

Bar Hoppin' With Hops
The Second Century Tour
Hops MacBarley's 2013
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar #133:

Cocktails & Foodleadoo

323 Whitehead Street

www.thebanyanresort.com

Saturday, 29 June, 4:00 PM

Yeungling (can) \$4.00

I had never heard of it either. I assumed it had a name besides The Banyan Pool Bar, which was what

Jacko called it when he worked here. I would have called it that too; it's an easier and more dignified name than Cocktails & Foodleadoo.

B&J had really taken a liking to this hopping concept. They survived last night's Coasters Hop and came out of it with more enthusiasm than ever. Most of last year's *PLIPAT* clung to the bar-per-night pace, with occasional mid-week lags and weekend rallies. But today would be true hopping: from one bar to the next in rapid succession.



I had spent some prime afternoon time in the watery waters of Fort Zachary Taylor State Park, and was feeling refreshed and ready when I got to The Banyan. Maybe I was a tad early, maybe B&J were a little behind schedule, but I decided to scout out the best access point while I waited. The Banyan, is, after all, a private time-share resort, and outsiders, like us locals, are not encouraged to attend. Are we prohibited? Maybe officially. So, a stealthy approach was the logical choice.

Anyway, the gate beside the big main house was ajar, so I walked in and met no resistance all the



way to the bar. I didn't expect that I would, being summertime and all. Your typical KW employees are not all that likely to muck up a lazy Saturday afternoon by getting all nosy about who is a guest and who isn't.

With coast clear, I doubled back to find B&J outside, only to find them inside. They had done the same as me, through the same gate. We joined forces and headed barward.

The grounds of this place are incredible. I always thought that the resort was named for towering tree that stands in the front yard. Impressive though it is, the ones in the back blow it away. These things are amazing. At one point, an archway has been formed among the curtain of downbound roots, branches, or whatever those appendages are called. Nicely laid out walkways wind among the trees and tropical shrubs and various buildings. buildings. Damn relaxing place!

But enough of the Waldenesque Nature loving bushwa; we were here for the bar, damn it.

Placed between the resort's two swimming pools, the bar is a small hut with a wide enough roof to give some shade and shelter to the half-dozen bar seats along the north and west flanks. We sat ourselves in the shade on the north side and chilled.



Two flags hung listlessly from the roof's edge: the Conch Republic flag and the rainbow flag. A full-size surfboard hung inside, over the middle bar. It had a big chomp out of it, for Landshark Lager. Pleasant spot.

A woman with dark, flowing, curly hair greeted us with feigned enthusiasm. It had been quite a hot afternoon for her, I suspect. No AC in this hut, just a medium sized fan.

She was getting us our first round -- a rum punch for me for starters (I saw it scribbled on the specials board) -- and just made a little casual chit-chat. "So, you just checking in?"



There was a pause. Silent panic rushed through us. Our entire ploy depended on people just assuming that we belonged here. But now the jig was up. Damn, this barkeep was sharp. I *should* have said, "We're just checking the bar out," which would have dodged the question, *and* it would have been the truth. I just couldn't get the phrase formed quickly enough. Jan ended the pause by saying quietly, "We're locals. Is that OK?"

She smiled, and her wilted demeanor brightened some. "Fine with me!" she said. "Not many unit owners are here this time of year, so I love getting some local business. I just can't go out and advertise for it. If we

were full of owners and they couldn't sit because locals were in the way, well, that just wouldn't work."

We came to find out that her name was Bridget and that she was the owner of this small food and drink emporium. This bar and that little mint green cookin' shack over there did not belong to the Banyan. Well, actually, the structures do, but the business is independent.

While we were there, one of the pool users came over, all wet, for a drink. Before she got it for him, she shot him down when he said he wanted to charge it to his room. Not having any connection with the front desk, this place needs card or cash. So much for a scribble and a random number as my method of payment.

The name of the bar is Cocktails & Foodledoo. Pretty easy to picture the evolution of that name. *What'll we call it?* Well, what do we serve? *Cocktails, and, well, food.* OK, "Cocktails & Food" will do. Huh? Did you say, Cocktails & Food'll Do? Heyyyyy, Cocktails & Foodledoo! It sings!

Smoke enough and it works. ;]

Anyway, the rum punch hit the spot, and we were settled in quite nicely, so I ordered up a can of Yuengling. Bridget gave us all koozies. A couple had the C&F logo on them, the other was some minor league baseball team's emblem. I forget who they were, but they weren't from anywhere 'round here. Very nice of her to give them to us, annnd a little enterprising too: some clever not-really-advertising to help spread the word.

We hung out and chewed the fat with her for awhile, then bade her a sincere farewell and hopped onward.

