

Baron Mind

A Monthly Publication for the Beer Barons of Milwaukee

Dedicated to the Education and Enjoyment of Fermented Malt Beverages

July 1997

July Meeting

The July monthly Meeting is at 7:30 PM on July 23rd at Cliffords (10418 W. Forest Home Avenue, Hales Corners). As usual, the meeting is \$5.00 per person for members and guests.

State of Delaware Enforces Little Known Homebrew Ban!

From: Mark Warrington
<warringt@a1.esvax.umd.dupont.com>

Greetings from the People's Republic of Delaware!!!

As has been reported on usenet earlier this week, The First State Brewers (<http://triton.cms.udel.edu/%7Eoliver/firststate/firststate.html>) had planned to have a "Best of Delaware" homebrew competition sponsored by and hosted at The Rockford Brewing Company (microbrewery) in Wilmington, DE this month (<http://triton.cms.udel.edu/%7Eoliver/firststate/DBA/index.html>). The State of Delaware had other plans!

Exercising a little known anomaly of the Delaware Code (based on 1935 language), wherein "Alcoholic Liquors" are defined as including distilled spirits, wine and beer, homebrewed beer falls under this catch-all term!

Only wine made for personal consumption is exempted (added 1956). Therefore, when Title 4, Alcoholic Beverages, talks about unlicensed manufacture of "alcoholic liquors" it includes by default homebrew!

When President Carter signed the law in 1978 making it legal to make beer and wine for personal consumption the wine hobby people assumed that beermaking was now legal in Delaware as well as winemaking. ABC never enforced the ban against beermaking until now.

Hopefully this quirk in the code can be addressed as soon as possible by the legislature and the Attorney General's office and we can get back to our "hobby!"

Mark Warrington
Tri-State Brewers
tristateb@aol.com

Up Coming Events

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|-------------------------|---|
| July 23rd | Fox River Brewing |
| July 31st - August 10th | State Fair Booth
Please contact Jeff Kane to volunteer |
| August 27th | TBA |
| September 13th | Club Picnic
Whitnall Park Area #8
Members free, Guests \$5.00 |

Frogs??

From: Mark Polnasek <dolt@mnsinc.com>

Dennis Miller got it right the other night on his show: "Would you really want to drink a beer that was recommended by frogs?"

Framboise

Classification: lambic ale, fruit beer, framboise, Belgian ale, all-grain

Source: Mike Charlton (umcharl3@ccu.UManitoba.CA)
Issue #589, 3/15/91

We had a bit extra so we are doing a small fermentation (without the raspberries) of about 3/4 of a gallon. To this we added a teaspoon of yogurt to try to get a lacto bacillus infection and produce lactic acid. If it produces anything interesting I'll post the results. Anyway, I can't comment on how this beer will taste as it is still in secondary and is fairly experimental.

Ingredients:

7 pounds, Lager Malt
7 pounds, crushed raspberries
3 pounds, Wheat Flakes
1 ounce, 2 year old Cluster hops that had been
baked for 20 minutes
Wyeast#1056 American Ale Yeast

Procedure:

We did a beta glucan rest at 120 degrees for 30 minutes, a protein rest at 130 degrees for 30 mins, and a saccharification rest at 155 for 1 hour. Be extra careful with the sparge because it has the potential to be very slow (although we managed to whip right through in 45 minutes.). We boiled to wort for 2 hours, leaving the hops in for the entire boil. Cooled with an immersion chiller to 42 degrees and strained into a carboy. After 8 hours we riced the wort off of the trub and pitched the yeast. We left in primary for 2 weeks and then racked it into a carboy and added the raspberries.

Specifics:

Primary Ferment: 2 weeks

Don't use your homegrown hops for brewing

From: Aeoleus <osiris@net-link.net>

"Bottom line is enjoy growing your homegrown hop plants like you would any other ornamental yard plant, but don't use them for brewing. And, if you must use them, age them well or they will be harsh."

I'm more of a Meadmaster than a brewer, but I do brew beer and I have recently sunk two rhizomes. I say this to the people who look at me strange and ask me "why don't you just buy beer?" First and foremost I brew so that I can create things that can't be bought in a store. Mead, for instance, is not commercially available here in Southwest Michigan, and Cider wasn't either until just recently. I've brewed with things like molasses, blueberries, and cloves. I have my own unique tastes, and I'm sure every brewer knows what I'm talking about.

