

## arts/entertainment

## Buffalo burgers dubbed as 'real American food'

By Bob Crisler

If today's dry Quarter Pounder is indistinguishable from yesterday's hot 'n' juicy hold-the-mayo, George Eager might have a panacea for your culinary ills.

A month ago, Eager opened the Buffalo Deli at 1008 P St., serving buffalo meat in a variety of frontier dishes. The meat comes from a herd of 150 head that he keeps on a ranch north of Lincoln.

"If you look back, we'd have been a lot better off in this country if we'd been eating buffalo all along instead of beef," Eager said, explaining that beef has ten times as much fat as buffalo and much less protein.

## review

Such claims sound too good to be true, even in the modern world. Dr. Roger Mandigo, a professor of animal science at UNL's Loeffel Meat Lab, disagreed with Eager's claims, even though he admitted there is very little data on the subject.

"Most of those nutritional claims are hard to prove and for the most part they are entirely too optimistic," Mandigo said.

## Heftier burgers

Even so, Eager's one-third pound "Jumbo Beef-a-Burgers" have a heftier feel as they slide down the esophagus than do their bovine counterpart's. The more organic methods of raising the animals contributes to the considerable allure of the meat.

According to Eager, "Buffalo are raised on a pasture, and in the winter on hay. We don't castrate 'em or put 'em in a feedlot and shove 'em full of hormones."

The comparatively natural state of the animal gives it an air of something miraculous in Eager's eyes.

"The Indian believed that the Great Spirit put the buffalo on earth to provide for the people," he said. "The more you're around this animal, the more you revere it."

"The Indian revered the buffalo. The white man killed them because they couldn't whip the Indians except by starving them," Eager said.

## Noble bosses

"They're docile. They won't hurt anything or anybody if you leave 'em alone. They were the boss of the prairie," Eager said of buffaloes.

The only thing a buffalo fears is another buffalo. That's why they were slaughtered so easily. They wouldn't run," continued Eager, a man who would rather eat a noble buffalo than wimpy, lazy cow.

Only one bull buffalo for every 12 heifers is needed for breeding purposes. The meat at the Buffalo Deli is taken from surplus bulls, and therefore no decimation of the herds' growth potential occurs upon ingesting a buffalo burger.

The Buffalo Deli is accessible through a hole in the wall between it and the Green Frog Lounge if a patron might want to sit down and have a beer and Buffalo combo. Eager is also preparing a drive-through.

Business so far has been good, and if it continues, Eager says he might start up a chain, even though he is limited to around seven or eight stores by the meat's inavailability.

"This is true American food. Instead of going out for a pizza or a Runza, now people can go out and pick up some real American food," said the zealous patriot. "It's part of our heritage, and people are just beginning to wake up to that."

