



The Foam Rangers Newsletter Urquell

All the beer that's fit to drink

June- Volume 29 Pints- Issue 6

**July
Meeting:
Pool Party
@
George &
Sandy's
Friday
July
18th
8:00 p.m.**

**17402 Apache Hills
Dr.
Tomball, TX
77377**

**AFFORDABLE
FUEL**

Fuel Crisis Savior!

Out (of) The Wazoo

The Brewsletter Urquell

The Official Foam Rangers
Zine

Officers and Contributors:

Grand Wazoo
Scott Dewalt

Secondary Fermenter
"Storge" West

Scrivener
Don't Call me "Sean"
G-lover

Purser
Rolland Pate

**Bozo Head
of Special Events**
Scott Birdwell
sales@defalcos.com

Brewsletter Urquell Editor
Emil Campos
cerevisiae@me.com

Foampage Webmaster
Beto Zuniga
info@foamrangers.com

Mail and Unix "guy"
Dave Cato
webmaster@crunchyfrog.net

**Dixie Cup XXIV Coordina-
tor**
??

Competition Coordinator
??
Was Waz
T-Bob Daugherty

The Brewsletter Urquell is
published by the Foam
Rangers Homebrew Club,
8715 Stella Link, Houston TX
77025
© 2007



By Grand
Wazoo

Scott
Dewalt

"InBev koupil Anheuser-Busch, ja králem piva!" shouts the headline of the Czech weekly as I sip a clean, fresh and wonderful Pilsner Urquell in a small smoky pub in Prague just off the Vltava river overlooking the famous five-hundred year old Karlův most. It is hard not to laugh as I spy the Budvar and Staropramen and PU signs that litter my walks; beckoning too many times successfully to interrupt my strolls. It is July and a fine time for a pilsner. But I soon must return to the land of the independent brewery giants like Sam Adams... The king is dead! The king is dead! Long live the king.

Just in time for the dog days of July and we take the time to celebrate with a pool, copious amounts of homebrew and friends, many of whom we may well need the homebrew to stand seeing wearing too little for too long.

The annual pool party is a great tradition in the club and goes back several years now. We owe a big thanks to George and Sandy for once again opening their pool (where it mine, you'd be able to skate on the chlorine before I allowed you lot in!), their house and their hospitality. So many stories have begun their journey into legend at the annual pool party that one wonders what ever else we do all year. Who can forget Pool Roulette? Well, perhaps I should ask who can remember how it ended? Want your man stew? Stick around and you'll be witness to something only beer can

make socially acceptable: five near-naked men in a hot tub.

Homebrew is the theme for the night and many fellow Rangers have offered to bring their finest and other beers they wish to free themselves of. (A free beer to someone who can tell me how not to end that sentence with a preposition and still maintain its high-falutinness). Please bring your homebrew. We'll need a variety to keep the interest up. Kegs may be brought by the pool and glass, while certainly welcome, will be served and relegated to the garage.

Crawling out from our rocks on the Saturday after our meeting, the Lunar Rendezbrewz is upon us. Judging will be held on Saturday the 19th and 26th. If you'd like to judge, please go help our fellow rocket scientist and others with this noble endeavor. If you'd rather steward, I'm sure they'll be happy for all the help.

San Antonio is gearing up for their Cerveza Fest. Like the Lunar Rendezbrewz, this is another leg in the Lone Star Circuit. The Foam Rangers have fallen behind in the case to keep the Lone Star Circuit Homebrew Club of the Year trophy so we've some ground to make up and these two competitions are key. Enter, mates!

Thanks to Doak! Doak gallantly offered to valiantly slay the brew-in demons last Saturday and brewed up a mess of beer. Brew-Ins are an opportunity to meet future Foam Rangers and show those who may be interested in the hobby how easy and fun it can be. Contact me about a brew-in if you'd like to host on at DeFalco's.

Let's have a great meeting and remember, bathing suits are mandatory this year!

I HAVE NO STYLE.



**Secondary
Fermenter**

**"Storge"
West**

Finally! No beer of the month diatribe. I can write whatever I want, woohoooo. I don't know about others, but my journey through homebrewing has its ups and downs. I get interested and then I start to get burned out and have to do something else for a while. Other people get diverted by life (the kind outside of homebrewing) while a few spend every free moment brewing or thinking beer until their interest fizzles like the last gasp from an empty corny.

