

★ High Plains Draughters ★ Oklahoma City ★

THE DRAUGHT CARD

January 18th, 2005

The Next Meeting: Robbie Burns Night!

During the next meeting we will celebrate all things Scottish by singing, piping, and raising our glasses to what would have been the 246th birthday of Scotland's poet laureate, Robbie Burns. Be sure and bring your Scottish ales, Scotch whisky, haggis – if you have one! – and other Scottish dishes. If you don't leave for home carrying a ticking gastronomic bomb, you haven't done it right! With any luck we'll be able to once more coax Steve Law into another fine reading of John Barleycorn, but if you have a favorite poem or song by Burns, by all means bring it. We will also elect the club's new officers for 2005 -- with the exception of Gary Shellman who has no choice but to take the reins as new Trail Boss. Head 'em up, move 'em out, Gary!

The Last Meeting

We last met at Stan & Penny Babbs' house for our annual Christmas party. Since I was the "last man standing" (OK, *leaning*) I can say it was a wonderful evening from start to finish. Between great food and grog, the tons of good folks that showed up, and Stan & Penny's warm hospitality, I have to say it was one of the best parties yet. Please remember to thank our hosts when you see them on the 21st. Pictures...yeah. Ah! You won't find my work in National Geographic, but here are some shots of the merriment:



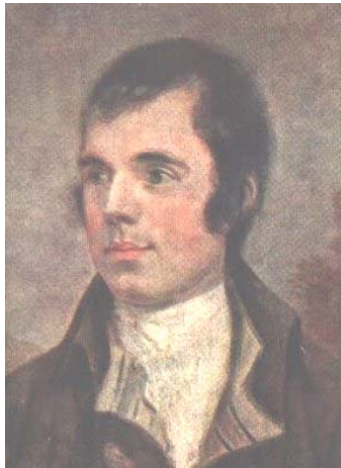
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★ Robbie Burns ★

The Man

Robert Burns was born the son of a farmer in 1759 at Alloway, in southern Scotland. Reared on a diet of austerity and Calvinistic rectitude, Robert received no formal education. He trained as a flax dresser initially, taking over the family farm with his brother on his father's death. Following a number of Jean Armstrong who had borne farmed near Dumfries -- to work simultaneously as an income. In spite of having two and poems, many in Lowland some extent limited his universal works, however, and it is his heartfelt blend of fun and unique freshness and originality. In rustic poet and the pride of his night. His output during his short his works include many classic songs and poems which have become household names. Robert Burns' poetry and songs revolve around Scottish country and town life, the life he knew. He wrote satires about the "high and mighty", particularly the self-righteous and the tyranny of the Kirk (Address to the Unco Guid). He composed beautiful love poems (Bonnie Jean), some tender, some sassy, about the many women he loved. He wrote with affection, respect and often high humor (Tam o' Shanter) about simple folk and their lives. He had a heart for the wee-est of creatures (To a Mouse, To a Louse) - and could compose at the drop of a hat.



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Chiefly, he did immeasurable service to Scotland by reviving and rewriting dozens upon dozens of Scottish folk songs - taking the old tunes as he had learnt them, drawing upon memory for a glimpse of what they'd been about, taking perhaps a phrase or stanza, and then rewriting the songs with his own lyrics - an incredible achievement which revitalized Scottish culture and pride.

Sadly, he died at the early age of 37 in 1796.

His Work

*From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
--- From Burn's "The Cotter's Saturday Night"*

A Red, Red Rose

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luve!
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

Address to the Woodlark

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.
Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken!
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O'speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken.

Address to a Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
Aboon them a' yet tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o'a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin was help to mend a mill
In time o'need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive:
Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit! hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckles as wither'd rash,
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash;
His nieve a nit;
Thro' blody flood or field to dash,

O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs an' arms, an' hands will sned,
Like taps o' trissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer
Gie her a haggis!

The Banks O' Doon

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough!
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
And sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause Luver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon.

A Bard's Epitaph

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause-and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn the wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit:
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root.

