At University Effects Waning has been identified as influenza, seats vacant over the last three weeks been leaving University classroom and very sharp and steep," Fager epidemic, the rise in cases is sudden students coming to Student Health pear, and a cough usually develops, most of the acute symptoms disap- University include a low-grade fever, which have been diagnosed at the December and are on our way down to peak and are on our way down to the illness is the worst, he added.

"The epidemic didn't strike the Philadelphia-area campus has been plagued with a" addition to the Philadelphia-area (Continued on page 2)

"We've been lucky," Fager. "This campus, as far as I know, is the only Philadelphia as far as I know, is the only campus." Student Health advises people who any risk with the flu virus is\frac{2}{3} of all students, especially while affected by fluids, especially while affected by蝴蝴oyster. By LARRY NOVIKOFF 3.

By ELAINE SONG (Continued on page 2)
Campus Events

CAMPUS COPY CENTER
XEROX COPIES
3rd floor, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.
FULL SERVICE
We do it all for work
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3191 W. Spruce St.
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Saturday Feb. 23
MONTY PYTHONS
LIFE OF BRIAN
8 & 10 p.m
Irving $1.00

HUMORIST HUMPER BORGAT
in Casablanca
79' Irvine
ON SALE NOW
JACK BRUCE & FRIENDS
BILLY COBHAM
DAVID SANOUIS
CLEM CLEMPSON
S Special opening act
Sat. March 22
8 p.m., Irvine
by pre-sale
TLF 58-54 at Hh To
for more info. 35284

AUCTIONS
For 3 Original
One-Act Plays
Thursday Feb. 21
Harold Prince Theater
Annenberg Center
For further information, call 243-7571

PHILADELPHIA POSTCER PRESENTS
the only Philadelphia appearance of:
JACK BRUCE
and FRIENDS
BILLY COBHAM
CLEM CLEMPSON
DAVID SANOUIS
ex-guitarist from Humble Pie
ex-keyboardist from E-Street Band

PENN UNION COUNCIL PRESENTS
ON SALE NOW AT HOLLAND TIX

London's National Theatre, in association with Theater J, presents:
BLOOD DRIVES AT HILLEL 7-11 a.m.
BILINGUAL WORKSHOPS IN GERMAN 1-4 p.m.
UNIVERSITY JOINT COUNCIL MEETING 6-8 p.m.
WOMEN IN THE WORKPLACE 6:30 p.m.
HOSTED BY GARCIA 7 p.m.
HOUSE PUBLIC RELATIONS COMMITTEE MEETING 8 p.m.
SINGAPOREAN DINNER 8:30 p.m.
NEW YORK LIONS 9:30 p.m.
YORK UNIVERSITY 11:30 p.m.
BETHEL SERVICE 12 a.m.

INFORMATION
JOHN ANDERSON FOR PRESIDENT
Meeting Today, February 21, at 7:00 p.m in HR6220
Floor Lounge for anyone interested in working for our just learning about John Anderson. For information call 357-3559

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Grant Awarded to HUP
For Head Injury Study
By ROBERT DAY
Our editors are the first to recognize that the greatest medical and public health problem of this country today is head injuries. The geographic distribution of the problem is alarming. In Pennsylvania alone, there were 15,000 cases of head injury last year, and 250 of these cases resulted in death. In addition, neighboring colleges will be added, and the program will provide the Nursing School with competition.

Kennedy Supporters
(Continued from page 1)
to be the featured guest

Columbia's Flashers
(Continued from page 1)

THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN, Thursday, February 21, 1980

PAGE 3

KENNEDY VOLUNTEERS WANTED
TO CAMPAIGN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE
THIS WEEKEND. FREE TRAVEL AND BOARD. FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL PAUL AT 382-1872

THE DREXEL PLAYERS PRESENT
KAUFMAN & HART'S HILARIOUS COMEDY
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
OPEN ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 8 PM

THURSDAY NIGHT SPECIALS
AT OHARA'S T.G.I.F.
Thank God I'm Female. All drinks reduced at Ohara's Fish House 9-2am.

NURSES NIGHT
All Drinks Reduced at Ohara's Dining Salon
SALOON

3925 Walnut St. 382-5195
Open 7 days till 2 a.m. Sun. till 12 a.m.

SAC Funded

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SAC Funded
A Chance for Integrity

A columnist once described Philadelphia as "a city with no shame, a town of a drinking from a bottle too good, the grate has not been cleaned. The response to the reports that five of Philadelphia’s elected officials were implicated in the FBI’s Operation Atlanter, though it might have been. It was from Jimmy Cannon, writing some 30 years ago about some long-forgotten municipal scandal that was then making headlines.

It’s been almost 40 years since the city was called "corrupt and contented" by a muckracker of the day, from Jimmy Cannon, writing some 50 years ago in the 1950’s when reform elements controlled City Hall.

Philadelphia is no different now than in 1950. As a columnist once described Philadelphia as "a city with no shame, a town of a drinking from a bottle too good, the grate has not been cleaned. The response to the reports that five of Philadelphia’s elected officials were implicated in the FBI’s Operation Atlanter, though it might have been. It was from Jimmy Cannon, writing some 30 years ago about some long-forgotten municipal scandal that was then making headlines.

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"Underwater" Institute

(Continued from page 1)

theoretical advantage of their own department, she said, while undergoing a twelve-day period of direct pressure. She said they are not comparing their results with any other experiments, but rather concentrating on the study of their own.

Kahle said that the facility, which is the product of faculty solicitation of funds, is now being used for research use and a library for undergraduate education.

Assistant Director Robert Grimaldi. Currently an Institute researcher is assisting in the study of stress. "We use the equipment in several ways," he said. "We are trying to understand the relationship between stress and psychological test which should offer new ways to assess the effects of stress on the body.

The medical school presents

AN ENEMA OF THE PEOPLE

Saturday, 7:00 & 9:30 PM

Medical Education Bldg. Aud.

Tickets at the door

Modern Languages College House

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• Casa Hispanica
• Russky Dom
• Casa Italiana

applications available in Language Departments or front desk, Class of 1925 House, 390 Locust Walk

For further information, call 243-8990

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PAGE1

TONIGHT

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Meatballs & Sausage .90

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The Lover

by David Mamet

The Lover

by Harold Pinter

Action

by Sam Shepard

Show times and dates:

Thursday Feb. 21 8:00 pm

Friday Feb. 22 8:00 pm

Saturday Feb. 23 7:30 and 10:00 pm

Houston Hall Auditorium

PAGES
Athletic Building—(continued from page 10)

scores.