The other reason I brew is the same reason I bother to grow my own hops. Two hundred years ago when this great country was founded, people couldn't go to the store and buy commercially ground and tested hop pellets to add to their beer. Two thousand years ago, people didn't have things like gelatin and sparkaloid. My brewing reflects the trial and error of the brewers of the past, and the more I go to the store and buy the components of my beer and mead, the more I might as well go to the store and buy my beer off the shelf. Ancient brewers had to make do with what they had in the way of the hops that they grew, and so will I. I feel that brewing differently is an insult to them.

Not everyone has the same reasons for brewing, and maybe hop pellets do make a more consistently superior product. But now that I can grow my own, just like my ancestors did, that is what I'll do and that is what I'll use. Brewing is not just about beer. It's about the way things used to be.

(whew! that was a little longer than it should have been!)
:)

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Never call someone stupid and misspell it.

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: The **Baron Mind** is published monthly for members of the *Beer Barons of Milwaukee* thanks to the efforts of Jim Jesse, Rich Grzelak, and other members who contribute
: articles. The permanent mailing address is Beer Barons of Milwaukee, PO Box 27012, Milwaukee, WI 53227
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BREWSTERS WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES

by Madame Marie Mains

The merry month of December brings me to the final installment of "Brewsters Who Run With The Wolves" (affectionately known on my desktop as BWRWTW- I think there is something prophetic about all those W's or else they are symbols of the wind whistling its way around my brain cells). I hope that you male brewers have felt a bit more fulfilled having had this rare glimpse into the world of women who brew. Certainly this extended piece has eased the tension between the sexes, dissolved some of the prevailing myths and furthered the cause of gender appreciation among all brewers. After all, we are brothers and sisters of the art of zymurgy- and if you aren't woozy enough after reading this paragraph, go have another brew before you proceed reading the rest of this final installment.

We began this whole saga two months ago with the brewing stage and particularly with the fascination that brewers have with techno - gadgets in that process. It is with this same male fascination with "stuff" (a term that brewsters use to cover everything that you guys like- from chain saws to wort chillers) that I will close this dissertation.

The bottling process divides sharply between brewsters and brewers at this point. I know - I've attended a few (when I can stay awake) meetings and a few contests rubbing elbows with brewers busily discussing the attributes of round cylinders, tall tanks, short tanks, pigs (hold the male chauvinist jokes, please) and GAUGES - mercy, have I heard it about gauges! Even my non-brewing spouse who loyally rinses bottles and caps on filling day will peruse the catalogues on the gauges pages (If you can say that sentence without slurring the last two words, you haven't had enough to drink.). Single gauges, twin gauges, gauge cages, you name it, I've heard men extoling it. Anything with a dial, markings of some sort and a wavering needle hand just sends you into outer space. It's that male tendency to measure stuff, I guess. "Hey Fred, we're down to ten PSI. Jiggle da gas pin lock, check yer nipple and screw yer nuts down a little tighter." See what I mean? While poor Fred is having male anxiety attacks for the rest of the party over his faulty barbed adapter, the rest of the brewers run frantically around looking for the leak locator fluid, or at least a hose clamp. Brewsters don't have anything more worrisome than remembering to tie a string to the bottle opener so that somebody doesn't pocket it.

The process of bottling is something you brewers seem to abandon with fervor once any of the following events have transpired:
(a) you have won the weekly poker game and have a few spare bucks burning a hole in your pocket;

(b) you didn't get a pay cut and/or were passed over for departmental cuts; (c) your wife let you carry the checkbook/ Visa/ Mastercard this month. Suddenly the pages in the brewing supply catalogue for CO2 cylinders take precedence over even the favorite back issues of Sports Illustrated swimsuit edition. I've heard you rhapsodizing over shapes of tanks, sizes of tanks, numbers of gauges and hose lengths with more enthusiasm in your voices than over the topic of Cyndi Crawford's moles. I've found the dog-eared pages in the catalogues hastily stuffed in the book rack by the upstairs toilet. I've even had to admit I've found pictures of "party pumps" tucked in the edges of the bathroom mirror that were torn out of MY brewing supply catalogues.

