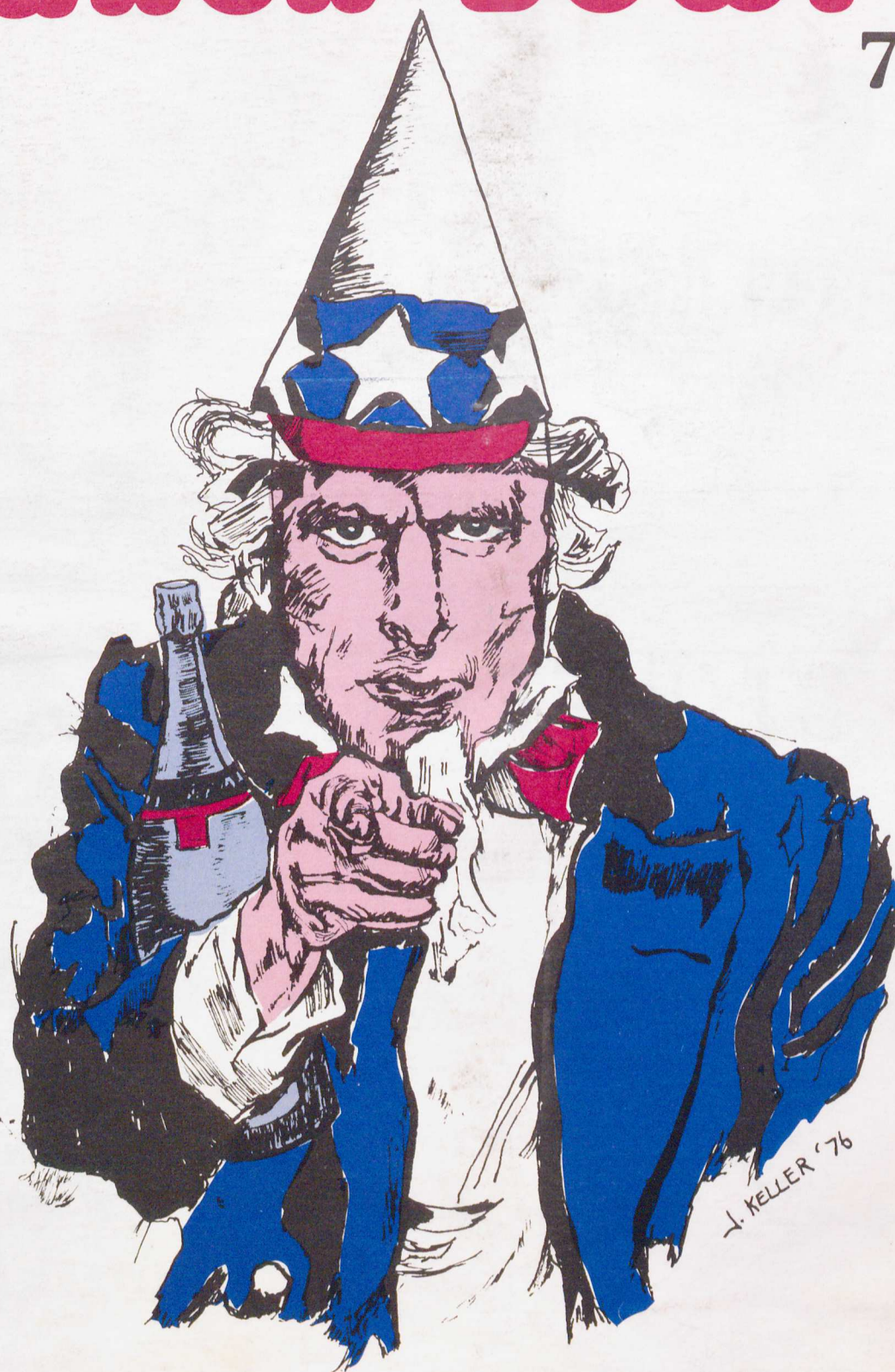


Punch Bowl

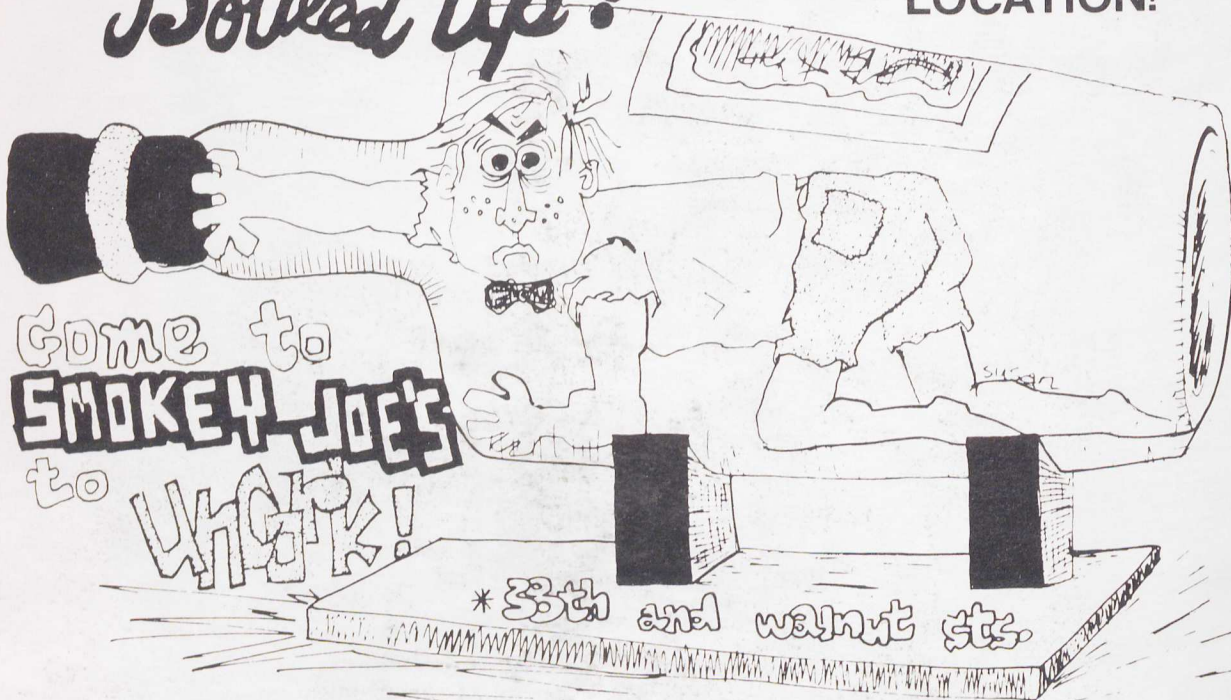
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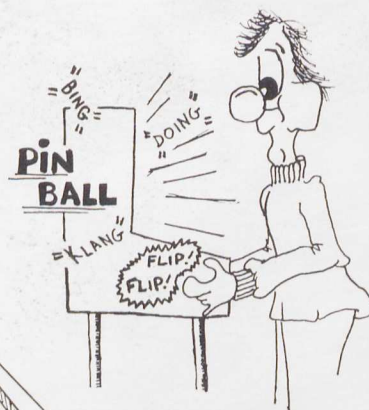
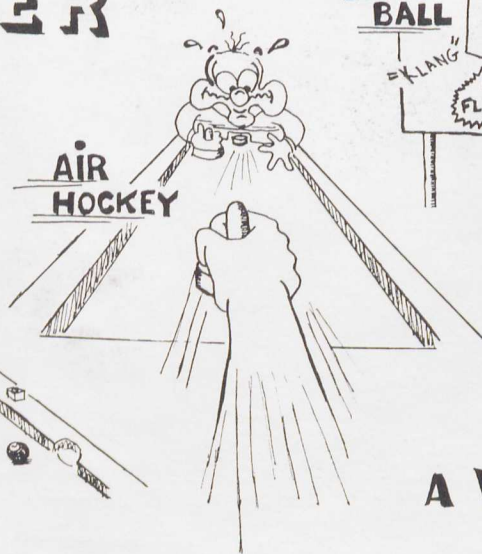
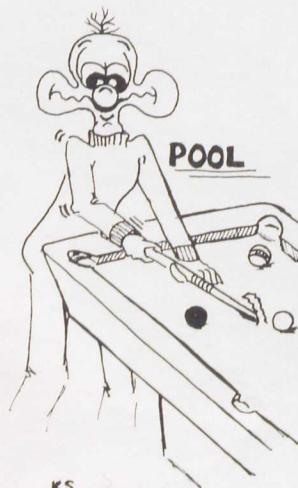
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Punch Bowl

