



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATE KELLER

SICK, ALONE

I am sick. The doctor says it is bronchitis, but I know it is plague—at the very least, galloping consumption. It certainly can't be flu because this year I got a flu shot. I thought I was being clever: after a bout with last year's Asian variety, when I seriously considered exorcism to get it out of my body, I asked my doctor for as much flu protection as possible—the latex condom of flu-ness. I am not proud: I do not care that the “endangered” portions of the population recommended for vaccination are the under-5s and the over-60s. I am not brave: Steffi Graf may drag herself out onto the court with the flu, but I am rendered incapable of flossing. This year, I vowed, I was going to outwit the flu.

But I didn't count on the flu clones, the flus-by-any-other-name, the pretenders to the flu, one of which has reduced me to the helplessness of Popeye when Bluto got to him before he could reach the spinach. I don't care what they call it. (“Physicians think they do a lot for a patient when they give his disease a name,” said Immanuel Kant.) I only know that my *hair* hurts.

Camille for a Day: A Survival Guide for the Flu Season

by Aimee Lee Ball

I used to have a reasonably sexy night table next to my bed: almond massage oil, poppy nail polish, Steve Winwood tapes. Here is what is on the table next to my bed now: camphor oil for cold sores, menthol rub for my chest, cough suppressant (with an expectorant, if you want to get personal), a bottle of chewable Vitamin C, a heating pad, and a tube of baby diaper-rash ointment because it is the only thing that makes my raw nose a little less raw. I used to have a reasonably fun refrigerator: a nice Chablis, homemade hummus, both blond and double-dark brownies. Here is what is in my refrigerator now: unsalted saltines (the salt hurts my throat), baby applesauce (can be swallowed without chewing), and syrup of Coke (over cracked ice for nausea).

And here is what I look like: I used to have curly brown hair, but it hasn't been washed in four days, so it is now a sort of moss green, tied in an oily ponytail. Several layers of skin have peeled off my lips. My nose, as I mentioned, is bright red. And my skin is khaki.

