

F L O P S

The Official Newsletter
of the
FAYETTEVILLE LOVERS OF
PURE SUDS

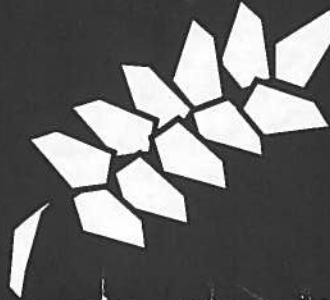
Dedicated to the fine art of
homebrewing and to the support
of homebrewers throughout NW
Arkansas

PRIMARILY PRATE

John Griffiths

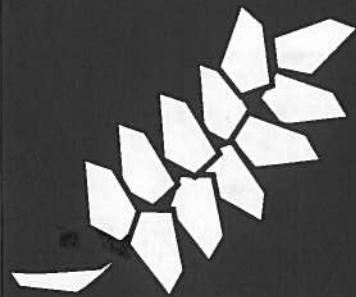
Greetings Fellow Homebrewers!
This newsletter is dedicated to the second anniversary of the founding of FLOPS. Our club was formed on April 4th, 1993, and our growth has been extraordinary. We currently have at least 46 paid members, four honorary members, and over 80 interested homebrewers in all on our contact list. This newsletter will be mailed to everyone who has been associated with FLOPS over our first two years - but it may be your last! Increased postal rates make it difficult to keep non-paying members on the mailing list. We know that not everyone can make club functions on a regular basis, but we do need to hear from you (miserly slackers), or we will have to regretfully accept that our idiosyncratic comaradarie is not for you. If this is this case, we do, nevertheless, wish you much success in your homebrewing. For those of you whom we haven't seen since the early days, we now meet regularly at 7p.m. on the first Thursday of every month at the Ozark Brewing Company (corner of Dickson and West Street in Fayetteville). John Gilliam, owner and brewmeister at OBC, is a splendid host, and his encouragement and support of FLOPS has contributed greatly to our growth and success. Thanks John!

Success is great, but we need to look ahead! What are the future aims of FLOPS as we head into our third year? I can offer my own thoughts, but of course this is *your* club, and any and all ideas are most welcome. I see FLOPS as having two basic functions. Firstly, as a club where we homebrewers can get together and enjoy the liquids of our labors. Don't be bashful in bringing a few brews to our meetings and sharing them with fellow members; invite comments - you stand to learn how to improve your brew, and heck, it can never be worse than the dreaded Bud!



ESTABLISHED

1993



I encourage you to enter our club competitions and have your beer judged against those of fellow brewers. "Winning" is not the object - the comments on your brew will be very helpful in improving your own methods. You don't have to have fancy equipment or be an all-grain brewer to make great beer!

Secondly, I see FLOPS as an educational forum. At meetings and symposia we should strive to share our knowledge with each other. During future meetings, I propose to hold a short "question and answer" session. If you have a question about brewing (however trivial, such as which side of duck tape is sticky?), please be ready to ask it. I would like any other member present to give a "quick" answer, then you can talk about it together after the meeting. Everyone, over time, develops their own brewing procedures, but there are ideas we can share to make life a little easier. For myself (and I'm sure I can speak for many other club members), I would be happy to assist you in making a batch, be it extract, partial mash, or perhaps your first all-grain brew. You can read all of the books, but from my own experience, the more you read, the more confused you can become! I still remember my own first attempt at all-grain mashing. I had to "psyche" myself up for a week, then later the darn brew took first place in a competition in California [pure luck, ed.]. I repeat: Enter competitions! It can only help you progress as a homebrewer.

Speaking of competitions, on March 9, we held our first "OBC" brew-off. John Gilliam provided grains and hops, and seven members submitted entries. The judges' consensus was that there was not a single bad beer - all were excellent! After much deliberation, the results were: #1, Dave Justice - Belgian Ale; #2, Dave Johnson - Dortmunder/Export; #3, T. C. Reimer - Brown Ale. Congratulations Mr. Justice, you'll get to brew 310 gallons with John Gilliam at OBC. After several hours, when you're raking 600 lbs. of spent grain out of the lauter-tank, you might regret winning for a moment, but in the end, you'll have that wonderful feeling of having spent the day well. We look forward to tasting your brew!

