**Medical Students Protest School’s Specialization**

By Ed D’Angelio

A group of University of Pennsylvania Medical School students have filed a formal grievance with the University, charging that the School is specializing in general practitioners rather than specialists. The students have also charged that the School has been choosing its students in a way that ignores their interests.

**Gregory Says CIA Participated in President Kennedy’s Murder**

By John Murphy

Author and comedian Dick Gregory declared the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) of involvement in the assassination of President Kennedy in a talk last night.

Gregory said that the CIA had been involved in the assassination, and that Kennedy had been killed by a sniper's bullet that came from the School of Medicine.

**Soliciting Drafters of WXPN Constitution**

By I. A. Berger

More than three weeks after President Martin Meyerson announced he was stepping down, WXPN students have begun to compile a list of candidates for the School’s new constitution.

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**Education Professor Forms Group to Fight Proposed GSE Closing**

By Peter Gomberg

Changing the University’s recent decision to reduce the size of the Graduate School of Education “would be a good idea,” Professor John D. Condon said last week.

**Presidents Compromise on Eligibility Decision**

By Larry Landry

The presidents of the University and the basketball team have reached an agreement on the eligibility of the University’s basketball team.

**Rizzo Using Individualism to Fight Dynamic Machine**

By Janet Wyckoff

The idea of a fair and equal society is one of the themes that Rizzo used in his campaign for mayor.

**Applicants to Med School Increase by 21 Per Cent**

By Mark Cohen

The number of applicants for medical school rose by 21 per cent this year, according to the Medical School Admissions Data System.

**References**

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[More than three weeks after President Martin Meyerson announced he was stepping down, WXPN students have begun to compile a list of candidates for the School’s new constitution.](#)
**Committee Will Present Proposal For New Communications Major**

F. W. Gentry, chairman of the committee, said the proposal for a new Communications major is to be presented to the Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS) Dean, two Arts and Sciences faculty members and the Dean of the Graduate School. A faculty member from the College of Engineering, their votes will be presented to the committee on Tuesday.

Gentry said the committee will present the proposal in the spring of this year. He added that the proposal will be presented to the FAS Dean for his consideration.

Gentry said the proposal will be presented to the Arts and Sciences faculty, the Dean of the Graduate School, the Dean of the College of Engineering, and the committee members. He added that the proposal will be presented to the FAS Dean, the Dean of the College of Engineering, and the committee members.

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Thursday, March 27, 1975
The Daily Pennsylvania Page 3

Residence Office Trying To Increase Class Mix

By JEFF BIRNBAUM
Westward Economy Drive is finally reactivated, the prospect is that more than the modest number of expected freshmen enrollment may have to be housed in the quadrangle, the USPSU said, according to an

Elucidate the concept of "Residence Office Trying To Increase Class Mix" in the text.

The Residence Office is trying to increase the class mix at the University by offering an additional $20,000 grant to freshmen. The goal is to provide more housing options for incoming students. The Residence Office is working closely with the Undergraduate Assembly to ensure that the new class mix is implemented effectively. The move is expected to help the Residence Office meet its goal of increasing the diversity of incoming students.
Right Decision

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the Editor

The following is an excerpt from the Final Examination Committee of the Providence College chapter of the National Education Association. The excerpt is written in response to the联网潮的 phenomenon being observed in the United States and is intended to be shared with parents, students, and educators.

The school would either be significantly overcrowded in accordance with the concept of overconcentration, or significantly overcrowded in accordance with the concept of overconcentration, and the school's facilities would be inadequately utilized.

This decision was made on the assumption of the absence of both the "A" and "B" and no other factors. Furthermore, it is the position of the "A" and "B"'s to increase the facilities of the school and that facilities are to be provided to the full extent within the scope of the need of the school.

The Procrastination Principle

Nearly every student at a university or other learning that there are three basic needs of sex, food, clothing, and sex. The objective of this study is to report the discovery of another basic need: the need to procrastinate. The procrastination principle states that the need to procrastinate is a fundamental human need.

By Steve Becklow

The above is a statement that the need to procrastinate is a fundamental human need. However, it is important to note that the need to procrastinate is not the only fundamental human need. Other fundamental human needs include the need for love, the need for belonging, and the need for self-esteem.

Letter from London

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Students who procrastinate often have feelings of guilt and shame, which can lead to feelings of inadequate self-esteem. However, it is important to note that the need to procrastinate is not the only fundamental human need. Other fundamental human needs include the need for love, the need for belonging, and the need for self-esteem.

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Medical School

(Continued from page 1)

serious reservations about the adequacy of student entry exams. He explained that he had explained one year earlier that such a program would not be enacted unless the allocation of places were known for primary care. The student-deleted exam would be volunteered by interested students only, and the committee would limit it to students currently enrolled.

Undergraduate Tuition

(Continued from page 1)

sion by previous meetings. But Cornell, Columbia, Princeton, Brown and the University of Pennsylvania were all silent on the subject.

With six presidents being necessary for a vote, Executive Assistant Dr. Frank Scott said, "We have no plans to take this to a vote before the meeting that eligibility for Freshman is in the hands of President John Kennedy would vote."

In addition to the Freshman debate, a number of other issues are also likely to be discussed at tomorrow's meeting. But as always, these issues will not be discussed in public.

Eligibility

(Continued from page 1)

Eligibility Committee Chairman Charles H. Brill, former Undergraduate Council representative, said the decision was based on final results of the eligibility committee's study.

