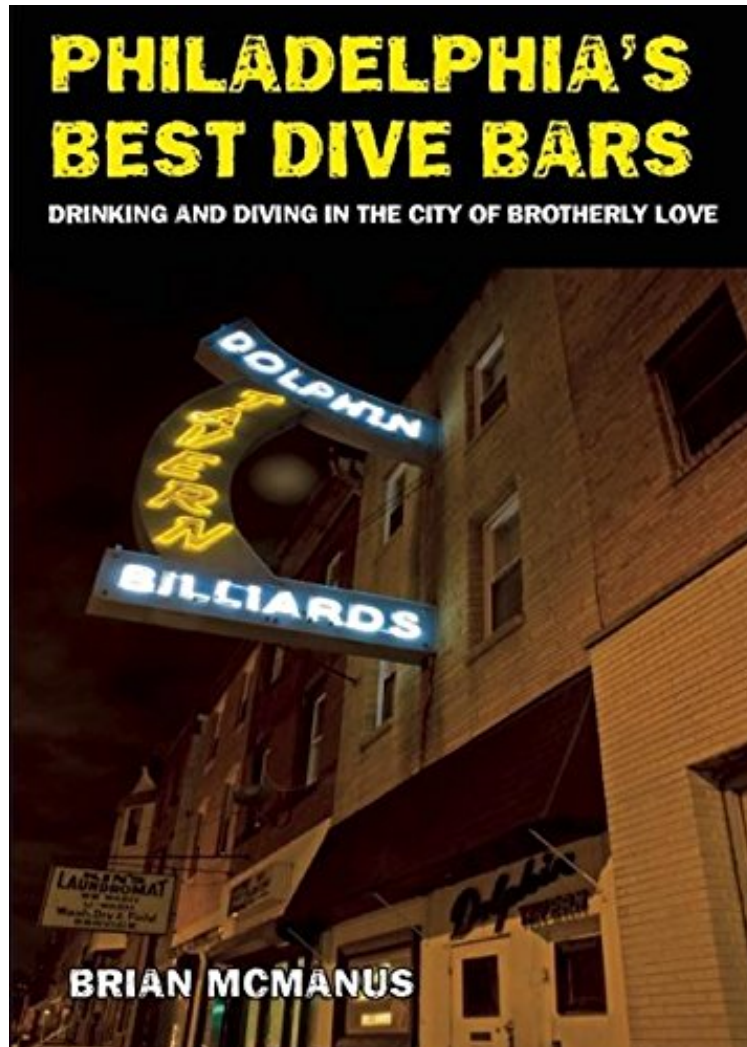


[Free pdf] Philadelphia's Best Dive Bars: Drinking and Diving in the City of Brotherly Love

Philadelphia's Best Dive Bars: Drinking and Diving in the City of Brotherly Love

Brian McManus

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#2359580 in Books 2011-04-12Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 6.90 x .40 x 5.00l, .35 #File Name: 1935439200168 pages | File size: 76.Mb

Brian McManus : Philadelphia's Best Dive Bars: Drinking and Diving in the City of Brotherly Love before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Philadelphia's Best Dive Bars: Drinking and Diving in the City of Brotherly Love:

3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Good with issuesBy South Philly BookieOverall, I like the book. It's entertaining, informative, witty and fun. It's also a great guide for Philly drinkers who wish to expand horizons (sleazy as those horizons might be). However, there are some glaring problems with the book that I just can't ignore. First of all, there are so many typos and misspellings that it makes you wonder if the proofreading was done by one of the

toothless old men under the bar at one of the author's two-beer-bottle-rated establishments. Give the guy some light! Next, the author refers to the white-haired, chain-smoking owner of the Dolphin Tavern as Mama (p.63). Well let me tell you this, no one in the fifty some odd years that she and her late husband owned the place has anyone ever called that woman "Mama." Nor Ma, Mommy or Mother. It's MOM! And yes, there is a difference. Most egregiously, dude calls Frank Sinatra a racist (Dirty Frank's, p.22). Oh, yes he does! (In the same sentence, he calls Frank Rizzo a racist but later softens the slur to "allegedly racist" [Tailhook Tavern, p.165].) Now, the master crooner/swordsman might have been a lot of unflattering things in his life--overly opinionated, truculent, gangster wannabe, a drunk--but I think it's pretty much common knowledge that he was not a racist. In fact, as he gained fame Sinatra refused to play venues that would not allow blacks, and he became Mafia-like threatening to hotel clerks who refused rooms to black members of his crew. The guy campaigned for JFK (for Chrissakes!). The author better hope Sinatra's overly opinionated, truculent, gangster wannabe daughters don't slap him with a lawsuit--or in the head. Less egregiously, but for the record: Shunk Street in South Philadelphia is not tiny (Rosewood Bar, p.72). It's a secondary street that runs perpendicular to Broad and parallel to Oregon (or sort of. Oregon, being an avenue, is slanted and Shunk is not). The tiny street in the Rosewood Bar equation is actually--ready for this?--Rosewood Street! Rosewood is a very narrow tertiary street that crosses Shunk. The bar, therefore, is on the corner of Rosewood and Shunk. No way is McGillin's a dive bar. It's a college hangout and full-service restaurant with five bouncers at the door all wearing "staff" polo shirts. These bouncers are not bikers nor tough Irish, Italian, or Black Philly guys, but college kids who do their best to act tough but make you wonder where they'll be if the proverbial blank hits the you-know-what. For the most part, the male bartenders at McGillin's are too professional and competent while the female bartenders and waitresses are, at best, OK. If it was a dive bar, you wouldn't notice any of this, or care. DiNic's is more dump than dive. Have fun with the book but, as always, HEED!: don't believe everything you read. 0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. IghtBy Brian'ol respect the authors body of work and there are some great bars listed. Yet there really is much to say about a bar unless your there to experience it yourself. Its a great guide, but the reviews are a bit redundant. Not much to read, but a great guide for exploring. 0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy DCPerfect! Item exactly as described!

Philadelphia's Best Dive Bars reviews the grittiest drinking establishments in the city of brotherly love. If you want to avoid the tourist traps listed in those other bar guides and find out where to get wasted after visiting the Liberty Bell, then this book is required reading. Brian McManus is the music editor and a contributing food writer at Philadelphia Weekly. He's written for Houston Press, San Francisco Weekly, Chicago Reader, Cleveland Scene, and Spin magazine.

About the Author Brian McManus is the music editor and a contributing food writer at Philadelphia Weekly. Hes written for Houston Press, San Francisco Weekly, Chicago Reader, Cleveland Scene, and Spin magazine. His drinking and diving began while on tour with his garage punk band, continued during his years as a chef in Houston, Texas, and hasnt slowed, much to the eternal dismay of his wife. He orders chili anytime its on a menu, and drinks Old Grand-Dad whiskey unironically. He has a twin brother who he hopes to one day hit up for a liver transplant.