

THE ALEGATOR

(A Hogtown Brewsletter)

July, 1992

June 10, 1992

Gary Blandina, Editor

Officers

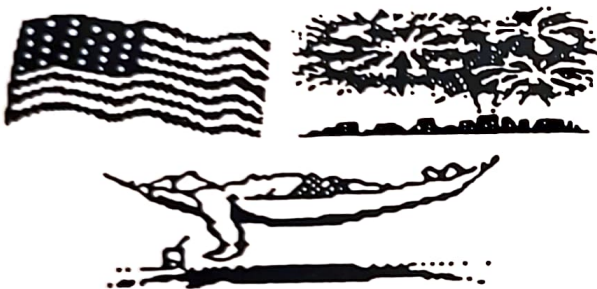
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Monthly Social: ~~Wayne & Sue Smith's (again)~~

~~Sa~~ ~~10-2~~
~~5~~ Still Looking ~~10-2~~
~~—~~ ~~—~~

Brew Party: Wednesday 7/29/92
7 p.m. at the Hogtown Brewer

Editor's Notes



Man, I love summertime. Unfortunately with a wife who works full-time and is in graduate school part-time leaving two children for me to take care of I don't get to spend as much time actually in the hammock, but it's a nice relaxing image anyway. This is the time to break out the watermelon and sip IPA's while relaxing on a lounge chair with your feet in a wading pool. Cool!

This reminds me of when I had the time to do things like this, my college days at UF. Like many Gators I spent my share of time hanging out on the Plaza of the Americas. I remember one particular day. The sun was shining brightly, although it was raining across the street (south and west of the plaza). It was a magical day on the plaza. The frisbees were flying. The hacky-sack players were kicking the little bean bag around with enthusiasm. While the Krishnas chanted and served lunch on one side of the sidewalk, across the sidewalk the evangelists preached hellfire and damnation. I stood watching a red dog with a blue kerchief around its neck gracefully leap and bring a frisbee back down to earth. It felt good to be alive!

Suddenly, I felt a jolt to the back of my head. It staggered me for an instant and I fell to my knees. The sounds of the plaza were

blurry, and my eyes were having a hard time focusing. The world seemed to be spinning faster than usual.

But before I could get up, I heard violent noises coming from GPA (Turlington Hall for you newcomers). I turned my head in the direction of the disturbance and saw an English professor chasing a compact car (does anyone remember Julian Smith?). Everyone on campus knew this professor suffered from autophobia, a condition which invariably caused him to seethe with rage whenever he walked by a car.

Once, while trapped in a car, he went into a convulsive fit. His arms thrashed and his legs flailed violently. He screamed incoherently, causing spit to get trapped in his beard and mustache. *The Alligator* printed a picture of him when he was released from the vehicle. He looked like a mad dog.

The prof and the car were nearing the edge of the plaza. As he ran after the car, shaking his fist in the air, I heard him yell, "Get outta that car, you inconsiderate wimp!" The car pulled onto the grass at the edge of the plaza.

The driver got out shaking his head. He yelled at the prof, "What the hell's your problem, you overgrown hobbit?"

"Your car was blocking a handicapped ramp. You should have more respect for--"

The driver cut him off, "I wasn't there long."

The prof glared at the driver. "I don't care how long you were there. You shouldn't have been there to begin with."

"Why don't you wipe your face, old man. Your beginning to look like an animal."

"ANIMAL! You're the animal who doesn't care about his fellow man. Take this!"

Before the driver could react, the prof grabbed one of the windshield wipers. He started twisting and prying the blade. "I'll show you what an animal is." The prof kicked the door of the car. "You're an animal, I'll give

you an animal." The prof raised his fist and was going to hit the roof of the car when the owner ran over and pushed him away.

"Get away from my car, you asshole!"

The people on the plaza had stopped what they were doing and were watching the action. Some of the people began to take sides and cheer for either combatant. Some guys started doing the cheer, "Tastes great. Less filling."

