

## 100 Bars in 100 Days

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

BAR 43:

### **Pineapple Bar, SoMo Hotel**

2922 North Roosevelt Boulevard  
Friday 8/31, 2:00 pm

Swamp Ape IPA (draft) \$5.00

This was a special occasion: The Key West Brew Fest! Florida Beer Company was sponsoring the Friday afternoon Pool Party at the Southernmost Hotel. SoMoHo just redid their big pool a little over a year ago, and it is one choice venue for such an affair.



They used to have a small tiki bar on one end, but that has been replaced by the much grander Pelican Bar. The pool is bigger and better, with some sweet enhancements. The arcing water jets are a really cool touch. You can stand neck deep in the pool and let the propelled tube of water arc down onto your neck for a good soothing massage. There are people in town who would charge you \$90 for the same effect.

My other favorite enhancement couldn't be seen by day. I saw it at the post-race party for the Hemingway Sunset 5K. The lights inside the pool, instead of being plain white, cycle through blue-red-yellow-and-green glows; it's like rainbow tie-dyed water, in slow motion, kinda, if you use your imagination. OK, maybe not tie-dyed, but it's dang cool.



Florida Beer Company was using a *Meet The Locals* slogan and giving out some swag if you bought one of their beers. I had no problem with that; I was primed for a 10% ABV Swamp Ape IPA anyway. The swag was lame, though. No

shirts or hats, and even the koozies were all gone already. The only items left were sunglasses: big black-rimmed ones with blue arms, or white ones with lettering on the lenses. Bah. I took the former, just for the principle of getting *something* out of them.

It wasn't all that important, though. I was there for the pool and the beer, not for the trinkets. Hot sun, cool pool, strong IPA, and FRIDAY AFTERNOON OFF! I felt like I was a tourist, baybee.

I've discovered a new way of lounging in a pool: feet up on ledge, hands behind head. Without the hands behind the head, you just freaking drown, but there must be just enough buoyancy in the arms that the head stays above water. Even on an exhale, the water covers most of my cheeks, but never as far as my nostrils. And if you teach yourself to exhale incompletely, you can even go snoozy for a bit.



Which is what I did. The tunes were reggae, the deep end of the pool was lightly inhabited, and I was unnnnwounnnnd. Somebody jumped in near me and snapped me back to life. I opened my eyes and the free-lance photographer dude that you always see around town was standing over me, taking my picture. You know the dude; he's ubiquitous. Tall, thin, wears his hair in a stretchy wool hat. He's at everything. I've even seen him using plastic beer cups on his flash to get the proper bar-ness to his light.

This Pool Party was quite the skin show too. The high majority of ladies were in their 20's and lovely. You know, the kind that you look at and say, *Mannn, she would make me a fiiine ... granddaughter*. Gotta be realistic, right? Daughter, well, maybe, but it's kinda in between. When I first moved down here, though, I met a 35-year-old woman who had a 2-year old granddaughter. She was fiercely proud of it too: *HeIIll, yes! I pumped out my first when I was 16, and she done had first child when she was 17. I hope I'm a great-grandma when I'm 50!*

Anyway, last year's pool party here had better swag, but a much lamer contest. They do a Bartender Contest, wherein contestants concoct their own, well, concoctions involving various boozes and, of course, one (or more) of the Florida Beer Company brews. The 2011 version was dumb

because, not only did the microphone guy go silent during the mixing of the drink, but the only ones who got to taste them were the four judges. WTF is so fun about that?

They must have gotten a lot of shit for it, because this year they were armed with cups and pitchers and they doled out samples to anyone who had gumption enough to reach for one. They even brought the pitchers to the



pool, so all the lazyass guys wouldn't have to get out to grab a swig.

Cindy was one of the guest barkeeps and she made up a refreshing blend of KW Sunset Ale, banana liqueur, and I forget what else. It was a dang tasty cocktail! Bravo, Cindy!

They still need to get Mr. Microphone more into pour-by-

pour commentary, though, so we all know what's being mixed in now, what garnish to look for, etc. The dude doesn't seem to have trouble talk-talk-talking away at other times, and when we need him, he goes shy on us. Work on that for next year.

A fine start to the Brewfest weekend!!