



**It's Our Birthday!**  
And we're celebrating.

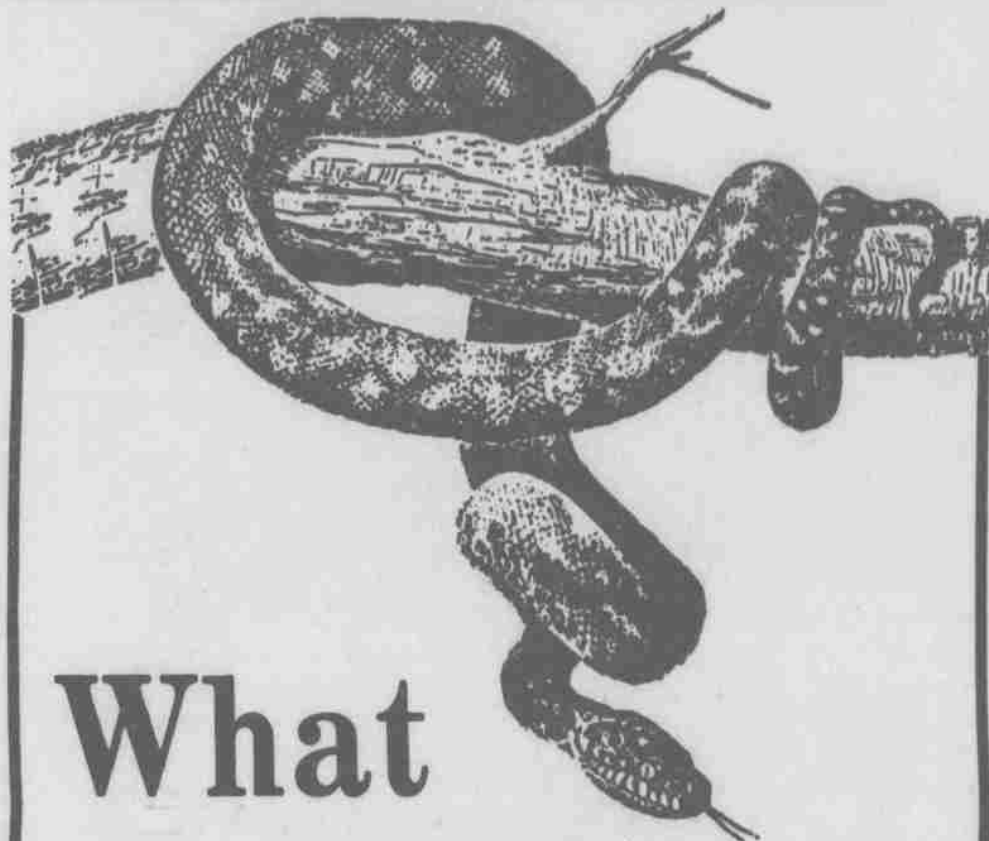
Everything is on sale.  
All albums, cassettes,  
compact discs. And all  
gifts, posters, jewelry,  
T-shirts, and clothing.  
Today through Sunday.

*Dirt Cheap*

217 N. 11th

EAST PARK PLAZA

**BIRTHDAY SALE!**



## What Scares You?

Tell us what scares you in a special Daily Nebraskan Halloween personal. Traditional scary. Comic scary. Off-the-wall scary. You decide. And if our judges decide it scares them too your ad will be featured on our Halloween classified page. Friday, October 31st.

Plus you'll get to choose a prize from our bag of treats. Run the newspaper for a day. Turn the Diversions editor into a mummy. Or choose a mailed subscription for a semester, 10 free personals or your resume typeset.

The choice will be yours, if our panel of experts choose you. Your last chance to scare us will be Wed. at 3 p.m. Then it will be our turn.

Daily  
**Nebraskan**  
Room 34 Nebraska Union

## "Touch"

### Flea Fever

By  
**Stew  
Magnuson**

I've written about the thrift stores. I've gone to garage sales with Charlie Burton. But one source of second-hand junk has not yet been reported. Not writing a story about Pershing Auditorium's monthly flea market would be a crime. So here it is, the inside scoop on what goes on in the basement of Pershing every third weekend of the month. Now what I like to call the "Holy trinity of good junk" is complete.

For those, like myself, who love to stock their apartments with the stange and unusual items of the past, the flea market is the least most exciting place to find oddities. The problem is all the wheelers and dealers who come to Pershing and set up their booths. They're pros and know what they have and they often charge accordingly, plus they charge a few bucks extra tacked on to cover the gas expenses from Wahoo or where ever they drove from.

But now that cool weather is coming and garage sales have gone away like the robins, the thrifts and the flea market are all that are left for junk lovers.

When you cruise down the aisles of the flea market, I believe it's best to be searching for something. It gives you a sense of purpose while the dealers push their overpriced ashtrays at you. So I went looking for the mythical vials of Elvis's sweat. I heard a rumor that these vials of the The King's perspiration were going for 10 bucks a pop.

So down I went, glancing at the antiques and crafts. Four big rows of booths completely fill the Pershing basement. Some dealers specialize in stamps, coins or baseball cards. So the chances of them having any vials of sweat here were slim.

I noticed lots of overpriced items while looking for the vials. A naked



Paul Vonderlage/Divisions

#### Pershing Flea Market

Ken doll went for a phenomenal \$20. You'd think that for 20 big ones they could cover up Ken's neutered body. I wonder if Barbie knows about this.

A plastic Garfield cup someone obviously had bought at a hamburger joint for 50¢ was selling for \$1.50. Cans of Billy Beer were fetching \$2. Maybe that wasn't a bad price; I don't know, I don't collect empty beer cans.

A weapons dealer from North Platte had his 15-year-old kid show me his complete assortment of butterfly knives, brass knuckles with a knife sticking out and a survival knife that went for \$12.

"I break, I cry. You break, you buy!" a little sign announced in a booth surrounded by ancient crystal. I hugged my backpack close to my body. A little old lady watched me close to ensure I didn't pocket any of her fine glassware.

When you're tired of searching for whatever you may be looking for, stop in and dine at the fabulous snack bar. Eat some of those scrumptious nachos with yellow pseudo-cheese dripping over for only

\$1.75. Turkey sandwiches are one of the more popular items for a mere \$1.25. The ambience is, well, it's bright fluorescent lights and wobbly fake wood tables. Perfect for a quiet afternoon with the one you love.

Now back to the Flea Market.

The best find was the big Harley-Davidson purple wall hanging going for a measly \$7. I thought those wall hangings were usually black. For some reason, purple just didn't seem to fit. Must be "The Hell's Angels For Prince" wall hanging.

I never did find any vials of Elvis's sweat or anyone's sweat for that matter. I did find an "Elvis Presley, The King of Rock Board Game" for \$15. The object was to move your little plastic Elvis to the drugstore so he could fill his prescriptions. When Elvis had collected enough Demerol, the game ends.

The Pershing flea market is usually the third weekend of every month, but for some reason, this month it's the fourth weekend. So head down this Saturday or Sunday and check out the trash turned treasure.