A few people resented the interruption of their fun. Someone complained, "Where's the beef?" The frisbee dog's owner said, "You're both assholes." He grabbed his frisbee and flung it at the two fighters.

The disc flew in a graceful arc out of the blue sky over the plaza. It started to descend as it reached the clouds at the edge. The prof and the driver were pushing and shoving each other. The disc swooped like a bird of prey and sliced through their necks before they could react. As their heads rolled to the ground, their hands still locked in a wrestling grip, the frisbee flew back to its owner. He caught it and started to wipe the blood off.

I couldn't believe my eyes. First, I shook my head and blinked. Next, I winced and grabbed my head. My hands were trembling. Then suddenly I looked up and saw a crowd of people standing over me.

"Hey, he's opening his eyes," a voice said.

"Are you all right, man?"

"Hey, like I'm sorry. I've never let one slip where it caused any damage before."

This last remark was made by the frisbee dog's owner. He (the owner) was standing over me with a worried look on his face, holding out his hand.

As he helped me up, I looked at the edge of the plaza. The car and the bodies weren't there! I spun my head around and screamed, "Where are they? Where's the bodies? Where's the car?"

The people gathered around me glanced at each other with worried looks.

"We should call an ambulance."

"Maybe he has a concussion."

I let them guide me to a bench. I rubbed my head, there was a bump on the back of it. It must have been the red dog's frisbee that whacked me. I hardly remembered it happening. While I sat there, activity on the plaza started to resume.

As I was being helped into the ambulance, I kept thinking how the fight seemed so real. So vivid. I could still hear the prof and the driver yelling at each other. I could still see the blood spurting out, covering the grass and street.

As the ambulance pulled away, I looked out the back window. I passed out when I saw the blood stains on the blue jeans of the frisbee dog's owner.

So you've read the story, now brew the beer. Here's a recipe for a bitter ale called, "Mad Dogs and English Prof's Bitter." (My apologies to Joe Cocker). I brewed this batch with my friend Brad and made ten gallons.

Recipe for 10 gallons:

2 cans Munton's Traditional Bitter kit
6 # Amber DME

2# light crystal malt

1 oz. Centennial hops (boiling--60 min.)

1 oz. Cascade (finishing--2 min.)

14g Whitbread Dried ale yeast

3/4 C corn sugar (bottling)

Steeped crystal malt for 20 minutes. Rehydrated yeast in 100 deg. water. This is a dark ale, but it doesn't have a heavy taste. It's still a little green, (under two weeks in the bottle). I've drank two bottles, Brad's drank two six packs (it's his first homebrew). Overall, it's a pleasing brew.

It is fairly simple to cut this recipe in half for a five gallon batch. However, to cut the hops in half, I would probably use an ounce of Cascade, Willamette, or Fuggles for the boil. I would probably still use a whole ounce of Cascade for the finish.

Another change I might make would be to use Light DME instead of Amber. Right now this beer is about the same color as a Beck's Dark. As it is, this is a great recipe if you want to brew a beer for the fall, when you want a beer to match the color of the deciduous leaves, so you can tell your friends you did use some leaf compost in your brew. A little exaggeration never hurts a homebrew.

Our man Bruce Key is still dogging it out on the campaign trail. (He vowed to stay in the race at least until the Homebrewer's National Convention in Millwater, WI. It has been speculated that Bru might join Perot's team, but Bru is not making any definitive statements on this issue.

I recently talked with Bru about some issues. I asked him about Perot's candidacy and what about speculation that Perot is just a pissed-off rich guy trying to buy the presidency. Bru says that it is refreshing to see someone being honest about buying the presidency and not using the taxpayer's money. He feels that Perot projects a relaxed attitude which is in line with the homebrewer's creed.

I then asked Bruce Key about the main issue that is dividing our community. Should special rights be afforded to home-o-brewers? Bru recognizes that it is impossible to figure out why some brewers will not experiment with their beers, and instead will just brew the same beer over and over. He doesn't go so far as some brewers who say, "If God had meant for people to brew the same beer over and over, He wouldn't have created so many different grains and yeasts. It is against His natural order to just brew the same beer repeatedly."

