

The Breweriana Collector



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OF THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF
BREWERIANA ADVERTISING**

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ON TO CLEVELAND

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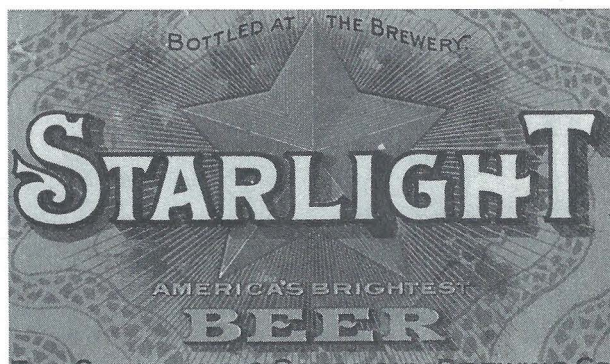
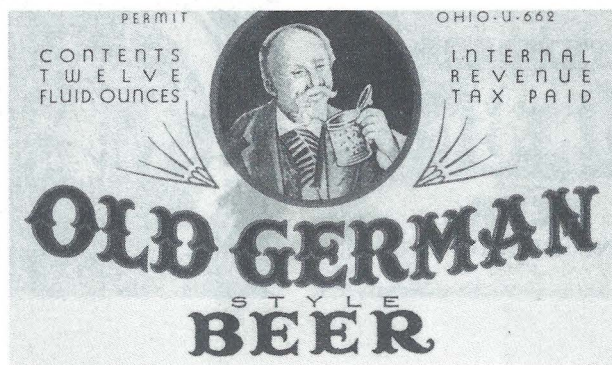
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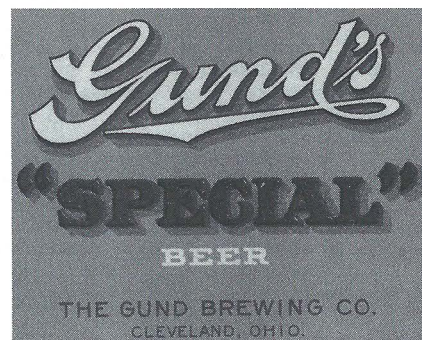
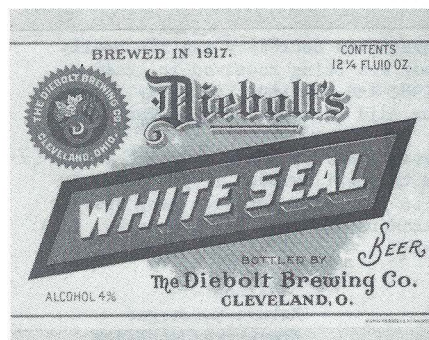


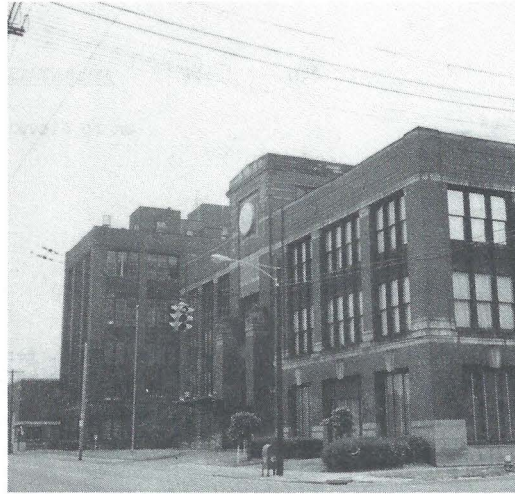
I just started on my new job as Executive Secretary and its really busy. The 1982-83 dues are due and they are being received in great numbers daily. Dues are due June 1, 1982 and continue till May 31, 1983. Most important - dues for 82-83 must be paid to attend the Convention in Cleveland.

More information about N.A.B.A. stationery, patches and back issues of the Breweriana Collector will be in the next issue. If you have any questions about N.A.B.A. please write to me. I do not have many answers but will contact the people with the answers and then let you know. If I can be of any help to you please write.

