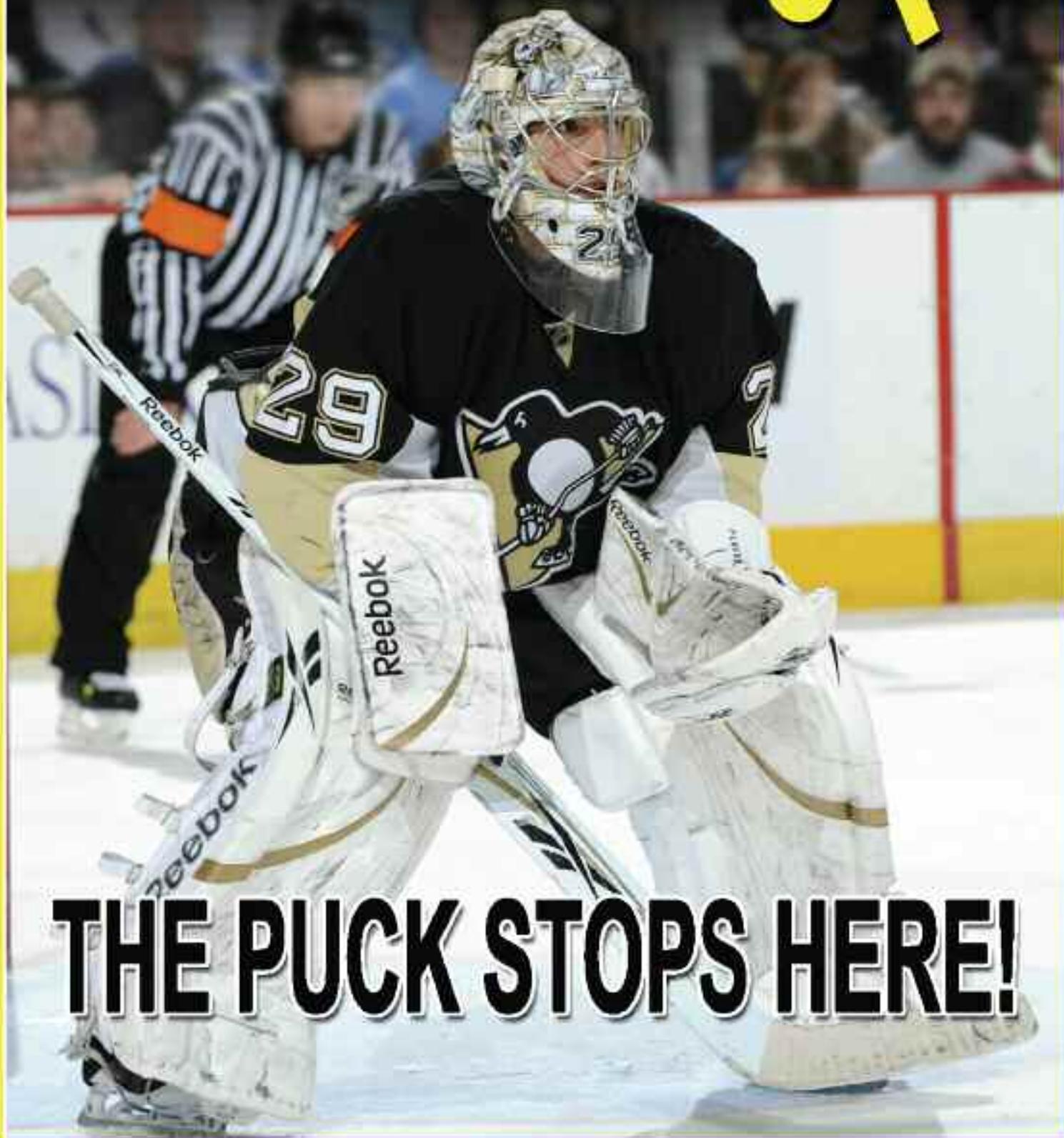


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Publisher: Joyce Campisi

Editor-in-Chief: Joyce Campisi

Executive Editor: Joseph P. Campisi, III

Graphic Designer: Donnie Garber

Dennis Kostley, Casey King,

Photographer: Jennifer L. Campisi, Trish Imbrogno,
Tim Cartagena www.theislandexpo.com

Proofreader: Lisa Mertz

Administrative Assistant: Tammie Miller

Feature Writers: Trish Imbrogno, David Mayle,
Suz Pisano,

Contributing Writers: Bill Mace, Christopher Harper,
Jean Mace, Dottie Wilhelm, Gerry Pekol,
Lori Hon, Boris Pekol, Michelle Maggio

Webmaster: Benjamin Auman

Distribution Manager: Warren Rudolph

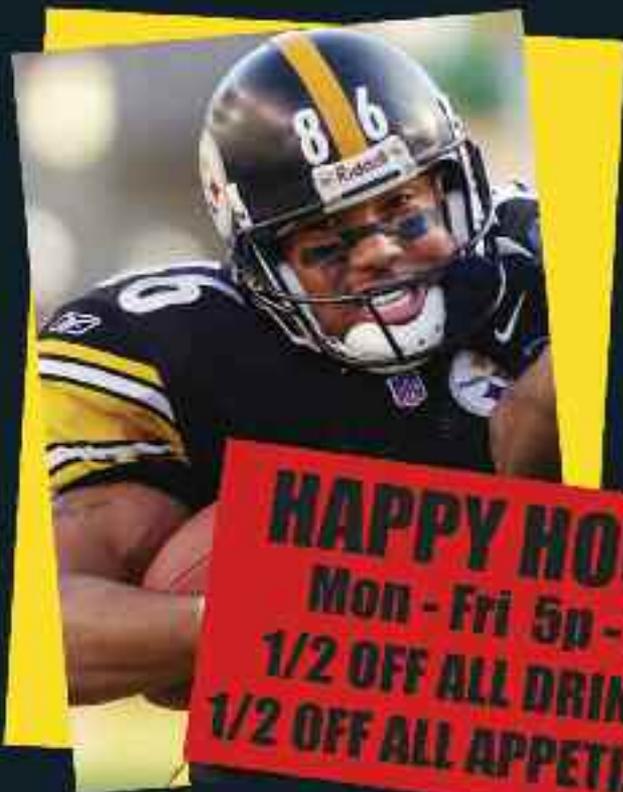
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Think Spring!



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Health in the Era of Responsibility

Leveling Redistribution of Healthcare Costs



The answer is probably a lot more than you think.

Yes, the whole system is consumed with errors, bureaucracy and inefficiency. But ineffective complex adaptive systems like healthcare are composed of intertwined units and ultimately, individual human beings. In case you were not aware, organizations like the Pittsburgh Regional Healthcare Initiative (PRHI) and Value Capture, LLC have made Pittsburgh one of the country's pioneering cities in the issue of resolving problems in the healthcare system. And if getting a more efficient, productive healthcare system is your heart's desire, there is truly no better place to look than your own backyard. Unfortunately our local media does little to inform you of these efforts. But let's head back to Kansas for a little more statistical shock and awe.

It is very appropriate to start with obesity. Obesity is one of the most expensive healthcare issues in this country and it can cause a number of costly problems such as heart disease and diabetes. Yet our overweight and obesity rates continue to

Recently Americans have been slapped in the face with some harsh realities regarding our government, our financial system and our lifestyles. As a result there has been an abrupt increase in the amount of attention paid to our government, our financial infrastructure and the sociopolitical elements of our lives. One of the more prominent issues that we will undoubtedly hear more about over the course of the next few years is healthcare. Regardless of your political affiliations or views, there are some basic statistical realities we must all come to terms with before we start passing judgment on any particular person, politician, payer or system for the healthcare shortcomings in our country.

First let's examine some of the most outstanding data on this issue. The US healthcare system has consistently been classified as the most expensive in the world. Unfortunately it is also the most error prone. A number of studies also show that the financial burden of healthcare placed directly on American patients is also the highest in the world, with half of adults reporting they did not see a doctor when sick, did not get recommended treatment or declined medication as a result of cost (Consumer Affairs, 2005). So it would appear that despite the high costs, quality and efficiency are still lacking.

It seems safe to say that this system is astronomically expensive and contains numerous treatment gaps and systemic problems. But as individual consumers, we often rush to blame the health delivery system, the payer system and the government for this increasingly problematic component of our society. We are all anxious to ask what our healthcare system can do for us. But how many of us have stopped to ask what we can do for our healthcare system?

increase. The CDC reports that for 2007, only 25% of Pennsylvanians consume the FDA recommended amount of fruits and vegetables. Furthermore, 35% of Keystone State residents are overweight and an astounding 28% are obese. These numbers are up from 1997 when they were 36% overweight and only 18% obese. According to the National Health Accounts Data, adult medical costs in 1997 attributed to overweight and obesity were \$78.5 billion dollars. Obesity rates in children have tripled over the last three decades, demonstrating that we can expect the total obesity rates in our state and country to continue to rise. Ultimately, obesity costs Pennsylvanian's more per capita each year than any other state in the US.

Already rethinking that bacon cheeseburger you were craving for lunch? Maybe you figure you'll do your civic duty and skip the burger in exchange for a salad and a cigarette. Sorry, that will cost you more than the burger alone. Perhaps you have heard all the workplace wellness data demonstrating that the costs of tobacco products don't stop at excessive sin taxes. The PA Department of Health reports smokers are absent from work 6.5 more days per year than non-smokers and 8% of a smoker's workday is spent on smoking rituals. The US Department of Health and Human Services Tobacco Control Data Highlights for 2006 states that the estimated annual cost of smoking for Americans is \$194.45 billion. When you consider that half of that is due to medical costs and the other half to lost productivity, it seems the annoying non-smoking, health nut in the office has a legitimate gripe as she nags you about the dangers of smoking. It's killing her pocketbook.

Then there is the drug problem. I assure you that this issue

is the most underrated, overlooked, misunderstood societal cost to our nation. The total estimated cost of alcohol abuse (not necessarily alcoholism, but total abuse) is \$184.6 billion while drug abuse costs are a comparable \$180.8 billion. When you add the \$194.45 billion added from annual smoking costs, you get a monstrous \$559.85 billion dollars spent each year on substance abuse in this nation. When you consider that the total 2010 annual federal budget is just under \$3 trillion, we spend 20% the amount of our total federal budget on substance abuse. Worse yet, the 2010 Department of Defense base budget is \$533.7 billion, \$26 billion less than estimated substance abuse costs. Yes America, you spend more money on substance abuse than you do on the Department of Defense.

I understand that many of you will make arguments demeaning the impact of this data due to technicalities, reporting biases and other trivial minutiae just as economists, politicians and Wall Street do the same over our financial crisis. But you cannot deny that both our economic crises and our healthcare problems are rooted in excess, waste and irresponsibility. Americans have been putting their health on credit and redistributing health capital and care costs throughout the nation for years. While we demand that corporate greed be contained and fiscal responsibility and accountability be fundamental in our financial system, perhaps the same standard should apply to our healthcare.

When you choose fast food and junk over lean meat and vegetables, the choice is comparable to buying something you can't afford on a credit card instead of investing in quality nutrients that will provide a much greater return on investment later in life. When you choose to smoke, drink or use drugs and condemn the healthy, rabbit-food-grubbing, gym bunny that criticizes your health choices, you are advocating a redistribution of your toxic health assets onto the healthcare and insurance costs of miss goodie-two-shoes and others like her. When you continue to eat junk food and maintain a sedentary lifestyle to the point of obesity, you are expecting your irresponsible allocation of health capital to be absorbed by those who do exercise, maintain a healthy diet and invest wisely in their long-term health and wellness. When a co-worker bails out of work 4 or 5 times per day to catch a smoke, while non-smoking counterparts remain in the office and continue productivity, it equates to health welfare distributed to those who do less on the backs of those who do more. The same is true every time you miss work due to a hangover or smoker's cough.

Don't forget that bad health management is passed on through generations. Almost daily we hear pundits and politicians preach the importance of not borrowing on the backs of our children at the expense of their futures. They thunder away over a microphone or pulpit preaching fiscal discipline and the increasing national debt. Yet we watch in agreement as we shovel chemical laden diet, processed and fast foods into our mouth and have the nerve to act outraged. We all want our children to have a life that is financially better than we experienced. Yet every time parents choose to provide toxin-ridden, nutrient-devoid, processed food to a child as opposed to a fresh, healthy home cooked meal, they decrease the total net health of their children and slightly increase their likelihood of mental health issues, chronic disease and addiction. This in turn translates to more healthcare costs. Even though medical science continues to increase the

technological capacity to extend life expectancy, it is quality of life that continues to deteriorate. Issues like autism, depression and anxiety continue to increase. Obesity and addiction are rampant and show no signs of slowing. Toddlers are being diagnosed with high cholesterol and type 2 diabetes and drug companies are investigating the use of statin medications on children. I think at this juncture it is safe to say that our era of excess and irresponsibility is reaching its tipping point.

The good news is there's a substantial amount of impact every American can have to curb, stop and ultimately reverse this catastrophic trend. First we need to start eating better, end of story. Americans need to stop consuming fatty, sugary processed foods as a staple of their diet. Splurging on junk food should be similar to using a credit card for items you can't afford. Its often fun and sometimes necessary, but is not a reoccurring event in a responsible lifestyle. Start with more vegetables and lean meats and take the high road above toxins and processed foods. We need to pay attention to the chemicals and preservatives in foods and how they are destroying our bodies and our minds. Aspartame may have less calories, but it is digested into formaldehyde in your body. Our poison-infested food industry has increased the toxic load that American bodies are forced to endure and it is a heavier load than our bodies can bare. These toxins cause your body to slow nutrient absorption in an effort to decrease toxic intake. The result is a substantially undernourished population that craves nutrients but provides empty calories and fats instead.

This rapidly growing pattern of overfeeding, undernourishment and nutrient deficiencies can cause depression, anxiety, stress and other mental health issues. Furthermore, the natural craving for nourishment, when not satiated with pure and healthy nutrients, can easily be masked with drugs and alcohol. This process adds more toxins to the body, decreases nutrient absorption and further exacerbates mental and physical health problems including addiction.

Substance abuse and addiction cost more for Americans every year than any other health issue. The most baffling aspect of this reality is that these issues are preventable and treatable. Many friends and family members are often reluctant to engage someone's smoking, drinking or drug use under the assumption that it is not their business. But the costs associated with these issues demonstrate the contrary. It's everyone's business.

