

Coors and Sig Ep

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Thursday, September 6
6:30
JOHNNY'S LOUNGE
2604 PARK BLVD

Brighten someone's day — send a personal in the Daily Nebraskan

IPC holds video dance

The University Program Council's video committee is sponsoring a video dance at 8 p.m. tonight in the Nebraska Union Ballroom. National videos will be shown on large screens.

Shorts

The Sheldon Film Theatre film video showcase, featuring the films of Robert M. Young, begins today with screenings of "Alambriesta" at 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. and "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" at 7 p.m.

by Berke Breathed

BLOOM COUNTY

ATTENTION ASSORTED HOUSEMATES! I AM HOME NOW AND PLAN TO WATCH THE CUBS GAME THAT I RECORDED LAST NIGHT ON MY NEW VCR... WHICH, BY THE WAY, I HOPE NOBODY HAS MESSED WITH DURING THE DAY!




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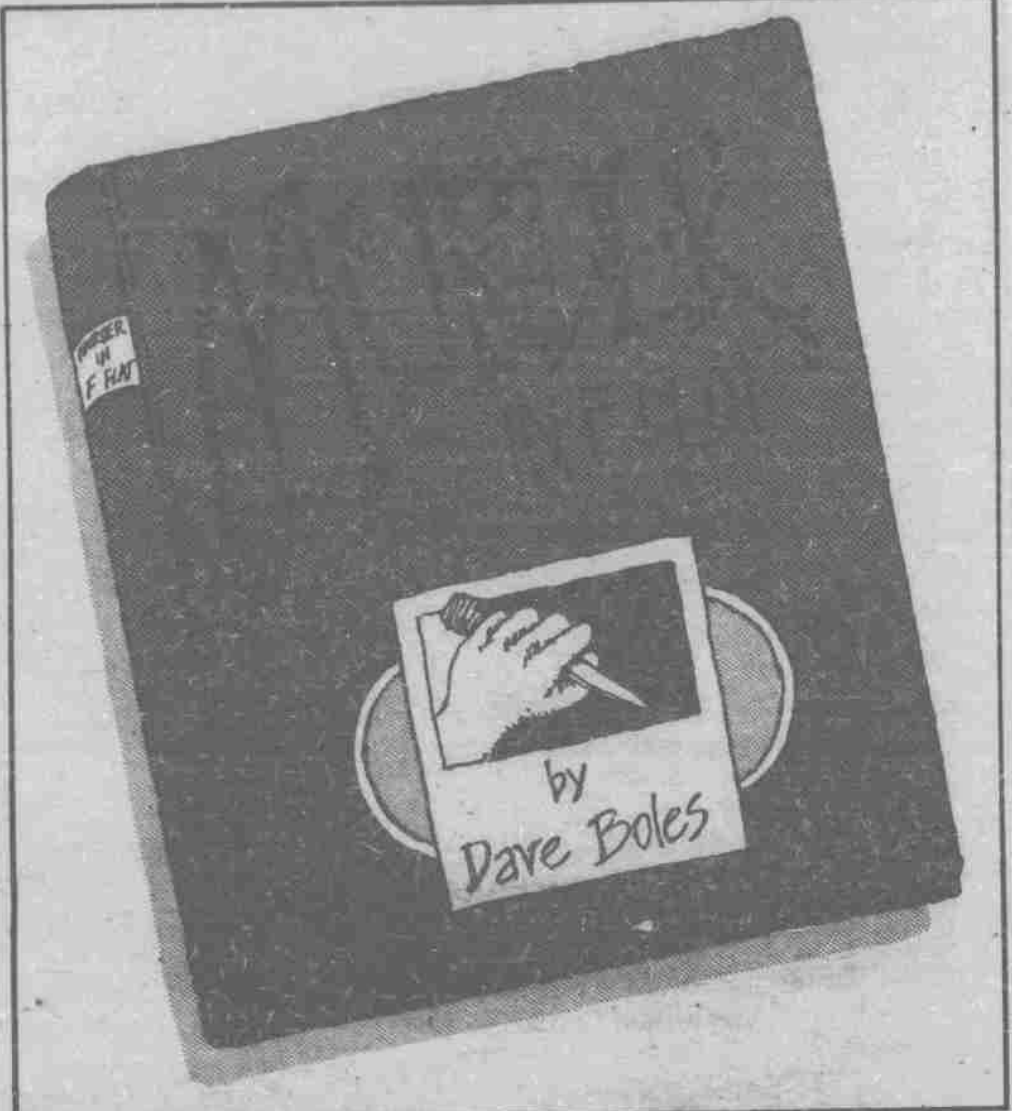
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September 4 thru 8

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Leather Ties	12.00	8.00
	Reg.	NOW
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SIGMA CHIS • CHI OMEGA • PI PHIS • KAPPA SIGS •

Last week: McDugan and Mona walked and talked about her father's murder. They ate and grew to enjoy the company of each other. McDugan discovered Mona's boyfriend is called Walt.

McDugan McGruder was feeling terrible. The subway ride to the Village had tossed his stomach and irritated his sense of well-being. Many things upset McDugan, one of which is the fact that he hadn't been able to find Walt uptown. He watched the locals playing roundball on cement courts and nets made from chain link fence. Washington Square in Greenwich Village had changed since he was busting up kids for dealing cocaine here in the Sixties.

McDugan saw a struggle. A woman was losing her handbag to a young thief. Through the haze and mist of Gotham, McDugan raced to the woman's side. When he got through the hordes of tourists, the woman was sobbing. As he turned to fetch his criminal, he was met in the chest by two fists. The punky thief slammed McDugan to the ground and ran down the street with the stolen purse. Insulted that the punk had used him for a human doormat, McDugan chased after him in a frenzy.

In the flash of a tourist's flashbulb, and the wink of an eyeball, our hero was on the thief. He had him in the Gagne sleeper just like his heroes Greg Gagne and Jumpin' Jim Brunzel used on All-Star Wrestling Sunday mornings. The purse dropped and the lad screeched, "Yewozah, Pops! Easy on ye old vertabrae!" McDugan let go of the neck.

McDugan locked eyes with the boy and in the process, noticed the scar on his chin. It was Walt! "Walt, my friend. This isn't the way I thought I'd shake your hand." McDugan saw little red burn marks all over the boy's arm. "Burn yourself?"

"I got nothing against you, Pops. Just a little petty fun-time." He tried to cover his arms.

"Mona Munning." McDugan's neck twitched.

"I didn't do it." Walt rolled his head in circles and tried to loosen up. "Whatever she told you, I didn't do it."

"Her father's been killed." McDugan reached into his back pocket and pulled out a notebook. "Beeps. Ireland. Salt Mines. Beeps in F Flat. They all point to something. I think at you, young Walt." McDugan looked pleased.

"She's pregnant. I know that. I'm just a little scared. No law against being scared," Walt said.

McDugan wrote down that Walt needed a new tailor. Buttons were missing and holes grew in the knees of his jeans. "I think you know who killed her father. I can sense it."

"If you don't leave," Walt backed away, "I'll tell the cops you punched me in the eyeball. So take a leave and fly!"

"I never did." McDugan closed in on Walt.

Walt took his left fist and pounded it into his own left eye three times. It began to swell and look purple and raw. "Now you did, Pops!" Walt began to giggle in the back of his throat.

McDugan lunged for Walt and tangled himself in the purse. Seeing his opportunity to be free, Walt kneed McDugan in the jaw and ran down the street. With a bleeding tongue, McDugan yelled after Walt, "You're best friends with suspicion and a killer to boot! I can feel it in my bones!" McDugan touched his chin and, indeed, did feel it.

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