

BREWING NEWS

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Scottish Hopping to Real Ale

By Bill Metzger

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY HANS GRANHEIM

Like most men, I struggle with my primal self. It's genetic. Put in Freudian terms, the battle between my id and my superego can be epic. And in the age of #metoo, the dilemma has grown. The pendulum has swung too far. One aggressive move and a man's career can derail. I feel the walls closing around me, my room to move shrinking. My instincts to bed every woman I see are reducing from a king-sized mattress to a cot, the size of which I only remember from a tour in Iraq. Today's rules put men like me in the equivalent of a

feminazi re-education program instead of ceding to my genetic makeup and behaving like that great seducer, Don Juan. I'm not boasting here, but there are times when I've given the legendary womanizer a run for his money, especially in the days of internet dating.

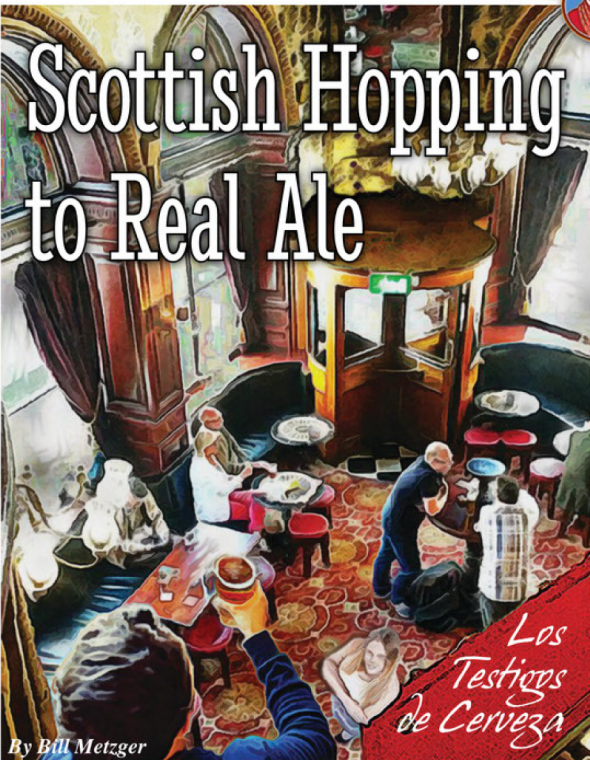
But I'm here to discuss beer. One specific type of beer: cask ale. Since cask ale is its best in the United Kingdom our journey was to Scotland. We started in Newcastle, England, immediately jumping a train to the town of Whitley Bay. Located ten miles northeast of Newcastle, Whitley Bay was a jewel, which I could see even in the emerg-

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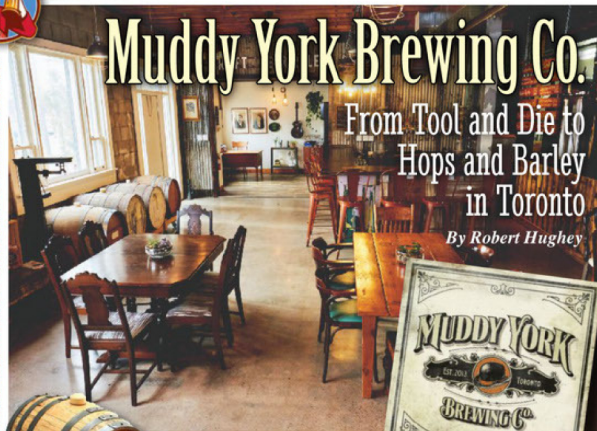
Los Testigos de Cerveza



Muddy York Brewing Co.

From Tool and Die to
Hops and Barley
in Toronto

By Robert Hughey



Muddy York Brewing Company opened its doors in January of 2015 in the midst of a burgeoning beer market in Toronto and across Ontario.

Husband and wife team, Jeff Manol and Susan Michalek, owned a sturdy building which housed the family's tool and die company. Conversion to a brewery was eased by that fact—though its location in East York, among other manufacturing businesses and removed from any foot trade, made it quite a challenge for the duo to make it a destination.

The addition of a 45-seat tap room catered to by food trucks proved to be the way forward. Some people come for a beer and a bite, while others head straight to the loaded beer fridge to see what is new. Most people happily leave with a four-pack or greater. Now over 60% of sales are straight out the front door, which is good for the bottom line.