But those same advocates put a positive spin on the decision, probably because the eligibility threshold is lower than previously expected.

Graduate School

(Continued from page 1)

The 29 medical students endorsed the intermediary's view that it is "the logical and uninvolved" position of medical students at the University of Pennsylvania. They said the position would "be a step towards a more positive future for medical students at the University of Pennsylvania.""
Delaware Hurler Brown Stops Penn, Nine Off Balance

**Penn State**
Penn’s last bout proved to be as easy as the squirming, twitching which held Hbelum-Kirk Field Wednesday afternoon, as awkward in getting the ball out of his hand as it was in lifting it over the shoulder. It was a 3-1 win for a Delaware team which was able to do nothing with two runners at night’s end.

**Brown**
Penn’s number one starter, Rick Brown, made an auspicious opening debut as he faced Penn’s all-star batting order. As expected, the Haverford All-American was able to open the game by striking out four batters in order in the opening inning. The Haverford All-American was able to open the game by striking out four batters in order in the opening inning. The fifth Delaware hitter, Steve Brown, hit a single that was quickly erased by a double play.

**Phillips**
Unlike his hit as a broadcaster’s choice, and Rick Brown singled to left.

**Unfortunately for the Haverford hurler, his second walk, which was the last of the top of the first, caused a break in the line-up by eliminating the bases loaded threat that was so desperately needed by Delaware.**

**Nineteen Off Balance**
But Brown’s night ended in the bottom of the second inning when he walked six runners in succession. He ended the inning with a walk and a double play.

**Rutgers**
A right-fielder with a solid left-handed bat, Rutger’s ninth hitter, Jon Stevens, was able to hit a two-run single in the third inning to give the Scarlet Knights a 3-0 lead.

**Tough Day**
The Scarlet Knights continued to roll in the fourth inning. A single by and another walk by Brown to start the inning set the stage for a three-run double by Rutgers’ fifth hitter, John Green, and a two-run single by the ninth hitter, Bill Johnson. The Scarlet Knights scored nine runs in the inning, taking a 12-0 lead into the fifth.

**Penn’s Three**
Penn finally scored three runs in the fifth inning. A single by the fifth hitter, Steve Brown, and a walk by the ninth hitter, Jon Stevens, set up a two-run double by the third hitter, Bob Miller. However, the Scarlet Knights responded in the sixth inning with three more runs to take a 15-3 lead. The Scarlet Knights went on to win the game 15-3.

**Tough Task**
The Scarlet Knights’ 15-3 victory was a tough task for Rick Brown, who pitched well despite the nine runs allowed. He went six innings allowing nine runs on 11 hits, but he did limit the damage by striking out four batters.

**Rutgers’ Four**
Rutgers’ fourth hitter, Bill Johnson, hit a two-run single in the third inning to give the Scarlet Knights a 3-0 lead. The Scarlet Knights went on to win the game 15-3.

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“You’re kidding,” I shot back.

“What the hell do you mean, I’m kidding you,” he said in a voice.

“I’m certainly not going to waste my valuable time looking for the perfect whiskey sour—any fool can do that!”—and I’ve already got the perfect tan.”—He was right.

This man had a calling, and it was unlike anything I had ever witnessed in my entire life. I was envious, and when he invited me along on his odyssey, I knew I would follow. I was hooked.

For me, each bar, each beer hall, each speakeasy, each dive was a revelation, a part of a cosmic puzzle which, when completed, would lead us to the goal—The Perfect Martini.

But I noticed my friend was uneasy, and here I discerned a trait which separates the true believers from spectators like me. He was constantly dissatisfied, always disappointed, always looking for something better.

“Let me guess,” I said. “You’re looking for one honest man. Right?”

He seemed ashamed, and for a second the glaze lifted off his eyes. He didn’t seem to grasp my point. Right?”

“I am looking for The Perfect Martini,” he amended.

“I’ve never had a goal in life, and I’ve always regretted it. Many things come to those who wait, but I’ve already got the perfect tan.”

Well, I’ve never had a goal in life. Half the fun of living is searching for something that you regard as special.

As I considered the best way of purging from my body the pain of the morning after, it suddenly dawned on me. Careful now, don’t lose the inspiration, here at last, was my calling, my quest. As I grasped the subtext of the antacids, the vitamins, I knew what it was I must do with my life.

That day I began my search for the Perfect Hangover Remedy. Eat Your Heart Out, Dan Kasle.
The Search for the Perfect Martini

President James Madison's last words from his death bed have always been a source of debate. "I always do my best thinking lying down." I know exactly how he felt.

In the true tradition of investigative reporting and Gonzo journalism, the crack 34th Street Martini Tasting Team (MTT) set out one recent Saturday afternoon in quest of The Perfect Martini. As advertised in the DOA's "Drinking On Allowance" column, the MTT was under the guidance of Professor Jerry Thomas, the world-renowned author of "The Bon Vivant's Companion or How to Mix Drinks," which contains the earliest known recipe for the Martini.

"Professor Thomas' concoction would be regarded as sacreligious in tipping temples and drinking dens throughout the world." I'll bet by now you are all drooling in your shoes at the thought of such nirvana and are crying, "O great and omnipotent creator, how I can reach such blissful perfection!" Not being one to hold back, I can hardly resist churning you in. So set off your knees and memorize the paragraph below as it will come in handy at the end of a particularly wretched day or other special occasions such as a sunset, sunrise, or whatever else turns you on.

