



GIRLS

Getaways

ATLANTA
PAGE 61

*Plus one for
the guys!*

THE KIDS HAD THEIR SPRING BREAKS IN MARCH, and your husband's watching golf anyway. So now is the perfect time to grab your girlfriends and savor some much-deserved R&R. Whether you feel like shopping, sightseeing, or just chilling on a beach, we've got the perfect itinerary for you. Your man doesn't golf, you say? Send him and his buddies to visit the bourbon distilleries in Kentucky. Of course, a bluegrass jaunt isn't a bad option for the ladies either.



Misty WaterColor Memories

A DREAMY BEACH REFUGE ON FLORIDA'S PANHANDLE • by Amanda Heckert



WaterColor Inn & Resort
(from \$370 in April),
34 Goldenrod Circle,
866-426-2656,
watercolor-resort.com

The Gathering Spot and Fish Out of Water
both 850-534-5050

Grayton Beach State Park 357 Main Park Road, 850-267-8300, graytonbeach.com

Sundog Books
89 Central Square,
Seaside, 850-231-5481,
sundogbooks.com

Silver Sands Factory Stores 10562 Emerald Coast Parkway, Destin, 850-654-9771, silver-sandsoutlet.com

InnSpa 850-534-5010

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NEIL WEBB

pools and winding boardwalks. If that's the case when you arrive, sink into the quiet arms of the Inn's "adults-only" pool. There you'll find no crying babies or cannonballs to distract from tanning or heart-to-hearts in the hot tub. We settled onto its patio our first night there, as waiters from the **Gathering Spot** sushi bar fetched us the requisite rum drinks and tiger rolls made with fresh-caught Florida hopper shrimp. Strains of guitar from an acoustic set inside floated up to the balconies. Despite its four diamonds,

The cabana boy fetched margaritas so we didn't have to lift one submerged toe from the water's sugary depths.

this place feels more like a gracious mansion on Martha's Vineyard than the tony Cloister at Sea Island, I thought—and thank goodness. Formality has no place at the fire pits that warmed our feet.

In the morning, we devoured toothsome bourbon-vanilla French toast at the resort's **Fish Out of Water** restaurant next door. Our deckside perch only furthered my hunch that the Inn's designers, including famed architect David Rockwell, had conspired to draw attention as often as possible to the pristine oceanside view—a theory confirmed again as the BeachClub Grille's cabana boy set up our lounge chairs and fetched margaritas so we didn't have to lift one submerged toe from the sugary depths of Santa Rosa Beach. And you're a more mature woman than I if you don't giggle at

the peekaboo shower in your guest room, its eye level tiled with clear glass for ogling the waves while shampooing.

The spacious rooms also come with a plush queen bed and queen sleeper sofa, fitting four comfortably. But if your crew is bigger or prefers more privacy, sorbet-colored vacation cottages wind out from the Inn and can be had for about \$100 more. Banish the thought of kitschy, paint-peeled hovels: These are the 1 percent's *House Beautiful*—worthy vacation homes, some decked out with private pools and two-story porches.

You might be farther from the beach in a cottage, but most come with bikes, as does the Inn. Nearby, the Boathouse lends kayaks and canoes for exploring the reedy shores of the sprawling coastal dune lake, a geographic anomaly only seen in the U.S. here in Walton County and in Oregon. Cyclists swished past us down 30A, but we stayed close to home, venturing westward only to the mountainous dunes of neighboring **Grayton Beach State Park**, and eastward to Seaside, where food trucks line the perfectly manicured town square and **Sundog**



Books stocks shelves of beach reads.

Duly tempted at breakfast, we headed back to Fish Out of Water for dinner. Our server, a knowledgeable Luke Wilson dop-pelganger, steered us to a silky tuna tartare, playfully punched up with soy vinaigrette, and a locally caught grouper, tender and paired well with a creamy corn pudding.

Throughout our stay, there was not much temptation to venture from the resort. We were so relaxed, a set at the Tennis Center seemed too much work. But before we left town, we drove toward Destin to reach the **Silver Sands Factory Stores**. I had so far resisted adorable sundresses and sandals at the boutiques within the resort, choosing instead to splurge on a tension-relieving Balinese massage at the small but attentive **InnSpa**. At Silver Sands, I didn't blink at the likes of Coach Factory and Saks Fifth Avenue's Off Fifth, but Le Creuset was my Waterloo. Who returns from a blissed-out beach trip with an insanely discounted French oven? I do.