Instead Harvard decided to move in sports into the presence Alexander H., bright hockey center. This has not been announced formally, but plans are being made to move next year.
The new location arises on the up-

watch of 1,810 and is modest with all the trimmings. The athletic depart-

ments at Harvard have been in the process of planning and help polish the basketball team's

in the backyard.

"If we're playing in a nice place, people might start believing in us more," said Crimson guard Tom

Mooney who is also on the advisory

by them.

"I think we've gotten more respect

recently," he continued. "Two

years ago on we beat Penn here and

we beat them a good game. I think

two years ago they would have built a

very nice facility here."

Crimson guard Tom Mooney said that while the 77-75 game was not to

one to put Penn down by only two

points at 77-75. But it was just not to

start due to a blistered foot, the lack of

offensive of Chambers and forward

Ferny Ramos (9 pts.), who did not

start due to a blistered foot, the lack of

offensive of Chambers and forward

Ferny Ramos (9 pts.), who did not

come to the Tabernacle Nursery School OPEN

teachers, see the facilities of a wonderful

HOUSE on Sat., Feb. 23rd 10 AM-noon. Meet the

teachers, see the facilities of a wonderful

HOUSE on Sat., Feb. 23rd 10 AM-noon. Meet the
The PENN PLAYERS will hold their ANNUAL MEETING Sunday, February 24 at 2:00 pm in the Benjamin Franklin Room of Houston Hall Elections will be held All members are urged to attend

TONIGHT THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21 6 PM-2 AM TWO FOR ONE GENESEE CREAM ALE ON TAP 3942 Chestnut St. 222-4250

THE WRITING PROGRAM, DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH ANNOUNCES THE ANNUAL FICTION AND PLAYWRITING CONTESTS

This JUDY LEE AWARD is awarded annually to a student graduate or undergraduate for outstanding excellence in the writing of a short story, novel, television, screen or stage script. The Phi KAPPA SIGMA FRAternity PRIZE is awarded for the best original work of fiction written during the year by an undergraduate. There is no graduate fiction award.

Rules: No length limit for the Judy Lee Award: a 5,000-word length limit for the Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity Prize. A short story or chapter from a novel might be submitted. Each entry must include author's name, address, phone number, undergraduate college and major, advisor's name, college, major and department. Entries without this information will be disqualified. Include a stamped reply envelope for return of MS.

Submit entries to JUDY LEE AWARD or FICTION CONTEST, English Dept., 118 Bennett Hall. Deadline January 31 Entries will be judged by professional writers from outside the university. Winners will be announced on March 27 before the poetry reading in Alumni Hall, the Towne Building. 4:00

Undergraduates who wish to take the Fiction Workshops in the fall should mark their Fiction Contest entries "112," or "115." See catalog for course description.

Yes! Spiritana's OP for announcement of poetry contests.)

UNIVERSITY CITY-EM 1e Call 662-5988 9-11 A.M. tor bedrooms $375 & utilities Lease flexible

IS THIS YOUR CALLING?

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• If you can work a few evenings each week...call the Telefund at 243-3500

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY for students in ALL fields. J-500-J1500 monthly. Leases now thru August 31 Interductory Special-2 Bdrms-$520- $630 Roomsates needed from $160-

UNIVERSITY CITY VICTORIAN HOMES Beautifully renovated Victorian Homes and Apartments for sale and rent.
Sixty units to choose from. Some available now and others in June through September.

If you can work a few evenings each week...call the Telefund at 243-3500
Playing Basketball Inside a Matchbox

MIKE O'CONNELL

The Crimson in the matchbox. The Harvard Athletics Building is the perfect size for a basketball matchbox, according to one reporter. The Crimson has won many of its games this season, and with a matchbox, it's easy to see why.

The Crimson has a history of winning, and the matchbox is the perfect size for a basketball game. The Crimson has a winning record, and with a matchbox, it's easy to see why.

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Boarding the Bush Bandwagon
It wasn't that I particularly craved a slightly greasy, cheesy steak sandwich softened with Cheez Whiz. And the freezing dark 9 p.m. air didn't exactly lure me to unlock my mother's car on the last night I would borrow it. I was not overly excited about seeing the South Philly neighborhood where the Italian Market garbage piles up in lonely heaps after hours. But it was way past dinnertime, and I was hungry, and it was time to experience the cheesesteak institution basic to Philadelphia. So basic, that the entire Pat's concept — the drippy steaks, the horrendous, rambling shelter, and the fact that you must travel to South Philly for the inventor of the cheesesteak — has become attractive for its complete lack of charm.

But some people are so cool about Pat's that they enjoy voicing contempt, and waiting for someone to defend the place. As I stood around the newsroom last Sunday planning the big trip, a fellow staffer who's from Philadelphia wrinkled her nose. "Don't go to Pat's; it's no good," she said, flashing a self-conscious smile to make it obvious just how far ahead of me she was. She could make fun of the place that invented the cheesesteak — and I still didn't know how to get there. It was a chore for me to act blase about my impending journey to the famous Pat's. Another Philly native later claimed he goes exclusively to Monty's, a rival across the street from Pat's that apparently still uses the same menus sold over those counters.

For a year. I had felt slightly guilty eating at Jim's Steaks on South Wharton Street. down to ninth — and there, looming into the darkness like a sawed-off white silo with appendages, was Pat's. "You're going to be surprised," my companion had told me, amused. I guess I expected something a little bigger.

But I'll be back to Pat's. I'm sort of hungry now.

Jane Kaye, Copy Editor
Brian Gale, Cover Photo

By Christine Woodside
Cheesewith,Cheesewith,Cheesewith...

On The Cover

Last weekend, before Republican Presidential aspirant George Bush got to New Hampshire, his campaign sent volunteer college-aged canvassers to the snowy state to spread his good cheer in advance. Peter Roth went along.

United Artists' film 'Cruising' has drawn protests from gay communities in several major cities for its violence and alleged unrealistic portrayal of New York homosexuals. Read one film critic's reaction.

Rich Rabinoff
Christine Woodside
Editors

Kevin Coyne
Art

Noel Weyrich
Books

Lisa Green
Film

Paul Straus
Music

Lesley Jane Stroll
Restaurants

David Elfin
Sports

Matt Cohen
Theater

Ben Alman
Photography

Judith Lamsner
Business

Robert Bachner
Photo. Assoc.

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34th Street Magazine is published by The Daily Pennsylvania every Thursday at Philadelphia, Pa. during the fall and spring semesters, except during examination and vacation periods. One issue published in the summer.