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However, Bru is annoyed that Home-o-brewers engage in their own propaganda when they use the argument that because you are not for extending them special rights you are therefore against them. Bru says, "What anyone does in the privacy of their kitchen is their personal business. Why should I or the government interfere with that? I don't feel the government should legislate morality among brewers. Compassion can't be forced, it must be nurtured. We must learn to tolerate everyone's differences and recognize it is our diversity that strengthens us and makes us individuals. Everyone should relax and have a homebrew."

I hope you can tolerate my personal propaganda. I was very agitated watching the city commission meeting of June 1. I didn't like many of the aspersions cast by either side of the argument. I am against the government interfering, but not because I believe God is against homosexuals. In fact I believe God isn't against anyone.

The thing that upset me most about the



meeting (as a Christian) was the parade of Christians who were not very loving by their words, thoughts, and actions. Insensitivity and being closed minded is no way to recognize the fact that we are all in this together and have to share this space we call Earth. We homebrewers have a pretty good thing going. We get together and celebrate what we have in common, instead of arguing over our differences.

I do believe that we should all strive to be the best that we can and that personal growth and spiritual growth are not mutually exclusive, but intertwined. I hope you don't mind me using my space in this way. I don't usually get this HEAVY, but it weighs on my heart, even when I've had a homebrew or two. And if you have a reaction to what I've written, let me know. I accept what my friend Dekle says, "Opinions are like assholes. Everyone's got one and everyone else's stinks." Also, editorial views don't necessarily reflect the opinions of anyone (including myself) since they are subject to change.

"What do you get when you have an agnostic dyslexic who suffers from insomnia? A person who stays awake all night wondering if there really is a dog."

Here's a couple more recipes. These recipes were the most popular beers drank at a recent party I hosted. Both are excellent brews.

Recipe #1 Gary Cooper's Aus-some Ale
4# pale malted barley
1# crystal malt

The above grains were step-mashed at 122 deg. then raised to 150 deg. (Papazian's guidelines are excellent for this).

After mashing and sparging, I added the following ingredients:

3.75# Cooper's Australian Ale Kit

0.75 oz. Fuggles (boil 1 hour)

0.75 oz. Fuggles (finish 2 minutes)

1/2 t Irish moss

14 g Whitbread dried ale yeast

I drew off some of the sweet liquor from the completed mash and let it cool to about 90 deg. during the boil. I used this to rehydrate my yeast. This beer was an excellent light amber ale, with a pleasing balance between hops and malt.



#2 M and
Irish Stout

4# Mountmellick Irish stout kit

3# Dark DME

1/2 # crystal malt

2 oz. Black patent malt

2 oz. Roasted barley

1 oz. Fuggles (1 hour boil)

14 g Whitbread dried ale yeast

Recipe
M's

I boiled 4 oz. of the dark DME in 2 cups water to use as a yeast starter. I divided this in half to use with a brown ale I was planning to make soon.

I made a tea of the adjuncts, steeping for twenty minutes while I was bringing a couple gallons of water with the Dark DME to a boil in my Bruheat.

This was a smooth stout with a hint of coffee in the aftertaste. May all the good brews be yours. Peace.



The June Sunk

As usual, the Smith's party was a great success. We all had our fill of food, beer, more food, hot tubbing, even more food and then some more beer.

Things got started around 12:30 and went well past 10pm. A noble party effort by all there. We succeeded in brewing the latest version of "The Silly Summerian". At pitching time we had a SG of 1.110 (potential alcohol of 14%). As of today (6/29), the gravity has dropped to 1.020 and is still bubbling about every 30 seconds. It tastes like a thin barley wine with a distinct honey or fruit nose. See the recipe later in this newsletter for complete details.

Thanks to Wayne and Sue for their hospitality. ~~Oh, by the way, we'll be back at their place again this month. I guess I should call them before this letter goes out.~~

SORRY..