We all know those who don't make that sharp corner and end up like Brian Wilsson or Jan Berry (look it up, you have the internet now). Changing things up a little always seems to help, and maybe expanding m brewing vocabulary might be just the ticket. So I was thinking, with the passing of one of the greatest comics that ever lived it would be neat to try to hone in on the seven dirtiest words as they apply to homebrewing. But what exactly is a dirty word as it applies to the homebrewing world? Maybe just combining run of the mill dirty words with homebrewing terms could yield results. What about trying to fit the square pegs that comprise homebrewing terminology into some of the original dirty word holes? Hey that sounds like progress already.

Let's start with the first on our list; shit. Homebrewers can find many uses for such a versatile word. "man, that beer taste's like shit", "wow that Cascade is some good shit!" or "do you think anyone will notice this green shit growing in my fermenter?" Next up is the word piss, which like shit is a little mundane in our jaded world. Being brewers and drinkers we all tend to think about the action probably more than we do the term itself, but it's still a fairly good de-

scriptor. Who hasn't looked at American megaswill and said "they call this piss, beer?" Piss is so intrinsically tied to our hobby that you can't go to Belgium without stopping to take pictures in front of a little pissing boy that also adorns the labels of several local beers.

Now f*ck is a different word entirely, but hang around a group of guys brewing all day long and you will hear it enough, especially when things aren't going so well. "Where did I put that f*cking mash paddle, hydrometer, hose, gasket, clamp, thermometer, hop bag, mash tun, propane tank!"...you get the idea. Spill some hot wort on your feet during a boil over and just see how many times the word f*ck is uttered.

The next three words are not so frequently used in homebrewing, or maybe they are used and I just don't brew with enough people, but the first word with few alternate meanings which seems to get used little is c*nt. Now if you have seen Train Spotting you might just be desensitized enough to its use, but most people aren't...especially women. I suppose it could be used as a way to deride someone, as in "you're making an imperial IPA and you aren't going to dry-hop it? You are a c*nt!" or "what do you mean you aren't sharing your three cases of Bigfoot you C*NT!".

Next on the list is really a combination of two words that serve a similar derisive function, although on the whole we could probably claim the term as distinctly American. If someone spills a beer on you or grabs your last bottle of aged Old Rasputin, only to spit it out because it "don't taste like Bud Light!", you are probably well within your rights under homebrewing conventions to call the person a "c*cksucker". You could in fact possibly expand on the fact that "of all the sh*t, the f*cking p*ss drinking c*ksucker just stole my beer!...the c*nt!"

So how low can we go with regard to dirty words used in homebrewing? Yet

continued on page 9

Beer of the Month Calendar

**January
Porter & Stout**

**February
Barleywine & Holiday Beer**

**March
Belgian Ales & Lambics**

**April
Brown, Old, Scotch, Irish**

**May
Bocks, Dark Lagers, Dunkel**

**June
Wheat, Wit, Fruit & Rye**

**July
Light Lagers & Ales**

**August
Pale Ale, Bitter & Steam**

**September
Octoberfest & Smoked**

**October
Dixie Cup**

**November
I.P.A. & Ambers**

**December
Homebrewer's Xmas Party**



Scrivener Steve “the G-Lover”

June 20-21

The first thing I'd like to say about this meeting is a lot of boobs showed up, and I don't mean the regular cloud of clouts. For a comparison refer back to the 2002 Brewletter in July. I didn't write down exactly how many women showed but, I brought two just by myself. To all the wives, girlfriends, female companions, dates, friends with benefits, and girls who showed up, thank you and I hope you had a great time. Step one towards the topless homebrewing plan I proposed last month is off to a great start. Keep up the good work foamies!

There we were June 20th at 8 PM huddled in front of DeFalco's. Like common street bums we stood waiting for Birdwell to appear with blessed keys. Why Scott, why do you do this to us? This scene was destined to repeat itself with far more inebriation again at about 2:30 AM. Unlike common street bums however we were able to showcase some fine beers for each other and generally enjoyed our inability to enter the premises without the need of a 55 gallon drum of fire in the middle. We noticed a change in Purser Rolland Pate, he's giving hair another chance! Let us all wish him well with this latest venture.