Subscriptions to The Daily Pennsylvania may be ordered at a rate of $16 per year. Offices located at 4015 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

Editorial phones: (215) 243-6584, Business phones: (215) 243-6561.

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But I'll be back to Pat's. I'm sort of hungry now.
Uncle Sam May Want You
The 1980 Draft Evader’s Guide to Keeping Out of Khaki

By Dom Manno

"Greeting:
You are hereby ordered to report for induction into the armed forces of the United States."

Millions of young men lived in fear of being inducted. To date, Carter has only called for registration, not an actual draft. But, as Jon Landau, an attorney for CCCO (a military counseling agency), said, "the U.S. has never had a registration without a draft, and we have rarely had a draft without a war." This realization has revived the great question of the late '60's and early '70's: "How can I avoid getting drafted?"

The first hurdle is Carter's registration plan, which calls for all men and women born in 1960 and 1961—that is, eight million 19 and 20-year-olds—to register. Then, on January 1, 1981, all those born in 1962 would have to register. Thereafter, people would register on their 18th birthday, preferably before their birthday party.

Registrants would go to their local post office and fill out a form asking for their names, current and permanent addresses, birthdates and Social Security numbers. The post office would forward the forms to the Selective Service System (SSS), which would send a letter to the registrant acknowledging the registration. Unfortunately for those protest-minded folk, no draft cards would be issued.

The only people who do not have to register are those already in the military (that's what you're trying to avoid) and non-resident aliens (an impossible status to achieve if you're a citizen).

Ominous warnings have been voiced by the SSS that failure to register carries, upon conviction, a fine of up to $10,000, five years in a federal penitentiary, or both.

But they have no way to catch non-registrants.

That's right. A system that's asking—no, requiring—you to give up two years of your life and risk getting shot at is, in effect, asking you to sign up voluntarily.

"The SSS won't go out and look for them (non-registrants)," SSS Records Officer Betty Alexander says. Most of the relatively few people that were arrested for non-registration during Vietnam were caught by local police making an unrelated arrest and discovering that the suspect did not have his draft card, she says. Others were turned in by disgruntled or excessively patriotic neighbors.

Some local draft boards who were supposed to classify potential draftees from a certain region, did check registration records against school records. Alexander says. And checking against local records like school, voting or driver registrations probably won't be done because there won't be any local draft boards, according to current White House plans, to do the checking.

Is this any way to run an army?

Official Excuses

Nobody ever won a war by dying for his country. He won the war by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country.

— Gen. George S. Patton

But suppose you are patriotic and honest (and not quite sane) and you register for the draft and decide to take your chances with the lottery. You'll soon be looking for a deferment or for conscientious objector status.

The bad news is that, "in general we do not expect there will be any specific deferments for students, married people and those in special occupations," an SSS statement declares. The only automatic deferments will be for members of the clergy and those studying for the clergy, a definite disadvantage for women, for whom there are few opportunities in the clergy.

Everyone else will have to apply for special deferments, and they will be granted a lot less frequently and a lot more stringently. As yet, detailed information on deferments is not available.

"Conscientious objector" (or CO) status will be much harder to get, since it depends on proving a state of mind. Federal law defines a CO as one who, by reason of deeply held moral, ethical, or religious beliefs, are conscientiously opposed to war in any form. That, and "noncombatant" status (which is CO status with the amendment that the noncombatant does not object to duties such as serving as a medic) are the only forms of objection federal law recognizes.

The National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors (NIBSCO) is advising that potential CO's lay the ground-work for their claim now, as CO's only have 10 days following receipt of an induction order to document their claim for CO status. Also, the claim carries more weight if there is evidence it existed before induction.

NIBSCO has offered to assist anyone who wishes to seek CO status. (For further information, write them at 550 Washington Bldg., 15th and New York Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. Their phone number is 202-393-4868.)

Medical deferments offer a much easier and obvious way to avoid the draft. Unlike CO, it can be verified by the armed forces. But the military never announces what conditions will earn you a ticket out of the draft. Lt. Cmrd. Joseph Cahill, of the Armed Forces Examination Service in center city points out cleverly, "If an individual knew what (medical) circumstances (would disqualify him), he could come in and say he had this, this and that and get off in a draft scenario."

Unfortunately for the military, though, information usually leaks on what conditions earn deferments, as the rejected draftees go back to their homes and their stories become widely known.

You'll just have to keep your ears open.

Unofficial Excuses

. . . to the tall whispering pines 'n' hot maple syrup.
Red coated Mounties perched high in their stirrups.
Hard rubber hockey pucks shot from the wing.
These are a few of our favorite things.

— From a "Doonesbury" strip.

Failing deferments, exemptions, and CO status, a young draftee's thoughts turn to Canada.

(Continued on page 8)
Memories of a Much-Traveled Maestro

By Elyse Seldner

My Many Years
By Arthur Rubinstein

Knopf, 604 pages, $16.95

With the publication of this, the second volume of his autobiography, world-renowned pianist Arthur Rubinstein continues the story of his life where My Younger Years left off. The earlier book related many of Rubinstein's adventures, both on the European concert circuit and in the bedrooms of the European aristocracy. He begins My Many Years at age 26, with the outbreak of World War I, and ends in 1980, at the age of 92. Due to his failing eyesight, Rubinstein was forced to dictate this massive book, which was composed purely from memory. This in itself is a marvelous feat, and his tracing of over one half a century of history, combined with personal experiences and witty anecdotes, makes for enjoyable and enlightening reading.

Over the years, Rubinstein acquired friends with names that read like the pages of Who's Who. Among those in his musical circle were the composers Manuel de Falla, Sergei Prokofiev, and Igor Stravinsky, who dedicated his sonata to Rubinstein's friend Picasso, and added to her that the pianist was a homosexual. The liberal sprinkling of amusing stories such as this helps the enormous volume move along quickly. Rubinstein's optimistic philosophy pervades the work. Of his direct competitors in the pianistic world — Horowitz, Rachmaninoff, and Hofmann — he says, "Each of us brings to a work of music his own talents and tools, making the best of it through his own understanding, and developing his interpretation of it according to his unique personality."

The final chapter of My Many Years quickly sums up the time following Rubinstein's last concert, which was played in 1976 at Wigmore Hall in London. He cautions his readers not to pity his lost eyesight, for he states that his feelings for music and his love of life have never been stronger. His motto continues to be "Nec dam sie — I shall never give in."

This greatly gifted man has left us not only priceless memories for his love of music and his life story of, as he puts it, "the happiest man I have ever known."

