

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #295:

TBD

423 Caroline Street

Sunday, 29 April 2018, 6:30 pm

Yuengling (tall can) \$6??

TBD, to me, stands for "To Be Determined." I suppose it could also stand for "The Back Door," or "Totally Blind Drunk," or "Take Better Drugs," or even "Tremendously Big Dic...tionary." I guess the bar owners leave it up to you to provide your own name for it.



It *could* accurately stand for "Tonight's Barkeep is Debbie" because, yes, it was indeed The Deb doling out the drinks. Deb and I go way back, almost to my arrival in KW. It had to do with running, but we'll skip the details cuz nobody wants to hear about running. For years, Deb was most often seen with twin sis Tina. Most people, I'm sure, couldn't tell the two lovely young ladies apart. Quite a pair they made. But Tina did that marrying thing and stretched the bond a bit. I maintain that this would have been a good case for polygamy. I mean, if you love one twin, why can't you love both? Maybe Deb wouldn't feel that way, though, so I won't push it.



TBD had not been open very long – maybe a few weeks is about all – and the word was that they would not be open much longer. The funny part was that it would intentional. I still don't really get it, but they opened so they could kind of establish something, even though they weren't ready to open everything that

they planned on having. There will be an area out back, for instance, that was in the making, but it will be a good while yet before it can be done, due to this or that, maybe both.

I heard that when Viva Saloon (#225) reopened after so many years, the issue was forced by some aspect of their liquor license. If they didn't open by a certain date, it would be voided. Use it or lose it. So they took down the planks that blocked the windows and doors and let the public in, even though they were far from completed. Perhaps that was what was up here.



It had not been long since we had been in this building. Last October – during Fantasy Fest, as you surely recall – the three of us followed Double-A's lead into Havana Club (#273), which, itself, was fairly new.

Not a lot has changed in the main room of what is now TBD. It still has a back wall that is excellently dominated by bricks. That such a good look, doncha think?



The outside, though, looks much nicer: cool awning, and colorful little tables and chairs outside the white porch railing. The real plus, though is the side room. Very nice décor. Stylish furniture, tropical plants, pineapple lights, all Deb's doing. Probably gonna look dang spiffy when it's all done.

And I made note of the fact that one of the features now, along with the usual "Cocktails" and "Billiards" as posted on the hanging signs out front, was "Tomfoolery"! Well, who couldn't use a little of that, hm?

The three of us arrived and doubled the size of the crowd. Three guys were comfortably hunched over the bar rail, two them lost in their phones, one chatting with the barkeep. Deb broke off from him to give us a rousing hello. I insisted on a hug and she came out from behind the bar to share



one. She was very visually dressed in a flannel shirt – not the most common attire in the Southernmost City, especially on the brink of May – and had a mellow mood to match. We settled onto three bar seats and into conversation. Deb filled us in on how things were progressing both here and in here current venture in landscape design.

As we chatted, I took note of the lights overhead. Damn funky fixtures they were. Bulbs pointed every which way but up, and it looked like big round purplish ones were up there ready for action too.

My beer of choice for this Hop was Yuengling. Yuengling is good for mingling. Kinda gets you tingling. If you played baseball, you might be singling in a run. If you were at the circus, you might ringling, brother. And, even better, it was in the BIG can, a good thirst-quenching 16 ounces of America’s oldest beer. It didn’t taste all the old. Seemed pretty fresh to me.



After a while, the time came to be moseying on, so we bid Deb a good night and commenced to moseyin’.