The opening of Brunswick Bierworks nearby also helped to elevate the area as a beer destination. Muddy York has a couple of beers, Helles and Hefeweizen, brewed and packaged by Brunswick. Brewer Jeff Manol says he has always been a beer guy but that he really caught the bug from homebrewing.

"At the time that we started thinking about opening a brewery, five or six years ago, the brewing landscape was much different than it is today. The decision was not difficult at all. I loved brewing and wanted to do it full time, so I just started working at it. I liked that the science and creativity of brewing was all wrapped up in one," said Manol.

Currently, he operates a 10 hectoliter, all electric system. There are seven fermenters and two bright beer tanks. It takes about eight hours for a brew to go through the system.

See *Muddy York* p. 3



Top- The inviting interior of Muddy York Brewing Co. in Toronto, Ontario. Muddy York is the moniker locals used to describe Toronto's unappreciated streets in earlier times.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MUDDY YORK

Above- Jeff Manol is the brewer behind Muddy York's meteoric rise.

PHOTO BY ROBERT HUGHEY



There's some explosive news on Pittsburgh's beer scene.

Grist House Craft Brewery, a tiny business headquartered in Millvale, recently closed on a 55,000-square foot building that served as a Nike Missile Command Center during the Cold War. Located in Collier Township, the site is where brewers will do their main production, packaging and barrel-aging. It also will serve as a taproom and retail space.

The facility was constructed on one of the highest points in Allegheny County in 1957 and became an operational missile command center known as PI-62 in 1960. Grist House owners Brian Eaton and Kyle Mientkiewicz closed on the property in June, but haven't released specific details about a grand opening or what visitors can expect from the expansion project. Its Sherman Street location will remain open and continue to operate a pilot brewing system.

Los Testigos continued from cover

ing days of winter. Sandy beaches spread from a boardwalk that overlooked the North Sea. Even with the cold winds of early December, people strolled or jogged along the boardwalk. Given the weather, there were no bikinis to admire.

With the 1980s decay of England's coal industry and the subsequent loss of jobs, Whitley Bay had become a seasonal tourist resort. Since we were there to meet locals, December was a good month and I pushed the thoughts of bikini-clad babes on the boardwalk from my thoughts and settled in to enjoy the beer.

Our guides, the Blokester and Mr. Wetherspoon, were essential in that regard, as was the 2019 publication of the Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA)'s Good Beer Guide the Blokester carried. I admit to times when

Since opening its doors in May 2014, Grist House produced some of the 'burgh's most raved-about beers, from *Black in the U.S.S.R. Russian Imperial Stout to Fire on the Hill American IPA*. During business days, which run from Wednesday through Sunday, the place is packed, but a large, dog-friendly patio provides some relief, even in bad weather. Food trucks are a constant sight at Grist House. Eaton and Mientkiewicz haven't yet revealed if their new spot will boast its own kitchen.

Another small suds factory that is making big moves is **Sobel's Obscure Brewery**, or S.O.B. The father-and-son brewers, David and Gordon Sobel, started homebrewing in 2012. In 2017, they upped production, churning out an array of beers from *Susquehanna Brewing in Pittston, Pa. In December*, they purchased a 12,000-square foot building on Clay Avenue in Jeanette, where they also have a warehouse and a pilot brewing lab. The new

I wondered if the Guide was even needed, however, as our English companions were lifelong CAMRA members and relied on their memories more than on the essential book for the location and evaluation of real ale.

Real Ale

I should explain here that cask ale and real ale mean the same thing: beer brewed and fermented, then put into a cask for its final carbonation. It is generally served via a hand pump. Real ale has lower carbonation level than keg beer and the carbonation is natural due to a small amount of fermentable sugar added to the cask before capping. This differs from keg beer, which is force carbonated and served at a colder temperature.

Real ale is also generally lower in alcohol, with most examples hovering around 4% alcohol by volume (ABV). This enables the

acquisition was built in 1902, when Jeanette had no less than five glass factories and was known as "The Glass City". For decades, the property housed the M.A. Gillespie Co., an upscale department store. In the mid-1980s it became the Jeanette Antique Mall. When the former owners abandoned the business, leaving thousands of knickknacks and pieces of furniture behind, the building fell into the hands of the Westmoreland County Land Bank.

