



Continuing the seemingly endless and endlessly seamy saga of beer in the wild west. <http://washoezz.net>

And So...

The August meeting was held at the Rebori Tull complex, in lovely Reno. The general theme was and will continue to be, simplicity (aka, the Dead White Guys meeting).

We had acoustic music, thanks to John (no "h") Anderson, Mike Sears and Joel Koetting, and the chiminea kept us warm and distracted late into the evening.

And Coming Up...



.....at the home of Dave and Julie Dudley, the first ever "Grow yer Shit in Nevada" meeting.

664 Ironwood Rd., 6:00 P.M. This Saturday, August 11th.

The Dudley's will provide us with meeting space and entertainment devices, both indoors and out (take yer Puffin outside. Not the bird, ok?).

Please drive carefully there and back, keeping in mind that you are invited to stay as late or as long as you need to for safety's sake.

Dave has a rather extensive vineyard and hop yard, which he would be glad to expose you to.....

From I-80, take Pyramid Hwy. (by the Nugget) north 17 Miles and turn right on Ironwood Rd. (at the wild hose corrals). Drive 2.8 Miles and turn right after the dirt pit at mailboxes (664 Ironwood). Drive up the mountain until you get to the right turn at the "66" sign (the wind blew off the "4"). Park in front of the house. The dogs bark, but they don't bite says Dave...

Bring beer and food, unless you want to die of thirst and starvation in the wilds of Nevada.

The Calendar

September 11th

Dave Dudley's Agri-Meeting
At his Homestead....



7th Annual

Northern California Homebrewers

Festival: October 1-2, 2004

Registration form at

<http://mksgrist.tripod.com/nchfweb/mainreg.html>

Oktober 9th

the Annual Washoe Pines
Oktoberfest

November 13th

Chet & Sharon Minetto's
"Lager Boy" Meeting

December 11th

At the Badley's, I think...

WZZ'rs Trek to AHA National Competition

John C. Tull

Chapter three, continued from last month.....

Saturday morning was our big sleep in. We didn't really get moving until around 9:00 A.M. The samplings from the night before were felt more than any other drinking we had done during our entire stay, but we were still all pretty together. Three splashes in the pond later, Dan's ritual of combing and clamping his hair, and we were ready for the new day. But first we had to go retrieve all of our gear from the ballroom. We had not bothered with it the night before, gambling that the homebrew crowd is not very theft-prone. This meant scoring one of the loading dock carts once again so we could move all of our stuff up to the room. Everything was there ready to be retrieved. We were only one of the many clubs that had left their gear for the night. With this chore behind us, we opted to head to the Sunset location of Lee's Discount Liquor rather than seek out another bad breakfast. This would allow us to get out Sunday morning sooner by making our final take-home beer purchases today.

Our shopping and conversation with Scott ended around

11:15 A.M., and we were all quite hungry by this point. Ethiopian was the cuisine du jour. Our wanderings around Vegas finally landed us at the restaurant. It was within sight of our room in the hotel, literally only a few hundred yards from the building! At the restaurant, Tom challenged the attendant to come up with the lamb platter that he had his eyes on in the menu. The waitress was hemming and hawing a bit about the availability of the lamb in the kitchen. Dan and I opted to share a vegetarian plate along with a lentil salad for each on the side.

The parochial crowd of presumed Ethiopians up at the front decided the soccer match was worth watching at about 100 decibels just after we placed our orders. I do not think it was a mere coincidence that this happened just before our waitress returned to inform Tom that they had "found" some lamb and would be able to accommodate his request. All I can say is that there were more cats outside when we drove up than when we left. Regardless of the source of said meat on Tom's plate, we all enjoyed our meals, although we concluded that the spicing had been dummed down for American palates somewhat.

Saturday afternoon was passed sampling beers in the hospitality suite and popping our heads in on the occasional conference talk or meeting: Pete Zien's talk on real ale conditioning to sample his cask IPA and Scotch ales from Alesmith in San Diego, and a few minutes in the AHA members meeting to express our concern over the current 1-bottle first round competition format for the NHC.

By 6:30 P.M., most of the 775 attendees were piling up at the door to the banquet room in order to grab a table or more for their respective entourages. The QUAFF club graciously allowed us to crash their party, and a party it turned out to be during the awards ceremony. We brought a generous amount of Belgian offerings from our Lee's visits to share with the nearby tables. Antoinette Hodges had a few Belgian surprises of her own that she shared as well, topped by a 4-year old bottle of Hansen's gueuze that was just magnificent.

After what turned out to be the worst meal of the journey (Tom had boiled steak, while Dan and I each had a delinquent plate of steamed vegetables), the awards ceremony began. The energy at the tables occupied by QUAFF was contagious. By the end of the evening, they had accrued the most wins of any club making them Homebrew Club of the Year! The coveted Ninkasi Award that goes to the single brewer with the most points garnered from 1st, 2nd and 3rd place wins in the 28 total categories went to our good friend Jamil Zainasheff! What a night for these guys!

Jamil generously passed along many of his top prizes to his friends, including the three of us from our club. Dan received a really nice wort chiller from Beer, Beer and More Beer, Tom received a gift certificate for a bag of Maris Otter malt, and Jamil more-than-graciously bequeathed me his stainless fermenter, also from the great folks at Beer, Beer and More Beer! We all assembled in the Hospitality Suite for decompression from the event. Tom packed up earliest, around midnight. Dan and I stayed back to have conversations with many of the old and new friends that we had seen over the past four days, finally making it to the room for one more crack at a commercial beer before saying our final goodnight salutations of the week in our crowded room at around 2:30 A.M.