## Sheldon weekend films

## document the atomic age

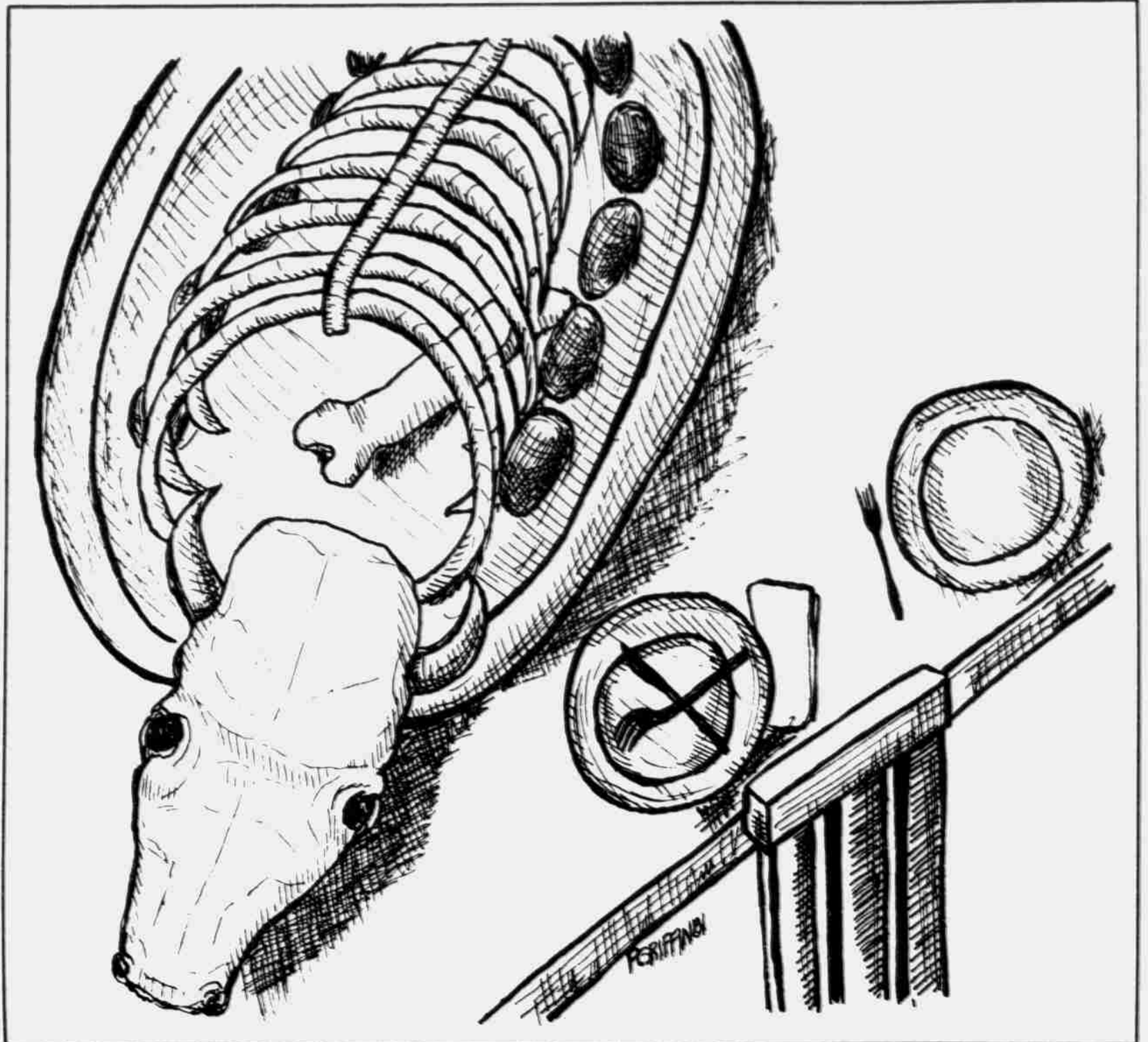
The Sheldon Film Theater is featuring two documentaries on the atomic age, *Save the Planet* and *The Day After Trinity*, Oct. 8 through 10. *Save the Planet* and *Trinity* are showing at 7 and 9 p.m. each evening with a Saturday matinee at 3 p.m. Admission is \$3 general admission, \$2 for senior citizens, children and Friends of the Sheldon Film Theater members.

*The Day After Trinity* is a documentary feature, directed by Jon Else, about the physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer (1904-1967) and his role as the "father" of the first atomic bomb.

Examined in some detail are the secrets of the Manhattan Project, the explosions at the Trinity Site in New Mexico, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the tragically ill-conceived security hearing which brought Oppenheimer's career to a sudden end in 1954.

*Save the Planet* is an 18-minute montage film history of the atomic age. It opens with early 1950's footage lauding the benefits of "irradiated food."

Ringed endorsements of the "peaceful atom" from past Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson and Nixon move the audience from the Hiroshima bomb to today's nuclear plants.



## Mod jogger turns to outdoor drinking

Oh, there's terrible news in store for millions of Americans! A publication called *Playboy Guide to Fashion for Men* has compiled lists of those things that are in and those that are out.