Regular activity is also an essential component of health and wellness that too many Americans ignore. The mental and physical health values of regular exercise have been well established and require no additional reinforcement here. But getting Americans to do it seems to be the greater problem. Perhaps looking at the financial costs to you, your children and your grandchildren may provide some additional incentive to hit the treadmill instead of the sofa.

Ultimately, the United States healthcare system requires a grass roots effort on the part of every American citizen to commit to ending the era of nutritional convenience, gluttonous greed and bodily irresponsibility. We must move to a new era and strive to find actionable resolutions to our health and wellness issues as opposed to handing the responsibility to our government only in the interest of assigning blame.

Stoke's Grill



Happy Spring Nightwire readers! I know you'll be happy this month to hear about a place that is Vegetarian & Vegan friendly, run by a hardworking young couple, Jason & Amy Stoeckle. Stoke's Grill has homemade soups so good that they had to make a calendar, fresh homemade cookies, & even a "Gopher eats free" deal. Stoke's Grill on McKnight Road uses some of the freshest ingredients to create some of the best sandwiches, burgers, wraps & salads in the area. We tried so many things I can't wait to tell you everything was delicious....

Stoke's Grill is located at the lower end of McKnight Road in the North Hills for the past two years & you may have overlooked this unassuming establishment but, I'm about to tell you why you need to pay Jason & Amy a visit. After having worked in the restaurant industry for several years, they both seem to have a flair for the modernization of old favorites, creating new menu items and putting their own twists on classic sandwiches. Make sure you bring not only your appetite but any alcoholic beverages you may desire- Stoke's is BYOB and their clientele loves it.

We began this culinary adventure with some appetizers- Crazy Bones (\$8.25), Flaming Zucs (\$4.95) & Green Fries (\$6.85). Crazy Bones are baby back ribs like you've never had them. The ribs are seasoned, breaded & tossed in spicy barbeque sauce. We've never had anything like 'em and we loved 'em. I immediately thought I'll be back

with a six pack & a couple of friends for these and the super delicious - Green Fries! A basket of fries topped with pesto, artichokes & brie. Yes, brie! Not too much, but perfect little bits sprinkled on top. Stoke's also makes Red Fries with chili on top & Yellow Fries with cheese, bacon & ranch dressing. The Flaming Zucs are breaded zucchini discs tossed in a spicy breading, deep fried & served with homemade buttermilk ranch dressing. Soooo good with a little bit of spiciness in the breading- yum.

Next we sampled some of their famous soups- Crab Bisque, Bacon & Black Eyed Pea and Chili (\$3.45 cup, \$4.25 bowl & \$10.25 quart). Yep their soups are so good they even sell them by the quart! And have a calendar of the soup schedule because as Amy explains, patrons used to be on a list that she would call when their favorite soups were being made. The list got to be so long they decided to make a calendar. On any given day you might find up to 8 or 9 different homemade soups at Stokes's. Chili is on the menu daily. I think you'll have to sample some for yourself. One was better than the next and hey, well, they have a calendar. You know their soups have to be good.

Now that we'd tried appetizers & soups, we were all looking forward to some sandwiches and boy were we in for a treat! First Amy brought us the Larkshead Pretzel Sandwich (\$7.65). This unusual sandwich had roast beef, crispy bacon, mushrooms, cheddar cheese & Russian dressing and was so delicious I claimed it as mine for lunch the next day! Stoke's offers four types of Pretzel Sandwiches which are served with



homemade chips and are definitely large enough to share. Next Jason made us a Frizzle Quesadilla (\$7.25) with grilled chicken, homemade ranch dressing, crispy bacon & fresh tomato salsa.

The ingredients in this quesadilla were so fresh & flavorful and a nice alternative to a big sandwich. Speaking of big sandwiches, we had a Monte

Continued on next page



Cristo (\$7.85) Ham, turkey & provolone cheese dipped in an egg mixture deep fried and served with red pepper aioli. A nice twist on a traditional Monte Cristo, but very big- plan to share. The red pepper aioli added a different dimension which was a nice alternative to the sweet syrup usually served with this sandwich.

Stoke's Grill offers so many types of sandwiches, wrapitos, burgers and even a build your own menu section where you choose breads, cheeses, dressings that they will grill, toast or serve cold. If they like your sandwich creation, they might just add it to their menu! Several menu selections are named after favorite patrons. One of my favorite Stoke's creations is the "Gopher eats free" deal. Let me explain- if you work in an office & everyone wants to order out- the gopher gets rewarded. They get a 1/2 price sandwich for picking up 4 additional orders or a free sandwich when picking up 8 additional orders. You know I'd be volunteering to pick up lunch!



Stoke's Grill is open daily from 10:30 am until 9pm. They are closed on Sundays. Amy & Jason are also available for catering and we hear that they are really becoming quite popular! Remember that Stoke's is BYOB and vegetarian & vegan friendly. Check them out at www.stokesgrill.net - 4771 McKnight Road, (in the NorthHills) Pittsburgh, PA 15237 Phone: 412-369-5380

Stop in to see what's on the menu as they have daily specials and tell em your friends at Nightwire sent you!



Jason & Amy Stoeckle

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They Are Back

Hampton Phish Reunion Kick Starts Summer 2009



If you logged on to Phish.com this fall, you were met with a hand sketching a picture. Oddly, it seemed as if it were drawing the Hampton (Virginia) Coliseum. The suspense was maddening. But, as the image came to fruition it became very clear and fans became very excited – PHISH IS REUNITING!

In the event you have no idea who Phish is, I'll give you a brief background... The band formed circa 1983 at the University of Vermont in Burlington but didn't begin playing shows under their current line up and name until 1984. Within a year, the band had branched out from Vermont to New York, Maine and Boston, and tickets for their shows started to become a hot commodity. By the 90s, the band had exploded to touring nationally, first with theaters, and quickly graduating to arenas. This was also the time that their Halloween show tradition began. All talented and trained musicians, the band would wear a "musical costume" and play an entire set or show of another bands music. Famous costumes have included the Beatles' White Album, The Talking Heads' Remain in Light, The Velvet Underground's Loaded and The Who's Quadrophenia.

Often compared to the Grateful Dead, Phish had a loyal fan base that follows the band from show to show. Even more similarly, they have a conversational lead guitarist who plays a

lot of notes (often bordering on "wanking") and a wealth of cover tunes as well as live albums. The band is a conglomerate of four souls – Trey Anastasio (guitar/vocals), Mike Gordon (bass/vocals), Page McConnell (piano/vocals) and Jon Fishman (drums/vocals). Often considered the fifth member of the band due to his unbelievable ability to complete their aural show with the visual component, is their lighting designer and operator, Chris Kuroda. While most lighting directors set the show, CK5 (as he's affectionately known) actually improvises his lights with the ebb and flow of the band's sets.

After 20 years of playing and touring together as a band, Phish decided to call it quits "forever" in 2004. They played their final shows in Coventry, Vermont, and ended on a career low note – lyrics were forgotten, playing was sloppy and the band knew it. Severe emotional, physical and chemical pressure broke up Phish and all were evident at the end. "We were just exhausted on every level," Mr. Anastasio said. To add insult to injury, the Festival was also a logistical nightmare. A week of downpours created a gigantic mud bog, closing the roads into the grounds, leaving thousands of fans sitting for hours in traffic and some never actually seeing any of the shows.

Needless to say, after that send off and nearly five years without the band, phans – as they have become known – were hoping that the Hampton reunion would bring back the Phish they knew from the 1990s – tight jams of intricate counterpoint and sophisticated harmonic structures intermixed with the general silliness of vacuums, giant hot dogs and trampolines.

Tickets for the reunion went on sale to the public first via a lottery system. With a one in 15,000 chance to win the Phish lotto, you had to block the 10am hour on October 18 as a back up to order from Ticketmaster. Good luck, here as well. The three-day run sold out – that's close to 35,000 seats – in less than 8 seconds. People were ready to have Phish back!

Why, after four years is the band coming back now? The 2009 tour is a reaction to the current state of the economy and low morale in the country – quite literally, music therapy. As a longtime fan of Depression-era swing bands, Anastasio knows their band has a responsibility to assist the current recession. "For people in hard times, we can play long shows of pure physical pleasure," he said. "They come to dance and forget their troubles. It's like a service commitment."

Phish begins their summer tour on June 4 at Jones Beach in New York, and you can catch them in Pittsburgh at the Post-Gazette Pavilion on June 18. You can find tickets (some actually affordable) on line at aftermarket tickets sites. For a complete list of their tour dates, visit www.phish.com. You can also find them on Twitter, Myspace, and Facebook, all /[phish](http://www.phish.com).



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Wine and Spirits

Eagle Eye Wines

Bill Wolf was born and raised in Pittsburgh, specifically Jefferson Borough where his parents still reside. His career began with Aramark. His job eventually took him to San Francisco, where he met and married Roxanne. They both fell in love with Napa County and are now one of the Napa Valley growers of world class red wine grapes and Italian varietal olives for oil.

The Eagle Eye brand was created to make small quantities of high quality wine from the Napa Valley that they blended to create fruit forward, approachable young blends that are affordable and age worthy. They wanted the consumer to count upon and recognize the Eagle Eye brand as great wine for a great price.

Bill has worked for 30+ years in the food service industry. He was trained and worked as a chef in his early years and progressed to Vice President of operations when he left the ARAMark Corp. in 1996. "My father taught me organic farming as a youngster in a small community outside of Pittsburgh PA. My passion for food and wine and my desire to grow led me to my dream of growing grapes and olives and making them into wine and oil. In 1999 we purchased our ranch and have been working on our dreams to come true ever since." The dream of a post-retirement life as a winery owner became a reality in 1999 when the couple bought a 13-acre property in Napa and enrolled in oenology classes at the University of California at Davis. They planted their vineyard with Bordeaux red varietals: cabernet sauvignon, petit verdot, cabernet franc and malbec. While waiting for those vines to mature, the Wolfs bought grapes

from other Napa growers and released their first wine in October 2004. They still augment their own production with purchased fruit.

Roxanne has a strong sales and marketing background coming from her 25+ years as a real estate broker. During those years she refined her painting style. In 1998 she chose to start painting full time. Her style of painting moved from hard edge to whimsical. She then added nature and wine



to her bold, colorful style. Her use of bright colors and her trademark of eagle heads on human bodies led us to develop our Eagle Eye wine brand where they have used a different one of her paintings for each wine varietal they make. She not only paints, but she also designs all of our labels for their wine and olive oil lines. She has many philosophies...."Life is too short to ____" and one is "Life is too short not to find humor everywhere."

They call their 13 acre ranch AlphaWOLF Vineyard & Olive Ranch. They grow Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc, Petit Verdot and Malbec. Their first release of AlphaWOLF Estate wine will be in a few years in limited editions. Their AlphaWOLF Estate Extra Virgin Olive Oil is grown from Tuscan Varietal olives, is certified "Extra Virgin" by the California Olive Oil Council and bears the seal.

Eagle Eye 2005 Voluptuous

Voluptuous is defined by Webster as derived from gratification of the senses, sensuously delightful, full and shapely with indulgences in luxury, pleasure and sensuous enjoyment. This is what Eagle Eye Voluptuous does to your



taste buds. Ripe red fruit, soft tannins and fruit forward characterize that Eagle Eye style. The Eagle Eye Wine Artist, Roxanne Wolf, captured the flavor of Voluptuous with the painting "Red Hot Dip" for as the dapper couple swirls and twirls to the sensuality of the music, stars twinkle, palm trees sway, wine flows...Life is to be enjoyed!

Eagle Eye 2007 Sauvignon Blanc

Eagle Eye 2007 Sauvignon Blanc has structure and complexity like no other. The color is a beautiful pale straw with aromas of grapefruit, passion fruit and hints of lime. Lively tropical citrus flavors fill your mouth on that first sip. The mid palate is clean and satisfying. A long crisp finish with lingering citrus will complete your taste sensation. This wine pairs perfectly with soft cheeses, fish and seafood dishes, grilled vegetables, chicken and those ripe red berry fruits of summer.

Eagle Eye 2007 Muscat Canelli

Eagle Eye Muscat Canelli 2007 has a nose of aromas of peaches, apricots and orange blossoms. One sip will fill your mouth with opulent tropical fruits including lychee, tangerine



and notes of ripe cantaloupe. Eagle Eye "Muscat Canelli 2007" has a nose of aromas of peaches, apricots and orange blossoms. One sip will fill your mouth with opulent tropical fruits including lychee, tangerine and notes of ripe cantaloupe. The finish is long and balanced. This Muscat Canelli is a "tropical fruit basket" in a glass. Serve this wine as an aperitif, with cheeses or spicy foods, fresh fruit desserts and cheesecake.

Eagle Eye Artist

Roxanne Wolf captures the wine in "Humma, Humma, Ding, Ding...He is powerful, mature, rich and intense...That look in his eagle eye, his Rolex heavy on his wrist. On his arm she's a light, feathery hummingbird, shapely, sexy, oh sooo feminine and young in her favorite red stilettos. They drink to happy times.

Eagle Eye will be one of the featured wines at this year's Seventh Annual Pittsburgh Wine Festival – Thursday, April 30 – 5PM – 9PM at Heinz Field – Tickets are still available - call or visit their website for more information. 412-281-2681 www.pittsburghwinefestival.com All Eagle Eye Wines can be purchased at the Pennsylvania State Stores. For more information on Eagle Eye Wines visit www.eagleeyewine.com

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Downtown Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh's rich cultural scene has nurtured many great artists, including August Wilson, a prolific playwright who eloquently chronicled African American life. The August Wilson Center for African American Culture presents performing, visual and education programs that celebrate the contributions of African Americans within the region. The Center will open to the public in downtown Pittsburgh in late 2008 and will feature a 500-seat theater, galleries, bookstore, café and space for education and research. In the meantime, stop by Gallery 209/9 (209 9th Street), August Wilson's gallery, which features various exhibitions and is free to the public.

The Society for Contemporary Craft in the Strip District presents art in craft media through cutting edge exhibitions focusing on multicultural diversity and non-mainstream art. The Store features one-of-a-kind works including jewelry, ceramics, glass, scarves, ornaments and tableware by nationally recognized artists.

Western PA Region

Venture beyond the city and visit some excellent museums within an hour's drive. Take a fascinating look at American history through the eyes of such great American artists as Mary Cassatt, John Singer Sargent and Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Westmoreland Museum of American Art. Located only 35 miles east of Pittsburgh in Greensburg, it's the only museum of American art in western Pennsylvania.

