

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

Bar 197:

**Wine Galley (Pier House)**

1 Duval Street

[www.pierhousekeywest.com](http://www.pierhousekeywest.com)

Wednesday, 18 September, 6:30 PM

*Red Stripe (bottle) \$4.50*

As I've said before, this is a *bar* tour, not a *beer* tour. Hence, hopping a wine bar makes total sense. It's not going to happen very often -- I'm not going to become Stomp McGrapes -- but I'm not missing out on a bar just because they feature wine. I was confident that there would be beer there as well.



I was a few minutes late for my appointed rendezvous with B&J and Big Dog. They were all comfortably into the first round by the time I came in, sporting the new hat that I had purchased in an inebriated impulse buy on River Street in Savannah. I don't wear it much; I liked it better when I was drunk than I did once I sobered up.



Jan was looking forward to this Hop a little more than the rest of us; she's the team's wine enthusiast. She had her glass of white wine, while Brian and Dog were working on bottles of beer. They were easy to find in the crowd because they *were* the crowd.

It's a good sized place, with plenty of room for four-top tables in the open-room area, with leather (or vinyl) cushioned benches along the walls, and about a dozen seats between the bar and the narrow window ledge. You could probably fit 40-plus in here. Very nice for a private function, I would think. And that's what we were having, a



private function for the four of us. The bottles of beer and one glass of vino -- so much for that *wine* bar thing.

This was the third of the three Pier House bars: Chart Room was #68, and the Beach Bar was #138. Pretty good spacing.

This was my first time here. That should come

as no surprise. Wine bar, expensive hotel, yeah, just not how I typically roll. But that's the appeal of the *PLIPAT* and the *SCT*: breaking out of the deep ruts of conformity and finding new seas to sail, even if you know you'll never sail them again. I'm not saying that I'll never come here again -- maybe I'll be invited to some special party here or something -- but it's not going become part of The Rotation.

Our barkeep was Eric. Maybe he was glad to have us in the house, to help pass the time and drop some coin in his coffer, but maybe he would have been happier having the place to himself. I don't recall seeing a TV, though, and I had trouble getting an Internet connection on my phone, so maybe he would have had nothing but nothing to do anyway, except the usual fall-back-on task, cleaning.

I took a walkaround with the camera and snipped a few snaps. None of them will win any prizes. For some reason the mirrored panels on the support post in the middle of the open area caught my fancy. I don't know why I liked it so much. Most designers would have left the wooden panels. With the mirrors, I had the fleeting impression that I was looking into or through the post into some other room. The picture doesn't do it justice. OK, yah, maybe that Yuengling I had at Dons' Place was spiked.

We got ready to depart -- another new bar beckoned -- so Brian asked Eric to print up his check as he headed off to the head. When he came back, Jan was staring at the slip of paper. Brian took it from her and that tab must have been set on Stun, because he sure looked stunned. The \$4.25 for each of his two Coors Lights might have been enough to stun him, but the price of the one glass of William Hill -- \$32.00 -- floored him.

Eric had gone in back, so we had to wait a few for him to return so we could



question him on how the house white could possibly cost so much.

He gave an embarrassed yeeeeesh look, apologized for accidentally entering the bottle price rather than the glass price, and fixed it straightaway.

Content that we had squeezed all the excitement that was there to be squeezed, we bid Eric and his, ahem,

honest mistake farewell, and hopped off towards Duval.