The Sobels, including daughter Jackie, who serves as chief operations officer, have been busy going through the relics and transforming the space into a taproom with a large banquet room, patio, food trucks and 17 beers, including their best-selling *Honey Blossom Hefeweizen*.

The family hopes to have their latest venture up-and-running by the fall of 2019 to breath new life into the town.

In other expansion news, **Rivertowne Brewing** has gone to Hell...town. In November, **Helltown Brewing of Mt. Pleasant, Pa.**, purchased the Rivertowne brand and its production facility in Export. The acquisition will allow Helltown to produce and can more of its own recipes as well as some popular Rivertowne beers, such as *Hala Kahikipineapple ale*. Renovations of the Mt. Pleasant taproom and the Export facility will take place this year. Rivertowne opened in 2007 and filed for bankruptcy last May.

drinker to consume more. While inevitably getting a little squiffy from the alcohol, he won't get so spannered that he loses his shoes on the way home, something that happened to me on my last trip to Germany after too many liters of rauchbier. A lively alcohol is also beneficial in performing for a woman, something I'm genetically designed to do.

True to form for los Testigos de Cerveza, the traveling group I was a part of stopped for a pint of the cask before checking into the hotel. The Phoenix Tap, a local pub with a small brewery added to it, had a wonderful Bitter on, Spanish City Blonde, at 4.2% ABV, was light, hoppy, and delightfully drinkable. Brewed by Whitley Bay Brewing, the brewery had relocated into the impressive former bar/hotel where we now drank.

British Blonde ales are different than in my country, where they are often a transition beer for those who don't really like beer. In the UK, a Blonde is worth drinking and this one was a welcome cure for the jet-lag we felt. It was also a good introduction to the beer style for the two real ale novices we'd brought on the voyage.

Hours later we dropped our luggage at the local Premier Hotel, a favorite of Mr. Wetherspoon and part of a chain which I cannot complain about given the price and cleanliness. I ordered my own room, of course, something I'd learned to do on previous Testigo voyages given the vast amount of snoring and snorting of the group's members.

Once back in downtown Whitley Bay, we headed to Left Luggage, a small micro-brewery that served several beers made on premise. I drank the porter, a chocolate (not roasty!) delight that at less than 4% ABV, was extremely drinkable. It was at Left Luggage that I first encountered what I was to see in



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BEER GOVERNOR:
JIM LEE ELLINGSON

Winter is in full effect here in the Land of 10,000 Frozen Lakes. No better time to explore and enjoy some fuller flavored offerings. We'll focus on a few of our favorites.

August Schell's Brewing *Stag Series* arrived just in time for the deep freeze of winter. *Stag Series* beers are one off brews based on historical styles. The new Cave-Aged Barrel-Aged offering is a *Baltic Porter* weighing in at almost 11% ABV. Baltic porters rival imperial stouts in strength and are typically fermented with lager yeast. *Stag #13* is *It's All Relative* a *Franconian Doppelbock* brewed in collaboration with the **Wagner Brewery** in Germany. Deep amber in color with a rich malt character and just a kiss of Franconian smoked malt. It tips the scales at 7% ABV. *Schell's Bock* is now available in 12 ounce cans.

Summit Brewing releases *Ratskeller Reserve Collection* of four new and experimental brews. *Triple Rye Amber Ale* is brewed with rye malt, crystal rye and flaked rye. *Summit 21 IPA* is all about the 7s—7 malt

and 7 hops selected by 7 brewers. It's brewed to 7% ABV and hopped to 70 IBUs of bitterness. *Summit Get Smoked Porter* is built with British hops and yeast, beechwood smoked malt from Germany and domestic chipotle peppers. *Summit XPA One* is a single malt, single hop (aka SMASH) ale showcasing Cargill Argentina pale malt and Yakima Valley's new-est hop, Sabro (aka HBC 438).

Beut Paddle Brewing of Duluth is one of the 15 Breweries to Watch in 2019, according to Hop Culture. Great to see the national attention, but BP has been a brewery to watch since they opened in 2013. If you've been watching, then you know about their new *Doppelbock German-Style Lager*. Brewed to 7.7% ABV and lagered to smooth perfection, it's a great winter brew.

