



The Brewer's League Journal

Vol. 3, No. 10

December 1998



Its Time To Mark Your Ballots

During the November meeting at *The Flying Pig*, we nominated the candidates to handle the duties of our club during the coming year. Those duties have changed quite a bit during this year, and will change again as we ratify and adopt our new by-laws. As you mark your ballots at the meeting this month, please do so with your mind on how the person you are voting for will handle the business of running your club.

The nominees are:

President: Jim Jensen and John Hartline

Vice President: John Hartline, Todd Zurik, Bob Dokka and Jeff Paden

Treasurer: Jeff Paden and Dennis Fugier

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Secretary: Anne Hartline (Ann Jensen and Shelley volunteered to assist and alternate in this role)

Librarian: Shelley Albright and Louise Fugier

Membership Coordinator: Bob Baker, Chuck Walker, Howard Holcomb and Gary Albright

I'm sure you noticed that the office of Social Coordinator is missing from the list. There was a motion, discussion and a second, to remove this office from the list and to handle the duties by ad-hoc committee. This was approved by show of hands and passed. In the coming year we will have a number of committees to assist with taking the club to the next level of education, contest participation, possibly community involvement and perhaps even some AHA contest sponsorship. We

are looking for eager persons with ideas for our growth. Kind of an "Uncle GEBL Wants You" deal. If we're talking about you or someone you know, now is the time to step up to the plate and take a swing at it. You know..."Ask not what your GEBL can do for you..."



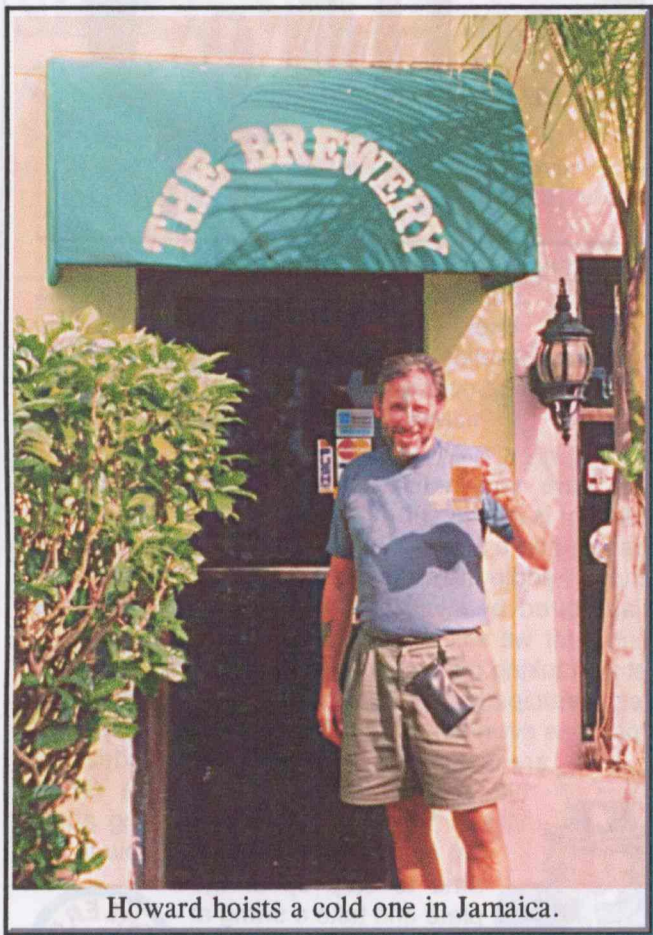
By John Boy

Howard From Jamaica

I thought I might share a little of Lynn's and my great adventure in Jamaica this last month in search of a decent glass of beer.

It really does not exist as far as we can tell, and we really tried hard to find it. The only two kinds of beer to be had were the local beer, Red Stripe, and Guinness Stout. The Guinness would have been just fine except for the fact that in Jamaica, they import Guinness extract and go from there to get the imitation they serve. How strange to be in a former British colony and have no beers to choose from.