★ Upper Mississippi Mash-Out Contest Invitation ★

Here is a letter to the Trail Boss inviting all the Draughters to enter in this year's contest! Read and prepare. I've put copies of the linked documents in this edition of the Draught Card for easy use.

Dear Tim-

The 2005 Upper Mississippi Mash-Out is a homebrew competition open to every amateur homebrewer, and it is becoming one of the biggest homebrew competitions in the Upper Midwest. This year, it will be held in Minneapolis, MN from Jan. 27-29, 2005. We invite the High Plains Draughters club members to enter!

Here is a link to the poster for the event:

<http://www.mnbrewers.com/mashout/MashOutFlyer2005.pdf>

Brewers can enter online, but if they would like to fill their entry form out manually, here is a link to a "kit" with entry forms, bottle ID forms, and rules.

<http://www.mnbrewers.com/mashout/2005MashOutEntryPacket.pdf>

We are looking for judges for the Mash-Out too - you can find information about that, and everything else about the contest at:

<http://www.mnbrewers.com/mashout>

The Upper Mississippi Mash-Out is the first qualifying contest for the High Plains Brewer of the Year award, and the Midwest Brewer of the Year award!

Please let me know if you have questions!

Thanks!

Al Boyce

Publicity Committee

2005 Upper Mississippi Mash-Out

★ Colorado Brewer's Rendezvous - 2005 ★

Mike Kiester would like to know how many folks would like to go up and stay at his place in Colorado July 1-5 for the Colorado Brewer's Rendezvous in Westcliffe. Consider this an early for this year's fun. He will put out some more information in the next month or two, but mark your calendars now!

★ Useful Web Links ★

Here are some links you may find useful in your brewing efforts:

- ★ <http://www.brewingtechniques.com/>
- ★ <http://www.convert-me.com/en/>
- ★ <http://www.beertools.com/>
- ★ <http://www.howtobrew.com/>
- ★ <http://www.beertown.org>
- ★ <http://www.beertown.org/education/styles.html>
- ★ <http://www.fermentingrevolution.com/default.html>

★ HPD Competition Information ★

2005 COC Competition Schedule:

Here is the competition schedule for the coming future. You can get more information at:

<http://www.beertown.org/homebrewing/schedule.html>

Sour Beers	March/April 2005	Category 17*
Extract Beers	May 2005	Categories 1 - 23*†
Belgian & French Ale	August 2005	Category 16*
European Amber Lager	Sept/Oct 2005	Category 3*
Baltic Porter	Nov/Dec 2005	Category 12C*

Congratulations go to Keith Wright for winning out over all the competition in the club-only judging of Irish Red Ale! Bob Rescinito and Brian Northup *tied* for second place. Now THAT'S competition. Congrats, gents!

* Note: Under new 2004 BJCP guidelines

† Note: Extract must make up more than 50% of fermentables

★ Notes from the Editor ★

It's the New Year! And you know what that means: it's time to open our wallets and checkbooks and fill the dusty payroll box. Please see Mike Divilio at Burns Night!

Membership Drive We need more people! If you know someone who's interested, flip them this link, call them, or just bring them to a meeting. New blood means new ideas, recipes, and good times.

Draught Card On-line The HPD Draught Card is also, of course, available on-line at <http://www.draughters.com/>. When viewing the on-line version, accessible through a PDF download, you'll be able to see all of the pictures in color! All of the Internet links are fully operational in this format as well. If you would prefer to only get the on-line version of the newsletter, please send an email to me, the editor, at steve.krieske@cox.net, and I'll make the necessary changes.

★WANTED★ As always, if you have a story to tell, an article to publish, a question to ask, or a recipe to share, send 'em to me. In particular, if you have visited a memorable brewpub we want to know what you thought of it. Been anywhere exciting (or absolutely awful)? Send me a blurb and I'll get it into print.

☆ HPD Officers ☆

The High Plains Draughters' officers are listed below with their contact information. If you e-mail them please make sure the subject line is beer related or your message might end up in the spam bucket!

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