To create such a quality quaff, start with the highest grade gin and dry imported vermouth one can afford to buy. Any drink is only as good as the liquor used. Assemble the following utensils: cocktail shaker, chilled hemisphere-shaped glass (champagne type), precise graduate measure, ice, and a twist of lemon peel. Combine the liquors at a 7 to 1 ratio, measuring carefully into the shaker. Add large chunks of ice made from clear spring-water, cap, and shake briefly so as to chill the mixture. Strain into the chilled glass, twist the twist, and enjoy the enjoyment. Nothing like it in the whole world!

Some of you have never been so inclined as to drink Martinis and all of this may be of little interest to you. But did you know that over 16 million gallons of vermouth are consumed in this country each year? That is enough to make 5,241 gallons of vermouth to last one year. Somebody's got to be drinking them.

Our aforementioned stumbling tour first took us to the far west end of campus to that friendly neighborhood establishment, Walsh's. On my first observation it is easy to see why this bar, though a bit out of the way, is a quiet favorite of many. It is comfortable, clean enough, and has excellent TV reception. But I doubt if the faithful followers of Walsh's are Martinis drinkers as the stirred offering was very watery and too wet. The portion was of very admirable size but then you can't tell a book by cover, can you?

Clyde's was closed for some reason which is just as well, I guess. We tried to persuade them to pour a drink under the door, but they didn't go for it. The Bull and Barrel was quite well stocked with the finest of neighborhood riffs and even a few students but then it's so dark in there nobody really cares. Their Martini was a stirred rendition of Mr. Hyde's which is rather short and too watery. I got a feeling that they used fairly poor gin when the bartender mumbled something about having to go back to the bathtub. The Bull does however have an occasional good-looking waitress which is always a good reason to drink.

The Beer Mug (in decrepit Chestnut Hall) boasted a female bartender who boasted something herself. However, it wasn't the Martinis. Again the drink was too watery and wet but this one tasted (Continued on page 3)
By Mitchell Berger

Every man should have a goal in life. Half the fun of living is searching for something that you regard as special.

Well, I've never had a goal in life, and I've always regretted it.

Now, I'm not alone in this. Many of my friends whom I've asked have told me they have goals, but when they reveal them to me I find them to be rather mundane.

They have told me they have goals, but after last weekend I know what with this towering figure, this one honest man. I don't even understand your allusion.

"You're looking for one honest man. I don't even understand your allusion." I said.

"Let's see," he asked, a bit hesitant at first. "Howdy, Pilgrim," came the reply. I was a bit worried here, what with this towering figure, unshaven and ungraced, standing before me but one lighted candle in his hand.

"I have a goal," he said. "And I come to bring you along on one of the strangest journeys of your life."

"Let me guess," I said. "You're looking for one honest man. Right?"

He seemed astounded, and for a second the glaze lifted off his eyes. He didn't seem to grasp my feeble attempt at humor.

"No, man. I'm not looking for one honest man. I don't even understand your allusion."

"So what is it you want," I asked.

"I am looking for The Perfect Martini," he announced.

"You're kidding," I shot back. "What the hell do you mean, I'm kidding you," he said indignantly. "I'm certainly not going to waste my valuable time looking for the perfect whiskey sour—any fool can do that!—and I've already got the perfect tan."

He was right.

This man had a calling, and it was unlike anything I had ever witnessed in my entire life. I was envious, and when he invited me along on his odyssey, I knew I would follow. I was hooked.

For me, each bar, each beer hall, each speakeasy, each dive was a revelation, a part of a cosmic puzzle which, when completed would lead us to the goal—The Perfect Martini.

But I noticed my friend was uneasy, and here I discerned a trait of work.

"Chagrinned, I dragged my body back to my abode and pondered my fate. I had failed. I had been offered the chance to seek a goal, and I blew it."

As the morning sun rose over my curtains, I felt a familiar pain racking my body, which made the emptiness of my soul even worse. As I considered the best way of purging from my body the pain of the morning after, it suddenly dawned on me. Careful now, don't lose the inspiration. Here, at long last, was my calling, my quest. As I grabbed the aspirin, the antacids, the vitamins, I knew what it was I must do with my life.

That day I began my Search for the Perfect Hangover Remedy. Eat Your Heart Out, Dan Kasie.
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In the true tradition of investigative reporting and Gonzo journalism, the crack 34th Street Martini Tasting Team (MTT) which was Drinking On Allowance (DOA) set off one recent Saturday afternoon in quest of The Perfect Martini. We were one of the campus' many watering holes. Undaunted by torrential rains and hurricaner winds, the intrepid troupe, led by yours truly The Happy Cooker, cut a vicious swath through the gin and vermouth bottles of West Philadelphia only to end up drinking beer out of paper bags after our last stop because all those olives made us quite thirsty.

Searching for The Perfect Martini on a campus of this size all in one afternoon can be quite an experience. The manager of one of the establishments I visited inquired if my taste buds would be fairly dead after four or five of these tests. "Au contraire, Pierre," I countered as I quaffed their offering, "It's all in a day's work!"

It was with a heavy heart and a corroded liver that I report The Perfect Martini may be a great Martini ever, is not available on this campus. The offerings vary in taste from rank to very palatable with the 90c to $1.00 price range unreflective of the quality of the drink. But more on that later.