That's it for this time. As we approach our second anniversary, I would like to thank everyone who has helped make FLOPS the antithesis of our name! I hope to see everyone at our next meeting (4/6/95), and please remember the Mid-South Beer Festival in Fort Smith on April 8. Let's make these events a celebration of our second birthday. Happy Homebrewing!

I AM NOT A BREWER...

August 4, 1994

John Griffiths, who arrived incredibly disheveled, his shirt front covered in a foul smelling brine, his usually frosted blond, curly locks caked this way and that, and who scratched at himself endlessly and to the great perturbation of just about everyone, called the meeting to order at 7:30 p.m. It appeared at first that it was going to be another of those meetings where half way through Brother Elliott finds it necessary to lift our President's groggy and ever increasingly weighty head off the oaken table, prop him up as best as possible, and manipulate him as one does a Danny O'Day dummy before tossing it in the closet or up in the attic, or before shooting it in the head at the range just for the hell of it and to glean whatever reaction you can from the sportsters next to you. But as it turned out, no one really needed to worry, just sit a little farther away from the high chair. The secretary then began to grow outwardly despondent, complaining with wild gesticulations, not a few of which were obscene, and occasionally referring to the *Son of Man* with an extreme and notably careless lack of fondness, of how extremely tedious it had become to try to reconstruct foggy events from a month ago, or make sense out of senseless notes taken at an equally senseless meeting, and how difficult it had become to have to interminably dream up

Excerpts from Two Years of Minutes Extracted from the Dubious Official Record of the FAYETTEVILLE LOVERS OF PURE SUDS

July 7, 1993

The Primary Fermenter then mused over how one might compute a man's average stagger distance. After some consideration the equation was dismissed; the number of variables being too great, and the algebraic process as a whole being much too daunting for such a rapidly numbing tribe. However, from the most northern end of the table, a single, unfettered voice, boisterous and unsettlingly disembodied, proffered the most agreeable suggestion: that for lack of mathematical method, we might just as well follow John as he weaved his way home and study the matter, as it were, in the flesh. . .

hot little blasts of bitterness directed at our fountaining father, conched in bits of dubious humor in sentences so resplendent with multisyllabic words and so littered with commas and semicolons, that one might think his brain was ever sliding down some slick urinal tube in the Johnny-On-The-Spot latrine at the construction site where he now spends his entire waking moments; or how arduous it is to drink so much beer and rum and vodka and now bourbon, day after day; how dispiriting it was to be forced to buy an outrageously expensive Bosco's T-Shirt with a blue hippo on it of all things just to meet the dress code so he could have a couple of lousy beers in Memphis; and how truly out of control the price of Porzac has become so that not even movie stars want it anymore; and then, just as a look of abject horror passed over even the glazed and distant eyes of Brother Reimer, as brewers about the room began to fidget uneasily and pound their remaining drinks upon the tables, der Sekretär lept to his feet, shot out a stiff right arm and shouted feverishly: "Lieber Eluis, gib mir die Kraft meine Feinde zu zerstören!"

December 2, 1993

Bill Speer then suggested the creation of a FLOPS T-shirt which, when proudly displayed upon the upper body (that is torso) of each individual member, would instill with our swelling bosoms, if not a mote of shame, then at least a modicum of pride; which would signal to the general non-brewing public our ardent fervor and purpose; which would alert the ever increasingly corpulent law enforcement community as to the heinous and devious nature of our enterprise; and which would, from quite a distance (depending, of course, upon the size and iridescent colorings of the logo), distinguish us from the common drunken rabble with whom we find ourselves sadly, and with much too much frequency, associating. Keith Besonen then proposed instead some sort of (continued p. 3)

(continued from p. 2) lycra body-wear, either in a single piece, jumper design, or in a two-piece matching ensemble suitable for workout or casual lounging. He also insisted that to cut costs it would be beneficial to decide upon a uni-sex motif. However, the Ambassador's opinions were considered with so little regard, indeed the entire assembly seemed so disturbed at the unpleasant notion of seeing one another attired in such fashion, that there began suddenly, though not unpredictably, a great murmuring and fidgeting; in fact, no sooner than his ludicrous proposals had been voiced, Besonen ashamedly retracted them, adding, with noticeable disconcertion that "the T-shirt sounds good, too."