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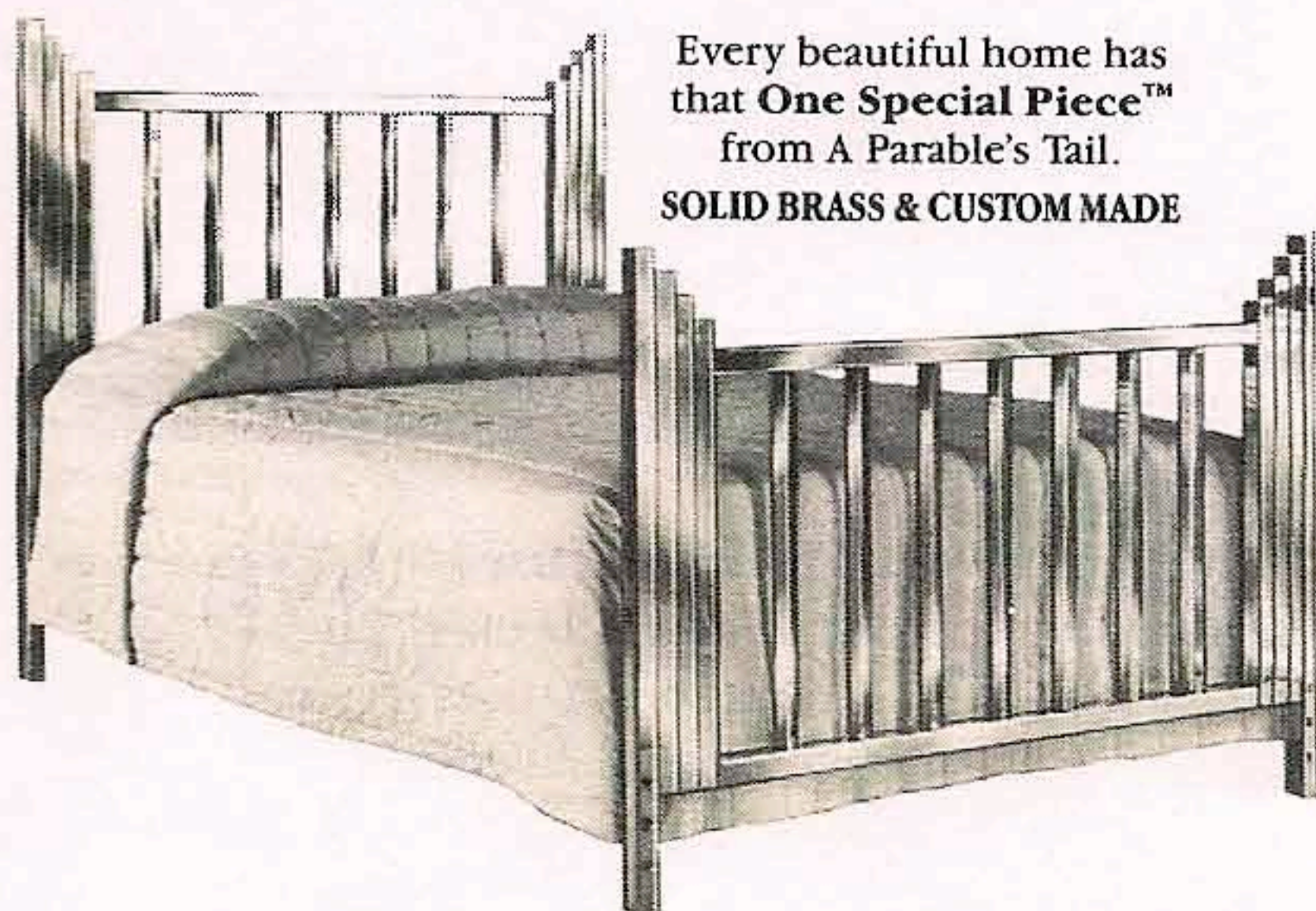
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How do you know when that sniffing-sneezing-coughing-aches-and-fever-congestion-sore-throat-that-makes-you-miserable is a cold or bronchitis (this season's most popular diagnosis)? Bronchitis and the common cold are terms flung around more carelessly than loose Kleenex, and it sometimes seems as if the former is simply a cold dressed up in a fancier name, with a guaranteed higher sympathy quotient. Not so, according to Dr. Thomas Roush of the Soho Medical Group: "Bronchitis is a technical term, though it's often used generally. The *itis* means inflammation, and the *bronch* refers to the bronchial tubes." Both colds and bronchitis count wheezing, congestion, and slight fever as symptoms, but bronchitis is specific to the respiratory area. The key word? *Phlegm*. Lots of it, clogging

those breathing passages. (Doctors call it sputum, as if a grosser-sounding word than *phlegm* were necessary.) "When the heat comes on, the humidity plummets," says Dr. Roush. "This alters the lining of the bronchial tubes, making it easier for infestations of

bacteria and viruses." Viruses are *not* treatable, but bacterial infections are. Examining your own phlegm is a useful, though certainly unappetizing, clue to the nature of the beast: "If the sputum is green or yellow, it's bacterial," tolls Dr. Roush. A "copious" amount means you probably need an antibiotic.

Coughing is a surefire way to spread bacteria and viruses, whether it's in the office or on the subway: "Tiny, microscopic droplets from coughs are easily passed to hands and faces," says Roush. Kids, he insists, have it worse, "bumping heads over a stack of crayons at school." Is staying sputum-free this season hopeless? Answers Roush un reassuringly: "The safest thing is to never leave your bathroom and have food shipped in."

Karen Schoemer

SICK

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

The only way I could be more debased and pathetic would be if I wet the bed.

And yet. This is not the worst flu I've ever had. The worst flu I ever had was the flu where I tried to leave the house too soon and threw up three times in the ladies' room of the 68th Street Playhouse and had an anaphylactic reaction to the antinausea medicine prescribed by the doctor so that my tongue swelled to twice its size, and I called the doctor to say "I can't breathe" (which came out "Awkabith" and had to be repeated endlessly to the doctor who thought I was drunk) and went to the emergency ward of the hospital with a friend who was not pleased with the fact that I had to fill out insurance forms before they administered the antidote and who ran around the ER like Shirley MacLaine in *Terms of Endearment* screaming, "GIVE HER THE SHOT!"

