

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #303:

Lucy's Lineup Bar

213 Duval Street

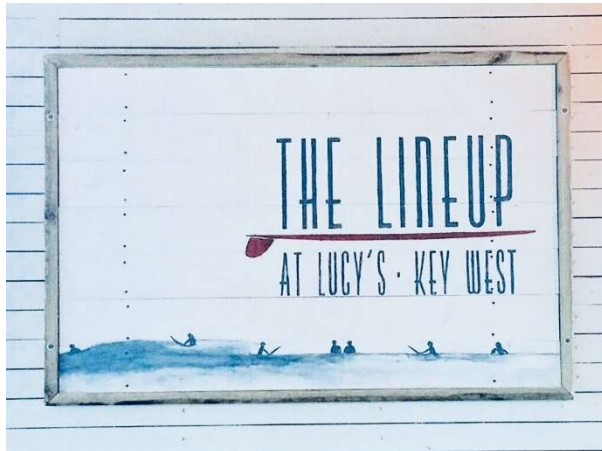
Saturday, 10/20/18, 6:45 PM

Jai Alai IPA (16-ounce can) \$5.00

Some Hops happen in the place where other bars have been. Others, like Seven Fish, happen when a bar moves to a new site. Lucy's was both. It was Hop #267 when it was up on Grinnell Street where Finnegan's Wake #5 & #215 used to be (yeah, and Backspace, #242, too, though nobody noticed), and it was now being hopped on the footprint of Mad Rooster (#24) and Senor Frog (#262).



I passed on through the large downstairs area and went directly up the steep central flight of stairs to the second floor which, I had been told, was for locals only. That seems like a nice touch. With Lazy Gecko (#2) gone, quite a few of those local regulars have been adrift.



A big sign on the wall atop the staircase said, "The Lineup". B&J were already there when I arrived. I pulled up a stool at the three-sided, mid-room bar and joined them. The whole place, both upstairs and down has an unfinished look. Lotta wood. Much of the wood is unpainted, and, up here, there are not a lot of decorations on the walls up. Part of that, though, is that much of the wall space is taken up by windows, making it quite a bright room during the daylight hours.

The bar stools seem kinda small, but I like the way they are lit up, all in blue, from the underside of the bar top.



The bar surface has a nice turquoise coloring with a thick clear coat over it. Jan pointed out some bubbles in the varnish and said that it was going to have to be redone. That's a pretty difficult process to get right. It takes strong attention to detail. To avoid interruptions and distractions, the work was done in the evenings. The guy doing the work was a Red Sox fan, though, and the Red Sox were embroiled in the World Series on those evenings,

and the World Series was on the big TV right over the bar. No distractions, hmmm? Riiiiight. Looks fine to me. Bubbles give it character, especially with the story behind them.

There were nice tall wooden beachhouse-style chairs on the porch, painted in bright colors. It's a fine overview of the upper end of the 200 block of Duval from there. And if you need to know what time it is, you can look off the side, over to the north, and check out the clock tower on the old city hall. That's fixed now. It might not always be spot-on accurate, but at least it's not stuck on 4:20 anymore. Ha, 4:20. It kinda fit K-Dub.



I had hastened to get here before 7:00 because Brian had told me that Happy Hour ended then. I ordered up a can of Jai Alai, and since the bartender was closing out his shift, I requested my second one as well, so I could pay and tip for both. Five bucks per, I was told, which seemed like not all that great of a deal. Six is standard anyway, so just a buck off. Really?



Then I got the can. It was one of the tall boys! Yah, the pint-size! 33% more brew! Sweet. And, as it turns out, the \$5 price tag is not the HH price, but the *all-day everyday price* up here in the locals' loft. Now, *that*, my friends, is a deal.

So, I didn't need to order a second one, after all. But there it was,

standing tall and proud in its green-and-orange scheme, glistening with a light coat of moisture. And Mike (I think his name was Mike, mighta been Llewellyn), our outgoing barkeep, had made a special trip downstairs to fetch it for me. I had to appreciate that effort.

Several people had arrived after me and the bar was filling up. Every seat was taken, and a few folks were standing. Something was afoot.

Now, I don't know if this was a regular thing at a regular time or what, but our incoming barkeep, Ashley, was arranging this and that for a special event. A small pile of yellow t-shirts appeared behind the bar. Willing participants made ready, glasses were set up, booze bottles pulled, and a jar emerged that contained the extra ingredient: scorpions.



Ya. Scorpions. People were going to drink Scorpion Shots. Mind you, they were tiny scorpions, and they were dead scorpions, but tiny dead scorpions are still scorpions, and I do not see why anyone would want one of those down the gullet and into the gastrointestoes.



But there were a six of those anyone's at the bar and ready to give it a go. Two fairly large 40-something guys stood across the bar from us, clearly bracing themselves. Their companion, a woman with an iPhone, stood next to me, poised to record the feat on video for posterity. Or for Facebook.

With a here-goes-nuthin shrug, a hoist, a tap, and a gulp, it was bottoms-up and bye-bye little scorpions. Cheers were cheered, and yellow t-shirts were doled out. The participants did not linger very long after that. Maybe they had to go off and drop dead or something.

Soon thereafter, we decided to mosey onward ourselves. I knocked off the last of can number one and slid can number two into my pocket. I was glad that Mike had forgotten to pop the top.