2018 was a very good year for **Indeed Brewing**. Production grew to 17,500 barrels (one beer bbl = 31 gallons = 13.78 case equivalents = 248 pints) and charitable giving topped 75 thousand dollars. Payroll is now sixty five and will continue to grow with a second brewery, in the Walker's Point neighborhood of Milwaukee, opening soon.

Minneapolis Town Hall Brewing's *Barrel Week* returns February 18. Mike and his crew have crafted an impressive range of barrel aged brews including *Cherry Grand Cru*, *Twisted Reality*, *Russian Roulette*, *Foolish Quad*, and *Eye of the Storm* honey ale.

Some sad news out of Walker. Portage Brewing's downtown brewhouse and taproom suffered a catastrophic fire on January 6. Plans are in motion to rebuild the brewery. In the interim, there will be a number of collaboration brews – Craft breweries stick together.

Hey brewers. Send us your news and send us your brews!

number of years of legal wrangling, research showed that steam beer was as Canadian as it was American and that we even had a branch of the Liberal Party of Canada known as the Steam Beers in the Yukon. Eventually *Sleeman Steam* was discontinued, and Sleeman was purchased by Sapporo Holdings. Eleven years later, Sapporo Holdings acquired Anchor, making them the proud owners of both of North America's modern steam beer recipes.

Warning!

Historically, brewers used any taste enhancing ingredients at hand, and today craft brewers are discovering their roots by adding all kinds of flavouring agents. Watch out, however, for the brewer who advertises authentic South American "chicha" beer. For the unfamiliar, according to "The Oxford Companion to Beer," the maize used to ferment this beer is chewed by the brewer, allowing their saliva to convert the starch in the maize into fermentable sugars. Having braved this beverage, I can report that beer is nasty.

Once I penetrated the stale wet hay nose and frothy foam of **Creemore's Orange Pale Ale**, 4.8% abv, my senses were overwhelmed by some of the foulest tastes I have experienced in a beer in years. This elixir is brewed by **Creemore Springs** (aka **Molson Coors**). The blurb on the tin promises a "full bodied taste," but all I found was a watery like imitation of an ale; I had to stop drinking the stuff and reach for a *Jack* to cleanse my palate.

On a positive note, the can is attractive. Cheers and Good Luck on your search for great beers.

• *Los Testigos* continued from p. 9

• numerous microbreweries throughout England and Scotland: a slapdash brewing system more closely resembling an over-sized home brew setup. The brewing equipment had been made for some other industry like dairy or pharmaceutical. No buttons activated anything, no rakes pushed spent grain out of the mash tun, and the fermentors were un-jacketed. Yet many of these glorified home brew systems were making good beer. This observation made me feel right at home as I'm proud to say that I make stellar beer on a primitive system, proving that it doesn't take bells and whistles.

Cask Rejection

By the end of our voyage's first evening, it was apparent that the two novices we'd taken on the voyage didn't enjoy cask ale like we did. That was understandable. They had never drunk it and needed time. You can't simply come from America, where cask ale is rare, and be expected to change instantly. Add that to the fact that despite its artisanal beer boom, the UK holds the dubious distinction of having the lowest percentage of female beer drinkers in the world. My thinking on this is that women need a higher level of alcohol to overcome the social restrictions on their primal selves. After all, women have the need-to-breed gene, too. And excess consumption can ruin a diet. I know the dietary restrictions well; if I didn't drink beer, I'd be ripped and wouldn't have to rely on my wit to accomplish the reproductive drive.

Since this story is about Scotland, enough of Whitley Bay except to say that I highly recommend a visit during the summer months, when the beach is filled with bikinis.

Late the next morning we boarded a train to Edinburgh. We had a target, a pub of course. The **Guilford Arms** was a short walk from the Edinburgh train station and served an impressive array of real ales. Again I ordered a Bitter, the traditional British ale. The pub was crowded given our mid-day arrival, but we were able to wedge ourselves into a pair of tables as people departed. It was here that we were to meet two other travelers, Capn and the Sea Hag. Given that the voyage already involved the **Blokester**, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherspoon, Nuco, Medio, Honeyman, and the two novices, I had grown a little nervous about the size of our group. Which of the eleven noisemakers was I going to be stuck rooming with?

