

# "Touch"

## Worst of Lincoln

### McCubbin

**Worst Shrine:** The obelisk to god-Bob and blessed St. Tom outside the stadium. If you must deify sports figures, at least have the decency to wait until they're dead.

**Worst Bouncers:** Pardners Lounge (5250 Cornhusker Highway in the Holiday Inn.) Get comfy, folks, this is a long story.

Last summer six or seven of us went bar-hopping and ended up at Pardners. Two of our company happened to be under 21. So we sat down and ordered. The minors (swear to God) ordered pop. In a minute this drill-sergeant type came over to card us. He was dressed like a swinging cowboy and was wearing a little plaque that said he was an ex-"employee of the month."

The minors gave him their real drivers licenses. Birthdates in 1966 and 1968, big as life. "Sarge" squints at the cards for a couple of minutes, boots out the 20-year-old and hands the 18-year-old's card back to him. Now, John Henry not only used his real ID, but he looked about two years younger than he actually was.

After Sarge left, needless to say, we were all vastly amused, and our amusement attracted the attention of a Muscle-Boy at the next table who stood up, announced he was also Pardner's security and re-carded all of us.

Muscle Boy took John's ID, squinted at it for a couple minutes, then said he'd have to have it "checked." Good idea. Everybody I know has a fake ID that says they're 18. With John's ID in hand, Muscle-Boy retired to another room, presumably to take off his shoes so he could count on his toes, too.

Pretty soon Muscle-Boy and Sarge both came back and Sarge tells us we-all can jest get right on outta there. "Pronto."

"Why?" we ask.

For tryin' to sneak minors in, of course.

Now we knew that Pardner's didn't have to let minors in, even if they weren't drinking, and the minors left without making a fuss. The rest of us were P.O.'d. Nobody had been trying to "sneak" anything. Of course, nobody seriously wanted to hang out all night after they'd tossed out friends,

but we didn't like Sarge's attitude and we weren't about to let him throw us out for nothing.

We tried to explain all this calmly and reasonably, but Sarge was in no mood for calm reason. So we asked to see the manager.

Sarge got this crafty look on his face and said he'd take us to the manager. Sorry. Nice try, but unh-uh. The manager can come see us here.

Now things get nasty. The dynamic duo started threatening and swearing at us.

Muscle Boy: "There are five or six of these boys here who'd jest love to take you out into the parking lot and kick your asses."

They also kept threatening us with an imaginary policeman who purportedly patrols the halls of the Holiday Inn.

By this time there were just two of us left. The minors were long gone, and at the mention of the word "police" the rest had evaporated, visions of unpaid parking tickets dancing through their heads.

All of this time we'd been sitting down. Nobody on our side was yelling or making threats. We just weren't going to leave until we'd complained to the manager.

Nonetheless, Sarge decided it was time to swing into action. He slid around behind me and yelled in his best "Starsky and Hutch" voice, "I got this one, you get the other one!" And suddenly we're both slapped into submission holds.

I didn't resist. But Sarge got me in a hold tight enough to bruise my throat for a week, and once he got me out into the Holidome, forced me to my knees, and put my head on the floor, told me he'd better not see my ass 'round there no more, then let me go.

Instead of just leaving, of course, we got straight to the night manager, who was cool. He told us we could come back, but he suggested we go somewhere else for the rest of the evening. Seeing that a small but surly crowd of half-lit cowboys had taken an interest in the proceedings, we agreed.

Needless to say, we haven't been back since. If, in the interim, somebody at Pardners has got smart and fired, retired or shot Sarge, then I apologize for all of the proceeding.

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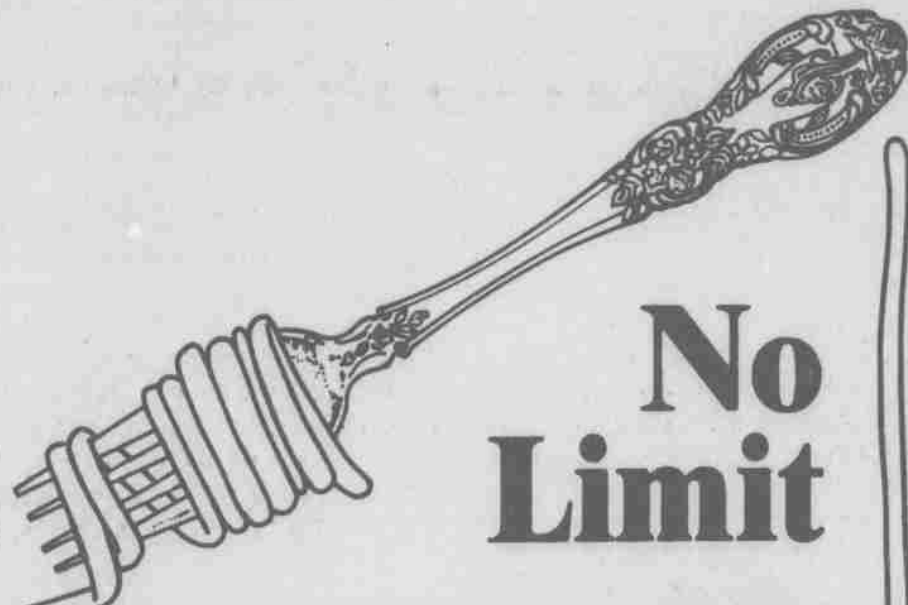
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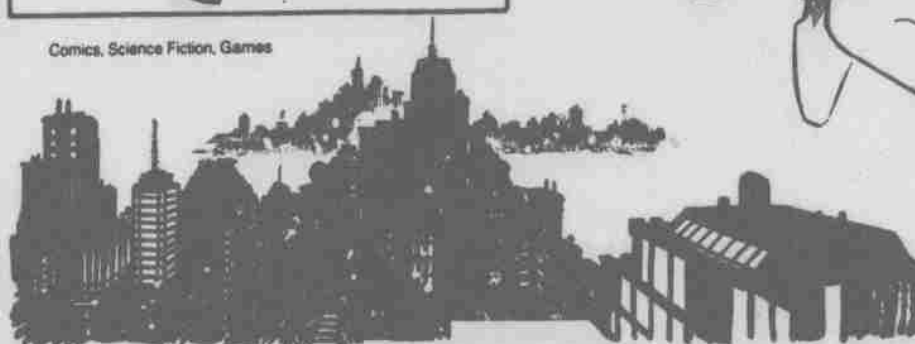
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