That was the worst flu I ever had. I still find it an utterly humorless tale. But I have lost my sense of humor. I have also lost my sense of smell, the hearing in my left ear, and my voice (actually I sound like the poor man's Blythe Danner). If I live, which at the moment seems dubious, I am going to find out about the couple in the apartment above me because they make such interesting afternoon noises. It has been my main form of entertainment.

And where the hell is Mom? Where is the person who will soak cotton balls in witch hazel for your eyelids, who'll bring endless trays of tea and toast, who will take your temperature with the back of her hand? The single most depressing part of being sick must be taking your own temperature, trying to read the little glob of mercury, particularly when you *know* you have 107 and the goddamn thermometer reads 99.6. (I did once have a fever of 103, and I began to hallucinate, sitting up in bed, I am told, to sing "Oh-ho the Well's Fargo wagon is a-comin' down the street.")

It is perfectly miserable to be sick, and it is pluperfectly miserable to be sick as a grown-up, when the only person who loves you enough to hold your head while you are throwing up is playing bridge in a Sarasota condominium. In lieu of Mom, you need the only sort of people you can depend upon in an hour of need: people you can pay.



CHICKEN SOUP

Even WASPS, Latin Americans, Sri Lankans, and, for all I know, neo-Nazi skinheads on *Geraldo* can benefit from this Jewish penicillin. If you don't happen to have any Jewish mothers on standby in New York, you will have to accept the closest surrogate: delis that deliver. Boys on bikes. You do not want Campbell's canned chicken noodle here. The following places all deliver a homey chicken soup, i.e., one that had actually had a recent heated acquaintance with a chicken. In take-out parlance, this is called chicken-in-a-pot. Without exception, these soups could all stand a hit of my mother's dill or some other loving touch—they were, after all, made by strangers—but they will do nicely.

Mama Leah's. 429 Amsterdam Ave., at 80th Street (724-7755). The proprietress, a woman of prodigious proportions, makes an equally bountiful chicken-in-the-pot for \$13.95: delicious broth with lots of chicken meat on the bone; slabs of parsnip, celery, and carrot; noodles, matzo balls, and kreplach (tiny dumplings). Chicken soup with matzo balls is available at \$4.95 a quart, with noodles at \$3.95 a quart. Delivery within ten blocks is \$1.

Golden's. 1175 Madison Ave., at 86th Street (369-6670); and 148 W. 51st St. (757-5200). Therapeutic chicken soup (that's how it's listed on the menu) can be had with matzo balls, noodles, rice, kasha, or kreplach (\$3.25 to \$3.50). Chicken-in-the-pot (\$12.95) is a little salty, and the matzo ball is leaden. (Some people like them that way. In my family, it was a crime against the state.) Free local delivery.

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SICK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Sarge's. 548 Third Ave., at 36th Street (679-0442). Chicken-in-the-pot has half a chicken, chunks of carrot, noodles, and an enormous matzo ball of surprising delicacy (\$9.95). "Souper Soup" is consomme with kreplach, matzo ball, and noodles but no chicken meat (\$4.25). Free local delivery 24 hours a day. Delivery anywhere in the city for an additional \$3.

IPCM (International Poultry Company & Marketplace). 1133 Madison Ave., at 84th Street (879-3600). These chicken specialists do it every way but loose—cajun, parmigiana, teriyaki, and on and on. Alas, no chicken-in-a-pot. (Call and complain.) But all that chicken leaves them with a continuous supply of wings and backs and necks, which they turn into a tasty chicken noodle soup (\$6 a quart). The noodles are too wide to get on your spoon (these things count when you're sick and wimpy). Delivery charge according to area.

Second Avenue Deli. 156 Second Ave., at 10th Street (677-0606). Chicken-in-the-pot is a truly overwhelming quantity of the fine broth, half a chicken, two matzo balls, carrots, and tiny squares of egg noodles (\$10.75). If you weren't sick, you could invite all your friends in to eat. Free local delivery.