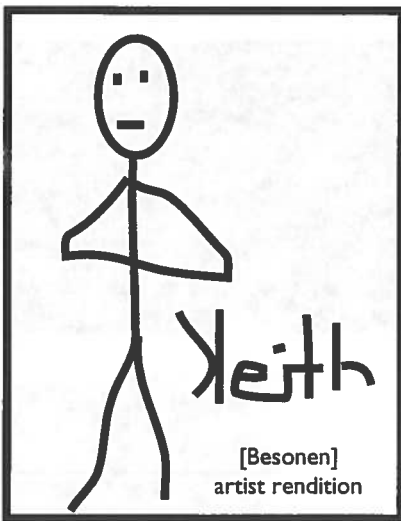
February 3, 1994

The Primary Fermenter then brazenly attacked the new FLOPS 1994 Calendar, in which he appears as the feature centerfold, tastefully displayed in a kind of montage of somnambulant memories, characteristic postures of his presidential mien; actual depictions of our highly esteemed founder dipsomaniacally riding armchairs and sofas of varying comfort and design toward this windmill and that; those unforgettable moments from past meetings and symposia, thoughtfully and carefully captured for our amusement on celluloid and acetate, now available in this lovely, practical and useful guide. Though his comments were couched in humor, and were thusly received by all attending, they were, in fact, derisive and malicious. Indeed, they were a barely veiled threat to litigate. Let the record show that the president erred grievously when he uttered such foul statements, and that his overall attitude toward the matter, as it grew more strident and vehemently accusatorial (and in seeming direct proportion to the ever increasing number of homebrews he managed to preoccupy), is entirely without warrant and is herein utterly condemned. Let this report also state that the calendar in question is accurate, not only in its representations of the Primary Fermenter who is regularly seen so resplendently reclined, but is also entirely accurate as to the days of the week and the months of the year. Further, the motives and incentives of the creative agents are beyond impeachment, as the labor was undertaken with the greatest respect, admiration and consideration towards the (undeserving) subject, and in deference to such, the article was not included within the text of the newsletter proper [2nd edition, L. Justice, ed.], but was made available only as a supplement, exclusively for FLOPS members, and was never intended for public distribution - though well it might have been! . . .

APRIL 4, 1993

AT THIS TIME
IT WAS
DECIDED TO
RELAX AND
HAVE A
HOMEBREW. . .

... I AM A FREE MAN



ONCE UPON A TIME (February 18, 1995, to be exact) in a land far, far away (St. Louis, Missouri), the Wicked Brewmeister of the Evil Empire of Brewing gazed into his mirror and said (as he had gazed into his mirror and said on every day of his despotic reign:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who brews the blandest beer of all?"

For decades, the mirror had answered thus:

"Thou, brewer, dost brew the blandest beer of all."

But on this day, the mirror had a different answer. It was:

"Thy beer may'st bland and gassy be,
But Kansas City brews a blander beer than thee!"

Upon hearing this, the Wicked Brewmeister fell to his knees and wept bitter tears (which, by the way, were far more bitter than anything he had ever brewed).

At this very moment, our four heroes - Matt C. Bondi, Wallace D. Elliott, John R. Griffiths, and Keith P. Besonen - were on the road to Kansas City. They lived in the domain of a good and wise brewmeister in Fayetteville, but they were eager to see more of the world, so off to Kansas City they went.

The first brewmeister they encountered was good and wise as well. He offered them an unceasing flow of his fine (and free) Boulevard ales. But our four heroes were eager to see more of the world, so off they went to 75th Street Brewery. Wallace and Keith had journeyed to and carried with them this brewpub a year earlier, and had quaffed even traded his nearly a 75th Street Brewery fond memories of many while there. Wallace had a T-shirt that had once tasted like a wheat beer, but evil had befallen the brewpub since their visit. The wheat beer that had once tasted like a Michelob Dark. The stout that had then been a mark of shame.

mirror,
mirror on the wall,
who brews the blandest
beer of all?