Elyse Seldner is a sophomore English major.

Kudos for a Hardboiled Dick

By Noel Weirich

The Reggis Arms Caper
A Mystery of Colossal Proportions
By Ross H. Spencer
Avon 158 pages, $1.95

It's a little green paperback parody of a detective novel. Including the standard quota of drunks, whores, spies, conspiracies, and trick endings all of which take place in a Chicago neighborhood best avoided after sundown. It's funny as hell. It's written like this. With minimal punctuation. With five-word sentences. With one-sentence paragraphs. With two-page chapters. Would you read it? Could you stand it?

It's a singularly challenging and gratifying piece of (cough) literature, well worth looking out for.

Pianist Arthur Rubinstein: "I Shall Never Give In."
Don't Miss Drama Guild's 'Twelfth Night'

By Matt Cohen

There is a definite touch of the magical about a Shakespearian work done well. In a given staging, the period and costume may be set in a time other than that originally intended; the scenery may be only the starkest stylization of what it is supposed to represent. But with a cast that possess a feeling for the Bard's words, the night can become one of transcendent theater.

In the current Philadelphia Drama Guild's production of Twelfth Night, the setting is the eighteenth century, suitably foreign enough to be comfortably in the past; and the props, costumes, and flowers, lend a pleasantly light and airy touch. But most importantly, the group assembled for this production makes this romantic comedy take flight from the first commanding oration and maintains it brilliantly to the happy ending for all concerned.

The script of Twelfth Night follows the common device of mistaken love and switched identities that Shakespeare used in many of his comedies. Orsino, Duke of Illyria, is mad with love for Olivia, a neighborhood countess, who will have nothing to do with him. Against this background enters Viola, mourning the presumed loss of her twin brother by drowning, who enters the Duke's court by posing as a page. While falling in love herself with the Duke, Viola also suddenly finds herself the object of Olivia's flighty love. Thus, a man to the man she loves and yet herself a woman in having to deal with Olivia, Viola gets caught up more into a skewed love-trap which is finally only unravelled by the appearance of her brother, Sebastian, not dead after all. All ends happily, with all parties betrothed, and the Fool striving "to please you every day."

In a production of this caliber, excellent performances abound. Nicholas Pennell, as Orsino, the Duke, presents himself admirably as a strong, commanding figure caught up in a love which even to himself rings somewhat false in his loud protestations. His female counterpart, Valerie von Volz, as Olivia, his supposed love, also sets forth a fine performance as an eighteenth century flirt most easily swayed by the passion of the moment.

 Paxton Whitehead, as Malvolio, Olivia's odious steward, is one of the comedic high points of the show. But with a cast that possesses a feeling for the Bard's words, the night can become one of transcendent theater.

The production's weaknesses are painfully clear from the opening moment. Jacqueline Weiss' costumes look like hodgepods of aluminum foil and coat linings. Shields intended to be armor are weed planks spray-painted silver. The sets are a collection of paper pillars and wooden steps that are meant to signify a colosseum, but succeed only in looking like the remnants of a destroyed high-school gymnasium.

When the actors reach the stage, things do not improve. The play displays a large, bulky cast, yet the large cast stands to the side and only nods frequently at the center. Blythe as Viola, the piece with speaking parts makes viewers wish they too were standing aside and only nodding. Particularly annoying was Bill O'Neill, an actor who can't emote without screaming and can't portray strength without putting his hands on his hips. Furthering this incompetence, the Roman dignitaries are played like Truman Capote, making for unintentional mirth.

There were some positive moments. Tom O'Neill delivers a good performance as Ferrio, a fierce and quick-tempered prisoner who slays his captors in the arena and feels bad because he believes he is being un-Christian. Timothy Cos is amusing as Spintho, the hopeful martyr, who pleads for "suffering and death." And Joe Pennell retains the proper air of dignity as the Captain.

In addition, Ed Gudonis is good as the Lion, although his broad, Bert Lahr-like approach seems like it was part of another play — one we'd much rather see. There's one and only one real bright spot to Androcles and the Lion: It's only an hour and a half long.

Androcles and the Lion: a Roaring Failure

By Scott Heller

Judging by its current staging of Androcles and The Lion, the Society Hill Playhouse may singlehandedly destroy George Bernard Shaw's reputation as one of the world's great dramatists.

This production is a shoddy combination of poor acting, lack of direction, and embarrassing sets and costumes. One can only wonder whether there was ever any merit to Shaw's work under this mess.

Shaw crafted his play around Aesop's familiar fable of meek Androcles and the fierce lion he befriended. In reducing the tale so that it involves not only Androcles but also Christians and their Roman captors, Shaw was attempting to make a statement on persecution and martyrdom. His approach is valid; however, this production was not amusing, and muddled any point Shaw intended.

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Canvassing for Bush

By Peter Roth

Hi. my name is Peter Roth. I'm working for George Bush on his presidential campaign. I have some literature here for you to read. Mr. Bush is going to be in Rochester at three o'clock on Monday at the Elks Club if you would like to hear him speak. Thank you.

Bye. [Storm door slams.]

DOVER, N.H. — At about this time every four years, Americans turn on their television sets and watch the various presidential candidates trampling through the snow on a blustery New Hampshire day, preparing for the nation's first important primary. What the viewers don't usually see is the hundreds or perhaps thousands of campaign workers who also traverse through the snow but who, unlike the candidates, don't manage to find the snow and television cameraman at the same time.

This Tuesday is the New Hampshire presidential primary. Most of the major candidates in both parties have been up here in the "Granite State" many times. Since 1952, every man who has won the presidency has won New Hampshire first. Accordingly, the psychological impact of winning this primary is great. It is possible to actually win the primary — like Johnson in '68 or Muskie in '72 — but be declared the loser for not getting enough votes. Or, someone could lose like McGovern in '72, and be declared the winner for doing better than expected.

During the weekends prior to the primary, all of the major candidates have sent busloads of students from out of state into New Hampshire to campaign and canvass for their candidate. It has become a necessary and valuable tool.

Last weekend, I followed the campaign trail up to New Hampshire to work for George Bush, a Republican presidential aspirant who has become front runner Ronald Reagan's biggest worry in recent weeks.