This picture is of a place that had Red Stripe on tap and bottled. The locals think the bottled is better than the draft, so Lynn and I had to taste both several times to make an intelligent decision. I think we like the draft best, as it should be. We did both agree on one thing and that is that you can get a pretty good buzz when it is 90 degrees outside,



Howard hoists a cold one in Jamaica.

90% humidity and you have nothing to do but relax and enjoy a Red Stripe or two.

Red Stripe is a lager style commercial beer with a little more malt and hops than our Miller or Bud would have. All and all, when your parched and away from home, you do as the locals do; drink Red Stripe, and Ya Mon, Solid Gold mon, enjoy!

By Howard Holcomb

The Many Ales of Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas and down at the **PIG**.

The **GBLs** were partying and dancing a jig.

Tom Munoz was serving Christmas ale all around
And **Chuck Walker** was helping get the fun off the ground.

Don Roberts was laughing, while hiding some pens
While **Jack Hughes** had photos that showed where he'd been.

"Old Peculiar", hungry **GBLs** and Martha Stewart (a.k.a. our own **Ms. Shelley**)

Were talking consumption of **Albright** giant chickens,
relative to Santa's belly.

Gary was standing by with a grin and a beer,
And there, too, was **Bob Baker** lending an ear.

Our own sweet elf, **Bob Dokka**, by name,
Was showing his talents, both in carving and pane.

Tom and **Pam Namowicz** were keeping us all in stitches,
With jokes and stories that'll bust out your britches.

Louise and **Dennis, Fugier** that is,
Were discussing remodeling, what's not and what is.

Ms. Ann and **Jim Jensen**, not to be outdone,
Scored a goal pre-meeting and then joined **GBLs** for fun.

Bringing home the **Bacon** was **Ralph**, aka *Bearded Nun*,
And he kept us laughing 'til he had to run.

Todd Zurik was demo-ing some fancy wood pens,
While **Joyce** and **Dick** told how to find where deep water ends.

George Crawford was raffling off whatever he found,
While **Jeff Paden** piled the proceeds in stacks on the ground.

James Stockard was yelling, "That's me, I won!"
While **Tim Martin** said, "Hold on, we've not yet begun."

Vince sat very quiet and cool in a corner,
While nursing an **ESB**, unlike **Jack Horner**.

Bruce Fingarson wore his *Oktoberfest* hat proudly, but objected to *lederhosen*, and quite loudly.

Brian Sollenberger mimed aliens grabbing one's face While explaining brew techniques with the utmost grace.

Anne Hartline, like usual, was busy writing it all down, While **John** passed out newsletters and served ale all around.

Telling tales of beer quests in far-off Jamaica
Lynn and **Howard** revealed just how far a big thirst will take ya.

Tim Knowles sat drinking quietly with **John** and **Cathy Moore**, taking it all in.
Wondering where in the heck has **Jeff Salsbery** been?

The ales and lagers and porters and stouts
Were sampled (and sampled!) and passed round all about.

The **GEBLs** had fun and gave good wishes to all
As they bid good night and shut down the hall.

The **PIG** will recover (and so will your
hop heads!),
But now drive home safely and jump in
those beds!



12/98

By Sweet Annie

Rande Reed Visits the GErBL's

As part of his effort to continue our education as brewers and to expose us to more and more of the significant people in the industry, Tom Munoz introduced Rande Reed of *Snoqualmie Falls Brewing Company* and *Fall's Ales*. Several of the menu selections tonight used *Fall's Ales* as the basis for their saucing and were sell-outs before we arrived (we need to talk about that Tom). Rande has a long history in the microbrew business and a variety of experiences with many well-known brew industry leaders. Rande has brewed for *Thomas Kemper*, in Poulsbo, and for *Pyramid Ales*, in downtown Seattle. He made the move to *Snoqualmie* and is very happy with his decision. At age 36, after 7 years of homebrewing, Rande was jobless, but financially secure, due to a merger. He was living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin and had written a number of articles for *Zymurgy* magazine. For a year and a half, he worked for *Sprecker Brewing Company*, doing everything from brewing

to cleaning to bottling and loading trucks. The owner, Randy Sprecker, had an attitude of "my way or the highway" and Rande Reed opted for the second choice.

