

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #306:

Lucy's Service Bar

221 Duval Street

www.lucysretiredsurfers.com

Saturday 1/12/18, 9:30 PM

Jai Alai (tall can) \$6.75?

Good observation: it *is* a bit strange to hop the two peripheral bars at Lucy's before actually hopping Lucy's proper. But so are we. Gotta be a bit strange to hop 306 bars on one tiny island. If you, dear reader, are this far into this compilation and are still expecting rhyme or reason, well, you've missed some things along the way.



But, yeah, it was kind of a whim. We had just been taking part in Doug's final-night "send off" at The Abbey (#305), having a couple of cold ones and rolling the dice in a few rounds of Shut The Box. [See #305 Addendum for the thrilling details of that.]



But that was there, and "there" was where we left to come *here*. No, wait; it wasn't. We actually headed to *another* of KW's newest bars to attempt a Hop. I'm not gonna tell you which one because it was closed. No, not out-of-business-closed: done-with-biz-for-the-night-closed. Closing time was 9:00 PM. On a Saturday. I guess they don't have to tell people, "You don't have to go home..." because people are gonna say, "Don't worry, we're not!"

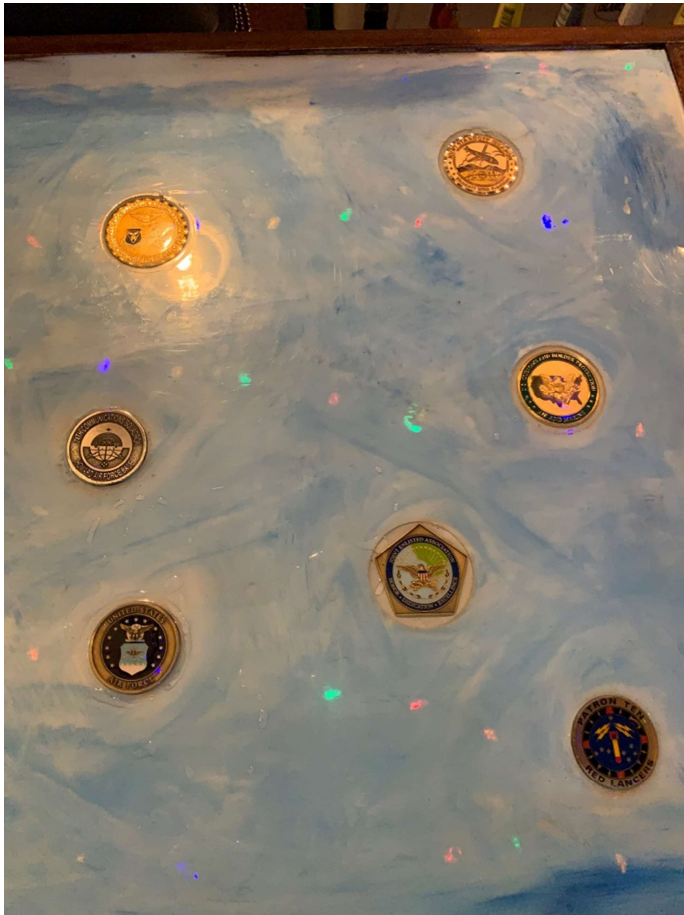
So, we quickly decided on here. After all that walking, we were thirsty.

The Service Bar doesn't mean what you probably think. Most bars have a small section where patrons are not allowed to sit, stand or otherwise

congregate because they will interfere with the servers, who are trying to acquire drinks for their tabled customers. Though the Service Bar does have a bit of that kind of a service bar on its end, the "Service" in its name is a tip of the cap to those who serve in the service of our country.

It's more common now to hear people say "in the military" when they talk about being, well, in the military, but older folks, like Malt MacBarley, the Clan patriarch who was a 19-year-old radio operator flying in the noisy bellies of bombers and transports over Africa, India, and China in WWII, almost always used the phrase "I was in the service."

He and I went out to eat a couple of years ago on Veterans Day, and as we entered the restaurant, a few young 30-ish guys were handing out little ribbons at the door. Malt mentioned that he was a veteran. One of the 30-



ish dudes shook and his hand and thanked him for his service. We went in and sat down. He had an odd look on his face, then eventually said, still somewhat mystified, "Nobody ever thanked me for that before."