J.J. Applebaum's. 451 Seventh Ave., at 34th Street (563-6200). This is a lotta soup. Chicken-in-the-pot brings huge chunks of carrot, not-so-thin noodles, and many matzo balls, along with half a chicken (\$11.50). Chicken soup ("available without prescription," according to the menu) is \$2.75. Free local delivery.

Regency. 1311 Second Ave., at 69th Street (628-6200). Chicken-in-the-pot has half a chicken falling-off-the-bone, plus peas, carrots, whole string beans, noodles, and a rather solid matzo ball (\$9.25). Chicken soup with noodles, rice, kasha, kreplach or the aforementioned matzo ball is \$1.75 to \$1.95. They'll pick up the newspaper for you on the way over.



TV GUIDE

I don't know about you, but mid-flu, I'm too sick to read. I can't concentrate on the printed page even if it's *The Weekly Reader*, and my arms are too weary to hold anything heavier than a remote control. It's TV time. But if you're gainfully employed, you are probably unfamiliar with daytime TV, and unless you're forewarned, it could be a shock to your system. There are things like Kathie Lee Gifford in there.

Here's a guide to the best garbage TV, appropriate to the supine. I'm assuming you're familiar with prime time and can make your own choices. I'm also ignoring soap operas and game shows—the latter being too noisy for the sickbed and the former being too libidinous and potentially in-

jurious to your health, reminding you of things you used to do in bed before you began living in it.

We will now observe a moment of silence over the fact that Mary Tyler Moore is nowhere to be found on New York television. Oh, sure, she's back in prime time, but she's 15 years older (aren't we all?) and her name is Annie McGuire, for goodness sake, and there's not a Lou Grant or a Murray Slaughter in sight. But you can see:

I Love Lucy. Monday through Friday, 9 a.m., Channel 5. A double feature of pre-lib zaniness.

Rhoda. Monday through Friday, 5 a.m., Channel 11. Mary's sidekick was fun for a while, after she lost weight, before she was anorexic. And Brenda always looks worse than I do, even sick as I am.

Nurse. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9 a.m., Lifetime. Reasonably intelligent hospital drama, with nice New York locations. But turn the TV off promptly at ten to avoid Regis Philbin.

Eight Is Enough. Monday through Friday, 10:30 a.m., Channel 11. You can giggle at Dick Van Patten's hairline and be grateful your parents stopped at two.

Perry Mason. Monday through Friday, 12:05 p.m., TBS. Classic courtroom whodunits, and not too taxing on the brain. But why can't TBS programs start on the hour like normal stations'?

Dinner at Julia's, The Frugal Gourmet. Monday through Friday, beginning at 2:30 p.m., Channel 13. The dynamic duo of TV cooks. You can imagine they're cooking for you.

American Theater Wing. Fridays, 8 a.m., noon, 4 p.m., and 8 p.m., CUNY. Fascinating conversations about the theater, with the likes of Swoosie Kurtz, Glenn Close, John Malkovich, and Harvey Fierstein.

Cheers. Monday through Friday, 7 p.m. and 11 p.m., Channel 11. Reruns of the great ones, with twitty Diane and company.

Gunsmoke, Bonanza. Saturdays, beginning at 7:05 a.m., TBS. Revisit with Miss Kitty and Little Joe.

The Jetsons. Sundays, 9 a.m., Channel 9. This can be your dirty little secret.

James at 16. Sundays, 9 a.m., A&E. Family was better, but this is low-key and only slightly sentimental.

Fantasy Island, The Love Boat. Sundays, beginning at 10 a.m., Channel 11. You didn't hear it from me.

Movie showings are 9 a.m. on TNT, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. on A&E, 10 a.m. on USA, 11 a.m. on Channel 5, 10 a.m. on TBS, and 4 p.m. on Lifetime. In recent weeks you missed *Two Loves* with Shirley MacLaine and Laurence Harvey, *A Free Soul* with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, *Mother Wore Tights* with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey, *Boy Meets Girl* with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, *Julie* with Doris Day and Louis Jourdan and *As You Desire Me* with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas.

