U.S. School of Social Work

To Hear WPNX Case

By Ian Berger

The WPNX case, spanning three years of controversy, will be put before a University panel body tonight when the Students Against Bias Affairs Committee in a meeting in Brotman Hall at 7:00.

The panel will deal with issues of alleged mismanagement at WPNX. "Hopefully we can get it done Thursday night," President John M. Danforth said.

The meeting, consisting of 13 undergraduate students who sit on the University Primary Court, will be held only if members of the panel can agree on a rule by rule.

The SAAB Affairs Committee should hear the case. She said February 15 the "whole controversy surrounding WPNX last fall" excluded her.

Activities Group Will Reconsider WPNX Actions

By Ian Berger

The Students Against Bias Affairs Committee will meet tonight at 9:00 p.m. to judge the SG's recommendations to reverse the suspensions of three WPNX staff members.

The Council could terminate the suspensions by rejecting the SG's recommendations.

The original resolution, passed at the January 11 Activities Council meeting, suspended WPNX Manager Tom Filan, and radio members Jay Seidell and Zach Shulman from all station activities following their use of allegedly obscene language on the January 27 "super boring" program.

The resolution also prohibited all programming from the station.

However, the Undergraduate Affairs Court ruled February 17 that the students may not be suspended from the station because the action was not within its constitutional limits and restricted the restrictions, citing the 1971 slate activities.

The Hearing Council, in a split decision, upheld the student's decision to go forward with the University's recommendation and rescinded the SG's recommendations.

(Continued on page 2)

University Professor Criticize Proposed Oil Tariffs

By Carol Romm

Law Professor Louis B. Schwartz, an opponent President Ford's 5¢-per-barrel oil tax, and ruled for the establishment of a Federal Oil Resources Agency.

Copies of Schwartz's proposal, detailed in a recent article in The National Geographic Magazine, have been sent to Senators Jackson, Hart, Bayh and Mitchell.

"I wouldn't do anything to raise money," Schwartz said. "We've seen the past. For generations, the political process has been dominated by oil-industry money."

According to Schwartz, the purpose of the proposed 5¢-per-barrel tax is to raise $3 billion a year which could provide revenue to develop domestic oil fields and control foreign oil sources.

"The cost of the proposal is small, but it will not result in any significant decrease in the price of gas, but it will be dollar for dollar transferable to a national, and not a local, budget," Schwartz said.

He added, "The whole issue is how to stop the devaluation of the dollar," and "We have to be careful not to be taken advantage of by the oil companies."

"We are not saying that oil is a political issue," Schwartz said. "We are saying that the issue of oil and the dollar are interrelated and that we need to be careful of the dollar."
**Riding the Rails**

BY CLEORN HUNTINGTON

You ride your eyes a bit because you've just arrived, alive, in a seat right next to the window. Outside, the tile crosses the Silver Moon rolls through northern Georgia. In a couple of hours, you'll pull into Atlanta, and there will be only seven hours to be Fort Lauderdale beaches.

The Silver Moon will not pull on the tracks for a planned stop, that's not why you'd travel by train. You ride a train if you want a leisurely tour of the Atlantic seaboard, looking at the sights and eating meals at the tables to your right.

And you ride the Silver Moon because it's only $99 from Philadelphia to the Gulf Coast.

"I don't understand the Silver Moon," someone said to me the other day, "if you're going to the Gulf Coast, why not fly?"

I explained that the Silver Moon was a great way to look at the land, to take in the sights and sounds, and to see how different states are from each other.

The Silver Moon also offers a great way to relax and to think about your future. You can read a book, listen to music, or just sit and enjoy the scenery. It's a great way to travel, and I highly recommend it to anyone who wants to see the beauty of America from a different perspective.

**Basketball**

BY DAVID SCHLAGER

Chuck Daly's Penn Quakers have been a part of the NCAA college basketball tournament for the past five years. And this year, they're back again, ready to compete for the championship.

The team is led by senior forward Tim Brown, who scored a team-high 19 points in the season opener against Lafayette. Brown will be joined in the starting lineup by junior guards Mike Rice and奄l\n
**Ski**

BY JOEL BERNSTEIN

The ski season is rapidly approaching, and the slopes are starting to look more and more inviting. But before you hit the slopes, there are a few things you should know.

In the Philadelphia area, the slopes are already starting to open. At the nearby Pocono Mountains, the slopes are already open and in great shape. At the nearby Pocono Mountains, the slopes are already open and in great shape. At the nearby Pocono Mountains, the slopes are already open and in great shape.

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**By Luis Escareno**

The long history of discrimination towards Borinquen and Chicanos at this University has now acquired a new chapter. In reading over the whole event of what we have endured at this school, it seems as if the Pre-Law Board and the Pre-Law office is the only organization that has been completely untouched by this problem. As a first-year student, I have found it difficult to understand what the Pre-Law Office is all about. As a French Floor counselor put it, "The presence of Boriquas and Chicanos at this University is because the project, creating a real base for Boriqua-Chicanos, can make one feel more at ease with the Pre-Law Office."

Mrs. Dean may represent a rather extreme case, and her behavior has caused much agitation among students of this University. The Pre-Law Office is now a place where we can go and get advice from someone who is not afraid to say what she thinks. Mrs. Dean refuses to hear the possibility of accepting some kind of living compensation. It seemed to him that the inclusion of Borinquen and Chicanos would only serve to enrich the project, creating a real base for Boriqua-Chicanos. As a French Floor counselor put it, "The presence of Boriqua-Chicanos would undermine the integrity of the University, and what the Language Department has already started." I have never seen an office that is more active in the establishment of a pluralistic society. As a French Floor counselor put it, "The presence of Boriqua-Chicanos would undermine the integrity of the University, and what the Language Department has already started." I have never seen an office that is more active in the establishment of a pluralistic society.

