

Memorable Meals of Days Gone By

By Marilyn Reeves

Back in the '60's it was the Alpine Village Inn on Colorado Boulevard. We loved their exquisitely prepared German cuisine ... sauerbraten, wiener schnitzel, potato pancakes with cinnamon-applesauce. We even relished their relishes – special hors d'oeuvres, including their gourmet cottage cheese seasoned with caraway seeds. Too bad the Alpine Village closed down.

In the '70's the most memorable meal I was treated to was at the Downtown Broker. A succulent shrimp bowl served over ice. Tender beef tornados. Some kind of death-by-chocolate dessert. But I survived. Not sure about the Broker ... is it still there?

In the 80's and 90's my sister Rosie and I enjoyed such places as Gator McGoon's with their wonderful barbeque platters and fresh corn on the cob; the Hungry Farmer with all its abundant courses of down-home cooking; and the Black Angus with its incomparable prime rib. Too bad all those places have shut down.

For a couple of decades my sweetheart Jim and I frequented numerous restaurants, our favorite being Alamos Verde, located at 53rd and Wadsworth in Arvada. Jim loved their homemade tamales. I was always torn between their special chili relleno and their Number 20 – the smothered beef & bean burrito. As far as I know, Alamos Verde is still there, but for me it's now just a memory.

So many of my favorite places have come and gone. They reside in the realm of Yesteryear.

But if I had to pick a favorite meal, the happiest meal of all? Well, that one I look forward to year after year. It happens in late November, on a Thursday, when the family gathers around the table for a home-cooked feast that leaves everyone feeling as stuffed as the traditional turkey. It's called Thanksgiving. And as far as I know, it is here to stay.