He was contacted by Andy Thomas and Will Kemper of *Thomas Kemper Brewing Company* in 1984 and went to work for them. The beer was always referred to as a "Blueberry Beer" due to the strange yeasts with a very fruity flavor that were used. The beer was actually a lager, not an ale, and had a blueberry aroma. He knew they needed to change the yeast being used and reformulate the beer. Rande had a penchant for English cask-style ales and went to England to learn their techniques and found the English brewers to be very helpful in sharing information. *Thomas Kemper* was under-capitalized and in 1992 *Pyramid* wanted to buy them out. They hired Rande to be the Brewmaster and the Operations Manager and poured money into *Thomas Kemper*. They actually "overgrew" the *Thomas Kemper* plant in Poulsbo.

During 4 years of commuting to Seattle from Poulsbo, they had grown from 60,000 barrels yearly, to 110,000 barrels annually. An alarm went off in Rande's head questioning if this was what he wanted to do. He had been made Corporate Brewmaster over all the operations within *Pyramid*. The plant in Berkeley, alone, put out 15 million barrels annually. Rande was missing the brewing and didn't like the administrative side of his responsibilities. *Snoqualmie* contacted him late last year and said they had bought *Mack and Jack's* old equipment and had a 7 barrel system and were in a beautiful location. After 12 years as a brewer, Rande was eager to get back into the brewing part of the process. They produce 200 barrels yearly and do only draft, no packaging. They have 5 beers and 1 seasonal. They self-distribute in King County only. Rande is a one-man show, brewing and marketing the product, but no alarm is going off in his head anymore.

He does a double batch that goes into the 500 gallon fermentor. It is an open-style dairy tank fermentor with glycol bands. There is a 12 day cycle on brewing. Rande feels that Amber is too dark (too many hops) and that their's cannot be pigeonholed. It is more like a brown ale and has become their flagship beer. He asked for suggestions on what to call it, terming the situation an "Identity Crisis," which all ambers have, according to Tom Munoz. He says they are too sweet. Tom Namowicz termed it a *Mahogany* and Todd suggested *Alaska Amber*. Rande says he brews to style but picks his own parameters and that you have to have a database to be consistent. The first batch you should not expect to sell, but do expect to "sewer it." You analyze everything (tanks, yeast, etc.) and set control limits and exception limits. Homebrewing is not exact but commercial brewing must be, every time.

The control test is done with opaque mugs so you don't see the color or characteristics and get distracted by them.

Two are the same and one is different but you sample all 3 glasses and when all agree that any is out of spec, you blend it with the one with opposite characteristics to balance. Beer must be within the same age frame to be able to blend it. You manually track what you are doing. Tom Munoz said that they are still handcrafting at Pyramid in Seattle. Jim said that the style does not matter as long as it tastes good. John asked where craft beer is going in the next year. Distributors have to be hammered so hard in order to get them to handle a new beer. As "facings" (shelf space) shrink, some craft beers won't be able to pull through. Self-distribution is very hard to do. West Washington Beverage company controls most of King County. Large distributors make more money and can wheel and deal. Customers always ask for freebies and bribes.

