

"The Guys" had just finished a spectacular day at Jay Peak. Glade skiing had been the finest since I can't remember when (which doesn't say much as I CAN'T remember when). I suspected something was up as we exited to the right from the mountain, yet I dare not question our "*Fearless Leader*".

We pulled into the thriving metropolis of Montgomery, VT, already familiar to the seasoned van occupants and began our perusal of the eating establishments. I spied **JR's** on our 1st pass, but was overruled as we proceeded to the parking lot of snowmobiles. The "\$9.95 all-you-can-eat" sign seemed attractive until you viewed the buffet, which was a little difficult to see through the fog. It took some urging, yet my habitual whining paid off and we caroused down the block to the only other eatery: **JR's**.

I viewed the blackboard specials with satisfaction knowing we had found a respectable restaurant. I tend to order from the specials so I quickly memorized the offerings and recited them to the group. We ordered our beer from the draft menu, which included my favorite Vermont Micro, *Long Trail*. My misguided companions asked for the *Sam Adams*. Some old dogs just can't be taught.

Our server placed a flat dish of olive oil, chopped garlic, and a splash of balsamic vinegar at the table. I embarrassingly explained the offering to the dismay of my companions. But as I sliced the French baguette and demonstrated the technique, we were quick to order a second serving.

Most ordered the house salad with the homemade dressing, which we all enjoyed; I just can't remember what it was, (did I mention my memory problem). I ordered the Blackened Swordfish with baked potato only to be chastised by the "*Captain*" for promulgating the extinction of the species. "*Singing Don*", fearing that he might miss, out also requested the swordfish. We were both satisfied with the texture and lightly blackened seasoning, just wished there was more on the plate.

"*Fearless*" being a meat eater at heart selected the regular beef ribs passing on the special baby backs. I only heard grunting and gnawing during the meal with the exception of "I'll take it" when the "*Singer*" offered his broccoli. Another satisfied customer!

"*Mean Gene*" opted for the scallops provided it came with real mashed potatoes. It appeared to me to be served in a light cream sauce which he seem to enjoy, only to be envious when he queried Keith on his selection of the Shrimp Marinara served over a bed of pasta. Need I say more?

We needed a caffeine jolt for the balance of the ride home, all fearing our server might give one of us the cup designated for the "*Captain*" (seems they had developed a unique understanding during our brief encounter).

At first there were no takers to the dessert offerings, then the gates were opened and a rash of requests for the coveted pie ensued. I hesitated and asked for a repeat of the list. Something in the name "Suicide Pie" should have clued me. I missed our server's reiterated warning at my selection, yet when she placed this monstrosity of 4 layers of chocolate cake with ice cream and whipped cream, I knew I had overindulged. Like "*Uncle Buck*" I struggled to finish and needed a bail out from "*Singing Don*". Next time we'll order one for the entire table.

Overall this was a pleasurable dining experience that we willingly demonstrated in the gratuity section of the bill. I think **JR's** will be on next year's agenda of "The Guy's" weekend... if there is another.

~Larry Ortmann
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