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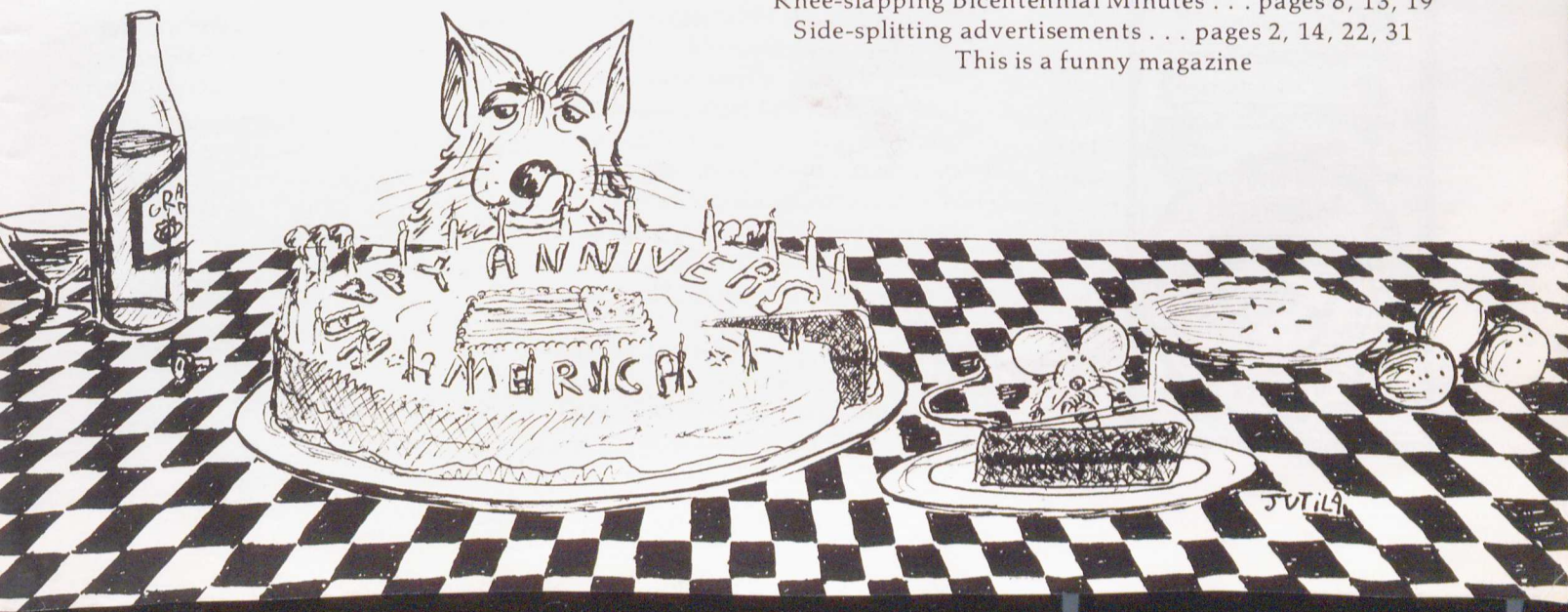
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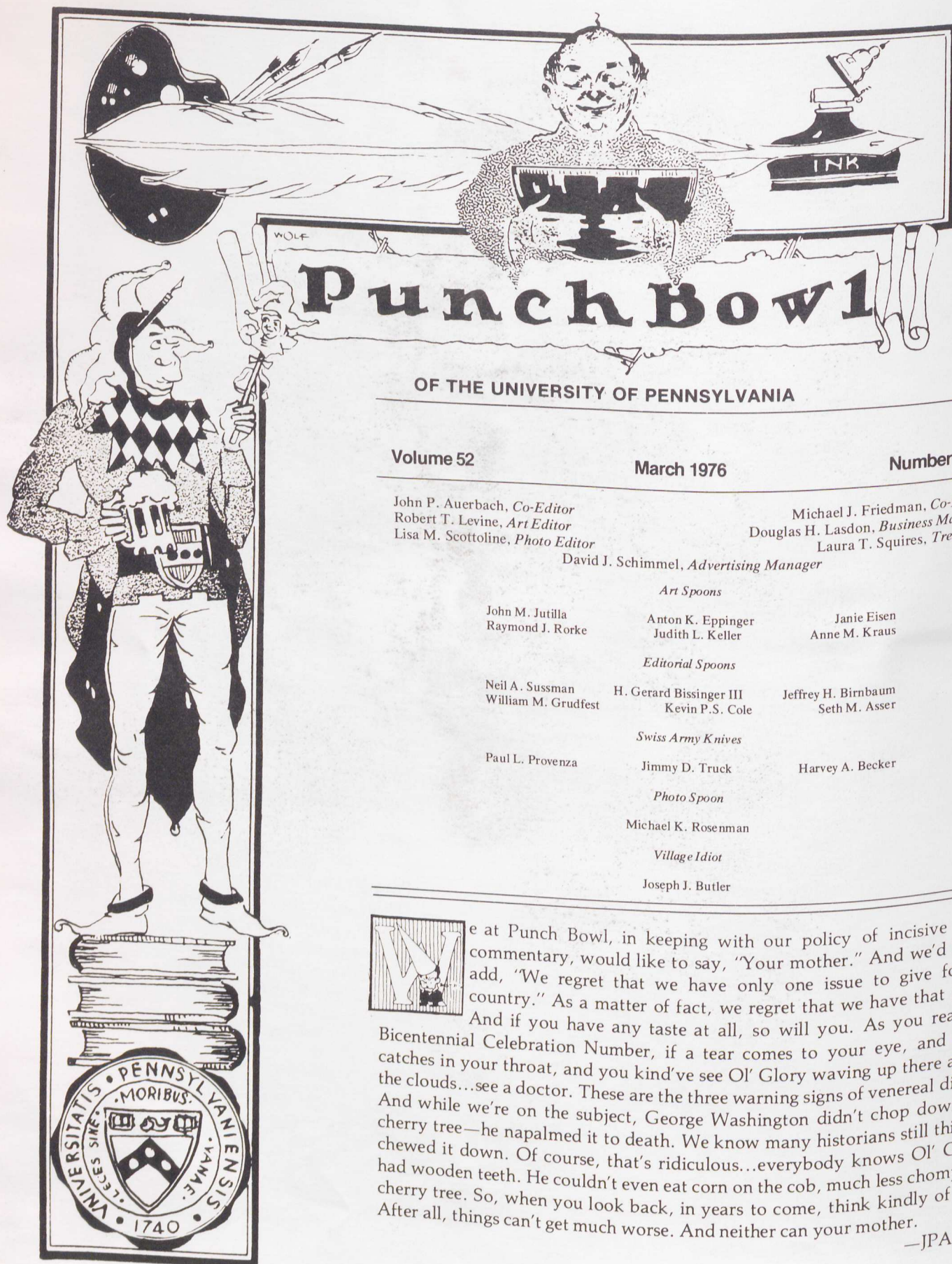
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This is a funny magazine





OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Volume 52

March 1976

Number Two

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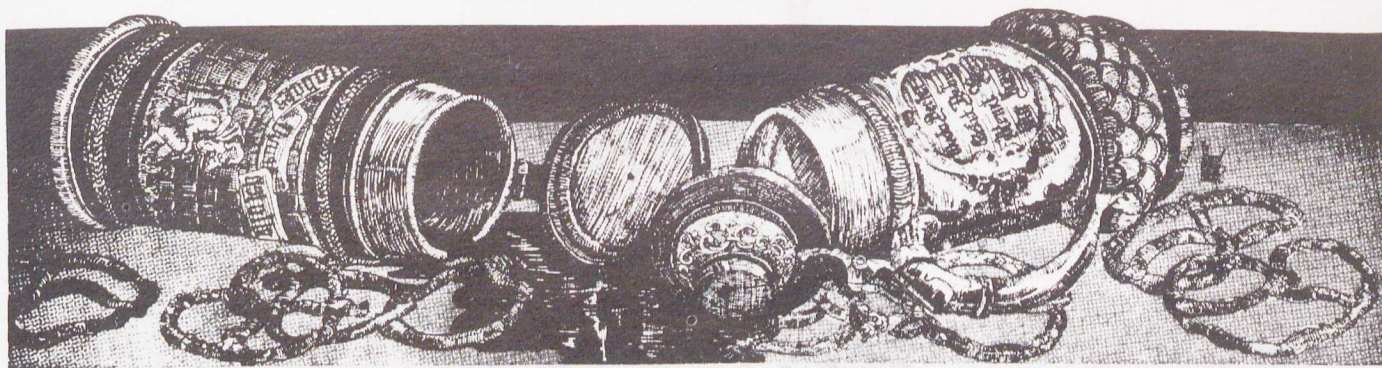
Joseph J. Butler



At Punch Bowl, in keeping with our policy of incisive social commentary, would like to say, "Your mother." And we'd like to add, "We regret that we have only one issue to give for our country." As a matter of fact, we regret that we have that many. And if you have any taste at all, so will you. As you read this Bicentennial Celebration Number, if a tear comes to your eye, and a sob catches in your throat, and you kind've see Ol' Glory waving up there among the clouds...see a doctor. These are the three warning signs of venereal disease. And while we're on the subject, George Washington didn't chop down that cherry tree—he napalmed it to death. We know many historians still think he chewed it down. Of course, that's ridiculous...everybody knows Ol' George had wooden teeth. He couldn't even eat corn on the cob, much less chomp on a cherry tree. So, when you look back, in years to come, think kindly of 1976. After all, things can't get much worse. And neither can your mother.

—JPA, MSF

Published three times a year. Address communications to Pennsylvania Punch Bowl, Houston Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa. 19174. Subscriptions \$2.25 per year. Single copy \$.75. Contents copyright 1976 Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



F O A M a n d D R E G S



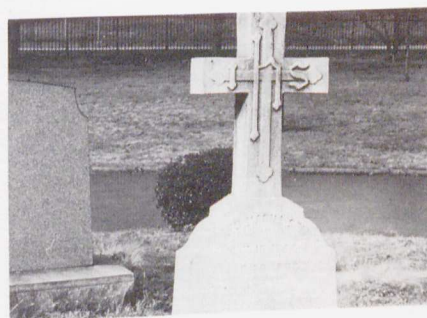
In a recent DP poll, it was discovered that students are, contrary to popular opinion and amazing as it seems, reluctant to pay the additional tuition costs proposed by President Martin Meyerson. These surprising results were double-checked and still found to be accurate. "I can't understand it," said an aged DP janitor.

When confronted with this, Meyerson said, "So what? They'll pay it. If they put up a fuss, we'll do to them what we did to Henry Johnson—kick 'em in the appendix till it bursts."

Other administrative reactions varied.

Although the Provost could not be reached for comment, his office released the following statement: "Booga booga. Skoo-bee-doo."

John "I'm not dead" Hobstetter contended that despite the tuition hike, he was still not dead. "I'm not dead," he said.



"Not Richard Hobstetter"



Freshman hazing is still very much alive at the University of Pennsylvania. Here we see an upperclassman taking part in traditional hijinks during New Student Week.