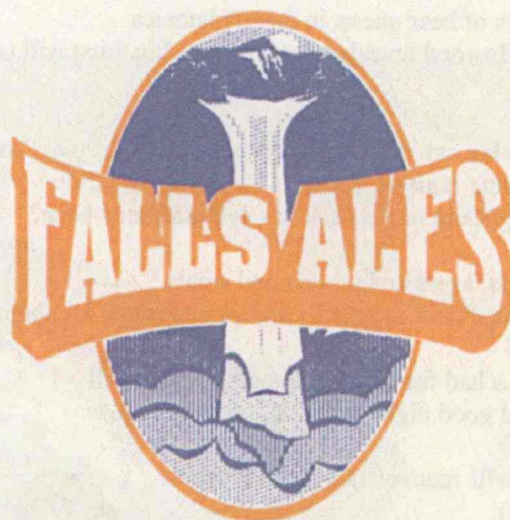
Rande explained one of the trials of his position. He gets the call on Friday night that the kegs are foaming and he has to go out himself and see what the problem is. A large distributor just calls someone else to handle it but Rande is on call 7 days a week, 24 hours a day. George commented that the larger companies seem to swallow up the small ones. Rande said you make more money by bottling if you can do it yourself.

Poulsbo has spring water and Seattle has city water and the taste changes because of it. The particulate has been removed from Seattle water but the beer is not pasteurized and Rande says they use "coffins not bottles" because the beer sits too long with the dealer and he terms it a "bug count." Coors keeps beer at specific temperatures and conditions to ensure consistency in taste. Samuel Adams does contract brewing which proves that you don't have to be good to make good money.

One of his own favorite beers is *Black Frog Stout* which is actually a Porter. It can be found all over the US and the company has done a good job on educating its fans about it. Chuck said it is on tap at many taverns he goes to. Todd asked why don't they do a barley wine. Rande says that they just released one on November 1. They brewed it in March with Chinook hops and malt. High-gravity beers damage the yeast cell wall. That's okay if you know your yeast and its limits. AE means terminal gravity. *Snoqualmie* does tours and tasting on Saturday from 12-5. They sell 5-gallon cornie kegs for \$35 and growlers (½ gallon size) for \$4 if you bring your own or \$7 if you buy their growler and beer. They do not have a tap room and are not open on Sunday. Barley wine in a growler costs \$15.

Rande says their IPA is the best and is an amber. *Life in the Falls* is a cream ale and good for a light drink. He specs all his beers within controlled limits @ 2.52 so the head is right and carbonation good when served. You need a mixed blend of Nitro and CO2 to keep the beers from going flat. The nitrogen does not absorb readily, making the beer fizzy, except in *Bud* and *MGD* which will go flat without it. He

specs cream @ 2.57. We thanked Rande for his time and information. (Editor's Note: While every detail in this article may not be exactly accurate, it is clear that Annie captured the intent of Rande's talk, and it is truly amazing to me that she got as much of it down as she did. Rande, if we got something a little wrong, we apologize. I think the article is pretty good for someone who professes to not know much about beer.)



www.fallsbrews.com



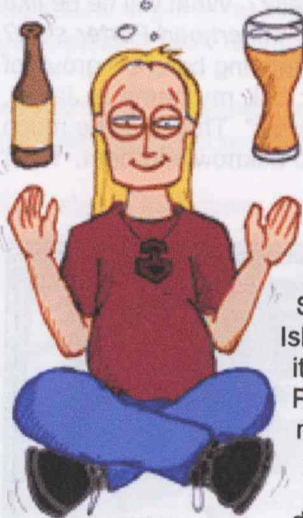
By Substitute Scribe Annie

A Little Something From Beer Cyberland ambrosia and lifeblood

Beer can be a fickle mistress. (Editor's note: This is a bit on the weird side, but fun. This guy lives in New York, inhabits a local tavern and writes (along with a cartooning buddy) a weekly cyber beer column. If you're interested in seeing more, let me know, or you can check them out at their web address at the end of the article.)

I don't know exactly what that means, but I found that the gratuitous combination of an overused phrase with the word beer was fun to say. If you don't believe me, try it, especially if you're by yourself in a crowded public place. I find that that's by far the most fun.