Have you ever wondered when the waitress of a restaurant first ste s up to your table and asks if you would like a cocktail, just where the word come from? For those on the edge of your chairs, I am happy to say that the "cocktail" is a purely American institution, the origin of which is as hazy as the explanations of Ben Franklin's institution, the origin of which is as hazy as the explanations of Ben Franklin's. However, James Fenimore Cooper provides us with a story which seems as good as any other that couldn't be found. It seems that it was a young Irish lass named Betsy Flannagan, owner of a tavern near Yorktown, Pa., who was responsible for the naming of the cocktail.

In 1779 Betsy's Tavern was a popular meeting place for the higher ranking officers of Washington's Army. It was to Betsy's that they went to relax, talk, see Betsy, and drink of a liquid concoction which was to those times known as a bracer. Well, it also seems that Betsy had a neighbor who happened to be a Tory and a chicken farmer to boot. This fact was of great embarrassment to Betsy who fashioned herself a great patriot and the last one who would buy anything from a Tory.

But the teasing of the French and American officers as to any relationship, commercial or other, with the Tory, drove Betsy to vow that these colonial rowdies would eat their words. Revengetfully, one day old Betsy asked the Tory to catch a chicken (she later inquired this request came from) which she had raised a new Italian dish and gave her the feathers of the captured cock's tail. When the usual guests arrived for dinner and drinking that evening, they found these feathers in their bracers. Seizing the situation, one of the Frenchmen raised his glass in toasting the claimant, "Vive le cocktail, and thenceforth the use of the word to describe a number of salubrious solutions.

As has happened to many other words in the everyday course of American plain speaking, cocktail has been used to identify many drinks it was never meant to describe. A cocktail is a fairly short drink made by mixing liquor with wine (as in a Martini), fruit juices, eggs, syrups, or bitters, either by stirring or shaking in a glass. Of late, the word has been applied erroneously to arrangements of fruit, oysters, shrimp and a whole host of other items. We even have the eminently undrinkable Molotov cocktail that really will blow your head off.

But seriously folks, the history of the Martini is just as fascinating. The earliest known recipe was published in a 1862 volume entitled "The Bon Vivant's Companion or How to Mix Drinks, by Professor Jerry Thomas. This noted mixologist would never have been granted tenure by today's Faculty Club as his Martini called for four parts of vermouth to one part gin. For those of you who have helped sheltered lives or come from Kansas where they think vermouth is a rare cattle disease, the contemporary Martini is primarily gin, with only a touch of the vermouth. Professor Thomas' concoction would be regarded as sacrilegious in tipping temples and drinking dens throughout the world.

Through the years, this cocktail has become dryer (less vermouth to more gin). Prior to the war to end all wars, the recipe was 2 to 1 and by the second war to end all wars was 4 to 1. With the coming of the Atomic Age and the "tomorrow we die" psychology, Martinis were being mixed an incredible 15 to 1. This last recipe is achieved by passing the cork from a vermouth bottle over chilled gin and hoping the prevailing winds carry the essence of the grape to that of the juniper here.

A perfect Martini is a taste you either dislike passionately or never get tired of. The delicate combination of bitter and sharp and yet blended taste of the elixir is classic. The ability of the Martini to whet the appetite, delight the palate and render the drinker totally helpless is unsurpassed.

I'll bet by now you are all drooling in your shoes at the thought of such nirvania and are crying, "O great and omnipotent Cooker, tell me how I can reach such blissful perfection!" Not being one to hold back, I can hardly resist clueing you in. So get off your knees and memorize the paragraph below as it will come in handy at the end of a particularly wretched day or other special occasions such as a sunset, sunrise, or whatever else turns you on.

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Our aforementioned stumbling tour first took us to the far west end of campus to that friendly neighborhood establishment, Walsh's. On first observation it is easy to see why this bar, though a bit out of the way is a quiet favorite of many. It is comfortable, clean enough and has excellent TV reception. But I doubt if the faithful followers of Walsh's are Martini drinkers as the stirred offering was very watery and too wet. The portion was of very admirable size but then you can't tell a book by cover, can you?

Clyde's was closed for some reason which is just as well, I guess. We tried to persuade them to pour a drink under the door, but they didn't go for it. The Bull and Barrel was quite well stocked with the finest of neighborhood rificaf and even a few students but then it's so dark in there they really care. Their Martini was a stirred rendition of Mr. Hyde's potion, dryer but still too watery. I got a feeling that they used fairly poor gin when the bartender mumbled something about having to run out back to the hardware store. However, they do have an occasional good-looking waitress which is always a good reason to drink the Beef.

The Mag in decrepit Chestnut Hall boasted a female bartender who boasted something herself. However, it wasn't her Martinis. Again the drink was too watery and wet but this one tasted

(Continued on page 3)
The Search Goes On

(Continued from page 3)

about as bad as rotten tuna fish smells. Onions were provided here but they seem to have been pickled in rumbling alcohol.

On dropping into our local Joe Watson's, we discovered why Sherlock Holmes became a cocaine freak. It wasn't because of the rigor of his work but because the good Doctor didn't know a Martini from hypodermic. A saving grace of this pub was that I was asked as to the condiment desired—a nice touch but you don't drink questions. The Martini here was shaken but this was only because the bartender had the DT's. The TV reception stunk too.

After ducking around the corner to La Bonne Soupe West we found that they aim to please. Sitting in their Lounge I was asked how dry I wanted my drink and what condiments and they delivered as promised. The drink was dry, full, and strong. Now if they could do only something about the food.

Pagano's, while a bit claustrophobic, is run by a gentleman who would just as soon waste your money for $1.25 as serve you a drink. The gin was of decent quality and the drink a bit dryer than most in the area but it was not cold enough. They have table-top Pong there for those who can't stand for any great lengths of time.