Miss Rhoda Roota of Potato, Miss., won the title of Miss Bicentennial Look-Alike, at a contest held last Thursday afternoon. Miss Roota triumphed over a field of thirty-two lovely and personable members of the King Family, eight hubcaps, and a host of other inanimate objects (among which was a shapely pencil). When asked how she felt about anything at all, the beautiful and witty Miss Roota replied, "If I could meet any former president of the United

States, I think I would like to meet Earl Monroe."

The Potato native will wear the crown of Miss Bicentennial Look-Alike for the next twelve months, during which time she will tour the streets of Rhode Island, South Dakota, and the People's Republic of Wyoming. Her reign as Queen will climax in a no-holds barred wrestling match against the tag-team of Tatum O'Neal and Mr. Ed. Tickets go on sale July Fourth at the Camden Civic Center.





Julie Nixon Eisenhower presented her father with a Birthday cake this past Sunday. Her father, an ex-government official, has every Sunday for the past eighteen months insisted that it was his birthday. This cake marked his hundred-and-thirty-ninth birthday celebration.

"Poor Daddykins. He's just not well," admitted Julie. "He's got muscatel on the brain. Those awful men, they did this to him—taking away his plane and his seal, and now he insists on playing these silly games. Sometimes, when I go to visit him I must pretend that I'm the Statue of Liberty and he's Uncle Sam. He goes on and on about the rape of freedom. Well, before I can say, 'David, your ears stick out,' he's on top of me pulling at my blouse and moaning something about the bulge in the GNP and the receptacle of justice. What's a daughter to do?"



The National Association for the Destruction and Consequent Mummification of Small Animals held its annual convention in Philadelphia's famous Thirtieth Street Station men's room. On the agenda were rats, pigeons, and squirrels, which were soon removed and executed. Chairman Mousie



WANTON WHARTONITE WOOS WEALTH. This Wharton senior, whose name is being withheld, was apprehended in the amorous and illicit embrace of a stack of currency under the denomination of twenty. He is presently being charged with embezzlement and making change.

Tongue was quoted as saying, "We of the Association feel that small animals are not only notorious gamblers, swindlers, and wife-beaters, but they also constitute a threat to larger animals, whom they gang up upon and make fun of."

The convention was protested by a contingent of small animals from Des Moines, Dayton, and Bala Cynwyd, who threw nuts and

pebbles at Association members. At first, they demonstrated peacefully, but later, as one rabbit put it, were "Squee, squee," and had to be dragged off by their little tails. In the ensuing shuffle, an entire flock of pigeons was taken into custody and later found guilty on two counts of "not being able to hold it in."



Frank Rizzo: What the Bicentennial Means to Me

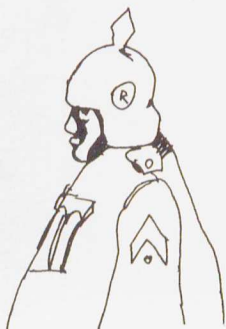
Perhaps I'm being naive, but I always thought that since the Bicentennial was being held in Philadelphia, and since I am the mayor of Philadelphia, that ergo, the Bicentennial would affect me personally. I thought that the Bicentennial was going to be something big in my life, something earth-shattering, something that would shake me up even more than the Arco fire. I don't know why I thought that. Maybe I'm just a romantic fool. Maybe I'm just dumb. Maybe I'm just Italian.

This is a great year for America, the greatest country on this great planet in this swell galaxy in this really nice universe, and with all the fanfare surrounding the coming of '76 I thought something terrific was going to happen.

Now I realize that the year isn't over yet, but I've been disappointed so far. You have to understand, I really thought this was going to be THE year for me. If anyone is listening up there, these are the things that the Bicentennial has not changed in my life:

- 1) I still have to shave my nosehairs in the morning.
- 2) I still have to use Duco cement to keep my hair in place.
- 3) I still have to go to the bathroom sometimes.
- 4) I still tinkle down my leg.
- 5) I didn't become Robert Redford.
- 6) No one has nominated me for President.
- 7) No one has nominated me for Vice-President.
- 8) No one has nominated me for Homecoming Queen.
- 9) I didn't get a 4.0.
- 10) I didn't get a part in Barry Lyndon.
- 11) I didn't become Al Pacino.
- 12) I still have to use both hands to walk.

- 13) I'm still ugly.
- 14) I still look like a potato.
- 15) I still don't know where babies come from.
- 16) My wife still won't tell me.
- 17) My kids still don't look like me.
- 18) I didn't get a baby brother.
- 19) I didn't become Clint Eastwood.
- 20) I still don't know why they call them hoagies.
- 21) I still have hairs on my back.
- 22) I still have hairs on my palms.
- 23) All the people I hate haven't died.
- 24) I didn't become Telly Savalas.
- 25) My mother still wears Army boots.
- 26) Your mother still wears Army boots.
- 27) I still drool when I think.
- 28) No one tried to assassinate me because I was powerful and wealthy.
- 29) I still can't get into CGS.
- 30) I didn't become Jimmy the Truck. Vrooom!
- 31) I still don't know where Mummers come from.
- 32) I still don't know who's buried in Grant's Tomb.
- 33) No one called me up to tell me they admire me—except my mother, and she was forced at gunpoint by the Philadelphia police.
- 34) I still get a rush from hot peppers.
- 35) I still don't know how William Penn got up there.
- 36) I didn't make the Cosmopolitan centerfold again.
- 37) I still can't hold it in.
- 38) John Hobstetter is still alive.
- 39) Punch Bowl still gets me physically ill.



200 years ago today, King George III of England was asked to attend a banquet in colonial Philadelphia, in honor of your mother

Exxon

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BICENTENNIAL
MINUTES

On the same night, Ferd Schlep, a local composer of bestiality jingles, was seeking a victim in his quest for hooch-money.

En route to the affair, George III met with Mr. Schlep; he was robbed of all his personal effects, but learned a little song about Mr. Ed

Meanwhile, no one could start eating until the king arrived, and dinner got cold

I'm Margaret Meade, and that's the way it was 200 years ago today

RED, WHITE AND

\$1.00

Blue Confessions

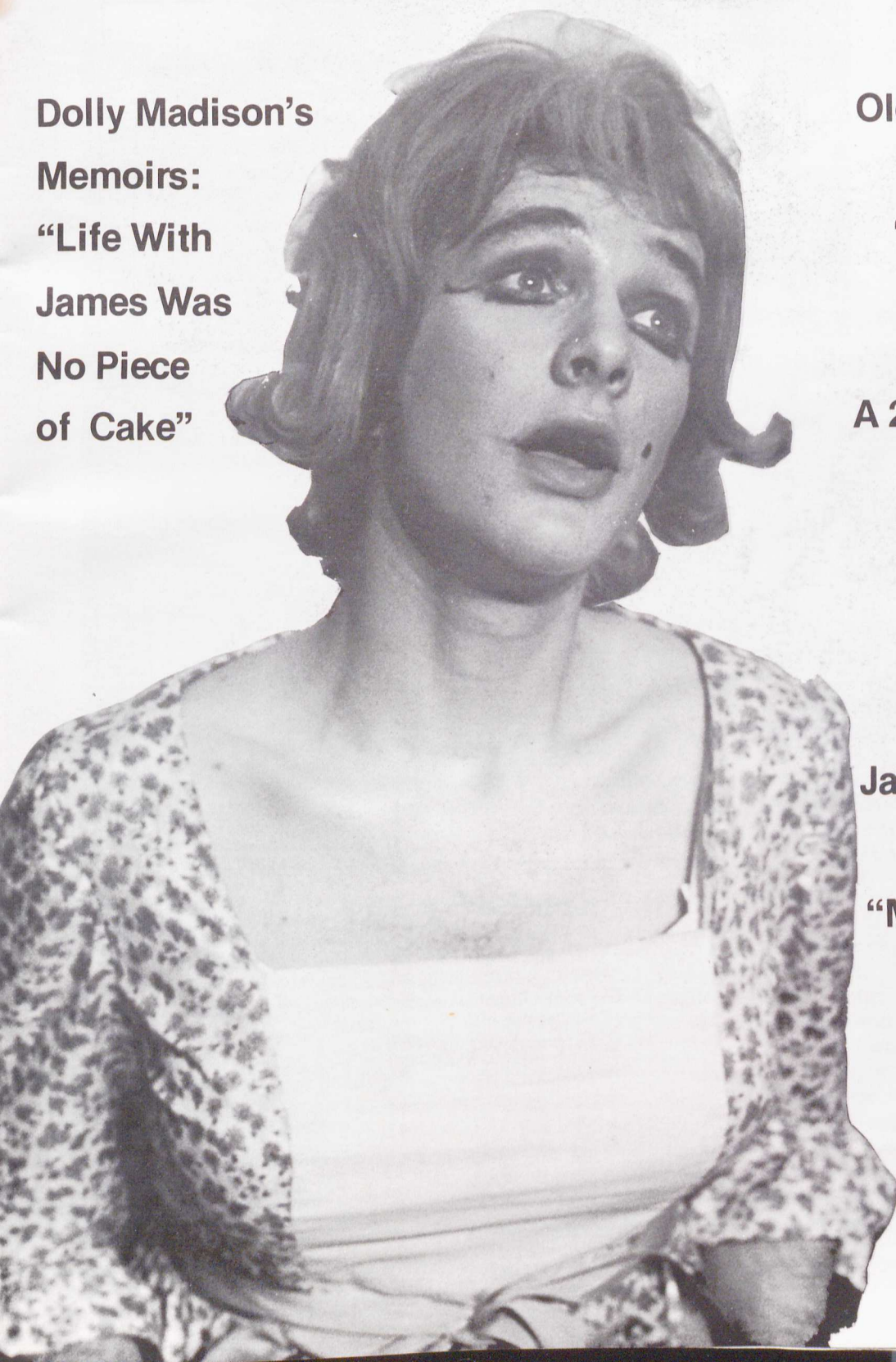
**Dolly Madison's
Memoirs:
"Life With
James Was
No Piece
of Cake"**