I'm sitting here on a Friday night, freshly home from work. I'm starting the beer column now, because a certain cartoonist apartment mate of mine is getting somewhat pissy about my recent lack of writings. I need to have it done by Sunday, and know that I'm going to be far too lazy to write the whole thing tomorrow.



I'm sitting at my desk, drinking a Phish Taile Paile Aile from the Long Shore Brewery on Long Island. As is my usual taste, it's a really highly hopped Pale Ale, one that almost makes your mouth drier as you drink it, with the obvious solution being to drink more beer. We're about to go out and celebrate the site hitting new highs of traffic levels this week. It actually does

this every week, but this week the new levels happened to rise above some nice round numbers (at least, in our arbitrary system of using ten as a counting base). The point is, we're going out to drink. Our excuse is to celebrate. What we're celebrating is relatively meaningless, but it gives us a reasonable excuse.

Tomorrow, I'm going to wake up, hopefully in the afternoon, and I'll have to finish this, so that it can get all dollied up to make it's way onto the site. This Phish Taile Paile Aile I'm drinking right now to stimulate my beer-writing creative juices will be my enemy. I'll be sitting at my desk, wishing I was instead lying in my bed, staring at my monitor, wishing it weren't quite so bright, listening to the aforementioned cartoonist bitch at me, but at least that's normal behavior.

Throughout my time in college, I heard of amazing ways to get rid of hangovers. The most effective ones are also the ones I don't believe anyone actually succeeds in doing. Supposedly, if you drink a glass of water with some aspirin before going to bed,, or something along those lines, after coming home from drinking, you don't have a hangover upon waking up. The essence of this plan is if you don't drink enough to be "really drunk", you don't get a hangover. In this situation, my definition of "really drunk" is the ability to perform any predetermined set of tasks.

You also hear tell of strange concoctions, involving stranger ingredients than those used in a [Goat's Scrotum Ale](#), mixed together and ingested. The usual excuse is that it gets your body packed full of all those vital vitamins and minerals you must have lost by drinking beer. Never mind that hefeweizens are chock full of B

vitamin complexes, or that you can theoretically live on Guinness alone (to get your full day's regiment of vitamins, you need to supplement your Guinness with 2 pints of milk and a pint of orange juice, bringing your total fluid intake to 50 pints of liquid after you have the 47 pints of Guinness needed for the other vitamins). The real purpose of mixing things like raw eggs, oranges and various spices together is simply to induce vomiting. Cleanses your system a little, and even if it doesn't make you feel any better, it makes your friends feel better about not being you.

My personal approach is to drink lots of coffee, so at least I'm awake and fully aware of how bad I feel. I also eat a big breakfast, usually consisting of bacon and cheese omelettes with home fries. I find that eating that much fat and cholesterol usually leaves me feeling so bad in and of itself, that I don't even notice the hangover anymore.

My favorite, and the most successful approach I've found by far is known as "Hair of the Dog". Something about showing up in the same bar you were just in 10 hours ago, to drink a couple of those same beers that left you in your present state, is strangely refreshing. The final advantage, and the real root of the success of this approach, is that you just confuse your brain into submission. On the downside, the day after that one, you're pretty much screwed.

So once again, as I do week after week, I now prepare to head off into the depths of New York City, despite the full knowledge of what I'm about to do to myself.

Sometimes, you wake up too late to effectively get the full cholesterol-laden breakfast. Coffee, however, was as refreshing as always. Sometimes you just know that no matter how you waste the day or what measures you take to alleviate the dull ache of a hangover, the body-weariness just won't leave. You feel compelled to sit on a couch, and avoid the relative struggle of doing something as relatively simple as complete a final paragraph in a beer column. Luckily, as I sit here and wrestle with the faintest attempts at humor, the solution is becoming clearer.

So I bid you all adieu, as I move away from my computer, back to the couch. I'm abandoning you for the sweetly bitter embrace of my favorite fickle mistress. My head hurts. Don't bug me at beer@goats.com.

