THE RED-HOT BLUEGRASS OF DELLA MAE
The Escape Artist

ELEPHANT WITH A ROOM

A perfect summer's day on Nantucket.

INTRODUCING

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SOME ISLAND HOLIDAYS CAN be tailor-made. For instance, there is a fun vacation spot for gourmands, ornithologists and with re-creators alike. Maui's got a famous astronomical research facility along with the snorkeling, Prince Edward Island boasts both the Resnet Burbank and the Yukon Gold potato. But other islands are less varied. As you wouldn't go to Big Sur if you discovered of onions, you don't go to Nantucket if you've got an aversion to preppies. If preppiness is enhanced, however, there's no better place to flaunt your whale pants.

Much has been written in the pages of this magazine about the diversions of Nantucket's town center—its cobblestone and art galleries, its well-groomed couples walking even better groomed Labrador retrievers, its 84 pizza slices. There are wine festivals and Christmas Strolls and Figwarts. But an ideal day on Nantucket involves a very specific pleasure: sipping a glass of port on the back porch of the Inn at the White Elephant Village while waiting for your shuttle bus to dinner at Topper's.

Standing in front of the weathered shingled Inn at the White Elephant Village, the casual visitor might assume the 20-unit building dates from the era of小于coast architecture. It dates, in fact, from the era of YOLO hashtags. As a sort of bridge between the White Elephant Hotel and its more palatial residences, the Inn tempts its traditional exterior by offering Vegas-style cabanas by the pool.

TRAVELER'S CHECK

There's nothing wrong with being a tourist. No one is perfect. If you love to travel and appreciate the diverse cultures and landscapes the world has to offer, there's no need to feel guilty. The key is to be respectful and open-minded.

The service at Topper's is top-notch, from the moment you step into the restaurant. The decor is modern and sleek, with a mix of wood and metal. The menu offers a variety of options, from classic American fare to more adventurous dishes.

At Topper's, try the smoked salmon served with a side of bagels, lox and cream cheese. The seafood is fresh and the presentation is beautiful.

PICK YOUR TRUNK

The magic of elegance at the Inn at the White Elephant Village.

A perfect summer's day on Nantucket.

PACK YOUR TRUNK

Tranquil elegance at the Inn at the White Elephant Village.

SHELL GAME

The inn's lobby has an aromatic feel.

In front of the Inn, an outdoor heated pool laps behind a tall, wooden fence, its white cabanas standing in military trim by the deck chairs. But Nantucket is an island for a reason. Next to the hydroponics, a rack of bicycles offers an easy escape from the town and the waves. The beach is a 10-minute walk to the Nantucket Hotel & Resort and heading up the pretty, tree-lined Cliff Road. After a few blocks, the street opens up on a designated bicycle path that leads back up to the ponds andsnappy rentals of the north shore. Sheltered, Family-Friendly Dennis Beach is only three miles out of town, and the Inn will pack you water and towels for the outing.

But a perfect island day demands creature comforts, and the finest butter-poached lobster available to man as at Topper's, the fine-dining jewel in that statement piece of Nantucket hotels, the Wauwinet (on the harbor from the driveway of the White Elephant Hotel).

The staging of the flowers, service and menus give the restaurant a feel of opulence—the crystal here has seen many an anniversary toast. This year the kitchen celebrates its 20th year, and to mark the occasion, cellar master Craig Keenan uncorked the Woody 20, Topper's first proprietary whisky. Aged and bottled by Nantucket's own Triple Eight distillery (best known in Boston for their brewing arm, Cisco), which makes the admirable Whale's Tale Pale Ale, it's a Scotch-style single malt with a complex, fruity nose and a nuanced sweetness evocative of balanced, somewhat delicate whiskies like Glenmorangie or Balvenie. Don’t be put off by the name, for while there’s a hint of oak at the finish, it’s mellower than a whisper. You can order the Woody in a sour or Rob Roy, but be sure to taste it neat, alongside a plate of fresh oysters.

It’s not often that anyone in Massachusetts spends a quarter century making a drink. But that’s a large part of Nantucket’s appeal, where tradition meets 21st-century standards, and the turnaround service reveals Pretis sheets.
The Escape Artist (ANDREW RIMAS)

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A perfect summer’s day on Nantucket.

SOME ISLAND HOLIDAYS can be tailored, Ireland, for instance, is a fun vacation spot for gourmands, ornithologists and hillwalking re-accouterers alike. Maui’s got a famous astronomical research facility along with the snorkeling. Prince Edward Island boasts both the Russet Burbank and the Yukon Gold potato. But other islands are less varied. As you wouldn’t go to Ibiza if you disapproved of things, you don’t go to Nantucket if you’ve got an aversion to preppies. If preppiness is embraced, however, there’s no better place to flaunt your whale pants.

Much has been written in the pages of this magazine about the diversions of Nantucket’s town center—its cobblestones and art galleries, its well-groomed couples walking even better groomed Labrador retrievers, its $4 pizza slices. There are wine festivals and Christmas Strolls and Figwings. But an ideal day on Nantucket involves a very specific pleasure: sipping a glass of port on the back porch of the Inn at the White Elephant Village. Standing in front of the weathered shingles of the Inn at the White Elephant Village, the careless visitor might assume the 20-unit building dates from the era of balloon cottons. It dates, in fact, from the era of YOLO hashtags. As a sort of bridge between the White Elephant Hotel and its more pastoral residences, the Inn tempers its traditional exterior by offering Vegas-style cabanas by the pool. Excess, of course, isn’t the same as luxury. The Inn’s lobby, for instance, is the antithesis of Trumpington. Looking as if it were designed by a mermaid with a taste for eco-em, it’s a tranquil space of wainscoting and white-wash, textured with soft uphol-stery and brittle tides. It’s also where you run into a homemade cookie or a nibble of cheese before appraising the stuffed elephants in the gift shop. This sense of muted swank carries into the guestrooms, which are determinedly beige. True, you’ll see scallop shell whites and the odd glimmer of redwood, but the nattiest velvets, wools, leathers and linens blend into a plush neutrality. Rain showers, deep tubs and recurring flat screen televisions further pad out the understated comfort.

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Shell Game: The Inn’s lobby has an aquatic feel.

In front of the Inn, an outdoor heated pool laps behind a tall, wooden fence, its white cabanas standing in military trim by the deck chairs. But Nantucket is an island for a reason. Next to the hydrangeas, a rack of bicycles offers an easy means to escape the town and explore the beaches. Take the Easton Street exit from the property, turning left past the Nantucket Hotel & Resort and heading up the pretty, tree-lined Cliff Road. After a few blocks, the vistas open up on a designated bicycle path that leads west to the ponds and summer rentals of the north shore. Sheltered, family-friendly Dinasia Beach is only three miles out of town, and the Inn will pack you water and towels for the outing.

But a perfect island day demands crustaceans, and the finest butter-poached lobster available to man is at Topper’s, the fine-dining jewel in that statement piece of Nantucket hotels, the Wauwinet (top on the shuttle from the driveway of the White Elephant Hotel). The staging of the flowers, service and sunsets give the restaurant a feel of...