor more for esthetics than egotistical reasons. This does not mean he will not do his best armor.

Hill's endorsement followed a week of meetings—public and private—with potential candidates, money men, ward leaders and special interest groups. After two nights of mayoral hopes presenting their qualifications to a policy committee, Hill, Councilman Jack B. Kelly, former Urban Coalition Chairman Charles Bowser appeared the obvious frontrunners.

Bowser, if any chance for the endorsement when it became apparent he could not unite the black community. Like so many other candidates, Bowser's followers have trouble deciding on one leader, and the potential leaders cannot compromise on one spokesman. Consequently, while blacks can be an election spoiler—like Harry Williams, who contributed greatly to the defeat of fellow Democrat William Green in the 1971 primary against Rizzo—a black does not appear likely to win for quite a while.

Kelly, whose reputation as a Roman Catholic playboy who is separated from his wife because any recognition he used to have as an Olympic rower, found out glamour isn't everything. The reporters would not let anyone forget his reputation and his mother did not like what was going on and called the proper authorities—and Kelly is back in the bricklaying business.

So Louis Hill, a man reputed to be both honest and smart, is leading the charges. With Bowser apparently planning to drop out, or race to accept a Councilman-at-large endorsement, the party will be able to take on Rizzo one-on-one.

At any rate, the west which's vote to endorse Hill officially, Rizzo's strategy became apparent. Although Hill received 42 of 44 votes, Rizzo's supporters stayed away. The Big Bambino has decided to run a 'People versus the Machine' campaign, with Hill portrayed as tied to the 'dirty machine' which strangles people. Rizzo also has now demonstrated he openly controls at least 24 wards (the two votes which are the most of the 25 which stayed away). Several more defections to his ranks will follow the City Council endorsements.

Therefore, with the ward strength only slightly in Hill's favor, the primary will be a "personal battle with the electorate," James Toyoun, First Ward leader and Rizzoite, explained. A street battle, in other words.

Rizzo flourishes in a 'people' campaign. Able to mix with the older country people better than flashy politicos, he knows how to pull out all the stops.

Hill, on the other hand, is unproven. Although he has easily won his Mt. Airy seat three times, the streets in Northwest Philadelphia aren't the ones which now need treading. Hill almost lost the party endorsement because of his difficulty in presenting himself—he often appears nervous and stiff. Street-wise community people who need, more than anything, to be able to identify with a candidate will be able to sense this.

Still, Hill has enough pluses to make the race interesting, and possibly even close. Of all the candidates Camel's people considered, the Penn law school graduate seems best able to united the black and Jewish community in a 'Realistic' coalition. He has money, is good looking, and has a clean record.

So now, the lines are being drawn and the swords are being sharpened. Rizzo has warned of a bloodbath, and the Democratic party knows its blood will be spilled if Hill looses. Camel has been in the game a long time. He knows the game, the City Committee fights are one thing, but if he shows himself impotent with the public in May, he may have to find a new party or simply pack his bags.

Hill also stands to suffer from battlefield shock. But even if he doesn't win, Hill will know he wasn't a sacrificial lamb—too many people have too much to lose in this one.
Lost Causes—
Clint Eastwood

By Buzzy Bissinger

I think I'm in love.
My lover is tall, dark, and handsome.

But we went in anyway, and sat back to
enjoy the most peaceful nine hours I have
ever spent. "Hang 'em High" was dull, but
the other three movies, that classic
trio of films called the "Spaghetti Westerns," were brilliant. The plots
made no sense of course, and there is a
scene in "The Good, the Bad, and the
Ugly" where a wagon of wounded
confederate soldiers, fresh from the heat
of battle, lies at a standstill in the heat of
the Mexican desert. I always knew that
the Civil War touched many corners of
the United States, but I'm pretty positive
that the Blues and the Grays never
fought it out in the middle of Mexico. So
much for plot.

And then there was Clint.

He was truly magnificent in all three
movies, giving some of the finest acting
performances that have ever been seen
in the 20th century. Getting rid of all
evasive dialogue, Clint spent 90
percent of his time smoking cigarettes,
nine percent shooting his enemies, and
the other 1 percent talking.