Sincerely
Robert E. Jaeger
Executive Secretary



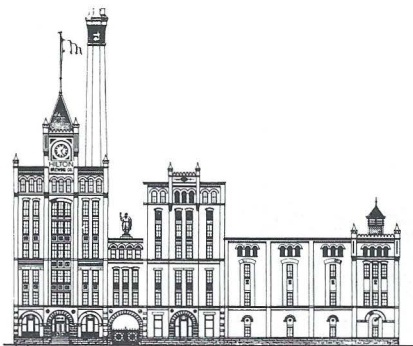




Christian Schmidt's Cleveland plant, apparently alone among American breweries, had its origins in an automobile factory. The Peerless Motor Car Company built the plant in the early years of the century. The portion shown was the general office and showroom, built in 1910. Peerless gave up in 1932, but its president, James Bohannon, converted the plant to a brewery after Prohibition. It was the national headquarters of Carling until 1970. Schmidt acquired the plant in 1971 and began production in 1972.



See also
page 31.



FERMENTATION

On to Cleveland!

Cleveland, to which we move for the 1982 convention, gets a bad press. It has come to be identified with the endemic ills of the northeastern industrial cities. "The Mistake by the Lake" is a common term for it, and the all-time low evaluation was probably Rich Little's suggestion that Poland be renamed Cleveland on the ground that then neither the Russians nor anybody else would want to conquer it.

Let it not be denied that Cleveland has its troubles. A city losing population at the rate of over 23 percent per decade indisputably has problems. (St. Louis actually has a higher rate, over 24 percent, but has managed to avoid the bad jokes.) A short-term visitor to Cleveland gets little impression of the city's troubles. Cleveland is free of the pervasive visual ugliness of Indianapolis, or the bombed-out quality of much of central Detroit. Partly, Cleveland had a good deal to start with: a nice setting on Lake Erie similar to Chicago and Milwaukee on Lake Michigan, a low population density with plenty of trees, and a good architectural tradition. Partly, its problems were temporary while it had a municipal administration and a business community with nearly a zero ability to cooperate on anything. This, happily, is in the past, and the city now appears to be dealing with its problems about as well as the other older industrial cities. The Cuyahoga River is no longer inflammable.

Mainly, the city has going for it a good cultural community and an unusual geographical pattern that puts practically all of the cultural institutions together -- not far from our hotel. Cleveland itself has the characteristic of most cities in the world -- first noted by Sir William Petty in the 17th century -- of holding up to the west and deteriorating to the east. The suburbs of Cleveland do not conform to this pattern. Rather, the most prosperous, Shaker Heights and Cleveland Heights, are to the east of the city limits. The cultural community, called University Circle, is at 105th Street on the east side. In close proximity are Case Western Reserve University, the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Western Reserve Historical Society, Severance Hall, home of the Cleveland Orchestra, and various lesser institutions. Only Pittsburgh concentrates its intellectuality in like fashion. The Western Reserve Historical Society maintains an excellent library, which members may want to use for research on breweries of northeastern Ohio. (Bowling Green State University, just south of Toledo, maintains an extensive archive on the history of northwestern Ohio, which is highly recommended for the many breweries of that area.) The Cleveland art museum is particularly worth visiting. It has possibly the best of Thomas Eakins' rowing pictures, and much else. (Toledo ought also to be mentioned in this connection; its art museum is the largest relative to population in the country and the best, unsurprisingly, for glass.) The Cleveland Orchestra hardly needs praise here. Under the late George Szell it was commonly thought the best in the world. To the editor's

taste, it still has the honor, though its publicity has flagged of late. Its enthusiasts have met it at the airport after European tours, as if it had won a pennant -- a very Clevelandish thing to do.

Architecturally, the city has much of interest. The Rockefeller Building at 6th and Superior is a fine early skyscraper. The Cleveland Arcade, connecting Superior and Euclid just east of Public Square, is the city's number one architectural attraction, a big lightwell with three balconies, all housing 112 shops of wide variety. This is probably the best example in America of a construction usually identified with the Italians and British. Really the most interesting architectural feature of Cleveland is the homogeneity of domestic architecture in the eastern suburbs. It is a cliché of architectural history that it is unfortunate America never developed a vernacular architecture -- a style built uncritically and universally, like Swiss chalets or old Russian wooden houses. Cleveland Heights and Shaker Heights are so universally built with red-brick Georgian houses that one comes closer to an American vernacular architecture than anywhere else. The effect is very pleasant and not monotonous.