-- phillip karlsson, brew guru
October 03, 1998

Lynda's Top Ten

Lynda's top ten tips for avoiding the label of 'loser' in a bar

1. Do not ask bar staff out, ever.
2. Do not tell bar staff to smile, ever.
3. Do not ask if you can bum a cigarette because you don't really smoke -- you just indulge when you are out.
4. Do not wear white turtlenecks.
5. If you are going to follow the latest affected, stupid trend and smoke a cigar, then at least make it a good one -- not the two dollar variety you obviously bought at the deli in the hope that it would make you look cool.
6. Do not nag your friends to try an unusual beer "like a heineken".
7. Do not drink shots with stupid names. (This will not only get you labeled "loser" but will annoy the bartender and will probably prompt him/her to check and make sure you really are over 21 in spite of the receding hairline).
8. Do not continue to talk to a woman (or man) who turns their back on you and ignores you for more than five minutes. (I've made this one inclusive, but lets face it, it's the guys who need this advice.)
9. Do not buy a drink for a man or woman who turns their back on you and ignores you for more than five minutes.
10. Do not throw up on the bar, ever.

Who's Lynda you ask...beats me, but I thought these were pretty clever, and I have to fill up the space somehow until my club members start coming through for the newsletter. Hey whadja expect, an endless fountain of clever quips and beer knowledge?

By BJ

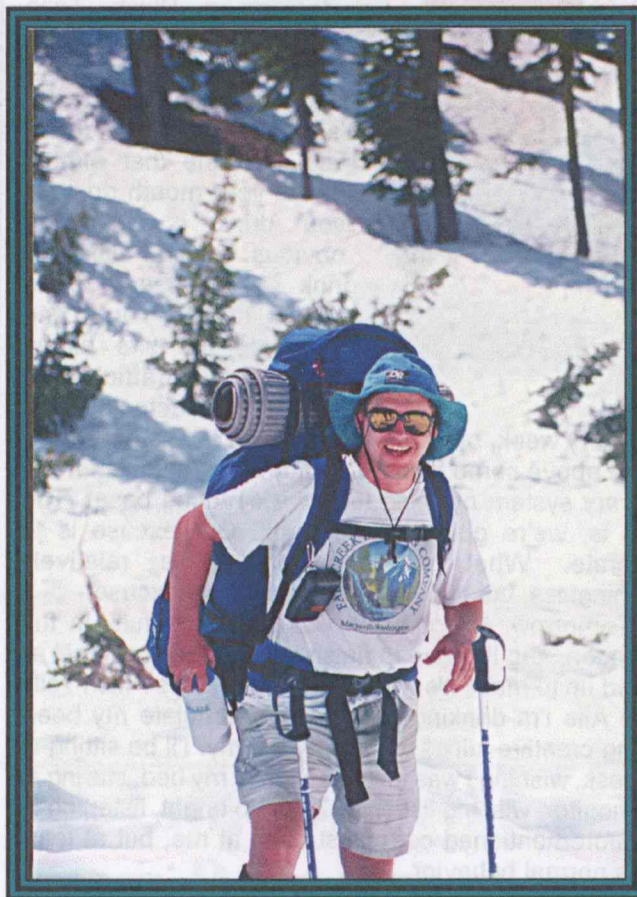
Fall Creek Shirt Seen on Mt. Shasta

Yep, that's right. Apparently, Fall Creek t-shirts are being spotted in places farther and farther from the brewery that wants to be. We have begun receiving photos from intrepid travelers who love to be seen in their line of fine Fall Creek apparel.

The well dressed studly dude you see in this photo is a native of Santa Barbara and obviously has great taste in beer gear. He got his shirt as a Christmas gift from a friend of the Fall Creek Brewery last year, and has had to beg for a replacement several times. It seems he won't

take it off. I have heard he even showers in it and some whisper about his even refusing to remove it during the heat of passion.