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The Senate voted Wednesday to aid the Penn Central Railroad with $3.3 billion in loans over the next few years, said Wednesday rebuilding the freight carriers, Argentinian Guerillas Kidnap U.S. Diplomat

WASHINGTON (UPI) - The Senate voted Wednesday to aid the Penn Central Railroad with $3.3 billion in loans over the next few years, said Wednesday rebuilding the freight carriers

Committee Approves $21.3 Billion Tax Cut

WASHINGTON (UPI) - A $21.3 billion tax cut bill was cleared by the Senate Wednesday to provide the Penn Central Railroad with $3.3 billion in loans.

The measure was approved by the Senate, was sent to the House for consideration, and then to the floor for a vote.

The House Rules Committee responded to a demand from the Senate's Democratic caucus in sending the bill to the floor under a procedure permitting only four hours of debate and the effecting of a small number of amendments, including one to end the oil depletion allowance.

The Senates held hearings on the Penn Central, and the firm must undergo rehabilitation in order to become profitable within three years.

Federal commitment was so large and will last so long that Congress may be willing to consider outright purchase of the track of private companies operating trains over the Penn Central, and a federal railroad system for the area.

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Registration Pennquinettes
Synchronized Swimming and Creative Aquatics

Begins: March 17, Beginners, Intermediate & Advanced Instruction
Registration Info:
When: To: Where:
Room 1, 1-5 pm
Gimbel Gym or Weightman Hall South
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Wrestlers Go for East Honors  

(Continued from page 1)  

the "contingents at Houston Hall have fear that the clock might be in need of minutes slow, and that leads me to corrected at four o'clock. A check at hour later. The clock was finally twelve glorious times at noon. But two days later.

In Tune With the Times

Ivan Codding, Director of Houston Hall and Irvine Auditorium, real...
**Swordsmen Sweetly Slice League-Leading Lions, 16-11**

By ALAN BOWMAN

How sweet it is for two Penn men's fencers, Steven Gross and Mike Zaleski, to have swept Penn's grease monster, the Grizzly, in this weekend's meeting with Columbia. For those who have been close to the issue, the 16-11 final score, however, is too much a bit of a cold reality. It was a cold reality for Penn and all of the honors possible to take home over Penn. All-American Darrell Turner was not even open for business, as Penn edged by Chris Ciejek swept their opponents.

The Quakers Unlimited the second round of competition, as Zaleski charged through the bye and into the awards. Penn was victorious in the second round, as Chester Becak and Randy Egliytag excited everyone with their power. Penn's edge, particularly in the second round, was particularly impressive throughout the entire meeting, taking all of Penn's honors, including all of the awards.

Penn's victory was anticipated before the competition began, as the quakers entered with a sweep of the second round over Columbia. As the start of the final round approached, as Penn charged through the bye and into the awards. Penn was victorious in the second round, as Chester Becak and Randy Egliytag excited everyone with their power. Penn's edge, particularly in the second round, was particularly impressive throughout the entire meeting, taking all of Penn's honors, including all of the awards.

**Waters, Sarinelli Go for East Honors**

By DAVID BLOOMBERG

COLUMBIA, N.Y. - Both Penn's M. D. Sarinelli (Waters) and Joe Bryant (Sarinelli) have proved Detective to be the right man, as Waters will be the next in the Penn's rivalry. Both Sarinelli and Bryant have been the top dogs with the Penn swimming teams. Their names have been synonymous with success at the Ivy League Championships and Eastern Championships. Waters has been a leader in the Penn swimming program for the past two years, leading the Quakers to a third-place finish in the Ivy League last year and a fifth-place finish this season. Sarinelli has been a dominant force in the Ivy League, leading the Quakers to a first-place finish in both of the past two years.

**Princeton Leads Field for Eastern Women's Championships at Shear**

By DAVID GILBERG

Five years ago, when the EAWC Eastern Championships were still in their infancy, Princeton's women's fencing team was a mere shadow of its present glory. The Middies, then coached by the legendary Micahnik, were a team of variance, with no one really standing out as a star performer. It was a team of depth, with many contributors coming together to form a strong unit.

This year, however, the Middies are a different story. Led by the brilliant performances of Karen Friedman and Ann Woodley, the Middies have emerged as one of the top teams in the country, matching only the Ivy League's Penn and Princeton for dominance. Their success is due in large part to the remarkable coaching of Micahnik, who has guided the team to a consistent string of Ivy League championships and a strong showing at the national championships.

**“Psycho” Navy to Invade Sheer**

By JORDAN MINTZ

Today, Saturday at 2:00 PM, the Navy will face off against Army in the Ivy League's most storied rivalry. The game is a part of the annual Ivy League championships, where the best of the best converge to battle for supremacy in the Ivy League. The game is always tense and exciting, with both teams fighting to come out on top.

**The Biggest Five of Them All**

By TOM BUTERA

ThePennsylvania Datalogger's annual "Big Five" tournament is a major event in the state's college basketball landscape. Each year, the tournament features the top five teams in the state, and it has become a must-see event for basketball fans across the state.

The "Big Five" tournament has been a staple of the Pennsylvania college basketball season since the late 1980s. Organized by the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association (PIAA), the tournament was created to provide a high-level, competitive environment for the state's top college basketball programs to showcase their talent and compete against one another.

The tournament is held annually, typically in early March, and it attracts teams from across the state. The four teams that make up the "Big Five" are chosen based on a variety of factors, including overall team performance, individual player accolades, and historical success.

**The Penn Relays**

The Penn Relays is a track and field meet held annually at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. It is one of the oldest and most prestigious track and field meets in the United States, and it attracts thousands of athletes and spectators from around the world. The Penn Relays feature a variety of events, including sprints, hurdles, middle-distance races, and distance races, as well as field events such as the high jump, long jump, and pole vault.

**The 2023 Women's Basketball National Championship**

The 2023 Women's Basketball National Championship is the national championship game of the 2022-2023 NCAA Division I women's basketball tournament. The game was held at the Alamodome in San Antonio, Texas, and was won by the Stanford Cardinal, who defeated the Arizona Wildcats in overtime to win their second national championship in three years.

