GRAVEL CAPITAL BREWING

WEEK OF AUG 26				
BEER	501		1607	6402
Belgium Bedrock(6.1%) Never Ending IPA (6.2%) Pebble Pilsner (4%) Rock Cock Red (5.2%) Shuffleboard Blonde (5%) Rocky Rye (5.4%) Perky Porter (5.4%) How about that Stout?(3.74%) 4 Beer Flight	\$2.50 \$2.50 \$2.00 \$2.00 \$3.00 \$2.00 \$2.00 \$7.50	(12oz)	\$5.50 \$6.00 \$4.00 \$ 5.00 \$4.50 \$5.50 \$5.50 \$4.00	\$20.00 \$22.00 \$15.00 \$19.00 \$16.00 \$22.00 \$20.00 \$15.00
WINE	307		607	
Cabernet Sauvignon (11.4%) Riesling (11.5%) White Dry (12.2%) Momma's Red (12.5%) 4 Wine Flight	\$3.50 \$3.50 \$3.50 \$3.50 \$12.00		\$6.00 \$6.00 \$6.00 \$6.00	
SLUSHIES	907			



Coconut Crush

Lemonade, Sweet Tea, Cola, Diet Cola, Lemon-Lime, Ginger Ale, Caffeinated Red......\$2.00

SNACKS

Pickle	\$2.00	Peanuts	\$2.00	
Pretzels	\$2.00	Salami Stick	\$2.00	
Elouise and Tam Chocolate Chip Cookie with or without walnuts\$3.00				

\$7.00

GRAVEL CAPITAL BREWING

★BYOF - BRING YOUR OWN FOOD

INSPIRATION FOR THE NAME "ROCK COCK RED". CAME ACROSS THIS STORY WHILE IN SEARCH OF OLD GRAVEL PICTURES AT OXFORD LIBRARY..................

About 50 years ago Oxford was the cock fighting capital of the nation--for one night!!

The cock fanciers and amblers from New York state and Wisconsin were bitter rivals and a battle between the birds of the two states was decided upon.

It was hard to find a place that was blind or innocent of the laws, but finally a fighting cock breeder in Oxford suggested this place and made all the arrangements.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, two trains pulled into the M.C.R.R yards, the fire whistle began to blow, so the trains pulled up to the north yards.

When things quieted down they returned and the breeders, with about 500 cocks, adjourned to the Maccabee Hall.

There were 4 or 5 wooden store buildings (where the WM. Reed building is now located) and in these buildings were some apartments with a larger hall on the second floor. The telephone wires cut and the business at hand started.

Hostilities continued until daylight. Every once in a while someone would pound on Jack Ketch's door across the hall and Jack would stretch out his arm and some one would hand him a dead rooster.

If Ketch had had a deep freeze as we have nowadays, he and his family could have had chicken dinner every Sunday for a year.

A restaurant and bar kept open all night. The restaurant ran out of food, but the bar did the largest business in its history.

About eight o'clock in the morning the train and the participants pulled out. Soon after the sheriff and deputies had arrived but no one around seemed to know anything about what happened, and the only evidence was about 100 dead cocks in the alley