

Maltose



Falcons

OCTOBER 1978 VOL.3 #7

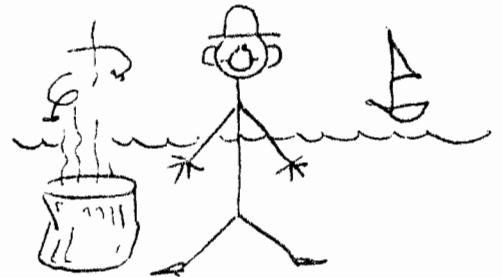
Saturday, August 19th, found a couple of us out at the Marina Del Rey for the second annual wine tasting festival. The Wine and Beer clubs were both invited to set up a booth. Aside from us, all the rest of the booths were occupied by professional wineries.

For a five dollar fee, the customer got a glass and had his hand stamped with an illegible smudge that allowed him an unlimited amount of cheeses, breads and fruits (until they ran out three hours later) and all the wine he could taste.

My function was to make beer and Rodney Morris' duty was to wander around and taste the wines and report back to me. He never checked in but I managed to collar him when he staggered by and he minded the shop while I went out and tried my hand at it.

I forgot to bring my camera with me so I will have to rely on my artistic skills to convey to you how things looked at the Marina.

That's Rodney tending the beer to the right and that's me whose not there with him. I was out window shopping at the time this picture was drawn.



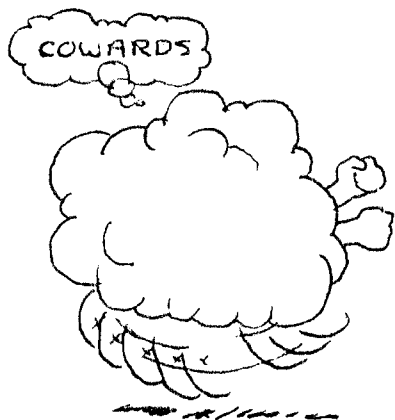
Got my schmecker stuck in a wine glass and it was almost 6:00 P.M. before I managed to suck it out.

Peoples reactions to the cooking beer were both varied and **occasionally** amusing. More often than not, they were a downright insult to your favorite beer maker.

Some people would snuffle to a halt, sniff the ambience with their purple noses and, after training their crocadillian gaze in my direction and focusing their bleary, B-B eyeballs upon the pot, would offer such comments as, "Pee-ooo! It smells like the sewer busted", or, "I didn't do anything, it must be that swamp over there".

Others were more generous, but not much more. My beer was

likened to potatoes, burritos and even tomato soup. I heard so many ridiculous guesses that I got out my pencil and amused myself by writing them down. Here are some more: chicken soup, artichokes, stew, zucchini, cactus, and a vegetable soup or two. Or how about tamales, or spaghetti, or teriaki? They guessed everything except beer.



Finally I had it and I flang my fists up in an offensive posture and dazzled them with my foot work.

"All right, you guys, put 'em up. I've had it with your insults".

Unfortunately, my vigorous foot work kicked up such a cloud of dust that the offenders took this opportunity to sneak away, leaving me with five gallons of beer and Rodney Morris.

Now that my honor had been vindicated, I wrestled the beer into my car and took it to the Wine shop where John took care (?) of it.

If you haven't been keeping up with the news you probably didn't know that the L.A. Times wrote us up again and channel 34 called Brent Wilson, wanting to know if we had any spanish speaking beer makers so they could interview them on T.V. I think I mentioned before that Brent appeared on T.V. also. If I didn't, I am doing it now. The Valley News also came out to my place, took pictures of me playing with my beer and did a very nice article about it.

John has an excellent book on beer and breweries around the world, for only (muable) dollars. The title is: "The World Guide to Beer," and is a fascinating and entertaining account of the beer drinking habits of everybody in this solar system and contains some surprising information, such as the world's ten largest breweries, who produces the most beer, who drinks the most and which country has more breweries than the rest of the world combined.

Many of these breweries were in existence long before Columbus got lost and stumbled upon our shores. Others have been firmly established since last Thursday.