The Stanford Cardinal, led by guard Anna Wilson, outscored the Wildcats 34-30 in the extra period to claim the title. It was the 11th national championship for Stanford, making it the most successful program in women's basketball history.

**The 2023 NCAA Men's Basketball Tournament**

The 2023 NCAA Men's Basketball Tournament is the national championship tournament of the 2022-2023 NCAA Division I men's basketball season. The tournament was held from March 17 to April 3, 2023, and featured 68 teams competing for the national title.

The tournament was won by the Arkansas Razorbacks, who defeated the Kansas Jayhawks in the championship game. It was the Razorbacks' first national championship since 1994, and it marked the team's second straight trip to the Final Four.

**The NCAA Women's Volleyball Championship**

The NCAA Women's Volleyball Championship is the national championship tournament of the 2022-2023 NCAA Division I women's volleyball season. The tournament was held from November 23 to December 17, 2022, and featured 64 teams competing for the national title.

The tournament was won by the Stanford Cardinal, who defeated the Nebraska Cornhuskers in four sets to claim the title. It was the 18th national championship for Stanford, making it the most successful program in women's volleyball history.

**The 2023 Women's Soccer World Cup**

The 2023 Women's Soccer World Cup is an international soccer tournament for women's national teams. The tournament was held in Australia and New Zealand from July 20 to August 20, 2023, and featured 24 teams competing for the world title.

The tournament was won by the United States, who defeated England in the final to claim the title. It was the United States' third World Cup title, and it marked the team's first win since 1999.
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God Bless America

By Lee Levine

Professional Sports:
The pride of being a winner. The dedication of men striving to be the best. The fight for the right to be called Champion.

This is the stuff myths are made of, the reason little boys spend hours watching, playing, and talking about sports.

But as all adults who have lived long enough to outdistance their fairy tales soon learn, professional sport is more than a quest for glory. Overshadowing the sweet sound of applause and the sound of success is that age-old common-denominator—money.

This is not a startling revelation, but rather an ever-expanding trend:

-Moses Malone, a high schooler, skips college to sign a fat contract to play pro basketball.

-Larry Csonka, Jim Kicikand Paul Warfield leave the former World Champion Miami Dolphins to go for the big money in the World Football League (WFL).

-Jim "Catfish" Hunter waves goodbye to the World Champion Oakland Athletics and greets a seven figure contract from the New York Yankees.

Money gaining on "traditional" values as the "big story" in professional athletics! You bet it is. Malone gave up the valuable training provided by four years of college ball to go for the big money as fast as his long legs would get it for him.

The three Dolphins signed their contract with the WFL at a time when their team was riding a string of two consecutive Super Bowl victories. A third would have set a new record for continued excellence in professional football.

Hunter left the A’s right after their third annual World Series triumph. The headlines generated by major league baseball’s bidding war over the 36-game winner overshadowed any of those athletic triumphs.

We’re not talking about winners here, at least not in the conventional sense.

As all things eventually do in 34th Street, this brings us to Philadelphia.

Before last spring, Philadelphians were relatively immune to another aspect of the big money game in pro sport—the championship. But now, with the Flyers reigning supreme in the world of pro hockey, the local citizenry is becoming well acquainted with the big, fat, green fruits of victory.

It’s more than the Stanley Cup (which is probably worth a few bucks at a book shop). It’s more than the championship money and it’s more than salary raises for star players. It’s even more than a hike in ticket prices.

Take the case of pro basketball’s New York Knicks. When they won the crown in 1969, strange things began to happen. The team began marketing T-shirts, basketballs, coffee cups and dozens of other "Knicks." They even put out a long-playing record album detailing the specifics of their triumph.

And then there were books. Walt Frazier wrote a book. Dave Deubuschere wrote a book. A few sportswriters wrote books. The coach wrote a book. Even Phil Jackson, a player who sat out the entire season with an injury, wrote a book.

The money kept rolling in. By comparison, the winner’s championship share was pocket money.

Now Philadelphia has finally gotten its chance to play this big business game, and 34th Street wanted to get some idea of what the current box score is.

We sent staff writer Charlie Service snooping around, calculator in hand, to total up the Flyers’ take. His findings have become our Cover Story, and it appears on page 3. God Bless America!
February 27, 1975

The Thrill$ of Victory

It's everywhere, almost as though some spacecraft from some alien galaxy dropped in on the Delaware Valley and zap! the next thing Philadelphia knew, it was swamped. There it was, on our T-shirts, on our jackets, on our ties, on our feetsie pajamas (you do have a pair of feetsie pajamas)... and then it spread to our jewelry: our cuff links, keychains, rings, earrings, money clips, bracelets, lighters... and as quick as you can say Stanley Cup it was in our homes: on our ashtrays and beer mugs, highball and old fashioned glasses, puzzles and yo-yo's, tote bags and golf balls...

And by the time you think you've seen enough of this malaise and you'd better lie down, you find it on your bedspread, blanket, pillow cases and sheets.

Admit defeat. There is no way you'll be able to live in the Delaware Valley without seeing it, the winger "P" with the orange dot in the center that serves as the symbol of the Philadelphia Flyers hockey club, unless you take up residence in the maximum security wing of Graterford (in which case you might as well also admit defeat).

At the moment, Official Sports Specialties, Inc. (OSS), lists 198 different items of Flyers paraphernalia, including the ones mentioned above. Tomorrow there might be 210. As Bob Haynie, retail director for OSS put it, "Every day we come out with new items."

To be precise, the avid Flyer fan could purchase more than the 198 articles OSS puts on the market. Although the Villanova-based company has the express rights for distributing their products in the Delaware Valley vicinity, other manufacturers are granted the right of emblazoning the Flyers logogram (in addition to those of the 17 other National Hockey League Teams) on their products by the NHL.

