



Brewhaha #12: Jack Russell's Steakhouse & Brewery, Bar Harbor ME

It was 60 more miles o' Maine to reach Mount Desert Island, the home of both the town of Bar Harbor and Acadia National Park. There was some daylight left there when I arrived, so I postponed the pub search and went for the scenic drive down the west side of the island.

It was niiiiice. Roads were empty, with tall trees, both evergreen and leafy, standing tall and close on both sides. I hoped for a nice scenic point to watch the sunset from, but none waved me down. I did enjoy my meandering drive, though, as dusk descended on this island. I was very pumped for some prime National Parking the next day.

But first, I had a hotel to check into, and a couple of brewhahas to find.

The Wonder View Inn & Suites – where I actually had a *reservation* -- looked way too grand when I first saw it. A long driveway wound up a grassy hill and out of sight.



Stone pillars guarded the bottom end of the driveway, and a life-size bronze moose stood impressively spotlighted at the road's edge. I was fairly impressed with myself for scoring such posh digs.

For all its initial grandeur, though, the WVI&S looked surprisingly motelish once I reached the parking lot: a flat, one-story row of rooms with bland doors. Room 12 was not fancy but good enough for the likes of me. It had an easterly view and a well kept walled-in lawn sweeping out from below its balcony.

After a quick freshen-up, I asked the front desk lady where Jack Russell's was. She said it was on the same road, to the north, "about two minutes" away.

After about ten minutes of that dark sidewalk, I figured out that the two minutes was driving time, not walking time. But it was a nice night, so no crisis. And, after a day of fatassing in the car (annnd three pubs), it was good to get out for a stroll and get the ticker ticking a little.

Jack Russell's Steakhouse and Brewery was way too nice. WVI&S looked the part but didn't back it up. JRS&B looked even better from within than without, and without looked dang good. This place was cloth napkin dining.

I mean, nice can be a good thing, but this was nice in the sense that a certain degree of propriety was expected. Ugh. I can play that game, but it's not my favorite one, especially in gym shorts and a sleeveless (as in, tore the sleeves off) T-shirt.

Of course, the food was priced in the Nice Place zone, so the ol' liquid dinner crossed my mind. But that turkey thingo from Great Lost Bear had long since drowned



in a tumful of craft brew, so I ordered up a skewer of steak tips (medium rare, with rice, please) and a Jordan Pond IPA. The barkeep was Jill, a very pretty young thang with long silky blonde hair and memorable cleavage – soft, smooth, deep and so inviting. Yet somehow it was understated, not flaunty. Just natural and peaceful and a comfortable place to rest your eyes – or head.

Jill's attention was appropriately devoted to her other five patrons, so this late-arriving loner guy in a shabby t-shirt was getting the casual overlook. The 3-sided bar accommodated about a dozen people in all; this place was definitely more about the dining experience than the bar dwellers.

After a few minutes, one of the other boozers, who looked more like my ilk, commented on my shirt, and I became the focus. Everyone seemed moderately interested, but Jill suddenly lit up. "You have to go to Atlantic for the Bar-B-Que!" Her boyfriend worked at Atlantic Brewery, and she was so excited that she could send me there. I didn't tell her that it was on my list anyway; I let her gush on about how good the BBQ was and how many cool brews they had. It was fun having her marvelous cleavage facing me – and just me -- as she talked.

When I recounted the places I had been so far, she gave me a stern look: "You mean you didn't go to Liberal Cup? You went right past it!" She filled me in on where it was and how to find it. Jill was turning out to be a very good source. And she did have wonderful cleavage. Have I mentioned that?

Dinner was done – steak tips were good, just not quite enough of them (there never are) – so I chose a Precipice Pale Ale for desert. It was yummm, but the Jordan Pond IPA was a bit yummer.

You'll notice that there are no photos in this chapter. I guess I kinda snoozed on that one. It was night, but I could've used a flash for an outside look. And inside, I couldn't have taken any photos without getting right in someone's face about it. I thought about having Jill pose for a smiley snapshot – then you could have seen her inspiring cleavage – but I fogged on that too. I was blinded by sublime cleavage, I reckon.

Oh, yeah, Jill had nice eyes too. Kinda blue, or brown, or something.