

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep Calm and Hop On Tour
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Hop #323

Ram's Head Southernmost

804 Whitehead Street

Friday, November 22, 2019, 6 PM

Backstage IPA (draught) \$3 HH

Got me a single seat at the bar. The last single seat, in fact. B&J had passed on this attempt, so I came solo. Looks like it was destiny. We tried a week ago, on their Grand Opening night, but there was not even one seat open then. We're bar people, not table people or standing people (if we can help it), so we postponed.



Tonight, though, for me, at least, it was poned. I had it set in mind when my workday ended early that I was gonna be here this evening. Can you

*pre-pon*e something? I guess you could. If it was scheduled for Thursday and you moved it ahead to Tuesday, you'd be *pre-pon*ing it, right? And if it goes as scheduled, it's just plain ol' poned.



It's a nice blend of in and out here at the corner of Whitehead and Petronia. The eating area (the phrase "dining room" doesn't seem to fit an unenclosed area) is partly under palm trees and

partly under a roof. The bar is under a different roof. Hence, there are quite a few posts. Posts mean obstructed view seating. Ask any Fenway Park patron. But at a bar, who gives a pucker if your view is partially

blocked? I didn't. (Didn't have one anyway.) I could see plenty. Hey, posts might obscure people's view of me too, which is a break for them.

Ram's Head, of course, is the new name given by the new owners to what you probably knew as The Blue Macaw Island Eats & Bar (#260). On the surface, at least, nothing but the name seems to have changed. This is fine with me; I thought BMIE&B was a dang cool hang.



My smiling barmaid delivered me my Backstage draught and informed me that any apps that I might order before 7:00 would be half price. I asked what

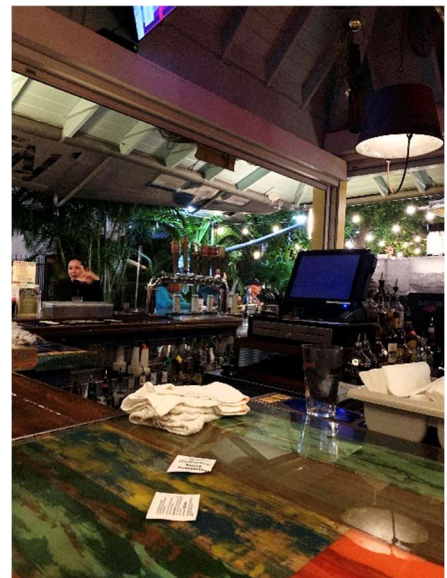
was the beverage HH deal and she said it was tree bux. Tree bux again! It was turning into a Tree Bux Night. Gotta love that!



My bar neighbor might have been an off-duty cook here. He wore a t-shirt that looked like employee garb, albeit clean, and he had a jovial my-shift-is-done mood going on. He also seemed to know everyone on both sides of the bar, and he had that non-verbal thing going on with the barkeep who would swoop in with a freshie just as he was tilting back the last swig of the oldie.

At one point, the bar back, a scruff-faced, hat-on-backwards dude, came by our end of the bar to stock some glasses. He saw my tablet propped open and said, "Excuse me, sir, no porn allowed the bar."

I nodded, then asked, "Not even if I'm *writing* it?" He said he'd have to check. He never came back, so I assumed he was told that composing smut was o-tay.



The entertainer, over by the side entrance gate, was a solo guitarist and singer. He did a Grateful Dead song, then a reggae tune. It was really good music for the vibe of the place; mellow, with a little happy bounce. Gotta figure that the good folks at Ram's Head would have good music at their bar.

I finished off my Backstage, thought hard about having another, but decided to go meet my cronies a few blocks away. My bar neighbor asked if I had finished my porn story. I nodded with satisfaction as I began to walk away, "Yeah, it's pretty twisted..." and added with a sly grin, "I put *you* in it."