We set off on the six-hour road trip home, and as we passed the Dothan, Alabama, National Peanut Festival and the antebellum mansions of Eufaula, the tether to home tightened once more. Chili cooked in my new pot would soon replace dinners at four-diamond Fish Out of Water. If I wanted a drink while on my front-porch swing, I would have to get up and *get it myself*. ■



Left: BeachClub pool. Above: With metal roofs and wide porches, cottages at WaterColor are contemporary takes on Southern vernacular architecture.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF WATERCOLOR INN & RESORT



Indie City

ASHEVILLE'S UNIQUE SHOPS ARE THE PERFECT ANTIDOTE TO ATLANTA MALLS • by Betsy Riley

W

When the women in my family gather, there'd better be cake. And here it sat in front of us: a giant, dense wedge of cheesecake on a thick graham cracker crust. We also passed around a lavender crème brûlée, poking through its delicate sugar crust to ascertain the texture. Soufflélike or custardy? Debating such confections has brought us—my mom, my aunt, my

cousin, and me—through most of life's possible calamities. At the **Corner Kitchen**, the desserts were larger than the entrees, which was the first reason we began our trip to Asheville there. Sec-

ond was that the cheerful little cafe had recently hosted the Obamas. But, our penchants aside, the restaurant's amusing cocktails, mismatched Fiestaware, and locally sourced brunch were pretty much guaranteed to show a girl a good time.

The restaurant is one of several in **Biltmore Village**, a turn-of-the-century, Tudor-style community designed by famed architect Richard Hunt and landscape architect Frederick Law Olmstead. Nearby **Fig** has more foodie cred, though we opted for comfort food before strolling the village's quaint, treelined streets. By the looks of the retail mix, our group embodied the target demographic: J. Jill, Chico's, Lilly Pulitzer, Talbots. But we preferred getting lost in

ASHEVILLE, NC



Corner Kitchen 3 Boston Way, 828-274-2439, thecorner-kitchen.com

Biltmore Village biltmorevillage.com

Fig 18 Brook Street, 828-277-0889, figbistro.com

New Morning Gallery 7 Boston Way, 828-274-2831, newmorninggallerync.com

The Chocolate Fetish 36 Haywood Street, 828-258-2353, chocolatefetish.com

French Broad Chocolate Lounge 10 South Lexington Avenue, 828-252-4181, frenchbroad-chocolates.com

Table 48 College Street, 828-254-8980, table-asheville.com

The Grove Park Inn (from \$199 in April), 290 Macon Avenue, 800-438-5800, groveparkinn.com

Grove Arcade grovearcade.com

Early Girl Eatery 8 Wall Street, 828-259-9292, earlygirleatery.com

Biltmore House biltmore.com

Groveswood Gallery 111 Groveswood Road, 877-622-7238, groveswood.com

The Admiral 400 Haywood Road, 828-252-2541, theadmiralnc.com

the multilevel **New Morning Gallery**, a sort of department store for fine crafts—where we unanimously adopted a crazy-haired tin angel named Ramona as our weekend totem (metaphorically speaking, given her \$700-plus price tag).

As I discovered over the next two days, Asheville is the perfect destination for Atlantans who love to shop. We don't need another Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, or Saks Fifth Avenue. What we're lacking back home are quirky, pedestrian-friendly neighborhoods full of handmade objects, vintage finds, and affordable art. Asheville practically invented the genre. Its famously bohemian culture has matured into a sophisticated milieu, with a gallery or sidewalk cafe seemingly on every corner. Just comparing chocolatiers—the **Chocolate Fetish** versus **French Broad Chocolate Lounge**—kept us happily entertained.

The culinary scene has likewise evolved from hippy to hipster. Our first night we visited the James Beard-nominated **Table** downtown. The industrial-style space—with its glass-block wall and cozy butcher-block tables—is designed for intimate dining. A beet and arugula salad, garnished with almonds, proved a cool start for flavorful goat stew with kale and flageolet beans. No surprise, we didn't make it to dessert.

After dinner, we pulled up to the fabled **Grove Park Inn**. The majestic stacked-granite edifice—with a rolling clay-tile roof that drifts over dormers and eaves like thick butter frosting—celebrates its 100th birthday in 2013. The vast lobby's mission-style lamps, Arts & Crafts furniture, and cavernous stone fireplaces appear just as they did when F. Scott Fitzgerald holed up here for a



summer. It's as close as the Blue Ridge gets to the monumental National Park lodges.