I am also very fond of tuning in the Weather Channel for periodic updates—not on New York but on other places. A former boyfriend, for instance, lives in Minneapolis, and I love to see that it is 30 degrees below zero and to think he's freezing his sorry ass off. Very satisfying when I'm otherwise feeling miserable. Or healthy.

VIDEOS

The privilege of having videos delivered to your door is reserved for club members at the video store. But if you can manage to crawl to your wallet and find a credit card, video membership can be arranged on the spot over the phone at the following shops:

Video Room. 1487 Third Ave., at 84th Street (879-5333); and 2165 Broadway, at 76th Street (799-2100). Club membership is \$75 a year, with one free rental a month. Videos are \$2.99 a day for members. Free pickup and delivery from 59th Street to 96th Street.

International Film and Video Center. 991 First Ave., at 54th Street (826-8848); and 1049 First Ave., between 57th and 58th Streets. (308-2008). Club membership is \$45 a year, with five free rentals. Videos are \$3.50 a day for members. Free pickup and delivery from 40th Street to 65th Street on the East Side.

Tudor City Video. 5 Tudor City Pl. (983-4188). Club membership is \$24.95 a year. Videos are \$2.99 to \$3.99 for members. Free pickup and delivery from 20th Street to 59th Street on the East Side.

Video Stop. 367 Third Ave., at 26th Street (685-6199). Club membership is \$60 a year, with one free rental a month. Videos are \$3.79 a day for members. Pickup and delivery is \$1 from Houston to 49th Street on the East Side.



ONE-SHOT MAID SERVICE

Remember the neat, clean sickroom of childhood? My mother would pin a paper bag on the side of the mattress to hold my used Kleenexes. She'd change my pillowcases every day and spray the room with Lysol every hour on the hour. The doctor could have performed surgery in that room. (God, remember house calls?) But on your own, the second casualty of the flu is likely to be your apartment. When the dust balls are prolonging your sneezing, and you're wearing a bathrobe that looks as if it belonged to Ed Norton, and you still don't have enough strength to water the plants, it might be time to call a maid service (if you don't already have one).

Robert Douglas Maid Service. 41 Union Square West (924-1133). Maid service is \$10 per hour, with a three-hour minimum, plus subway fare. Employees will do general light housekeeping, "but they won't get down on their hands and knees," warns the management. They'll also do laundry, but if they have to leave the building and wait at a Laundromat it will get expensive.

Maid In New York. 200 Park Ave. South (777-6000). Maid Service is \$50 for a four-hour minimum. Be sure and let the service know if you want laundry and ironing done

and the management will send different people.

McMaid. 200 E. 61st St. (371-5877). Prices vary according to the size of your home, but maid service for a one-bedroom apartment is \$56 (\$46 if the service doesn't do inside of fridge or oven) for four hours, including laundry if it's in the building. "You supply the soap and the quarters," said the management.

Maids Unlimited. 767 Lexington Ave. (838-6282). Maid service on a weekday is \$11 per hour, with a four-hour minimum. And for night and weekend service, it's \$12.50 per hour. Employees will do laundry and ironing, and Laundromats are

okay with them.

Cinderella's Maid Service. 433 Herzl St., Brooklyn (718-922-2139). Maid service is \$50 for a four-hour minimum. Each additional hour is \$10. Maids will do laundry and will go to a nearby Laundromat if necessary.

The Original Dustbusters Cleaning Service. 400 W. 148th St. (926-4834). The price of maid service varies, but \$55 would be the average cost for a one-bedroom apartment. Laundry costs extra—"We don't work that way," said the snooty management, deeply into the *Upstairs Downstairs* attitudes (and obviously feeling Upstairs).

THE ALL-NIGHT DRUGSTORE

Kaufman Pharmacy. 557 Lexington Avenue at 50th Street (755-2266). Seventy-five years ago, a brilliant Mr. Kaufman opened a 24-hour pharmacy in the city that never sleeps (especially with a post-nasal drip). It's still there, offering 24-hour delivery not only of antibiotics and decongestants but also vaporizers, paperback novels, sweet-smelling soaps and talcs, ointments for chapped lips, cough drops, and fresh-squeezed orange and grapefruit juice (or anything else from the Schwab's-style lunch counter).