We brewsters take a more mundane approach to the bottling question - that is, we still bottle. Quite a few of my brewer counterparts still bottle too, but if you talk to them long enough they have usually forsaken the mere 12 ounce bottles for something bigger, such as the 22 ounce bottles. They also favor those macabre free standing bench cappers rather than the hand-held lever capper. At brewing meetings I will get up and move my seat from the bench capper types - they would probably ask me to go along with them to look at their latest gauge or picnic tap out in the dark parking lot. No thanks. We brewsters still favor the easily attainable 12 ounce bottle. These can be had by the six pack for the mere bat of an eye and a vague promise of a bottle the finished product. Brewsters are enough of a novelty themselves (its like admitting you build houses or repair cars) in mixed company that one can take the reusable bottle right from under the nose of an unsuspecting drinker by just inquiring, " I brew my own beer - may I have your bottle. " In fact, this technique works so well it may backfire and the unsuspecting drinker will bug the hell out of you for the rest of the evening wanting to know how beer is brewed. I have also had it backfire with the manager who insists that ALL bottles have to be returned for the recycling deposit. For those types, we brewsters usually have to resort to zymurgical guerrilla tactics and take the poor guy by the hand, pull out a shiny unused ball lock fitting and whisper in his ear what it is for. I've had 12 six packs personally loaded in my truck with this very technique. I would not recommend it for brewers, however, since the manager might want to take you out to the parking lot to knock off your ball lock fitting instead of helping you load bottles into the trunk.

Another thing we like about the bottles is the gleam of the glass once it is clean. It satisfies the need for tidying up and beats the heck out of polishing the oak sideboard. There is something quietly profound about 48 gleaming bottles lined up in formation on the kitchen counter waiting to receive their ration of sanitizing solution. They don't talk back, you don't have to clean up any towels they have dropped and you eventually get to put a lid on all of them. Try that with the kids and you are up for child abuse and a spot on the Prime Time evening news with half a dozen microphones vying for your nose hairs.

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: **Membership Information** Annual membership dues are ten dollars. This just barely covers the cost of producing and mailing this newsletter. In addition, we charge a \$5.00 :
: fee for each meeting attended. This pays for the cost of the beer that we taste that night. Membership dues can be paid at the monthly meetings or you can send a check for \$10.00 :
: to: **Treasurer, Milwaukee Beer Barons P.O. Box 27012 Milwaukee, WI 53217** :
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: current club members, it is up to you to remember to renew - we do not send out reminders, so check the date on your address label to see if its time to ante up. :
:

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Bottling is always such an arousing event in my house. Picture my devoted spouse rinsing and setting bottles down on a clean towel as fast as he can. I squat on the top step of an ancient step stool, insert the filler into the clean bottles, push and release just as the foam comes into view, fade, cut to the next scene with my spouse masterfully flexing his biceps as he clamps down with animalistic grunts. Too hot for you? Okay - cool off with the final scene of us both languidly stroking the sticky bottles with a damp towel to remove the residue from the overzealous filling job. If this whole vignette had caused you to overheat, then you definitely need another brewsky before you finish this column.

The final step in bottling is storage and this depends on whether the brewster is brewing ale or lager. If it is an ale, that unused bathtub in the upstairs bathroom is just fine - one more excuse for not having to put up with your brother - in - law and his wife for another month. This is also an ideal situation to use that red, shocking pink and orange tablecloth Aunt Jane brought you from Peru and that you have previously only

brought out for dinners with her. Just drape that beauty over your batch of ale and let it glow in the dark. No light dare pass to injure your brew. Lagers can be stored in any cool dark place. Usually there is enough mold on the bottom shelf of my refrigerator to shield the exposure of the bottles to the door light. Furthermore, since it never drops below 45 degrees anyway, that's perfect.

Yes, we brewsters are different from you brewers on some fundamental practices. However, what we brew is still the same (well, I like to think slightly better) and we all still enjoy it just as much. It has been a pleasure sharing our womanly secrets with you guys. I have one teensy request - try not to get into arguments over whose tank is bigger when we're around. Remember fellows - it ain't the circumference, the height or the capacity that counts...

Posted (but not written)
by Kit "Travels with Chiles" Anderson
(kit.anderson@acronbbs.com)

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