

**Hunan** from Page 12

atmosphere. As owner John Huang put it, "We're tiny, but the food is fast." Hours are from 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday. Lunch specials are served until 2 p.m. and include an entree, rice and an egg roll. The Hunan Restaurant Inc. is closed on Sunday.



-- Lisa Maul

**F Street Diner**

Don't look for any diet items on the menu at the F Street Diner. Although this little restaurant at 900 S. 13th St. may have a few items that are low-cal, the bulk of their menu is dedicated to thick, greasy, buttery, gravy-drenched foods with a mountain of calories.

And that's just the way it should be at a place like this.

The enormous, yet somewhat pricey, menu is dominated by meaty sandwiches and cholesterol-rich entrees. A sampling of the hot roast beef sandwich proved a tad too salty but oh-so-satisfying.

Breakfast is served during all open hours. A dining comrade of mine indulged in a pancake stack with a slice of ham. He relished it to the point that most conversation at the table ceased while he shoveled the flapjacks into his mouth.

I myself was not all that talkative as I enjoyed my beefy meal, which was made all the more enjoyable by the tanker sized Coke that washed it down. I really appreciate a place that serves big, big drinks.

The eating environment had its high and low points. Among the low points were the unsightly water spots in one corner of the ceiling and an uncovered window that allowed the sun to sear my comrade's eyes as he ate.

I did, however, find some of the decor to be quite pleasant. The condiment center was especially nice. There was an old stove to one side of the dining area that quaintly accommodated the ketchups, mustards and what have you. Beware of the mustard however. Another dining mate of mine learned the painful lesson of not thoroughly shaking the mustard before you dispense it.

The rest of this restaurant, owned by Sherri and Gary Walker, is adorned cutely with homey knickknacks which were a nice touch.

The F Street Diner, under the management of Shirley Brooks and

Nancy Marchand is one of eight diners owned by the Walkers. Also in this series of Walker-owned diners is the South Street Diner and several Hi-way diners scattered throughout the city.

Overall, my dining experience was a positive, if somewhat greasy one.



-- Jim Hanna

**Stormies**

For me, Stormie's and cheese balls were synonymous.

The all-night cafe is closed now, but I am still haunted by cravings for a late-night jaunt to Stormie's for its fried cheese balls.

Stormie's took cheese balls to unparalleled heights of culinary pleasure. A basket of Stormie's cheese balls with a few packets of watery ketchup was commensurate with ambrosia, a mound of nugget-shaped delicacies to be savored through the late-night hours.

Of course the menu offered other selections, but nothing compared to the cheese balls, especially when served early in the night before the fryer took on the slightly noticeable flavor of other grease-laden delights.

Stormie's was THE place to go for late-night conversations and study breaks. Open from 11 p.m. to 2 p.m. the next afternoon, it was a haven for "night owls and early birds."

There were not many decorations besides a black velvet painting which hung over a jukebox. That spangled, battered old machine was like a miniature museum for AM radio of old.

From the Archies' "Sugar Sugar" to the complete works of Conway Twitty and a few renegade psychedelic lurkers, that jukebox had it all and played it all night long.

Grizzly truckers in strained flannel shirts would come and stay for hours, drinking black coffee and chain smoking, listening to Loretta Lynn and Johnny Cash. They knew about heartache and the lonely road, and Stormie's was their place.

Theirs until 1 a.m. anyway, when packs of obnoxious, drunken college students would converge on Stormie's for an after-party snack and one last desperate shot at going home with someone for the night.

I don't know whether the owner was named Stormie or not, but his cafe was clean enough and the service quick. Stormie's moved off O Street about the time I moved to Lincoln, so I only got to visit the site

at 1640 Holdredge St. I don't know how many nights I stayed there playing chess with a friend or writing philosophy papers, but right about now, I'd give a lot for one last basket of Stormie's cheese balls.



-- Bryan Peterson



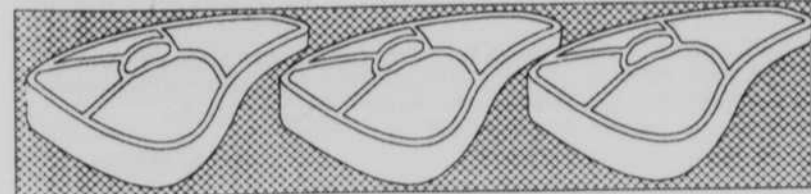
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