And however, most of the Flyers souvenirs are sold through OSS. The company also manages the distribution of knick-knacks for the six other professional teams in the city—baseball's Phillies, football's Eagles, basketball's Sixers, soccer's Yanks, lacrosse's Wings, and tennis' Freedoms.

But presently, OSS is almost exclusively a one-team organization. "There's no comparison between sales of Flyers' concessions and those of the other six teams," noted Haynie. "They don't even hold a candle to the Flyers' sales." Although figures on the volume of merchandise sold were not available, all one has to do to verify Haynie's statement is keep his eyes open.

Even if one wanted to avoid all the Flyers' items (as many a Ranger or Bruin fan has no doubt tried to do), he'd probably not succeed—at least not this side of Harrisburg. Jerome Schiff, president of OSS, estimates "one hundred outlets, including racks in Pantry Pride food markets and the Spectrum Store (in the basement of the Flyers' arena) on the retail level." OSS also sells their goods wholesale, Schiff mentioned, to "sporting goods stores, department stores such as Wanamakers and Gimbel's, men's and boys' stores, ladies' ready-to-wear shops, card and gift shops, Spencer Gift shops, the gift shop in the airport..."

A prerequisite to answering that question is an understanding of the Philadelphia sports fan. His favorite team, the Phibs, last saw the World Series in 1950, when they dropped four straight to the Yanks.

His next favorite team, the Eagles (he calls them "the Birds") last flew to the top of the roof in 1960, winning the National Football League championship—and since then have been winning seasons. His next to next to favorite team, the Sixers, were the National Basketball Association topdogs in 1969 (when they were still the 76ers). Three years later, they set a record for the worst NBA won-lost tab (7-73).

Notwithstanding the Flyers' North American Soccer League crown in 1973 (when pro soccer was new to the area, and the average Philadelphia couldn't figure out why the players didn't use their hands), Philly merchandise, according to Schiff. Of course, there are also those who are unauthorized to use the Flyers' emblem who try to make a few fast bucks anyhow. (A memorable example was reported in the Inquirer about one enterprising man who was selling splinters of wood at five dollars apiece, claiming his purchasers would be "getting a piece of the stick Rick Macleish scored the Stanley Cup-winning goal with."

The logo is a private label," Schiff warned, "which nobody has the right to use unless given permission by the club. Right after thekees hit us hard problems (with "pirated novelties", but we sent out legal letters to those involved, and now we have it under control."

Haynie, on the other hand, maintained, "There's a lot of illegal stuff on the market—it's done in every sport. The Flyers aren't the victim of this any more than any other club."

Despite the shady competition, OSS has managed to rake in a bundle, mostly on the strength of the Flyers. "Sales are proportionate to success," Schiff stated, and as a result, "the inventory is heavily geared towards Flyers' items."

"We've been more successful than our expectations," he continued. "We're merchandising everything, and mass distributing conveniently into the retail stores, so that you don't need a ticket to the game to pick up a souvenir.

"It's going over very well. We don't need to call the customers. They call us."

The price tags aren't all so bad, considering. T-shirts go for $2.99 a shot, as do the garters: sweatshirts range from $4.99 to $6.99, A patch with the logo goes for $2.99 to $4.99, depending on the size. The cheapest item is a 10 cent "Stanley Cup Number 1" bumper sticker; the most expensive a $35 orange and black director's chair (which had been marked down to $22.99 at one store). Think how that would look in your dining room. Official Flyers jerseys (sold under the domain of OSS) were tagged at $35 or $44, depending. Depending on what. "Single digit numbers are $35, double digits are $44," a salesman explained. "The numbers on the back are six dollars each." Fathers, meanwhile, try to tell their wide-eyed sons that Bob Kelly (number 9) isn't that much worse than Bobby Clarke number 16. Finally, for the non-discerning Flyer fan, there are new items due to come out any day now. "Sure," said Haynie, "we've got a whole new line of bathroom accessories—tumblers, toothbrush holders—summer pajamas, bikini suits..."

I can't imagine Dave Schultz in a bikini.

Schiff adds the clincher. "We're expecting to rake in a bundle, mostly on the strength of the Flyers."

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I can't imagine Dave Schultz in a bikini.

Robert M. Klein
The Happy Cooker

Yeech, Liver!
By Daniel A. Kasle

Come back here you cowards! I saw you agree with the title. But I want you to pay close attention regardless of your tremendous dislike for this commodity. After all, have a little heart; if your liver ran out on you, where would you be? Probably fishing some stripper out of the Tidal Basin.

Liver is the all-time favorite hated food. And rightly so. Its odor may be downright obnoxious and its taste revolting, but permit me to point out that this only goes for misnated liver. Properly prepared liver can be scrumdidillyuptious and good for you too. (Stick around and I'll do a great imitation of your father also.)

If a few of you are disappointed that I picked such a distasteful subject, as it were, for this week just be thankful that I didn't write about blood sausage or okra.

Before we go any further, I want to clear up an unfortunate rumor. Eating liver will not, repeat not, aid in any attempt to return to natural health after a time of marinating your own liver in gin or other distillations. However as a hangover remedy, liver is of unchallenged quality. A big clamp of chopped liver, two raw eggs, and a splash of tabasco all liquified in a blender will put an instant end to your dry heaves, as it will provide something for your stomach to reject. And if it happens to stay down, thank of the great story it will make for your friends.

Chicken and calves' liver are the most tender and pleasantly flavorful of all, unless you are partial to the fattier goose liver frequently used in finer quality pates. Beef liver tends to be a bit drier and handled properly it may be just as good. (Examples of Philip Roth's work dealing with liver and other meats.)

All liver should be washed and cleaned. To clean, remove the thin outer membrane and veineous material. Chicken livers have a tough fiber connecting the two lobes which should be removed. Dry the liver well so that excess water doesn't dilute the delicious seasonings and sauces you will use to cook them in.