Everyone knew the bus ride from Philadelphia to southern New Hampshire would be long. Before leaving from 36th and Walnut, our sarcastic driver told us to "just sit back and let the good times roll." That might have been a difficult thing to maintain for a seven to eight hour trip. The bus had been paid for by the Bush campaign and was filled with 32 college students from the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Delaware, Johns Hopkins, George Washington University, American University, Goucher College, Trinity College (D.C.) and Georgetown University. Only a few were not students. We started at 4 p.m. — two and one half hours late — as a result of the Washington D.C. crowd's late arrival by car. Our destination was Durham, New Hampshire, home of the University of New Hampshire.

Politics, George Bush and the weekend ahead were the central topics of conversation during the ride. I overheard the person in front of me say, "I'm really gunn-ho. Especially going on the bus. It makes me a real part of the campaign." Then my riding companion turned to me and said, "Everyone is very opinionated. Everyone is so anti-Democratic. Everyone is an expert when it comes to criticizing the Democrats." Soon after, the singing began in the back of the bus. They were singing, "What do you do with a goddamn liberal? Purge! Purge!"

Discussions and debates were frequent and often quite loud. Most everyone was rather articulate and in agreement on Ted Kennedy and his swimming abilities of ten years ago. Debate topics ranged from Iran to Afghanistan to big government to Presidential Carter. "Carter is trying to undermine Bush with his campaign promises," someone noted.

In a way, there was quite a bit of idealism in the dialogue being thrown around. For products of the "Me Generation," this was refreshing, although much of the talk was rather one-sided. I had not heard so much political talk from college students in a long time. As Penn freshman Brian Gale suggested, "these people talked as if their judgments could change the world."

We arrived in Durham just before midnight in an exhausted state. The group was randomly split. One half stayed at the University of New Hampshire and the other half went to nearby Dover to stay with host families working for Bush. I went to Dover with three other Penn students to stay with the Steele family, Mrs. Steele is an active campaigner and her husband is the Dover city manager.

The Bush camp is very well organized in New Hampshire. Neil Bush, the candidate's third oldest son, has been living in the state for about a year working on his father's campaign. Each city or town in the state has a designated chairman. Dover, where the Philadelphia bus group was based, has as its leader Geraldine Sylvester, a former mayor and current councilman in the city. The Sylvester's live in a fine home on a hill outside the downtown area.

A Reagan supporter, who says he'll support Bush if his candidate fails, said that, "a chance like this doesn't come everyday." Others termed their reasons for coming on the trip as "interesting," "a good experience," and "educational." Some had been coaxed by friends but were forced to admit they were glad they came. For most, "it was the first time they had gotten involved in."

Saturday consisted of going from door to door and handing out campaign brochures about Bush — in a snow storm. Everyone was placed into a group of four with a local resident assigned to drive people around. The cities of Dover and Rochester were sectioned off and each group was responsible for a certain part of town. The brochure contained the usual campaign propaganda showing why George Bush emerges as the outstanding candidate when measured against his competitors.

"Lip Job"

Homes I saw in New Hampshire are almost all painted some color like green, yellow, orange or red. Cut up wood for the winter months are stored by the house. The area my group covered had one-family homes, apartments and a few trailer homes. The people were generally receptive and courteous. Although people's screen doors were often locked, nobody asked...
Last weekend, the Bush campaign bused college students to New Hampshire for some pre-primary brochure-throwing.

who was at the door when I rang. After awhile, it
They just took the information and thanked us. On
state frequently as primary day approaches.
would've only met each candidate a half dozen times.
primary day no one will know who to vote for — they
(b) presidential candidates.
The state had been “saturated” with publicity for all
New Hampshire had mentioned earlier in the day how
became obvious we were not the first to come around
about Bush and where he stands on various issues.
Aside from the campaign workers, the candidates
themselves travel through this sparsely-populated

Poor Planning
A little canvassing was done Sunday morning in
Durham just before departing. The snow had stopped,
but the temperature had dropped considerably
into the teens, and a strong wind was blowing.
The bus ride home was similar to the one coming up.
Once again, the Democrats and Teddy came under the most attack. One of the “group leaders” got up and read a series of old Doonesbury cartoons pok-
ing fun at the Massachusetts Senator.
In general, the group on the bus was an interesting
assortment of individuals. There seemed to be a

Dinner Talk
It is difficult to assess the effect our canvassing had
on the primary. William Zorn, a lawyer in Dover, told
us our efforts were “very effective” and that “people
really appreciate you coming out in this weather.”
Dinner was at the Sylvester’s. Their home, in more
ways than one, appears to be a center of activity for
the city. The den walls contain pictures of Mrs. Syl-
vester with Ronald Reagan, ex-President Ford, Nel-
By Lesley Jane Stroll

As in so many restaurants on South Street, the tables in the Knave of Hearts are small and close together, the lighting is dim, the tables are crowded with candles and flowers, and plants fill the window. So what makes Knave of Hearts at Second and South worth writing about? Although Knave seems almost predictably quaint and personal, the menu’s variety (there is a huge selection of specials) and the quality of the food make it a pretty good place to eat.

The soups change daily, and can be an adventure. Cold strawberry soup ($2.25) is like a refreshing breath of spring. The yogurt-based soup is. how good, is a simple French creation of egg yolk, butter and tarragon. Serpentine shrimp ($10), are deep fried in a spring roll. If you enjoy authentic utensils, chopsticks are available for eating this derivative of an Oriental dish. One of the dishes that Knave has become famous for is a homemade lasagna, one of the cheaper dishes at $6. And chicken cooco-loco is a fun-sounding dish that is hard to pass up.

How To Avoid The Draft

(Continued from page 3)

Not this time, buddy. Canada has changed its laws. According to Marc Lortie, press attaché with the Canadian Embassy in Washington, “Now, in Canadian immigration laws, you can not apply for immigrant status once in Canada.” Without such status, one can stay in Canada for only six months, and can not obtain a job in that time.

Now, you must apply for immigrant status while still at home, and that could take from two to four months, Lortie says.

And Canada’s Secretary of State for External Affairs Flora MacDonald says that U.S. draft evaders would have a low priority in applying for immigrant status. (For information on applying for immigrant status, contact Canada’s Immigration Department at (613) 995-8840.)

Amtrak’s one-way train fare to Mostreld is $45. Sweden has been considered the other great refuge for draft evaders. As far as Philadelphia’s Swedish Consul Donald Hogeland knows, there has been no change in their laws. “If I had to make an uneducated guess, I would say it would be just as it was the last time,” Hogeland said.

Sweden didn’t keep everyone who washed up on shore during the Vietnam War. “They had to convince the Swedish government that their objections were bona fide,” Hogeland points out. But that shouldn’t be any more difficult than proving CO status to the feds, and Sweden doesn’t have a vested interest in proving you wrong.