At Smo-z's we were asked no questions: by this point in the research, speech was about a bit more difficult as my tongue felt like a sandbag. The Martini here was fair but, then again it isn't Smo-z's hottest request. This time I got two elves, I think.

Also, one step was the Hilton. Unfortunately the rooftop was closed and we had to settle for the bar in Pennfield's. It's a good thing too. Because 21 floors in an elevator at that point was a bit too heavy of a trip for me to take. Being the most expensive ($1.60) I was about to be a good doubt of gin to go into the shaker. The result was a very dry, well mixed Martini in a chilled rocks glass. The marble bar, brass hand rail, and general ambience went fairly unnoticed at that point as I was fascinated by the giant lizard gnawing on the neck of the lady sitting next to me. I was about to inform her of this fact but it just didn't seem that important.

Last and almost least in the tour was La Terrazza. Kept in a chilled bottle, the stock Martini was horribly abused by being poured into a warm glass. No questions were asked but I think the bartender understood my general reaction when I poured the drink on the floor to the accompaniment of a Bronx cheer. The only redeeming feature of this offering was its ample size which by then was only adding insult to injury.

As I returned home after completing my quest to quench the impossible thirst, I continued my investigation into the possibility of a perfect Martini. The pelting rain washed my face bringing some sobriety back to that dream. I recorded my thoughts and began to wonder if there really was such a thing as a perfect Martini. The pining washed rain my face bringing some sobriety back to that dream. I recorded my thoughts and began to wonder if there really was such a thing as a perfect Martini.

The fish were jumping and the drink a bit dryer than usual but I had not been satisfied. Of little relief was the fact that I was still standing. I was reminded of my favorite childhood storybook about the train who couldn't. I was frustrated, I wanted to cry.

Upon entering my apartment, I sought out the refrigerator for some ice. I had stolen from the Chem lab but the contents were not frozen. It was my own special Martini stock which I had put there to cool one evening past, and I had forgotten about it. I carefully poured only a touch of the frigid liquid into a glass and lifted it to my nose to enjoy the bouquet. More powerful than a dozen anise flowers, the perfect Martini brought tears to my eyes. I tasted and found my passions relieved. It was there and it was all, my time, in my own apartment.

Yes, Virginia, there is a perfect Martini. Hic.

The GOP Hope

By Peter Ginsberg

Tom Foglietta wants to do something no Republican has done since 1974—become mayor of Philadelphia. In the past few years, the only political excitement around here has come in the spring, when the Democrats fight Frank Rizzo's Democrats in primary battles. But Republicans? Wasn't that the party with the couple inconsequential leaders hopping around, telling people to wait until the "other" party destroys itself? Well, the time has now come, Foglietta believes.

After twenty years as Councilman—at-large, with eight of those years spent trying to become Mayor, the South Philadelphian organized his forces early to grab the GOP endorsement. While former DA Arlen Specter wavered and the campaign against Frank Rizzo was more trouble than it was worth, Foglietta decided it was worth more than anything. And he plans to fight for it.

Looking out of his 7th floor Penn Plaza office, the 46-year-old bachelor said his campaign strategy is being mapped out, although he is now "treading right down the middle" until he knows who his Democratic opponent will be. "If I talk about one, I'll be boosting the other." Louis Hill, about whom he spoke today, will be challenged to "weekly or bi-weekly debates" if they are November opponents. While Foglietta said the two are "not that far apart philosophically-

Happy Cooker

City Edition

"I'm not going to raise taxes unless it is shown to me there is no alternative..." (without) cutting down on vital alternatives." There is only one problem with this kind of pledge. Very few politicians will say before election day they will raise taxes. With a man who is smooth and apparently blunt, it is difficult to determine whether this is a short-term, quickly forgotten promise or a real commitment.

Foglietta discussed everything from skip trips to clearing out of City Council to his days as a newspaper delivery boy on 17th and Locust. He seemed to pass off the problems which lay ahead in his November charge with a confident shoulder shrug. Planning to spend $1 million, Foglietta threw around voting figures, mentioned he has to work on getting votes in North and West Philly and the Mt. Airy section, and the election would be his.

But Tom Foglietta wasn't the GOP's first choice—nor for the last eight years. Even if all are backing him now, there must be scars left. And Urban Coalition Head Charles Bowers runs in November. Foglietta can say "goodbye" to many votes. However, he's in this one for good.

Maybe the Democrats will knock each other off the decks and in the end foglietta can say goodbye. If the man who sees himself as a Schweiker-type Republican can at least make a showing so that urban coalition candidate Charles Bowser can say goodbye to many votes. However he's in this one for good. There is only one problem with this kind of pledge. Very few politicians will say before election day they will raise taxes. With a man who is smooth and apparently blunt, it is difficult to determine whether this is a short-term, quickly forgotten promise or a real commitment.

As Tom Foglietta says, "it's all a matter of numbers."

Philadelphia Museum of Art

Something Fishy

You have less than a week to catch the fascinating exhibits at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. A special meeting of the museum board resulted in a decision to extend the exhibition run of "Fishing Art" for three months. The exhibition has been one of the most popular in the museum's history, drawing large crowds to see the amazing works of fishing art. The museum has decided to keep the exhibition open until July 1, allowing visitors to see the exhibits for an additional four weeks.

