



Connie Sheehan/ Daily Nebraskan

The 1950s room of the Original Rock n' Roll McDonald's. Each room is decorated with nostalgic memorabilia, from four life size Beatles figures to the original Superman telephone booth.

down as you sip your cherry Coke. Another wall recalls headlines from his fatal car accident. In a glass case in the center, Beatles memorabilia are propped up with British smiles and mop tops. There are leopard-skin curtains and an original Marilyn Monroe doll along the walls. Albums on the ceiling span the decades of pop music: The Supremes, John Denver, Willie Nelson, Pete Seeger, The Spinners, Bob Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, the list goes on.

Turn the corner again and Superman's favorite telephone booth appears. Push the button . . . and out of the sky . . . it's Superman. Life-sized replicas of the Beatles cast in white march ahead single file in a glass case surrounded by bar stools. Beatles posters cover the walls. A stuffed Elvis doll sits slumped over in a

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ner, in a sense. The Supreme was topped with cheese, pepperoni, onions, green peppers and mushrooms. The Vegetarian was a garden of cheese, onions, green peppers, mushrooms, zucchini, asparagus, red peppers, yellow squash and eggplant. And these toppings were chunks, not like we're used to with delivery pizza

The cheese was thick. When dished up from the pan, it strung out thick. Next came the tomato sauce on top of the cheese, equally as thick. The ingredients that individualized each pizza topped off this masterpiece.

Besides the plethora of ingredients, the crust was perfection in itself. It was thick -- deep dish -- but had a fine crispy bottom that only a perfect oven and time could create.

It took about 10 minutes to eat the first piece. It was so thick that it required a fork instead of the usual pick it up and stuff it in. About half of us had eyes bigger than our stomachs as we reached for piece number two. As much as we tried, none of us came close to finishing it.

The most distinctive difference was the fact that the pizza received its taste from the ingredients and not 20 gallons of oil to make it taste Italian. In fact, students may not at first recognize it as pizza without the familiar two-mile oil slick associated with delivery pizzas.

Of course, every Garden of Eden has its downfall, and this one came in the form of beverages. Although the entree prices are listed, the beverage prices aren't. When we received our bill for \$51.85 -- tip included, we discovered that beverages alone cost \$17. The pitcher of warm, flat beer cost \$5.95.

Students traveling on a tight

budget, beware.

... about last night

Cold pizza on a Saturday morning . . . it doesn't get any more American than that. Although we felt financially drained from the night before, we did end up with four pieces of leftover pizza. Breakfast!

Each piece was individually wrapped in white paper. All of the ingredients were shifted a little to the side, leaving the crust slightly exposed. The pizza did hold together better and was easier to eat.

Although it would have tasted better microwaved, nevertheless, it tied us over for about six hours until dinner and another morning for breakfast.

Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions on a sesame-seed bun

We passed up the Hard Rock Cafe for McDonald's. Not just any "Big Mac, fries and Coke" McDonald's, but The Original Rock n' Roll McDonald's, 600 N. Clark St.

As we approached it we saw the delivery truck -- not the one that delivers frozen filet-o-fish and hamburger patties, but the one that delivers quality McDonald's food to your home. The brochure says, "The MacMan, our very own delivery man, delivers for catered meetings and for orders from our regular menu."

Yes, they cater too.

But enough about the unusual, added bonuses of this McDonald's. Inside, the trip gets a little weirder -- for a McDonald's.

All of a sudden you're in a time capsule, jetting back to the 1950s with a 1959 red Corvette parked in the dining room. Peggy Sue and Ralph are watching a movie at the Ski-Hi Drive-In in Chicago.

As you venture farther, you encounter a juke box, a hologram and nostalgic kitchen sets. Go even

farther . . . into the James Dean Room. A wall of James Dean stares

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