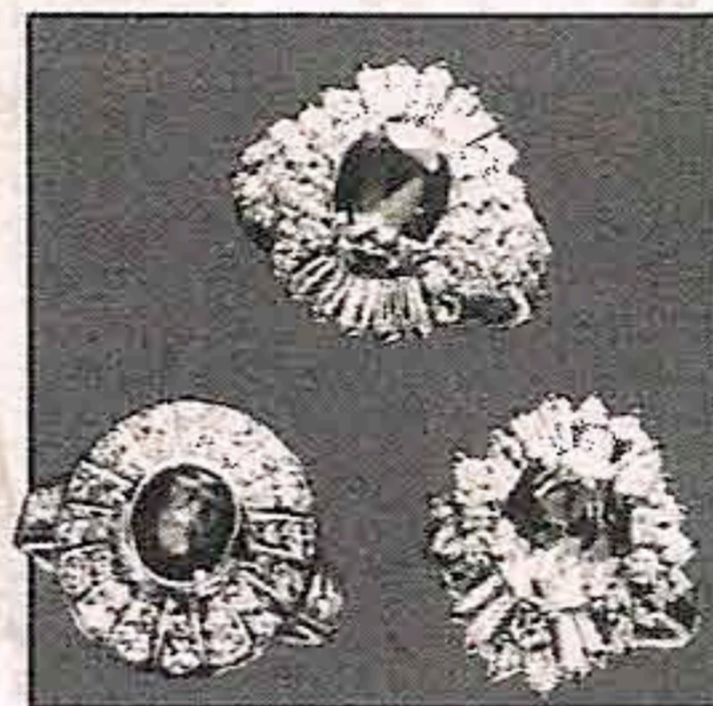
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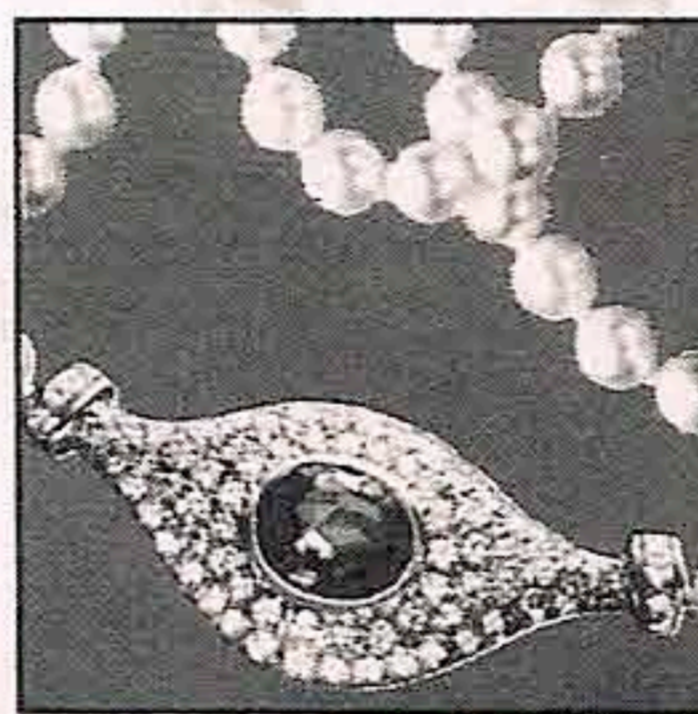
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WHEN TO PANIC

You've never felt worse in your life. You're afraid you're going to die and afraid you won't. But do you need a doctor? Here are symptoms you should not ignore or try to self-medicate, says Dr. Kevin Smothers, associate director of emergency services at New York University Medical Center.