The exhibition features works from some of the world's most renowned fishing artists, including paintings, sculptures, and photographs that showcase the art's rich history and cultural significance. Visitors can explore a variety of display areas, including a section dedicated to the history of fishing art, a hands-on area where visitors can try their hand at fishing, and a cafe offering a wide selection of gourmet seafood dishes. The exhibition is open daily from 10 am to 5 pm, with extended hours on Fridays until 8 pm. Admission is free for all visitors, and the museum encourages visitors to come and enjoy the fascinating exhibits before they come to an end.

The Fish Market

The Fish Market is apparently garnering a growing reputation, and they've expanded their dining room accordingly. So if you're looking to get away from the crowds, this could be your place. The Fish Market serves a host of dishes that are popular in the area, and they're all served at a reasonable price. The menu includes a variety of seafood dishes, along with a few meat and vegetarian options. The restaurant is open for lunch and dinner, so you can come anytime and enjoy a meal. The fish market is located at 124 S. 18th St., and you can call 1-800-555-3410 for more information.
By Buzzy Bissinger

Today it is time to write a tribute to the little people of the world. I'm not sure I belong in this category, but theater’s location on 8th St. just south of Pine is both of Art, Benjamin Franklin

The city, the air-conditioning by February 1976 when the Museum building, as well as the city’s 400,000 commuters will be glad. So will suburbanites who found packed trains and congested highways. But throughout the strike, most Delaware Valley residents were able to thank the Lord they owned cars. The capacity of a given subway to carry a thousand passengers from point A to point B in y hours is of little relevance when the trains don’t run. When the strike began, an ultra modern State-of-the-Art Car was on display at John F. Kennedy Plaza in Center City. Hostesses were passing out pamphlets and a tape recorder was playing the SEPTA jingle: “You can’t beat the system-SEPTA system.” The air-conditioned, carpeted car, it is argued, is flashy enough to lure commuters back to the subways, and the city wants to buy some for the Broad Street Line. Although it incorporates the best existing technology, the car does require a human driver. And he will undoubtedly be a transit worker, with a family, whose contract runs out every two years.

By Chris Jennewein

UPSAL STATION, WEST MOUNT AIRY—Thank God it’s Friday. The Chestnut Hill local you usually catch here at 8:22 is five minutes late. With schedules disintegrating under twice the normal number of passengers, your train is sidetracked between 30th Street and Suburban stations for another five minutes.

Finally the train jerks to a start, and the crew inches it into the jammed station, stopping a foot from another train. Only the front door of the front car is against the platform, and it’s a long walk from the third car. It’s 9:03, the train was due at 8:44.

But you’re lucky. The Penn Central trains are still running through middle-class West Mount Airy. And if they weren’t, chances are you own a car anyway.

Your neighbors in North Philly are not so fortunate. About half the workers there use public transit, according to the 1970 Census, as many as 80 or 90 per cent in some areas. And most, about 90 per cent, use buses or trolleys—up which the Penn Central and Reading trains are not substitutes. The trains go to Center City, but North Philadelphians don’t work there. Worse, many are too poor to own cars.

Transit strikes are among the most regressive urban occurrences. That’s why the SEPTA board has no qualms about

Lost Causes

upwards towards the sky trying to locate our friends. It’s a rare case indeed when we’re physically able to look down on anyone.

And more I think about it, we little guys deserve to have a chip on our shoulders. Look at America treats us, look at how they shun us in favor of the six-foot brand of human being.

Take a look at cars. In Europe and other foreign ports, there are lots of little compartments that are perfect for little people to drive. The United States on the other hand has yet to come up with anything comparable to the European styles. Instead all those automobiles coming from Detroit are the same three-inch-wide apartment in West Philadelphia.

There’s the Cadillac for example. If one of us mini men was to sit himself down inside a Cadillac without telling anyone before hand, it might be weeks before anyone would be able to find him. His body would be sunk so far below the windows of the car that anyone peering inside wouldn’t see him. Then there’s the danger that we might fall into the glove compartment and not be able to get the door back open.

In order to drive a Caddy, we’d need about six phonebooks so we could see over the dashboard, and a set of braces to lengthen our arms and legs so we could actually maneuver the car.

Cars aren’t the only discriminatory device used against little guys. In the world of sports, hockey is the only game that a small fry is on an equal footing with his bigger counterparts. In football there occasionally is a little man who makes it big, but the reaction of the fans and the press alike is always one of incredulous shock: “SURPRISE!!!” “SURPRISE!!,” the headlines read, “Little Rusty Willie Becomes Big Boy, Wins Game.”

Every little guy out there does something, people treat the occurrence as some kind of freak accident.

And then there’s a sport like basketball, where a minuscule midget, no matter how good an athlete he is, never has a chance. They could lower the basket, they could exclude anyone over 5-8 from playing, but they don’t. The big guys stay, and it’s the little guy who has to take a walk.

But we shall overcome—I know we will. While all these 5-4 giants sit around and laughingly call us “little weasels,” we mighty midgets are quietly taking over the world. Abe Beame, Joel Grey, Dustin Hoffman—these are just some of the big guys stay, and it’s the little guy who has to take a walk.

And who knows? If we can all pick up a few more inches somewhere then we’ll really have it made.

The SEPTA Strike

By Chris Jennewein

UP S A L STATION, WEST MOUNT AIRY—Thank God it’s Friday. The Chestnut Hill local you usually catch here at 8:22 is five minutes late. With schedules disintegrating under twice the normal number of passengers, your train is sidetracked between 30th Street and Suburban stations for another five minutes.

