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Bar-B-Q Factory good cookin'

It's a euphoric feeling. Call it "seventh rib heaven."

One gets this sensation after eating a particularly filling, satisfying, stick-to-the-ribs, rib dinner. Even now, only minutes after eating, I feel like sticking my face into a bucket of that barbecue sauce for some sauce to soul communion. Ah, get me back to the ribbery.



Perhaps it isn't wise to write a review in this taste-numbed state. My objectivity has dwindled to nothingness, like the bowl of black eyed peas I just finished.

I knew right after I finished the sweet potato pie I wouldn't be going to class. But I thought about it ... (Me gustan ribs de vacas y ribs de cerdos). What good would I be there? Groaning in ecstacy, mumbling praises in Spanish, they would think it nonsense.

No, I have been rendered useless, at least for my normal daily activities. But this rib business must be reviewed.

Loyce and Charlie's Southern Bar-B-Q Factory cooks up a *mean* lunch or dinner. The prices are a bit steep for everyday dining, but for an occasional rib pig-out, I have encountered no close competitors in this town.

Loyce and Charlie's is just a few minutes from campus at 2050 Cornhusker Highway.

My lunch-pal and I ordered a beef and a pork rib dinner, (\$4.90 each, but worth it), an order of potato salad, a bowl of pinto beans and ham, a bowl of black eyed peas, and a serving of potato salad, followed by two healthy slices of sweet potato pie topped with whipped cream. It took about 10 minutes to hit the

It took about 10 minutes to hit the table. Fifteen minutes and 23 napkins later, it was gone. The speed with which we de-

vastated that mountain of food, is in itself a testimony to its quality.

The ribs were salty and spicy, a little bit chewy and very hard to eat without innundating yourself with sauce. The baked beans on the plate were beans that defy an accurate, complimentary description. The coleslaw was fine, the potato salad was fine, the Coke was fine. And the sweet potato pie — the stuff of dreams!

Charlie Finney says he hickorysmokes his ribs, and the ham in the beans also tasted smoked. Loyce Finney said the restaurant has been open for three years.

We wondered why more people weren't eating there; we were among only six or seven customers. Aloud we pitied the fools that ate elsewhere that day.