**Old Soldier Who Never
Died Reveals,
"How I Faded Away"**

**A 220-Year Old Woman
Tells All: "I Am
Very, Very Old"**

**SNEAK PREVIEW:
Japanese Bicentennial
Horror Film—
"Mothra Washington"**

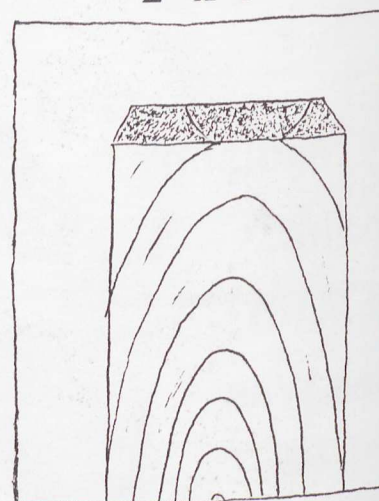
**"Benjamin Franklin
Caught It From Me"
—A Man Reveals**



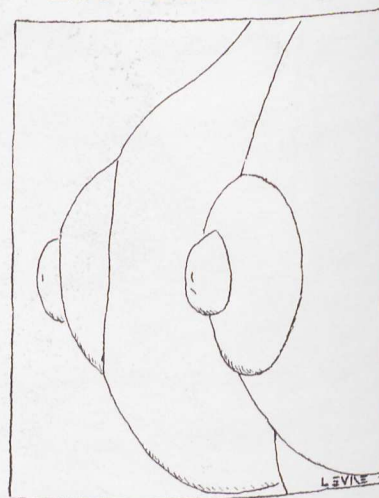
"I gained 200 inches on my bustline to celebrate the Bicentennial"



2" x 4"



200" x 29" x 36"



Q. "Lola, has your new bustline made a difference?"

A. "Oh yes! Being flat-chested was awful! My clothes used to slide off. I couldn't go out with a guy unless I supplied him with 3-D glasses. My brassieres inspired the negative heel shoe. I made Cher look good. I made Sonny look good. Not to mention Chastity."

Q. "And after Mark Eaten?"

A. "The difference is tremendous. With 200 extra inches on my bustline, I have no problems getting a date, although I have problems seeing him. At parties, I always have a place to put my drink when I need a free hand. My popularity has skyrocketed, especially amongst the 101 Airborne Division. They're a swell group of guys. I went out with them last week, and I still haven't met half of them."

Q. "May I touch your new bosom?"

A. "Certainly. Go right ahead."

Q. "Firm, aren't they?"

A. "Yes, they are."

Mark Eaten

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Please RUSH me my Mark Eaten Bust Developer and Furniture Reupholstering Course. I understand that this course is complete; there will be nothing else to buy, and it probably will not work, and it has absolutely nothing to do with the Bicentennial. So if I do not see satisfactory results, I can use my Bust Developer to stuff my bra.

I enclose \$9.95 plus \$.50 for the hell of it.

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☐ Do you have a bust to begin with:

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Address _____

I Slept With George Washington



The author of this article is a 220 year old woman. She was wheeled into my office by a young female male nurse. At first glance, I thought she was dead. I realized she was very much alive, however, when she spoke to me. She had bags under her eyes, her hair was glistening white, and her bazooms drooped onto her lap. I thought she was senile, as she was talking to my filing cabinet. Her companion brought her back to her senses by beating her upon the head with a heavy stick, which she did frequently. She told me about her long life, which bored me to no end. Then, she proceeded to recount the most amazing tale of the Father of our Country, never before revealed. Here is that incredible story, as told to my filing cabinet.

I first met George in a crowded bar at the Philadelphia Hilton. It was late November, 1777 and it was his last weekend before setting up his camp in Valley Forge. He gave all his men three day passes and told them to go out and have a good time. Many of them spent the weekend getting drunk, many frequented brothels. George, however, got drunk and frequented me.

I have to admit, I was a virgin, until George. He was famous for chopping down cherry trees, anyway. You might say, "First in war, first in peace and first in me." I'll never forget him as long as I live, which shouldn't be much longer. That weekend will go down in history, because history went down with me, fifteen times.

George was unlike any man I'd ever met. He had great physical strength, yet he was very tender. He was cool

and calculating, yet very emotional; very military, yet very effeminate.

I was certain that after that wonderful weekend I'd probably never hear from George again, but I had a different fate in store. Early in December I received a message from him asking me to come out to Valley Forge for an afternoon of croquet. As I look back on it, I think it might have been a clever ruse to get me out to the camp. Everyone knows George didn't play croquet.

That afternoon was the most exciting I'd ever had. The Redcoats overran our zone. Bullets flew all around, but George was oblivious. "What about the British?" I interrupted.

"Let them get their own broad", he replied, as he overran my zone.

George was into kinky things. He used to plan out battle strategies while we were making love. I could never figure out why he kept looking at the whites of my eyes.

We even tried oral sex once, but I tended to shy away from that stuff. It wasn't anything personal, I just got too many splinters after awhile. He was never satisfied with the ordinary, he loved to experiment; our favorite position was called "Crossing the Delaware". We stood the whole way. Once he brought his horse into the barracks with him, but that's where I drew the line. I was no Catherine the Great. Besides, that's a whole other revolution.

Our relationship flourished through the long, hard winter. We got to know each other very well, by January he even let me call him George. He said it was much less formal than "Your Excellency". I had my own little nickname for him; I used to call him "The General" because he was. He was very good to me. He'd never hit me, unless I asked him to.

However, our idyllic life was not to last forever. One day George came to me and said he had to go off to Lexington and Concord. He said the trip would take many days and he would have to take many men with him, and

they would have to trudge through many miles of treacherous, snow-covered roads. "George", I said, "just take the B uptown to 96th, switch for the local for two stops to Lexington and take the Crosstown bus."

"What are you crazy?" he answered, "That's Harlem, a man could get killed! I'll take the snow."

The next few weeks were miserable! With George gone, I didn't know what I'd do. It was only then that I realized that George was more to me than just a minuteman. I thought of our lives together. Then thoughts of Martha crept into my mind. I had completely forgotten that George was a married man. Martha didn't forget, though. When she found out about us, she said, "Your ass is grass, wench". But I didn't let it upset me too much, especially after I discovered that Martha spent the entire winter in the stables with the horses.

Finally, George returned. He looked like he had just come out of battle, and for very good reason, he did. When we were alone I told him how much I missed him, how much I'd pined for him. "I told you not to mention my teeth," he replied, "I'm very sensitive about that."

To calm him down I told him how much I loved him. Then he told me the heartbreaking news: he could no longer see me. "Why?" I asked, "Were you blinded in battle?"

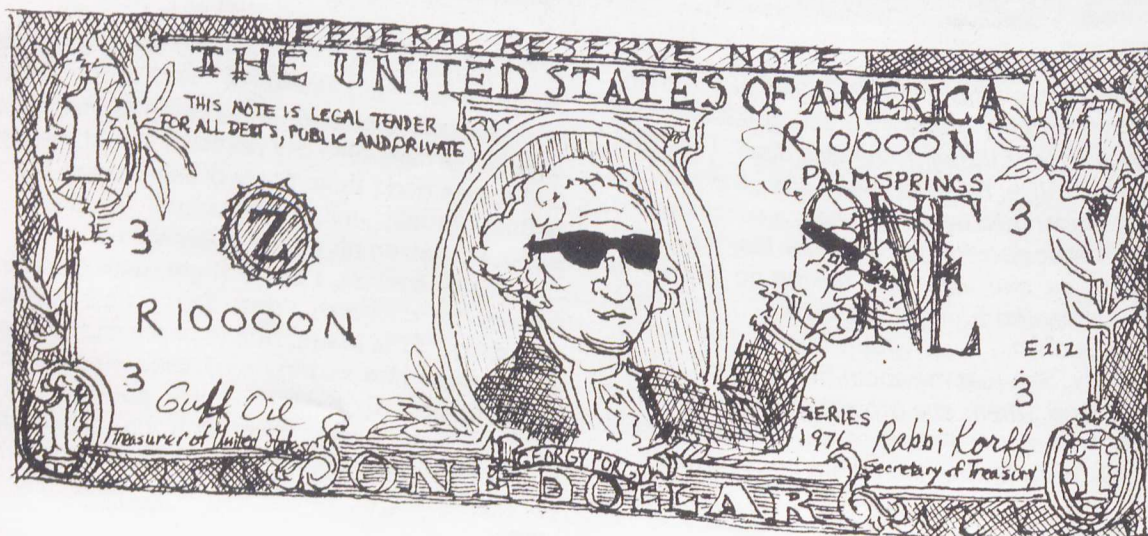
He said, "Because Martha knows."

"But what about the horses?" I exclaimed.

"They know, too".

I've never quite gotten over that shock and I've never married. To this day I still cry sometimes when I spend a quarter, and travelling between New York and New Jersey I only use the Lincoln Tunnel. I also can't bear to wear my Frederick's of Hollywood panties that say "George Washington slept here".

I've spent the last 200 years trying to ease the pain of that relationship. I've devoted all my time to a hobby that has helped get George off my mind. I breed horses.