Unfortunately, on this night the lobby was so chaotic with conventioners and a nondescript bar singer that my mother and I beat a quick retreat to our room. We had chosen not to stay in the relatively spartan historic section, but our comfortably decorated room had one great retro feature: screened windows that cranked open, helping us savor the panoramic mountain view.

The next morning, after lingering too long at the hotel's indulgent breakfast buffet, we explored downtown's Art Deco district. Jazz Age storefronts of glazed terracotta tiles, such as the S&W Cafeteria and the Kress Building, contrasted with the gargoyles and friezes of more classic beauties like the neo-Gothic Jackson Building, the region's first skyscraper. A pair of winged stone lions welcomed us to **Grove Arcade**, circa 1929. Though the renovated mall had some vacant spaces, viewing its ornate arched doorways and iron spiral staircases was worth the visit. Daily street vendors were just gearing up outside as we exited.

By midafternoon we were finally hungry

enough for grilled pimento cheese sandwiches at kitschy **Early Girl Eatery**, though the long list of vegetables and shelves of layer cakes were tempting distractions. This trip, we skipped the Cinderella Castle-like **Biltmore House**—though we might have relented had it been time for this spring's Festival of Flowers (April 7 to May 20). Instead we explored **Groveswood Gallery**, an artisan community behind our hotel.

Never ones to miss a meal, that night our party headed over to gritty West Asheville to check out the **Admiral** for dinner. We'd read the buzz in *Garden & Gun*; how scruffy could it be? Yikes. With the attached barbed wire-enclosed auto lot and occasional drifter, I questioned the wisdom of bringing my mother here. But we were driving a rental car and found a parking spot beneath a streetlight—so we soldiered on.

Inside the tiny cinder block building, the seediness was more endearing. Vintage nautical plaques, a console TV-turned-planter, and a neon Budweiser sign with only three letters still illuminated created a vintage bowling-alley ambience. PBR, you'd expect, but Marcho Farms Veal Tomahawk Chop with Anson Mills farrotto, parsnip, maitake mushroom, thyme, prune-bacon chutney, and arugula? OMG!

Safely back at the Grove Park, I got a disappointing phone call. The facial I'd scheduled weeks in advance—the signature treatment that was supposed to make me look years younger—was cancelled. A clinician was sick and there was no sub. Sadly, this was just the most egregious of several service blunders, from distracted front desk attendants to careless housekeeping (dirty towel left on a bed) that marred our stay.

As compensation, the spa offered me free access, and the stunning underground facility covered a multitude of sins. Constructed of granite boulders, it felt like a magical blue lagoon inside Mammoth Cave—with skylights, waterfalls, and fireplaces to warm its hidden alcoves. I floated in a mineral pool, listening to underwater music, and watched faux stars twinkle in the rocks above. Stress melted away, and that afternoon, I headed home looking years younger. ■

Above: Jael Rattigan, owner of French Broad Chocolate Lounge. Left: Fire pits on a terrace attached to the Grove Park Inn's underground spa.

FRENCH BROAD CHOCOLATE LOUNGE: ELIZA BELL; GROVE PARK INN: COURTESY OF THE GROVE PARK INN





Savannah Stroll

SCAD MUSEUM OF ART IS THE NEWEST DRAW TO GEORGIA'S OLDEST CITY • *by Rebecca Burns*

M

My last girls' getaway to Savannah was chap-
eroning a gaggle of middle schoolers on the
ritual pilgrimage to the home of **Juliette Gor-
don Low**: old-money Savannahian, fabulously
feisty role model, and founder of the Girl
Scouts of the USA. Like many Scouts, we
made the trek in March, when the first troop
was started—and thus we ran into pilgrims of
another sort, paying homage to St. Patrick.

Herding a clutch of eleven-year-olds sporting green vests
through the souvenir shops on River Street, my prime motive was
thwarting a collision with frat boys draped in green beads and tot-
ing red Solo cups (Savannah famously allows open containers in
the tourist district). Huddled in a carriage during a nighttime ghost
tour, the girls were more spooked by staggering celebrants than
our guide's tales of romance, vengeance, and murder. Our horse's
hooves clopped on cobblestones, the girls squealed, and I silently

vowed to return for a grown-up Savannah excursion.

