

## **Vienna Inn Memories**

VH: We were talking about the Vienna Inn. It sounds like that was a pretty crazy place.

BC: Well, I mentioned it a while ago. That's where the kids were. Molly and...

DS: Was it Mo?

BC: Well, anyway, the people that owned it...It had such a personality because the waitresses were as rude as could be. They were older than the hills. And you just flocked there. You went and got your own silverware, you got your own this and that, and put it on the table. Up until recently, until the kid from Oakton bought it, there were no checks. You went up and said 'I had a hot-dog and a Coke.' 'Oh, well, that'll be three dollars.' It was quite a place.

DS: I remember they had the hot-dog tags, the little plastic things that tie it. They were hung—almost the entire ceiling of the place was covered with them. They finally, I think the Fire Marshall had them take them down. There were thousands and thousands of those on the ceiling.

BC: And it still is. The seats are torn. You have got to go there. Make sure you go. You're safe. It's become a family place, really. People came from all over. It was the favorite place of the CIA to hang out in those days.

DS: Was the guy's name Mike?

BC: Mike. Thank you.

DS: We used to go get kegs of beer there. And even though you were a customer it was 'What do you want?' He was always kind of grouchy. 'A quarter keg of the Bud' or something. 'Alright, get over there. What are you doing?' He was great. It was part of the character of the place, to be rushed, to get your own silverware and stuff.

BC: Absolutely. They were grumpy....They also gave thousands of hot-dogs if you were having a book sale at the elementary school and a bake-sale or whatever. He would send over hot-dogs. They were very generous.