One-way coach airfare to Stockholm, Sweden on SAS Scandinavian Airlines is $435. TWA charges $507. There are some other ways to avoid military indoctrination: the Peace Corps, VISTA, the Coast Guard. Convicted felons aren’t eligible for military service, and neither are homosexuals.
Portraits of the Artist and the Athlete

By Kevin Coyne

A temporary exhibition staged in a museum with a large permanent collection often functions like the milk which is kept at the rear of any food store—like bait which lures visitors in for one reason but keeps them around by compelling them to see the other things. Museums, however, are considerably more scrupulous and noble-minded than food stores.

At first glance, the Rosenbach Museum (2010 DeLancey) appears to be just another impressive townhouse in an area filled with such structures. But behind that facade waits an incredibly diverse collection of art, printed matter, and other assorted objects, supplemented by various temporary exhibitions.

The current show consists of 150 photos, drawings, and paintings of the poet Marianne Moore. Doesn’t sound very exciting, does it? The show is not a collection of notable works with Miss Moore as their common subject, as we might have hoped for, but is instead nothing more than a photo-documentation of her life.

We see more of Moore than we probably ever would have desired. She comes across as a sweet elderly woman, a friendly and proper spinster, a lady of some distinction whose hand is forever being kissed by individuals of varying degrees of importance, from Presidents right on down to fellow poets. She became a celebrity of sorts in her later years, after people realized the import of her artistic achievement and discovered the good-natured grace and style of her personality.

As engaging as Miss Moore may be in the temporary show, the permanent house collection is what really should be seen. The Rosenbach is a gilt-edged pourri of eclectic objects. Here is the cigarette case carried by Archduke Ferdinand at the time of his assassination; a pre-execution letter from Mary, Queen of Scots; and the original, hand-written manuscript of Ulysses. The library is filled with an incredible array of rare books and manuscripts. For 75 cents you get a personal tour through the whole place. The Rosenbach is open from 11 to 4 every day but Monday.

The Philadelphia Museum of Art is offering a little bait itself this month in the form of a “Sports in Art” exhibition. Inspired by this Olympic year, the Museum has put together a small, but diverse, show of works with athletic subjects. We see Hopper and Sheeler on sailing. Guardi and Eakins on rowing. Sloan on sledding. Degas on horses. Greek vases on running events, and Bellows and Eakins on boxing. One display case is filled with Olympic medals, including the gold earned by Penn crew coach Ted Nash in 1960. Although the works selected are very satisfying to the art fan who also happens to love sports, the sports fan with no particular interest in art may not be completely won over.

But the bait is still worth taking. If this little show falls somewhat short of your expectations, well, the rest of the museum is just up the stairs.

And that is one place whose virtues need no further extolling. The museum is open every day but Monday. Admission is 75 cents with an ID.
By Lisa Green

"At a time when individual dignity and the right to decide for oneself are so important to be encouraged, United Artists invites individual moviegoers to see Cruising and evaluate it for themselves."

— from a United Artists statement distributed at a February 4 screening.

Last Sunday night, I attended a screening of Cruising, William Friedkin's controversial film about a series of gruesome murders of homosexuals. As a critic, I fully planned to follow United Artists' advice; I would see Cruising, and evaluate it for myself. Although I did exercise "the right to decide" for myself, my reaction was less-than-dignified.

Exactly fifteen minutes into the film, I walked out, followed by about ten percent of that evening's audience. The scene that propelled my exit (one in which a homosexual is bound and repeatedly stabbed) was no more gory than the violent footage in films like The Godfather, or Apocalypse Now, or the standard accident movies shown to driver's education classes in high school. Yet the violence in Cruising seemed vaguely exploitative and totally pointless; my gut reaction was pure bullshit and a lie," charges Scott Tucker, an organizer of the coalition against the film.

I've been to some of those bars myself. I'm not ashamed to admit that I've experimented with sadomasochism also, and the truth is that it's radically different from the violence like castration, that Friedkin's showing. He doesn't show any tenderness between men.

According to Friedkin's statements, and United Artists press releases, Cruising is patterned after actual crimes. Its setting, the "heavy leather" bars along the West Village, does exist. Friedkin and United Artists claim that Cruising offers an authentic recreation of "the intense and often violent sexuality" of the area.

"The film is bigoted, and a terrorist attack on the gay community," counters Rita Addessa, executive director of the Task Force. "Because it equates homosexuality with violence, it is distorted and offensive to us."

A distorted plot and revolting violence make Cruising an indictment of homosexuality. Friedkin and United Artists' attempt to pass their product off as legitimate cinema, however, makes Cruising an affront to filmgoers.

**This Week**

**Amendtng Exploratory Cinema**
Amendtng Studio Theatre
3680 Walnut St.

Eric Mark
16th and Marhelt Sts.
564-6222

**Stage Door Cinema**
14th and Chestnut
583-2775

The Last Married Couple in America is the boring title of a thought-provoking, scatological comedy written by Jerry Kowski. Peter Sellers heads a marvellous cast that is aided by Har Astley's confident direction.

International Cinema
International House
3751 Chestnut St.
EVT-5125

Thursday - Friday: Two Philly premiers. Jeff Goldblum-access is the story of a submerged woman who seeks revenge against her husband. The Sheltering Sky (1957) describes the life of a (male) writer in Africa. Two Nestor Almendros films are shown.

Penn Film Alliance
Amendtng Studio Theatre
3680 Walnut St.
Saturday: Satyajit Ray's Apur Sansar (India, 1959) follows the rise of a Bengali Scribe's son.

RKO Three
2nd and Walnut
925-7900

Angi Vera, a Hungarian film, examines a woman's painful struggle between logic and emotion. Chapter Two (James and Martha Mason star in the film adaptation of Neil Simon's autobiographical Broadway hit) is Going in Style. George Burns heads a line of elderly bank robbers in this comedy-drama.

**The Last Married Couple**
California, home of the new morality. Forty-year-old divorcee switch partners as if they were playing tennis. Where ex-husbands make passes at their best friends' ex-wives. In the plush playground of suburbia, the venerable American institution of marriage is falling apart.

The Last Married Couple in America is a bizarre engineer from San Diego who unsuccessfully tries to persuade her to engage in an orgy with their respective spouses; and Rick (Robert Wahler), a gorgeous twenty-year-old tennis player, successfully courts her.

The effectiveness of The Last Married Couple in America depends largely on the talent of George Segal. His performance as a confused but dedicated and loving couple who find their happy marriage of fifteen years threatened by their swinging, sleek set of friends.