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Transit strikes are among the most regressive urban occurrences. That’s why the SEPTA board has no qualms about

Subway Stop

playing politics with 400,000 commuters. You see, eight of the board’s 11 members represent the four suburban counties that make up SEPTA. Now a city transit strike doesn’t hurt the counties. Maybe the trains are crowded, but there’s always the car. So the strike began right on schedule Saturday, March 15, without any contract proposal from SEPTA. By Wednesday SEPTA and union negotiators had worked out a contract, but it took repeated coaching from the governor, the mayor and Common Pleas Court Judge James R. Cavanaugh to bring it before the board.

The Friday, March 21, board meeting brought the Saturday, March 15,-that PSE&G building was explosive. Over angry objections from the city and state representatives, the board voted not to consider unconditional approval of the contract, tabled a motion to approve the pact subject to additional state subsidies—something the counties proposed—and left. It was 4:30. Across Market street police at the Reading Terminal were setting up barricades to control the crowds. The railroad had opened an emergency ticket office across the street in the Provident Bank. A loudspeaker was booming out train departures.

Judge Cavanaugh summoned the SEPTA board to his chambers later that day, and they finally approved the contract—subject to receiving state funds. The union rejected it. They argued SEPTA could fail to honor the contract if funds didn’t materialize. More consultations. Saturday morning, March 22, the board unconditionally accepted the contract.

The city’s 400,000 commuters will be glad. So will suburbanites who found packed trains and congested highways. But throughout the strike, most Delaware Valley residents were able to thank the Lord they owned cars. The capacity of a given subway to carry a thousand passengers from point A to point B in y hours is of little relevance when the trains don’t run.

When the strike began, an ultra modern State-of-the-Art Car was on display at John F. Kennedy Plaza in Center City. Hostesses were passing out pamphlets and a tape recorder was playing the SEPTA jingle: “You can’t beat the system-SEPTA system.” The air-conditioned, carpeted car, it is argued, is flashy enough to lure commuters back to the subways, and the city wants to buy some for the Broad Street Line. Although it incorporates the best existing technology, the car does require a human driver. And he will undoubtedly be a transit worker, with a family, whose contract runs out every two years.
Music

Cecil McBee, Mutima, Strata-East SES 8247 and Lonnie Liston Smith, Expansions, Flying Dutchman BDL-0993.

In much the same way that most of the significant figures in the jazz-rock fold served as apprenticeship under the aegis of Miles Davis, so Pharoah Sanders has proved to be a mentor of young, prominent musicians whose music is largely in the tradition of mid-sixties John Coltrane. Among these are such critically acclaimed young musicians as saxophonists Gary Bartz and Donald Byrd, trumpeter Marvin Peterson, pianist Joe Bonner, bassist Stanley Clarke, drummer Norman Connors and two who have recently recorded albums, Cecil McBee and Lonnie Liston Smith.

McBee, who has played with Charles Lloyd, Kenny Dorham, Sam Rivers, and others, recorded this, his first solo effort, on the artist-owned Midnight Music label. To anyone who values the freedom of musical expression, it is encouraged. The result is a very arresting disc. McBee's playing, with bass guitar, keyboards and electric bass, on much more. Above all, they bring Wicker's enormous sense of what he now dislikes most is that of the average American. Of all the rotten things about the character decent society. The Man-would have more faith in the state than the state had had in them. Both of them had more faith in the state than the state had had in them. Both of them were wrong.

—ANNE GYBAR

Unrequited

Unrequited is not only one of the finest albums by Loudon Wainwright III, it is also his most musically diverse. The first side is a collection of studio recordings performed in styles ranging from standard nightclub to imitation reggae. Wainwright produced this one himself, which probably accounts for the tremendous sound improvement over his previous albums employing lack band up backs.

The second side is a throwback to Loudon Wainwright's earlier folk style. Recorded live at New York's Bottom Line last August, the second side is Wainwright in his element-alone with a guitar on a small club's stage-to which Philadelphia will be treated to once again when he returns to the Main Point the second week in April.

With Unrequited Loudon Wainwright III continues the trend of his past two albums, turning the pessimism of his early days into self mocking humorous parody. His lyrics show he can now laugh at himself and invite us to join in. If you like popular music, by all means accept the invitation.

—KEN SCHAETER

Books

A Time to Die

If Tom Wicker were once again summoned by the inmates of Attica as an observer to their rebellion, how would he act? Would he have a whole different approach to it, he told Publishers Weekly, "I would announce to both sides: Look here. I'm not here trying to negotiate your goddam problems. I'm going to stand here and if either of you shoot the other, you've got to shoot me first because what he now dislikes most is that of the average American. Of all the rotten things about the character decent society. The Man-would have more faith in the state than the state had had in them. Both of them had more faith in the state than the state had had in them. Both of them were wrong.

—ANNE GYBAR

A Month of Sundays

The problem the Reverend Thomas Marshfield confronts in John Updike's newest novel, A Month of Sundays (Knopf, $6.95). In the end, he questions his faith in the unknown, of believing in a Something. Despite thousands of rational reasons not to. The problem Updike confronts is how to squeeze a reasonable solution into a diary format of 31 days and only 200 pages.

Reverend Marshfield is a Protestant minister who's brought "scandal!" to his quiet suburban parish by "ministering" to too many of his female parishioners. The subject of his first extramarital affair, the church's organist, has just told all and Marshfield is packed off to a desert retreat for "distract" clerics where the therapy consists of morning writing sessions, afternoon golf, and evening poker. No Bibles or "heavy" discussions permitted. The Reverend's 31 segments of self-revelation, addressed to an "Ideal Reader," comprise the form and substance of the book.