One statement from the book is worth a quote here. It says, "The Kalevala, the national epic of Finland, manages to describe the

creation of the world in 200 verses, but requires 400 in which to explain the origin of beer".

I have just recently woke up and began to question something I have taken for granite as long as I have been making beer. I, like others of you, I am sure, have been walking around with a Stan Laurel smile on my face, feeling confident that I had digested all the information I had read, separated the wheat from the chaf and stored the latter away in its proper place where I could refer to it when the occassion demanded. Then, while reading the afore mentioned book, a sudden doubt slud into home plate and knocked me off my pins. The author would refer, occassionally, to a beer by its starting gravity, such as a thirteen degree beer or a fifteen degree beer. Other times the alcohol content was mentioned according to the system the country used, i.e. alcohol by weight or volume.

I had assumed, until now, that the alcoholic content of my beers were by weight, but how in the nurd could I find out for sure? I considered every source but the most obvious. You bet! I looked at my hydrometer and low and bee-hole, there it was in great big, teensy, black letters ---"alcohol by volume". That means that my hefty 4% beers are no more than 3.2% by weight. Isn't that enough to frost your pumpkin?

I have been recieving newsletters from some of the other clubs and suspect that some of them don't have newsletters yet. I have just sent one to a club in Canada and any replies will be posted on the bulletin board in the Wine Shop.

The newsletter from the Malts of San Andreas contained some information that might stimulate your interest zone. Dr. John C. Bolton says, "What about getting together as a group of clubs in order to propagate the faith and foster better brewing in the process? I have mentioned this informally to Mark Harrington of the Santa Clara Valley Brewers and several others. No negative comments so far. We have even toyed with a name, "The California ABC". Naturally this stands for the California Association of Brewing Clubs.

As an association we could arrange competition brewing on an area-wide basis or even state-wide if there is enough interest. We could even try to get state and county fairs to include brewing as one of

the judged catagories -----.

We should get together to discuss this in the near future if your class are interested. Let me know your comments as soon as possible."

Hash that one over and squirt a think or two at it.

Well, yeserteddy was the big day of the pick nick and I was given to understand that there were over sixty tickets sold. There were certainly that many mouths hanging around the bean pot. Everyone brought a little something. We had probably a dozen different salads, watermillion, pudding, bread, chips, chili beans, fifteen gallons of Anchor Steam beer, wine (if you brought your own), hot dogs, hamburgers, and lots of soda for the kiddies.



The park offered free train rides (that people tried all afternoon to derail with their soda cans), free slides and a free dip in their free pool.

Many valuable gifts were raffled off in the afternoon. Prizes ranged from a five gallon oak keg all the way down to a book entitled, "Brewing Quality Beer at Home" and guess who won that one? I---I don't know what to say, fellas.



Frank arrove, cranked his jaw open and, as an entree', squirted a gallon of wine into his yap. Then he started in. I had to turn my head. Don't ask me to elaborate, but when the sun was

listing above the horizon and we were on our way out of the park, I turned and looked back. The only thing I saw was a lone figure huddled over the grill, stacking the hamburgers on like he was expecting company.

Lee Coe called the other night. When I picked up the phone he hollered,

STOP THE PRESSES!

so loud that it, not only curled my cutest ear, but singed the hair off its perimeter and turned



it a smokey yellow. He had called to inform me that the Conable bill had been defeated and the Cranston bill was again in the running.

In a letter dispatched that very same day, Lee says: "On Aug. 25 the U.S. Senate unanimously adopted the Cranston Bill to amend and clarify federal law on home-made wine and beer. This action wiped out the bad bill we have been campaigning against. Senator Alan Cranston of California did the job for us. From the Senate floor, he offered two amendments to HR 1337, a tax bill, and the Senate approved them. The action was unanimous, in part because the Bureau of alcohol, tobacco & firearms withdrew its opposition. Previously, the BATF had supported the bad bill.

As this is written, HR 1337 has BATF approval, and has no known opposition. It goes to a joint House-Senate conference committee, which is expected to approve it. Then it will go to the House of Representatives for a vote. Upon House approval, it will go to Pres. Carter for his signature."