Wednesday Brew Party

"Bigger and better" is the key word for this month's brew party. Around 25 folks showed up for this get-together. We volunteered Beau Cottrell to be our brewmeister for this month. See his recipe for a unique Pale Ale later in this letter.

We held a quick meeting to discuss two topics. 1) This is a brewers party. You should be proud to bring some of your best stuff to our get-togethers. Share and share alike. Enough said.

2) The club has decided to purchase a volleyball setup. Gary Blandina has been more than gracious in lending us his set, but now is the time for us to go ahead and buy our own set. This should only set us back \$40 to \$60.

On tap were a couple of beers your humble President brewed. Members, such as Beau, Matt and Denise, Wayne and Sue, Chris and Kurt and Deena, brought in several offerings for us all to try. I also opened a few beers that I brought back from Milwaukee. Thanks to all who brought all the munchies and beer. Don't forget to bring your fair share to next month's party on 7/29.

Contest Reminder

Sept. 30th....Pale Ales
Oct. 28th....Bocks, Oct., Marzen
Nov. 18th....Stouts
Dec. 16th....Seasonal Specialties

Welcome to New Members

Richard & Alyse Jones
Mark Bergeron
John Herrera
David & Lydia Benscher
A. Brian Chalke
"Chip" & Merri Sullivan
Matt & Denise Prodigio
John & Bobbie Benson
Darren Shields
James Mills
Donald Hennig
Mark & Alison Lav

Favorite renewals
Rebecca Haines &
Tom Sterling

At last count: 138 Members!!

July Party

I know we were all looking forward to our annual July party at Bill Speer's place at Cowpen Lake. One problem, Bill will be out of town for most of July. I offered to clean and lock up the place after we finished partying, but..... Well anyway, Bill has promised to host the August Party instead! If history is any indication of the future, this will be a party not to miss.

~~So, in the mean-time, Wayne and Sue Smith will host yet another club party.~~ **Not!** is any indication this will be an exce. So, bring a towel. homebrew and maybe a ~~bathing suit. Noon till 7 Sat. 7/11.~~

In that same vein, The Nude Brewers will meet again at the Smith's on SUNDAY, 7/19. I hope that two weeks warning is enough time for all of you. Our last get-together brought 12 of us to Wayne and Sue's place. Although we spent most of the day either in the hot tub or eating the wonderful food each of us brought, we did manage to play some very casual volleyball and have a tour of Sue's garden.

So, if you are looking for a day of total escape, relaxation and good friends. Come join us. Bring some homebrew, food, towel and a friend. All are welcome to join us.

1992 National AHA Conference.

As expected, this gathering is not for the faint of heart. 500 plus homebrewers in one place for 5 full days is a sight to behold. Many veteran brewers, ready to party, many newcomer, ready to party, the hotel staff cringes, and we begin.

I arrive Monday afternoon. I find some earlybirds, like myself, where else, but in the hotel bar. We renew year old friendships and sample some of the bar's wide selection of beers. Tuesday was spent riding a bus through the country side of Wisconsin. We stopped at a grain malting company and several brewpubs. If I see another dairy farm, it will be to soon.

Wednesday, the conference officially begins. After a morning of registering and mingling with more old friends I happened down to the hotel's restaurant at the same time as Charlie Papazian. We got a table and had a quick lunch together. We talked about The Hogtowne Brewers, the Orlando seminar, Market Street Pub and my brewshop.

After lunch, I attended a round table discussion on beer tastes and aromas. It was then time and for a swim and a sauna. As "happy hour" begins, I meet up with more old friends for beer and snacks. The evening is spent moving from one hospitality suite to another.

Thursday comes a little harder. More meetings and roundtables, more food and more beer was the general rule. Thursday night was Club Night. Many local and distant clubs set up booths selling their T-shirts and club paraphernalia. I sold or traded about a dozen of our club shirts. I also started having people sign my conference shirt. I simply put the shirt down on a table in the middle of the acclivities and had everyone take turns signing their names. I lost count after 200 signatures.

