

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

MARCH 20, 2020 BY MIKE T

Bellegarde Bakery, Sazeracs, and so many oysters...

Well, our first venture into the French Quarter. We are starting to get the rhythm of the trolley system and get this... seniors are only \$.40 each way. Took us a couple of trips watching the locals but then we discovered the transfer system. For an additional \$.25 we get a transfer which lets us ride on and on... but not back the way we came. For that we need another \$.40 and a transfer and bingo, we are home. Takes a few blocks to get to the trolley stop from our house but that thrills Mrs. T, since without 10,000 steps a day life is not worth living! Side note (surely you are used to these by now): since we do our 10,000+ as well as attend the gym regularly, I seem to be losing weight! Now that is in spite of our diet of fried everything and butter butter seafood and more butter. So, silver lining? We are now doing three meals a day, you heard me, a whole three. Now I know that Taco Bell would try to convince us that five meals a day is the proper way to be a proud American but, we had been doing two. Oh joy, a standard breakfast followed by the second breakfast of fried oysters... not exactly the diet of vegan nazis but, oh my....

We could take the Canal St trolley to the central business district and then board directly onto the river front #2, but here is the hook: several weeks ago the Hard Rock Hotel under construction had its top six floors collapse! They scrambled to remove the two tower cranes in place on the top floor but too little too late. The two cranes collapsed through the top six stories, folding over the building like a shot down pterodactyl. See below... it was attributed to either bad concrete or not letting the floor pours cure long enough. Building inspectors? Yes, they are being questioned carefully!



not a pretty picture.

And so, here we were at the French Market, which sits just outside the Quarter on the Mississippi and it is a madhouse. Wonderful fresh produce as well as delicacies of Louisiana, such as an entire shop of just hot sauce. The next set of stalls contained more prepared foods than even I was ready to take on. Fried (naturally) soft shell crab, sauteed crab claws, all manner of PoBoys, oysters in all varieties. We planned on taking on the oysters at the famous Acme Cafe tonight so we passed at the Market. Instead went back to the hood to ave an oyster Po Boy at our new favorite, Parkway Bakery.

Oh yes, that day on our gym trip we finally found a French bakery with fantastic bread. Bellegarde Bakery. It seems to be primarily wholesale but they have a small retail opening at the main bakery where you can get whatever four or five types of loaves they were baking that day. Bonus! They make their own pasta. It seems several years ago they started milling their own flour and use it to not only produce some of the finest bread, well, this side of Capitola Gayle's that is, but also wonderful fresh pasta pushed through delicious Italian bronze dies... the gold standard of pasta making.

That night we had a date with some oysters at the Acme but, the line was ridiculous mostly because of said fame. At the recommendation of our friend Mr Tim who resides here (more about him in the next post), we went across the street to Felix Oyster Bar and we were not disappointed! There was a bit of a line but when the hostess came out she asked if it was just the two of us and if we would like to sit at the bar... didn't have to ask us twice. We were seated at the bar where the oyster guys (mother shuckers as they refer to themselves) took us on a shellfish roller coaster. Started with half a dozen raw and they just started shucking and laying them in front of us on the bar. Wonderful, blissfully fresh. We ordered six chargrilled and they were set in front of us steaming and floating in butter and cheese. These came with French bread so nothing went to waste. Did I mention the shuckers did not stop at six of the raw? They seemed to be mathematically challenged so just kept piling them on, what's a guy to do. Well our next move was to order half dozen each of the raw and BBQ and make sure we had Sazeracs to wash them down.



Have I mentioned that Crystal is on the table of every restaurant?



We were in no condition to exercise our newly found trolley knowledge so... Uber to the rescue....

REAL TIME UPDATE:

What to do with so much indoor time on our hands? Lay in a supply of the essentials... nuf said



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