Fever

- If the fever is 102 degrees or more for more than a few days
- If the fever is accompanied by severe headache or pain when moving your neck
- If a low-grade fever causes severe and persistent chills, shakes, or sweating

Chest Pain

- If the duration and intensity of the pain seems inappropriate to congestion
- If the pain causes dizziness, sweating, or heart-pounding
- If pain goes into your heart, back, or jaws
- If the pain accompanies a cough that produces dark or foul-smelling sputum

Abdominal Pain

- If the pain is accompanied by profuse or protracted nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, or constipation, or a very distended belly
- If there is a persistent sharp pain not associated with eating
- If you have a pain in the flank area with painful urination

Sore Throat

- If the pain is intense, not "scratchy" or simply irritated
- If you have great difficulty swallowing, even your own saliva
- If you have large glandular swellings along the neck

Puritanical types who bypass store-bought remedies insist that sleep, fluids, and letting the sickness "run its course" are the only truly effective tactics against flu/cold malaise. Some doctors, however, disagree. Over-the-counter drugs "are great, great," says Dr. Catherine Hart. "I recommend them frequently."

People who swear by store-bought remedies are usually loyal to particular brands—a prudent idea, considering how many brands there are to choose from. NyQuil is a popular choice for times when the desired state of consciousness is unconsciousness. "At night, I just swig the stuff," says one fan, who also warns that taking more than the recommended dose will probably lead to an odd, jittery NyQuil "hangover." Robitussin is another sleep-

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inducing favorite. "It always knocked me out immediately," says an ex-loyalist, "but I'd get these intense nightmares." Dimetapp, available over the counter

only in recent years, is another favorite.

Those who don't desire sleep desire Sudafed. "That's the stuff that makes you speed, right?" asked one person. "Yeah, I love it. It completely clears congestion too." Says another, "Sudafed's the only stuff that doesn't turn me into a vegetable."

Comtrex is another favorite. So is Triaminic: "It clears you out, is good for headaches, and gets rid of serious phlegm action." And Contac: "Because it has all the ingredients I need and it comes in the prettiest box."

A homeopathic drug called Oscillocoquinum—available at health food stores—has been the subject of much talk lately. Those who believe in it say that taking it as soon as you start feeling bad can nip illness in the bud. *Kim France*

Some good news: Dr. Smothers says the adolescent nemesis of "mono" (mononucleosis) is rare among those over age 30. Same for strep throat. Same for tonsillitis. But he warns that for those with a chronic problem (diabetes or high blood pressure, for instance), any kind of pain or fever probably should be evaluated by a doctor.

If you need medical help and you call the main switchboard of a city hospital, the staff probably will answer next spring. The extension numbers you need are for the emergency room (where you can talk

to a nurse), and for the physician-referral service (where, if it's not such an emergency, those on duty will recommend a private doctor on the staff for your problem).

New York Hospital. Emergency 472-5050; physician referral 1-800-822-2694

Beth Israel. Emergency 420-2840; physician referral 420-4000

Columbia Presbyterian. Emergency 305-2255; physician referral 305-5156

Mount Sinai. Emergency 241-7171; physician referral 876-2892

St. Vincent's. Emergency 790-7997; physician referral 790-1111

New York University. Emergency 340-5550; physician referral 340-6600

Lenox Hill. Emergency 439-3030; physician referral 439-2046

Or try Doctors on Call, 7104 Fort Hamilton Ave., Brooklyn (718-238-2100), a group of 100 doctors whose members will come at any hour. The cost is \$60 in Manhattan (a bit less in other boroughs), plus \$5 for an injection, if warranted.

If you're sick enough to need an ambulance and you call 911, where will you end up? The EMS operates by what it calls the ten-minute rule: it figures that wherever you live in New York, you're no more than ten minutes away from a 911 receiving hospital, and crew members try not to bypass that hospital to take you to another. They may honor your request to be taken to a particular hospital, but basically they want you to be treated and stabilized in the closest ER. After that, you can transfer to any facility you want.

When you call 911, you'll be asked a lot of questions about your location and condition. It may seem to take forever, but even while you're talking, your call is being put into the system for response. The cardinal rule is: *Never hang up first.* Stay on the line, remain calm, and try to give as much information as possible.

EMS has two types of ambulances: basic life support and advanced life support (equipped with drugs, IV, and EKG). A basic ambulance call costs about \$175, and an advanced ambulance call costs about \$250. You won't be asked for payment in the ambulance; you'll be billed later.



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