You won't need a passport to see great art from the Far East when you visit the Maridon Museum, the only museum in the Western Pennsylvania region with a specific focus on Chinese and Japanese art and culture. Located about 41 miles from Pittsburgh in Butler, the museum houses a permanent collection that includes over 800 art objects, including an Asian art collection of jade and ivory.

Outdoor Adventure

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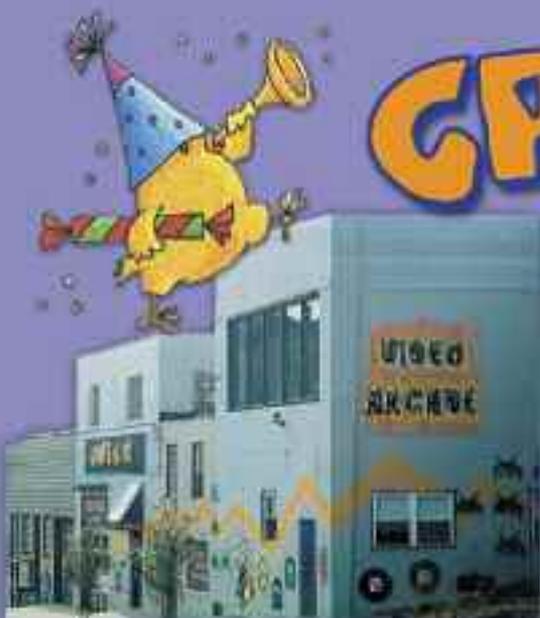
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On Stage



The Pittsburgh Public Theater Presents

A Moon For The Misbegotten

Both humorous and heart-wrenching, a farmer's daughter sets out to seduce a damaged Broadway dreamer in Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece

Directed by Pamela Berlin, Pittsburgh Public Theater presents an all-new production of Eugene O'Neill's timeless classic, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. Berlin is a theater veteran who has staged plays across the country but is best known for directing the Off Broadway world premiere of *Steel Magnolias* and the Broadway production of *The Cemetery Club*. She is also known to The Public's audiences for her productions of *Tea and Driving Miss Daisy*. *A Moon for the Misbegotten* runs April 16 – May 17, 2009 at the O'Reilly Theater, Pittsburgh Public Theater's home in the heart of Downtown's Cultural District. Tickets: 412.316.1600 or www.ppt.org. Pittsburgh Public Theater is led by Producing Artistic Director Ted Pappas.

A Moon for the Misbegotten is set in 1923 on a farm in Connecticut worked by sly Irishman Phil Hogan (Tom Atkins), his voluptuous daughter Josie (Beth Wittig), and his rebellious son Mike (Jason McCune). The land is

owned by James Tyrone, Jr. (Victor Slezak), a poetic lost soul who haunts the theaters and bars of Broadway and often visits the farm to drink with Phil and flirt with Josie. When oil tycoon and neighbor T. Stedman Harder (Daniel Krell) vows to buy the property as revenge because the Hogan's pigs have been drinking from his pond, Tyrone considers the offer. Driven by this development, the Hogans devise a scheme to trap Tyrone into marrying Josie. On a moonlit night the seduction begins, but by dawn the pretending gives way to much more as sorrows are revealed, passions are exposed and souls are cleansed. Both humorous and heart-wrenching, *A Moon for the Misbegotten* is renowned for the depth of emotion it achieves.

The design team is: Allen Moyer (Scenery), Candice Donnelly (Costumes), Frances Aronson (Lighting), and Zach Moore (Sound). Fredric H. Orner is the Production Stage Manager and Ashley J Martin is the Assistant Stage Manager.

About the Playwright

Eugene O'Neill lived from 1888 until 1953 and wrote at least 32 full-length plays and 19 one acts. He changed the course of American theater by creating characters that lived on the fringes of society, writing with emotional depth, and tackling taboo subjects. He was awarded four Pulitzer Prizes as well as the Nobel Prize for Literature, becoming the first American to receive this honor. O'Neill's best known plays include *Desire Under the Elms*, *The Iceman Cometh*, and the autobiographical dramas *Long Day's Journey Into Night* and *A Moon for the*

April 15- May 17, 2009

Performance Schedule

Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 pm (except Tues., May 12 when the show is at 7 pm). Sundays at 2 and 7 pm (except Sun., May 17 when the only show is at 2 pm). Additional 2 pm matinees on Sat., May 2; Sat. May 9; Thurs. May 14; and Sat. May 16. There will be no performance on Wednesday, April 29. Visit www.ppt.org for pre- and post-show special events.

Ticket Prices

\$35 to \$55. Students and age 26 and younger: \$15.50. For tickets call 412.316.1600 or visit www.ppt.org

On Stage Photo By: Joan Marcus

Rent, The Broadway Tour

Featuring Adam Pascal And Anthony Rapp; Includes Original "Seasons Of Love Soloist" Gwen Stewart



Jeffrey Seller Kevin McCollum Allan S. Gordon have announced that Adam Pascal, Anthony Rapp, and Gwen Stewart will reprise the roles they originated on Broadway in *Rent, The Broadway Tour*, which plays the Benedum Center for the Performing Arts, April 14-19, 2009. *Rent* is a special production on the PNC Broadway Across America – Pittsburgh series, presented by The Pittsburgh Cultural Trust, Pittsburgh Symphony and Broadway Across America. Tickets (\$21-\$60) are available at the Box Office at Theater Square (655 Penn Avenue), by phone 412-456-6666 or online at pgharts.org. For group discounts, please call 412-471-6930.

Joining Pascal and Rapp who reprise their award-winning roles, and Stewart, are Nicolette Hart (Maureen Johnson), Justin Johnston (Angel Schunard), Lexi Lawson (Mimi Marquez), Carnegie Mellon University graduate Michael McElroy (Tom Collins), Jacques C. Smith (Benjamin Coffin III), and Haneefah Wood (Joanne Jefferson). The ensemble is rounded out by Karmine Alers, Toby Blackwell, Adam Halpin, Trisha Jeffrey, Josh Kobak, Telly Leung, Caren Lyn Manuel, Jed Resnick, Andy Senor, Yuka Takara, and John Watson.

Adam Pascal, Anthony Rapp, and Gwen Stewart originated the roles of Roger Davis, Mark Cohen, and "Seasons of Love" soloist, respectively, at New York Theatre Workshop and on Broadway. Justin Johnston (Angel), Michael McElroy (Collins), and Stewart were all members of the final company of *Rent*,

which played its last performance on Broadway September 7, 2008.

Rent, The Broadway Tour, is directed by Michael Greif, who received 1996 Tony and Drama Desk nominations as well as the Obie Award for *Rent*, and choreographed by Marlies Yearby who received a Tony Award nomination for her work on the musical. Tim Weil, the show's original music supervisor and conductor, serves as music supervisor.

Adam Pascal received Obie and Theatre World awards and Tony and Drama Desk nominations for best actor for *Rent*. On Broadway he also originated the role of Radames in the hit musical *Aida* and starred as the Emcee in the long-running revival of *Cabaret*. His film credits include *Rent*, *School of Rock*, *SLC Punk!*, *Temptation*, and *Goyband*.

An actor since the age of six, Anthony Rapp has appeared on Broadway in *Precious Sons* (Outer Critics Circle Award), *Six Degrees of Separation*, and the revival of *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*. His films include *Adventures in Babysitting*, *School Ties*, *Dazed and Confused*, *Six Degrees of Separation*, *David Searching*, *Man of the Century*, *Road Trip*, *A Beautiful Mind*, *Open House*, *Winter Passing*, *Danny Roane: First Time Director*, and *Scaring the Fish*. His book, *Without You: a Memoir of Love, Loss, and the Musical Rent*, about his experiences on and offstage, was published in 2006 by Simon & Schuster and became a national bestseller.

Gwen Stewart created several roles in *Rent*, including introducing the solo vocals for the show's central theme,

“Seasons of Love.” Ms. Stewart’s other theatre credits include the recent Tony-nominated revival of Big River, Starmites, Suds, Ain’t Misbehavin’, The Wiz, Avenue X, Abyssinia. Her film and television work includes “Notes From the Underbelly,” “Related,” “Law & Order,” “Charmed,” “All My Children,” “Moesha,” “24,” “Strong Medicine,” “The Guardian,” Down To Earth, and Personals.

Nicolette Hart’s Broadway credits include Rent, Legally Blonde, and The Wedding Singer. TV/Film credits include “Law and Order,” “Lipstick Jungle,” “Veronika Decides To Die,” “Love and Other Impossible Pursuits” and “Cherry Crush.”

Justin Johnston played Angel Schunard in the final Broadway company of Rent and can be seen with the closing cast in “Rent Filmed Live on Broadway.”

Michael McElroy played Tom Collins in the final Broadway company of Rent. Broadway credits include Wild Party, Big River (Tony and Drama Desk nominations), The Who’s Tommy, Miss Saigon, Patti LuPone on Broadway, and High Rollers. TV credits include “Love Monkey,” “All My Children,” and “Spin City.” A graduate of Carnegie Mellon University.

Jacques C. Smith made his Broadway debut as Benny in Rent. TV credits include “CSI: Miami,” “ER,” HBO’s “OZ,” PBS’s Emmy-winning “American Masters” series “Ralph Ellison: An American Journey,” “The Division,” and “Law and Order.”

Haneefah Wood’s Broadway credits include Rent, Avenue

Q, and Brooklyn. She originated roles in the workshops of Shrek and Good Vibrations. Film and television credits include “Freedomland,” “Law and Order Criminal Intent,” “Strong Medicine,” and “Days of Our Lives.”

Rent, written by Jonathan Larson and directed by Michael Greif, opened at Broadway’s Nederlander Theatre, on April 29, 1996 following a history making, sold out, extended limited engagement at off-Broadway’s New York Theatre Workshop. The musical went on to win every major best musical award, including the Tony Award, as well as the Pulitzer Prize for drama. Rent played its final performance at the Nederlander Theatre on September 7, 2008 after playing 5,124 performances and 16 previews. Rent is the seventh longest running show in Broadway history and grossed over \$280 million during its Broadway run.

Tours of Rent have crisscrossed the country almost continuously since late 1996 and the U.S. national tours have grossed over \$330 million. The musical has been translated into every major language and been performed on six continents, including in the following countries: Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Finland, Germany, Hong Kong, Hungary, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Korea, Mexico, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Philippines, Portugal, Russia, Singapore, South Africa, Spain, Switzerland, and the United Kingdom.

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On Stage

A Chorus Line

The New Production Of The Pulitzer Prize And Tony Award-Winning Musical At Heinz Hall, April 7-12, 2009



The new production of the Pulitzer Prize and Tony Award-winning musical A CHORUS LINE comes to Heinz Hall in the heart of Pittsburgh's Cultural District for a limited one-week engagement Tuesday, April 7, through Sunday, April 12, 2009. Tickets are (\$20.50-\$62) at the Box Office at Theater Square, (655 Penn Avenue), online at pgharts.org or by phone 412-392-4900. Group orders for 12 or more may be placed by calling 412-392-4819.

The National tour cast currently features Deanna Aguinaga (Lois), Clyde Alves (Mike), Venny Carranza (Roy), Dena DiGiacinto (Bebe), Liza Domingo (Connie), Mindy Dougherty (Val), Derek Hanson (Don), Hollie Howard (Maggie), David Hull (Mark), Jordan Fife Hunt (Frank), Robyn Hurder (Cassie), Julie Kotarides (Vicki), Sebastian La Cause (Zach), Jessica Latshaw (Kristine), Shannon Lewis (Sheila), Ian Liberto (Bobby), Stephanie Martignetti (Tricia), Bethany Moore (Judy), Colt Prattes (Al), Alex Ringler (Greg), Gabrielle Ruiz (Diana), Clifton Samuels (Tom), Kevin Santos (Paul), Brandon Tyler (Larry), Anthony Wayne (Richie), J.R. Whittington (Butch) and swing performers Colin Bradbury, Erica Mansfield, Rebecca Riker

and Amos Wolff.

A CHORUS LINE reclaimed its place in the heart of Broadway at the Gerald Schoenfeld Theatre (236 W 45th St) where it opened to rave reviews on October 5, 2006. Elysa Gardner of USA Today calls it "Exhilarating and endearing, it still has a freshness and fervency too seldom seen in contemporary musicals," while The New York Daily News exclaims "There's nothing better! The show thrills from the opening number to the glittering finale," and Jeffrey Lyons of WNBC TV hails it "An American Masterpiece. A show for the ages." A CHORUS LINE is directed by its original Tony Award winning co-choreographer Bob Avian and is produced by John F. Breglio for Vienna Waits Productions.

A CHORUS LINE recouped its entire \$8 million investment after only 157 performances (19 weeks) on Broadway. It broke the theatre's box office record 7 times in its first 5 months. A CHORUS LINE ended its Broadway run on August 17, 2008 after 18 preview and 759 regular performances.

A CHORUS LINE, conceived and originally choreographed and directed by Michael Bennett, features a book by James



Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, music by Marvin Hamlisch and lyrics by Edward Kleban. For this new production, Baayork Lee re-stages the original choreography.

The new production features scenery by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, lighting by Tharon Musser adapted by Natasha Katz and sound by Acme Sound Partners. Musical supervision is by Patrick Vaccariello with musical direction by John C. O'Neill, orchestrations are by Jonathan Tunick, Billy Byers and Hershy Kay and vocal arrangements are by Don Pippin. The new 2006 Broadway cast recording of A CHORUS LINE was released by Masterworks Broadway and is available in stores nationwide.

The original production of A CHORUS LINE opened at the Public Theater's Newman Theatre on May 21, 1975 and transferred to Broadway's Shubert Theatre on July 25th, opening there on October 19th of that year. It won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama, nine Tony Awards, including Best Musical, Score and Book, and the New York Drama Critics Circle Award. It ran for nearly 15 years, closing on April 28, 1990 after 6,137 performances. A CHORUS LINE remains the longest-running American musical in Broadway history.

A CHORUS LINE will play Tuesday, April 7, through Sunday, April 12, 2009. Performances are Tuesday-Thursday at 7:30 p.m.; Friday at 8 p.m.; Saturday at 2 and 8 p.m.; and Sunday at 1 and 6:30 p.m. Tickets are (\$20.50-\$62) at the Box Office at Theater Square, (655 Penn Avenue), online at pgharts.org or by phone 412-392-4900. Group orders for 12 or more may be placed by calling 412-392-4819.

The Pittsburgh engagement of A CHORUS LINE is presented by The Pittsburgh Cultural Trust, Pittsburgh Symphony and Broadway Across America and is a subscription offering of the PNC Broadway Across America.

