

The return of the million-dollar sunset

Old Guy, in my last column, wrote about Still-Young Bride's kitchen, and of me being the enthusiastic beneficiary, as it were, of the many wonders of her creative culinary experiments.

So you will understand why, after referring to those experiments as being conducted by Still-Young Frankenbride, that I found myself driving the two of us out to dinner, the same evening that column appeared.

Yes, after such a reference, even if lovingly delivered, dinner out was the least that I could do. Fortunately, Still-Young Bride chose the Dirty Oar Supper Club (formerly the Hideaway) as the establishment with which to break her string of kitchen experimentations.

If you've been around the town of Rome (or points beyond) for a few years, you probably are familiar with the open-and-closed history of this restaurant. Suffice it to say that its location on

STEVE
RAAP



Highway Z means patrons must be committed to making such a drive before enjoying a night out. And while that type of drive decision is easier to make during the summer months, the real test of customer loyalty is bundling the family up in boots and parkas during the second week of February, turning the car's heat on high, and crunching your way down Highway Z in the dead of winter from points beyond Rome.

Old Guy is here to tell you it will be worth it.

Granted, you'll have to venture out earlier than normal in winter, if your goal is to enjoy the million-dollar sunsets over Lake Petenwell that patrons marvel at daily. (There's a reason why such sunsets have acquired that name — reason enough to discover why for yourself.)

On the evening of Still-Young Bride's break

from her kitchen, we arrived in time to enjoy such a sunset, as we looked out the large windows that line the Dirty Oar's shoreline view. Other diners were perched on the outer deck viewing the spectacle — many shooting pictures of the sunset — securing memories that will surely make it into photo albums or Christmas cards in the near future.

Old Guy ordered the Santa Fe chicken breast, which was described on the menu as a "skinless chicken breast stuffed with queso cheese pico de gallo, then breaded with cilantro bread crumbs and served with lime rice and black beans." This taste of the southwest brought me back to my hitchhiking days through New Mexico in the '70s, when I sampled authentic flavors perfectly aligned for maximum enjoyment right in Sante Fe. (The fact that such cuisine is available here in Rome is a wonderful discovery!)

For her selection, Still-Young Bride chose the pine nut encrusted wall-eye, which is further described as "pan fried to a golden brown and served with lemon but-

ter." Fortunately for Old Guy, my better half was all smiles throughout her meal. And a testament to the flavorful success of her chosen entree was the fact that no take-home container was needed. Her plate was empty, which is rare for Still-Young Bride.

Best of all, the average price for the 15 entrees listed was \$11.95.

Yes, there are many dining choices in the town of Rome. I've written about many of them, what with dining being a major part of our life in God's Home. So it is that I rejoice in the re-opening of what is now (and forevermore, I hope) to be called the Dirty Oar Supper Club.

Welcome to the neighborhood, neighbor.

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Old Guy's weight last column: 224 pounds. This week: 224 pounds. Total loss since Feb. 19, 2012: 8 pounds. (Black bean effect!)

Steve Raap's bi-weekly column is named for the unofficial motto of the town of Rome. Steve's public weight loss attempt will continue until his 180-lb. goal is reached. You can email Steve at raap@wctc.net.