Jeff's fidelity is challenged by Barbara (Valerie Harper), his wife's seductive and pushy best friend; his best friend Marv (Richard Benjamin), a confused and insecure casanova; and Howard (Bob Dishy), an unscrupulous divorce lawyer who seduces his lonely clients. Mari also falls victim to designing people. Tom (Mark Lonow) is a bizarre engineer from San Diego who unsuccessfully tries to persuade her to engage in an orgy with their respective spouses; and Rick (Robert Wahler), a gorgeous twenty-year-old tennis player, successfully courts her.

The movie can be over dramatic but does raise several valid questions about contemporary American society. The Last Married Couple in America is humorous and poignant; a combination which produces a movie worth seeing.

**Al Pacino: Plays Undercover Cop**

**By Lisa Honig and Alan Cohen**

Are We Crazy? George Segal and Natalie Wood In 34th STREET MAGAZINE, February 21, 1980

Fifteen Minutes of 'Cruising' is Plenty

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Heart

Bebe Le Strange

Portray FE 36371

They say a picture tells a thousand words, and such is the case with Heart’s new album Bebe Le Strange. While the cover sports some of the most pleasing thousand words in recent memory, it is also revealing in another way. Lead guitarist Roger Fisher is gone, and Heart is the Wilson sisters’ band all the way. Not surprisingly then, Bebe Le Strange is about women trying to establish their identity in the male-dominated world of rock and roll. The title track refers to a new breed of woman rock star, the female Johhny B. Goode, out on her own in the stifling music business: “No one is going to tie me to this machine/Giving me formula force-fed dreams/Getting more hold on me than it seems.”

Unfortunately, the music on this album is only mediocre. Bright spots are there, especially in the title cut, an excellent Heart-style rocker: “Down On Me” and in “Rockin’ Heaven Down,” which features an infectious shuffle beat and an infectious shuffle beat and a raucous horn section. And, of course, there are Ann Wilson’s vocals, which get better with every album. Annie sings her Heart out here, her voice sounding like feedback, adding inspiration to the most uninspired of cuts. Yet despite the occasional moments of brilliance, which occur mostly on the first side, Bebe Le Strange falls victim to the inconsistency which has marred every Heart album since Dreamboat Annie. Heart fans will like it, but the album breaks no new ground, and most of it is inescapably dull. There’s nothing here they haven’t done before and better, and ultimately Bebe Le Strange is not the breakthrough it could have been. But, oh that picture...!

—Bruce Meyer

The Ramones

End of the Century

Sire SRK 6077

Gabba Gabba Hey! The Ramones are back, with a new masterpiece. Although still possessing that rowdy-ass non-stop propulsion which brought the Forest Hills boys into the limelight, End of the Century opens up a new era for the band that re-shaped rock. Veteran producer Phil Spector takes the reins and backs the Fab Four with an organ, piano, and sax! These and other Specter-esque techniques soar, Joke, DeeeDee, and Marky in new heights, yet do not deprive the die-hard fans of their famous deafening spellbinding fervor. The new version of “Rock ‘n’ Roll High School” is a perfect example; the song seethes with a blistering beat that it never before contained. “Danny Says,” a powerful, slick, slow-tempoed beard, is also enhanced by Spector’s experience; the beat is carefully widened into a devastating earthquake. “This Ain’t Havana,” a heavy kick-it-out- rhythmic firecracker, is lit by the most luscious chainsaw guitar riffs ever pressed in vinyl. The band also plays a hyped-up version of the Ronettes’ classic “Baby, I Love You.” They turn the tune into an outrageous high-energy stamper.

Again, this time aided by the expertise of Mr. Spector, the Ramones bleed with Godly magic and undeniable talent. The original title track, “All The Way,” is New Wave at its best. The song possesses these very characteristic lyrics: “I just wanna have some fun/Before they throw me into the sanitarium-um.”

—Mark Goldstein

Heart: Struggling for a Female Rock Image

THIS WEEK

Academy of Music
Broad & Locust 893-1930

Tonight at 9 pm: Saturday, plus Tuesday, William Smith conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra. The program is devoted to a single work — Mahler’s Symphony No. 2 in C minor. “Resurrection.” PDP Bath at the Academy Sunday, while Wednesday’s sounds will be provided by saxman Ronnie Laws.

The Hot Club
21st & South 545-5051

Tonight at midnight marks the return of Mother Nature, an all-dance, all-night party, a very danceable, pre-reggae version of Jamaican music.

John & Pears
New Hope, Pa. 862-9951

Rock Sunday with local faves Nan Mantell & Steve Warren

The Main Point
874 Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa. 525-3375

Singer-songwriters George Gritzbach and Priscilla Hardman venture to the Point for tonight’s live folk show. Following Saturday by vocalist Michael Urbancik Jazz Tuesday with the Ward Manor Trio. Coming March 6 — Don McLean.

Stars
2nd & Bainbridge 827-8034

Good grief, why is everybody always picking on poor Charlie Brown? Find out Saturday night when the Coasters roll into town. Sorry, Charlie, you gotta be good. The Off Theater 69th & Ludow LOC-9264

Word New Wave Gary Numan and his Tubeway Army invade the Tower downtown night right at 8 pm. You are $4.50-$6.50. Saturdays, melday out with the Jerry Garcia Band. Shows at 6 & 9-9:30 pm. Tickets $7.50 and $5.50 a head.

University Museum’s Harrison Auditorium
33rd & Spuce Sts.

The all-female quartet Alive jounces up the Museum today. 7 pm.

J. Geils Band

Love Stinks

EMI-America 500-17016

Love Stinks, J. Geils’ latest release, is so super that it has even exceeded the expectations of an ardent fan. This album possesses the accustomed hard-driving blues style of earlier Gells efforts. It serves as a reaffirmation of the band’s sincerity, dedication to having fun while producing good Rock ‘n’ Roll. This fact is emphasized by the album’s quickest and catchiest song, “I’ll the Walls Come Tumbling Down,” on which it is stated: “The night was wild/But I’m in control/You’ve got brush your teeth/With rock ‘n’ roll.”’ “Tryin’ Not To Think About It” is an excellent blues composition that is worth hearing repeatedly, while the album’s piece de resistance is its comical mini-soap opera, “No Anchovies, Please.” The satire on the generalized 1950’s fear of becoming involved with anything new or different. Overall, Love Stinks is surely a worthwhile album, packed to the brim with energy and enthusiasm. And whether J. Geils is right or wrong in their opinion of love is relatively unimportant. One fact is certain: it is a serious pleasure to crack this disc and listen to a band that has such a good time complaining.