But, anyway, digressions aside, at least for a while, Lucy's Service Bar pays tribute to the US Armed Forces with a number of challenge coins sealed in the clearcoat of the bar's surface. They were, I'm told, contributed by Eddie Chapman, who, if you know him, is someone you know. Very nice gesture, Mr. Chapman. Very nice indeed.

Lucy's was doing goood business when we arrived and the three of us took the last two

seats available (I stood). The front yard's colorfully painted picnic tables were all full, and mirth abounded. It is SUCH a better place to have along Duval's sidewalk than freaking Senor Frog's (#262) was! Though these Hopters are not meant to rank or rate or otherwise judge any of the bars, Senor Frog's sucked. Brian had once tried to suggest that we hop their version of this very space and I stubbornly resisted, no excuse even given.

And what an upgrade for Lucy's as well! I really liked the interior of LRSB when it was on Grinnell, in the footprint of the old Finnegan's Wake (#5). But, it *was* way up on Grinnell, and not really along our routine route. It didn't seem to be on the route of very many people either because every time I *did* go by it, there did not seem to be much biznizz. *This* was definitely another story.

The youthful Hennessy was our barkeep tonight and he greeted us with a grin. B&J are very regular patrons upstairs at Lucy's Lineup Bar (#303), where Henny often works, so my colleagues were not even in their chairs when their drinks – a Coors Light and a Bailey's on the rocks -- were in process. He was less certain of mine, but guessed correctly and got me my Jai Alai tallboy forthwith.

A couple of other Lucy's personnel happened along and more mirth ensued. There *was* a touch of anti-mirth aimed at the tie-dyed Patriots logo on my shirt, but I brushed it off. Haters gonna hate. I was loyal to my hometown teams when they so often sucked the hind teat for much of the late 20th century, so I'm sure as hell not gonna *drop* my support now.

A late-20's woman sitting next to where I was standing gave me some shit about it too, all the while saying she was from Connecticut. That did not seem to fit. The twisted wench had somehow become a Steelers fan somewhere along the line. Poor misguided girl.

A seat became available, and, shedding my Sitting Is For The Weak bravado, I cozied my behind onto it pulled up a spot at the very end of the bar. It ended being a good spot indeed because someone (who will not be named) proclaimed that shots were in order for B&J and yada and yeemus. I, being perched right in the middle of all of those, was generously included in the round. Right place, right time = Fireball, thank ya very much.



Then came the Canadian woman. What a nutcase. She was in her 40's and trying to look younger (her pushed up boobies in her shoulderless top didn't hurt her cause), and was probably a real blonde who decided to go for the platinum look. He wedged her way between Jan and the Steelers fan, cared not at all whom she might be interrupting, and announced to Hennessy, "I



wanna Lemon Drop! A **proper** one! A proper Lemon Drop, with *sugar* on the rim, and..." blah blah blah after that. She pointed back towards some other bar, railing on about how they didn't know how to make a "proper" one. The irony of the word "proper" was not lost on any of us.

Then, for no reason at all, she announced to us that she was Canadian

and seemed to allow a pause for us to be impressed. When we weren't, she resumed her railing and proclaiming. While Henny made a PLD for her, she told Jan what a hottie she (Jan) was, and again stated she was Canadian. She took her Proper Lemon Drop and, thankfully, went away. But, not long afterwards, was back for another. I guess Henny makes 'em properly.

This was becoming quite the active Hop. A couple more people that knew either B&J or I came by shortly thereafter and there was yet more mirth. No gold or frankincense, but plenty of mirrth.

But, soon, it was time



to head homeward. We wished Henny a good night. B&J headed north, and I angled south. My homeward path took me past Mr. Z's (#217). As I walked by, distracted by that intoxicating aroma of steak and cheese on the grill, one of the customers standing outside – probably a Philly Eagles fan – blurted out, “Hey, sorry about that Super Bowl.”

It must have been pure instinct because, without even thinking, and without breaking stride, I replied, “Which one?” I heard no comeback, just kind of a low “owww” as I strode on.

As I walked, I thought, “Ha, niiice burn, Hops!” Always good to end the night with a victory, no matter how little or how stupid.