I finally went back last fall, timing my visit to another local tradi-
tion, the annual **Telfair Art Fair**, and the reopening of the Savannah
College of Art and Design's **Museum of Art**, which had just completed
a \$26 million expansion. With so many cultural blockbusters—from
spring's **Savannah Music Festival** (March 22 to April 7) to fall's **Savan-
nah Film Festival** (October 27 to November 3)—it's easy to plan visits
around special events. (In April alone, there are festivals featuring
sidewalk chalk art, animation, opera, and historic gardens.)

Looking out from the eleventh floor of the **Westin Savannah Harbor
Golf Resort & Spa**, we toasted the city sparkling across the river, then
strolled down to the dock where the Savannah Belles Ferry departs
from City Hall landing. (The free, adorably retro boats operate every
twenty to thirty minutes from 7 a.m. to midnight. Bonus: You *might*
spot a dolphin.)

As the ferry pulled into the dock, the afternoon sun glistened on
City Hall's gold-domed tower and warmed the old warehouses lin-



**Juliette Gordon Low Birth-
place** 10 East Oglethorpe
Avenue, 912-233-4501, ju-
liettegordonlowbirthplace.org

Telfair Art Fair telfair.org

SCAD Museum of Art
601 Turner Boulevard,
912-525-7191, scadmoa.org

Savannah Music Festival
savannahmusicfestival.org

Savannah Film Festival
filmfest.scad.edu

**Westin Savannah Harbor Golf
Resort & Spa** (from \$229 in
April), 1 Resort Drive, 912-201-
2000, westinsavannah.com

ShopSCAD 340 Bull Street,
912-525-5180, shopscad.com

Sentient Bean 13 East Park
Avenue, 912-232-4447,
sentientbean.com

Clary's Cafe 404 Abercorn
Street, 912-233-0402,
claryscafe.com

The Distillery 416 West
Liberty Street, 912-236-1772,
distillerysavannah.com

The Paris Market & Brocante
36 West Broughton Street,
912-232-1500, theparis-
market.com

Zia Boutique 325 West
Broughton Street, 912-233-
3237, ziaboutique.com

Leopold's Ice Cream 212 East
Broughton Street, 912-234-
4442, leopoldsiccream.com

ing the river, reminding me of Savannah's rich his-
tory. Founded in 1733, the city is more than a century
older than Atlanta and represents one of the quirkier
efforts of British colonization. Georgia was intended
to be an alternative to debtors prison for the "worthy
poor" and an outpost for agricultural experimenta-
tion. During its first twenty years, the colony banned
Catholics, liquor, slavery, and lawyers. Savannah
founder General James Oglethorpe envisioned Geor-
gia's capital as the country's first planned city, a quilt
of squares and public gardens. Some 278 years after
he sketched the town's grid, his pattern of dense
commercial and residential blocks interspersed with
open, tree-shaded squares is well preserved.

While Savannah has been a little scruffier than
older sister Charleston in recent decades, preserva-
tion efforts have been on an upswing. SCAD alone
has restored more than five dozen buildings, start-
ing with its original home, the grand 1892 redbrick
Volunteer Guard Armory at 342 Bull Street. Now
called Poetter Hall, the arsenal includes **ShopSCAD**, a
boutique carrying student-created fine art, fashion,
jewelry, home accessories, and gifts.

We walked up Bull Street to Forsyth Park, admir-
ing its postcard-perfect, two-tiered fountain, and
got our caffeine fix at the **Sentient Bean**, an indie
coffeehouse—performance venue. On our return
loop, we took Drayton Street up the east side of the
park, mostly to ogle the opulent Mansion on Forsyth
Park, a Victorian-era hotel with grand Romanesque
architecture. Then we walked riverward, lingering
at Lafayette Square to take in Flannery O'Connor's
birth home, in the shadow of the Cathedral of St.
John the Baptist.

Dinner at the Westin's Aqua Star restaurant
offered both a spectacular waterfront view and
superior hotel fare. Skip the buffet and go for chef
specials like saffron-imbued Lowcountry seafood
stew or potpie bursting with crab, scallops, and local
veggies. After s'mores at the riverside fire pit, we
headed upstairs, discovering that the hotel TV plays



an endless loop of *Midnight in the Garden of Good and
Evil*, the movie version of John Berendt's bestselling
account of a scandalous Savannah murder trial and
the city's social eccentrics.