Friday was also filled with roundtables and conferences. The concluding dinner was for awards and passing out "thank you"s. Just to see some new faces. Several of us piled into a cab and headed to a local watering hole. We played pool, shot darts, shot the breeze and drank wheat beers till midnight.

Friday also brought the Sci-Fi geeks. 450 Dr. Who's, Mr. Spocks and many more unidentifiable creatures. And I thought we were strange?! Nerds with money. They were running up and down the halls exchanging pocket protectors and BBS phone numbers. If I hear today's "star date" again, I will be pushed to violence.

Saturday, Beer Fest Day! Local micros supplied us with 15 to 20 different beers to partake in. An excellent sampling of a wide range of styles and tastes. As the day comes to a close so do the eyes. Sleep is welcomed at 10pm.

Sunday, homeward bound.

As I said at the beginning, this is not for the faint of hearts. I spent the week with some really good and fun people. These brewers are an active, involved group. If you have been around our group for a while now, you know we are not a bunch of beer swilling drunks. It is the same for this group, or even more so. We all believe that homebrew is more than just beer. It brings friends together to brew and to party. Yes, the sound volume does go up as the beer flows. And yes, we do have to be careful and respect this stuff. But, I think you would be hard pressed to find a group of people more relaxed and inviting.

RB.

"Beau's, What Time Is It? Brew"
5 gallons.

1 can Cooper Bros. Bitter
3# Light DME
1/2# Chocolate Malt
1 oz. Cascade (15 min.)
1 oz. " (5 min.)

Steep the grains to produce a strong "tea". Remove the grains and add the DME and the can of malt. Boil till you finish your third or fourth drink (approx 90 min.). Add the first oz. of hops then the second. Cool, sparge, ferment and keg or bottle when ready.

Coming Events Not To Miss!

Saturday July 11th - HB Party ?
~~Smith's Place, See the map.~~

Sunday July 19th - Nude Brewers
Smiths Place, See article.

Wednesday July 29th - Boil Party
At the store, as usual.

Saturday August 15th (?) - HB Party
Bill Speer's, next month's letter.

Wednesday August 26th - Boil Party
At the store, as usual.

Hey,
Plans
change!
we will be
in contact
with the
location of
Re July
Party (RB)

OR

The Silly Sumerian III

Bappir

- 1# Honey
- 1# Dried Wheat
- 2# Malted Wheat
- 3# 2 Row Malted Barley
- 5# 6 Row Malted Barley
- 1# Flaked Barley
- Water

Finely grind all but 2# of the 6 row barley. Place this flour in a large mixing bowl or food pail. Loosely crush the remaining 2#'s and add to mixture. Add the honey and enough water to make a stiff dough. Form dough into loaves and let rest 2-3 hours before baking at 350 degrees till golden brown. Optional: add a package of baking yeast and allow rise before baking.

Mash

- 1# Malted Wheat
- 2# 2 Row Malted Barley
- 2* ~~2#~~ Chopped Dates AND 2 1/2# chopped RASINS
- 3# Honey

After baking, the bappir is allowed to "go stale" over several days by air drying on open racks till hard, similar to Hard Tac. On brewing day, break up the bread into your mash tun. Crush the mashing grains and add to the bappir. Infuse 2 gallons of 130 degree water and steep for 30 minutes. If you are using a "BRU HEAT" type mashing bin then add 2 more gallons of hot water and increase temperature to 155 degrees and hold till conversion occurs. If you are using a two bucket method to infuse water, draw off 1/2 of the water in the mash tun, bring it with an additional gallon of water to boil, then return it to the bin and steep till conversion occurs. After conversion, by either method, sparge this fluid off into your boiling bucket and boil till froth settles. Remove from heat and add a slurry mixture of the honey, dates and some water. This procedure may need adjusting to reach the temperatures required for conversion. Work with it and have plenty of homebrew available. It's thirsty work. Cool and ferment with a good quality Ale yeast.

This method and all of the ingredients may not be "TRUE" to antiquity, but it does make an excellent beer and excellent conversation.