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NFL Draft

By John McClelland

Thoughts from an Armchair QB

NFL fans take varying degrees of interest in the draft. If the question is whether or not the NFL draft is worth watching on television. But if you're a Steelers fan and busy basking in Number Six for the past couple of months, you may want to get caught up on a few points of interest relative to the draft.

Though it may seem odd to say a team coming off a Super Bowl win that lost exactly one starter in free agency has glaring needs, the combination of salary cap constraints, contracts and aging at a few key positions has the Steelers in a delicate (if not difficult) position heading into the April 25th NFL Draft.

Offensive Line: Although their franchise quarterback managed to make it through all of 2008 without suffering a significant injury, the Steelers' top priority moving forward has to be protecting Ben Roethlisberger. He's one of the top two or three quarterbacks in the game. I don't know about you, but I'm still paying a therapist to erase the words Bubby, Tomczak and Kordell from whatever part of the brain it is that stores nauseating memories of promising seasons lost to mediocre quarterback play. If I had my way the Steelers would break their unwritten policy of not retiring numbers that Ernie Stautner didn't wear and throw 6, 18 and 10 on the fire. (Sorry, Santonio, but take something in the 80s and everyone's happy.) A stifling defense and solid running game made the Steelers perennial contenders in the '90s, but they started winning trophies again when they landed a superstar QB.

The point is, when you get a good one, you have to protect your investment.

For better or worse, the group that started Super Bowl XLIII will return intact. After some injury-induced shuffling they seemed to develop chemistry late in the season, so perhaps we can expect a better start in 2009. Resigning Chris Kemoeatu was a good move. He's young (26) and possesses a mean streak that will make him a good finisher as his skills progress. If Max Starks gets a longer term deal, you would have to consider left tackle sewn up for a few years. That

leaves three other positions the Steelers may look to upgrade, and the book of draft history—for both the Steelers and the NFL

as a whole—is thick with both early-round busts and late-round steals when it comes to the big boys up front.

The price of success leaves the Steelers out of the running for sure-bet tackles Eugene Monroe (Virginia), Jason Smith (Baylor) and Michael Oher (Ole Miss). But a guy I'm

becoming more and more

intrigued by is William Beatty of

Connecticut. The 6-6, 307-pound Beatty is an outstanding and athletic pass blocker who could stand to add some girth and strength to his huge frame and get better in the run game.

Because they generally get less attention than tackles, there is often better value on the board at guard and center in the late-first, second and third rounds. Two centers, Cal's Alex Mack and Oregon's Max Unger, are miles better than the rest and won't last that long. Mack is a classic OL anchor with great strength and agility, and if he's on the board at pick 32 the Steelers would definitely take a long look. Unger is not quite at Mack's level athletically, but his ability to play virtually any position on the line may interest a team that knows the value of versatility up front.

In a draft light on top guard prospects, Duke Robinson of Oklahoma is one standout worth considering. At 6-5, 329 he could play right tackle as well; however questions about his work ethic and attitude may preclude the Steelers from considering this athletically gifted player.

Defensive Line: Perhaps by now you've heard that the Steelers' starting front three is over ninety years old. (Okay, so you have to add their ages together, but you get the point.) So a big body to learn behind Aaron Smith and Brett Kiesel has likely been on team scouts' radars during the lead-up to the draft. But finding a 3-4 defensive end in college is a lot like combing after-hours clubs in search of a wife. One possibility in the draft is Tyson Jackson of LSU. At 6-4, 296, he's a perfect fit for the 3-4 scheme in which the ends do all the work and get very little credit. If he's overlooked in favor of flashier "rush" ends and is available at the end of the first round, he may be the highest rated player on the Steelers' board and get a good look from the decision-makers.

Defensive Back: It took more than three years for Bryant





McFadden to wrest the starting CB job from Deshea Townsend. Once the position was his, he promptly left via free agency to join the Arizona Cardinals. Good move? It seems the Steelers were not prepared to break the bank for McFadden, who signed a relatively short (2-year) deal with Arizona for about \$10 million (\$5 million guaranteed). The source of the team's not-so-fawning approach to B-Mac is likely their confidence in William Gay, who started for McFadden last season when the latter was down for several weeks with a forearm injury. After McFadden returned late in the season, coaches liked Gay enough that he was rotated in every third series.

But even without the loss of McFadden, the Steelers could certainly use more youth and depth in the secondary. With Malcolm Jenkins (Ohio State) and Vontae Davis (Illinois) likely gone by the end of the first round, Vanderbilt's D.J. Moore becomes an intriguing pick. He may be the best cover corner in the draft, but at 5-10, 182 he's slightly small for the Steelers' taste. If size is a priority, Sean Smith of Utah (6-3, 207) could give longtime Steelers fans welcomed visions of Mel Blount and be a physical mainstay on the outside for quite a few years.

Wide Receiver: This one's tricky. Santonio Holmes has established himself as a top-flight receiver who comes up big in clutch situations. He's the clear Number 1 and has earned the confidence of his quarterback and coaches. Hines Ward is, well, Hines Ward. He's in the last year of his contract and coming off minor knee surgery, but for '09 you can rest assured he'll keep making those critical catches on 3rd and six or seven. Perhaps a bigger issue than Ward's age, and more important to the Steelers' plans relative to receivers in the draft, is Limas Sweed. They'll look to fill other needs if Tomlin et al. believe the talented but maligned second-year guy can shake the drops, which anyone who saw him play at Texas will tell you are in his head, and step up to replace Nate Washington as the third receiver.

If the Steelers are looking at WRs in round 2 or 3, Ohio State's Brian Robiskie should warrant consideration. He's the

son of an NFL coach, has superb hands and runs precise routes.

Linebacker: Even with arguably the league's best stable of LBs returning in 2009, it's never safe to assume the Steelers will pass on a quality linebacker at any point in the draft. The team may have more potentially urgent needs on the defensive and offensive lines, at cornerback and wide receiver; but their make-up, at least defensively, begins and ends with a quartet of athletic linebackers who can play the run and pass as well as anyone in the game.

James Farrior proved that giving him another contract before last season was the right move; however at 34 his age will be a factor at some point. Lawrence Timmons is too good to be just a situational player, so it would be a big surprise if Larry Foote once again staves off the bid of Mike Tomlin's first ever draft pick to take his starting job. If Timmons does earn the spot, Foote will likely be gone after the 2009 season. Just as the Steelers grabbed Sweed in the second round in 2008 to replace Washington a year later, the imminent departure of Foote could increase the likelihood that a linebacker is selected in the first three rounds to add depth to perhaps the most important component of the league's top-ranked defense.

We'll assume that if the Steelers do take a linebacker in the draft it will be after the first round. Again, other needs are more pressing and should take precedence. But remember the name Frantz Joseph, a 6-2, 235-pound inside linebacker from Florida Atlantic who recorded double-digit tackles in all but one game in 2008. He's a bit on the slow side (4.8 in the 40), but he has an outstanding work ethic and a Farrior-type nose for the ball that Dick LeBeau and Mike Tomlin absolutely love. If he is still on the board in the third round and the war room wants an inside 'backer, they could certainly do worse than Joseph.

If you have your own prediction list and hit two or more, promptly buy a ring and head to those after-hours joints. With an eye for talent that good, there's no way you can miss.



Marc Andre Fleury

The Puck Stops Here!!



Only three goalies in NHL history have been chosen first overall in the draft, and the Penguins' latest renaissance began when they made Marc André Fleury the top pick in 2003. Former No. 1 overall pick (2003) helped Penguins to 2008 Stanley Cup Finals in his third full NHL season. Marc is quick, agile and an athletic 24-year-old goaltender. In 2008 he went 10-2-2 in final 14 regular season appearances after missing 34 games with high ankle sprain. He won seven straight starts from March 9-30 and was 9-1-1 in the month of March with a 1.44 goals-against average and .951 save percentage. Marc earned his 11th

career shutout March 25 vs. New Jersey, tying Les Binkley for second place on all-time club list (Tom Barrasso – 22). His continued torrid play in Stanley Cup playoffs, starting all 20 games and going 14-6 as Penguins reached Finals vs. Detroit. He has led all playoff goaltenders in save percentage (.933), tied for first in wins (14) and finished second in GAA (1.97). Posted three playoff shutouts, included clinching game against Philadelphia in Eastern Conference Finals (6-0). Stopped 55 of 58 shots in triple-overtime victory over Red Wings in Game 5 of Cup Finals at Detroit.

The next two drafts would bring Evgeni Malkin and



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Sidney Crosby to Pittsburgh, forming the foundation of youthful nucleus the likes of which the NHL has not seen since Edmonton in the '80s.

But for all the well-deserved accolades heaped upon the Penguins' superstar forwards, post-season success in hockey depends perhaps most heavily on quality play between the pipes. Last season's run to the Stanley Cup Finals was fueled by two factors: the late-season acquisition of Marian Hossa and Fleury's dominance in goal. His 55-save performance against Detroit in Game 5 of the finals, a triple-overtime victory that staved off elimination, was a statement game that established Fleury as one of the league's best netminders. He finished the 2008 postseason with three shutouts and a 12-2 record, and although the team would eventually lose to the Red Wings, in the offseason Fleury was rewarded with a seven-year contract worth \$35 million.

This year the Pens have worked to overcome a slow start and injuries and find themselves in the thick of the playoff hunt. Once again Ray Shero cut deals close to the trade deadline that seem to have bolstered the team offensively for the stretch run. Neither Chris Kunitz nor Bill Guerin are as impactful as Hossa, but combined the two acquisitions may prove to be more effective. However if the Penguins complete the impressive turnaround and go deep in the playoffs, it will be because #29 can shut down the high-powered offenses the team is sure to face in the first round and beyond.

At 24, Marc André Fleury is the elder statesman of the Penguins' stable of current and future superstars. That statistic alone—and the fact that the team made the wise choice to lock up their young goaltender for several years—is reason for Pittsburgh hockey fans to be brazenly confident about the team's long-term prospects.

2009 stats for Marc Andre Fleury are:

*Recorded his 30th victory of the season Mar. 20 versus Los Angeles, marking the second time in his career he has tallied at least 30-plus wins.

*With his win Mar. 17 versus Atlanta, Fleury now ranks second in franchise history with 105 wins, trailing only Tom Barrasso (226).

*Named NHL's "Second Star of the Week" for his play

Mar. 1 to Mar. 8, going 4-0-0 over the span.

*Won seven consecutive games from Feb. 25 to Mar. 10, matching a career-high.

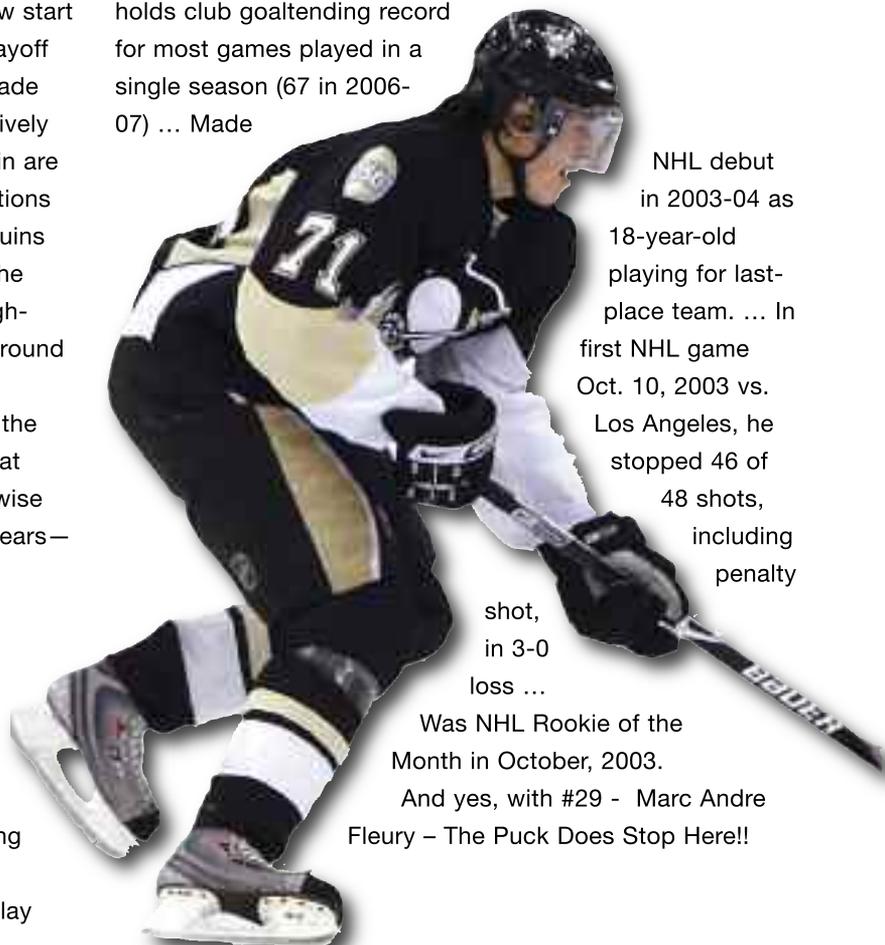
*Started 19 consecutive games, compiling a 12-4-3 record from Feb. 3 to Feb. Mar. 14.

*Posted his 100th career win Mar. 1 at Dallas, becoming the third goalie in franchise history to reach 100 wins.

*Notched his third shutout of the season and 14th of his career Feb. 25 versus the Islanders.

*Leads the team with 30 wins and with a .911 save percentage.

Recap of His NHL Career: After a challenging start with rebuilding franchise, he has gone 59-26-11 over past two seasons, including career-high 40 wins in 2006-07 ... 40 wins were second-highest in Penguins history, behind only Tom Barrasso's 43 in 1992-93 ... Ranks fourth among goaltenders in club history with 76 career wins ... Already holds club goaltending record for most games played in a single season (67 in 2006-07) ... Made



NHL debut in 2003-04 as 18-year-old playing for last-place team. ... In first NHL game Oct. 10, 2003 vs. Los Angeles, he stopped 46 of 48 shots, including penalty

shot, in 3-0 loss ...

Was NHL Rookie of the Month in October, 2003.

And yes, with #29 - Marc Andre Fleury - The Puck Does Stop Here!!

Draft House

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Best Divorce Letter Ever Written

Dear Connie,

I know the counselor said we shouldn't contact each other during our "cooling off" period, but I couldn't wait anymore. The day you left, I swore I'd never talk to you again. But that was just the wounded little boy in me talking. Still, I never wanted to be the first one to make contact. In my fantasies, it was always you who would come crawling back to me. I guess my pride needed that. But now I see that my pride's cost me a lot of things. I'm tired of pretending I don't miss you. I don't care about looking bad anymore. I don't care who makes the first move as long as one of us does.