Our four heroes fled across the border to Adam's Rib Brewery in Overland Park, Kansas. They each ordered a different brew - wheat, porter, amber, golden, and four different brews were presented to them. But try as they might, they could not distinguish the difference between them, apart from their hue. Each beer was as bland as could be. Our four confused heroes turned to Adam's Rib's brewmeister for help. Why was it, they asked him, that they couldn't taste their beer?

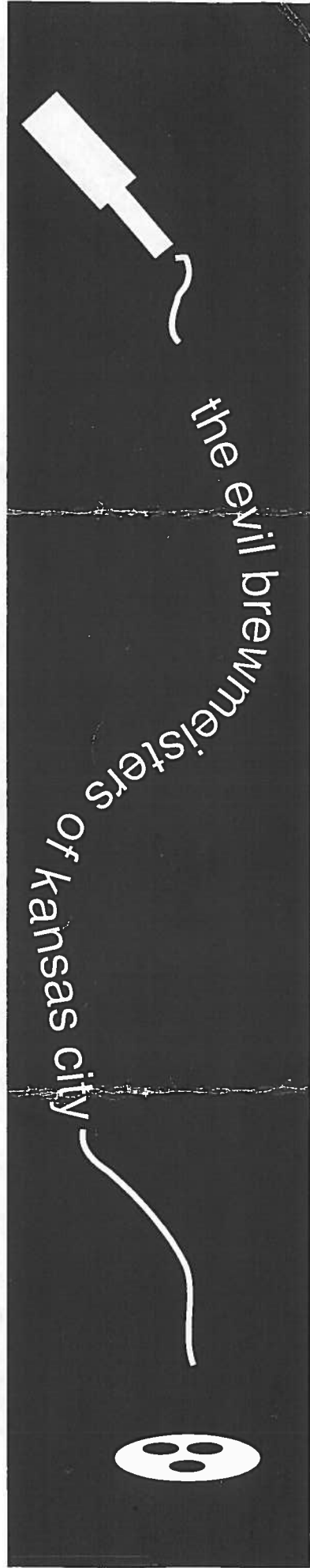
"What do you expect?" the brewmeister said. "This is commercial beer."

Our four heroes told him of their good and wise brewmeister in Fayetteville whose brewpub served an array of flavorful beers.

"Yeah," Adam's Rib's brewmeister answered, "and I bet he doesn't have four or five other brewpubs in town that he has to compete with." The brewmeister paused to look over his kingdom, where his unfortunate subjects sat drinking bland beer. "Look," the brewmeister continued, "this is Anheuser-Busch country. That's what people around here are used to. If I brewed stuff too different from what they're used to, they wouldn't buy it and we would go out of business."

Ah! how these harsh words did sadden the hearts of our heroes, for they were but young innocents (three of the four were young innocents, at any rate), unused to the cruel ways of the world. Where they were from, one could tell a good and wise brewmeister from a wicked brewmeister by the price of his beer. But in Kansas City, all the brewpubs they had visited were but wolves in sheep's clothing, luring in unsuspecting beer lovers with promises of hearty ales and lagers - promises that turned to dust upon the first sip. Our four heroes had never imagined that such cynicism existed in the world.

With heavy hearts they next tried Saddle Sore Brewery, hoping against hope that this brewmeister's beer would be better than his competitors. Alas, it was not. This brewpub, too, had been cursed. So our four heroes returned to their motel room, bitterly dissatisfied.