200 years ago today, three unidentified orthodontists attempted to sell their children to passers-by

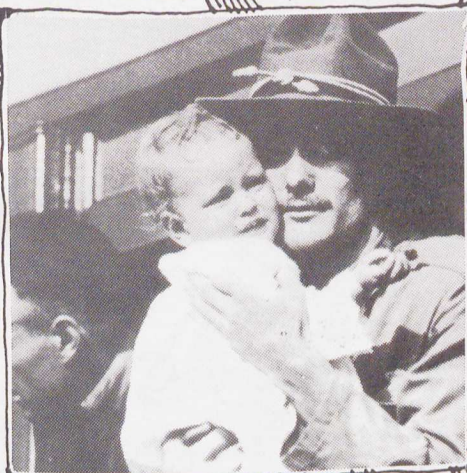
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PRESENTS
BICENTENNIAL
MINUTES

Other incidents followed; with meat prices on the European market steadily rising, baby-selling caught on



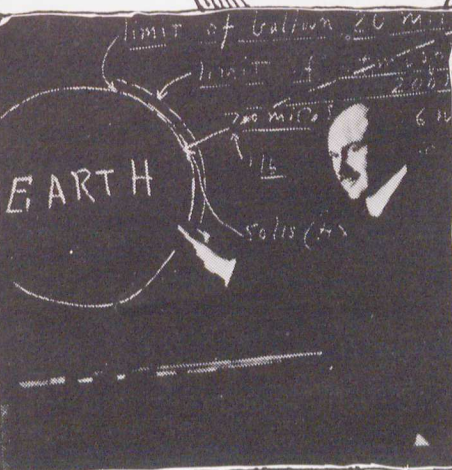
When Martha Washington found herself unable to make ends meet, even young George, Jr. fell victim to this practice



However, as years went by these children grew up into some of our oldest and most useless citizens



I'm Barbra Streisand, and that's the way it was 200 years ago today



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that can be bored.*

—Erich Fromm

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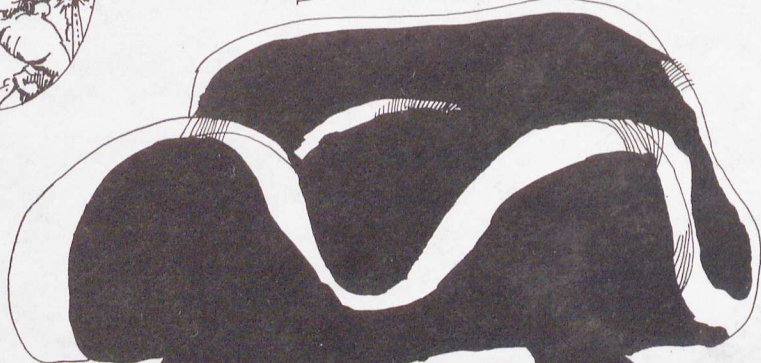
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GEN. WASHINGTON AND HIS VALLEY FORAGERSTM

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"EVERY
MAN
MY
DINNER!"

AUERBACH '76 PROD©



Outgrown your old Dad? Maybe Doosy[®] can help you pick him off.

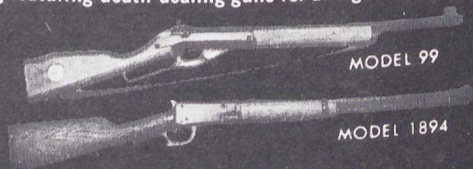
You're bigger now. You could be ready to go out on your own. Only Dad stands in your way. Maybe it's time to get rid of Dad.

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Stu Pid
PRESENTS:

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ANOTHER PSYCHO-
PATHOLOGICAL PIECE
OF SADISTIC MEANDER-
INGS IN THE IN-
HUMANE MARVEL
MANNER!

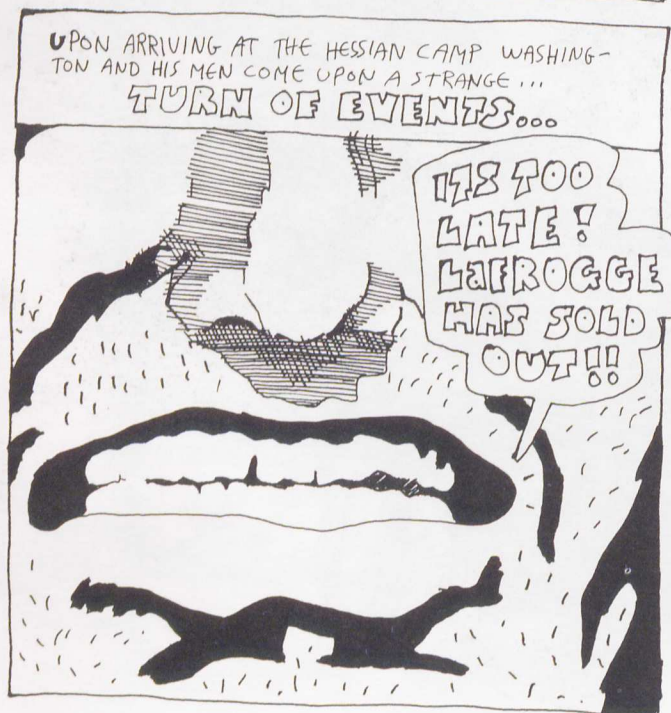
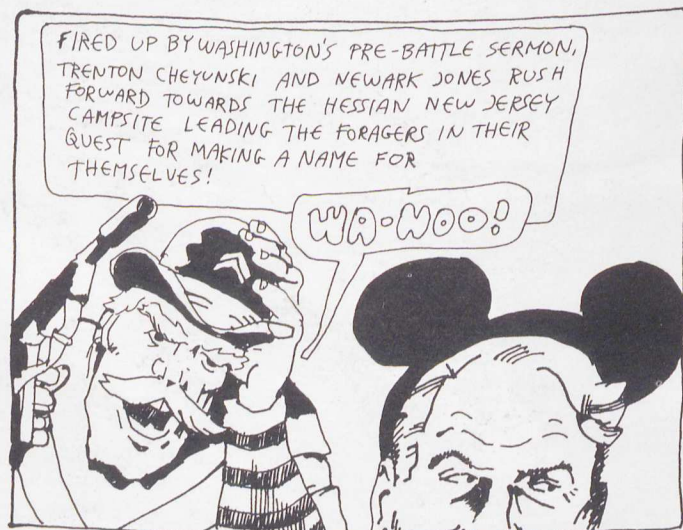
WUFF

SAID!

ALRIGHT YOU MEALY MOUTH BUNCH OF DEGENERATES... YOU YA-HOO MISFITS, WE GOT US A FREAKIN' MISSION! I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU LILYLIVERED EVER LOVIN' PATRIOT TYPES TO FORGET THAT THERE'S A DANGED WAR GOIN' ON!

WHO'S EATING HIM?





200 years ago today, the 8th Cavalry posed for this lithograph, just prior to their famous defeat at Cocoa Crunch

Excon

PRESENTS
BICENTENNIAL
MINUTES

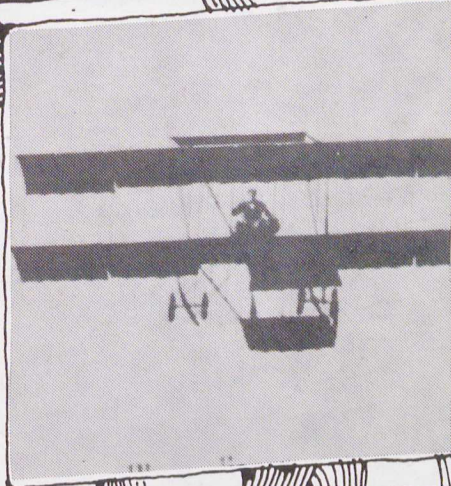


As the 8th Cavalry stopped at a roadside Howard Johnson's, they were brutally fallen upon by British irregulars

In the battle that followed, aircraft played absolutely no role at all



However, casualties ran high in what was perhaps the greatest bloodbath of 1776



I'm Telly Savalas, and that's the way it was 200 years ago today

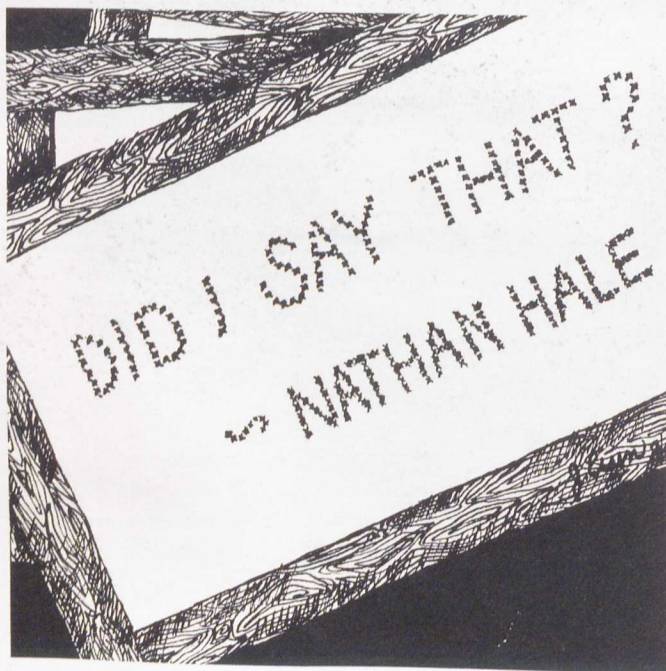


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- ☐ 99998 Diet Book (hardcover)\$6.98
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John Hancock
Rob Morris John R

Paul Putz
Benj. Franklin

REVOLUTIONARY SAMPLERS ARE NOT ONLY EASY TO MAKE, but include statements that helped form our country's history. While not as well known as other famous phrases, these timely sayings did exert great influence on our colonial ancestors. Included in this set are:

- "Let me rephrase that"—Nathan Hale
"And if I can't get Liberty or Death, I'll take Maureen"—Patrick Henry
"Of course, if you give up now, I'm willing to forget our little disagreement"—John Paul Jones
"Oh? In that case, don't shoot till you see the reds of their eyes"—John Prescott
"You'll have a rotten social life, but you will be healthy, wealthy, and wise"—Ben Franklin
"No, I don't know how my fingerprints got on the ax"—George Washington