Scottish Manliness

Scotland's history is a metaphor for what I'm trying to say about the male being. The country's history is rife with the exploits of many men raiding villages and ravaging maidens, then retreating to their castles to guzzle ale. The Scots descended from a fierce people that originally roamed Ireland (Ireland being obviously eponymous). Called Scots even then, their clans were so many that as early as 142 A.D. the Roman emperor at the time built a wall to keep them out. Antone's Wall, named after the Antoninus Pius, lasted only eight years, indicating the folly of walls as a way to keep people in or out of desirable land.

Unlike the stone-built **Hadrian's Wall** to the south, Antone's Wall was made of turf and wood, with forts lining its top and a giant ditch fronting the Scots. There is a lesson here that goes beyond the folly of building walls to isolate one's self. It's one the English practiced well. For while the Scottish clans battled one another, their southern neighbors united to defeat the invading Danes, then move northward to conquer Scotland. William Wallace, one of the Scots most ferocious leaders, paid

the price. After being defeated and captured, he was brought to London, hanged, and quartered. Quartered means chopped into four pieces, a practice used so that the treasonous could be displayed in different places as a sign of the victor's sincerity.

But dullie brutal, the English rulers were no dummies. They sent armies to battle when unavoidable, but also put Machiavelli's tactics to ones use by bringing Scottish rulers into the royal fold. Whether it took an army or a royal wedding, union was sought and by 1707 English and Scottish rulers had bred a Scottish-born leader, Queen Anne. The brilliance of this move in terms of a land grab led to Scotland becoming an essential part of a British Empire led by London. The empire ruled across the globe—after America had broken free, of course.

It was to the industrial engine of the British Empire we now headed: Glasgow.

The Glasgow Region
Glasgow was an hour's train ride to the west of Edinburgh. The blue collar, de-industrialized city lay on the Clyde River, far enough from the firth of Clyde and Irish Sea to avoid siege, but close enough to create and ship the goods needed to expand the British Empire. Since we'd already sampled a couple pints of cask, our arrival in the historic city was followed by Mr. Wetherspoon's finding our lodgings.

Interlude:

"Look at that stride," Medio observed as the Likely American began to distance himself from the group. "He walks like a landowner surveying his fields."

"Quite a stride," Nuco agreed.

"Does he know where he's going?"

"I doubt it, but he looks pretty confident."

Novice 2 caught up to the two Testigos.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"We're lost," said Nuco, unconcerned.

He had traveled with his two English friends before and grown accustomed to their disorientation. For descendants of the British Empire, it was as if they were born before geodesy and Isaac Newton's deduction of the earth's shape. They followed a cell phone map as poorly as in previous days using an A to Zed.

"I'm worried," said Novice 2. She was on her first trip abroad and her phone GPS wasn't working.

"You can always call an Uber," Medio suggested.

"You're not funny," Novice 2 replied.

Medio was referring to their first evening abroad. After the veteran Testigos had retired, the two novices decided to continue celebrating at a local karaoke bar. After a song or two, they retired to their hotel room where Novice 2 ordered a dose of McDonald's cheeseburgers and fries from Uber Eats. Instead of getting a late night delivery at the hotel, however, the meal was delivered to her home in the States.

Finally, in an attempt to address the novice's concern about being lost, Medio pointed ahead. "Just follow the bald-headed fascist."

The walk to our lodgings was bad, the student-filled rooms Mr. Wetherspoon reserved even worse, so I immediately bowed out, hiking back to the center where I'd spotted a Marriott Hotel. I wanted a big room with a king-sized bed, private shower and no sniffing and snoring during the night.

Once I'd settled into my new digs, I texted Novice 2 to determine where the group was headed. I could have predicted that the decision was to meet at a Wetherspoon, a chain of pubs that served cask ale and a large variety

Los Testigos continued on p. 21

JOLLY GIANT Review

By Ian Bowering

Remember **Goose Island Brewing**, of Chicago, producers of some very fine beers?

Try to keep those beers in mind, but you may not want to purchase them now based on past reputation, as the inevitable has happened—under the ownership of **InBev**, they have rolled out *Goose Urban Wheat Ale*, 4.2% abv, which to my taste is nothing less than the *Bud Light* of wheat beers. This extremely disappointing beer sports a fleeting foam, watery body, and tin-like aftertaste. Avoid!