And God could he kill, better than
Wayne, better than Cooper, better than
any of the other western biggies. There
was one scene in "A Fistful of Dollars" where
Eastwood shoots eight men in the
space of five seconds with only six
bullets.

And there have been other great
Eastwood epics—"Dirty Harry," "High
Plains Drifter," and "Magnum Force"—
all repulsively violent, all completely
derivative, all totally sick, all incredibly
bad.

Clint Eastwood is the personification of
toughness, of coolness under pressure, of
the ability to act against the forces of
crude brutality.

To cut the above garbage short, he's
one hell of a mean bastard.
I think I'm in love.

Subway Stop—
Under Broad Street

By Chris Jennewein

UNDER BROAD STREET—This is the
promenade of the subway kingdom; five
blocks of white and green tile walls
enclosing a forest of green columns. A
grizzled wino sips his Thunderbird in a
street café. The fluorescent lights buzz
overhead. Except during rush hour, it's a
deserted tomb.

The Broad Street Subway concourse
stretches from the south edge of City Hall
to Spruce Street. Concourse entrances
line Broad Street, but only between
Walnut and Locust can you climb farther
down and board the subway.

When the subway opened in 1928, the
underground walk was to be an all-
weather shopping area. The walls were
designed to be punched-out, so street
level stores could open subterranean
branches. But only a handful did.

Now it's a frightening, depressing
wasteland. And so it is particularly
unusual to stumble upon a Philadelphia
 civic group holding luncheons in the
 concourse.

Pedestrians see the crowd and figure
someone got hurt: cops stand in the
shadows scratching their heads. And of
course the media has a field day, poking
 cameras at everyone and everything.

It all started January 20 when PRIDE
(Philadelphia Resources to Improve and
Develop our Environment) leaders
Robert Moskowitz and Ronald Klein
unfolded a card table under Spruce
Street and proceeded to eat a lunch of
salad and wine. But that was small stuff.
That next Monday, the public was going
to be invited.

People received a lot of publicity after
the first luncheon, and today the
concourse is crowded. Above, the city
continues as usual. Trucks and buses
rumble along Broad Street, and
pedestrians bundle-up against the 35-
degree weather.

Below, however, a Mozart sonata
unfolded under the south edge of City
Hall. A group of two dozen poets
assembled to write a poem about a
subterranean concourse. They didn't
see a white elephant. And so it is
particularly enjoyable to stumble upon a
Philadelphia civic group holding
luncheons in the concourse.

Improvement is slow in cities, Moskowitz
says, because government requires
everything to be "super thoroughly
planned."

Although they have no specific plans
for the subway, they are now armed with
several posters covered with suggestions
for making this five-block no-man's-land
useful. The ideas range from converting
the concourse to a bowling alley, a
bicycle track, or a hockey field to more
conservative plans for a flea market and
exhibition center. One amateur planner
suggested a new cliche—"Meet in the
Underground" instead of the "eagle."

"What we're doing today is showing this
to people who have never seen the
subway before," Klein says. "Under
Broad Street!"

And God could he kill, better than
Wayne, better than Cooper, better than
any of the other western biggies. There
was one scene in "A Fistful of Dollars" where
Eastwood shoots eight men in the
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To cut the above garbage short, he's
one hell of a mean bastard.
I think I'm in love.

from the University of Massachusetts.
"What we're doing today is showing this
is possible."

"If I'd known this, I wouldn't have
brought lunch," says SEPTA employee
Jim Anderson. He's carrying an open
can of grey paint, and confides, "Right now
all I'm doing is painting out graffiti.

"I just happened to see the crowd, I
thought someone had hurt," he explains,
adding, "They ought to liven up the
concourse anyhow."

Moskowitz and Klein are pushing ad
hoc solutions to urban problems.
Improvement is slow in cities, Moskowitz
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The city, coincidently, is just beginning
two studies of the concourse. In a couple
of weeks, according to Bob Belfi, chief
transit engineer for the city, the
Philadelphia Industrial Development
Corporation will begin a study on what
modifications will be necessary to
develop it into a shopping mall. There
are a host of problems—utilities,
entrances and exits, deliveries and
garbage pickup.

