

Clarks Restaurant is worth the drive

By Matthew N. Wells
The Daily World



Matthew N. Wells / The Daily World Come for the cheeseburger and fries. Stay for the milkshake, which is made with homemade ice cream. This 24-ounce chocolate milkshake is worth the price of admission at Clarks Restaurant.

lenged me to get something else since they had so many flavors — such as pineapple, peach, raspberry, etc. ... I stuck with my original choice, since chocolate is my favorite.

The milkshake, made with homemade ice cream, thoroughly impressed me.

“That is a really good milkshake,” I thought to myself. In fact, it’s one of the best milkshakes I’ve ever had. Still sipping on it a couple hours later as I wrote this column, I had no regret getting the 24-ounce size.

The fact a milkshake is so delicious at a restaurant that’s known for its burgers is a great thing, because not everybody likes a burger. My mom is someone who doesn’t really care for a burger, not even a great one. But, a good milkshake, combined with hot, freshly made, hand-cut French fries, will probably get her there. And then Clarks also has a massive menu with more choices. The website touts the BLT as another great option.

I ordered a bacon cheeseburger. While it silenced my hunger pangs, it left me wanting more. Perhaps I should have gotten a second patty.

But that got me thinking of a joke I love. It’s one my family loves, too.

The comedian goes to the doctor’s office for a checkup. The doctor notes all of the particulars and asks the comedian about his diet.

Then the doctor asks if the comedian eats until he’s full. The comedian looks at him, confused, and goes “No I eat until I hate myself.”

We’ve all gotten to that point where the meal is so good, you have to have one more bite, and then one more. And then you go past your limit.

But thankfully, on this trip, I had enough where my stomach was happy and I was able to comfortably drive home.

That said, I will be back. My milkshake’s almost out.

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Make Clarks Restaurant your next dining experience.

The restaurant, an establishment in Artichoke, takes you through a winding, hilly U.S. Highway 101 south on the road to Raymond. On the way you’re treated to quick glances of The Evergreen State’s finest as trees line the terrain beyond the highway. But keep track of your speed as there are several areas with signs warning you of the curves ahead.

But once you’ve arrived safely at Clarks, which sort of pops up on your left, be prepared to feast. Hopefully you have room.

On Tuesday, my hunger pangs had made their presence known. The last few days I was down for the count with heavy coughing and all of the wonderful stuff that comes with that, plus headaches, fatigue and a lack of an appetite.

With some of that in the past, a place like Clarks was something I felt I needed to experience. My boss Michael had told me Clarks had great burgers, fries and milkshakes. Expectations raised.

When I sat down on one of the swivel stools at the front counter, next to the giant menu, Bryanne, who served me, asked if I was the guy from *The Daily World* who called about trying the place. The people behind me heard us and chimed in. They lauded the restaurant for its food and how many times they come to eat.

“We come here once, sometimes twice a week,” a woman at the table said to me.

It’s clear they love Clarks. They raised my expectations even higher.

And then I ordered the chocolate milkshake. Bryanne playfully chal-