Marshfield's crisis isn't just boredom, but a genuine crisis of faith. How, he asks, can he continue to believe in a God who allows the "pain of infants, the inexcusability of disease, the wantonness of fortune, the billions of fossilized deaths, the helplessness of the young, the

idiosyncrasy of the old, the craftmanship of torturers, the authority of blunderers, the savagery of accident, the unprepossessing of litera, and all the repulsive flecks on the face of creation?"

But he does, and he's frantically trying to get some kind of reason-

able answer to that question through other people.

Marshfield doesn't find peace through his wife's substitution of ethics for religion, nor through his curate's easy reliance. Neither is there comfort in the organist, whose religion comprises "music and men," not in the rest of his nameless ladies. He comes closest to his feelings in Frankie Harlow, the banker's wife, who lives by an impenetrable faith that leaves the cleric literally as well as figuratively impotent.

After his "month of Sundays," Marshfield goes home, but any true change in his outlook or manner is so ambiguous as to remain unclear. Despite a good deal of literary charm, Reverend Thomas seems to have done little more than resign himself to the same life, possibly minus the adulteries, which dissatisfied him so much initially. A real solution in a month's time being understandably unlikely, we must remain permanently unsatisfied and place part of the blame on Updike.

—ELEANOR NOREIKA

In Review
Thursday, March 27, 1975

**Talking With Tom Foglietta**

Thomas Foglietta, Republican mayoral candidate, has been Councilman-at-Large for 19 years. The 46-year-old bachelor is in the process of mapping out a campaign strategy to tackle either Mayor Frank Rizzo or State Senator Louis G. Hill, both vying for the May 20 Democratic primary nomination. In the process of getting his organization underway, the South Philadelphia spent 70 minutes discussing various aspects of the upcoming campaign and his chances of success.

Liking himself to Republicans Jacob Javitts and Richard Schweiker, Foglietta promised a new type of leadership in City Hall after his election.

**PG:** Are you counting on running against Frank Rizzo in the general election?

**TF:** No, I'm not, and that's really one of my problems. Hill and Rizzo are so completely diverse, not only in political philosophy, but in style, in mannerisms and everything else. I find it very difficult to campaign against an opponent. So you can't make statements against both of them. All you can do is make positive statements about yourself. If you're talking about Rizzo, you're boasting Hill, that's what it really amounts to. And who knows who is going to be my opponent. So I'm just treading down the middle now, which is all I can possibly do.

**PG:** But when you were first given the nomination you made some statement saying that you expected to be running against Rizzo?

**TF:** What I said was I didn't know who would be running in the election, but that it would probably be more than likely he would run against Frank Rizzo than against Lou Hill. I have two campaign tactics set up. If it's Frank Rizzo, being the kind of person that he is, he is going to be involved in the last four years which I will be able to attack. It will be Foglietta versus Rizzo. On the other hand, if Hill wins the primary, I will challenge him to weekly debates on television, and take the key issues where the troublespots are. There should be a much closer liaison between the community and the police department. There should be certain systems set up for the prevention of rape and armed robbery where one family looks after another family. Community involvement is what's going to stop crime, in my opinion.

**PG:** What kind of a relationship can you have with the state government if it is Democratic?

**TF:** I think all you have to do is convince everybody that you are a Philadelphia first, and then a Republican or a Democrat, and be concerned with Philadelphia's problems... We have to show divisiveness and spirit of hatred. I think we need togetherness and love to bring the city together.

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**Quotables**

*It has taken us a while to face the stark, brutal truth, but we are at the beginning of a new day. The truth is that these interviews have been toned down. It's not that each line was not filled with exciting information, it's just that the initial shock of a full page column scared off even the most heroic of readers.*

*However, less than a week before speaking at a news conference at Notre Dame University, President Gerald Ford said, “I think these potential developments have some extent validate the so-called domino theory, and if we have one country after another—aliens of the United States—falling faith in our nation, losing faith in our agreements with them, yes, I think the first one to go could vitally effect the national security of the U.S.”*

*Don't you think you boys ought to get your acts together?* - OLGA MOROZOVA, here in Philadelphia this week for the Virginia Slims tournament, commented, "When I beat Billie Jean King here last year it was a big feeling for me but everyone in Russia just passed it off. 'Oh, she won Philadelphia.' Poor Philly... even the Russians don't understand us."

*But tennis didn't get all the glory in Philadelphia. Last weekend the Philadelphia Backgammon Society, sponsored by Cathy Sark, held its annual tournament at the new Hilton. "The nice thing about playing backgammon, as opposed to tennis," says PHILIP D. KANE, vice chairman of the society, "is that if you win, you don't have to jump the net to congratulate the winner."

"Virginia Slims spent millions of dollars on women's tennis," be observed. "But it's always ironic to me that a cigarette company should sponsor a sport. It's incompatible."

*He has a point. Cough, cough.*

Not to change the subject, but if you have been seeing a lot more patrol cars on the New Jersey Turnpike recently, there might be a very good reason for it. Secretary of Transportation WILLIAM COLEMAN explained on NBC's "Meet the Press" last Sunday, "Any state can lose its highway federal funding unless they can prove that the speed limit is being enforced." What a dirty trick.

Which reminds me of something a state trooper said to me as I was speeding along in central New York this weekend. "License and registration, please." If I only knew what I know now...