

Arts & Entertainment

Commie symps and other gimps

Chapter Four

It was late. The dorm was locked, and the room was dark.

Ace King, secret agent and failing poli sci student, was eerily cast in the dim green light of his personal computer. He read the communique a third time before erasing it.

His brow didn't knit. His hands and jaw barely clenched. But his eyes hardened, imagining the heinous impuity. Though he maintained a steel keel, under his skin, he prickled. His sense of God and country had been bismirched, and his firm emotions were whipped to a stiff lather.

Ronald and Nancy Reagan sat amid their yuletide lucre on Christmas morning. In King's mind, they wore matching, monogrammed pajamas.

They smiled blandly. After moments



David Wood

of prayer-like silence, the good president spoke.

"Shall we open the cards, dear?"

"Oh, Ronnie." Nancy choked with sentiment and clasped her little hands. A tear flashed in her eye. "Isn't Christmas glorious?"

In his finest storytelling voice, Ronald read the glad tidings of good cheer.

"Glorious, glorious," Nancy said in rapture.

"Look, honeybunch. It's a check for \$50,000 from Lee Iacocca. That palooka, gosh. He shouldn't have."

"Such a glorious man. Joyous, joyous." Nancy fought a sweet sob heroically. "I remember you always said his future was in TV. You were right, Ronnie. You're so wonderful."

Ronald positively beamed. His eyes, how they twinkled. His cheeks were like cherries.

He didn't know what he was reading until he was through the best, or worst, part of the next card.

The season greetings were post-marked Lincoln, Neb., and came from a

chapter of the John Hinkley Fan Club. The card took the side that the first lady was more luridly appealing than Jodie Foster and proceeded to enumerate Herculean sexual feats that the writers felt she alone was capable of.

Ronald chortled at first, thinking it was just the bathroom humor of one of his buddies in the Cabinet. Nancy, however, turned a delicate jade color and swooned dead away. When she came to, Ronald swore on Bibles that the rapscallions responsible would be publically neutered.

The president's call for immediate castration bounced swiftly across satellites. Christmas dinners were interrupted. The holiest of holidays had been fouled.

Agent King was among the first contacted. He was scarcely the only operative in the area. In fact, Lincoln had a surplus of underemployed G-men. The city was an overrun training ground for FBI and CIA enlistees.

King was a rookie, really. His license to kill was still in its probationary period. Yet, as a promising cadet, he had been assigned to head an investigation code-named Operation Pus Pocket.

The mean-minded missive to the White House wasn't the first that the Lincoln chapter of the John Hinkley Fan Club had sent. Agents regularly intercepted its death threats and monthly newsletters. Yet the card was the first from the ill-wishers that the president had seen, much less read aloud to his dignified second wife.

Shamed henchmen secretly blamed the Christmas rush and vowed post-masters' heads would roll.

King had been on the case as an undercover student for an entire semester, and what he had dug up was righteously appalling. The university verily bred Godless, bleeding-heart, beer-drinking, daughter-raping commie symps.

He had plunged deep into its putrid bowels and found a festering pustule of ungrateful maggots he vehemently suspected of harboring the disgusting fan club.

He had gained entrance by pledging the fraternity. Soon he would submit to an ordeal known as fazing, after which he

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Art by Billy Shaffer

Record rentals help assure customer satisfaction

By Chris Welsch

George Bohart got sick of buying records that were warped or not good musically. He did something about it.

Bohart opened Lincoln's first record rental store Dec. 9. Rolling Records, 217 N. 14th St., offers customers a chance to try a record before they buy it.

Bohart, 26, said many new releases are warped, or have only one or two good cuts. For \$2.07, a customer can rent a new record overnight.

"This way, you don't get stuck with a dog," Bohart said. "You can take it out, walk it around the block and if you don't like it, bring it back."

Bohart said any record in the store can be rented. Customers pay the full purchase price of \$6.57, including tax. If the record is returned, Bohart refunds \$4.50 to the customer. The total expenditure comes to \$2.07. The record has to be back by closing time the next day or a 50-cent late fee is assessed. And if the record is good, the rental fee applies to the purchase price.

Many of Rolling Records' customers may be taping the albums they borrow overnight.

"I don't advocate taping," Bohart said. "It's illegal."

The idea for Rolling Records isn't brand new. According to a Dec. 26 Chicago Sun-Times story, about 175 rental stores exist in 32 states, and the number is growing rapidly.

Bohart said he is pleased with business at Rolling Records. A pile of about 70 records, returned after being rented on Thursday, lay on the store counter Friday.

The records are coming back in good shape, according to Bohart.

"I spot-check the record when it is brought back," he said. "One guy spilled his breakfast jelly or something on a record and he admitted it."

Bohart said he will rent a record four or five times before taking it off the shelf. He plans to sell the used records to a friend who deals used records in California. A customer need not buy a record that has been rented. After listening to it, he can bring the record in and get an unopened one at no extra charge.

The selection at Rolling Records consists mostly of new pop and rock releases, with some jazz thrown in for variety. Bohart said he will order any album available to him for an interested customer.

"For instance," he said, "I would back-order an old Doors album for someone to rent. If I couldn't get it in a week or so, I would buy the record at another store."

"That's how I plan to expand my selection," he said. Bohart is a recent graduate of the University of Nebraska. He majored in Agriculture Economics. He said the idea to open a record store has interested him for quite some time.



Staff photo by Dave Bentz

George Bohart, owner, stands among the selections at Rolling Records rental store, 217 N. 14th St.

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