Ray Badowski
The Hogtowne Brewer
JUNE 1992

RIFTS DEVELOPING IN BIERGHEIKISTAN

Separate sects have begun to surface long dormant feuds in Biergheikistan, the recently independent republic of the former Soviet Union.

Renowned for their novel use of the area's ample grain harvests, Biergheiks regularly gather in large groups to perform ritual consumption of their fermented beverage, which they call "broo-skee" in their native tongue. Their rustic, memorabilia-filled halls regularly resound with cries of "Hey, Vidor, howzaboutanother broo-skee?" and "Hey, Igor, welizen the bottle?"

"HA. HA. HA. HA. HA., they laugh, shaking their pelts, fur caps, and calibrated glassware which hangs from thongs around their necks.

But not all is gaiety among these fun-loving peoples. Through 1991, the rigors of living under a centralized economy which was run from Moscow made life, as a local idiom described it, "da peets." The blush of newly-found independence in 1992 gave every Biergheik a sense of pride long missing from their province. Massive torch-lit

rallies in the central square of their capital, Maltavia, brought thousands of fur-clad countrymen together chanting "Gheik! Gheik! Gheik!" in one voice.

In recent weeks, cracks have begun to appear in what used to be in an ethnic unity as seamless as a stainless steel brewpot. Three tribes, which had suppressed their differences for decades, have begun to pursue their own initiatives for power.

"Extractionis" typically seek simplicity and speed in life. Observed in brewing rituals, they have a minimum number of items and ingredients. Anthropologists have attributed this to an apparent contact with Bhuddist philosophy from regions further east. Engaged in conversation, an Extractionist will mutter brief questions, such as "Mash? Wol es does 'mash'?"

"Allgrainis", on the other extreme, have an unparalleled instinct to find and use every imaginable gadget and ingredient. Most can be found behind large mounds of gear plying their ancient practice for nearly an entire day, with a bluish glint in their

eyes. Some fringe Allgrainis have taken to creating their own assemblies of metal, plastic and hoses, through which a continuous trickle of amber fluid is made to flow. More than one tribe member has been found in a remote site, long gone, covered with cobwebs, still waiting to finish a stuck sparge. Senior Biergheik statesman Randall the Mad Maasher is one of the better known Allgrainis.

The third Biergheik tribe, the Mash-Extractis, have done what they can to bridge the gap between the other two groups. One night last week, while standing around a campfire in the cool night air, a huddle of Mash-Extractis scratched their beards as they tried to figure out their other Biergheik brethren.

"I gotz no tyme for dees shucking and chiv-ing," one muttered. "I gotz a whole batch done by noon and dose Allgrainis are steel playing weeth deir boxes making weeth da mash and sparge. Hey, Choe, I'm outta-here and doing da boogiedawn."

WAYNE'S CLUB BEER

PORTER : 7# DME (AMBER) + 1# BLACK
PATENT GRAIN + 2.5 OZ. CASCADE HOPPS
FOR BOIL + 1 OZ TETLINGER @ LAST
5 MIN.

NUT BROWN ALE : MUNTION'S N.B.A. 4#
+ 3# AMBER MALT + 1# (#40) GRAIN
+ 1 OZ HAUL. HOPPS + 1 OZ HAUL. HOPPS
@ LAST 10 MIN.

STOUT : COOPERS KIT (3.75#) + 2.2#
DARK DRY MALT + 1/4# ROASTED BARLEY
+ 1/2# CRYSTAL + 1# CORN SUGAR +
1 OZ CASCADE LEAF HOPPS.

In response to the request of our June party hostess, here
is the recipe for Peanut Butter Swirl Bars:

1/2 cup peanut butter
1/3 cup soft butter
3/4 cup cane sugar
3/4 cup brown sugar
cream above ingredients together, then add
2 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
mix well, spread into a greased 9*13 inch pan.
sprinkle with 1/2 to 3/4 cup chocolate chips
bake 5 minutes, remove from oven and run knife through to
marbleize the chocolate.
bake for 18-20 minutes.
consistency is desired.

DO NOT OVERBAKE, unless a brick-like
MARK 6/92

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