

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #298:

General Horseplay

423 Caroline Street
Saturday, 4 August 201, 9:00 pm.
Founders IPA \$6

This could almost be called "TBD, Chapter 2." But it's not. It is a Hop unto itself, standing proud and tall - OK, maybe not tall - and eager to be counted as a Key West Bar. Well, General Horseplay, Consider yourself counted as #298. Or, at least, you would be as soon as I get my beer.



B&J accompanied me here, though with a strange reluctance. We had just been at The Porch (#1), visiting with Scotty, and were angling for Smokin' Tuna (#33) to visit with Carolyn and Erin and Carl and the Buzz, when I steered us thisaway. It was just a minor deviation from our current course, and my Hop Sense was tingling too much to ignore.

I had to bribe B with a beer to get him to agree to the Hop, which was a little odd, but, what the heck, I'd probably have bought him one at some point anyway. There was some inkling that Robyn might be tending, but then again maybe not, or maybe even probably not. But at this point, to me, it was Hop On. I didn't care if Vladdy Putin was working the bar, this Hop was hop-pening.

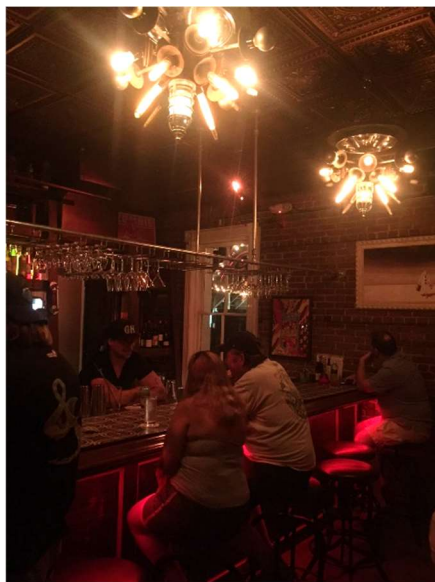
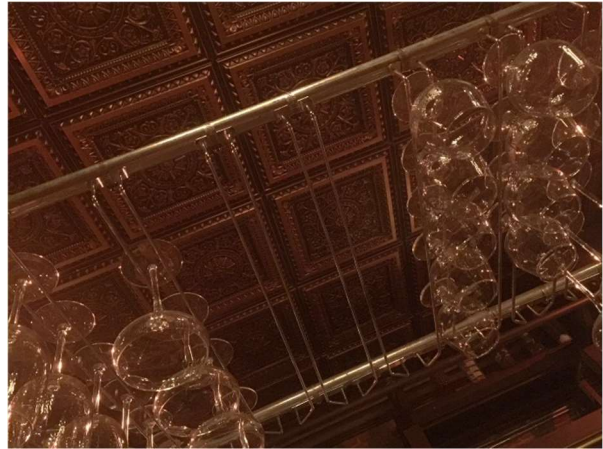


This room had been hopped as TBD (#295) just a few weeks ago. We knew then that the transition was imminent, so I didn't expect there would be a whole lotta changes in here. But there were some noteworthy ones. First of all, the entrance was now through the side alley, rather than the front door. The pool table still takes up most of the front space, and there is still seating in the alley, though I think that area is a work

in progress. There are some tall tables out there and a big TV on the wall, but the way-back was brightly lit, leading me to think that someone was still working on something back there.

Inside, it was clear that the bar itself had been upgraded. A really nice overhead glass rack had been added, and the angled bar was now straight.

There were about ten other patrons here, clustered and mostly standing around one of the tall two-top tables in the middle of the room. We were bar-bound, of course, and took three mid-bar stools. They are the backless, padded style. Nice. Who doesn't enjoy a little padding under the posterior, eh? The bar seemed a little taller this time. I usually lean down a little to rest my arms on the bar, but I flat tad more straight-backed now.



The barkeep was neither Robyn nor Vladdy, but she did look familiar, as many KW keepers do, and she was all smiles as she waited on us. The beer variety looked fine to me, and I procured a Founder's Day All Day IPA. Brian's brew of choice, Coors Light, was not on the list, so he dialed up Plan B and opted for a Mich Ultra. So, though it wasn't his fave, at least he wasn't forking over any money for it.

I noticed a bowl of fruit on the bar, along with a few glasses of leafy greens. The greens made some sense as Bloody Mary garnishes, and maybe for Mojitos, but you don't often see bananas on a bar. Jan explained that the bearded and hatted barkeep -- named Sam, I think -- had some schooling in advanced and exotic mixology, and if you wanted a flaming banana chocolate Daiquiri, he would be allllll over it. Maybe next time I'll have to check him out.

Jan tells me that the restrooms have been redone. That's good; I can vouch for the fact that the men's room needed a makeover.



We polished off our beers and were fixin' to mosey on. The mid-room gang had drifted over to the pool table and were getting ready to rack 'em up, but that had nothing to do with our move, it's just a little description to augment the closing atmosphere. Hey, better here than in the previous paragraph, yes?