The latter includes: pinkie rings, black trench coats, jogging, religious medals and not wearing underwear.

In some cases, conforming to the dictates of fashion will not impose too great a hardship. For example, the man does not wear underwear, which is out, can simply purchase a pair of gray sweat socks, which are in.

But what on earth can ever replace jogging?

## arthur hoppe

At this very moment, there are thousands of joggers bouncing along the nation's highways and byways blissfully unaware that they are about to be transformed overnight from objects of awe and admiration into scorned laughing stock, as socially acceptable as pinkie rings.

Where will they turn? Where will these devotees of jogging find a pursuit as painful, boring, time consuming, dangerous, anti-social and sweaty — or one that makes the aficionado look and smell as awful? How will they become once again — in a word — fashionable?

I would like to suggest outdoor drinking.

As the only living past president of the Outdoor Drinkers of America, I have long extolled the virtues of this rigorous sport. Whenever I am asked how I keep looking so tanned and fit, I immediately credit outdoor drinking and can go on for hours about its joys if my listeners will let me — which they won't.

Yet through sheer perseverance I can say in all due modesty that I have bored the pants off as many people with recounts of my exploits, my training schedule and my daily regimen as any jogger on my block.

So there's that to be said for outdoor drinking. Then there's pain. Joggers, of course, seek instant gratification through pain. Yet I believe there's much to be said for the delayed pain we outdoor drinkers experience the morning after. Looking forward to a reward in life is often as pleasurable as the reward itself. Only immature hedonists think otherwise.

"Is outdoor dinking," I am often asked, "as boring as jogging?" Yes, it can be, if you take the care and effort to invite the right people to your outdoor drinking parties. Once again, you get out of life that which you put into it.

Let us pass quickly over the question of whether outdoor drinking can be more time consuming. Suffice it to say I have known dedicated outdoor drinkers in such places as Waikiki to waste not merely a few hours but three whole weeks without accomplishing another single blessed thing.

Joggers relish regaling you with accounts of their physical injuries — bone bruises, pulled tendons, ruptured cartilage and the like. Just let me say here that in 1979 (the latest year figures are available) 14,763 more outdoor drinkers than joggers were run over by pickup trucks, taxi cabs and moving vans.

Now, it's quite true that outdoor drinkers don't appear as sweaty or anti-social as joggers. But this is merely a matter of attire. There's no reason an outdoor drinker can't wear a racoon coat and a stereo headset, sit in a corner, snap his fingers to "Boogie Ooogie Ooogie" while sipping a hot toddy and outswat the best of them.

Moreover, once he has "hit the wall" (an expression common to both sports), he looks just as awful as the last-place finisher in the Boston Marathon.

So there you have it. Outdoor drinking is the ideal replacement for jogging now that the latter is out. Outdoor drinking is at least as painful, boring, time consuming, anti-social, sweaty and hard on your hairdo.

For centuries its delights have been praised by troubadors. Yet when was the last time you heard anyone sing, "Jog To Me Only With Thine Eyes"?

I have put these irrefutable arguments to my inveterate jogging friend, Fred Frisbee. He concurs on all but one point. "Outdoor drinking," he says, with a hint of contempt, "doesn't make you smell nearly as bad."

I'll drink to that.

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## entertainment notes

Four new exhibitions, ranging from weavings to photography, open today at Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery. On exhibit will be ceramics by Rick Dillingham, weavings by Ed Oppenheimer, works on paper by Mary Beth Fogarty and selections from the gallery's permanent collection of photography.

The Kansas City collection of contemporary paintings, ceramics and sculpture from Kansas City galleries and studios will remain until Oct. 18.

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The Lincoln Symphony Orchestra has announced that the half-price student ticket sale has been extended to Friday. The special prices for the seven-concert subscription series are \$24, \$18 and \$15.

Tickets may be purchased at the Lincoln Symphony office, 1315 American Charter Center (Sharp Building). For more information call the Lincoln Symphony office at 474-5610.