My next few notes of the night are incomprehensible and don't look at me like that. If you were any better you'd remember the night yourself and wouldn't be reading this.

1. Rebecca Sutt - Foot. Evidently we shared a special moment together. Maybe you broke your foot. Maybe I did. Maybe we drank some Sierra Nevada Bigfoot. We should get together again. Call me. (Mrs. Scrivener strongly suggests you don't call)
2. Chupalupa - Tlvis
Oompa Loompa Hat Draine
I don't know what to say. I guess Chupalupa sounded a lot like Oompa Loompa and I was trying to write it down phonetically. I think Tlvis was trying to help me turn my beer mug hat into a working system.
3. Lone Star Club of the Year. Complete jibberish, you see what I mean. Wait, I actually do remember this.

The most powerful man in homebrewing, Grand Wazoo to you and me, Scott Dewalt climbed the coolers once

again to announce his decrees. We won the Lone Star Club of the Year award! Go US! Or more specifically members from last year before I joined! Here's to another year eh guys. By the time you read this, if you haven't submitted for the Lunar Rendezbrew it's too late. The awards will be given out Saturday July 21, 2007 from 4:00PM to 10:00 PM at the Bay Area Community Center 5001 E Nasa Parkway However. You have another week to enter Cervezafest in Alamo City. David Toups let me sample his specialty entry Ancho Chili Beer. The wonderful silky seduction of the pepper in this beer should help him go far. It was announced that Doak Proctor the IVth will be smashing open minds and shoving in beer knowledge the following Monday during the latest BJCP classes at DeFalco's. More on that in a later paragraph. The annual pool party meeting was announced along with the following rules:

- No Glass
- No Male Thongs (Sly Bastards...)
- Clothes not optional
- No Pushing People in the pool
- No Pushing People Back into the pool
- That bikini doesn't mean she's coming onto you
- Treat the hosts and their toilet respectfully.
- Pool is not a toilet.
- You're not crashing here, go home eventually

Somehow light lagers and ales made it into the monthly line up and to apologize a special grass roots drive had been made to bring homebrew. If you bring a homebrew light lager or ale shame on you. I'm going to have to confiscate it and become popular with the old fraternity again.

Though not announced by himself, the secret that the Wazoo is turning 40 leaked out. Let us all congratulate Scott DeWalt on gracefully losing the ability to ever appear on MTV or not stick out on a college campus. Happy birthday soon! I also peeked a gift under the table from Was Waz T-Bob to Sean Lamb, a 2005 Alaskan Smoked Porter. The sip Sean was nice enough to share with me later in the night made me realize why the gift was secretly passed along. Happy birthday Sean whenever it was and however old you are, I can't exactly guess as you have no gray hair. Or any hair above the nose/ear level. Almost as importantly, happy birthday ME! As the night wore on to morning, June 20th gave way to June 21st and I'd like to thank you all for attending my reverse surprise party. This summer solstice I bid hello to 26 with a two layer guinness cake, a foaming mug hat, sweet & rude rendition of happy birthday and John Burrows flaming b-day hat Madonna bra. Could anyone ask for more? Sean Lamb thought a glass carboy puzzle would be a nice gift for me and went to work making one on the floor of the store.

Preparing for the raffle Birdwell began to think, what would Sean Lamb want? Immediately he made an Am-

continued on page 8

LUNAR RENDEZBREW 15

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 2008

BAY AREA COMMUNITY CENTER

5002 NASA ROAD 1 • SEABROOK, TEXAS



The Bay Area Mashtronauts are hosting the **Fifteenth Annual Lunar RENDEZBREW Homebrewing Competition**. The competition will include all BJCP categories and again this year includes categories for Wines and Liqueurs. The party and awards ceremony includes beer, food, beer, games, beer, live music, beer, and fun for everyone!

