

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

Bar #178:

**Cowboy Bill's Sports Bar**  
618 Duval Street  
Tuesday, 13 August, 9:00 PM

*Yuengling (draft) \$0*

Yeah, you read that right. Back at good ol' number 618. Getting to be an irksome habit. But they just keep opening "new" bars, so what's a hopper to do? Ya gotta hop 'em, ya know?

Here's the litany:

- #8 - Cowboy Bill's Honky Tonk Saloon
- #126 - Six Shooter Saloon
- #127 - Fat City Monroe Parish
- #139 - Church Bar
- #140 - Rose Tattoo

And tonight makes six. *Annnnd* Fat City has re-opened under a new name. It's ripe for the Hopping. But not tonight.

So hey, so hey, this was the, ahem, Grand Opening. OK, if you say so. For



B&J & I there were no opening night butterflies -- more like moths -- as we walked down that bland white alleyway into the very familiar bar area. There was one aspect of the evening that could be called "grand", though: *free draft beer for two hours.*

What was briefly Six Shooter Saloon was 99.9% unchanged. I



think a light bulb might have been swapped out. No surprise, really, since SSS was a 99.9% carryover of the original CBHTS. So, I decided that this part of the Hop wouldn't even count.

It could have; there was justification for it. Back on Hop #8, lo, so many moons ago, I combined that big empty front bar with the backyard hootenanny area and called them 8 and 8A. Well, I was a young buck, new to this Hopper's lifestyle, and gave in to the bleating of a co-worker who accused me of cheating if I scored them separately. At the time, I acquiesced. Now, though, screw you! My Tour(s), my rules. So, I *could* claim owesies on this one, but I'll let the Six Shooter Hop suffice.



We did hang here for about four beers, though. WTF, free beer, dear. *Annnnd*, there was track on TV. That's pretty damn rare, so I had to settle in for it. It was ESPN's *30-for-30* presentation of the fiasco in the 1984 Olympics involving USA distance darling Mary Decker and the barefooted South African wunderkind Zola Budd. You remember that. Very compelling video, even knowing so well what was about to happen.

Once that was over though, we were very much over too, so we moved on to the real Hop. All of that had been mere prelude. Up the steps, through the glass-paned doors and into the former Church Bar, now nominally designated Cowboy Bill's Sports Bar.

Once again, not much had changed. The restroom signs, framed cathedral photos, and that little bit of stained glass were gone (and good riddance to them all), but the array of huge TV's that dominates the room was its same dominant self. However, that's what should dominate a sports bar, right? There were pool tables out there and some skee ball over here. Freakin' skee freakin' ball. I love that word: skee. *Skeeeeeeeeeeee*. And, of course, the big gold stripper poles on the long tall center counter.

The drafts were still free, so we pulled up three bar seats and resumed our self-appointed task of drinking as much of Cowboy Bill's beer as we could.

The place was quite busy -- free beer will do that -- and the help was steppin' lively to keep up. After only a few minutes, we noticed the familiar figure of Tammy crossing the room. Heyyyyyy, Tamamma! We chitted a little chat with the crazy twitch, but she had shit to do, so she went zooming off.

A little bit after that, Dawn, one of our favorite barkeeps at the demised Bobalu's on Southard Street, came in with a friend and sat next to us. We



shot some breeze with her for a bit. That really made me barsick for Bobalu's. Sunday afternoon Happy Hour after a hot summer swim at Fort Zack was part of the routine for a good while, and Dawn was always on. Ah well.

At one point, a little lady came up to me and complimented me on my shirt. It was the Oberon Ale shirt that I made, with the tie-dye sun. She owned a shop on Lazy Way, over by Schooner Wharf, and I was half expecting her to hit me up to make some similar ones for her to sell. I wouldn't have done it, though; I was too busy drinking.

CB's Sports Bar looks like it would be a pretty good place to take in some big games. I wondered how many people would be coming here for football, or for March Madness, or -- what the heck -- for curling. They have some tough competition one block down with Jack Flats. I gotta think that's where I'll be choosing -- unless that free beer option opens back up here, or if this place does another flip. I am not ruling out that possibility. If it does, we will be here to Hop it.