



Brewhaha #11: Three Tides, Belfast ME

Pat Mullen's #1 Brewmaster, Dave, now cooked the brews here. "Kickass brews!" was the way my unexpected guide had endorsed him. Sounded like a proud father, or maybe more like a coach whose State Champion runner had gone on to coach his own State Champs. (Bravo, Patrick, well done, my friend!)

Belfast itself was another quintessential Maine coastal town: weathered shingles, narrow streets, nice seaport. No obnoxious steeple. It was right near the [Passagassawweakag River](#).

Just shy of 5:00 pm when C-Note hummed his way through the slim roads and into the municipal parking lot. It had been a long and thirsty ride from Naples – 110 miles – but it was a short walk along a dirt footpath between buildings to get to Three Tides.

3T was a fairly new building, 2 stories plus attic, on pilings, as you would expect a water front place to be. Most of the fairly-new shingles had weathered gray, but those under the shelter of the overhang looked young and beige.

It was a gorrrrrgeous summer night in southeastern Maine, and the outdoor contentment was flowing easily into the bar. 3T's bar gave me the impression of a



martini bar. The bar babe was a friendly-enough light-haired woman in her mid-up-20's. She greeted me amiably (maybe her name was Amy): *Hi, stranger. Welcome to Three Tides. You can get great beer, niiiice wine, but I'm kinda thinkin' you might want a dry Bombay Sapphire on the rocks. Yes?*

"Haha, no, my good barkeep, but good pitch. I have a hankering for one of Dave's brews. Is he here today?"

He was not. Sunday is not a good day to meet the boss, I reckon. I would have liked to meet him and to have re-met

the owner of Bray's. It was a great day for relaxing touring, but I was missing the mark when it came to face-to-facers. So it goes. Beer was in hand, and good tunes were in the air – Yes' *And You and I*, one of my favorite songs from one of my favorite bands as a younger man – so I was quite content.

First order was an Ace Hole APA (American Pale Ale), which sported a tidy 5.9% alky-conty. The flagship of Dave's fleet, though, clearly was the Cant Dog IPA, at a mouth-watering 10%. If Belfast were home for the night, I would have easily cozied up to a few of those.

I was the only one in the actual bar, which surprised me some. But after a bit, I figured out that nobody was *inside* because it was such a perfect day *outside*. Duh.

The awning-covered deck had good dinner attendance, and I was told that just having a beer out there was verboten; rail-side tables hanging over the sunlit harbor were for dinner-money-spending folk, which made sense.

Amy, the barkeep – I like to name the people I meet on my roaming; much easier to remember than their real names -- recognized my dilemma. “You should check out the downstairs bar. It’s all done-up trashy and stuff. You’ll like it.”



I had to snicker about her sly suggestion that I’d be more at home among the trash, and realized that she was probably right. So, when the song ended, I ordered up a Tug Pale Ale “to go” and wandered down the steps.

It was coooooo! Junkyard all the way. Bar was a slab o’ concrete plomped onto a sturdy box. Old lampshades seemed to be everywhere I looked, including the white-trash power cord that hung across the yard. Classically cheap, curved, 1960’s airport style seatrows were

there for your lounging delight. A big metal stove sat unattended in the north corner. Rusty but upright, I’m sure it still held a nice Maine fire on a chilly autumn night. But the view and the atmosphere were totally great.



I couldn't stay – I had this National Park thing I had to get to – so on the way out, I detoured upstairs, poked my head into the bar, and grabbed Amy's attention: "Hey, thanks, that was more my style!" And gave her a big thumbs-up. She got a good laugh. And it was off to Bahhhhhh Hahhh-bahhhhh!