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Washington Weekend

Re-cycling old, familiar trail

Time out to smell the roses

By Michael McCarthy
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...Mile 11.5: Twig House; Vienna Inn, Vienna. Walking through the Twig House, which sells everything from antique doorways to cement garden balls, you get the feeling you've been here before. It reminds you of your Aunt Lucille's place. Or your cousin's flat in Greenwich Village. Or your grandfather's favorite room in the house: his basement workroom.

"The reason I think this place is so fun is its lack of pretension," says Michael Huber, 36, who browses with a smile.

"When you buy something here, it definitely won't get missed by folks who visit your house!"

It's a rite of passage: Play a softball game and, sporting your dusty uniform, go to the Vienna Inn for a chili dog and a cold brew. For the past 37 years, anyone who ventures into this



Photos by Karen Ballard/The Washington Times

Jonathan Abraham, 7, waits for food at the Vienna Inn on East Maple Avenue in Vienna. The Inn is a favorite place for many cyclists.

landmark comes out grinning.

"When people tell me that this area has no roots and no sense of community, I laugh," says Claire Conroy, who has frequented the Vienna Inn since moving to the area 12 years ago. "Even if you don't come with a group, you'll find yourself dragged into one. There's no other place quite like this."

A great haunt for cyclists (there are bike racks out front), the Vienna Inn specializes in Tex-Mex omelets, chocolate-chip pancakes, real hot turkey sandwiches, hot brisket and gallons of spicy homemade soup...

