

TEN & TWO

THE TABLE



CATSKILLS

Roscoe Diner

132

Delaware Smokehouse

136

Thaddeus Norris

138

GUATEMALA

Fusion Restaurant

142

SKAGIT RIVER

*The Search For
The Perfect Manhattan*

152





Roscoe DINER:

A CATSKILLS INSTITUTION

IF YOU GOOGLE the Roscoe Diner, you get about 140,000 results. That probably doesn't even come close to the number of cheeseburgers they served yesterday. At last check they were serving around 6,000 customers a week, and when it's the holidays or a semester break for about 15 upstate colleges, it actually starts to get busy.

Breakfast is the domain of the fly fishers. Everyone waiting to hit the

Hendrickson hatch is at the diner early in the morning. It's been this way for decades. God willing, it'll be that way for decades more. Until he died in 2004, Poul Jorgensen, the world-famous fly-tier, would spend the morning hours in his window booth drinking coffee and flirting with the waitresses. They adored

him. He's sadly missed by the entire staff, not just the world of fly fishing.

The Roscoe Diner has held court on Route 17 in Roscoe, New York, since Dr. Strangelove hit the silver screen in 1964. Angelo Niforatos and his wife Frances bought the business when diners were a big thing. This one still is. Artists, politicians, movie stars, locals, students, drifters, nobody and somebody stop

The Catskill's Roscoe Diner has held court on Hwy 17 in Roscoe NY for for better than 50 years.



Customers can order from a menu that includes around 300 items. During rush hour, the waitresses are jumping non-stop from the kitchen to the tables outside. The food is road-house perfect every time.






here every day. They're not open all night, but if the crowd slows down, the evening mood can be decidedly Edward Hopper with a Tom Waits back:

Nighthawks at the diner of Emma's 49er, there's a rendezvous of strangers around the coffee urn tonight. All the gypsy hacks, the insomniacs. Now the paper's been read now the waitress said,

'Eggs and sausage and a side of toast, coffee and a roll, hash browns over easy, chili in a bowl with burgers and fries. What kind of pie? A la mode.'

Even today some of the friendly wait-

resses appear as though they've actually been on shift non-stop since the doors first opened. Currently, Angelo's son Tom and his nephew Tasse run the joint and, with the staff that totals about 62, they turn out everything from their own famous French toast to a killer Fettuccini Alfredo and the aforementioned cheeseburger deluxe. The eight-page menu lists maybe 300 items and they're not messing around. You wanna dine and have a bouillabaisse? Go somewhere else. You wanna eat and have a hot beef sandwich on the way to the river or grandma's house? Go to the Roscoe Diner. 

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(Clockwise from upper left) Breakfast, lunch, or dinner. The Roscoe Diner is almost always full of customers. A portion of the staff from the Roscoe Diner. The Classic—Cheesburger Deluxe can not be passed up.