

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep On Hoppin' Tour
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar 246:

Joe's Place

930 Caroline Street
Friday, May 15, 2015, 5:45 PM

Bell's Two-Hearted Ale (draft) \$4.25?

Another revision bar (and two Caroline Street bars in a row!). JDL's Big Ten Bar (#45) went down several months ago, and Joe's is gamely stepping in. It's gotta be tough when you step into the shoes of a place that was not able to pull it off. You're clearly up against the wall but willing to give it a run. I gotta love the spirit. *Hey, why not us??*



This was Joe's first week. It's gonna have to be a locals' bar. Tourists don't flock to this north end of Caroline Street unless they are heading back to the ferry. Even then, they'll probably be on the boardwalk instead of on this beat-up street. There will be some people who misjudged their walk to the ferry terminal, find themselves with thirty minutes to kill and sniff out the nearest bar (I know I would), but you can't build a biznizz on that.



We walked in and took a look around. Some of the seats are all painted in bright colors now, giving a little more flash to the room. The back barroom has a pool table, which should be a great addition. There were no customers in there, though, and one employee -- either a bartender with no one to tend to, or some kitchen dude grabbing a TV break -- sat slumped in one of the bar seats getting his video fix.

The front bar was right where it was last time we were in this building, so we bellied up. We took the only three seats left. Our barkeep was a familiar face, but he/she shall remain anonymous since he/she didn't want his/her other job to know that he/she was taking some shifts here.

Even though there are a LOT of people who work multiple bars, some places are kind of funny about it. They want to be able to slot you whenever suits their needs and whims, and for you to be available any hour, day or night, at a moment's notice. Scheduling their staff around someone's shifts elsewhere vexes managers, and vexed managers can be a bit vengeful.



It was still Happy Hour, so we were happy. Brian got his usual Coors Light and Jan went for a glass o' wine. I decided to complement my THA with a BLTB. The BLTs served at JDL were A-OK, so the BLTB -- Bacon, Lettuce, Tomato, and *Bacon* -- really caught my eye, even more than the Grouper Cheeks. Bacon makes everything better, even if it already has bacon.



I did request "hold the deviled egg" (without saying "between your knees") but it must have rattled the chef some because he/she forgot the extra layer of bacon. Damn, my BLTB was just a BLT. Our barkeep -- whoever he/she was -- was busy tending to a mini-rush, and I didn't feel like waiting, so I chomped on in anyway. 'Twas a dang fine BLT, but I could only speculate on what might have been.

Looking out the large front windows, I came to a definite conclusion: the big superstore across the street sucks. What a shit-ass view. The jungle that used to be there was so much better. That had concrete behind it too, but it had some wild lush greens and a grand staircase. This gray wall just blocks out everything. Bah.