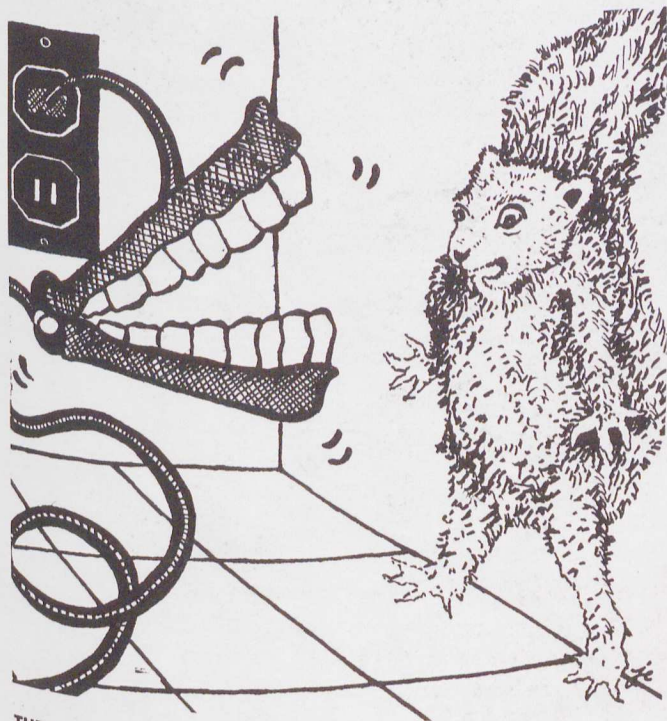
Designed in authentic colonial burlap, these historic samplers are available singly, or in half dozen sets.

- ☐ 22044—Bicentennial Samplers, 6 for\$21.49
☐ 22045—any one (specify author)\$3.77

ennial Gift Catalogue

GREAT MOMENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY are illustrated in these works of art created especially for the Bicentennial. Thrill to the **Boston Massacre, Washington's Retreat From New York, The Hanging of Major Andre, The Tar and Feathering of Virginia Tories**, and eight other exciting events that will make the Revolutionary War come alive in the very walls of your livingroom, bedroom, or bathroom. These unique paintings (frames not included) are not only interesting conversation pieces, but vivid examples of how our nation developed into the great democracy that it is today.

□60912—Bicentennial Artwork \$27.50



THE SKILL OF PAUL REVERE and the humor of Bennet Cerf are combined to provide one of the greatest gag gifts in America's history: chattering wooden teeth. These motor operated replicas of George Washington's famous false teeth are powered by the same electricity Ben Franklin discovered over 200 years ago, and will provide plenty of laughs at your next get together. Or leave these amazingly realistic chattering choppers where grandpa will mistake them for his own dentures. He'll be shocked when he finds out that they're only fakes, but you will be rolling on the floor with laughter. Great for cracking nuts, or as castanets, these wooden teeth are available in birch, maple, or oak.

□80808—Chattering Wooden Teeth \$2.49
two \$3.99

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS—a Bicentennial bargain special, once in a lifetime offer. Now you can own your own copy of America's greatest literary treasure, available in book or microfilm. Whatever your reading interests are, humor, mystery, education, politics, or plain smut, you are sure to find plenty of it in this wonderful collection of every American book ever written. Whether you use it as a reference work for school children or as an aid for N.Y. Times crossword puzzles, this encompassing work will give you decades of reading pleasure.

□53419—Library of Congress
(six 216,933,684 page volumes) \$149.95
□53420—Library of Congress
(108,466,842 feet of microfilm) \$99.95





YOU'LL GO OVERBOARD over this amazingly realistic model of the Boston Tea Party. Not 1/32 scale, not 1/25 scale, but an actual life size model. That's right, you get everything you need to build and reenact this exciting historical event: rotting ship timbers, soggy bails of tea, Indian and sailor costumes, plus 600 pounds of glue in handy to use tubes. The easy to follow instructions also show you how to build your own harbor. Guaranteed lots of fun for you and all your compatriots.

☐ 59763—Boston Tea Party	\$3199.95
☐ 59764—200 lbs. extra glue	\$79.95



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Punch Bozell Bicentennial Guide to
PHILADELPHIA





The first settlement called Philadelphia was located slightly north of its present location, in the vicinity of what is today Toronto, Canada. Previous Philadelphias had existed outside the city of London, between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, and in the San Andreas Fault. The legendary history of the city tells of two brothers, Phil and Adelphus, raised in the north woods of Canada by a walrus, who, when they came of age, set out to discover the town that had been named after them. They reached a place on the shore of Lake Erie where they received a sign from their god that this was to be their home. The sign said, "Philadelphia 300 Niles." It was here, in 1653, that they built that first Philadelphia.

By 1670, the settlement had grown to mammoth proportions, measuring a buxom 4,000 inch sweater size. However, frequent Indian attacks took their toll, and Philadelphia soon had to pay ten cents every time they used the Walt Whitman Bridge. The community finally succumbed to the red onslaught in 1671.



Recent University archaeological expeditions have uncovered the site of that once-flourishing settlement. It was a simple society; the housing was almost primitive, mostly duplex condominiums with lousy elevator service. Other facilities included a drive-in theater, a barbershop (two chairs, no waiting), a Chinese laundry and a Wa-Wa.

The city of Philadelphia was forgotten for many years, until Pennsylvania founder William Penn remembered it. "I remember it," he once said. On his death-bed, he spoke to his son, Felt-tip, saying, "My son, Felt-tip, I am dying, and you, as the eldest of my forty-seven legitimate children, shall inherit all of my land. But there is one thing I wish for. I want for you to restore Philadelphia and make it a great city. I want for the

American people to have a place they can spend Columbus Day weekend, a place where they can hang the Liberty Bell, a place for the Mummers, a place for Mike Douglas and Bruce Springsteen and the Army-Navy game and the Stanley Cup and pretzels with mustard and Frank Rizzo. This, son, is your mission." However, Felt-tip was in Pittsburgh and his father was talking to a bedpost.

So Philadelphia remained non-existent until the period of 1724-1728 when 73 different ones appeared, each claiming to be Philadelphia. However, in a week or two 71 of these cities lost the will to live, and one changed its name to Sioux Falls, leaving the Delaware Valley town the sole Philadelphia, for whatever it was worth.

Perhaps Philadelphia's most illustrious citizen ever was none other than the great Ben Franklin. His influence on this city is immeasurable. It is widely known that "Old Ben" founded the University of Pennsylvania, wrote "The Red and Blue", invented bifocals and wore funny clothes but few people know of some of his other contributions to society. His invention of the Veg-a-matic (it slices, it dices) has been considered pivotal in the coming of the Industrial Revolution. Also, few can forget his historic, albeit accidental, discovery of electricity. It is true that he was flying a kite in the rain, but that was only because he was bored. Finally, towards the end of his life Franklin is credited with having invented senility.

Another historic Philadelphian was the brother of Abraham Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth. Listening Booth (they were of Polish extraction), in 1859 opened the first of a chain of records stores in Pennsylvania. His initial failure in this endeavor can be traced to the fact that he only sold classical (In fact, he refused to sell any kind of Rock and Roll until well into the 1950's). With the advent of other forms of Popular music his business did become a rousing success. Indeed he took great pride in being a pioneer, opening his first store over thirty years before the invention of the phonograph, and over seventy-five years before the first Sam Goody's.

Any list of great Philadelphians must include Anthony Drexel, a man whose contributions to education rank up there with the Boston segregationists and Albert Shanker. Courses at Drexel's school include Remedial Breathing, Swallowing and "Walking and Chewing Gum 1 A&B", a two semester course.

Finally, any list of famous Philadelphians would be incomplete without listing the contributions of Mayor Frank L. Rizzo. Although his first term in office fell short of his announced goals of ending crime in the street, eliminating unemployment, holding the line on inflation,

promoting nuclear disarmament and ending worldwide hunger, he was successful at eliminating integrity in public office, and breaking his leg.

Thus, we have had a privileged glimpse into the glory and the grandeur that has been Philadelphia. In many ways Philadelphia is unique. In many ways it is much like any other city. But in many ways it is still Philadelphia.

ON THE TOWN

Places to Eat

Our restaurant editor, known to many as the Eggplant That Ate the Cleveland Metropolitan Area, had the following to say about places to eat in Philadelphia:

"I began looking for places to eat in the vicinity of City Hall. The hall itself was crisp on the outside, but rather stringy and tasteless inside. The delicately glazed statue of William Penn was the dish's only redeeming feature."

For those who would prefer to dine in rather than dine on, we have compiled the following list of restaurants:

Borzo's Simian Village: Don't be surprised when the chimpanzee greets you at the door. Accept the banana graciously, or he's liable to bit your ankle. If you're looking for atmosphere, try the Orangutan Room. Just watch where you step.

Shanghai Gardens: Bring a friend you never want to see again. Leave him on the table with the tip, and Shanghai Gardens does the rest. Also, shipboard dining.

H.A. H.A. Winston's: The food here (chuckle) is as funny as hell. When you get tired of the basic quarter-pounder with cheese, you can try the house specialty, a half-pounder with cheese. It may take two hands to handle a whopper, but to conquer a Winston-burger you'll probably need the assistance of a knife, a fork, and a hungry midget.

The Empty Restaurant: A simple and uncluttered place; no tables, no chairs. Lots of space for dancing, but no music. No food, either. There's enough space for an army. Plenty of atmosphere.

The Bloody Nose: No sissies in this joint. Hoist a mug or two, but watch out whose mug you're hoisting. Weekend entertainment consists of bull-fights and demolition derbies. Recommended are broken ribs, Bloody Marys, Harvey Headbangers. It'll keep you in stitches.