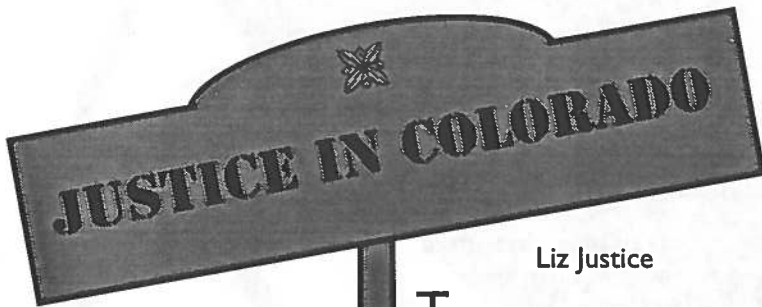
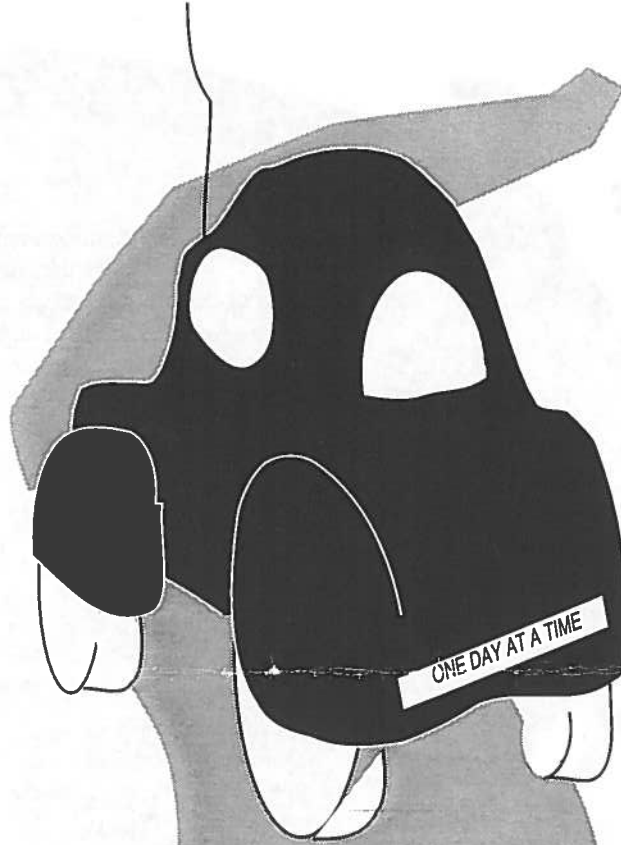


T'would have been a tragedy if our heroes' journey had ended thus. But they had another day in Kansas City; another day for their faith in mankind to be rekindled.

And rekindled it was!

The next day they visited Mill Creek Brewery, where the beer, while not robust, was not nearly so bland as it had been at the other three brewpubs. Across the street at Westport Brewing Company, our heroes ordered a round of beers and were astounded to find something they had nearly forgotten about by now - flavor! And in the pale ale, was that - might it be? Yes! Hops! Stanley's joy upon finding Dr. Livingstone was nothing compared to our heroes' joy upon finding hops again. How it gladdened their hearts to be in the kingdom of a good and wise brewmeister after their long and treacherous journey through the dark forest. Here was a brewmeister who took pride in his work. Here was a brewmeister who was not filled with contempt for his subjects. Our heroes stayed on for hours, their renewed faith in their fellow man growing with each sip.

But finally, it was time to go, so our heroes clapped the heels of their shoes together three times and said, "There's no place like home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!" Four and a half hours later, they found themselves back home in Fayetteville, where they lived happily ever after.



Liz Justice

This is a report from our vacation to Colorado, where we attended the Great American Beer Festival in Denver, and also visited a truly appalling number of breweries and brew-pubs in the Ft. Collins-Boulder-Denver areas. Ft. Collins is the home of Colorado State, the "Aggie" University in Colorado. Boulder is the home of the University of Colorado, the "Hippy" University. After visiting both towns and their environs we determined that we may be considered hippies in Arkansas, however, we are probably aggies in Colorado.

We began our tour of breweries in Fort Collins where we visited several taverns. The Old Town House Mountain Tap, Old Chicago, and Coopersmiths. Coopersmiths was the only true brew-pub we visited. They offered good food and beer, although we had a rather surly waitress, who remembered us the next night when we stumbled in for a nightcap. We behaved in an honorable manner and represented FLOPS well - not once did Dave's head fall into his plate of spaghetti. The waitress was as impressed with us as we were with her.

We next toured the breweries of Boulder. We ate lunch at the Oasis Brewery - and had the best beers and food there that we encountered on tour. We almost literally ran into Dan Weidman and his Dad as we left the pub. "Hi," I said, surprised to encounter another Arkansan in such a locale. "I'm Liz Justice from Fayetteville." Both Weidmans stared at me somewhat incredulously, as if they'd just bitten into a wormy apple. At this moment Dave came out of the door of the brewery and upon sighting the Weidmans said, "Oh! You're the Weidmans from Ft. Smith! I'm Dave from Fayetteville." I noticed that both men, while silently nodding, had begun a slow and steady side-step into the brewery. We also visited the Mountain Sun brew-pub which offered very good brew, and the Wilderness pub, a part of the Rockies Brewing Company, which did not.