Saturday, still in a *Midnight* mood, we breakfasted
at **Clary's Cafe**, a diner that retains a shabby charm
despite celebrity status in both book and movie.
Our main morning agenda was the SCAD Museum
of Art, a marvel of retrofitted structures. The new
expansion marries the original Greek Revival space
in the 1853 Central of Georgia Railroad headquarters
with ruins of the rail depot and sleek new classroom
and gallery space, creating an 82,000-square-foot
complex. Highlights include African American
art from the Walter O. Evans collection, a robust
photography selection, and the André Leon Talley
Gallery, named for the legendary *Vogue* stylist and
showcasing design and fashion.

The **Distillery** was nearby for lunch. The easy-
going gastropub is located in a distillery that became
a pharmacy during Prohibition (while reportedly
churning out bathtub gin in second-floor lavatories).
The bar's been restored to its pre-Comstock era
mahogany grandeur and offers close to 100 bottled
beers and craft drafts such as Original Sin Cider.

Fortified, we meandered over to Broughton
Street, the main shopping thoroughfare, to take in
local favorites like the **Paris Market & Brocante**, a
sort of two-story European flea market, and **Zia**, a
boutique of handmade jewelry designs. We savored
more comestible history at **Leopold's Ice Cream**, still
serving recipes concocted by its founders in 1919.

The rest of the evening, we explored artists'
tents as Telfair at Twilight got into swing. With the
twangy Americana of local band the Train Wrecks
in the background and great globes of lanterns sus-
pended over the streets and squares, we paused for
a to-go cup and headed back to the harbor, awarding
ourselves a merit badge in Savannah culture. ■

Above: The newly expanded SCAD Museum of
Art. Left: Tour guide Savannah Dan in front of
the Mercer-Williams House, a museum and an
infamous murder site in Berendt's book.



TOUR: COURTESY VISITSAVANNAH.COM; SCAD MUSEUM: COURTESY OF SCAD

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Kentucky Bourbon Trail
kybourbontrail.com

BARDSTOWN
Kentucky Bourbon House
(Colonel's Cottage Inns from \$99 per night), 107 East Stephen Foster Avenue, 502-507-8338, kentuckyshomeforbourbon.com

Old Talbott Tavern 107 West Stephen Foster Avenue, 502-348-3494, talbotts.com

My Old Kentucky Dinner Train
866-801-3463, rjcorman.com/dinnertrain.html

My Old Kentucky Home State Park
502-348-3502, parks.ky.gov

Barton 1792 Distillery
501 Cathedral Manor, 866-729-3722, 1792bourbon.com

LEXINGTON
Keeneland 4201 Versailles Road, 800-456-3412, keeneland.com

Gratz Park Inn (from \$189 per night), 120 West Second Street, 859-231-1777, gratzparkinn.com

FRANKFORT
Buffalo Trace Distillery
113 Great Buffalo Trace, 502-696-5926, buffalo tracedistillery.com



Bourbon Chasers

KENTUCKY'S HEARTLAND IS HOME TO THE MOST AMERICAN OF SPIRITS • by Bill Warhop

W

We came for the bourbon. Like a growing number of tourists—more than 2 million in the last five years—our crew went where true bourbon was born, by the clear limestone waters of Kentucky. This was where eighteenth-century settlers began distilling whiskey aged in oak barrels, stamped with their origin in Bourbon County, and transported down the Mississippi and Ohio rivers on a journey into booze legend.

Bourbon is the quintessential American spirit. All but a couple of U.S. distillers are located in Central Kentucky—none, ironi-

cally, in Bourbon County, which is a remnant of its original size. Through the 1980s and 1990s, vodka and other clear, easy-to-swirl spirits dominated American drink culture. But in the last decade, bourbon has enjoyed a renaissance. Credit the national fascination with Southern culinary culture, as well as a recent shift in consumer tastes back toward serious cocktails with potent brown liquors.

Like us, more folks are also curious about the spirit's roots. Six makers formed the *trademarked* **Kentucky Bourbon Trail** tour back in 1999—with a “passport” to be stamped at every stop—but there are some seventeen distillers across eleven counties, most offering free tours and tastings. Each stop takes a couple of hours, and

some are more than an hour apart. (Don't worry, drivers: The half-ounce samples are designed to entice, not intoxicate.)