Liver should never be overcooked. It should be juicy and slightly pink inside when served. Dried out liver is like swallowing a handful of soggy peanut shells off the floor of the Bull. A slice of calf liver 1/4 inch thick should be broiled close to the flame for all of 90 seconds on each side. A slow watch will only provide you with the beginnings of baseball mitt.

A little liver goes a long way contrary to the findings of Senator Joe McCarthy. Two pounds of chicken livers will run you all of $2.25 and feed four to five people depending on what else you are serving. This week the two recipes I have for you are actually supposed to be served together.

**EDIBLE CHICKEN LIVERS**

2 pounds chicken livers
1 large onion, ringed
1 green pepper or 2 scallions, chopped
3 large garlic cloves, minced finely
1/2 cup wine (dry white or red)
1 tablespoon celery or 1 small bunch parsley, chopped
5 tablespoons butter

Saute vegetables (garlic too) in 2 tablespoons of the butter until they are wilted. Remove to a dish. Melt rest of butter over a medium heat adding the livers. Add the wine and salt and pepper to taste. Add the chervil or parsley and the sauteed veggies. Cook slowly removing some liquid only if it inhibits clearness. The livers are supposed to poach. Cook until the livers are still rare and soft. Correct the seasoning if needed and serve over rice or pasta.

**THE BEST RICE**

1 cup brown natural rice, hippie brand
21/2 cups stock, chicken, beef, or vegetable
1 cup chopped celery
1 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter

Saute in a skillet the onion and celery until wilted. Add rice and more butter if needed and saute until the grains are shiny and a light golden brown. Pour in boiling stock. You can use 3 beef or cubes just as well. Salt and pepper to taste. Cover tightly and cook over a slow heat for 40 to 50 minutes. Add a little more boiling water near the end if rice is too hard. Don't wait for it to turn into an amorous mass of white glue, it won't.

City Edition

It's All Down Hill

By Peter Ginsberg

Almost a month ago, State Senator Louis G. Hill stood before newsmen, graciously accepted the Democratic Party's mayoral endorsement, and promised to dethrone Mayor Frank Rizzo. Four weeks later, Richardson Dilworth's step-son wanders lonesomely through Philadelphia's streets, searching for potential voters and friendly press, perhaps not in that order. If he has not found more citizens than headlines, Mr. Hill may as well go back home to his Mt. Airy mansion.

And to make things more discouraging for the good guys, Mr. Hill's campaign organization is still in such a desolate state that Michael McGlauglin, his media coordinator, has to apologize for echoes when talking on the phone because the headquarters is carpetless and furniture-less.

And although Mr. Hill finally found a campaign manager, Marylin Young, she was still apologizing last week that she couldn't answer questions about the campaign budget because "I don't know what's going on." But promises are flowing as quickly as good spirits from election central. This is the week the campaign will gel, aides swear. McGlauglin swears to get press releases out so Mr. Hill can share some prominent headlines with the Mayor, who is rolling along as if he's been campaigning for four years (hmmmm). And Marylin Young, recently departed from Governor Shapp's administration, swears she will do a job equivalent to the good time she is having. And out on those lonely streets, where Senator Hill has diligently been campaigning, aides swear he will find company.

But fears aroused last month in the apprehensive minds of City Committee Boss Peter Cianfilli about the good-looking waspish senator from the Northwest are materializing. Almost by a process of elimination, Mr. Hill received the Party's blessings despite a small recognition factor and great difficulty presenting himself in public. His strong record of public service, reputation for honesty and impressive state senate election victories made him a viable candidate. But that may not be enough this May.

The Big Bambino stands to outspend Mr. Hill by a 7 to 3 margin. Rumors are spreading that the Mayor has one million dollars to spend, and Mr. Hill apparently is unwilling to match that with his personal, quite substantial, wealth. Although Miss Young says she has "a feeling we will be able to raise" a lot of money, she passed off Rizzo's liquidities with an excuse that the Mayor "is in a position to outspend any candidate" because of all the people "employed in City Hall."

But excuses don't pay for campaigns. And when asked why the Mayor has been in the newspapers almost every day for the last month while the Senator has barely made an appearance, Mr. McGlauglin passed it off to "an incumbent's advantage," and besides we have 600 volunteers to help, he said.

But excuses don't win campaigns, and 600 teeny-boppers hanging around don't help very much either, especially when most are whites from prep school.

In addition, Mr. Hill may find himself in a position where he is keying in on a May 1 primary, and then discover that the Mayor is running as an independent in November. Such a move would be disastrous for Hill's forces, since Rizzo's support will remain intact while the senator would have to compete with Urban Coalition Head Charles Bowser (who couldn't be bought off with a Councilman-at-Large position), and with a Republican candidate (probably Tom Foglietta, who has as much chance to take away Rizzo's support as Benjamin Spock hurt Richard Nixon in 1968).

Hill can only assure a one-way battle if he keeps Mr. Rizzo in the primary. Rizzo may select to fight in the party anyhow, especially if he stands no chance to lose. But if Hill's support picks up, the senator will have to chide Rizzo with jibes of "being a chicken" and "never being a Democrat" to keep him around in May. The Mayor, when he runs for Governor, and he will if re-elected this year, would like to do it as a Democrat. Charges of being disloyal now, especially after he backed the Republican city slate last election, could hurt his political future.

So in the next few weeks, the future of Mr. Hill's mayoral ambitions and the health of the City of Philadelphia may be decided. During these upcoming days, the Hill troops must use all their efforts to keep ward leaders in line, find wealthy friends, and build a workable organization. Excuses will only continue to the stink out after May 21 if these things aren't accomplished.
**Lost Causes—**

**Dining Out in Philly**

By Buzzy Bissinger

There are some guys you just don’t tangle with, men of power who won’t bend to the desires of anyone. They stand there completely ignorant of your existence, arrogant, cold, disdainful.

They make you beg for their attention. In some cases they might even make you pay for it. And when you find the nerve to ask them a question, they never have the courtesy to look at you. Instead they look far off into the distance, as though they’re in the middle of a dream that cannot be disturbed.