Maybe it's time we let our hearts speak as loudly as our hurt. And this is what my heart says: "There's no one like you, Connie." I look for you in the eyes and breasts of every woman I see, but they're not you. They're not even close. Two weeks ago, I met this girl at Flamingos and brought her home with me. I don't say this to hurt you, but just to illustrate the depth of my desperation. She was young, maybe 19; with one of those perfect bodies that only youth and maybe a childhood spent ice skating can give you. I mean, just a perfect body. Tits like you wouldn't believe and an ass that just wouldn't quit. Every man's dream, right? But as I sat on the couch being blown by this stunner, I thought, look at the stuff we've made important in our lives. It's all so superficial. What does a perfect body mean? Does it make her better in bed? Well, in this case, yes, but you see what I'm getting at. Does it make her a better person? Does she have a better heart than my moderately attractive Connie? I doubt it. And I'd never really thought of that before.

I don't know, maybe I'm just growing up a little. Later, after I'd tossed her about a half a pint of throat yogurt, I found myself thinking, "Why do I feel so drained and empty?" It wasn't just her flawless technique or her slutty, shameless hunger, but something else. Some nagging feeling of loss. Why did it feel so incomplete? And then it hit me. It didn't feel the same because you weren't there to watch.

Do you know what I mean? Nothing feels the same without you. Jesus, Connie, I'm just going crazy without you. And everything I do just reminds me of you. Do you remember Carol, that single mom we met at the Holiday Inn lounge last year? Well, she dropped by last week with a pan of lasagna. She said she figured I wasn't eating right without a woman around. I didn't know what she meant till later, but that's not the real story.

Anyway, we had a few glasses of wine and the next thing you know, we're banging away in our old bedroom. And this tart's a total monster in the sack. She's giving me everything, you know, like a real woman does when she's not hung up about her weight or her career and whether the kids can hear us. And all of a sudden, she spots that tilting mirror on your grandmother's old vanity. So she puts it on the floor and we straddle it, right, so we can watch ourselves. And it's totally hot, but it makes me sad, too. Cause I can't help thinking, "Why didn't Connie ever put the mirror on the floor? We've had this old vanity for what, 14 years, and we never used it as a sex toy." Saturday, your sister drops by with my copy of the restraining order. I mean, Vicky's just a kid and all, but

she's got a pretty good head on her shoulders and he's been a real friend to me during this painful time. She's given me lots of good advice about you and about women in general. She's pulling for us to get back together, Connie, she really is. So we're doing Jell-O shots in a hot bubble bath and talking about happier times. Here's this teenage girl with the same DNA as you and all I can do is think of how much she looked like you when you were 18. And that just about makes me cry. And then it turns out Vicky's really into the whole anal thing, that gets me to thinking about how many times I pressured you about trying it and how that probably fueled some of the bitterness between us. But do you see how even then, when I'm thrusting inside your baby sister's cinnamon ring, all I can do is think of you? It's true, Connie. In your heart you must know it. Don't you think we could start over? Just wipe out all the grievances away and start fresh? I think we can. If you feel the same please, please, please let me know. Otherwise, can you let me know where the ****ing remote is?

Love, Dan

Kirk And His Boss

I once was pretty popular and I was bragging to my boss one day... "You know, I know everyone there is to know. Just name someone, anyone, and I know them." Tired of my boasting, my boss called my bluff, "Okay, Kirk, how about Tom Cruise?" "Sure, yes, Tom and I are old friends, and I can prove it." So, Me and my boss fly out to Hollywood and knock on Tom Cruise's door and sure enough, Tom Cruise shouts, "Kirk! Great to see You! You and your friend come right in and join me for lunch!" Although impressed, my boss was still skeptical. After we leave Cruise's house, he tells me that he thinks my knowing Cruise was just lucky. "No, no, just name anyone else," I said. "President Bush," my Boss quickly retorts. "Yep", I said, "I know him, let's fly out to Washington." So, off we go. At the White House, Bush spots me on the tour and motions me and my boss over, saying, "Kirk, what a surprise. I was just on my way to a meeting, but you and your friend come on in and let's have a cup of coffee first and catch up." Well, my boss is very shaken by now, but still not totally convinced. After we leave the White House grounds, he expresses his doubts to me, and I again implore him to name anyone else. "The new Pope," my boss replies. "Sure!" I say. "I've known the Pope a long time." So, off we fly to Rome. Me and the boss are assembled with the masses in Vatican Square when I said, "this will never work. I can't catch the Pope's eye among all these people. Tell you what, I know all the guards, so let me just go upstairs and I'll come out on the balcony with the Pope." I disappeared into the crowd headed toward St. Peter's. Sure enough, half an hour later, I emerged with the Pope on the balcony. But by the time I returned, I found that my Boss has had a heart attack, and is surrounded by paramedics! Working my way to my boss' side, I asked him, "What happened"? My boss looks up and says, "I was doing fine until you and The Pope came out on the balcony and the Japanese tourist next to me asked, Who's that on the balcony with Kirk?"

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Restroom!

In a Chicago Hospital, a gentleman had made several attempts to get into the men's restroom, but it had always been occupied. A nurse noticed his predicament. Sir, she said "You may use the ladies room if you promise not to touch any of the buttons on the wall." He did what he needed to, and as he sat there he noticed the buttons he had promised not to touch. Each button was identified by letters: WW, WA, PP20 and a red one labeled ATR. Who would know if he touched them? ; He couldn't resist.. He pushed WW. Warm water was sprayed gently upon his bottom. What a nice feeling, he thought. Men's restrooms don't have nice things like this. Anticipating greater pleasure, he pushed the WA button. Warm air replaced the warm water, gently drying his underside. When this stopped, he pushed the PP button. A large powder puff caressed his bottom adding a fragile scent of spring flower to this unbelievable pleasure. The ladies restroom was more than a restroom, it is tender loving pleasure. When the powder puff completed its pleasure, he couldn't wait to push the ATR button which he knew would be supreme ecstasy. Next thing he knew he opened his eyes, he was in a hospital bed, and a nurse was staring down at him. "What happened?" he exclaimed. "The last thing I remember was pushing the ATR button." "The button ATR is an Automatic Tampon Remover. Your penis is under your pillow."

Happily Married

This is a story about a couple who had been happily married for years. The only friction in their marriage was the husband's habit of farting loudly every morning when he awoke. The noise would wake his wife and the smell would make her eyes water and make her gasp for air. Every morning she would plead with him to stop ripping them off because it was making her sick. He told her he couldn't stop it and that it was perfectly natural. She told him to see a doctor, she was concerned that one day he would blow his guts out. The years went by and he continued to rip them out. Then one Thanksgiving morning as she was preparing the turkey for dinner and he was upstairs sound asleep, she looked at the innards and neck, gizzard, liver and all the spare parts and a malicious thought came to her. She took the bowl and went upstairs where her husband was sound asleep and, gently pulling the bed covers back, she pulled back the elastic waistband of his underpants and emptied the bowl of turkey guts into his shorts. Some time later she heard her husband waken with his usual trumpeting which was followed by a blood curdling scream and the sound of frantic foot steps as he ran into the bath room. The wife could hardly control herself as she rolled on the floor laughing, tears in her eyes! After years of torture she reckoned she had got him back pretty good. About twenty minutes later, her husband came downstairs in his bloodstained underpants with a look of horror on his face. She bit her lip as she asked him what was the matter. He said, 'honey you were right.' 'all these years you have warned me and I didn't listen to you'. 'what do you mean?' asked his wife. 'well, you always told me that one day I would end up farting my guts out, and today it finally happened.' but by the grace of god, some vaseline and two fingers. I think i got most of them back in.'

3 Old Timers

"Sixty is the worst age to be," announced the 60 year old. "You always feel like you have to pee. And most of the time, you stand at the toilet and nothing comes out!" "Ah, that's nothing," said the 70 year old. "When you're 70, you cant take a crap anymore. You take a laxatives, eat bran, you sit on the toilet all day and nothing comes out!" "Actually," said the eighty year old. "Eighty is the worst age of all." "Do you have trouble peeing too?" asked the sixty year old. "No...not really. I pee every morning at 6am. I pee like a race horse, no problem at all." "Do you have trouble taking a crap?" asked the 70 year old. "No, not really. I have a great bowel movement every morning at 6:30am. With great exasperation, the 60 year old said, "Let me get this straight. You pee every morning at 6 and you take a crap at 6:30. What's so tough about being eighty? To which the eighty year old man replies, "I don't wake up till 10."

Getting Older

A young teenager, observing adult decides, one day, that he will become older, and for that to happen, he will start cursing. His younger brother decided to do the same thing. So the next morning, the two brothers come down for breakfast, and their mom ask them what they want for breakfast. The older brother says This morning, I want some fucking cereals His mom takes him and smack him twice. Then she ask the younger brother what he wants for breakfast. The younger brother then says Shit, anything but cereal!

Denny's New Breakfast Special

The DJ on the radio just said that Denny's was having a new breakfast special in honor of the Octuplet mom - 14 eggs.. no sausage.. and the guy at the next table pays for it

Anger Management

Husband asks wife: "How do you control your anger when you get mad at me?" Wife says: I clean the toilet. Husband says: How does that help? Wife says: I use your toothbrush.

Bubba's Sister

Bubba's sister is pregnant and is in a bad car accident, which caused her to fall into a deep coma. After nearly 6 months, she awakens and sees that she is no longer pregnant. Frantically, she asks the doctor about her baby. The doctor replies, "Ma'am, you had twins - a boy and a girl. The babies are fine. Your brother came in and named them." The woman thinks to herself, "Oh, no! not Bubba; he's an idiot!" Expecting the worst, she asks the doctor, "Well, what's the girl's name?" "Denise," the doctor answers. The new mother says, "Denise! Wow! That's a beautiful name! I guess I was wrong about my brother. I really like the name Denise." Then she asks the doctor, "What's the boy's name?" The doctor replies, "Denephew."

Good bye Daddy

A father put his 3 year old daughter to bed, told her a story and listened to her prayers which ended by saying: 'God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy, God bless Grandma and goodbye Grandpa.' The father asked, 'Why did you say goodbye Grandpa?' The little girl said, 'I don't know daddy, it just seemed like the thing to do.' The next day grandpa died. The father thought it was a strange coincidence. A few months later the father put the girl to bed and listened to her prayers which went like this: 'God bless Mommy, God Bless Daddy and goodbye Grandma.' The next day the grandmother died. 'Holy shit 'thought the father, this kid is in contact with the other side. Several weeks later when the girl was going to bed the dad heard her say: 'God bless Mommy and goodbye Daddy.' He practically went into shock. He couldn't sleep all night and got up at the crack of dawn to go to his office. He was nervous as a cat all day, had lunch and watched the clock. He figured if he could get by until midnight he would be okay. He felt safe in the office, so instead of going home at the end of the day he stayed there, drinking coffee, looking at his watch and jumping at every sound. Finally, midnight arrived, he breathed a sigh of relief and went home. When he got home his wife said 'I've never seen you work so late, what's the matter?' He said 'I don't want to talk about it, I've just spent the worst day of my life.' She said, 'You think you had a bad day, you'll never believe what happened to me. This morning my golf pro dropped dead in the middle of my lesson!'

Chinese Proverbs

- Passionate kiss like spider's web, soon lead to undoing of fly.
- Virginity like bubble, one prick all gone.
- Man who run in front of car get tired.
- Man with hand in pocket feel cocky all day.
- Foolish man give wife grand piano, wise man give wife upright organ.
- Man who walk thru airport turnstile sideways going to Bangkok.
- Man with one chopstick go hungry.
- Man who scratches ass should not bite fingernails.
- Man who eat many prunes get good run for money.
- Baseball is wrong, man with four balls cannot walk.
- Panties not best thing on earth but next to best thing on earth.
- War doesn't determine who is right, war determines who is left.
- Wife who put husband in doghouse soon find him in cathouse.
- Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.
- It take many nails to build crib but one screw to fill it.
- Man who drive like hell bound to get there.
- Man who stand on toilet is high on pot.
- Man who lives in glass house should change clothes in basement.
- Man who fishes in other man's well often catches crabs.
- Man who farts in church sits in own pew.
- Crowded elevator smells different to midget.

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How To Call The Police When You're Old

George Phillips of Meridian, Mississippi was going up to bed, when his wife told him that he'd left the light on in the garden shed, which she could see from the bedroom window. George opened the back door to go turn off the light, but saw that there were people in the shed stealing things. He phoned the police, who asked "Is someone in your house?" He said "No." Then they said "All patrols are busy. You should lock your doors and an officer will be along when one is available." George said, "Okay" He hung up the phone and counted to 30. Then he phoned the police again-- "Hello, I just called you a few seconds ago because there were people stealing things from my shed. Well, you don't have to worry about them now because I just shot them." and hung up. Within five minutes, six Police Cars, a SWAT Team, a Helicopter, two Fire Trucks, a Paramedic, and an Ambulance showed up at the Phillips' residence, and caught the burglars red-handed. One of the Policemen said to George, "I thought you said that you shot them!" George said, "I thought you said there was nobody available!"

