

100 Bars in 100 Days

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

BAR 54:

Sunset Tiki Bar
Galleon Resort
www.galleonresort.com
617 Front Street
Monday 9/10, 7:15 pm

Sam Adams Summer Ale (bottle)
\$5.00



You picked the quietest night of the year, said my lonesome barkeep Celeste. I hadn't said anything as I took my seat at the hexagonal seaside bar. All I did was look around, survey the broad deck and the many empty lounge chairs, take in the beautiful imminent sundown, and sit with what I guess was an audible sigh.

I chuckled at her statement and nodded assent. The Monday after Labor Day, oh ya, ching-ching. Any non-holiday Monday is a short-money shift already, but add the September factor and you've got some low-energy



times. Some food-n-bev places in the Keys just punt on it and close up for the whole month.

AND this place is called The *Sunset* Tiki Bar, so this was the peak hour. I was The Rush.

That's a small exaggeration; with the arrival of a family of four and another couple, the crowd might have swelled to ten.

Too bad, too, because this is a *nice* spot! I've been here when there has been a good crowd and some bouncy tunes and have had a really good time.

On this evening, we had a sweet light-air breeze tumbling in from the northeast, the sky was blue and almost cloudless, and the water under the lowering sun was a trail of shimmering gold.

For mood, there was a solo guitarist up by the bar itself, plinking and twanging out some suitably mellow tunes, but more jazzy/reggy than folkly. He looked like Cody with a scally cap. I kept expecting a Leon Redbone song out of him.

If you don't know who Cody is, I guess that wasn't a very good description. If you do, it was spot on. Maybe you don't know what a [scally cap](#) is. In this age of Internet at our fingertips 24/7, there is no excuse for not knowing something. Whip out the smarter-than-you-are phone, Googlit, or Wik it's Pedia. Instant knowledge. Stupidity should be obsolete.

No, that's not right. Stupidity can't be helped; it's a brain deficiency. Stupid ... stupor ... duh.

Ignorance ... ignore ... deliberately not pay attention to things that make you smarter. That's the villain. So, I guess the smart phone can't change that. Until they come up with an app that makes a lazy mushhead take the time and effort to actually go learn something, ignorance will continue to surround us.

So, uhh, did you click that link or not? Hmmm? ;]



Anyyyywaaaayyyy, back to the Sunset Tiki Bar. I wandered around the big deck for a while, snapping some picky-wicks and digging the breeze. As it is wont to do, the sun slowly dropped into the warm gulf water, making nary a splash. The sun would have been a good Olympic diver in that regard: no splash. Not sure about the requisite handstand, though.

There was an island in the way this time of year, so maybe I shouldn't assume that there was no splash. But, there were no ripples, no noise, and none of the hissing that you'd expect from a million-degree ball.

I toasted the horizon and bottomed-up my Sunset Ale. Celeste had kind of a resigned but hopeful tone in her voice as she asked, *Another one?*

Only if there's another sunset, I smiled. She shook her head and shrugged. I gave her a friendly nod, shouldered my canvas bag, and shuffled off to my next Tour stop.

