

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #292:

Waterfront Brewery Rooftop Bar

201 William Street

Saturday, 17 March 2018, 4:20 pm

Lazy Way IPA (draft) \$3.00

Waterfront Brewery (#254) put their roof to good use, adding topside bar and lounge area. With the overview of the harbor, it's a great spot. There are flat awnings stretched overhead to provide some shade, but quite a bit of it is still sun-soaked.



B&J and I had tried to hop the roof the previous night, but a slim young server dude at the base of the stairs politely denied us access, informing us that the upper level was open only for special functions. We just as politely complied and set our sights on this, the St. Patrick's Day Party.

Ahhhh, St. Patty's Day. For four years, more than four decades ago, I was a barback at an Irish bar just outside Boston, and SPD was every bit as crazy as you'd expect it to be. It was a 12-hour shift of non-stop chaos. We broke open a dozen fresh cases of beer mugs and still ran out before supper. Both bar areas were packed shoulder-to-shoulder with drunks, bellowing drunken bellows and trying to dance drunken jigs. If you were in the crowd, it must've been fun as all get-out.

BUT, if you were trying to navigate through the crowd carrying racks of dripping hot, just-washed glassware, or big buckets of ice, or – worst of all – a fresh 155-pound keg of beer, the fun level was purdy dang low. It was, however, a monster payday. I got tipped out by twenty servers and eight bartenders, and I ended up going home with more cash than any of them. It was nearly a month's worth of tips in that one exhausting day.

But the WB Rooftop was nowhere near that crazy. Actually, it was not crazy at all. It was, though, *really* pleasant. The day was spec-freaking-tacular. Brilliantly sunny, with not a cloud to be seen, and unseasonably warm temps topping 80 degrees (27 C), it was Chamber of Commerce weather. Shade



would have been our preference, but apparently we were not alone in that vein because every shaded spot was taken and zealously guarded. No worries, though, really. You shouldn't live on a tropical island if you're looking to hide from the sun all the time.



We procured our bevs from the rectangular yellow-topped bar and set up camp along the rail overlooking the hahbah. The breeze was nice, and we were totally digging the view.

The place was done up with various green decorations, as befitted the occasion, but otherwise, there wasn't any particular Irish flair to anything.

There was a solo female singer on stage beside us, plucking away on her guitar and singing typical American songs. She was of interest, though, partly because of her footwear. Beige, pointy-toed, cowboy boots with v-cut tops, they were rock star boots, for sure. I don't recall her name, but she was no shrinking violet. She was also peddling purple (maybe they were violet?) t-shirts that bore a rendering of the USA flag in the shape of an eagle, along with the words, "Stand Up For The Flag." No doubt about her stance on that issue. We liked her.





The rooftop was proving to be quite the nice venue. It's easy to understand why its use is limited, though. It would be scorching up here in midsummer, and a windy January evening would be no bargain either. It must take a lot of extra work to get the bar stocked and opened up, and the tables and seats all in order, especially when you have a very large facility that you want to keep full and is all ready to rock downstairs.

We could have hung out on that rail for a good while, but we did have plans for the day. There is sometimes some organization to this barhopping thing, you know. We believed that our planned next Hop, BC2, would be closing at 5:00, and we didn't want to miss it. Things would not go as planned there, though, and we ended up regretting having left the Roof. So it goes, Rose.

