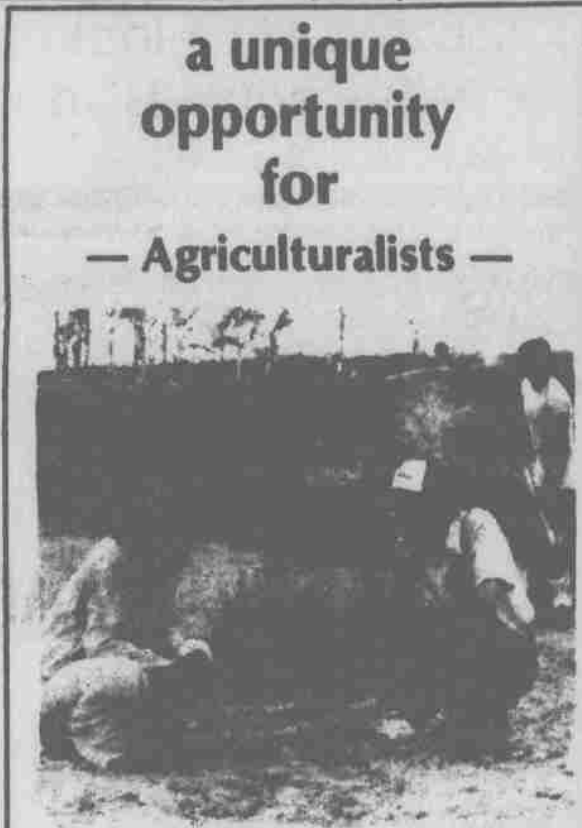


Lincoln Sertoma Club Presents  
**"THE RIDE OF TERROR"**  
 Beginning Friday, October 24 thru  
 Halloween night. "The Ride of Terror"  
 thru the haunted forest on a Hay Rack  
 Begins at 7:00 pm nightly.  
 The Acreage is located at 26th and Saltillo Road, 5 miles  
 south of Highway 2 on 14th, 27th or 56th.  
 For Reservations call 423-6138. Ask for the Head Witch...  
 groups welcome.  
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**25¢ Draws**  
**'Til Midnight**  
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 No Strings, No Catches, No Requirements,  
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 230 Nebraska Union  
 Thurs. & Fri., Oct. 30 & 31  
 Sign up now for an interview.  
 (Visit our booth at the Ag. Careers  
 Day—Oct. 29th/East Union).

**"Touch"**

**Worst of Lincoln**

**Magnuson**

**Worst Jukebox in Lincoln:**

Stormie's jukebox has a few good songs, but they haven't been changed in years.

**Worst New Band in Lincoln:**

Sidekick. Chosen for their pathetic attempts to be like the Finns. How could a band pick a worse group to emulate? But don't despair, Sidekick, you've won the "Best Hairdo" and "Most Creative Use of Dippity-Do in Lincoln" as well.

**Worst Pinball Machine in Lincoln:**

Speak Easy, found at O'Rourke's Lounge, 121 N. 14th St., featuring "Add-a-ball." When the roulette wheel spins, the tiny silver ball might stop on the "Add-a-ball" slot. But more often it stops on the "Subtract-a-ball" slot. You conceivably can play one ball for a quarter.

**Anton**

**Worst Message Left on an Answering Machine:**

"Your test results are positive, please call me immediately."

**Worst Generic Item:**

The generic dog.

**Worst New Invention:**

These new hydraulic trash cans have me sweating at the nape. Trash cans, found in restaurants, that have sensitive hydraulic lids — what will they think of next?

What's the purpose of these clever new devices? Where were these things test-marketed? When will they be available for the home? My mom would love one, I'm sure of it. I'd like to reverse the polarity on one and watch someone's arm get chopped off.

**Worst New Phone Expense:**

Call Waiting is an interesting concept. I recently called home and had a call come in and was forced to put my

call to home on hold; at the same time, my mother at home received a call, thus putting me in a holding pattern. I know that the Call Waiting innovation is limited as far as the amount of time one can suspend another party, but what would've happened if the parties interrupting my conversation with my mother were interrupted by another party with Call Waiting? Once again the possibilities are endless — well, kind of.

**Worst Fad:**

Trying to out-dress the kid at the counter of a local record store is pushing it a bit. You see girls and boys walk in with their paisley skateboards, their tie-dye sweat shirts, and those cute little Birkenstock earth shoes. I hate all of those things. Paisley went out with Nixon, tie-dye is cool — that is, if you used to be a heavy-metal ninja and now listen to surf music, but these Birkenstocks... if I wanted to walk on the Earth, I'd just take off my shoes.

**Worst Sports on TV:**

I hate seeing the Iowa Girls Basketball Championships on Nebraska TV. One-man luge is bad, too. So is chess.

Jones Average or something. It blinks, so you expect the time to come up eventually. I wandered around a whole day thinking the weather was going to plummet 25 degrees and that I was 13 hours late for class.

There's a big clock on the Roper and Sons funeral home sign right on O Street. Right by the mortuary. I'm least likely to want to know the time when I'm passing a mortuary. To me this clock is a heinous cruelty to all motorists.

Not to mention insensitive.

Runner-up: Apparently the clock that stands above the Clocktower Shopping Plaza has no hands and hasn't worked since day one. False advertising?

**Worst Reason to Remember Lincoln:**

Charles Starkweather.

**Worst Park:**

Airpark and Rampark. I'm always disappointed when I go to these two parks. At the first, you're forced to picnic on the runway. The second may have the best slide in town, but they don't keep it nearly slick enough.

**Lieurance**

**Worst State Fair Booth or Display:**

Inside the live native Nebraskan fish hut, Miss Nebraska will tell you about a trout-breeding station in upstate Nebraska, every hour on the hour. Should only take you half an hour to get a good look at all the fish, though.

There's also a booth that sells Italian food. It specializes in a sandwich called the "Guinea Grinder." Probably run by the KKK.

**Worst Public Clock:**

First Federal Lincoln (the north side) has one of those things dangling from its awning that looks like a bank clock. Many an afternoon I've spent waiting for the thing to show the time. Instead it shows an incomprehensible series of numbers known as the Dow

**McMurtry**

**Worst Place to See Drifters, Serial Killers, and Escapees:**

Mid-south area, down Normal Boulevard. Houses all look like castles, complete with two-limo garages.

**Worst Place in Lincoln to Get Hit by a Car:**

C'mon, what are you, morbid?

**Worst Bar to Get Picked Up In:**

P.O. Pear's — The granddaddy of 'em all, as far as pickup bars go, but everyone just stands around scowling like they want to pick your pockets or they think you wrecked their car. Except, of course, for the few silly white folks who haphazardly try to dance. (Heloise's Helpful Hint of the week — If you don't like the song, DON'T dance, no matter how good she looks or how drunk you are. You still won't look "cool," but you won't look near so damn silly.)

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