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Village Inn provides sobering atmosphere

Opinion by David Ware

One of the almost inescapable facts of Lincoln night life is that the bar steward is just not going to let you dance all night at the expense of his sleep or his liquor license.

However, in spite of the immovable 1 a.m. deadline, you need not go home early, if you can forego visions of alcohol, and instead knuckle under to the curious charms of wretched coffee and variablequality side orders, both of which may be had in abundance at the Village inn, at 29th & O Streets.

The Village Inn is a member of a chain of pancake houses all boasting roughly the same decor, much on the order of the International House of Pancakes organization. However, where the International Houses are furnished with bright lighting and what one might charitably call a coldly clashing color scheme, the Village Inn emphasis is on a lower-level of lighting with color emphasis on red and brown tones, the result being a warm low-keyed atmosphere that encourages slouching and long conversations.

The menu offers a fairly wide assortment of things to be had for under \$1. Standouts in this category are the English muffins and the bagels, expecially the latter, served with jam and cream cheese. For those who feel they can let themselves go, moneywise, a sure bet is the redoubtable Chef's Salad, an imposing pile of lettuce liberally heaped with tomato wedges and slices of cheese, ham and turkey, making the salad a treat at \$1.85 plus tax.



Diners do not always fare so well. Hash browned potatoes sampled over a three-year period have run the gamut between nearly raw to carbonized. Buckwheat pancakes have exhibited a similar variance. Happily, the Inn has managed to turn out a consistently edible waffle, but the same cannot be said of their so-called French Pancakes, which have verged on decency only once in this writer's experience.

On the theory that the less said about something unpleasant the better, the best thing to say about Village Inn coffee is nothing at all. However, one finds one's self drinking prodigious quantities of it in spite of the corrosive nature of the brew, so this writer suggests a powerful antacid (in liquid form for emergencies) as a companion for Inn-going.

There are compensations, though, for the erratic quality of the edibles and potables. One does not stumble into an establishment at 2 a.m. expecting Cordon-Bleu caliber cooking. Rather, what one searches for is a place to carry on a conversation started at a bar or perhaps to sober up in before attempting the long bicycle ride home.

Essential for both of these functions is a quiet, nonabrasive atmosphere and lots of coffee. The Village inn supplies both. In addition, the service, while often times interminably slow, has never been deliberately rude, something that cannot be said for certain other Lincoln establishments.

In the final analysis, though, it is the people that haunt the Village Inn that make it such a delectable last stop at night. They come from all age groups, income brackets and racial categories. Blacks whites, greasers, gays, high school kids and senior citizens, all are attracted to the Inn, where one may watch them from the obscurity of a window booth, and secretly rejoice that in his insomnia, he is not alone.



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