By the end of April, the city will begin a
study of the graphics and signs needed in
the concourse.

"Hopefully our studies will come up
with some useful recommendations on
what could be put in the concourse,"
Belfi says. After that, it will be up to
private developers.

Although he's enthusiastic about
PRIDE's activities, Belfi has some
reservations: "I just hope we can do it
justice," he says of the concourse.

Moskowitz and Klein, however, are
finished with the concourse for the
moment. "This is it as far as I'm
concerned," Klein says. "I spent days
on the phone making the arrangement and I
just don't have the time."

So, for awhile anyway, the grand
promenade will be left to the cops and
the winos.
**In Review**

**Theater Odyssey**

Odyssey, a musical play (pre-Broadway), at the Erlanger Theatre, 21st and Market Streets.

Take the King of Siam, the Man of LaMancha's Dulcinea, and add to them in a musical play based on Homer's Odyssey and you have quite an enjoyable evening of entertainment which will be at the Cafe Erlanger Theatre until the end of February.

The show isn't without faults, but the music is pleasant. Erich Segal's book, which not surprisingly emphasizes the love story inherent in Homer's epic, is very funny, and there are some fine performances, led by Yul Brynner and Joan (Dulcinea) Diener.

The famous plot concerns Odysseus, the great Greek warrior, and his attempts to return to Ithaca after the Trojan War. He is detained as rough seas force him to take refuge on several islands along the way. He is confronted by the great cyclops, and in better times, is missed Penelope, his wife, very much and she also yearns for his return, though several suitors vie for her hand in the meantime.

The second half of Odyssey is much stronger than the earlier portion of the show. Though for the most part, Mitch Leigh's score is quite pleasant, the first hour of Odyssey features some songs which are nothing more than bits of dialogue the authors have the players sing rather than speak. One song I liked very much was Penelope's "I Would Know Him" in which she declares she could see through any of Odysseus' disguises. Albert Marre's direction is inventive and he stages the play's central figure is Teddy, the consummate devil, who manipulates the other people in the diner. Teddy is a modern dope-dealing bad guy, but he is also the others' conscience.

If Medoff's play has any faults, it is in the stereotyped characters he has created. Each person is clearly distinguishable as a "type"—a dumb girl, an effeminate New Yorker, a homely country boy.

When You Come'n Back, Red Ryder is a compelling psychological play from start to finish. It is so intense that it left me uncomfortable at the end. But perhaps it's good that modern playwrights are taking a hard look at American society and the lives of its people.

By Ken Schacter

**Music**

**Bob Dylan**

Bob Dylan, Blood on the Tracks, Columbia PC 33235.

I tried not to dislike this album. As one who several years ago abandoned rock for the more fertile territory of jazz, I have come to expect little in the way of significant music from the rock world. Furthermore, I reasoned, any album that has been called "overwhelmingly critical and commercial acclaim couldn't be very good.

My efforts notwithstanding, the album has grown on me. To be sure, it is hardly revolutionary in musical content, or even original. Its musical structures are invariably simple: bluesy themes with minor variations filtered through Dylan's country inclinations. Yet it is its very simplicity that makes the album successful, for the music serves only to provide the mood for Dylan's exquisite lyrics, and his writing has never been more satisfying.

The mood is constantly shifting, reflecting as it does Dylan's career. Most of the songs are autobiographical: "Tangled Up in Blue," for example, concerns Dylan's early days in New York; "Idiot Wind" is an account of his first reading of the highlight of the album, however, is the 5-minute epic, "Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts," a rousing, fast-paced story of a typical Dylan outlaw and his ladies.

The identity of the other musicians in the album is something of a mystery, due to the fact that Dylan re-recorded seven of the songs in Minnesota three weeks prior to the release of the album. Whoever the musicians are, they have helped Dylan to make what is surely the most complete album of his career and possibly the most important album in at least several years.

**Flora Purim**

Flora Purim, Stories To Tell, Milestone M-9652.

I have never liked most jazz vocalists because the lyrics they have sung have often tended toward the banal. On this, Flora Purim's second album, this impression is confirmed. On tunes like Search for Peace, Innermost and To Say Goodbye, the lyrics are at best dull and at worst insipid.