Roy Robbers': A Western motif authentically recreates the atmosphere of a stable. So does the cuisine. Roy Robber was originally a cowpuncher, but today he has found other means of procuring his meat. Every roast beef sandwich has a little piece of Trigger in it.



Le Drec Bin: The mood at Le Drec Bin is elegant, classy, and reserved. Matter of fact, it's reserved until June. Even the food has to make reservations. Each dish has a character of its own...the Brassier of Veal may tell you which fork to use, and the Breast of Shirley does Bogart impressions.

The Original House of Paisano's: Paisano's is an intriguing place—maybe because its popularity is so hard to explain. Paisano's is conveniently located on the island of Sicily, and their specialty is seafood. If you don't like the fish, you may end up sleeping with them. The staff undergoes frequent turnovers, due to Grand Jury indictments and long, unexplained absences. The decor is early Elliot Ness; a good place to eat and run.

Phoenix House: Serves cold turkey.

Bicentennial Guide

Old, Original, Decrepit and Rotting Bookbinder's: Old Bookbinder's has an illustrious history, a national reputation, and a severe plumbing problem. Accordingly, you might find an overwhelming urge to leave once you get there. The cuisine has a taste of yesteryear, and longs to be put out of its misery. The service is a little slow, but you'd be slow too if you grew up during the Pelyponesian Wars.

Middle Beast Restaurant: Aged and overweight animals display their deformities in the ancient art of belly-dancing. Of course, you don't have to dance with a belly—you can bring your mother. The food was banned in Cairo and turned down by a beggar in Saudi Arabia. You'll love it if you've eaten on the meal plan at Stouffer.

Night Spots

Night spots in Philadelphia are really no different from day spots. They itch incessantly, and are liable to leave scars if you scratch them. They can be surgically removed.

Night Life

It's been said that Philadelphia closes down after dark. This is not quite true. The city is closed all day as well, and on weekends it's rented out as a flea market. The drinking age in Philadelphia is eighteen for minors and twenty-one for older people. Bars and clubs are popular in this city, perhaps because blackjacks and brass knuckles are so hard to come by. The following are examples of Philadelphia nightlife: Owls, bats, salamanders, and insurance salesmen. We also have a list of places to go at night:

Erik I—XIX: During the Bicentennial year, Erik Theaters will feature Viking training films, Norse stag movies, and old reruns of *The Farmer's Daughter*. The snack bar here is unique. It's a smorgasbord, with Swedish Meatballs the specialty. Massages given on Wednesday.

The Main Line: An opium den posing as a coffee house. The entertainment is all in your mind. Sometimes overcrowded with hallucinations, but it doesn't take much

room to shoot up anyway. No liquor will be served to minors.

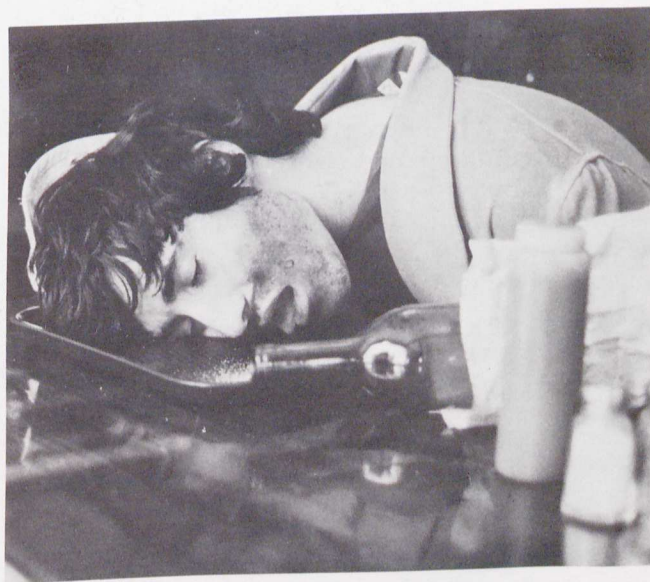
The corner of 45th and Market: This open-air spot abounds with friendly cries for help. May be rather expensive—bring your track shoes. Good talk, good people, good luck.

The Truck Burlesk Theatre: Deisels get down in a hot, steamy atmosphere. The star of this week's show is Jimi the Truck, who'll be spinning her wheels and rotating her tires for your viewing pleasure.

The Bejew Cafe: Borscht belt, borscht shoes, borscht face comedians provide the entertainment in this Centery City Kibbutz. Yiddish spoken here with a Philadelphia accent.

Theatre of the Living Dead [TLD] Cinema: Imaginative schedule of long-dead classics and recent clinkers that aren't even cold yet. TLD is notorious for its continuous, 24-hour showings of

Grendel's Leer Cafe Theatre: Bluegrass off-Broadway jazz, progressive acid-rock folk-dancing, and traditional gerbil opera. Grendel will greet you as you come in, and tear your arm off.



Just Razz: Come here and get yelled at. Everyone gets put down, booed and beaten. Wednesday is whoopee cushion night. The entertainment is stale but the tomatoes are fresh.

Disneylum: Located in West Philadelphia, this newest addition to the Disney Empire will feature such attractions as the Mickey Rat Review, the Haunted Drugstore, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sewer, and Tinker Bell's Castle of Ill Repute.

TRANSPORTATION

It's easy to get around in Philadelphia, unless of course you're in New Jersey. William Penn, the city's founder, planned the streets of the city, and modeled them after Warsaw. The North-South streets are lettered (1, 2, 3...), and run East-West. The East-West streets are not in any order, but an address is easy to find if you are standing directly in front of it.

Here are some tips on getting around in Philadelphia:

Public Transportation

SEPTIC (South East Philadelphia Transit Inconvenience Corporation) coordinates Philadelphia's buses, trolleys, rail lines, subways, elevators, staircases, and elephant caravans. Most routes are services throughout the night, but only stupid people ride them past 8:00 PM. SEPTIC also runs several bus tours of Philadelphia, which can be scenic and enjoyable, but they're not. If you call for information on routes and schedules, specify point of origin, destination, blood type, and next of kin.

Bus Routes:

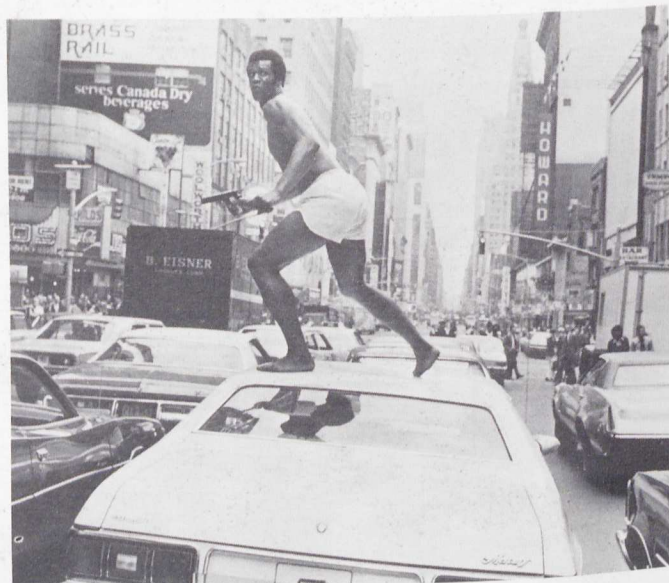
Bus Routes: #D, #D-1, and #. 1/2c\$& leave the West gate of the bus terminal, and stop at the East gate of the bus terminal.

#40 and #42D leave downtown Philadelphia and stop in Kansas City.

#42Dp. %\$& leave downtown Philadelphia and don't stop anywhere.

Culture Loop:

Culture Loop: This is the cheapest, easiest, and only way to get culture in Philadelphia. The Culture Loop bus makes non-stop, continuous U-turns in front of various points of interest. You can pass by the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Tourist Center, and the Howard Johnson's, all for only 50c.



Subways and Choo Choo Trains:

The Market-Frankford Line runs between Philadelphia and East Germany. The 35c fare is reasonable, and customs are lax. The Ho Chi Minh Trail connects West Philadelphia with Chinatown. Trolleys run into Center City, and all the drivers sing the Rice-A-Roni jingle.

Automobile

You may be confused at first, if you don't know the city. Be patient; everything will become all too familiar. It's a good idea to use the landmark system for getting around the city. For example, if you see City Hall ahead of you, you are on Kennedy Blvd. If you see Vent Man, you are on Spruce St. If you see a brick wall, you are going to die.

Traffic during the Bicentennial year will probably be exceptionally heavy, so try to drive after the peak hours, some time in 1978.

Bicentennial Guide

Bicycle

Bicycling is a great way to get around the city. It has many advantages over other means of transportation. They are simple to operate, unless of course you are a cretin, and, as far as repair bills go, they are much cheaper to keep up than an F-111 Phantom Jet. If you do not have a bicycle of your own, they can be found all over the city, chained to lampposts, bike racks, etc. Chains can easily be removed with a few simple tools if you want a bicycle of your own. If you are looking to buy a bicycle, we

recommend a Schwinn, a Peugeot, or a Big Wheel by Marx.

Hokey Pokeying

You put your right foot in. You put your right foot out. You put your right foot in and you shake it all about. You do the Hokey Pokey and you turn yourself around. That's what it's all about. Hey.



THE SECOND COMING

SOMETHING IS IN THE AIR AT PENN. YOU CAN'T SEE IT, BUT IT'S THERE - YOU CAN FEEL IT. WHAT IS IT? THE SECOND COMING! OF BEN FRANKLIN, THAT IS.



YOU MAY NOT KNOW THIS, BUT EVERY 100 YEARS SINCE 1776 I LEAVE MY CHAIR TO DROP IN ON THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. MY FIRST VISIT WAS BACK IN 1876, AND NOW THAT IT'S 1976, I'M HERE AGAIN!