That night in Denver we distinguished ourselves as super-feather weights among national beer drinkers when we attended the festival (Dave, nevertheless, managed to disable himself entirely, and refrained from drinking a single beer the rest of the tour). It was a grand occasion that would have warmed many a Sudser's heart. Thousands of Dr. Johns were Welsh weaving around the convention hall. Numerous signs encouraged responsible drinking. A Scottish bagpipe band marched through the auditorium. Booths demonstrating every possible angle on kegging, cooking, and brewing abounded. Charlie Papazian and Michael Jackson signed books.

Every now and then a loud roar would echo throughout the hall as roudy partiers hooted and hollered. And every now and then, as another partier bit the dust, one would hear the tinkle of a commemorative Festival glass splintering on the concrete floor. And then the loudest roar of all would be heard. The whole hall would raise its voice in a loud salute to the comrade whose night of drinking was now over.

We visited the Weidman booth from Ft. Smith, where I started in the "Hi, we're Liz and Dave from Fayetteville..." spiel until the vague look on Bill Weidman's face intensified and Dave's piercing evil eyes caught mine. I stopped mid-sentence and requested a beer. We visited Chuck Skypeck, a representative of Bosco's of Memphis (that brew-pub Rudko loves so well), who, to our great relief said, "Hi, Dave, nice to see you," when we walked up to his booth.

Later that evening as our spirits rose and we prepared to leave the convention center, we happened upon a woman who was caught in a phone booth. I smirked, "Need a beer?" The two men who were trying to free her from the booth turned around. We stared directly into the eyes of Dan and Bill Weidman. And there we left them. They are probably still wondering about the odd young couple who seemed to be stalking them through Colorado.