Can you blame the boy, really? What will he be like when he gets his hands on a *Peckerhead Porter* shirt? Next thing you know, he'll be standing before a group of people saying something like; "Hi, my name is Jason, and I'm a Fall Creek clothes horse" There will be much head nodding and sympathetic acknowledgment. Poor guy.



Next time you spot someone in a faraway place wearing Fall Creek "Butt Floss", (I wonder where you would be seeing something like that?) or some other equally attractive Fall Creek Beer Gear, snap a photo. You may win a complimentary keg of your favorite FC libation. It's too bad Howard wasn't wearing a FC shirt in Jamaica.

Hey how about a line of lingerie? I can see it now...halftime during the Super Bowl, right after a ButtBowl commercial, we see supermodels wearing fine FC apparel, nearly see-through...damn, Annie is on her way over here to see what I'm grinning about.

Anyway, snap those photo's wearing our shirts in whatever location or activity you can imagine. We'll decide whether it's worth a keg of beer and post them on

the brewery wall for all to admire.

Have some fun with it. Why not a photo wearing nothing but a FC shirt? Gads, that possibility is pretty revolting. Well, not as revolting with some members as with others.



By Rascal Boy

PBW

Jim and I recently approached Don about ordering 50 pounds of PBW for the club. Now for those of you who haven't yet experienced the incredible cleaning power of PBW, allow me to tell you a little about it.

Jim introduced me to this product about 6 months ago and I bought a couple of 2 oz packages to use on my kettle. As you know, the protein buildup on the sides and bottom of your brew kettle can get pretty ugly, and if you have a false bottom in your kettle, it either turns into a battle to get it clean, or complete resignation on your part. The screen in my kettle was really ugly. It was brown and coated with cooked on protein.

I had also bought one of the converted kegs from Don to use as a sparge vessel and the keg was manufactured in 1961. As it had been out of service for years and years, there was a pretty ugly buildup on the inside of my new tank. You know me...if it ain't perfect, I don't like it.

Add to all of the above, the fact that I use a sealed fermentation vessel. It seems the last time I opened the fermentor for cleaning, it had what felt like sandpaper adhering to the side walls. I couldn't see anything, but my fingers told me that the fermentor had a nasty buildup on it. I tried the TSP soak and that didn't touch it. I tried scrubbing the sides with softscrub and a bright boy. All that did was give me sore arms.

I kept hearing the coach shout "Give me the rookie", so I heated 15 gallons of water to about 160° in my new sparge tank. I added 6 oz of PBW (\$4.50) to the warm water and stirred to dissolve it. I let it sit for about 20 minutes, then moved it into the mash tun and heated it back up to 160°. I rinsed the sparge tank and looked inside.

What was that blinding light I was seeing? It was either the sun reflecting off of my chrome dome, or the sun reflecting off of the inside of my used keg, or both. I couldn't believe how shiny the inside of the keg was. It looked as if it had been polished. More importantly was how it felt. I mean we're talking babies butts here.

Well, I was impressed, but the test wasn't over yet. After the solution had been in my mash tun for 20 minutes or so, I moved it into the kettle and heated it up to 180° for the really big challenge. I rinsed the mash tun and yes, it was the same as the keg...unbelievably shiny and felt polished to the touch. Please note that I had not yet even lifted my scrubbing pads. All of this

cleaning had been done by soaking and rinsing.

The kettle. I felt like after doing the first two containers, the PBW must have lost its punch. I decided to pump the solution into my empty fermentor. If it still had any kick to it, perhaps it would clean the inside of the pump and the counterflow cooler along the way. After the pumping was completed, I took the kettle out to rinse and have to admit to being a bit disappointed. The screen was still pretty brown. It look like I was going to have to scrub after all. But wait, I still had to rinse (I can see you all sitting on the edge of your chairs with eyes wide and breath coming rapido). I couldn't believe what I was seeing. The stuff was rinsing right off. The false bottom was as bright and smooth as the day I had bought it. Next I rinsed the kettle and when I looked inside, I could clearly see the line where the solution had been. I had used 15 gallons in my 20 gallon kettle.