I’ve always hated these people; I’ve always felt a complete aversion for the kind of life they lead, for the kind of people they cater to. Yet what can I do?

Through my own selfish luxury these men have become crucial to my existence. I am slave to them. I have no choice.

**God, what incredibly disgusting creatures they are.**

Some maître d’s of course are genuinely nice. They are friendly, good-natured, and attempt to give you the service for which you’re, supposedly paying. If you’re lucky, they may even smile at you.

But for those of us who are not so lucky, trying to deal with a maître d’ is the same as dealing with a dead man. No matter how hard you try you’ll never get an answer.

Maybe it’s my own fault that I’m such a slave to the maître d’. I am always very nervous when I go to a fancy restaurant.

While waiting in line to get seated I am afraid that the maître d’ll take one look at me, think I’m a semi-tramp, and line up to clear the doors off the tables. After all I’m just a kid, a 26-year-old uncouth monster who has the audacity to try some fine food at a very expensive price. I’m not a very chic dresser. I don’t wear the six-inch heels and the fake training... and the foolish pants that the maître d’ at some of Philly’s “hipster” restaurants love so much.

The other hand my money is as good as anyone’s. I don’t have leprosy, I brush my teeth beforehand so as not to infect anyone with bad breath. As a matter of fact I act like a nice little imbecile before a maître d’ so as not to offend him. And like most native little imbeciles, I end up getting no face kicked in.

Take the wonderful experience I and three other friends had at Lichety Split over the weekend.

Lichety Split is a marvelous place to go if you feel like waiting for three or four days to get served. If you’re smart you’ll bring a picnic basket, a table and some chairs with you so you won’t starve standing-up while waiting for dinner.

We got to Lichety Split at 9:30. And there he was, the maître d’, standing there as cool as ice, a 6-4 made-up doll with manicured hair and a Q-Tip tail.

He asked if we had a reservation. We said no. He told us there would be an hour wait for a table. We accepted the terms of his agreement. He asked me my name. I told him. He never wrote it down. He told us to go upstairs and have a drink. He said he would call us when our table was ready. He walked away. I knew I was in trouble.

At 10:15 I went down again to see how our table was coming. “It shouldn’t be more than 15 or 20 minutes,” a girl waitress said, and felt better, for I had little time to eat that I were finally going to be seated. Faint from hunger, I realize now that I must have been suffering from some serious delusions.

At 10:45 I went down again to check. “Your coming down here every 15 minutes doesn’t make anyone hurry up any. The people at your table are on their dessert and coffee. That shouldn’t take too long. Now go back upstairs and we’ll call you.” And off I walked, like a little baby, having been told by the mother to quit bothering her and go take a dive in the sandbox.

At 11:15 I went back. This was it, the last chance. My friends and I were no longer content to be sent “upstairs” again. As I went off after the maître d’ I noticed four people who had just been seated at a table. They had waited a half-hour. My party of four had waited an hour and 45 minutes. I was angry.

I went up to the maître d’ and asked him why he had lied to us, why he had told us the wait would only be an hour, why he had never had the decency to give us a firm commitment as to when we would eat.

“Come here,” he said in much the same way as a master talks to his dog. “Listen, my brother got married tonight. He’s having a wedding dinner, I’m not going to kick him out. If you keep coming down here every three or four minutes and hassling me you’ll never get served.”

I asked him to give me a firm time as to when we would eat.

“12:15,” he said, turning his head away as to dismiss me.

I told him to do something dirty with himself and walked away.

It was now 11:30. God was I hungry.

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**Subway Stop—**

**Out Along 1-95**

By Chris Jennewein

SOUTH-BOUND INTERSTATE 95—This is the fast, clean, American way to South Philly. Fifty-five miles per hour, fifty-feet off the ground, speeding comfortably past the city’s industrial underbelly.

Turn on at Front and Catherine Streets—the edge of working class, young professional Queen Village—all the way to the Walt Whitman Bridge. This is the fast, clean, American way to South Philly.

Now the three- and four-story row houses from colonial times melt into the two-story rows built for prosperous immigrant workers. Here, between Washington and Wharton Streets, is a pocket of low-income black families. But further down, lilly-white, ethnic South Philly appears again.

Actually, it’s all bluff. The highway’s there all right, but you can’t drive on it. It’s six miles of sparkling concrete stretching south along the Delaware, curving under the approach to the Walt Whitman Bridge, skirts the Navy Yard, and then bridging the Schuylkill. It’s finished, except for bits and pieces, but it’s not open. The Catherine to Snyder stretch, completed in 1968, has become a permanent fixture in Southwark. But the state highway department insists motorists will be able to drive from the airport to the Walt Whitman bridge by the end of the year.

The expressway, perhaps, is a concrete relic of a dead city. The wind blows off the Delaware, cooling the highway and dawning all sounds but that of an occasional truck starting up. Light poles and sign-less overhangs squeak and rattle; broken glass litter the roadway. Off to the South, the concrete ribbon sweeps behind the factory roofs, toward the Delaware. Yes, the stock setting for a science-fiction tale.

No, that’s not right. Because here are Richard Romsteed and his cousin Joey Pierce sitting on the median strip, drinking from canteens and bragging about how far they’ve bicycled on the expressway. We come up here and ride all day, Richard says. “Cops don’t bother you.”

Richard and Joey have it all figured out. They can ride south to just about Broad Street before they run into heavy construction. The north-bound lane is missing for a couple hundred feet here, but there’s a ramp they can use to scale the median. The big problem is gangs of “bad friends,” from whom Richard and Joey fleen to the nearest exit and go scooting down into the relative safety of the level-ground world.

The six-lane promenade is the largest public space on this bank of the Delaware. And South Philly residents haven’t hesitated to use it. It’s a hockey field, a driver’s range, a picnic area and a grandstand from which to watch river-front disasters. But it’s best if you’re a kid: six miles of ships, trains and planes, factories and wharves—an industrial adventureland. “When this thing opens,” Richard laments, “it won’t be any fun.”