Southwest Airline

A mother and her 5 year old son are flying on Southwest Airlines from Kansas City to Chicago. The son (who had been looking out the window) turned to his mother and asked, "If

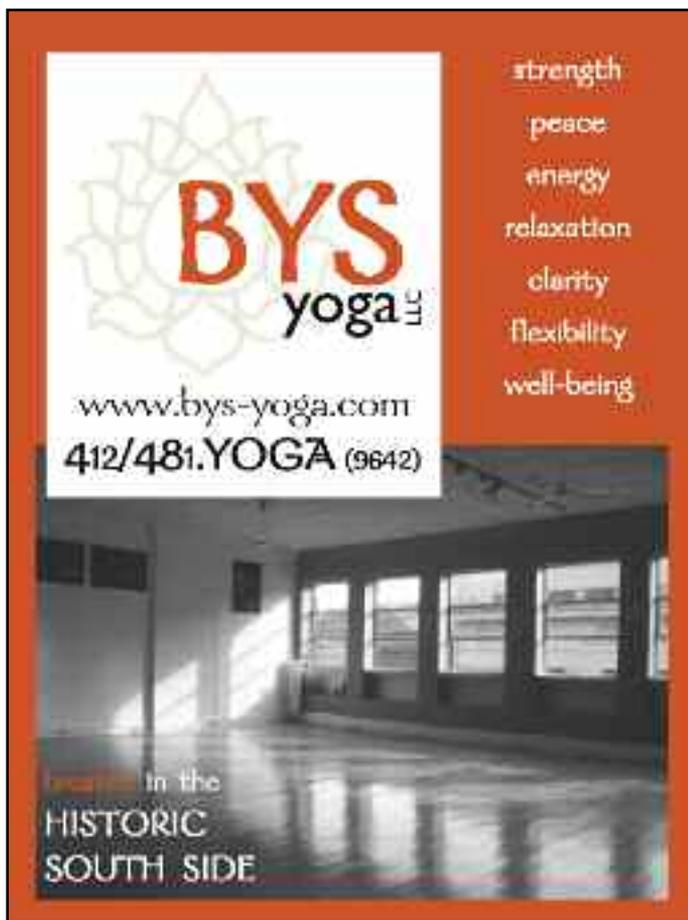
big dogs have baby dogs, and big cats have baby cats, why don't big planes have baby planes?" The mother, who couldn't think of a witty answer, told the boy, "I don't know son, why don't you ask the stewardess?" So, the boy leaves his seat and heads toward the galley where he finds a stewardess. He asks her the same question, "If big dogs have baby dogs, and big cats have baby cats, why don't big planes have baby planes?" The stewardess responded, "Did your mother tell you to ask me?" The boy responded, "Yes, she did....." "Well then, tell your mother that there are no baby planes because Southwest always pulls out on time. Have your mother explain that to you!"

Lipstick

According to a news report, a certain private school in Washington was recently faced with a unique problem. A number of 12-year-old girls were beginning to use lipstick and would put it on in the bathroom. That was fine, but after they put on their lipstick, they would press their lips to the mirror leaving dozens of little lip prints. Every night the maintenance man would remove them, and the next day the girls would put them back. Finally the principal decided that something had to be done. She called all the girls to the bathroom and met them there with the maintenance man. She explained that all these lip prints were causing a major problem for the custodian who had to clean the mirrors every night (you can just imagine the yawns from the little princesses). To demonstrate how difficult it had been to clean the mirrors, she asked the maintenance man to show the girls how much effort was required. He took out a long-handled squeegee, dipped it in the toilet, and cleaned the mirror with it. Since then, there have been no lip prints on the mirror. There are teachers... and then there are educators.

Haircut

A guy stuck his head into a barbershop and asked, 'How long before I can get a haircut? The barber looked around the shop full of customers and said, 'About 2 hours.' The guy left. A few days later, the same guy stuck his head in the door and asked, 'How long before I can get a haircut?' The barber looked around at the shop and said, 'About 3 hours.' The guy left. A week later, the same guy stuck his head in the shop and asked, 'How long before I can get a haircut? The barber looked around the shop and said, 'About an hour and a half.' The guy left. The barber turned to his friend and said, 'Hey, Bob, do me a favor. Follow that guy and see where he goes. He keeps asking how long he has to wait for a haircut, but then he doesn't ever come back.' A little while later, Bob returned to the shop, laughing hysterically. The barber asked, 'So, where does that guy go when he leaves?' Bob looked up, wiped the tears from his eyes and said, 'Your house!'



How Fights Start

My wife sat down on the couch next to me as I was flipping the channels.. She asked, 'What's on TV?' I said, 'Dust!' And then the fight started...

My wife was hinting about what she wanted for our upcoming anniversary. She said, 'I want something shiny that goes from 0 to 100 in about 3 seconds.' I bought her a scale. And then the fight started...

When I got home last night, my wife demanded that I take her someplace expensive... So, I took her to a gas station.... And then the fight started...

After retiring, I went to the Social Security office to apply for the aged pension. The woman behind the counter asked me for my driver's license to verify my age. I looked in my pockets and realized I had left my wallet at home. I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later. The woman said, 'don't bother. Just unbutton your shirt'. So I opened my shirt revealing my curly silver hair. She said, 'That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me' and she processed my Social Security application. When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the Social Security office. She said, 'you should have dropped your pants. You might have gotten disability, too.' And then the fight started...

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my high school reunion, and I kept staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table. My wife asked, 'Do you know her?' 'Yes,' I sighed, 'She's my old girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since.' 'My God!' says my wife, 'who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?' And then the fight started...

I rear-ended a car the other day. We pulled over and slowly the other driver got out of his car. You know how sometimes you just get so stressed and little things just seem funny? Well I couldn't believe it... he was a DWARF!!! He stormed over to my car, looked up at me, and shouted, 'I AM NOT HAPPY!' So, I looked down at him and said, 'Well, which one are you?' And then the fight started...

When our lawn mower broke and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first, the truck, the car, playing golf - always something more important to me. Finally she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors. I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. I came out again I handed her a toothbrush. I said, 'When you finish cutting the grass, you might as well sweep the driveway.' And then the fight started... The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

Moral to these stories : Marriage is a relationship in which one person is always right, and the other is the husband.

Dr. Marc Faber Tells It How It Is

"The federal government is sending each of us a \$600 rebate. If we spend that money at Wal-Mart, the money goes to China. If we spend it on gasoline it goes to the Arabs. If we buy a computer, it will go to India. If we purchase fruits and vegetables it will go to Mexico, Honduras and Guatemala. If we purchase a good car, it will go to Germany. If we purchase useless crap, it will go to Taiwan and none of it will help the American economy. The only way to keep that money here at home is to spend it on prostitutes and beer, since these are the only products still produced in the US. "I've been doing my part....."

An Italian Boy's Confession

'Bless me Father, for I have sinned. I have been with a loose girl'. The priest asks, 'Is that you, little Joey Pagano ?' 'Yes, Father, it is.' 'And who was the girl you were with?' 'I can't tell you, Father, I don't want to ruin her reputation' Well, Joey, I'm sure to find out her name sooner or later so you may as well tell me now. 'Was it Maria Minetti?' 'Was it Teresa Mazzarelli?' 'I'll never tell.' 'Was it Nina Capelli?' 'I'm sorry, but I cannot name her..' 'Was it Cathy Piriano?' 'My 2 lips are sealed.' 'Was it Rosa Di Angelo, then?' 'Please, Father, I cannot tell you.' The priest sighs in frustration. 'You're very tight lipped, Joey Pagano, and I admire that. But you've sinned and have to atone. You cannot be an altar boy for 4 months. Now you go and behave yourself.' Joey walks back to his pew, and his friend Franco slides over and whispers, 'What'd you get?' 4 months vacation and five good leads.



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The Pastor's Ass

The pastor entered his donkey in a race and it won. The pastor was so pleased with the donkey that he entered it in 20th race again, and it won again. The local paper read: PASTOR'S ASS OUT FRONT. The Bishop was so upset with this kind of publicity that he ordered the pastor not to enter the donkey in another race. The next day, the local paper headline read: BISHOP SCRATCHES PASTOR'S ASS. This was too much for the bishop, so he ordered the pastor to get rid of the donkey.

The pastor decided to give it to a nun in a nearby convent. The local paper, hearing of the news, posted the following headline the next day: NUN HAS BEST ASS IN TOWN. The bishop fainted. He informed the nun that she would have to get rid of the donkey, so she sold it to a farmer for \$10. The next day the paper read: NUN SELLS ASS FOR \$10. This was too much for the bishop, so he ordered the nun to buy back the donkey and lead it to the plains where it could run wild. The next day the headlines read: NUN ANNOUNCES HER ASS IS WILD AND FREE. The bishop was buried the next day. The moral of the story is... being concerned about public opinion can bring you much grief and misery...So be yourself and enjoy life. Stop worrying about everyone else's ass and you'll be a lot happier and live longer!

7 Dwarfs

The 7 Dwarfs go to the Vatican and, because they are the 7 Dwarfs, they are immediately ushered in to see the Pope. Grumpy leads the pack. 'Grumpy, my son,' says the Pope, 'What can I do for you?' Grumpy asks, 'Excuse me your Excellency, but are there any dwarf nuns in Rome?' The Pope wrinkles his brow at the odd question, thinks for a moment and answers, 'No, Grumpy, there are no dwarf nuns in Rome. In the background, a few of the dwarfs start giggling. Grumpy turns around and glares, silencing them. Grumpy turns back, 'Your Worship, are there any dwarf nuns in all of Europe?' The Pope, puzzled now, again thinks for a moment and then answers, 'No, Grumpy, there are no dwarf nuns in Europe This time, all of the other dwarfs burst into laughter. Once again, Grumpy turns around and silences them with an angry glare. Grumpy turns back and says, 'Mr. Pope! Are there ANY dwarf nuns anywhere in the world?' The Pope, really confused by the questions says, 'I'm sorry, my son, there are no dwarf nuns anywhere in the world.' The other dwarfs collapse into a heap, rolling and laughing, pounding the floor, tears rolling down their cheeks, as they begin chanting..... 'Grumpy screwed a penguin!' 'Grumpy screwed a penguin!'



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A Polish Divorce

Although his English was far from perfect, they got along very well until one day he rushed into a lawyer's office and asked the lawyer if he could arrange a divorce for him. The lawyer said that getting a divorce would depend on the circumstances, and asked him the following questions:

L: Have you any grounds?

P: Yes, an acre and half and nice little home.

L: No, I mean what is the foundation of this case?

P: It made of concrete.

L: I don't think you understand. Does either of you have a real grudge?

P: No, we have carport, and not need one.

L: I mean. What are your relations like?

P: All my relations still in Poland.

L: Is there any infidelity in your marriage?

P: We have hi-fidelity stereo and good DVD player.

L: Does your wife beat you up?

P: No, I always up before her.

L: Is your wife a nagger?

P: No, she white.

L: Why do you want this divorce?

P: She going to kill me.

L: What makes you think that?

P: I got proof.

L: What kind of proof?

P: She going to poison me. She buy a bottle at drugstore and put on shelf in bathroom. I can read, and it say: " Polish Remover".

A Blonde in Church

An Alabama preacher said to his congregation, 'Someone in this congregation has spread a rumor that I belong to the Ku Klux Klan. This is a horrible lie and one which a Christian community cannot tolerate. I am embarrassed and do not intend to accept this. Now, I want the party who did this to stand and ask forgiveness from God and this Christian Family.' No one moved. The preacher continued, 'Do you have the nerve to face me and admit this is a falsehood? Remember, you will be forgiven and in your heart you will feel glory. Now stand and confess your transgression.' Again, all was quiet. Then slowly, a drop-dead gorgeous blonde with a body that would stop traffic rose from the third pew. Her head was bowed and her voice quivered as she spoke, 'Reverend there has been a terrible misunderstanding. I never said you were a member of the Ku Klux Klan. I simply told a couple of my friends that you were a wizard under the sheets.' The preacher fell to his knees, his wife fainted, and the congregation roared!

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Naked Cowboy

The Sheriff in a small town walks out in the street and sees a blonde cowboy coming down the walk with nothing on but his cowboy hat, gun and his boots, so he arrests him for indecent exposure. As he is locking him up, he asks 'Why in the world are you walking around like this?' The Cowboy says, 'Well, it's like this Sheriff... I was in the bar down the road and this pretty little red head asks me to go out to her motor home with her. So I did. We go inside and she pulls off her top and asks me to pull off my shirt... So I did. Then she pulls off her skirt and asks me to pull off my pants... So I did. Then she pulls off her panties and asks me to pull off my shorts...so I did. Then she gets on the bed and looks at me kind of sexy and says, 'Now go to town cowboy.. 'And here I am.' Son of a Gun. Blonde Men do exist !!

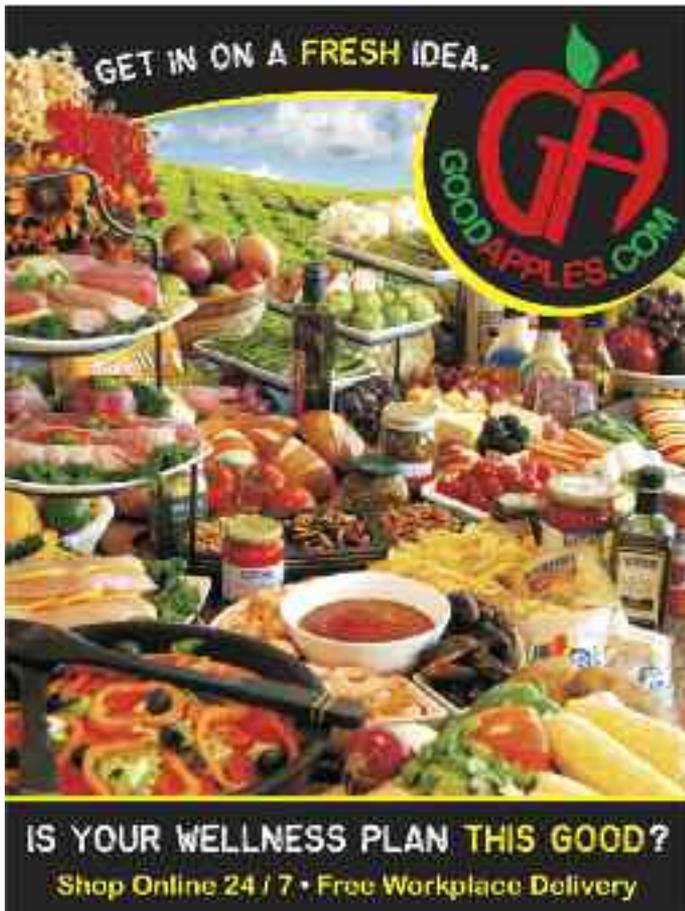
The Mailman's Last Day

It was the mailman's last day on the job after 35 years of carrying the mail through all kinds of weather to the same neighborhood. When he arrived at the first house on his route he was greeted by the whole family there, who congratulated him and sent him on his way with big gift certificate envelope. At the second house they presented him with a box of fine imported cigars. The folks at the third house handed him a selection of terrific fishing lures. At

each of the houses along his route, he was met with congratulations, farewells, cards, and gifts of all types and values. At the final house he was met at the door by a strikingly beautiful young blonde in a revealing negligee. She took him by the hand, gently led him through the door (which she closed behind him), and led him up the stairs to the bedroom where they had a most passionate liaison. Afterwards, they went downstairs, where she fixed him a giant breakfast: eggs, potatoes, ham, sausage, blueberry waffles, and fresh-squeezed orange juice. When he was truly satisfied she poured him a cup of steaming coffee. As she was pouring, he noticed a dollar bill sticking out from under the cup's bottom edge. '...All this was just too wonderful for words,' he saidbut what's the dollar for?' 'Well,' she said, 'last night, I told my husband that today would be your last day...and that we should do something special for you. I asked him what to give you?' He said, "...Screw him.....give him a dollar." The blonde then blushed and said, '....But the breakfast was my idea.'

