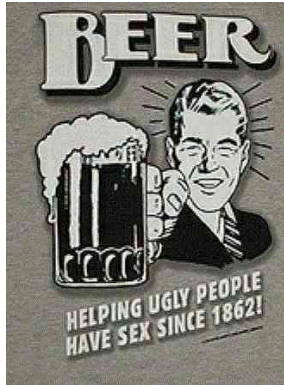


A bear and a rabbit are taking a shit in the woods. The bear turns to the rabbit and goes, "Do you have some trouble with shit sticking to your fur?" The rabbit says, "No." So the bear wipes his ass with the rabbit.



The above is by Gilbert Gottfried, but we've been amused during our brew club road trips. A few years back in Portland one beer lover I'll call Paris for short convinced a young lady walking by the taproom we were visiting to join us for a drink. Without further ado he asked her in front of us, some 8 men of seasoned varieties, whether she preferred big or small appendages dangling from guys

and actually engaged her in the conversation. She was such a good sport that she visited another microbrewery with us. Paris was also resourceful in getting hotel discounts and I believe he got one night free by arguing that he had been emotionally scared when the turd he deposited in the toilet on our last morning there refused to go down after multiple flushings.



On September 22, 1996 at Woody's, now defunct, in Colville, WA, a group of individuals interested in home brewing met to discuss the possibility of forming a club. We met in response to a local publication's ad posted by Jerry Prolo and Randall Richardson, if my memory still skates on proper lanes. Present that day were George Lucero, Brian Kelley, Randall Richardson, Betty Kessler,

Ferdinand Vélez, Gene Buryea, and Jerry Prolo, who took notes: "discussion centered around possibility of starting a home brew club – agreed to meet at Jerry's house next month". And the seed was planted and watered.

Some years later at the Olympic Club in Olympia a friendly waitress unchallenged by crack use related to us how once she got drunk and her friends branded her. She then proceeded to raise the hem of her tutu to show us her tattoo, which would not be an artistic highlight in most of our lives.

At Jerry's on October 7 lbs of tartan liquid perhaps preserved and we agreed to meet each month. We did continue and made a second brew house, a new member. There we proceedings, a hop garden, yeast



15 we made a brew with malt donated by Gene, from the last ice age, the second Tuesday of meeting every month 12/10/96 at Ron Tucker's discussed formal club culturing, and a club name

and dues. During the February 1997 meeting at Ron's we brewed two identical beers, one extract and one all grain, just to see the difference. At the March meeting that same year we elected our first officers, president Randall, vice president Ferdinand, and secretary/treasurer Jerry. We then saw the wisdom in adopting a mission statement, dues of \$10 a year, by laws, and drinking good beer. Six members at that meeting paid their dues, and as of this writing only Jerry and Ferdinand remain active members, or 33% of the membership, not bad eh!



On another club trip to Seattle one of our members got on a shouting match across a busy intersection with a lady carrying an anti-war poster, "kill them all" he screamed at her. We are not proud of all our members all of the time, especially when they have not drunk enough.

Over the years we have formed alliances with the Kootenay Amateurs Brewers Association and have entered samples in their beer competitions, Jerry winning the gold in the best of show with his porter. At a homebrew competition at Ice Harbor in Pasco, WA our member George won top prize in the category entered. We have planted hop fields in different places with varying success rates, due perhaps to a lack of coordination in determining who does what when where and why worry.

Over time we have used several club names. Brewing Recycled and Energized Water was one that lasted for a while. Memory lanes recall other suggestions such as BIB (Brewing in Bush), PISS (perhaps infected something slurry), and DWYC (drink while you can). We settled on our present name, Brewing Rabble of Eastern Washington, after we forgot all previous names. As of September

2008 we are 17 members who pay yearly dues of \$20 most of the time and continue meeting once a month, usually the first Saturday, which we combine with a potluck, beer tasting, and/or club brewing. We have road trips to breweries or other places of interest that serve good beers, an annual beer competition with snow volleyball, big brew day, and a fall mead-making day. I am proud to report that after being elected vice president back in 1997, due primarily to lack of masochists, at present I am president of the rabble, but not next month.



Ferdinand Vélez
BREW president till January 2009
and King O' the Ring