

100 Bars in 100 Days

Hops MacBarley's 2012 Key West Bar Boondoggle
"The Peace, Love, and I.P.A. Tour"

BAR 40:

Vito's Piazza

www.vitoskeywest.com

1019 White Street

Wednesday 8/29, 7:00 pm

Palm Speciale (draft) \$5.00

More virgin turf. I had run past this place many, many times when it was whatever it was, and quite a few times still since it re-opened as Vito's.

It was the van that first caught my eye.

They have a white van that is often parked in their lot. It has one very cool vehicle graphic, and, being kind of in the vehicle graphic business, I have a new appreciation for such things. We didn't do this digital vinyl print, but I wish we had.



It's a white van, and the graphic on the large blank driver's side shows a window, with Vito leaning out, offering an Italian Ice. I tell ya, at first glance, it looks damn real. There is no window, see, it just... ahh, never mind.

So, yeah, as I ran by, I'd make a mental note that there was a new bar in there, but by the time I looped back to The Shanty, I must've sweated that idea out onto the sidewalk somewhere, because I wouldn't think it again until I was running by it the next time.

It wasn't until Brian B showed up at IDs for the Pats pre-season opener, raving about the newest bar near his abode that it finally dug a trench in my mind.

The first thing he raved about was Palm Speciale, a Belgian brew of fine ABV (5.4% -- potent enough without being numbing), that they had on tap. He also raved about the price. Just \$3.00! All day long! They got a freakin' Happy Hour that goes for *seven freakin' hours!! EVERY DAY!!* Man, he was



worked up. His four Palms in short succession there might have had something to do with that.

Well, that was enough to sell me on a Tour Stop here, and soon. As it happened, I accidentally intercepted Jacko at the White/Truman traffic light and talked him into it. It took about a second. He offered no resistance. Freaking house of cards. There was no denying me this day, anyway, and I think he could tell that, so he just hopped on the Hops train.

Jacko and I pedaled thither, locked up out front and entered the outdoor bar and patio on the side. The main building looked very restaurant-ish to us, and, though I'm sure their food is grand, we were after the bar experience.



We chose two bars stools, and before we could even greet the barkeep, I noticed the smashed roof in back. The bar we were seated at was unscathed -- have you ever heard on anything being *scathed*? -- but TS Isaac had uprooted a Royal Poinciana and spiked it through the roof of the small covered area at the back of the patio. Crunched it up real good too.



The staff was still dealing with the clean-up. While we sat at the bar, I heard the sound of a chainsaw starting up.

Ever see 'Scarface'? I asked John, the barkeep.

He laughed, *And I suppose the sound of a wood chipper would remind you of...*

'Fargo!' Yes!

John was a good egg. Probably still is. Anyone who would wear a shirt like that has to

be. It had all the colors of the rainbow, but was not a rainbow shirt. Within each vertical stripe were tiki heads and Easter Island heads. Lots of `em. It was quite a sight.

On Brian B's recommendation, I went with the Palm Speciale. It was on tap, and it arrived in a special little snifter. Nice touch. Smooth and tasty brew too! No, I didn't steal the glass. If I hadn't been on my bike, though, that puppy woulda been mine.

So, John filled us in on the Special Daytime Prices. The phrase *Happy Hour* seems inadequate. Vito's opens at 11:30, and the SDPs start then. They chop 40% off their menu prices on drinks, appetizers, *and* personal pizzas. And that runs till 6:00! Hot damn, Sam. And this happens seven days a week. That's pretty much every day!

And what time did Jacko and I get there? 7:00. Nice job, Hopster. A place has 6½ hours of Happy Hour and you miss it.