The expressway plows straight toward Oregon Avenue, where it veers east and dips under the approach to the Walt Whitman Bridge. Here coal-laden freighters are level with the road, and beyond, loading cranes sprout like weeds at the Packer Avenue Marine Terminal. Switching engines rumble back and forth in Penn Central’s Greenwich yard, the largest in the city. The food distribution center on the right is quiet and empty at five in the afternoon. Farther south, the sun glitters through the black stacks and radar screens of a line of mothballed warships.

No, the tour buses won’t take you this way. But the old brick factories, row houses, and freighters are as much a part of the city as Society Hill. So go see them. Climb up the dirt embankment at Front and Catherine Streets. Walk down the Broad Street Exit three and a half miles south. Watch out for bike riders, and don’t stumble onto the I-76 exit to South Jersey.
Art

Watercolors

Any lovers of fine watercolors will delight in the exhibit of paintings by David Coolidge which will be on display at the Newman Contemporary Art Gallery, 1263 Walnut St. until March 1.

Coolidge's treatment of his subject matter is superb. His realistic representations, which focus primarily on buildings or landscapes rather than on people, aptly display his painting talent. Old buildings seem to be a particular favorite of his. Paying close attention to detail, he paints them with an amazing accuracy, carefully delineating each and every brick in a wall.

In many of his paintings, Coolidge expertly reflects on the rural tradition in America. However, he treats both urban and rural scenes exquisitely. Centering many of his paintings around historical themes, he often focuses on places of historical interest in the Philadelphia area, such as Elfreths Alley or even the Penn Boathouse. Independence Hall seems to be one of his favorite subjects.

It is amazing what Coolidge can do with a paintbrush. His deft strokes catch the warmth of the sunlight bouncing off the leaves of a tree or the fragility of the grillwork of an iron gate. His interest in light is reflected in his skillful use of light and shadow throughout his paintings.

His bright outdoor scenes are substantially more impressive than his paintings of indoor scenes or landscapes set against a solid background. Somehow the latter paintings lack that sparkle. Sunny and airy landscapes seem to be his specialty; they are instantly appealing, shining with a happy radiance. But whatever the subject and locale, Coolidge's pictures reflect a warm element of emotion which indicate that he is very much involved in his subject matter.

Sculpture

Delightful Canadian Eskimo sculptures will be on exhibit at The Works, 319 South St. until February 28. The gallery is displaying 100 pieces, personally selected by the directors, which represent a cross-section of Eskimo work from a variety of Eskimo communities.

The small sculptures have a striking simplicity but include enough detail to make each one easily recognizable. The carvers are innovative in their handling of the stone, artistically transforming one piece of stone into a group of three heads or adding real miniature tucks to a sculpture of a walrus.

Many of the sculptures are stylized human figures in a variety of actions and poses; single figures and adorable hooded heads, as well as groups, are featured. The animal sculptures convey the supple and graceful movements of the sea animals they represent. Many of the themes are combinations of animals and humans all in one piece emphasizing man's relationship with nature.

Film

The Stepford Wives

New York City is frightening and dangerous. It is anonymous and lonely. But it is also a very special and exciting place possessing some intangible marvelous quality that only its dwellers are familiar with. Joanna (Katherine Ross), a photographer, misses all that in the city when she and her family move to Stepford, a small suburban community probably located somewhere in Rockland County. She cannot convince herself that life is better in Stepford especially with the other Stepford wives—perfect homemakers. Joanna realizes that she will be the next woman to undergo the transformation.

The Stepford Wives is based on a novel by Ira Levin, author of Rosemary's Baby. It may have a completely implausible plot line but it is fascinating. It isn't a well-made movie: the dialogue is unoriginal and the acting is mediocre but the idea of a community composed of Barbie doll wives is alarming.

Bobby goes away and returns just like the other Stepford wives—a perfect homemaker. Joanna and Bobby wonder why the husbands seem to be having a good time. Bobby and Joanna suspect that the men are in some way poisoning their wives, then

By Debra Wishik

Rafferty, et al

Alan Arkin, Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips. An odd sort of combination. I always think of Arkin as he appeared in Catch 22 or The Heart is a Lonely Hunter. Kellerman is best known as Hot Lips Houlihan of MASH fame. And Phillips played one of the boppers in American Graffiti. Forget all that; it doesn't matter at all when you watch Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins. Arkin is Gunny Rafferty, a former Marine who served for twenty years. Now he's a sort of drunk who works as an inspector for the California Department of Motor Vehicles. Sally Kellerman is Mackinley (Mao Beachwood, via Las Vegas. Sounds a trifle hokey? Well, the rest of the movie is just as ludicrous.

Recreating the plot probably makes the movie sound worse than it is. Some of the sequences are rather funny and there are clever one-liners, e.g. a one-legged man grinning broadly proclaims: "You don't need two legs to eat, sleep and screw and that's all I do." And even the sappy ending somehow leaves one satisfied. It's a movie about three roamers, losers or whatever you can call people who have no responsibilities and can live as they please.

As a real bitch, amazingly resourceful, Phillips gives an excellent performance. Kellerman's portrayal was adequate but not spectacular. Arkin was a lovable sort of fellow but Arkin has given performances infinitely better than in Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins. It's not an awful movie.
Talking With

John Cassavetes

by Mark Cohen

John Cassavetes—actor, film director, writer, sometimes all three in the same picture. A fiercely independent individual, he was one of those very rare people who, when they got the chance, came to Philadelphia with the opening of his new film, "A Woman Under the Influence," starring his wife, Gena Rowlands, and Peter Falk.

Looking nervous before reporters yet at ease with his ideas, Cassavetes talked about everything—the film, his wife, acting, and life.

MC: Why do you think people weren't buying “A Woman Under the Influence” at first?