The Schmidt brewery itself is architecturally outstanding. Most of us would probably say the best brewery in the country is the one that most closely conforms to the drawing at the head of this column -- a sort of vernacular architecture of breweries. By more serious standards of architectural criticism, the Schmidt Cleveland plant is probably the best brewery building in the country. It was built in the World War I era as the Peerless automobile factory and converted to brewing after Prohibition. It was operated first by the Brewing Corporation of America, then by Carling after 1953 and by Christian Schmidt since 1971. It is in an early modern style in the tradition of Louis H. Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright and the Chicago School. It has great art nouveau metal doors. Since it does not have regular tourist facilities, we have a unique opportunity to see an absolutely outstanding building.

In sum, we go not to a Mistake by the Lake, but to a handsome city of multifaceted cultural tradition, a place with a setting and climate ideally suited to summer enjoyment. Let us savor it to the full!

* * *

One of the joys of owning stock in Anheuser-Busch is that the firm comes to you. As mentioned in the account of stock ownership in brewing companies (issue 32, page 16), the big brewer's annual meetings rotate among the cities in which it owns breweries. On March 28 the company came for the first time to Los Angeles, or more precisely to Beverly Hills -- consistently with A-B's patrician image. I walked over to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel -- yes, people do occasionally walk to things in LA -- and partook of the show. It is indeed a show, and a very good one. The formalities are carried off in legalistic fashion with great dispatch. Augustus Busch III then presided over a slide show of the company, and rather surprisingly, all of its large rivals in the industry. The company clearly takes its dominant position as anything but assured for the future. The television commercials of a free-running Clydesdale, which were about to be released for Budweiser Light, were shown. Hit of the performance, however, was a French language commercial of Labatt for Budweiser on Quebec television.

Since we had not received a response to our query on krausening of the company's beer (issue 37, page 4), I put the question to Busch in the session for shareholders' questions. (For the benefit of new members, Herman W. Ronnberg in his review of a history of A-B of 1953 stated that the company had given up krausening subsequently. William J. Vollmar of A-B responded that the company's beers are still fully krausened. The editor had gotten the impression from the tour of the St. Louis brewery that the beers were carbonated by reinjection of carbon dioxide emitted from the fermentation tanks.) Busch responded that in the beechwood aging process new wort is

injected into the lagering tanks. There is nothing like getting one's answers from the highest authority. Busch's answer necessarily was too short to be definitive, and we are attempting to secure an article for a future issue on the various carbonation methods of American brewers.

Anheuser-Busch came to Los Angeles to celebrate the imminent completion of the addition to the local brewery. The area formerly devoted to a bird reserve and recreational facilities is now covered with expansion to the plant. Capacity will be a robust 11 million barrels. Rather to my surprise, the shareholders were not taken on a tour of the brewery, which currently has no tourist facilities. The monorail with which plant tours were given has been dismantled, but much of the beamway is intact, looking as if restoration is undecided. The meeting closed with a fine hospitality hour, with all of the company's beers and the snacks of the firm's new Eagle line. These were impressive, but one could hardly be surprised A-B would bring forth nibbles essentially perfectly suited to beer. It is difficult to look upon Anheuser-Busch other than as British enthusiasts look upon Bass: even though one might wish the industry had not concentrated on purely emotional grounds, there is no question the dominant firm has a pervasive class about it, and no one could fail to respect the quality of what it produces.

* * *

We repeat our warning of the previous issue that antique advertising is dutiable if taken into Canada, and the duty is not refunded when leaving. Members planning to visit Canada before or after the convention in Cleveland should plan accordingly. Larry Sherk, who has crossed the border more times with more breweriana than anyone we are likely to meet, reports he has usually not been troubled on this score. The editor's experience may have been atypical, but the fact remains it happened.

* * *

To revert to Anheuser-Busch's indisputable class, the firm in 1981 issued a second edition of the catalog of its Clydesdale Collection. This includes standard breweriana, such as tap knobs, glassware and coasters, but also western boots with the A-B eagle logo (\$225), various stuffed and sculpted Clydesdales (\$15.95 to \$150), superb ceramic eagles (\$95 and \$135), and a magnificent oak bar with back bar, beveled glass mirror and brass capitals for its pillars for \$8000. Lest the last seem a joke, it does not seem unlikely that some member would want this for his house. For a copy of the catalog, write A-B at Box 1977, St. Louis, MO 63118.

