

Bar Hoppin' With Hops
The Second Century Tour
Hops MacBarley's Summer 2013
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar 113:

Roof Top Cafe

308 Front Street

www.rooftopcafekeywest.com

Tuesday, 11 June 2013, 7:30 PM

Samuel Adams (draft) \$5.50

From 308 Front to 308 Front, but up the stairs. No surprise, really, given the name. I have a vague notion that I was here once before, but it was long ago and brief. I'm pretty sure I did a job application here waaaay back in my 1993-94 van-gabonding winter.



Roof Top has been here for 30 years, and it is one sweet place. Tall, peaked ceilings in the main room, windows top to bottom, white wooden beams, frond fans, cool suspended lights, and a round bar in the center. And it was to that round bar that we were drawn.



B&J knew they had eaten here shortly after they moved, and they even remembered what they had: breakfast. Our barkeep, a pleasant young woman, kindly informed them that RTC no longer serves that most important meal of the day, choosing to focus on the less vital, but more profitable, dinner hour.

Initially, I declined a glass for my bottle of Samuel, but when I saw the tall, thin, frosted, pilsner glass that she served with Brian's Coors Light, I changed my mind. I love drinking out of that kind of glass! I'm not a slow drinker anyway, but that lanky tube just seems to propel the delicious brew down my eager gullet. Yum, yum, gulp, gulp, and all that.



I'd like to remember our barkeep's name because she was so friendly and nice, but I don't. B&J seem to bring out the friendly and nice in people, just a knack of theirs. I give a smile and I get a grunt; they give a smile and they get bff's. Maybe I should try using that deodorant stuff that people always seem to mention.

Man, this place is nice. There were not many customers at this particular hour. Well, maybe 20-25, but spread out so far that everyone had the privacy feel of their own room, and the whole place seemed quiet and serene. A family of five had the corner table under the big windows. Two couples chuckled over some wine in the northern wing (over

Agave). A four and a six held domain over opposing ends of the outside balcony. And we, of course, ruled the roost at the bar.

My Sam was cold. I like it cold. Maybe that's why I tend to drink it fast. If it's in a bottle or can, I can koozie it. I've even koozied the standard bar "pint glasses" -- which, if you haven't figured it out, are 12-ounce glasses with room for some head. Get a true pint glass sometime and you'll marvel at the difference.

Jan was still enjoying her yum tequila drink, and Brian seemed equally pleased with his chilled glass of CL. He always gets a bottle and a chilled glass to pour it into. The regular barkeeps around town know that the bottle is only half the order. I don't know if I've ever seen him drink a draft Coors Light. When I first met him, though, he was a Blue Moon drinker. Now, he only has one of those once in ... haha, I won't say it.

'Twas a gorgeous night to be up here among the tree branches. The sun was gettin' purdy dang low over there behind the Aquarium, and the very



rare low-humidity air had everything glowing and sparkling. The convo was good, and the atmosphere was chill and contented.

The only thing they lacked was Happy Hour, which was still -- just barely -- going on at the Gecko. We adjourned thither to sneak in a final 241, watch our beloved (and reborn) Sox, and dig a little Robyn & James music. Roof Top was really nice, but it is, after all, a restaurant with a bar, and it was time for us to hit a bar with a bar.