Theft Problem

You've heard about people who have been abducted and had their kidneys removed by black-market organ thieves? Well, my thighs were stolen from me during the night a few years ago. I went to sleep and woke up with someone else's thighs. It was just that quick. The replacements had the texture of cooked oatmeal. Whose thighs were these and what happened to mine? I spent the entire summer looking for my thighs. Finally, hurt and angry, I resigned myself to living out my life in jeans. And then the thieves struck again. My bum was next. I knew it was the same gang, because they took pains to match my new rear-end to the thighs they had stuck me with earlier. But my new arse was attached at least three inches lower than my original! I realized I'd have to give up my jeans in favor of long skirts. Two years ago I realized my arms had been switched. One morning I was doing my hair and was horrified to see the flesh of my upper arm swing to and fro with the motion of the hairbrush. This was really getting scary - my body was being replaced one section at a time. What could they do to me next? When my poor neck suddenly disappeared and was replaced with a turkey's I decided to tell my story. Women of the world, wake up and smell the coffee! Those 'plastic' surgeons are using REAL replacement body parts -stolen from you and me! The next time someone you know has something 'lifted', look again - was it lifted from you? THIS IS NOT A HOAX. This is happening to women everywhere every night. P.S. Last year I thought some one had stolen my boobs. I was lying in bed and they were gone! But when I jumped out of bed, I was relieved to see that they had just been hiding in my armpits as I slept. Now I keep them hidden in my waistband!



Why Women Are Crabby

We started to 'bud' in our blouses at 9 or 10 years old only to find that anything that came in contact with those tender, blooming buds hurt so bad it brought us to tears. So came the ridiculously uncomfortable training bra contraption that the boys in school would snap until we had calluses on our backs. Next, we get our periods in our early to mid-teens (or sooner). Along with those budding boobs, we bloated, we cramped, we got the hormone crankies, had to wear little mattresses between our legs or insert tubular, packed cotton rods in places we didn't even know we had. Our next little rite of passage was having sex for the first time which was about as much fun as having a ramrod push your uterus through your nostrils (IF he did it right and didn't end up with his little cart before his horse), leaving us to wonder what all the fuss was about. Then it was off to Motherhood where we learned to live on dry crackers and water for a few months so we didn't spend the entire day leaning over Brother John. Of course, amazing creatures that we are (and we are), we learned to live with the growing little angels inside us steadily kicking our innards night and day making us wonder if we were preparing to have Rosemary's Baby. Our once flat bellies looked like we swallowed a whole watermelon and we pee'd our pants every time we sneezed.. When the big moment arrived, the dam in our blessed Nether Regions invariably burst right in the middle of the mall and we had to waddle, with our big cartoon feet, moaning in pain all the way to the ER. Then it was huff and puff and beg to die while the OB??? says, 'Please stop screaming, Mrs. Hearmeroar . Calm down and push. 'Just one more good push'(more like 10), warranting a strong, well-deserved impulse to punch the %\$#@*#!* hubby and doctor square in the nose for making us cram a wiggling, mushroom-headed 10 pound bowling ball through a keyhole. After that, it was time to raise those angels only to find that when all that 'cute' wears off, the beautiful little darlings morphed into walking, jabbering, wet, gooey, snot-blowing, life-sucking little poop machines. Then come their 'Teen Years.' Need I say more? When the kids are almost grown, we women hit our voracious sexual prime in our early 40's

- while hubby had his somewhere around his 18th birthday. So we progress into the grand finale: 'The Menopause,' the Grandmother of all womanhood. It's either take HRT and chance cancer in those now seasoned 'buds' or the aforementioned Nether Regions, or, sweat like a hog in July, wash your sheets and pillowcases daily and bite the head off anything that moves. Now, you ask WHY women seem to be more spiteful than men, when men get off so easy, INCLUDING the icing on life's cake: Being able to pee in the woods without soaking their socks...So, while I love being a woman, 'Womanhood' would make the Great Gandhi a tad crabby. You think women are the 'weaker sex?' Yeah right. Bite me.

Knock on the door

A man and his wife were awakened at 3:00 am by a loud pounding on the door. The man gets up and goes to the door where a drunken stranger, standing in the pouring rain, is asking for a push. "Not a chance," says the husband, "it is 3:00 in the morning!" He slams the door and returns to bed. "Who was that?" asked his wife. "Just some drunken guy asking for a push," he answers. "Did you help him?" she asks. "No, I did not, it is 3:00 in the morning and it is pouring rain out there!" "Well, you have a short memory," says his wife. "Can't you remember about three months ago when we broke down, and those two guys helped us? I think you should help him, and you should be ashamed of yourself!" The man does as he is told, gets dressed, and goes out into the pounding rain. He calls out into the dark, "Hello, are you still there?" "Yes," comes back the answer. "Do you still need a push?" calls out the husband. "Yes, please!" comes the reply from the dark. "Where are you?" asks the husband. "Over here on the swing," replies the drunk.

Anal Glaucoma

A woman calls her boss one morning and tells him that she is staying home because she is not feeling well. "What's the matter?" he asks. "I have a case of anal glaucoma," she says in a weak voice. "What the hell is anal glaucoma?" "I can't see my ass coming into work today."



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Worst First Date Story Ever

If you didn't see this on the Tonight Show, I hope you're sitting down when you read it. This is probably the funniest date story ever, first date or not!!! We have all had bad dates but this takes the cake. Jay Leno went into the audience to find the most embarrassing first date that a woman ever had. The winner described her worst first date experience. There was absolutely no question to why her tale took the prize! She said it was midwinter... snowing and quite cold, and the guy had taken her skiing in the mountains outside Salt Lake City, Utah. It was a day trip (no overnight). They were strangers, after all, and had never met before. The outing was fun but relatively uneventful until they were headed home late that afternoon. They were driving back down the mountain, when she gradually began to realize that she should not have had that extra latte. They were about an hour away from anywhere with a restroom and in the middle of nowhere! Her companion suggested she try to hold it, which she did for a while. Unfortunately, because of the heavy snow and slow going, there came a point where she told him that he had better stop and let her go beside the road, or it would be the front seat of his car. They stopped and she quickly crawled out beside the car, yanked her pants down and started. In the deep snow she didn't have good footing, so she let her butt rest against the rear fender to steady herself. Her companion stood on the side of the car watching for traffic and indeed was a real gentleman and refrained from peeking. All she could think about was the relief she felt despite the rather embarrassing nature of the situation. Upon finishing however, she soon became aware of

another sensation. As she bent to pull up her pants, the young lady discovered her buttocks were firmly glued against the car's fender. Thoughts of tongues frozen to poles immediately came to mind as she attempted to disengage her flesh from the icy metal. It was quickly apparent that she had a brand new problem, due to the extreme cold. Horrified by her plight and yet aware of the humor of the moment, she answered her date's concerns about "what is taking so long" with a reply that indeed, she was 'freezing her butt off' and in need of some assistance!

He came around the car as she tried to cover herself with her sweater and then, as she looked imploringly into his eyes, he burst out laughing. She too, got the giggles and when they finally managed to compose themselves, they assessed her dilemma.... Obviously, as hysterical as the situation was, they also were faced with a real problem. Both agreed it would take something hot to free her chilly cheeks from the grip of the icy metal! Thinking about what had gotten her into the predicament in the first place, both quickly realized that there was only one way to get her free. So, as she looked the other way, her first time date proceeded to unzip his pants and pee her butt off the fender. As the audience screamed in laughter, she took the Tonight Show prize hands down. Or perhaps that should be "pants down". 'And you thought your first date was embarrassing' was Jay Leno's comment... "This gives a whole new meaning to being pissed off". And how did that first date finally turn out? He became her husband and was sitting next to her in the audience.



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The South --- You Gotta Love It

Alabama

A group of Alabama friends went deer hunting and paired off in twos for the day. That night, one of the hunters returned alone, staggering under the weight of an eight-point buck. 'Where's Henry?' the others asked. 'Henry had a stroke of some kind. He's a couple of miles back up the trail, 'the successful hunter replied. 'You left Henry laying out there and carried the deer back?' they inquired. 'A tough call,' nodded the hunter. 'But I figured no one is going to steal Henry.'

Texas

The Sheriff pulled up next to the guy unloading garbage out of his pick-up into the ditch. 'The Sheriff asked, 'Why are you dumping garbage in the ditch? Don't you see that sign right over your head?' 'Yep', he replied. 'That's why I'm dumpin' it here, cause it says: 'Fine For Dumping Garbage'.'

Louisiana

A senior at LSU was overheard saying... 'When the end of the world comes, I hope to be in Louisiana.' 'When asked why, he replied, 'Because everything happens in Louisiana 20 years later than in the rest of the civilized world.'

Mississippi

The young man from Mississippi came running into the store and said to his buddy, 'Bubba, somebody just stole your pickup truck from the parking lot!' 'Bubba replied, 'Did you see who it was?' 'The young man answered, 'I couldn't tell, but I got his license number.'

Georgia

A Georgia State trooper pulled over a pickup on I-75. The trooper asked, 'Got any I.D.?' 'The driver replied; 'Bout whut?'

North Carolina

A man in North Carolina had a flat tire, pulled off on the side of the road, and proceeded to put a bouquet of flowers in front of the car and one behind it. Then he got back in the car to wait. A passerby studied the scene as he drove by and was so curious he turned around and went back. He asked the fellow what the problem was. 'The man replied, 'I have a flat tire.' 'The passerby asked, 'But what's with the flowers?' 'The man responded, 'When you break down they tell you to put flares in the front and flares in the back. Hey, it don't make no sense to me neither.'

Tennessee

The owner of a golf course was confused about paying an invoice, so he decided to ask his secretary for some mathematical help. He called her into his office and said, 'You graduated from the University of Tennessee and I need some help. If I were to give you \$20,000, minus 14%, how much would you take off?' 'The secretary thought a moment, and then replied, 'Everything but my earrings.'

South Carolina

You can say what you want about the South, but I ain't never heard of anyone wanting to retire to the North.'

Jesus and Satan

Jesus and Satan were having an on-going argument about who was better on the computer. They had been going at it for days, and frankly God was tired of hearing all the bickering. Finally fed up, God said, 'THAT'S IT! I have had enough. I am

going to set up a test that will run for two hours, and from those results, I will judge who does the better job.' So Satan and Jesus sat down at the keyboards and typed away.

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They created labels and cards.

They created charts and graphs.

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Jesus worked with heavenly efficiency and Satan was faster than hell. Then, ten minutes before their time was up, lightning suddenly flashed across the sky, thunder rolled, rain poured, and, of course, the power went off.. Satan stared at his blank screen and screamed every curse word known in the underworld. Jesus just sighed. Finally the electricity came back on, and each of them restarted their computers. Satan started searching frantically, screaming: 'It's gone! It's all GONE! I lost everything when the power went out!'

Meanwhile, Jesus quietly started printing out all of his files from the past two hours of work.. Satan observed this and became irate. 'Wait!' he screamed. 'That's not fair! He cheated! How come he has all his work and I don't have any?' God just shrugged and said, JESUS SAVES

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Mothers

After 17 years of marriage, my wife wanted me to take another woman out to dinner and a movie. She said, 'I love you, but I know this other woman loves you and would love to spend some time with you.' The other woman that my wife wanted me to visit was my MOTHER, who has been alone for 20 years, but the demands of my work and my two boys had made it possible to visit her only occasionally. That night I called to invite her to go out for Dinner and a movie. 'What's wrong, aren't you well,' she asked? My mother is the type of woman who suspects that a late night call or a surprise invitation is a sign of bad news. 'I thought it would be pleasant to spend some time with you,' I responded. 'Just the two of us.' She thought about it for a moment, and then said, 'I would like that very much.' That Friday after work, as I drove over to pick her up I was a bit nervous. When I arrived at her house, I noticed that she, too, seemed to be nervous about our date. She waited in the door. She had curled her hair and was wearing the dress that she had worn to celebrate her last birthday on November 19th. She smiled from a face that was as radiant as an angel's. 'I told my friends that I was going to go out with my son, and they were impressed,' she said, as she got into that new white van.

'They can't wait to hear about our date'. We went to a restaurant that, although not elegant, was very nice and cozy. My mother took my arm as if she were the First Lady. After we sat down, I had to read the menu. Her eyes could only read large print. Half way through the entries, I lifted my eyes and saw Mom sitting there staring at me. A nostalgic smile was on her lips. 'It was I who used to have to read the menu when you were small,' she said. 'Then it's time that you relax and let me return the favor,' I responded. During the dinner, we had an agreeable conversation - nothing extraordinary but catching up on recent events of each other's life. We talked so much that we missed the movie. As we arrived at her house later, she said, 'I'll go out with you again, but only if you let me invite you.' I agreed. 'How was your dinner date?' asked my wife when I got home. 'Very nice. Much more so than I could have imagined,' I answered. A few days later, my mother died of a massive heart attack. It happened so suddenly that I didn't have a chance to do anything for her. Some time later, I received an envelope with a copy of a restaurant receipt from the same place Mother and I had dined. An attached note said: 'I paid this bill in advance. I wasn't sure that I could be there; but nevertheless, I paid for two plates - one for you and the other for your wife. You will never know what that night meant for me. I love you, son.' At that moment, I understood the importance of saying in time: 'I LOVE YOU' and to give our loved ones the time that they deserve. Nothing in life is more important than your family. Give them the time they deserve, because these things cannot be put off till 'some other time.' Somebody said it takes about six weeks to get back to normal after you've had a baby.... Somebody doesn't know that once you're mother,

'normal' is history. Somebody said you learn how to be a mother by instinct. Somebody never took a three-year-old shopping. Somebody said being a mother is boring... somebody never rode in a car driven by a teenager with a driver's permit. Somebody said if you're a 'good' mother, your child will 'turn out good'.... Somebody thinks a child comes with directions and a guarantee. Somebody said you don't need an education to be a Mother.... Somebody never helped a fourth grader with his math. Somebody said you can't love the second child as much as you love the first.... somebody doesn't have two children. Somebody said the hardest part of being a mother is labor and delivery.... somebody never watched her 'baby' get on the bus for the first day of kindergarten ... or on a plane headed for military 'boot camp.' Somebody said a mother can stop worrying after her child gets married.... somebody doesn't know that marriage adds a new son or daughter-in-marriage mother's heartstrings. Somebody said a mother's job is done when her last child leaves home... somebody never had grandchildren. Somebody said your mother knows you love her, so you don't need to tell her.... somebody isn't a mother. This isn't just about being a mother; it's about appreciating the people in your life while you have them.... no matter who that person is.