Entries Due:

First Round Judging:

Second Round Judging:

Party & Awards Ceremony:

July 5th through July 12th

July 19th at the Seabrook Community Center, 9:00AM

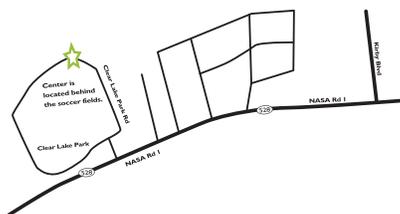
July 26th at the Seabrook Community Center, 9:00AM

August 2nd at Bay Area Community Center, Doors open at 4:00PM



JUDGING

July 19th & July 26th
Starts 9 AM
Seabrook Community Center
1210 Anders Ave
Seabrook Texas



LUNAR RENDEZBREW XIV

August 2nd
Doors Open 4 PM
Bay Area Community Center
5002 E. NASA Parkway
Seabrook Texas

See website for complete details
www.mashtronauts.com



Est. 1971

8715 STELLA LINK
HOUSTON TX 77025

(713) 668-9440

FAX (713) 668-8856

TOLL FREE ORDER LINE:
(800) 216-BREW (2739)

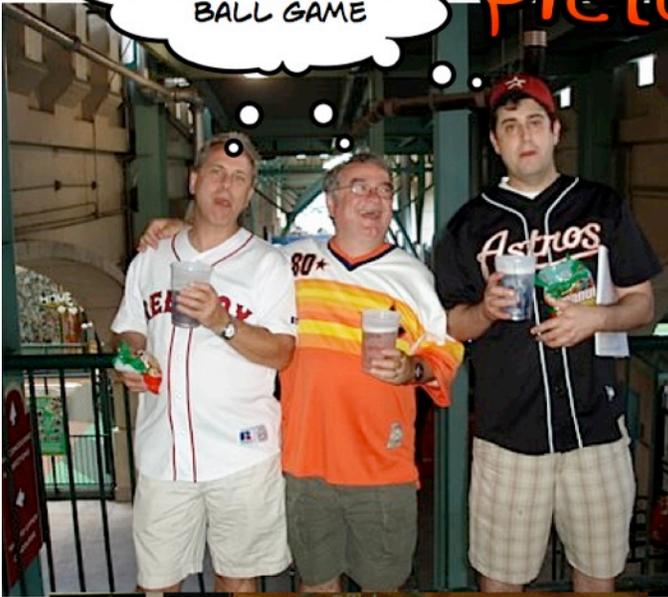
**Dues Paid Foam Rangers
Members Receive
a 5% Discount at:
DeFalco's**

website:
www.defalcos.com

**Ask about getting your very own
Frequent Fermenter Card!**

Foamranger picture pages

IT'S A 1...2...3 DRUNKS
YOUR OUT IN THE 'OLE
BALL GAME



I GOT MY
SWIMSUIT
FOR JULY



YA KNOW HOPS ARE
NICE IF YOU YOU LET
THEM SNIFF YOUR
HAND FIRST.



ANOTHER TROPHY FOR THE COLLECTI



REMEMBER WHEN
GAS & BEER
WERE CHEAP?



HOPS STALKING G-LOVER



While You Wait



THEY ARE TOTALLY REAL

THIS WAS SO MUCH FUNNIER IN PERSON...



I'M NEVER COMING BACK AGAIN..



MY TITTIES ARE ON FIRE!



HIS KEG IS THIS BIG?



A YOUNG HOMEBREWER BEING FITTED FOR A TRAINING 'BRO' IS ALWAYS A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE.

stel Pint Glass Puzzle dropping it on the floor. Much like my Foam Ranger b-day party, this began a trend. Try to keep count of how many breaks there were. David Toups won some Fat Tire socks which we all found out he severely needed. Do your laundry Phillip, you'll find all the socks you bought. One of our visiting beauties won with ticket 069. Birdwell's comment on this left everyone with vivid insight into our founding member both reminiscent of our clubs past and entirely too real to be repeated here. Stephe "Putz" Moore then ironically won with ticket 96. FYI, the Putz has been nominated to teach a mandatory "Running Jokes of the Foam Rangers" class for all new members. The test will be extensive and involve his name at least twice in each of 217 questions. Doak won a used Becks towel, used for what we won't tell. Someone else won a stained Foam Ranger thong...there's a story there no one wants to tell...or know.

