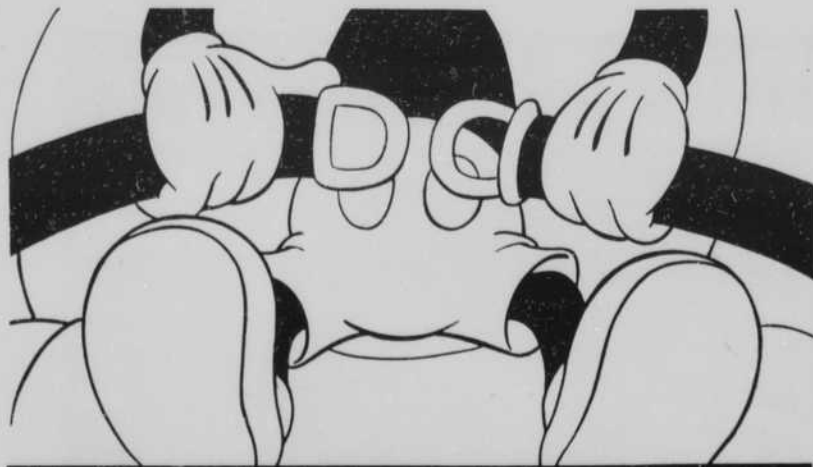


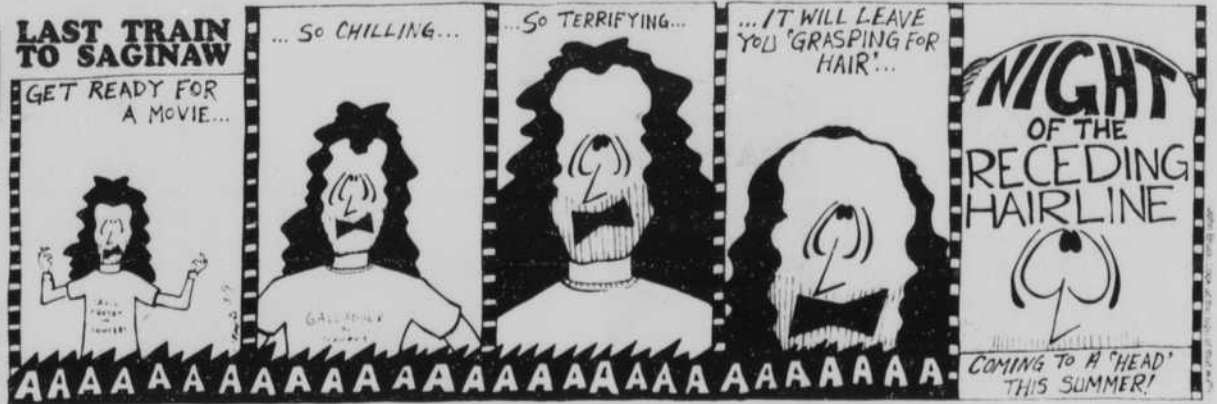
FUNnies



Buckle Up For Spring Break '90

Campus Notes

by Brian Shellito



"Show me the way to the next whiskey bar . . ."

Chesterfield's

If nothing else, Chesterfield Bottomsley & Potts has one of the longest bar names in town. Often abbreviated to just Chesterfield's, this bar in the lower level of Gunny's at 245 N. 13th St. also has one of the niftiest locales in the city.

A discriminating drinker can choose from the two major regions that make up this establishment. On the north side of the basement, patrons can sit in the cozy comfort of the dining area. A slightly overpriced menu is richly stocked with sandwiches, salads and appetizers. There also is a bar serving the usual variety of alcoholic beverages.

On the south side, there is the Big Red Pool Room. This would be where pool can be played. There is another bar here making Chesterfield's one of the few establishments in town with two independent alcohol service centers. But don't even dare to try to take a drink from the pool room to the dining area -- mean signs warn against such foolish activity.

Chesterfield's isn't exactly a mingling bar, but it is a nice place to either sit and chat with some friends or to play an intense game of pool with some enemies.

-- Jim Hanna

Harry's Wonder Bar

Harry's Wonder Bar, 1621 O St., is the little bar in the city. It's fairly quiet, unpretentious and friendly.

On Monday night the bar was half-full with middle-aged locals and college students playing darts.

And they were all very curious. Harry's is small enough that customers inevitably make a grand entrance when they walk in. Everyone turns and looks, probably expecting to see someone they know.

The interior is simple and uncluttered. On the wall at the front of the bar, Harry's proudly displays their many trophies from teams they've sponsored over the years.

Like many bars on O Street, Harry's is very rectangular so the floor plan is simple: big tables in the front, pool table in the back and the bar and shuffleboard in the middle.