Here is a strange sight, a *Blue Light* tin decorated with a lucky horseshoe. It begs the question, lucky for whom?

The old adage, "what goes around comes around" could not be truer when it comes to the steam beer dispute between **Sleeman** and **Anchor Steam Brewing**. Some years ago, Sleeman introduced their version of the steam beer style to consumers. This drew an immediate cease and desist order from Fritz Maytag of Anchor Steam fame, who claimed that he had cornered the market on the name and style. After a

As I write this on the morning of the NFL Playoffs, I would be remiss not to mention **Rusty Nickel's** crowd pleasing and eminently crushable New England IPA, cunningly named *Anyone Who Beats New England*. At 5% abv, it is more sessionable than most in the style, and thus pairs well with an afternoon spent in the glow of the football telecast. I am partial though to *Slice O' Havens*, a 9.8% imperial cream ale is buffered with orange peel and vanilla to give it that creamsicle taste craved by the inner child. And who among us can deny their inner child?

In East Aurora, **42 North** has been pouring a favorite regional sour: *Halt, Who Gose There?* Described as a "modern take on a traditional Gose." *Halt* is made with Norwegian yeast, lactobacillus, and lactose sugar, then dry hopped with Azacca, El Dorado, and Mosaic. Tart raspberries and blackberries balance the sugar and make for a bright, lip smacking finish.

If you plan to hit the slopes this winter, the **Ellicottville Brewing** has the beer for you. *Ski Bum* is a robustly hopped winter ale. This crisp, richly malty ale is the perfect brew to sip fireside at the lodge, but if you want something a bit bolder, their new *Blackberry Kölsch* is the clear choice. The craft Kölsch seems to be making some regional inroads. This variant is spiked with wild blackberry, which lends a crisp, delicious fruitiness to this already honey-sweet style.

My favorite brewery for ambiance is **Hamburg Brewing**, and lately I have been crushing on *Yule Shoot Your Rye Out* spiced winter ale. Spiced with ginger, this rye ale deftly balances the sweetness of the spice with the sharpness of the ginger and the rye. If you have reached winter ale overexposure, grab a four pack of *Just Saying Hazy India Pale Ale*. A wave of tropical fruit—mango, grapefruit, papaya—breaks away to mellow notes of biscuit malt and a bit of fruited stickiness in the finish. Plus, the can is a beauty.

For my money, the best St. Patrick's Day parade scene in Buffalo is in the Old First Ward Parade, and **Pressure Drop Brewing's** tasting room at The Barrel Factory is at the epicenter. The gorgeous, sprawling 115-year-old multi-tenant facility sports Pressure Drop tasting rooms on two floors, not to mention the Lakewood Spirits Tasting Room, Snowy Owl Kombucha, Elevator Alley Kayak, and Bar Cultivar craft hard cider bar. If you would rather go when it's not overrun by people in green, it makes for a great trip any day of the year. I recommend *The Strummer* Belgian blonde, with that trademark Belgian yeast

WNY continued on next page

• *Los Testigos continued from p. 17*

• of foods. They were not to be found, however, so I set out on my own to explore the city and the pubs where I'd have a wee swally. Or two because in Glasgow, you never have just one wee swally.

• As my lack of contact with the group lengthened I grew worried. One can only tour the holiday stalls around Glasgow for so long, dodging the German made sausages and kiddie rides before growing bored. Had my offer to the novices of a hot shower been taken the wrong way? Both were females who I would have banged, but concern with how I dealt with my primal self shouldn't have played a role. The shower was located outside the bedroom, behind a closed door.

• Finally, with boredom rising, I decided to implement what I have since called The Highland Option, and texted Novice 2: "Ready to taste some high end Scotch? It's on me." That would bring them running.

• **Interlude:
Bavaria in Glasgow**

• "I like this pilsner," Honeyman said, setting down his glass. It was the following day and los Testigos sat in West, a Bavarian-style brewery serving lagers and an ale or two. They had just finished touring The People's Palace, a museum dedicated to showcasing Glaswegian protests against the ruling class. The museum was right up Honeyman's alley while requiring a post pint or two.

• "Helles is good, too," Nuco said, pushing the unfiltered, unpasteurized beer across the table. "The Brewer said this place would never last when we visited it years ago. Said the British would never take to a German style of beer."

