

100 Bars in 100 Days

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

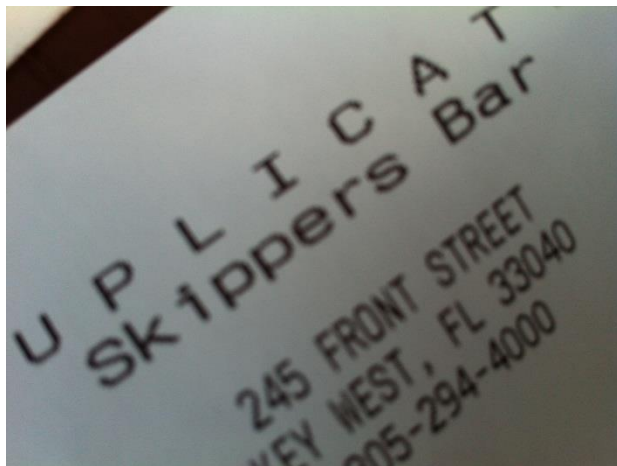
BAR 77:

Skippers Bar (Bistro, Westin Hotel)
246 Front Street
Thursday 10/4, 7:00 pm

Sam Adams Boston Lager (Bottle)
\$5.64

There isn't much to say about Skippers, not because it's not a wonderful place – it just may be – but because I stayed for maybe ten minutes at a time when absolutely nothing was going on.

Prior to actually scoring this visit, if anyone had asked me how to get to Skippers, I would have had to tell them "Go to the light and turn green" or some other nonsense reply because I never heard of such a bar in KW. I knew about the Westin, of course (I used to barkeep at the Westin Resort in Hilton Head, SC), and I could have told you that their outdoor patio dining area overlooking the Gulf and Mallory Square, was called the Bistro. But little did I know that the bar within the Bistro area had a name of its own: Skippers.



And, apparently, it is the plural of skipper, not the possessive. So, it is a bar for skippers – ship's captains, as any Gilligan's Island fan knows -- to hang out in, but it is not owned by some jamoke named Skipper.

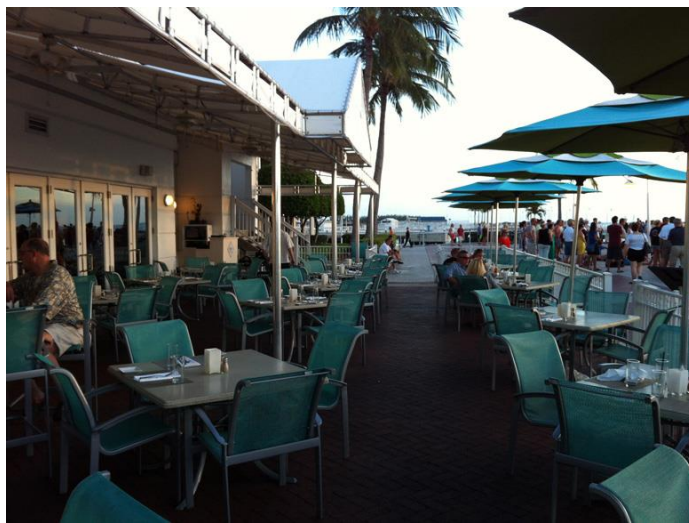
The odd thing was that there probably should have been something going on. Sunset was twenty minutes away, and this is a sunset-facing bar. Having no customers except me and two tourists down the other end wasn't all that odd, though. What did have me scratching me gulliver, my droogies,

was the fact that the bar seemed to be in set-up mode. What seaside bar in KW opens at 7:00 pm?

Two barback-ish guys were doing stocking and such -- bottled beer, napkins, straws, fruit -- your typical start-of-shift shit. Neither seemed to be the barkeep. They wore back-of-the-house kind of t-shirts that looked like that had been sweated in pretty good, not the clean and crisp sport shirt that I would expect of Westin attire.



But they were nice guys, and one of them did get me a beer. The bottle was cold, and the glass was frosty, so no complaints. Annnnd, Skippers took over the claim to the most comfortable bar seats of the PLIPAT. [Prior leader was, hmm, probably The Grand.] These things were sweeeeet. Similar to the mesh seats at Shores Bar, both in shape and material, but soooo much more cushy.



To look at the sunset from Skippers, you have to look across the wide patio and past the Cat Dude. There is this funky French-looking guy who does an act with cats just about every day. It's pretty elaborate too, with various hoops and climby things for the cats to do their stuff on, and he might be the only performer to use a wireless mike. Most guys just bellow out, but he's not that robust, so he talks in his accent

and laughs this weird tittery laugh that tends to get me laughing (at him).

But this day was not a bang-up day for him either. Only a few people stood near his set-up, and not many were along the railing. Today had been sunny early, but turned thickly cloudy. The sun was making a late rally and rewarding those optimists who made the effort, but most people had already put their Plan B's into action. Hence, the scene was a bit of a yawner.

Sunset is not sure-fire. It goes down every day, sure, but while some will blaze and flash and glow and stir your soul, others dud out and detour you to a bar instead.

I was doing both. Yet it felt like I was doing nothing. Good deal.