We launched our trek at Bardstown, the “Bourbon Capital of the World.” The pungent scent that welcomed us—an aroma of sweet potatoes and boiled peanuts—was actually fumes of corn mash wafting from nearby Barton 1792 Distillery. It propelled us straight to the famous tasting room at **Kentucky Bourbon House**, a Federalist-era inn on the town square. (Our cottage there proved spacious, if a bit frilly for a man trip.)

The proprietor, Colonel Michael Masters—who bears a goateed resemblance to Colonel Sanders—is a seventh-generation local steeped in whiskey lore. He helped

We bellied up to the visitors center bar and savored the happy burn of small-batch whiskeys and dark chocolate bourbon balls.

us select flights of five tastes, expounding on their subtle hints of spice, caramel, and vanilla. The other patrons around the small communal tables were all couples, including two men from Ohio who insisted we take the Buffalo Trace Distillery tour in Frankfort, their favorite of five they'd just visited. When we started comparing the bite of bourbon to the peaty smokiness of Scotch and Irish whiskey, sips of Famous Grouse suddenly appeared—the Scotch



provided gratis with a refined flourish by the Colonel. A woman requested another mint julep, but her husband waved dismissively and called, “Just bring her a glass of whiskey with a sprig of mint.” Apparently, we weren't alone in our mission.

With regrets, we skipped the family-style dinner with our new friends at Kentucky Bourbon House and crossed the square to **Old Talbott Tavern**, a storied inn built in 1779 that has hosted Abe Lincoln, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, and Jesse James. As tourists, we were obligated to try a Kentucky Hot Brown: an artery-clogging, open-faced sandwich of turkey (and at Talbott's, sugarcured Virginia ham) on toast, smothered in Mornay sauce and topped with bacon, cheddar cheese, and tomato.

Bourbon treats Bardstown well. The picturesque, historic town is the west anchor of Kentucky's bourbon country and sports kitschy attractions such as **My Old Kentucky Dinner Train**, a two-and-a-half-hour rail tour in fully restored vintage dining cars. There's

also a summer musical about Stephen Foster, composer of Kentucky's state song, “My Old Kentucky Home,” held at the **State Park** containing the Georgian-style home itself. For golfers, the park's eighteen-hole course is a *Golf Digest* four-star must-play.

The next morning we were up early to catch the tour at **Barton's**. Our guide detailed the distilling process, from grain selection (all the corn comes from within 100 miles) to how charred oak barrels help give bourbon its trademark color and flavor. She pointed out the mold-darkened trunks and branches of nearby trees, caused by evaporation from the distilleries—as good as signposts for still-seeking revenuers during Prohibition. After gawking at thousands of barrels mellowing in storage, we bellied up to the small visitors center bar and savored the happy burn of small-batch whiskeys and dark chocolate bourbon balls.

In the afternoon, we drove up the Blue Grass Parkway to Lexington, girded on all sides by pastoral horse farms. April and October bring daily races to **Keeneland**, its sprawling horse park and track. Race weekends draw huge crowds, including college students from Lexington's two universities. You can avoid the fratty trackside chaos with quieter seats in the grandstand.

Downtown Lexington is equally festive after the races. The **Gratz Park Inn**, a favorite home base for Keeneland horse owners, is a posh boutique hotel adorned in dark woods, rich upholstery, and old money. If the restaurant is too crowded, pull up to the bar for the chef's pimento cheese grit fries and a glass of Kentucky Bourbon Barrel Ale, a local beer with delicious hints of caramel and vanilla from used barrels.

For our last day, we took a scenic drive up U.S. 421 to Frankfort, Kentucky's quaint riverside capital. The **Buffalo Trace Distillery** lived up to the Ohioans' hype. A short, loud, white-haired guy named Don cheerfully gave us a two-hour tour. We followed him to the premium labeling room and hovered over the shoulders of distillery workers as they painstakingly hand-labeled rarities such as Old Rip Van Winkle 10 Year and single-barrel Eagle Rare—labels we were now much better prepared to savor. ■



Above: An oversized barrel (decorative only) at Barton 1792 Distillery. Left: A paddock at Keeneland on race day.

KEENELAND: JEFF ROGERS/LEXINGTON CVB; BARREL: COURTESY OF BARTON 1792 DISTILLERY