

Gentleman Jim's

As we pulled up into the parking lot, the only vehicles in sight were: a semi-truck, a plethora of pickups and a few cars. Undeterred, we went into Gentleman Jim's, 56th and Cornhusker Hwy.

Inside, my roommate and I met Mike Milius, a regular patron and senior at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. He introduced us to our waitress, Stacy Trail. She seemed friendly and quickly brought us our drinks, a good trait in a waitress.

For all practical purposes, Gentleman Jim's has all of the appearances of a country bar. And the music is country, too. The clientele are dressed to match, from their boots to their western-style shirts. We got a few looks as we walked in, due possibly to our non-western attire.

The dance floor is in the front of the place with the bar in back. The basement has pool tables and dart machines, and, yes, they have another bar down there.

The patrons seem a little hesitant to talk with non-regulars. According to Milius, "They just need time to get adjusted to you."

On the main floor, the walls are covered with hats, neon signs and beer posters. The motto seems to be, "We're not fancy, but we're friendly." The staff is anyway.

The clientele didn't seem too enthused to see a couple of college

men in their ranks. It might have been the non-western clothing or the non-western attitude. Who knows?

In all seriousness Gentleman Jim's is a good place to go to get drunk and have fun, if one goes dressed appropriately and with the proper attitude.



-- Troy Falk

Watering Hole

It looks like a pretty cool place from the street. As you're walking down O, you hear the music and see all the people boozing it up and apparently having a good time.

So you go in. It's Thursday night, and after the guy at the door checks your ID, you pay your buck cover.

Wait a minute. A cover for the Watering Hole, 1321 O St., which used to be the Club Car. Gimme a break.

Oh, there's live entertainment. Entertainment. Yeah sure. A guy with an acoustic guitar hooked up to an amplifier playing "Dueling Banjos." Sort of reminds you of the movie "Deliverance," just as some of the Hole's patrons resemble characters in "Deliverance."

Pretty cool all right.

OK, so what about the decor. It's best described as redneck, as the name of the place would imply. Steer horns and critter hides on the wall, a split-rail fence and a hangman's noose dangling over the bar.

Cheap beer on Thursday and Friday afternoons is a good thing, though. Pitchers are \$1.75, draws are 25 cents, but only for Milwaukee's Best.

The food is one thing that can't be criticized. The menu includes hamburgers, taco salads, curly fries, buffalo wings and barbecued beef, all like mom used to make.

Patrons also are treated to a bag of peanuts (25 cents), in the shell. It's so much fun to booze and chat with friends, while simultaneously cracking open peanuts and discarding the shells on the floor.

So what's the Hole's big appeal? Is it that hip to listen to country/western hits played on a guitar? Or after you've consumed so much cheap beer and are so drunk you can't see straight, does all music sound great?

Are there that many rednecks in Lincoln? Stupid question.

Actually, there seems to be a large influx of the college crowd as well. On Thursdays, you even can spot a gaggle of greeks if you look carefully. Most of them are on stage whooping it up with Paul Phillips, the wonder guitarist.



-- Emily Rosenbaum

Duffy's

Duffy's Tavern, 1412 O St., has gone through a metamorphosis of sorts in the past few years.

What was once a primarily greek hangout evolved into Lincoln's premier alternative and college music locus.

And now the two seem to be coming together and Duffy's, unlike most bars, has no name, no label.

The one-roomed tavern, which opened in the late 1930s, expanded into two rooms about two years ago. The west room has been the stage for several up-and-coming local and Midwestern bands like The Millions and New Brass Guns, as well as nationally acclaimed bands such as the Flaming Lips.

But Duffy's history, old and recent, can be tied to one person: Hank, the throaty-voiced, Tom-Waits-in-drag woman, has been delivering searing one-liners and drinks for more than a quarter of a century at Duffy's.

Some of the most colorful advice -- solicited and unsolicited -- about men, school and cigarettes have come from Hank.

And, of course, one of the biggest Duffy's landmarks was the introduction of fishbowls.

Where else can customers drink pink lemonade and vodka from fishbowls? Like those two little naked cartoon characters say: Happiness is ... swallowing his backwash.

But the drinks and the drink servers make up only a portion of Duffy's charm. We mustn't forget the drunks ... er, patrons.

Duffy's clientele is made up of a good cross-section of the university and Lincoln community: greeks and greek wanna-bes, alternative types and alternative-type wanna-bes, sex gods and goddesses, and sex-god and goddess wanna-bes and of course the chance to be.

And, believe it or not, Duffy's is the place to be anytime. Its welcoming atmosphere is in the style of O'Rourke's -- customers can walk in and find a friend on any given evening.



-- Lisa Donovan

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DESIRE	AMAZEMENT	LIGHTHEADEDNESS	WARM FEELINGS	EXCITEMENT	FOOLISHNESS
HORSEPLAY	HOT FEELINGS	SHAMEFUL IDEAS	SHAMELESS IDEAS	URGENCY	FIESTA TIME
MUSCLE TENSION	FASTER BREATHING	WHIRLINESS	GUSTO	VOLCANIC FEELINGS	ECSTASY

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