

## TV OR NOT TV ON WEST SIXTH STREET

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For a TV kind of place, Little Woodrow's is OK.

Woodrow's, the new sports bar across from Star Bar on the grown-ups' end of Sixth Street, is the best kind of sports bar a non-sports girl could hope for. And that's due in large part to the big deck out front.

Here's how the set-up works: An enormous wooden U-shaped bar dominates the main room; behind it are a couple of flat-screen TVs. Stools surround the bar, so you can watch the game and still be very close to the bartender and the taps. Off the main area are a couple of snug-like rooms. The TVs are mounted high on the walls, but the rooms aren't designed around them; funky lamps and swirling light fixtures abound. A friend and I spent two hours ensconced in one of the sink-in-able couches late Saturday afternoon and we managed to talk without sports distractions nearly the whole time. (Of course, we're the sort who don't find sports distracting. But, still, some sports bars give you no choice.) Best of all, as I said, is the deck, which used to be a parking lot. Now it's got 20 or so sturdy picnic tables where you can congregate, mingle, swan, flirt, tiptoe, sit, wave to the people over at Star Bar and otherwise occupy yourself in such a manner that you can ignore the traffic cruising down Sixth Street if that's what you want to do. At the front of the building, two big doors lift up and slide along rails in much the same way garage doors do; when they're open, next to nothing separates the bar from the deck and the folks out front can comfortably watch or ignore the TV screens (which were visible all the way to my car on Fifth, I might add).

The aforementioned Saturday afternoon, when I was sitting in a snug, the opened doors allowed wonderful light in, reminding me (oddly, I'll admit) of afternoons I spent cocktailing at a bar over the water in San Francisco. Granted, there's no ocean here, but some quality of the light put me in mind of the place. (Or perhaps it was just that it was late afternoon, the temperature was dropping and I was reminded of the days when I spent many chilly late afternoons in bars.) Point being, the deck is a good thing. Inside, old-style neon beer and bar signs hang in an orderly manner from the walls -- nothing about Little Woodrow's feels haphazard or accidental. Not the Golden Tee arcade games, not the wee stuffed beastie. Then again, our Little Woodrow's is round two -- the original is in Houston, so the owners have had some practice.

Woodrow's is a beer kind of place. I will cringingly cop to the fact that I've only drunk Diet Coke the handful of times I've been in -- I wasn't in a beer mood and liquor isn't offered (groan). However, the beer selection is extensive -- more than 100 different kinds, folks.

My favorite trip to Woodrow's was actually my first, a month or two ago around 10 p.m. on a Sunday night. I went with the SJM after watching the season finale of "The Wire" on HBO. It was relatively cool, it was dark, we were darn near the only people there. He

drank Coke, I drank Diet; we were a most exciting pair. We chatted for an hour or two, got caught up and headed home. I'm not sure I even noticed there were TVs in the place.

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Little Woodrow's. 520 W. Sixth St., 477-2337. Hours: 3 p.m.-2 a.m. Monday-Friday;  
11:30 a.m.-2 a.m. Saturday and Sunday.