

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep On Hoppin' Tour
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar 210:

9 1 5

915 Duval Street

Saturday, 6 March, 8:00 PM

Full Sail IPA (bottle) \$6.00

Here's another bar that should probably been hopped long before. The upstairs bar -- Point 5 (Hop #72) -- was one of the best discoveries of 2012's *Peace, Love & IPA Tour*. Trouble was, I just assumed, for no particular reason, that Point 5 was the only bar on the property.

It would be mighty dumb, though, for a busy restaurant to make all the servers go up a steep flight of stairs to get all their cocktails, and even dumber to have them try to carry trayful after trayful down without spilling, falling, crashing, etc. So my assumption was dumb. Oh well, not the first time. Nor the last.



So, a month or so ago, I was in the mood for a Point 5 pizza, and as I walked towards the stairs, I looked through the ground floor window. *Ho, ho, wait a tick! That's a **bar** in there!* How the hell did I never even **look** in that room before?? Duhhhh.

Hence, now, here we were, ready for the overdue Hop. We wanted to do it but not overdo it. You should never overdo the overdue. (Long way to go for a dumbass quip.)

The "we" this time was B&J, Big Dog, and yours hoply. The larger entourage proved significant when we squeezed into the crowded bar room and sought seats. I'm not

a little guy, but I feel downright slight when flanked by Brian and the Dog. I can't even imagine how Jan feels. (Soft and warm, probably. Har har.)

Tables were available, but we scorn tables -- it's a *bar* tour. They were tiny two-tops anyway, hardly suitable for our foursome.



As it happened, one couple at the bar was just departing and another volunteered to move over so the four of us could fit. There were only about seven or eight stools at this little bar anyway. I think one or two may have been borrowed away from the tables, because this was really a squeeze. The stools all had padding on the bottom of their legs, so there was no scrape as we moved them around on the wooden floor. Nice.

Remember Chewbacca from *Star Wars*? I think they made his voice by dragging a backless bar stool across a wooden or hard tile floor. Try it sometime and see what you think.

So, uh, yeah. The woman barkeep was Prime Time busy. Go figure -- 8:00 on a Saturday night. She had to attend to the drink orders from all the servers, so we had a bit of a wait. One of the servers, though, brought us all tall glasses of ice water. That's a nice touch if you're going to dine, but it's not all that necessary before a cocktail. Maybe they are not accustomed to having customers who are only here to drink.

I did eat here once, about a six years ago, chowing down a goodly hunk of sirloin, easily using up a \$30 gift certificate. I told you all about that in the hopper on Point 5. It was a *really* good steak, but the fries -- in their funky silver coil -- stole the show.

The barkeep finally caught up with the diners' demands and worked her way down the bar. When our turn came, I ordered a Full Sail IPA, which I don't recall having before. I know, *I know*, you'll all clamoring about the Full Sail that I downed



at Lush Bar (#175), and I applaud your sharp recall. However, that was Full Sail *Amber Ale*; this was Full Sale *India Pale Ale*. TOTALLY different brew, Lou. And, as you can tell by the photo, it was delicious.



It also came with one of those tall thin pilsner glasses that I love so much. Man, I dig quaffing a beer out of those things. Just like a funnel to pour it right down my gullet.

Nobody seemed to want to sit at the tables, except some five-year-old boy. He seemed unattended, and nobody appeared concerned about him. He was just sittin' there in the corner. He got up at one point, and kind of slyly slipped into the next room, but he was back the next time I looked around. I'm not sure how he even got up onto the stool. It's a pretty good climb for a little shaver like him.

After a while, though, his dad (I'm surmising) stepped through the doorway and evinced mock surprise at discovering the kid who had so cleverly eluded his search for so long. The kid was all proud of himself.

Other than that, there was not much entertainment here. Servers rushed back and forth, carrying food and drinks. This place stays busy late, so these folks had a good few hours of hustle ahead of them. Hey, that's how you make your cash in this biz, though, so good on ya.