

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

Bar #135:

**Onlywood**

613.5 Rear Duval Street

[www.onlywoodkw.com](http://www.onlywoodkw.com)

Saturday, 29 June, 5:30 PM

*Yuengling (bottle) \$5.00*

Credit this hop to Mrs. Cleaver at La Trat O-side. She clued me in to the little bar in here, and spoke of it with fond enthusiasm. I was eager to hop it, and it was dang convenient: only a half-block from the Lounge o' Spice.

I don't recall what this place was called before, but I had noticed their new sign, hitting me in the face with the wood-fired pizza notion, posted at the end of the narrow, white-fenced alley that breaches Duval. Mmmm, wood-fired pizza sounds goooood. I'm not even totally sure what it means, but it sounds like a damn fine take. And the name emphasizes the wood aspect. Wood is good, understood? (*Good and food* should rhyme, doncha think? Not relevant, but just sayin'. So should *foot* and *boot*.)



So, B&J and I came out of Pegasus, walked across Southard Street, past Krawl Off Duval (Hop #4 on your scorecard, if you're scoring at home) and headed down the other alley entrance to the hidden little world of Key Lime Square. It's cool and shady in here,



really nice after the heat of the last bar. We walked right past Lobo's, barely noticing it, focused on finding this small, quirky bar.

The building is low, white, and unassuming, with a gardenish patio outside. This location is not what anyone with sense would call "prime," but there is something about the narrow alley and the tucked-back niche that makes you think you've uncovered some hidden prize. I mean, I knew where it was, but still had this nutty *Eureka!* moment when we saw the sign.

The bar was visible as soon as we entered. Bingo, there it is, dominating the middle of the room. It's not much bigger than a phone

booth -- a *what??* -- and it stands white and tall and inscrutable. Thick, square pillars and beams run from the brown, wooden floor to blue-painted, slatted, peaked ceiling. It stops you dead in your tracks.

"Funnnnnkyyyyy," I said quietly, in appreciation. Not awe, though. Definitely not awe.

Naturally, we strode straight for it. There are only four stools, two on the north side and two on the west side. (Heyyyy, that's the same as Cocktails & Foodledoo.) Jan took a seat and ordered up some dark wine. Brian and I stood and ordered bottles o' sud. I was just too restless to sit. Don't know what his reason was. As often happens, Jan struck up a conversation with our barkeep/server about the wines, the menu, and, of course, the oven.

Ahhh, the oven. If the bar wasn't distinctive enough, their wood-fire (Only **wood**, yes?) oven sits in the corner of the room, squat, heavy, open-mouthed, and hot. Fire burns within that gaping mouth, its tongues eagerly awaiting a body of uncooked food that it can lick and





fondle and lick and caress and lick and tease and lick until the juices within are aroused and the body of food begins to swell and hiss and sizzle in sheer ecstasy. Quite the oven. Think about that as you open wide for your slice of 'za.

I was transfixed by the nuances of this bar. (Keep in mind that I am easily transfixed.) The stools were the kind you would have seen in a 1959 drug store or ice cream

parlor: medium-height, round, black cushions on chrome legs. A small fishing net acted as a flimsy ceiling over the barkeep's head so none of the knick-knacks could get knocked onto her neck ... or knuckles. Now, if something shakes loose and tumbles outward, the guests (like us) were in deep doo. No safety net for Jane and John Q.

The most eye-catching item up there, though, was the bike. I doubt it was operational -- more like a lawn ornament thing -- but it was full-sized, the old big-front-wheel style, and made of black wrought iron. It hung from a medium-gauge chain from the center peak of the ceiling. If that let loose, that little net would have problems.



I busied myself clicking pix while Jan schmoozed with the barkeep. The walls are a tad bland, though an interesting blank-plank design. Nice wine grid-style rack. Cool bowl full of business cards. I can't help but having a split-second reaction that it's an orange slice on the card. Duh. Then I thought it was pizza. Dun tink so. Hot wood, I guess, though I'm not betting the farm on it. I should, since I don't have a farm. When you ain't got nothing, you got nothing to lose.

The patio looked nice, but hot. The big trees on the east side did nada against the late afternoon sun, and the single-story building on the west side was doing about the same. At night, I bet it's a right nice place to relax and chow some wood-fired food.

This was the third of our planned threesome, so we could've claimed Duty Done. But Lobo's was right there, drowning in shade, and the afternoon felt not quite complete. So, One More Hop it would be!