• "I guess he was wrong," Medio piped in. "Should I try the hefeweizen?"

• "Where are the girls?" Capn asked in a remarkably smooth tone. His legendary crankiness seemed to have disappeared in the Scottish wind.

• "More importantly, where is the American?" Medio asked.

• "Probably searching for a Landlord," Nuco said. The Likely American had sung the praises of Timothy Taylor's Landlord since sampling one amid the pre Christmas bustle in Leeds two years previously.

• "I think the Landlord's gone off a bit," Medio said.

• The group all looked at the acknowledged expert on cask ale, The Blokester, who simply nodded, unwilling to make a judgment call on the British beer while drinking a German one. Since Brexit, the Blokester had

grown concerned about Germany's increasing influence over Europe. Hadn't they won the last great war? And with an idiot in charge of America, the usual British foil to continental overreach, British uniqueness had grown tenuous. These thoughts preoccupied him, making a Timothy Taylor criticism seem unapologetic.

Edinburgh Rebellion

By the time we returned to Edinburgh, I could see divisions in the group. I get it: who travels with a group of eleven people and no tour guide?! It was chaos and while my anarchist, leftist friends enjoyed that type of atmosphere, nothing gets done without a strong leader.

The rebellion began as soon as we left the train station. Sensing a need for a pint of cask ale, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherspoon decided to stop at—you guessed it—a Wetherspoon pub. They served cask ale, Mr. Wetherspoon insisted, but I suspected that he and the Mrs. wanted another helping of haggis.

The Wetherspoon decision was unacceptable to the other Testigos, including the Blokester, who, acting like some reverse Benedict Arnold, sided with the rebels and led the march back to The Guildford Arms.

The division in the group was just what the doctor ordered. While the loyalists gathered in the Guilford Arms, Nuco, Medio and I went next door to Cafe Royal. An amazingly ornate bar with a Victorian interior, the pub also displayed tile walls fashioned by Royal Doulton, an historic ceramics manufacturer. A circular bar in the middle of the pub served eight different cask ales—mostly Scottish, which meant darker and maltier given the

Los Testigos continued on next page

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slides forward
backbone. The
stained to a level
be in order, an
Good comes its
.7% abv polished,
presents crisp malt
nose. On the pal-
op bitterness surg-
cohol. The finish
er. *Dry Hop Pils*
light, pale yellow
fresh hops. On
hops deliver a
s. This is fol-
ral and bitter
a German style
ood to 4.7% abv,
terness. It pours
e releasing
ght hop notes.
mingle happily
crisp finish is

Adam Brewery
ded up the
re *Imperial*
95 IBUs.
has an amber
and citrus
on the nose.
bitterness
e waves of
e finish belies
ly bitter, it

Orange Snail
es *Iron Pig*
red beer.
ght spiciness
e, a light bit-
The finish sees
er hand over
rized ale.
is brewed

• *Los Testigos continued from p. 21*

• colder temperatures up north. Cask ale in
• Scotland was also named on a shilling basis,
• from a 19th century system of invoicing.
• 60, 70, and 80 shilling beers meant greater
• amounts of alcohol, thus higher prices. It made
• sense as Adam Smith, the author of the first
• modern text on economics (...the Wealth of
• Nations) was Scottish, born in a small town
• not far from the city we now toured.

• Given the wildness of travel, I wasn't
• surprised about the split in the group and its
• eventual reunion. It's one of the characteristics
• of foreign travel: despite all the planning and
• preparation, it often feels you're flying by the
• seat of your pants. With this group confusion
• was a desirable condition, leading to unex-
• pected incidents one could embellish upon
• once back home. I was correct, of course, and
• by liftoff time we were one again.

• Since this trip was for beer, I'd like to
• finish by making one general observation.
• Scottish beer, long known for being darker and
• maltier than its cousin beers to the south, has
• changed. The growth of microbreweries has
• brought lighter and hoppier beers to Scotland.
• The country's beer scene has evolved, become
• more diverse in its offerings. As I see it, the
• American beer revolution has washed up on
• the shores of this great country and appears
• here to stay.

• Cheers, mate.

• *WNY continued from p. 21*

• profile with notes of clove and bread, a light,
• clear, crisp finish.

• **Resurgence Brewing's *CitMo 2.0* is**