JC: I just like being with people that I can have a good time with. In “Husbands” we never saw the wives, they're on the first day. If you have some of these actors—well, I think they could have come to Philadelphia with the opening of their new film, "A Woman Under the Influence," starring his wife, Gena Rowlands, and Peter Falk.

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MC: Why do you think people weren't buying “A Woman Under the Influence” at first?

JC: If you live in New York long enough, you know that people like good food. They like to have something that's good, but inside, they have their own ideas, Cassavetes talked about everything—the film, his wife, acting, and life.

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Philadelphia Musical Academy 312 South Broad St. 735-3535
The Philadelphia New Music Ensemble, conducted by Theodore Antoniou, will perform six pieces written by 20th-century composers in a free concert tomorrow at 8 p.m. The performers include David Gold and Susan Cockerham. The Academy will also present a concert featuring works by contemporary composers at the Academy on Saturday.

Broadwa... 20th-original country-rock bands, the Steve Perloff. Open weekends by appointment. onions. Open Tues.-Sat. 10-500. Monday 1-500. Artists from Phila. and foreign countries. Open weekdays 10:30-2:30; Sat. 11-5. Closed Tuesday.

The Philadelphia Orchestra Academy of Music 186 Walnut Mall 728-3538
True Straub Gallery 874 Lancaster Ave. CH2-2738
The exhibition features works in various media by young artists from Philadelphia and other cities. Open Mon.-Fri. 10-6; Sat. 11-5. Closed Tuesday.

Riccardo Muti, Principal Conductor of the New Philharmonia Orchestra of London will open a two-week guest conducting engagement in concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. Featured artists include the Philadelphia Orchestra in a concert that features works by Vivaldi, Chopin, Britten and Britten. The orchestra will be conducted by Marilyn Hersz in the presence of the Academy.

Bijou Cafe 1409 Lombard St. 735-4414
Tap, a musical version of the Bijou through Saturday. Its music draws on such disparate musical styles as American, Latin American, ragtime, jazz and African music. Following Tap (Taj Mahal) on Monday for a weekend engagement might be a distinctive vocal group, The Persuasions. The group sings a cappella without instrumental accompaniment and includes: Jimmy Hayes, baritone; Jay Goodwin, first tenor; Herbert Rhoad, baritone; Jerry Lawson, lead, and Joseph Russell, second lead.

Philadelphia Oratorio Choir First Baptist Church
7th & Sansom Sts. 635-7200
The Choir will present two works: Yr. Zolan Kodaly, Miss Brevo and Lourens Orgens in a concert Sunday at 4 p.m. Admission is free.

Mandel Theatre Drexel University 696-4688
The Symphony Orchestra of West Chester State College will present a newly discovered work by Max Bruch, The Concerto For Two Cellos. Friday 8:30. Saturday 2:30. Sunday 5:30. Performance will be its world premiere and the program will be previewed in concerts tomorrow night at the U. of Delaware and Saturday afternoon at West Chester State.

New Foxhole Cafe 286 Rittenhouse
It is impossible to run a jazz club without an operational piano, so the Foxhole will try to raise money in a benefit concert tomorrow and Saturday nights that will feature two local jazz groups, Olduvai and Taka-T-Ki.

Latin Casino Rte 70
Cherry Hill, N.J. 695-3600
Featured at the Latin Casino through Sunday are Grammy-winning vocal group The Fifth Dimension and Monty Ross Ill., ex-Burroughs and Sons. Merv Griffin, Johnny Carson et al., and his singing group, Disce Tex and the Sex-O-Letts. Opening Monday for a week-long stay are veteran blues guitarist and singer John McCullough and Friends on guitar, mandolin and bass. Finally, on Sunday evening, by an original early-sixties vocal group, The Spinners.

Woolworth Street Theatre 835 Walnut St. 567-0202
Violinist Elie Chapp will be guest soloist with the Monty Ross Ill. Solist in of Philadelphia in the third concert of the season. Monday and Tuesday nights will be conducted by Dave Montoyo, will feature the works of Vivaldi, Telemann and Mozart.

The Painted Bride 527 South Street WA8-9914
A string quartet composed of Emma Reese, violin, Irene Kohut, cello, Carol Pendleton, viola, will be joined by guest soloist Muriel Kaufman, clarinet, in performance of Brentano String Quartet and Mozart tomorrow at 8:30 p.m. Saturday evening will feature John McCullough and Friends on guitar, mandolin and bass. Finally, on Sunday 5 p.m., the Davidstrib Trio, piano, cello, violin) appears.

Valle Forge Music Fair 252-4900
Yet another nostalgic trip through the 1950s is provided by Shana Na Na, who make a living doing this sort of thing. They play tomorrow, Sunday evening, by an original early-sixties vocal group, The Spinners.

University Symphony Orchestra Baptist Church 4107 Chestnut St. 245-8244
In a concert tomorrow night at 8:30, the University Symphony will perform Beethoven's First String Quartet and Strauss' Death and Transfiguration. Admission is free.

CABARET-JUST JAZZ
561-6030
The Importance of Being Earnest, Oscar Wilde's classic satire presented by De Drama Guild, directed by Douglas Sale. Now through Mar. 16.

FORREST THEATER 1114 Walnut WA8-1315
The Magic Show, direct from Broadway features twenty minutes of stupendous magic and two hours of utter boredom. Disappears March 9.

ERLANGER THEATER
1.08-4515
Through March of stupendous magic and satire. Runs until they decide to stop.

THE WALTZ WALTZ THEATER 9th and Walnut 629-4700
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2128 Arch 567-3448
What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This? is a musical revue for music lovers. Runs until they decide to stop.

SOCIETY HILL PLAYHOUSE 597 Sth St. 562-8210

McCARTER THEATRE Princeton, N.J. 609-921-5888
Kingdom of Earth by Tennessee Williams Mar. 6-16.

TOMLINSON THEATRE 1217 North St. 787-8282
The Misanthrope, Moliere's comedic masterpiece presented by Temple Theatre-Tuesday-Sunday this week and next.