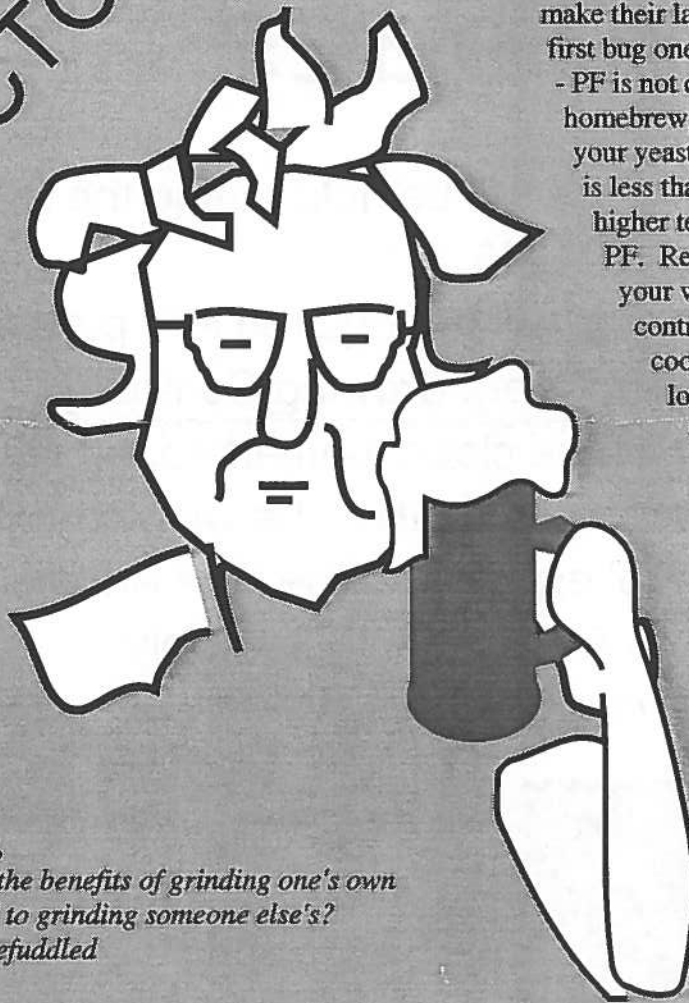
Medal Winners We Tried

Tut Brown Ale - Oasis - Boulder - Bronze, American Brown Ale
Capstone ESB - Oasis - Silver, American Amber Ale
Sawtooth Ale - Left Hand Brewing - Gold, Longmont Company - Traditional Bitter
Alaskan Autumn Ale - Alaskan Brewing Company - Juniau, Alaska - Gold, Amber Ale
Alaskan Smoked Porter - Alaskan Brewing Company - Juniau, Alaska - Gold, Rauchbier
Road Mogul Madness - Alaskan Brewing Company - Juniau, Alaska - Bronze, Strong Ale
Belgian Style Ale - Celis Brewery - Austin - Silver, Celis White
Hubsch Lager - Sudwerk Privat Brauerei Hubsch - Davis, CA - Gold, Munich-Hellis
Tabernash Weiss - Tabernash Brewing Company - Denver - Gold
Sierra Nevada Pale - Silver - India Pale Ale

Our Notables

Abbey Ale
Grand Cru
Oasis - Festivale
Indigo by H.C. Berger - Fort Collins, IPA or Pale Ale
Wrigly Red
Mountain Sun
Rikenjaks
Holy Cow Casino

ASK DOCTOR SUDS



Dear PF sufferer,

I assume from your desperate request that you have already consulted the finest the medical profession has to offer (and been ripped off by a bunch of quacks trying to make their late golf club dues). My advice to you is to first bug one of your friends (you should still have some - PF is not contagious) for a couple of bottles of homebrew, and try to relax! Now then, when you pitch your yeast into your wort, be sure the wort temperature is less than 70 degrees F. Yeasties get orgasms at higher temperatures, which is the leading cause of PF. Remember to take a hydrometer reading of your wort before adding yeast - this will give you a control for later. Before you pitch, stir your cooled wort vigorously. Our little friends need lots of oxygen during their fetal life stages.

Once you have closed and air-locked your brew, monitor it every few hours. Record the number of bubbles per minute blowing through your airlock. This should steadily increase to perhaps 50 - 100 per minute, then decline to almost zero. Ideally, this should take 3 - 5 days. If you have PF, however, it may happen overnight, and you'll have missed the perverted pleasure of watching billions of yeasties fornicate. But don't worry. When there is almost no more bubble activity, rack the wort to your secondary fermenter and again record the gravity with your hydrometer. If the drop is as expected (say from 1.070 to 1.020 for an I.P.A.), then the yeasties have probably done their job. If the gravity is higher, the PF has probably not occurred. Your final gravity reading

should be the expected low for the style of beer you are making. If PF has occurred, then your second and third gravity readings will be the same. Don't worry! The time in the secondary is necessary anyway to achieve settling of the yeasties.

That's it from Doctor Suds. Send me your questions, however stupid they might seem. Brew On!
D.S.

Dear Doctor Suds,

What are the benefits of grinding one's own grains as opposed to grinding someone else's?

Befuddled

Dear Befuddled,

You certainly are! Can you not figure that if you grind your own grains, you can use them to make your own brew. If you grind someone else's, you will have an aching shoulder, and no beer. The literature on brewing suggests that using freshly ground grains is best, as crushed grain absorbs moisture from the air, which results in lower extraction (less sugar, thus less alcohol per pound of grain). I buy most of my grains pre-crushed anyway, and don't find too much of a problem with loss of extract. I would suggest that if you insist on grinding someone else's grains, you insure they have a good supply of homebrew on hand - you'll need the calories and liquid to compensate for the energy you'll exert.

Dr. Suds



Dear Doctor Suds,

I suffer from premature fermentation. Help me, Doc, you're my last hope!

(name withheld)

Need some advice? Got a comment?

Address your inquiries to:

*Dr. Suds, Advisor to the Stars
625 West Dickson #9
Fayetteville, AR 72701*

FLOPS COMPETITION SCHEDULE

The following competitions will be held during the rest of
1995.

Two bottles plus two bucks will be required at 7 p.m. on the
competition day at Ozark Brewing Company.