And apparently Harry's is a place of stability. It has been at its location at 1621 O Street since 1962. The bartender on Monday night said he has been working there for six years.

Drinks are cheap. A pitcher of Budweiser is \$2.50, and Cokes are served the old-fashioned way -- in a 10 oz. glass bottle. But Diet Coke comes in a can.

Harry's also serves a small variety of snacks. Hot dogs, burritos and Tombstone pizzas highlight the menu and, of course, roasted peanuts without the shell. A place like Harry's would have to serve roasted peanuts. It just wouldn't be the same without them.

Harry's Wonder Bar is a great place to sit at a table and talk with friends over a Styrofoam cup of roasted peanuts and a beer.

Harry's can't be labeled according to its music. Basically, the bartender changes the radio station to whatever suits himself or the customers. It's more homey that way. And the television over the bar is homey, too -- the reception is poor.

And just remember, Harry's is so small people can look over your

shoulder and see what you are doing.

"Hey, what are you writing?"
"Are you a critic?"
Write this down . . ."

-- Gretchen Boehr

Barry's

I can't help remembering what Barry's Bar and Grill, 235 N. 9th St., used to be like, and the people who used to hang out there.

Located directly across the street from The Lincoln Journal Star, it used to be a great little hole in the wall where the beer barely was discernible beneath the overpowering aroma of printer's ink.

Barry's used to be a place where folks who get their hands dirty for a living would go for a little liquid therapy. These were men who pee'd standing up, still wore Aqua Velva and drank their Coors from a can. But those guys don't seem to be around anymore, or at least they won't be found at Barry's.

I found that out when I went down to Barry's with some of my old Journal pals a few nights ago. I was not in a particularly friendly mood, as I recall, but that was all right because Barry's was the perfect place to be drunk and angry. But no more.

Barry's used to be filled to the rafters with drunken, angry people, but when I walked in they were all gone. And in their place, replaced just like "The Stepford Wives," were lots of happy people -- people wearing business suits who were happy with their jobs and fraternity boys happy with their classes. They happily sipped away on imported beer and played air guitar to Tom Petty.

I had come to expect this sort of scene at other bars in Lincoln, but

not a blue-collar haven like Barry's, and there is nothing in the world more annoying than being around happy people when you want to be angry.

In the corner, near the popcorn machine, I spotted my buddies. They were getting completely out of hand, spilling beer everywhere and generally wearing out their welcome. They would have fit right in at the old Barry's, but tonight they were turds in the proverbial punchbowl. The bartenders kept giving us these looks that made me wonder how long we would be staying.

When I attempted to toast my long-haired friend with a flaming shot of some sort of alcohol, it all hit the fan. The booze spilled over my shot glass and onto my pal's hand, setting it on fire.

Although he yelped a little, he seemed to be all right as soon as we extinguished the blaze. No cause for a big fuss, I thought. But those around us felt that we were not only interfering their God-given right to be happy, but that we were a legitimate fire hazard as well. So we left, before things got too ugly. Left, never to return, at least no time soon.

And so, I am in search of a new Barry's, somewhere far away from the droves of terminally happy people.

-- John Payne

O'Rourke's

It's hard telling what you might find on any given night at O'Rourke's Tavern, 1329 O St.

People-wise, O'Rourke's has its cliques, just as any other bar. But this particular tavern seems to be a Mecca for the self-assumed hip genre of the city. And you had better well know it.

Other clientele may include the pool set -- those dedicated to monopolizing the pool tables and intimidating the novices. Unless you're one of the established at the establishment.

The funny thing about O'Rourke's is that the farther you venture into the high-ceiling tunnel of a bar, the thicker the crowd grows, and the closer-knit its patrons become.

Good things? Dark brew on tap, a wood-carved bar top, the physical ambience of a New York-style pub and some of the best bathroom scrawlings in the city.

O'Rourke's: For a good time, take a friend.

-- Lisa Stankus

Royal Grove

It's big enough to hold all the other bars in Lincoln. There's a pool out back. Women take their clothes off for fun. Men sneak mousse into the restrooms.

Everybody bangs their respective heads. What else could you possibly want in a bar?

The Royal Grove, 340 W. Cornhusker Hwy., has been a part of Lincoln since Nebraska has been a state. Few people realize that back when Elvis and those Buddy Holly guys were "inventing" rock 'n' roll, cover bands like Tight Fit and Brass Kitten were playing the Grove to an elite crowd of metal mongers.

Really, ma-a-a-an. Wednesday nights were a religion back then, too, for those stripper, er, amateur dance contest fanatics.

If you want to witness a congregating throng go wild while watching a fellow man or woman strip