* * *

Jeanette Bendula reports that the Sheraton has received six reservation cards for our convention without the names of the registrants. If you think you may be one of these, it is worth a postcard to confirm your room. Two other large inns of major chains are in close proximity to the Sheraton; you don't run serious risk of spending the convention in your car. Staying at the convention hotel is an important part of the enjoyment of our conventions, however. We are nothing if not a social organization, as neophytes will discover in Cleveland.

* * *

At one of the officers' meetings in Indianapolis, Bob Chapin of Schlitz, describing Schlitz' cans to me, said they really were the best available. Peter Blum of Stroh laughed and said, "With your cans and our beer, we could dominate the industry!" It was a joke then, but current events (see p. 23) will give them their chance. Once again, we can only wish them well.

George W. Hilton, Editor
Department of Economics
UCLA
Los Angeles, CA 90024

June 7, 1982

ON LIVING IT UP IN CLEVELAND

We will not be so obsessively preoccupied with breweriana as to neglect the general tourist attractions of northern Ohio, which are numerous. If the small fry must be amused, there are two big amusement parks, Geauga Lake Park on Ohio 43 south of Solon, and Cedar Point at Sandusky. More restrained is Hale Farm at Bath, about 10 miles north of Akron. It is a restored early 19th century farming community. Among other attractions, it has a working steam train and bus tours to the Akron Civic Theatre, one of the four remaining Eberson atmospheric theatres in the country. Such theatres had some flamboyant architectural style (in this case Moorish) with an artificial sky, electric stars and a cloud machine. You owe yourself the sight of one of these.

There is a lot of water up there. The Goodtime II, which perpetuates the name of a famous Cleveland paddle steamer, does short excursions into Lake Erie. The Lake Erie Islands have declined as an amusement area, but are still pleasant to visit by steamer out of Sandusky. Put-in-Bay is the site of the Perry Victory Monument.

The Cleveland Indians will be in Milwaukee during our visit, unfortunately. We do not know what other attractions may be available. The Cleveland Orchestra plays its summer concerts at the Blossom Music Center in Cuyahoga Falls. It is well worth a phone call to 861-5674 to ascertain if you can hear this orchestra, of which the world questionably holds an equal. The Cleveland Play House is one of the nation's major repertory companies, acting in three theatres about the city. Phone 795-7000 for information. The Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival plays each summer at the Lakewood Civic Auditorium. Phone 521-0090.

And then there is feeding the inner man. Cleveland used to have a reputation for big bland meals of the most traditional American sort. It is, after all, the home of Stouffer's. Like most cities, it has had a great proliferation of ethnic restaurants. The metropolitan area, which is some two million, is big enough to support a considerable variety. The following are recommended by Bob and Jeanette Bendula of our local committee, and a sympathetic non-member, Charles D. Bieser:

- Hofbrau House, on East 55th Street. This is the city's most popular German restaurant, for people who yearn for Milwaukee at this season.
- Otto Moser's and the Ratskeller, both on East 4th Street just south of Euclid Avenue downtown. A correspondent wrote "reminders of an older and greasier Cleveland." Fine for corned beef sandwiches and beer.
- Kiefer's, 2419 Detroit Avenue, downtown. Strong on potato pancakes and dumplings. No beer shortage ever reported.
- Jim's Steak House, 1800 Scranton in the Flats. Reportedly has the best steaks in Cleveland, plus great views of the River and central Cleveland.
- Pan Asia, 6080 Brecksville Road (Route 21), Independence. This is reputedly one of the best Chinese restaurants in the country. It has specialties from other Asian countries to warrant its name.
- Houlihan's Old Place, 24103 Chagrin Boulevard. This is a chain serving good standard American restaurant fare in most big metropolitan areas. The decor is antique advertising, both British and American, including quite a bit of breweriana in most I have visited.

As might be expected, the east suburbs have a restaurant row on Chagrin and Van Aken Boulevards in Shaker Heights. This includes a Red Lobster, Victoria Station, Stouffer's (where else?), the Samurai Steak House, Sands (said to be one of the best deli restaurants in the country), the Pearl of the Orient (gourmet Chinese), Leonello's, Charley's Crab, and various others you will readily identify by name and external decor.

Oh, yes, you'll be glad we went to Cleveland!