Sunday morning saw a fairly early rising from the three

of us considering when we had turned in the night before. (By the way, Tom had informed us that he knew the television was unplugged since Thursday. Apparently he had come up earlier than us the night before to catch up on the Fox Views Channel, or there was a soft porn flick he was anxious not to miss.) Packing was fairly quick, but we really needed one last use of a cart to get all the crap out of the room: 16 mostly empty kegs, all of our beer dispensing gear, bags, newly bestowed prizes, and all the extra sleeping gear for our third roommate. I slipped out of the room to score the cart after my shower in the pool of death (the stuff that clings to Tom in a given day is surprisingly plentiful and awfully disturbing first thing in the morning). The hotel crew was in the banquet hall cleaning up after the night before. A kindly custodian pointed me to the loading dock where he thought a cart might be available. Why the hell the Riviera did not have bell-hops with their own luggage carts I do not know, but there was the old dependable, bouncy-wheeled silver cart from prior use, just waiting for me to get it out of the coral.

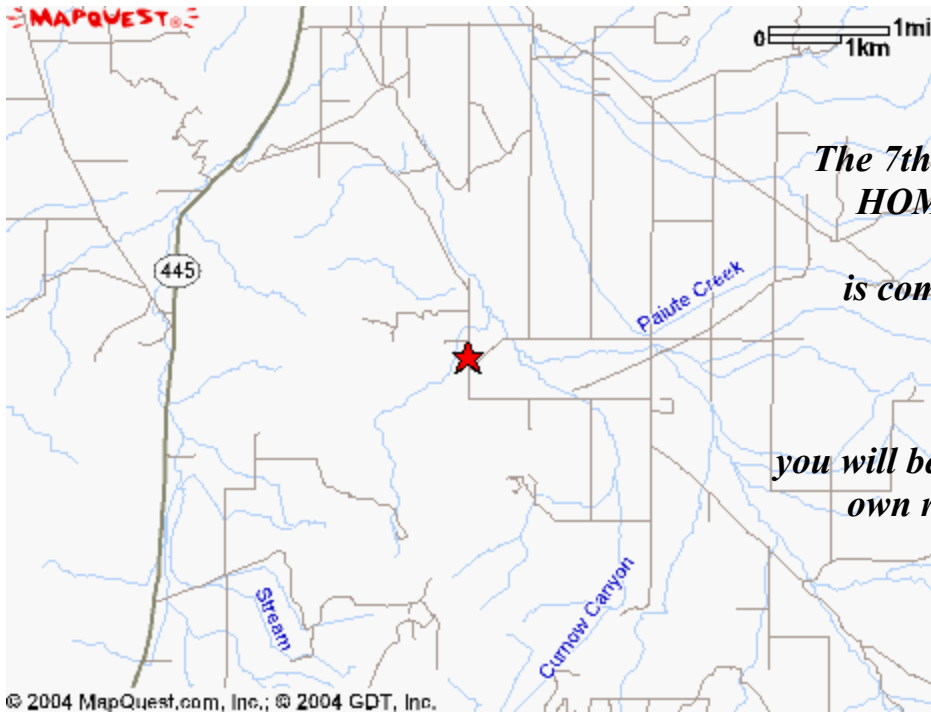
One very loaded cart ride out to the parking lot, and a quick side jaunt by me to the checkout kiosk, and we were more or less on our way. The time was 9:45 A.M. We stayed on the city streets because we wanted to find a place to eat before leaving the town. We ended up driving north on Las Vegas Boulevard for too long missing the Rancho Street turn. We were treated with a tour of some of the lesser areas in the city that clearly suffered from a dearth of social services and economic liberation. We did find cheap gas though at \$1.95/gallon! We actually got used to the gray-haired, toothless prostitute that kept staring at Tom, channeling the mantra, "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas" silently his direction.

It took us a few minutes to discover our misdirection and correct the mistake. By this time, we had passed all but the usual raunchy casino buffet offerings on north Rancho Street. Albertson's became the best of what was left for us before we got to far north on highway 95. Tom was able to procure his food quicker than Dan and I, and he quietly caught our attention on the way out of the store. He was in the foyer where all the picnic and patio furniture was on display. Tom scored his greatest coup of the trip by casually laying out his spread on the fancy patio table, complete with umbrella and comfortable chairs. We joined him with some laughs and all ate our lunch in the corridor as surprised shoppers would do a double-take as we came into their sight on the way in and out of the store.

The drive back was swift and relatively eventless. We saw more feral jackasses along the road than I have ever seen before. Sometimes the jackasses en route were in the truck, but mostly we enjoyed the many moments of levity and the fond recollections of the week. We had gone to Vegas for the AHA National Homebrew Competition. We had judged some of the best beer and mead that North American homebrewers and meadmakers have to offer. And we had indelibly marked some wonderful memories from another great beer adventure. Viva los WZZ'rs! (end of 3 month diatribe....love, Rob)

This Month's Meeting: At the Dudley's Homestead in Palomino Valley. 664 Ironwood Dr. Reno, 475-0524

Map to the Dudley's below....



***The 7th Annual Northern California
HOMEBREWERS FESTIVAL***

is coming up the first of October.

This year,

***you will be responsible for sending in you
own registration forms and fees.***

Any Questions?

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