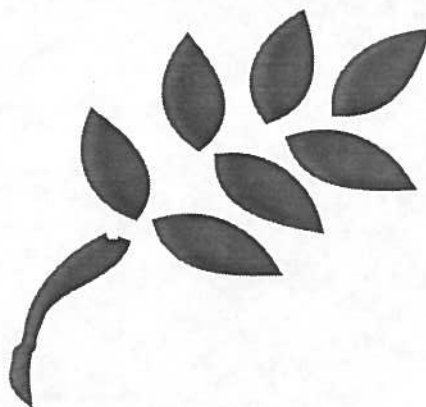
Remember to keep aside three clean, unmarked, brown bottles
of your brew, as after each competition the winning entry will
be shipped at FLOPS' expense to the next American
Homebrewers Association "Club Only"
competition.

May 4: Rauchbier (Smoked beer)

July 6: Weiss (Wheat beer)

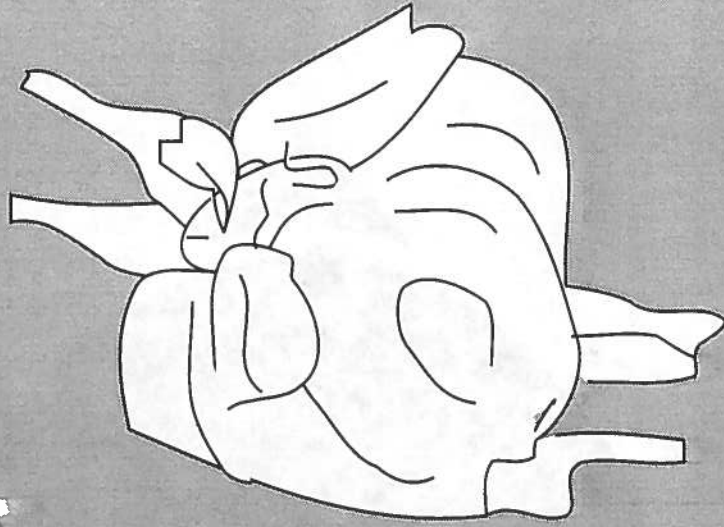
September 7: Oktoberfest/Marzen/Vienna

November 2: Brown Ale



the

roadable gourmet



The weekend of February 19, I had the great pleasure of accompanying our Ambassador on his trip to Kansas City. I'll leave the discussion of the beer we encountered to my esteemed colleague (though I would throw in behind him praise for both Millcreek and Westport Brewing Companies). For any of our members who are headed up that way, though, I'll toss in here a few thoughts on what you might find when trying to satisfy those road amplified culinary cravings.

We began at Smoke Stack BBQ, which has, for a restaurant specializing in this regional favorite, a surprisingly varied menu. The bill of fare included smoked fish as well as lamb, and the beans were simply wonderful. Definately the place to stop when just south of Kansas City.

Though Adam's Rib Brewing Company may not be a bastion of prime suds, the spent grain rolls were a fair consolation. If you find yourself stuck there, it's the best I can recommend.

Ricky's Pit BBQ featured a beef sandwich, which was as tasty as it was large. (It was large.) Good beans, hearty french fries and a lone Jalapeno topped off a worthwhile meal. The sauce, however, was only fair, not Presidential as described (evidentally Slick Willy orders it).

Westport Brewing Company qualifies for a good word, too, as they are the only pub we visited that did NOT offer the ubiquitous Spinach and Artichokeheat dip. The fruit and cheese tray, though not spectacular, was a good accompaniment to the fine beer they brew, and the bread was also quite good.

That's a bit of the food we ate in K.C., though I might add that we made a stop at Smoke Stack on the way out of town.

Wallace Elliott

Here is an understated recipe from an hor's d'oeuvres book. I spice it up by changing the cheddar to smoked cheddar, and by adding capers, red pepper, garlic and onion to taste. Needless to say, I also switch the milk to beer.

- 1 1/4 cup of mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 tablespoons of mustard
- 1/2 onion (diced)
- 2 tablespoons capers
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 teaspoon onion powder
- 3/4 cup parmesan cheese
- 1 cup smoked cheddar
- 2 tablespoons of Brown Ale bread crumbs
- 1/4 teaspoon red pepper (to taste)
- salt and black pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients, except bread crumbs in a bowl and mix well. Texture should be between mayonnaise and cream cheese. Add bread crumbs (1 teaspoon at a time) to thicken mixture. Spread on sliced french bread and toast.