—David Henkoff

James White

Off White
ZE (Buddah) ZEA 33-903

Categorizing the music of James White (the “disco” incarnation of Contortions leader James Chance) is impossible, except perhaps to call it music for Armageddon. The leader calls it dance music, but hard-core blowhards will be appalled. The music moves in a standard route — a funky James Brown beat, harsh, highly-distorted guitar riffs; the jagged, screeching, Albert Ayler-like sax explorations of White. Radically Off White has its difficulties. Most noticeably, the album gets bogged down in parody. The constant repetition of the title on “Contort Yourself!” and the orgasmic wranglings of “Sax Man” are merely references to the Donna Summer school of dance music. Yet when White breaks loose with the gruff guitar and horn wranglings of side two and “Almost Black,” the music takes a different turn, fusion rock, funk, and free jazz. “Almost Black” is the perfect example: while parodying his obvious whiteness, White slips into two forms of black music — the funky beat and the avant-garde sax, as the rap states, “He don’t have roots. Well, he’s proud of it.” White takes and gives ideas from everyone and everything; the final product, however, is all his own.

—Stuart Feil

Brass Construction

Brass Construction V
United Artists LT 977

Brass Construction V might generously be labeled as commercialized disco. Yet it surpasses such a description in one noteworthy respect — it is exceptionally offensive. The album’s conception may, in fact, proclaim a radically new era in “auditory S & M.” Songs like “Music Makes You Feel Like Dancing” and “Get Up” simultaneously embrace inequity and insult the connoisseur. If, perhaps, one does acquire the album and finds it appealing, then may I also suggest a pair of leather underwear...

—Steve Warren
Bob Vetrone: Godfather of the Big Five

By David Elfin

The Philadelphia Bulletin's modern newsroom is right out of All the President's Men. Most of the writers are dwarfed by the sheer magnitude of the bright, airy facility, but not the middle-aged, heavy-set, bear-of-a-man with circles under his eyes.

Bob Vetrone is not pretty. In a rumpled green dress shirt over a gray American University T-shirt, black slacks and athletic socks and sneakers, Vetrone is like his home away from home, the Palestra — weathered but still strong.

Also like the Palestra, Vetrone is a veritable Philadelphia institution. "I've been here all my life," the 54 year old rasps with a grin. "I'm South Philly born. I went to Southeast Catholic which is now Bishop Neumann." It was at Southeast Catholic that Vetrone and journalism first became synonymous. "It was during World War II and no one wanted to write for the school paper," Vetrone recalls. "My English teacher made my class the staff. I had always loved the school paper," Vetrone says. "My English课ing World War II and no one wanted to write for

That '66-'67 season, the Sixers finished with a record 68 victories and dethroned the perennial champion Boston Celtics. "They had a great team," Vetrone recalls. "Especially winning the title, they had a great bunch of guys. They were a helluva group to be with." The next season Vetrone left the Bulletin, took a job in the Sixers' publicity department and became Al Meltzer's colorman for the team's telecasts.

In 1971, Don De Jardin became the team's new G.M. "He wanted me to become involved with sports," Vetrone comments. "And I just wasn't cut out for that. I called the Bulletin and they said they needed guys on the copy desk." In August 1975, Vetrone was asked to return to the Sixers' telecasts. "The Bulletin said there would be a conflict of interest," Vetrone remarks. "I was so upset, I quit." But in December 1976, new Sixers' owner Fitz Dixon replaced Vetrone with ex-Sixer favorite Billy Cunningham, and when a deal to become associate publisher of Sports Philadelphia magazine fell through, Vetrone was out of work. But a month later he was back at the Bulletin as "a fulltime part-timer," Vetrone laughs. "I contribute my vast lore of sports knowledge to 'Buck The Bartender', but we're just good friends."

It was about this time that Dan Baker (Vetrone's present radio colleague) decided to broadcast the West Philadelphia High Games. "We had known each other for years," Vetrone says, "and he asked me to be his color guy. A year later, he got the Big Five contract and he asked me to stay with him." The duo broadcast each Big Five home game on WWDB (96.5 FM) and WHAT (1340 AM) along with Big Five executive director John Nash. "Dan is very serious, articulated and detailed," Vetrone notes. "I'm none of those. I'm a fan with a mike in front of me."

The broadcasts led to the creation of Bob Vetrone's Big Five Pipeline, a talk show which he hosts with Bob Brinker every Sunday during the regular season (from 9-11 pm on WWDB). "I often wondered whether I wanted a show of my own," Vetrone says gruffly. "You're asking the listeners to believe you know everything about sports, but nobody does. I just didn't feel I could authoritatively discuss all sports, but when Herb Sobel asked me to do a show just about college basketball, I agreed."

"Every other sport had its own show," Vetrone continues. "But how many true-blooded Big Five fans are there? I'm amazed at how well the show is doing. Every phone line is always busy and people jump on us immediately when we make a mistake. In most cases, it's not an argumentative show. I think there's a place for nice, pleasant conversation and information."

Vetrone has been on the Big Five bandwagon since the league began, in 1955. "The idea that all the schools would get together seemed impossible," Vetrone remembers. "Penn was an exalted institution of higher learning. We never thought of it as a local school, and the idea that Penn would condescend to play the other schools was surprising."

"The interest is back. I think the early appearances of Duke, Virginia, Wake Forest and Notre Dame have helped. The Penn support, the increased enthusiasm of the St. Joe's fans, the rise of a super Villanova team, and the weeding out of some of the weaker games from the schedule have also been important."

"Next year should be even better," Vetrone predicts. "La Salle-De Paul and Villanova-Notre Dame are on the schedule. Every team will be better except La Salle."

As Chairman of the Big Five Hall of Fame, Vetrone insists the future of the city series appears bright, despite the absence of a television contract. While he terms TV coverage as "the big barometer" of the league's success, he points out that attendance is over 7000 per game for the second straight year. "The fans are back," Vetrone says. "The interest is back. I think the early appearances of Duke, Virginia, Wake Forest and Notre Dame have helped. The Penn support, the increased enthusiasm of the St. Joe's fans, the rise of a super Villanova team, and the weeding out of some of the weaker games from the schedule have also been important."

"Michael Brooks is second only to Gola," Vetrone asserts. "Michael's more explosive and high-scoring, but Gola was better on defense. What Magic Johnson does today, Gola did 30 years ago. Michael can be a (George) McGinnis type. He has the potential to be the greatest pro the Big Five has ever produced."