

Ace-Hi Tavern

1216 Washington Avenue, Golden

Hipster Scale

Dive Bar Rating

Phone: 303-279-9043 7AM



Despite attempts at one time or another to be historic and touristy like Aspen or competitive and contemporary like Boulder, Golden today remains a small town within commuting distance of Denver—a college town with twenty-somethings binge-drinking on loan money, an industry town with third-shift workers and a whole mess of Coors Brewing Co. employees in dire need of a 7 a.m. cocktail before it's time for some shuteye. For better or worse, Golden is these people, and the Ace-Hi serves them without judgment or reservation.

For the past 130 years a bar has stood at 1216 Washington Avenue, more than 60 of 'em as the Ace. Inside its angled wooden entranceway (soon to be replaced with glass) are all the amenities of a down-home dive—carpet and wood paneling, vinyl padded booths and a well-worn billiards table, NASCAR pools and a spindle brimming with sticky notes declaring who's been 86'd and for what reasons. A triple-rack pizza oven with a fancy new baking stone dishes up frozen Tombstone brand pies for six and eight bucks, while a handful of pickled goodies (turkey gizzards, eggs) run a dollar or less. With weekday happy hours from 7-11 a.m. and 3-8 p.m. serving \$1.50 pints and \$5 pitchers, and \$2 shot specials (Jager! Jameson! Cuervo! McGillicuddy's!) every night but Thursday—not to mention a slew of other discounts for the weary wallet—I always leave feeling like I owe someone an apology. Plus, you can pay with credit now, so long as you drink an Andrew Jackson's worth.

Most endearing, however, are the people—the way they drink and talk like family, if only distant cousins.

On attire: “Mikey, ya got socks and shoes on. What's the occasion?”

On leaving: “Quitter!” “Boo!” “Who needs ya?”

On remodeling the front door:

“Why they putting in glass doors?”

“So people don't walk by and assume this place is just a dingy shithole.”

“But this place *is* a dingy shithole!”

“Not for long. Going to be bright as shit in here with them new doors.”

“At least we’ll be able to see the parades go by.”

(All together) “Hooray!”

The Ace, for what it’s worth, is not a dingy shithole. Not even close. Students from the School of Mines come in for beer pong and four-way shots off the top of a downhill ski. The old guys, the contractors, the swing shifters—they come ’cause it’s cheap and it’s close.

We all come for the camaraderie.



Karaoke

Bulldog Bar

Dr. Proctor’s Lounge

Hangar Bar

Music Bar

Ogden Street South