"PLEASE--write your own Representative in the House immediately, asking him or her to vote for HR1337 as passed by the Senate. If you don't know his or her name or adress, phone your local newspaper.

Our letters and petitions got us this far. One more shove should finish the job."

Lee also says that the beer clubs up North suspect that their shop yeast is contaminated also, but this is a subject I refuse to discuss anymore. If you guys like that flavor, you can keep it. I know when I'm licked. But, before I quit, I have a couple of quotes on the subject that may interest you.

Doug Muhleman from the pilot brewery at U.C. Davis, took a sample of the shop yeast back with him and had this to say about it: "I told John's assistant that my tentative conclusion was that the yeast was infected. After culturing a package of the yeast I found a significant population of *Pediococcus* spp, a common beer and wort spoilage bacteria. This bug will produce lactic acid and an assortment of other off flavors."

The World Guide to Beer, says: "Yeast is so active that its behaviour can cause great problems for brewers. It is a living organism, and may suddenly choose to behave in an erratic fashion. Or wild

yeasts may get into the brew. In these circumstances, a massive cleaning and sterilizing operation has to be mounted, and extreme cases may demand that new yeast is procured from another brewery. Although yeasts job is to act as an agent of fermentation, it also influences taste, and the types of alcohol which it produces can effect the potential of beer to cause hangovers. Its behaviour has caused difficulties in even the most scientifically-run of modern breweries, and sometimes these problems defy solution for years. If a brewer has the right yeast culture, he is a happy man."

So, keep a stiff upper lip but don't get it stuck in a beer bottle, or your ear.

If anyone wants a sample of the new EDME yeast that Lee sent down, raise your hand.

If you are looking for something unusual in a beer, you can "amaze your friends" with some of these tried and proven recipes. Instead of using hops, substitute juniper, nutmeg or oak leaves. Or you might try bay berries, lime blossoms or even cloves. These have all been used at one time or another. Look, I know I've kidded around a little in the past but there is a time for levity and a time to be serious and I am sincere now. Can't you tell by the expression on my face? No kidding. I mean it.

It occurred to me that a question and answer column might not be a bad idea. I've got the answer if you've got the right question. I read once, that someone had'nt discovered a successful way to clean his fermentation locks. I keep mine sparkling this way: Mix household bleach with water at the rate of one tablespoon per gallon and soak the locks in it for a few hours, making sure that the balls are full.

MAY THE SUN GLUCKERRE BLEAKE ON THY GANNICK

Next meeting: Oct. 1st

CULTURING AND DECONTAMINATING YEAST

The problem of producing (or not producing) contaminated beer crops up from time to time and may cause considerable anguish and much pulling of hair. The purpose of this paper is to (1) assuage our tempers (2) calm our fluttering hearts and (3) put us back on the road to making the stuff we were used to drinking before we were unceremoniously yanked by the scruff of the neck, into the hostile bad lands of rotten beer and things that go bump in the night.

This dissertation is meant only to supplement a lecture, and in no wise constitutes a complete treatise. The mechanics of culturing your own yeast are more easily demonstrated than written about.

In sheer desperation I put in a call to Professor Lewis of U.C. Davis and presented our problem. He was gracious enough to lend a sympathetic ear and send four yeast cultures down by special courier. A week after my call I discovered one of his students standing on my door step with a smile on his face and four slants in his hot little hand.

A slant is an agar medium that has been put into a test tube with a plug of cotton in it, and sterilized in a pressure cooker for ten minutes. In the event that agar is not available, a medium of wort and gelatin can be substituted.

While the agar is in a liquid state the test tube is propped up on its side so when the medium solidifies, it does so slaunchwise and exposes a greater surface for inoculating. See fig. 117-32a.

Yeast grows only on the surface. The slant is then inoculated over an open flame with the use of a loop, which is nothing more than a fine, stainless steel wire that has been stuck into a cork, and has had a small loop fashioned into the other end. This is first sterilized over the flame and a bit of the yeast sample is rubbed across the surface of the medium.

This is a convenient method of transporting a culture from one place to another or vice versa.