Wheat, Wit, Fruit & Rye was the theme of the night. I had a tangerine wheat that tasted of windex. Other than that wheats and wits are a personal favorite and I welcomed the summer time brews. I am told the most wheated beer you can find on the market is 60%. Brewing at that concentration requires rice hulls to form the grain filter for sparging which will take forever. I however, who still steeps grains in a 20 quart pot, finished brewing a 100% wheat beer I hope to bring out as soon as possible. A brewer with the most basic setup can make the strangest batches. As Belgian beers came out I learned one principal fact, T-Bob is a hell of a brewer going for both sides of the excellence spectrum. He comes to me and says, "Try this peach lambic I made." It was nearly the best lambic I've ever been fortunate enough to bear witness to. Shortly after he returns, "Try this peach lambic I made with real peaches." I learned something. Belgians make merely tart beers. T-Bob, he makes sour beers that make your head implode sucking your cheeks in. It was John Burrows however that produced the biere de la lune. Da Birdman has a kind of grand reserve he keeps in a reverse tap under the regular taps. It's in a Dr Pepper bottle that everyone contributes to when they pour something down the drain. Just entering the BJCP classes John didn't feel skilled enough to judge the find and asked himself, "Who could handle the rough awesomeness of this." Andrew Sheridan of course! Andrew took the tasting as one would with the finest wine, taking a small sip and immediately spitting it out. Thus was 'Rootbeer Mud Piss' named. Then Andrew cock punched John in appreciation.

One of our fun new members Kim broke a glass rather loudly as I had the chance to talk briefly with Buck Wyckoff about some Foam Ranger history. For instance did you know for a short period of time an unofficial 'Foam Ranger' brewpub was in the works? Sadly the fruit died on the vine and it never happened.

What did happen from this conversation was my work on the Foam Rangers wikipedia page. New Millennial Scrivenin'. For a few scant days I and a few others worked on academically legitimizing Foam Ranger history, gathering it collectively and setting about putting on parchment what is whispered as once was. After all the work put in I have this to say, we've been kicked out of far more respectable groups but, not until after law enforcement became an option of the aggressor. Options are being explored to gather the chronicles and I would love anyone to come to me with media, stories, and wiki's I could continue with. The night finished when Birdwell remembered his family loves him and we, as foretold, were pushed to the streets. Not before Doak smashed glass on ground. Yes, read it again...DOAK SMASHED!

June 23

The BJCP class kicked off at DeFalco's this month. The class of six future fine connoisseurs of the brew are: Phillip Dore the mead maker, you gotta try his Ale Mead or Jalapeño Mead John Burrow prankster extradinaire, and I think that should be an officer position Steven G-lover, Scrivener and King of New Scotland Teresa Dupuis, G-Lovin' it and Scrivener Harasser David Toups who was commended this Big Batch Bash for his Weizenbock Also one D. Maudlin who is not a Foam Ranger but, maybe should be

It was changed to Monday to accommodate me and my wife's habitual journey to a punk church. Monday also happens to be cheap beer night at the Flying Saucer and for that my fellow classmates I apologize.

Due to unfortunate circumstances "Doak miss first class" and instead we were burdened with Mike "Beeriac" Heniff. I guess it is hard to find good help these days. In all reality Mike forgot more about beer last Tuesday than you'll ever know. Let's real talk for a moment. It's a serious class about beer while drinking beer. It's a beer knurds dream and you're missing out. Take the next class, even as a refresher.

June 27

I did it. I got a long standing member and former brewer back at the grain paddle. I showed up to his unusually shady neighborhood to see the great Was Waz T-Bob Daughtery. We literally dusted pots off, fought off spiders and feared our safety from the resident hawk. We listened to our common love, the Beatles and discussed our past experiences with the Fab Four. For T-Bob it was memories of living in England as a child and meeting the Mr. Wilson from Tax Man and mourning the loss of John. In order to get the mojo of the bier down we drank the style we were attempting to make, a strong golden and a wit. Falling a little out of practice, drinking

continues on page 9

trippels, and a seeming disdain for organizing events left us with a running regiment from kitchen to garage to water windmill. I think I lost a pound despite the beer and donuts. Every moment is intense because of what you didn't do two moments ago that you should have. You know that period as the boil when you take a break and sit a spell? That's when T-Bob throws more grain into the mash tun to make the next beer of the day. I should have been wary when he said bring all the thermometers you have. Luckily, or maybe unluckily, we weren't brewing seven beers that day, just two. The only thing that quickened the process is that T-Bob can control the weather. When he needed to rinse out a bottle he asked for rain and it came. When he wanted to walk to his car the sun came out. It was amazing and I think I'll lease him out in West Texas.