Only the Irish have Jokes Like These

Into a Belfast pub comes Paddy Murphy, Looking like he'd just been run over by a train. His arm is in a sling, his nose is broken, His face is cut and bruised and he's walking with a limp 'What happened to you?' asks Sean, the bartender. 'Jamie O'Conner and me had a fight,' says Paddy. 'That little jerk, O'Conner,' says Sean, 'He couldn't do that to you, He must have had something in his hand.' 'That he did,' says Paddy, 'a shovel is what he had, And a terrible lickin' he gave me with it.' 'Well,' says Sean, 'you should have defended yourself, Didn't you have something in your hand?' That I did,' said Paddy. 'Mrs. O'Conner's breast, and a thing of Beauty it was, but useless in a fight.'

An Irishman who had a little too much to drink Is driving home from the city one night and, Of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road. A cop pulls him over. 'So,' says the cop to the driver, 'Where have ya been?' 'Why, I've been to the pub of course,' Slurs the drunk. 'Well,' says the cop, 'it looks like you've had quite A few to drink this evening.' 'I did all right,' the drunk says with a smile. 'Did you know,' says the cop, standing straight and Folding his arms across his chest, 'that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?' 'Oh, thank heavens,' sighs the drunk. 'For a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf.'

Brenda O'Malley is home making dinner, as usual, When Tim Finnegan arrives at her door. 'Brenda, may I come in?' he asks. 'I've somethin' to tell ya'. 'Of course you can come in, you're always welcome, Tim. But where's my husband?' 'That's what I'm here to be telling ya, Brenda.' There was an accident down at the Guinness brewery...' 'Oh, God no!'

cries Brenda. 'Please don't tell me.' I must, Brenda. Your husband Shamus is dead and gone. I'm sorry. Finally, she looked up at Tim. 'How did it happen, Tim?' 'It was terrible, Brenda He fell into a vat Of Guinness Stout and drowned.' ' Oh my dear Jesus! But you must tell me truth, Tim. Did he at least go quickly?' 'Well, Brenda... No. In fact, He got out three times to pee.'

Mary Clancy goes up to Fater O'Grady after His Sunday morning service, and she's in tears. He says, 'So what's bothering you, Mary my dear?' She says, 'Oh, Father, I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night.' The priest says, 'Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?' She says, 'That he did, Father.' The priest says, 'What did he ask, Mary?' She says, He said, 'Please Mary, put down that damn gun...'

AND THE BEST FOR LAST

A drunk staggers into a Catholic Church, Enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing. The Priest coughs a few times to get his Attention but the drunk continues to sit there. Finally, the Priest pounds three times on the wall. The drunk mumbles, 'ain't no use knockin, there's no paper on this side either!'

Skinny Dipping...

An elderly man in West Virginia had owned a large farm for several Years. He had a large pond in the back. It was properly shaped for swimming, so he fixed it up nice with picnic tables, horseshoe courts and some apple, and peach trees. One evening the old farmer decided to go down to the pond, as he Hadn't been there for a while, and look it over. He grabbed a Five-gallon bucket to bring back some fruit. As he neared the pond, he heard voices shouting and laughing with Glee. As he came closer, he saw it was a bunch of young women Skinny-dipping in his pond. He made the women aware of his presence and they all went to the deep end. One of the women shouted to him, 'we're not coming out until you leave!' The old man frowned, 'I didn't come down here to watch you ladies swim naked or make you get out of the pond naked.' Holding the bucket up he said, 'I'm here to feed the alligator.' Some old men can still think fast

Irish Lent

An Irishman moves into a tiny hamlet in County Kerry, walks into the pub and promptly orders three beers. The bartender raises his eyebrows, but serves the man three beers, which he drinks quietly at a table, alone. An hour later, the man has finished the three beers and orders three more. This happens yet again. The next evening the man again orders and drinks three beers at a time, several times. Soon the entire town is whispering about the Man Who Orders Three Beers. Finally, a week later, the bartender broaches the subject on behalf of the town. "I don't mean to pry, but folks around here are wondering why you always order three beers?" "Tis odd, isn't it?" the man replies. "You see, I have two brothers, and one went to America, and the other to Australia... We promised each other that we would always order an extra two beers whenever we drank as a way of keeping up the

family bond." The bartender and the whole town were pleased with this answer, and soon the Man Who Orders Three Beers became a local celebrity and source of pride to the hamlet, even to the extent that out-of-towners would come to watch him drink. Then, one day, the man comes in and orders only two beers. The bartender pours them with a heavy heart. This continues for the rest of the evening. He orders only two beers.. The word flies around town. Prayers are offered for the soul of one of the brothers. The next day, the bartender says to the man, "Folks around here, me first of all, want to offer condolences to you for the death of your brother. You know-the two beers and all. The man ponders this for a moment, then replies, "You'll be happy to hear that my two brothers are alive and well. It's just that I, meself, have decided to give up drinking for Lent.

Lord...They Are Finally Together...

Jane got married and had 13 children. Her first husband, Ted, died of cancer. She married again, and she & Bob had 7 more children.. Bob was killed in a car accident, 12 years later. Jane again remarried and this time, she & John had 5 more children. Jane finally died, after having 25 children. Standing before her coffin, the preacher prayed for her. He thanked the Lord for this very loving woman and said, "Lord, they are finally together." Ethel leaned over and quietly asked her best friend, Margaret: "Do you think he means her first, second, or third husband?" Margaret replied:.... "I think he means her legs, Ethel...."



Blonde Jokes

Two blondes living in Oklahoma were sitting on a Bench talking, and one blonde says to the other, 'Which do you think is farther away... Florida or the moon?' The other blonde turns and says 'Hellooooooooooooo, can you see Florida ?????'

Car Trouble

A blonde pushes her BMW into a gas station. She tells the mechanic it died. After he works on it for a few minutes, it is idling smoothly. She says, 'What's the story?' He replies, 'Just crap in the carburetor' She asks, 'How often do I have to do that?'

Speeding Ticket

A police officer stops a blonde for speeding and asks her very nicely if he could see her license. She replied in a huff, 'I wish you guys would get your act together. Just yesterday you take away my license and then today you expect me to show it to you!'

River Walk

There's this blonde out for a walk. She comes to a river and sees another blonde on the opposite bank. 'Yoo-hoo!' she shouts, 'How can I get to the other side?' The second blonde looks up the river then down the river and shouts back, 'You ARE on the other side.'

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At The Doctor's Office

A gorgeous young redhead goes into the doctor's office and said that her body hurt wherever she touched it. 'Impossible!' says the doctor. 'Show me.' The redhead took her finger, pushed on her left shoulder and screamed, then she pushed her elbow and screamed even more. She pushed her knee and screamed; likewise she pushed her ankle and screamed. Everywhere she touched made her scream. The doctor said, 'You're not really a redhead, are you?' 'Well, no' she said, 'I'm actually a blonde.' 'I thought so,' the doctor said. 'Your finger is broken.'

Knitting

A highway patrolman pulled alongside a speeding car on the freeway. Glancing at the car, he was astounded to see that the blonde behind the wheel was knitting! Realizing that she was oblivious to his flashing lights and siren, the trooper cranked down his window, turned on his bullhorn and yelled, 'PULL OVER!' 'NO!' the blonde yelled back, 'IT'S A SCARF!'

Blonde On The Sun

A Russian, an American, and a Blonde were talking one day. The Russian said, 'We were the first in space!' The American said, 'We were the first on the moon!' The Blonde said, 'So what? We're going to be the first on the sun!' The Russian and the American looked at each other and shook their heads. 'You can't land on the sun, you idiot! You'll burn up!' said the Russian. To which the Blonde replied, 'We're not stupid, you know. We're going at night!'

In A Vacuum

A blonde was playing Trivial Pursuit one night. It was her turn. She rolled the dice and she landed on Science & Nature. Her question was, 'If you are in a vacuum and someone calls your name, can you hear it?' She thought for a time and then asked, 'Is it on or off?'

Finally, The Blonde Joke To End All Blonde Jokes!

A girl was visiting her blonde friend, who had acquired two new dogs, and asked her what their names were. The blonde responded by saying that one was named Rolex and one was named Timex. Her friend said, 'Whoever heard of someone naming dogs like that?' 'HELLLOOOOOOO.....,' answered the blond. 'They're watch dogs'

My First Time

It was my first time ever...And I'll never forget...I'd do it again...Without a single regret.The sky was dark ...The moon was high ...We were all alone ...Just she and I. ...Her hair was soft ...Her eyes were blue ...I knew just what ...She wanted to do....Her skin so soft ...Her legs so fine ...I ran my fingers ...Down her spine....I didn't know how ... But I tried my bestI started by placing ...My hands on her breast. ...I remember my fear ...My fast beating heart ...But slowly she spread ...Her legs apart. ...And when I did it ...I felt no shame ...All at once ...The white stuff came. ...At last it's finishedIt's all over now ...My first time everAt milking a cow..... Now all you dirty minds say 3 Hail Mary's!

Having Mom Over for Dinner

Brian invited his mother over for dinner. During the course of the meal, Brian's mother couldn't help but notice how beautiful Brian's roommate, Jennifer, was. Brian's Mom had long been suspicious of the platonic relationship between Brian and Jennifer, and this had only made her more curious. Over the course of the evening, while watching the two interact, she started to wonder if there was more between Brian and Jennifer than met the eye. Reading his mom's thoughts, Brian volunteered, 'I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you, Jennifer and I are just roommates.' About a week later, Jennifer came to Brian saying, 'Ever since your mother came to dinner, I've been unable to find the beautiful silver gravy ladle. You don't suppose she took it, do you?' Brian said, 'Well, I doubt it, but I'll send her an e-mail just to be sure.' So he sat down and wrote:
Dear Mom,
I'm not saying that you 'did' take the gravy ladle from the house, I'm not saying that you 'did not' take the gravy ladle. But the fact remains that one has been missing ever since you were here for dinner.

Love, Brian

Several days later, Brian received an email back from his mother that read:

Dear Son,

I'm not saying that you 'do' sleep with Jennifer, I'm not saying that you 'do not' sleep with Jennifer. But the fact remains that if Jennifer is sleeping in her own bed, she would have found the gravy ladle by now.

Love, Mom

LESSON OF THE DAY - NEVER LIE TO YOUR MOTHER

California Statehood

Do you know what happened this week back in 1850, 159 years ago? California became a state. The State had no electricity. The State had no money. Almost everyone spoke Spanish. There were gunfights in the streets. So basically, it was just like California today; except the women had real breasts and the men didn't hold hands.

Irishman And The Mormon

You gotta love those Irish! A Mormon was seated next to an Irishman on a flight from London. After the plane was airborne, drink orders were taken. The Irishman asked for a whiskey, which was promptly brought and placed before him. The flight attendant then asked the Mormon if he would like a drink. He replied in disgust, "I'd rather be savagely raped by a dozen whores than let liquor touch my lips." The Irishman then handed his drink back to the attendant and said, "Me, too; I didn't know we had a choice

Acts 2:38

A woman had just returned to her home from an evening of church services, when she was startled by an intruder. She caught the man in the act of robbing her home of its valuables and yelled: 'Stop! Acts 2:38!' (Repent and be Baptized, in the name of Jesus Christ, so that your sins may be forgiven.) The burglar stopped in his tracks. The woman calmly called the police and explained what she had done. As the officer cuffed the man to take him in, he asked the burglar: 'Why did you just stand there? All the old lady did was yell a scripture to you.' 'Scripture?' replied the burglar. 'She said she had an Ax and Two 38s!'

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Gratitude BY SUZ PISANO

Spring has sprung & I know that usually brings a lot of gratitude for folks not so fond of winter. I love winter but tend to get a bit of cabin fever towards the end & I'm actually looking forward to seeing a bit of green growing back into our lives. Here are some of my other thoughts of gratitude for this month.....

I'm grateful that my favorite ice cream stand is open- Page's Dairy Mart is OPEN!

I laughed like a little girl when my girlfriend called me to let me know & then the phone chain amongst our friends began. I laughed a little to myself with each call I made that day! By the time you'll be reading this- I will have been there at least 5 times for my favorite hot fudge sundae or is it lunch? THE best nachos in the burg! followed by a hot fudge sundae. What could be better? AND a Cherry Slush!

I'm grateful someone coined the phrase "Spring Cleaning". I enjoy the clothing changeover that must occur to accommodate the storage of bulky winter sweaters in order to bring out the lighter and more colorful garments of Spring. Each year I look forward to a new color palette- this year its bright pinks, lime greens & aqua & turquoises and even yellow. Happy colors for a Happy Spring!

I'm grateful over & over again that my girlfriends share their children with me. My step children are all grown and I really don't know what it's like to have a 3 year old around until my friends bring their kids over. The rough & tumble rambunctiousness of 3 boys ages 3, 5 & 10 really gives me a perspective of mothering- thanks Elyssa! I'll definitely be thinking of you on Mother's Day and your kids are great!

I'm grateful for a delicious breakfast at the Square Café in Regent Square. Those girls really know a thing or twenty about breakfast & the coffee is always delicious. I recently had a "special" consisting of eggs, crabmeat, bacon, cream cheese & avocado. It was off the hook & I always really look forward to going there to see what they've cooked up next. It's my fav & I never mind waiting in line for a table. Plus, Sherry, one of the owners always gives me a hug!

I'm grateful for my fire pit in my backyard. Whenever I need a little bit of "non-city" life, my husband or my friends build me a fire that instantly transports me to the mountains. I think we're lucky to be able to build fires in the city and I'm even luckier that my neighbors; especially Judy, never complains and loves the smell of burning wood as much as we do. I love handing toasted marshmallows over the fence. I'm grateful for great neighbors in a great neighborhood.

One last gratitude for the month- I'm grateful for my new iPhone. I saved up and fretted about the technology

but it couldn't be easier and has simplified my life so much. Who knew that such an old fashioned girl would someday be receiving e-mail through her telephone? Or watching fashion shows? Or using the iDie app to calculate the amount of life left to live? Thank you to everyone who encouraged me to take that technological leap. Now if I could just figure out how to Twitter! Until next month- be generous, be gracious and forever be grateful.



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