

Brittany's . . .

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Understand, readers, that the Brittany's Hob-Nob is not the same as the ritzy Brittany's downstairs. This place serves expensive (and good) bar food in an expensive (and good) manner. The menu, however, is limited and less expensive than downstairs. Needless to say, we opted to eat upstairs.

We ordered our food from our compliant but slow waitress. A half-hour and a two-fer later, the grub arrived.

Chris ordered a variety plate of appetizers. There were gooey, rich, breaded mozzarella sticks which became sickeningly glackey after three went down; breaded chicken fillets which were fine; and breaded mushrooms, which also were fine. A tangy honey/mustard sauce complimented each aperitif aptly.

Jeff ate a big pile of mushrooms. He seemed to like them, even though he didn't say much. The variety plate ran about \$3.50 and the mushrooms about \$2.50.

Before the next two-fer was needed, the main plates arrived. For bar food, it was fancy. Chris had the chicken enchiladas for about \$5. They were filling, but lacked palatial finesse. The chicken was a little dry and a little under-done. But Chris didn't really care. They were good.

Jeff had the fish and chips, about \$4. The fish and chips were quite good. They reminded Jeff of sitting in a London pub with his old friend Dr. Watson, sharing a pint of grog. Watson would regale him with tales of his friend and male companion Sherlock Holmes. Jeff then claimed to have dined with the Pope at the Underground. The Pope ordered steak. ("And it was a Friday, Chris!")

The chips were a bit deceiving in that they were curly like a pile of snakes, but were actually, in Jeff's words "quite good."

After being thoroughly gorged, we leaned back in the comfortable chairs. Suddenly our attention was

grasped by a lone figure crossing Ninth Street. Walking stoically across the wet street, his silhouette framed by a gray October sky, he looked as Brigham Young must have looked as he viewed the future site of Salt Lake City. He held his arms to the sky, walking toward Brittany's window.

We were in awe. Had this man claimed Brittany's as his Mecca? Were we to witness the historic moment when this man found his ultimate apex? He

then stumbled, and embraced an old woman, who up to now had been obscured by a low flying plane. We were disappointed, of course.

The assignment was nearing an end. We had eaten, drank, laughed and learned. We would come back to Brittany's someday if someone gave us more money.

A series of small, satisfactory burps summed up our general impression of Brittany's Hob-Nob Bar.

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A Learning Experience

Quinn . . .

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Perhaps the most surprising thing about Quinn's personality and outlook on her job is her humility.

She in no way considers herself a star. And she vehemently opposes a sex symbol label.

"I consider Nina (Blackwood) one. I'm plain," she said.

She said after MTV became successful and she became more recognizable, she felt "uncomfortable" around relatives and friends.

But there also was the "other" side of the coin.

"When I see a couple of people walking toward me on the street with Def Leppard shirts on, I kind of expect to be recognized," she said. "When I'm not, I want to turn around and holler 'Hey, you seen that video?'"

Even V.J.s are allowed to be human. They even have feelings.

In an October issue of People magazine, a writer made a reference to Quinn and her stepmother Jane Bryant Quinn.

The article implied Quinn was selected as a V.J. partly because Jane Bryant Quinn was her stepmother. The comment "wasn't nice" Quinn said.

It's easy to see why the Beatles and Mary Poppins served once as her inspirations. It's also no surprise that in school, she spent a lot of time listening to James Taylor and the Beatles and being president of her junior class. She said she is a big star-gazer which can present some problems in doing her job.

"I'm a very typical person," Quinn said. "The only thing that's different about me is my job."

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