Now those of you who who have been here on brew day know that I scrub my kettle completely after each batch of beer. You wouldn't think there would be much of a buildup on the side walls, yet I am here to tell you that I could see and feel the difference where the PBW solution had been and where it had not been.

Well I just fell to my knees weeping and shouting for Jim Jensen to come down out of the sky and let me kiss his smelly feet for showing me the way. But wait...the fermentor. I dried my eyes. Do I dare hope... it had been twenty minutes but I had to set up the drain hoses to find out if it had worked yet another miracle.

After what seemed like an hour, the fermentor was drained (right into the storm drain as PBW is inert after doing its thing) and rinsed, I felt the side walls. What to my amazed fingertips surprise and exultation did I find?!!! Nothing. Nothing, do you hear me? Nothing but those babies butts on the inside of my precious beer toy.

Now despite what some of you may think, I am basically a lazy brewer, and here is a product that pretty much guaranteed me of not having to scrub (oh that hideous word) my kettles, pots, screens, vessels, fermentors or kegs ever again.

Where can I get a better supply of this stuff? I checked with the Brewer's Warehouse. Nope, you have to buy it in the 2 oz packages at \$1.49 each or in a 55 gallon drum. Damn! How can I get a 55 gallon drum in here without Annie seeing it? What drum? Oh that one... oh that's been here since we moved in...now she wouldn't buy that one. I've used it one too many times. Oh well, \$4.50 each time I did a thorough cleaning was ok I guess.

Every opportunity I got, I lobbied with the retailers to put pressure on Five Star (the producers of PBW) to package it in a smaller (say five gallon bucket) size. I'm not taking credit for it, but last month in Brewing Techniques, I saw an ad with the much coveted 5 gallon bucket of PBW. Oh Joy! Jim and I convinced Don to order it and we now have it!!

Better than that, you can have it too! When purchased

in the small packages, the stuff is \$.75 per ounce. Because we could buy it from Don and get our club discount, we have it for about \$.18 per ounce. I have packaged it in quart jars and I will be bringing it to the next several club meetings for you to purchase. The jars are \$6.00 each and hold just about 2 pounds of PBW. When we finish selling the 50 pounds I purchased from Don, there will be a slight profit and that will go into the club treasury.

If you have a container you would like to bring by and get more than 2 pounds, just let me know and we'll be happy to accommodate you. I promise you that you won't be disappointed.

By Big John (and getting bigger)

SHIRTS AVAILABLE

Shelley tells me that there are still 5 GEBL shirts available to members. We have 3 of the XL shirts in navy. I don't know if these are long sleeved or not. The XL's are available for \$27.00 each. There are also 2 of the

XXL shirts (one teal and one maroon) for \$31.00 each. The proceeds for these shirts goes back into the treasury as we had paid for them with club funds. See Shelley if you're interested.

In The Next Issue

We will return to the Featured Brewer series with an article on Jim Jensen.

We will publish the style calendar for 1999.

We will publish the results of the elections.

We hope to begin a series of guest articles written by our favorite Knothead "Baby-Alien-in-the-face", Brian Sollenberger.

Jim Jensen swears he is can do a bit of cartooning and I'm hopeful we can sample his efforts.

And Much Much More.

The Greater Everett Brewer's League
6709 - 44th Street N.E.
Marysville, WA 98270-6900



GEBL Library
17630 - 160th St. S.E.
Monroe, WA 98272

The next meeting will be held December 10th, 7:00 PM, at The Flying Pig Brewpub, 2929 Colby Avenue, (425) 339-1393. The Guest Speaker will be Bert Grant of Grants Brewing Company. The style will be Barleywine and bring your Christmas beers and we will be electing new officers at this meeting.