BUT UPON BEGGINNING HIS VISIT, BEN DISCOVERS A 100-YEAR OLD GROWTH OF GREEN OXIDE AND A LAYER OF FOWL, DIRTY GRIME ALL OVER HIMSELF. IN DESPERATION, HE SEEKS A SHOWER.

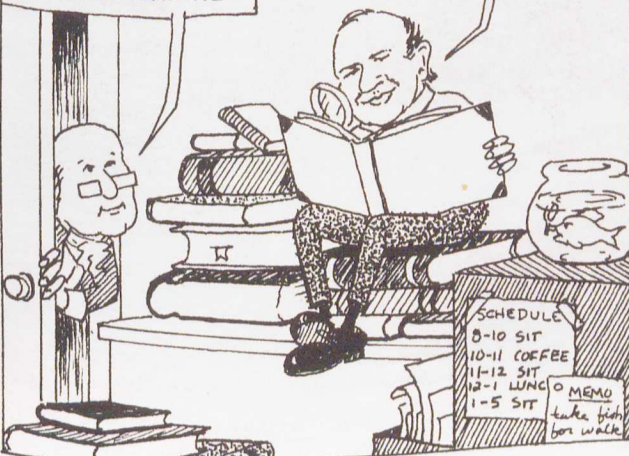


GOOD MORNING, MR. FRANKLIN. WE WERE EXPECTING YOU. YOU ARE HOLDING PHOTOS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. YOUR MISSION, SHOULD YOU DECIDE TO ACCEPT IT, IS TO ASCERTAIN WHAT, IF ANYTHING, THE UNIVERSITY AND ITS MEMBERS ARE DOING FOR THE BICENTENNIAL... THIS TAPE WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN TEN SECONDS...

* CLICK *

WELL, MR. MYERSON, AS PRESIDENT OF PENN. YOU MUST TAKE SPECIAL PRIDE IN PARTICIPATING IN THE BICENTENNIAL

I DO INDEED, BEN. AT THE PRESENT I AM DOING EXTENSIVE RESEARCH ON MY COLONIAL ANCESTORS



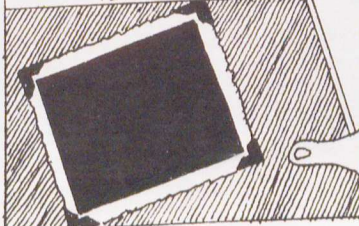
"HERE'S THOMAS MYERSON, ONE OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE"



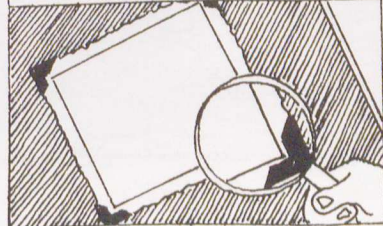
"AND BECKY MYERSON - BETSY ROSS'S SISTER-IN-LAW"

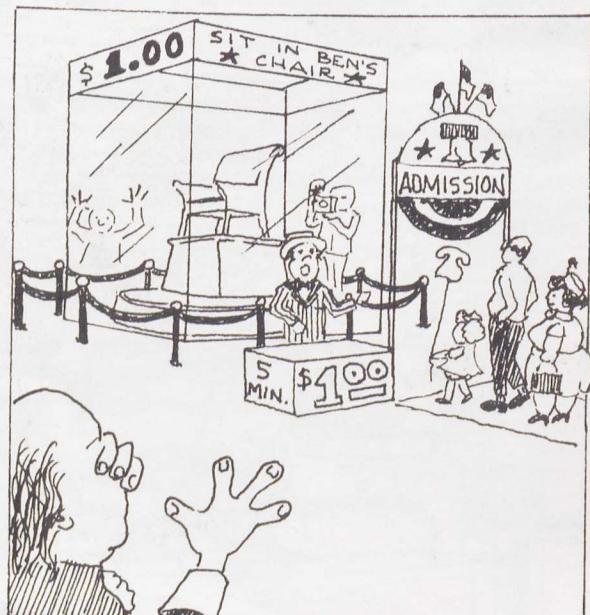
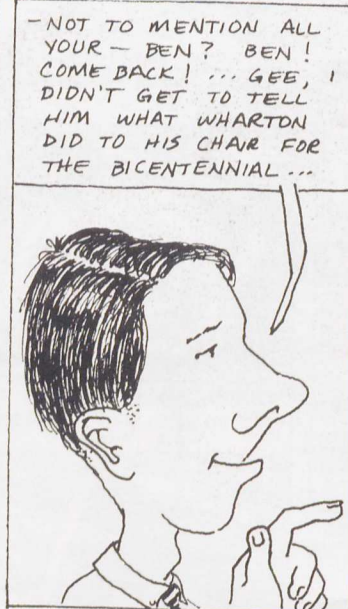
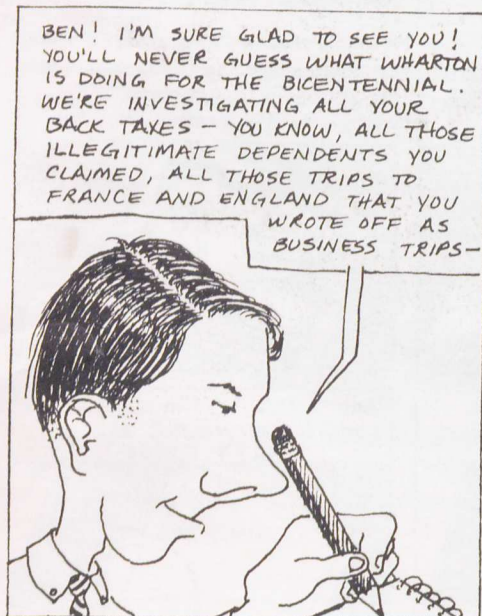
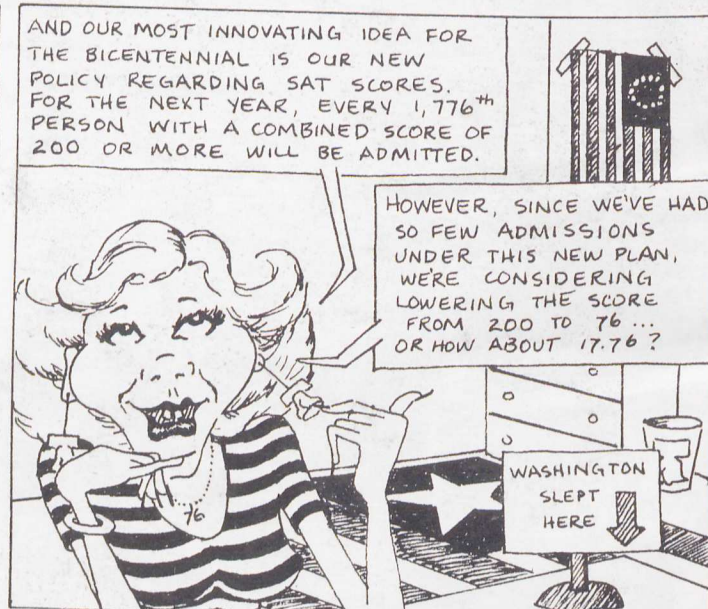
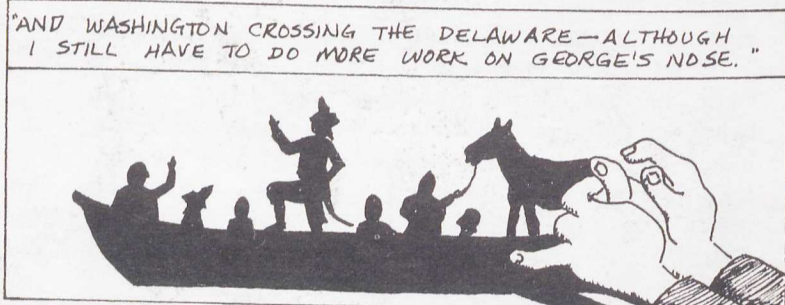
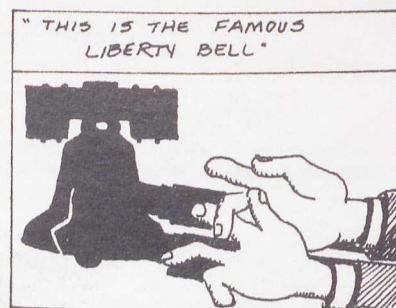
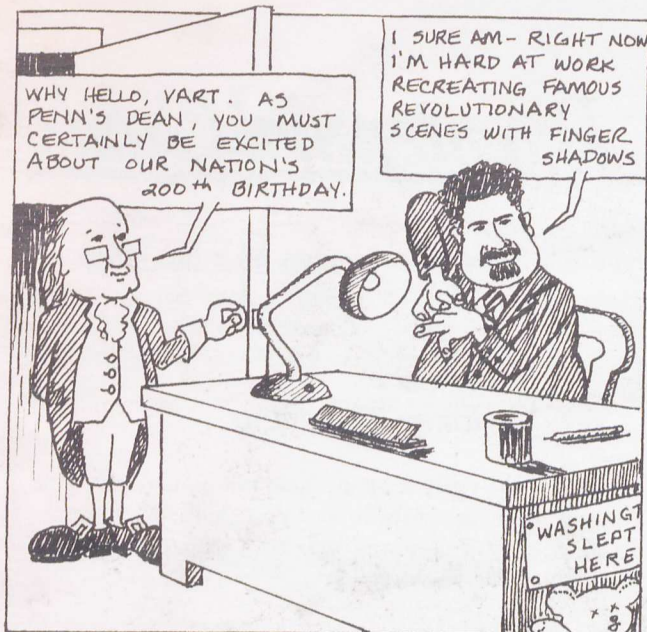


"THAT'S AMOS MYERSON ON THE NIGHT OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY"



"AND THAT'S SETH MYERSON DURING THE WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE"





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