

100 Bars in 100 Days

Hops MacBarley's 2012 Key West Bar Boondoggle
"The Peace, Love, and I.P.A. Tour"

BAR 9:

Saluté! Ristorante On The Beach

<http://saluteonthebeach.com/>

1000 Atlantic Avenue

Wednesday 7/25, 7:15 pm

Magic Hat Circus Boy Hefenweis (bottle)

Anchor Steam Beer (bottle)

Number nine ... number nine ... number nine... (Always good to start with a Beatles quote.)

This was the first "business" hop of the Tour. T-Dub and I met here after his Wednesday night summer workout, and we hammered and tinkered out a few details about shirts and shorts, schedules and strategies, suds and swims, and even some stuff not starting with S.



I had only been to Saluté! On The Beach (SOTB) once before, and I pretty sure that I sat in the same seat: center stool at the bar. I'm an eat-at-the-bar kinda guy. I can go to the nicest restaurant in the world, and be perfectly fine with chowing down

with my feet on the bar rail. Maybe it's the mindset that I'm there to have a good time as opposed to sitting down for a serious convo, like an interview or a meeting. Ugh.

I don't know if it would feel all that serious here. The atmosphere inside, with the colorful cheery artsy stuff on the walls and bar, and the freaking beach just a few feet away from your table under the awning outside, would keep you from feeling too somber.

That prior visit came about just like the Red Fish Blue Fish one did -- there was a \$25 gift certificate to spend -- and at about the same time. Between the various perks of hotel conciergish things and the occasional prizes in the local road races, such GCs were fairly common. I don't miss much about the check-in-check-out life, but the occasional



free meals and boat rides and such did make it a bit more palatable.

So, I wielded my GC with reckless abandon and ordered the Homemade Lasagna. I did have to wonder, though: did they really cook it home and then bring it to the restaurant? Or did the cook actually live in the kitchen? Had to be one or the other, right?

But, mannnnn, was that lasagna **good!** I mean, a restaurant portion of lasagna is *never* enough for me, but this was close. It was a tad pricey, but I expected that, and it should have been! For the next few years, every time I ran along the bike path that snakes between the beach and SOTB's outdoor dining area, and I saw a server taking an order, I'd call out *Get the lasagna! It's awwwwwesome!* I never hang around to see if they do order it, but it usually gets a smile.



So, while T-Dub and I wrestled with the problems of the universe, our bottles of Magic Hat Circus Boy Hefeweis became empty. How odd. Curious about the phenomenon, we decided to experiment with another flavor: Anchor Steam Beer. I decided to wash it down with some food, but I wasn't ready to go for the zag.

When my garlic bread came out, I did a double take. Expecting a small loaf of Italian bread, I was taken aback by the large flat pieces of fairly ordinary bread came out. They were yum, but they did look a bit strange. I guess that's how you'd make it at home, hmm? But it hit freaking spot with authority. I might have to shout about that now too.