It is only when Flora uses her voice instrumentally (that is, non-verbally) that she is at her best. In the original Return to Forever, featuring Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Flora's husband Airto and flutist Joe Farrell, the soaring flights of Flora and Farrell on such Corea tunes as Spain and Return to Forever were breathtaking.

Her use of non-verbal singing is reminiscent of scat singing, but it goes far beyond that. Her voice may serve as a percussion instrument, as on O Coradoror, or as part of the horn section, as on Cousa Forte, or as an eerie mood-setting device, as on Silver Sword. Her vocal versatility is remarkable.

Gil Scott

Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson, The First Minute of a New Day, Arista A 4095.

Gil Scott-Heron is a young singer-songwriter about whom I know little except that he is a very creative, powerful and interesting singer-songwriter. This is Scott-Heron's fourth album, and his second with pianist-flutist Brian Jackson, with whom he collaborated on four of the compositions.

Scott-Heron, like Dylan, is a preeminently a poet. It is only on this album that he has successfully integrated his music and poetry. On his first two albums, the music served as little more than a backdrop for his poetry-cum-rap. Here, the music is an integral part of each song, at times so effective that it overshadows the lyrics. On Guerrilla this is particularly true.

The tune is highlighted by a two-minute long instrumental break that features Scott-Heron's electric piano and a fine harmonica solo by Bilal Siani Alli.

The most effective integration of music and lyrics is on the superb Winter in America, a long, brooding piece written by Scott-Heron. The mood of the song is evocatively captured by Gil's piano and Jackson's haunting flute. The song concerns the state of affairs in America today and the tone is appropriately bleak: "It's winter, winter in America and ain't nobody fighting because nobody knows what to save."
I never thought I was an actor until about three months ago. It took me 42 years to arrive at the conclusion that I may become an actor. Mr. Marre (director of Odysseus) said I was an actor; I’m bringing in an authority to support my outrageous and outlandish statements.

To become a director, I felt that I had to learn something about acting. My first attempts at acting were the most dismal experiences in my life. They were disastrous. Once, as an understudy, somebody threw a shoe at me—that’s how bad I was. Then I became a successful director in television in New York.

Then they offered me The King and I. I simply felt that this was a role that I could enjoy playing, for a change. The King was a man that I found irresistible, so I shared my enthusiasm for this character with the audiences and they seemed to go along and so that’s how I became an actor, really. Until then I was a performance money-earner, at best. I certainly would never have called myself an actor. In The King and I during the four year run I learned something about acting.

Do you ever get involved with the character you create or with other characters in the play on an emotional basis?

I get paid for what I do. I insist on my professional standing of 42 years, and I’m not about to get involved with anything I play. I certainly have to recognize that the character I create has to come out of whatever things roam around in my subconscious, but that’s where the proximity of the character to me ends. The King is 100 per cent different from me, same as Odysseus is 100 per cent different from me. We have nothing in common, except our enthusiasm for women—and in fact goddesses, if any are available.

Talking With

YUL BRYNNER

Acto-director Yul Brynner has returned to the stage after an absence of 20 years. He currently is appearing in a musical play, ‘Odysseus,’ at the Erlanger Theatre. Brynner stars as Odysseus, of course, and Joan Diener, the acclaimed Aldous-Dulcinea of Man of La Mancha, co-stars as Penelope.

Brynner achieved fame through his performance as the King of Siams in Rodgers and Hammerstein’s ‘The King and I.’ After playing the part for nearly four years, he was awarded an Oscar for his performance in the film version.

HB: What do you think of experimental theatres like the Erlanger?

YB: Like the Erlanger? I don’t know anything about the Erlanger. I’ve never worked in an experimental theatre except when I was very young. I did a great deal of pantomime studying with some very old mimes who were working as clowns in the circus. That’s all I know about experimental theatre.

HB: Why did you choose this play and why did you wait so long to return to theatre?

YB: First of all, when I finished the 4 year run of The King and I, three movies opened up for me at the same time—from then on I guess they decided that I was a lost cause; as far as Broadway was concerned, I had no offers at all for twelve years—nothing. The word got around that I would accept nothing in the theatre because I was so busy making one film after another. It was untrue furthermore. It was a falsehood propagated by agents who figured they could make more money out of me if I stayed in the movies. Therefore they wouldn’t submit offers that were made to them for any interesting projects.