I got the grand tour of the Daughtery estate. From cats named for serial killers, the Titanic Room, Beer/Awards Room to the fearful Lambic Closet I was continuously amazed. For a moment I looked at the clear bottles with amazing labels he keeps from every brew he does and I worried who might inherit them decades from now. Trying to keep up with all that he talked about I didn't have long then to wonder what collections homebrewers like you might have tucked away, that I might have one day. T-Bob threatens that if these two beers don't come out right he's selling everything. You can only hope they are great and one day are invited to the hectic multi-mash day long session that is brewing with a master of wit and story. Then again, he has a rare Mr. Beeriac mash tun only partially melted...

Secondary from page 3

another derogatory combination I think goes beyond labeling someone as a c*cksucker. So, if instead of just chugging a last Old Raspy someone steals a rare bottle of Dogfish World Wide Stout you might have rights granted under the homebrewing equivalent of some excerpt in the Napoleonic code (or maybe the picking of random words from the Joy of Homebrewing) to call the thief a "motherf*cker."

But enough of derogatory dirty words, when it comes down to it, the final term off limits for so long and derided no longer seems to carry much weight, maybe because instead of invoking something negative it harks back to our first thoughts, and that word of course in its plural form is tits. Now, getting to the end of the list I really tried to imagine when I, or anyone else, might use the word "tits" in homebrewing circles. I am sure a peek in lots of guys brains would find them visualizing about them quite often, even when in groups surrounding a mash tun or boil kettle like some primitive tribe...which actually creeps me out the more I think about it. In fact, I think I will leave it at that. God Bless and RIP.

June 28

There was a decision to be made on this Saturday. Real Ale in Blanco had its anniversary party from 12-5 and St Arnolds hosted a Galveston pub crawl starting at 4pm. I chose...

My daughter's class went on a field trip to the museum. I lamented at the events I was missing but as Waz Dewalt and Was Waz T-Bob have warned me, beer can consume you and you must remember your family. Still I was haunted by half imagined sightings of foamies. On the geovator, a 'ride' meant to show how oil drilling works I thought of Phillip Dore. I came upon the Neanderthals and almost jumped out of my skin. A shaved head and mug in hand and I could have been at the first ever Foam Ranger gathering. I'll let you decide the next two for yourself.

This is a WasWazasaurus of the particular genus Putzon

Here you'll find a SeanLambadingdong fighting off two wallet hungry Daughterdoedons

I write this article mere days from seeing all of you frolicking in a pool like frogs in a puddle and I can't wait. P.S. Please bring the women back with you. (Mrs. Scrivener edit. She said she was going to 'Andrew Sheridan' me.)

SAINT ARNOLD
BREWING COMPANY

**Thanks to all
the Foam Rangers
for your support!**

Amber Ale, Brown Ale, Texas Wheat
Fancy Lawnmower Beer, Elissa I.P.A.
&
Winter Stout, Spring Bock, Summer Pils,
Oktoberfest, Christmas Ale

Come tour the brewery!
Saturdays at 1:00 PM
<http://www.saintarnold.com>

2522 FAIRWAY PARK DRIVE
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77092

713•686•9494
FAX 713•686•9474

HOUSTON'S FIRST MICROBREWERY

**The Foam Rangers Homebrew Club
Newsletter office
8715 Stella Link
Houston, TX 77025**



**The July club meeting is:
8 p.m. Friday,
July 18th
at Defalco's**

**I WANT TO BE SOMEBODY!
SIGN ME UP TO BECOME A MEMBER OF
THE FOAM RANGERS HOMEBREW CLUB!**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

HOME/WK PHONE

E-MAIL ADDRESS

AMOUNT PAID

New Renewal Change of Address

Membership Fees: (per year) \$35.00 Individual /\$45.00 Family

Paid between December 1 & December 31st	\$30.00 / \$40.00 (Pay early and save)
Paid between January 1 & March 31	\$35.00 / \$45.00
Paid between April 1 & June 30	\$30.00 / \$40.00
Paid between July 1 & September 30	\$25.00 / \$35.00
Paid between October 1 & November 30	\$35.00 / \$45.00 (Includes next year)

Please make checks payable to: Foam Rangers

Bring this form (and your payment) to the next club meeting, drop it off at DeFalco's or send it to:
The Foam Rangers, 8715 Stella Link, Houston, TX 77025-3401

