

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #139:

The Church Bar

618 Duval Street
Thursday, 4 July, 10:00 PM

Key West Sunset Ale (draft) \$4.50

Fresh from the fireworks, I reconvened with B&J to hit up a place that, to be honest, we had very little enthusiasm for. We had been here for their premier during the Off-Tour season, and found it to be pretty lame.



It had been their opening night, and Raggz had tipped off B&J about it. We got there kind of early "to beat the crowd" only to find out that we *were* the crowd. The draft beer was on the house at the time, and I got the very first KWSA draft in Church Bar history. I did the right thing and tipped Matthew a buck. It was their very first dollar. I felt significant. No, not *for the first time in my life*. Screw thou.



So, we knew what we getting into when we made our return. This, of course, was once part of the Cowboy Bill's complex. When it shut down -- that picky detail about three months' rent -- Raggz was one of a few ambitious people who claimed different segments of it and tried to make them go as independent bars. Six Shooter Saloon (#126), Fat City (#127), and Rose Tattoo (unhopped so far) were the other three. This was an absolute boon for padding the Hop stats, but I'm not so sure it was working out very well for those people.

Church Bar didn't even have its own entrance. It was surrounded by other bars. To go to Church, you had to either walk through Rosé Tattoo from Duval, or walk through Fat City from Angela, or come through Six

Shooter from the alley. How good is it for your biznizz when your customers have to walk *through your competitor* to reach you??

I do like the shirts, though. Jet black (are jets black?) with an elaborate font, a sharp archway, and a sexy angel. You see the shirt and you'd think, *Hey, that looks like a cool place, let's check it out.*

But then you'd get there. The entrance is barely marked by a small, lame, sign over the door. Inside, they had put up a few more decorations since their soft opening: a bit of stained glass, a few framed 8x10's of cathedrals, some votive candles here and there, and signs pointing to Nuns and Priests restrooms. But, with all those big TV screens, it just looked like a dark sports bar. And then there was that gold stripper pole smack dab in the middle of the room...



We weren't the whole crowd this time, but we were about a third of it. Our young, dark-haired, female barkeep wasn't helping the situation, either.



She absolutely did not give a shit about anything. She had this roly-eyes, *whateverrrr*, New Jersey attitude about her.

I don't think I blame her. She certainly wasn't making any money here, and she got stuck working the holiday. If she cracked the \$20 barrier for the night, I'd be surprised.

What a downer this place was. Surely, there were better places to be. We consummated the Hop by procuring a beer, bottoming up in short order, and getting the hell out.

What? You never left church early??