

Country bars turn up few country boys

Real cowboys difficult to find

By Anne Steyer
Staff Reporter

Monday night on Cornhusker Highway. Feels like main street in a ghost town. One car in immediate sight in front of the bar.

Little bit of wind, a slight chill in the air.

The bar doesn't look like much from the outside, but the inside has some character to call its own. Knotholes scattered on pine planks, enormous wagon wheels outlining the outside of the dance floor, scatter lights and some chasers letting people know where to dance.

Gentleman Jim's, 56th and Cornhusker Highway. Looking for cowboys.

Tall, square stools are the only barricades to the bar and the bearded man behind it. Genuine Draft and Miller Lite on tap.

Sparse crowd, three couples, heterosexual: Would it be inappropriate to say "of course heterosexual?"

Two of the men have on cowboy hats, but they don't really look like cowboys, just like little boys in Pittsburgh Pirates baseball caps don't look like professional ball players. One man wears a sports cap.

The country music isn't soft, doesn't resemble background music by any means, but it isn't loud, overbearing or uncomfortable.

Could it be uncomfortable...? There's a Dakota Beer sign. Is

that still made today? Unfamiliar to any Joe off the street, does it hold special significance for the man named Jim? Is he a gentleman? Where are the cowboys?

Ceiling beams and walls are covered with hats, but not the kind Stetson makes. Instead they are the types of hats on which grain seed or beer are advertised.

Blinking, colored scatter lights running counterclockwise to the spinning globe directly over the center of the dance floor. Highlighting people that aren't there. Where are the cowboys?

Mounted horns on the walls, stuffed jack rabbit too, trying to look dignified.

Next bar, off deserted 27th Street, two police cars drive by, no sirens but their lights were flashing. Hmm, strange. Not what I'd expect near a cowboy bar, but this isn't the ranch and there are no cowboys in sight.

Dodge City, 27th and Holdrege streets. Wonder if the atmosphere and adventure inside can live up to its namesake.

A big, old, covered wagon without the covering at the entrance. Tack covers the wall... that would be stirrups, reins and bits to those who don't know the cowboy lingo.

Nobody inside but some pool players. They look like regulars, but they don't resemble cowboys. Where are the cowboys?

There is a couple dancing. It's the bartender, wearing a blue muscle shirt and Reebok high-top athletic

See COWBOY on 10



Therese Goodlett/DN

Mike Dewees socializes with friends at Dodge City, 27th and Holdrege streets, Friday night after a professional bull-riding competition at State Fair Park's Coliseum. The country tunes of the Sandy Creek Band filled the bar.

W.C.'s TAKE A STUDY BREAK! W.C.'s

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\$1.15 Well Drinks
W.C.'S Downtown
1228 'P' Street

W.C.'s Coupon Not Good With Any Other Offer W.C.'s

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LIFE IN HELL

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BINKY'S GUIDE TO LOVE
PSYCHOLOGICAL INSIGHTS FOR YOUR INNER RABBIT

CHAPTER IX THE JOYS OF LOVELESSNESS

LOVE SECRET #13 ONE WAY TO MAKE A RELATIONSHIP LAST IS TO KEEP UP AN AURA OF MYSTERY ABOUT YOURSELF.

DO YOU LOVE ME? MMMMAYBE.
DO YOU LOVE ME? MMMMAYBE.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO HOLD YOUR STOMACH IN. AHHH.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO HOLD YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CHECK YOUR ANSWERING MACHINE. SORRY--WRONG NUMBER. CUTE MESSAGE, THOUGH.

YOU CAN GET TO KNOW NATURE IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN APARTMENT. DAMN PESTY FLIES.

YOU CAN DEVOTE MORE TIME TO YOUR CATS. I JUST WANT A LITTLE HUG, PICASSO.

YOU CAN READ EVERY SECTION OF THE SUNDAY PAPER. HMMM--THAT'S AN INTERESTING COUPON.

YOU CAN PLAY VIDEO GAMES TILL 3 IN THE MORNING. MUST--DEFEAT--GIANT SPACE CATERPILLAR.

YOU CAN CATCH UP ON YOUR READING. WOMEN WHO LOVE SELF-HELP BOOKS THAT TELL THEM HOW TO BE INTELLIGENT.

YOU CAN HANG OUT WITH FRIENDS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX WHO HAVE NO ROMANTIC INTEREST IN YOU. THIS IS FUN, EXCEPT WE'RE BORED.

YOU CAN SPEND TIME GOING OVER MEMORIES OF PAST LOVES.

YOU CAN GO SHOPPING. IF I HAD THOSE SHOES I WOULDN'T FEEL SO WORTHLESS.

YOU CAN BECOME A CONNOISSEUR OF PORNOGRAPHY. DO YOU HAVE THE NEW ISSUE OF "KNOTTY BUT NICE"? NO, BUT WE HAVE "LONELY & PATHETIC."

YOU CAN CALL UP LONG-LOST FRIENDS LATE AT NIGHT. HI, IT'S ME... BINKY... WE WERE IN THE DORMS TOGETHER YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT I HAVE BEEN DINKING.

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR JOURNAL ENTRIES SHORT AND SWEET. Got up. Went to work. Came home. Ate microwave burrito. Wrote in journal.

YOU CAN CATCH UP ON YOUR TV-WATCHING. DON'T HAVE A COW, MAJ. I COULD WRITE THAT. D'OH!!

YOU CAN BECOME A CONNOISSEUR OF ICE CREAM. ARE YOU OUT OF FUDGE-BERRY SWIRL? HAVE YOU TRIED BROWNIES-GALORE WITH ALMONDS?

YOU CAN WALLOW IN BITERNESS TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT. I MAY BE LONELY, BUT AT LEAST I'M NOT FOOLING MYSELF.