



Fort Worth: French Fries, Flips Patio Grill and Lake Worth Cigars

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My parents are great supporters of my French fry reviews, so I really wanted them to be a part of a French fry excursion. My mother and I had already eaten at Billy Bob's Texas so I wanted to go to another restaurant that is unique to the Fort Worth area. My father did a little research and found out through his friend where to find the best French fries in the area. However, [Flips Patio Grill](#) in Grapevine, Texas was close so my dad took us there instead.

As we entered the restaurant, we were greeted by two stuffed bears. Not stuffed bears that comfort children as they sleep, but big ferocious stuffed bears. I have never understood why people stuff dead animals. I find the practice a little morbid. I also find it funny that whenever anybody stuffs an animal that is typically dangerous in the wild, they always pose the animal in a fighting position when they are stuffed. In reality, the bear was probably sleeping or drinking water and was no threat whatsoever to the hunter, which makes taxidermy all that more disheartening.

Anyway, back to the food. We sat down and noticed there were two types of fried potatoes – chips and fresh cut fries. My mom and I tried to decide what to order, so my father made the executive decision to order both. Good choice. We knew we

brought him along for more reasons than just paying the bill.



The fries and chips arrived and we all tasted them. The chips were good. The fries were cold and soggy. The chips were crispy, salty and sliced to perfection. Two thumbs up. When the server came back, she asked how the fries tasted. I said the chips were delicious but I have had better fries. She quickly arrived with a fresh plate of fries and she redeemed the bad French fry experience. They were hot, crispy and salted.



After lunch, my father took me to meet the boys at [Lake Worth Cigars](#). This fine establishment is a place where men can sit around and solve the world's problems while enjoying a fine cigar. Inside these four walls, you can play poker, watch football, play cribbage or just sit around and shoot the shit. I heard rumors that if you ask nicely, Jerry will give you a tour of the walk-in humidor. My mom and I were a little out of place in the refuge my father likes to call his "man cave," but the men were very hospitable. We sat around for while and talked sports, politics and then discussed a book my dad's friend is writing. Remember the name Lee Barrett. He will be famous.



I tried smoking a chocolate cigar, but my lungs couldn't take it and a sweet guy named Hank offered me a pink bubble gum cigar. That was more up my alley. Blowing bubbles is way more fun than blowing smoke.



4 Potatoes! Pretty good. Yum!

Chips and Fresh Cut Fries (the second batch – we will pretend the first batch didn't happen)