HB: Were there any parts in the theatre which you would have been interested in?

YB: No, I had a couple things that were offered that I turned down because word did leak out finally that I was not a recluse, that I loved the theatre and wanted to do a play. So I had some offers which I fortunately turned down because they all flapped. So my old instincts were not completely wrong.

HB: Is there a play you have never done that you are dying to do?

YB: Yes, in about 10 years or more I would like to do King Lear very much. It is my favorite Shakespeare play by far. I think it is a remarkable play.

HB: Does your part in ‘Odysseus’ require a lot of dancing?

YB: It requires a lot of everything.

HB: Why are you limping now?

YB: I tore a muscle on Saturday night’s performance in Washington. Washington is very hard on one’s legs.

HB: What’s going to happen with your legs? Will it heal in time for your opening here?

YB: Well, we’ll see. It will be all right. They told me to quit for three to six weeks. So I smiled at the doctor and said why don’t you tape it up? He did say that will give me some protection and some relief from pain.

HB: Is the stage on which you work a very steep grade?

YB: Yes, it’s a very steep grade.

HB: Does that bother you at all?

YB: No, on the contrary. That helps. It’s dramatically wonderful. You make one move of two inches uphill and you are way up there. It gives a wonderful, strange kind of dramatic pedestal from which to work. It’s very, very enjoyable for this sort of style, although I wonder how I can do it for 42 years.

HB: What do critics say about your singing voice?

YB: They’ve said anything from absolute insults to lavish praise, depending on how they felt. I don’t think it had anything to do with my voice. I don’t fancy myself a singer or anything else, for that matter. I’m just trying very hard to succeed in a business that I adore.

HB: What is your opinion of Philadelphia culturally?

YB: I know nothing about Philadelphia. I’ve been here once with a play called Lute Song which was a terrible flop and I had bronchial pneumonia during the run.

HB: Are you acquainted with Harry Katz, the owner of the Erlanger?

YB: No, not at all. Definitely not. I understand that he’s in politics and I’m not.

HB: What is your age?

YB: I’m 54. I was born in 1929, 11th of July. I have to make a call to California to a friend who has been a friend of mine for many, many years—his name is Henry Green. He’s an international newspaper man. He published a story in The Inquirer in which he says “The blue eyes lit up in the face of 57 year old Yul Brynner.” Now, this man has known me for 25 years. He’s written so many articles in which he said that I wasn’t in 1939, and suddenly this happens. My eyes are blue like . . .

HB: It is probably no secret to you that you are much admired by women. Would you reverse the compliment and describe the ideal woman?

YB: In the prologue of Odysseus I talk about perfect women and how many there are in the universe. But I have never looked for the perfect woman, for I felt that would be too hard an odyssey for me.

HB: Could you give us a precis of the ideal woman for you, though?

YB: I like a truly feminine woman. It is what really appeals to me. I think that they need to preserve is their feminity while being active and productive in the contemporary world. How’s that for diplomacy? It’s probably not enough to satisfy Women’s Lib, eh?

HB: What is your opinion of Philadelphia’s cultural scene? Do you think it will ever overcome its stigma of second-rate theatre and talent?

YB: I know nothing about Philadelphia. I’ve been here once with a play called Lute Song which was a terrible flop and I had bronchial pneumonia during the run.

HB: Where do you think Broadway is going? Do you think it is on the decline as some people say?

YB: I don’t think it’s on the demise. I think that something very fortunate has happened generally in this country. What has happened over the past twenty years is very interesting: performing and theatre and music centers have developed in the rest of the country in a very healthy manner which I think is terrific. I think there are really important performing centers now all over the U.S. where you can do a big play or a small play, where you have built-in audiences that love theatre.

Broadway has always been to me a center of entertainment. At the prices of tickets, it had better be entertainment, because otherwise people wouldn’t stand that sort of nonsense. I like to a certain degree the new decentralization because it will help preserve theatre as an art form, not just as entertainment.

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