THE MUNICH CHILD IN BREWERIANA ADVERTISING

by Jack G. Lowenstein

The Bavarian city of Munich was officially founded in 1158 by Emperor Barbarossa. Since the city had originally been settled by monks (Moenche = Muenchen = Munich), it is not surprising that the figure of a hooded monk would be a significant part of the city's coat of arms for centuries, indeed until this very day. While Munich's seal and official coat-of-arms have retained the male monk figure, the unofficial symbol underwent a metamorphosis in the late 19th century, and the "Munich Child" emerged. The monk's features changed to a more child-like, even female appearance, the book of law was replaced by a stein of beer in the "Child's" hands, and a bunch of radishes (the German beer snack) was added. Only the red halo, seen in some representations, reminds us of the Child's noble -- and holy -- beginning. Above is an example of 1686.

The citizens of Munich love the Munich Child. To them it is the symbol of everything that is Munich and Bavaria. It is a symbol of their zest for life, of their love of beer (and the Oktoberfest), and of the relaxed way of life that is so typical. And so, of course, the Child appears in Munich advertising -- mainly of their favorite beverage, beer. It is said that when a Bavarian was asked what his favorite beverage was, he replied, "Water -- as long as it has passed through a brewery first!"

Accompanying this brief article are a number of photographs showing the Munich Child's role in advertising. As we said above, the foremost product is beer, and the best known medium the beer stein! With the beer stein's decorable surface and its singular use, what better place to advertise the golden brew within? After viewing the illustrations, we trust the reader will get the idea.

The first set of photographs illustrates steins on which the Munich Child is the advertising focus; next there are two beer labels which show the Child, or "Kindl," as the Munich citizenry know it; strictly speaking, the one label shows a barmaid known affectionately as "Die Schuetzenliesl," who may or may not have been an outgrowth of the Munich Child. In any case, the beer is known as "Kindlbrau," and that definitely doesn't mean a brew for children! Finally, we have a set of postcards, advertising beer of Wagner and Balhorn, both reminders of bygone days, since, lo, both are now gone. At one time, Munich had over 1000 breweries. Today there are only seven, and with mergers they will most likely decrease to four or five soon.

If you were to visit Munich today, you would find the labels of Lowenbrau, Hofbrauhaus, Augustiner, Hackerbrau, Pschorr, Paulaner, and Spatenbrau. They are proud and noble descendents of a long line of brewers, proud of the purity and goodness of their beers -- they adopted a Purity Law in 1516! -- and we hope they are not the end of their lineage. But most important, they all accept the Munich Child as their guiding spirit, the symbol of their origin: the City of Munich.

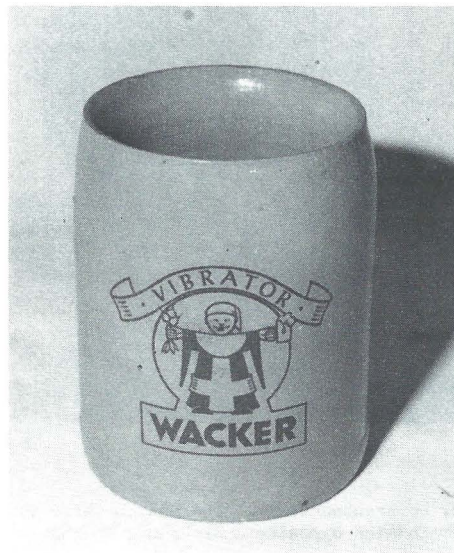
To which we can only add: Prosit!



A covered stein for Hofbrauhaus Beer. The Munich Child is at the lower right, leading a procession opposite a dachshund who has stolen sausages.



Above, another advertisement from the Hofbrauhaus shows the outdoor beer garden and the Munich Child sampling the brew. Below, a stylized Munich Child advertises Wacker extra strong beer, "Vibrator."





Another Hofbrauhaus stein with the familiar HB logo, the imperial crown, and the Munich Child. Below, a 1-litre stoneware stein from Kindl Keller, a Munich brewery that disappeared before World War I.





Here the Munich Child advertises Union Brau, another victim of mergers and consolidation. The thumblift is in the shape of a hop blossom. Below, Ludwig Gartner advertised with the Munich Child holding a foaming glass.





A pair of steins from the Munchner Kindl Brewery, the left featuring Die Schuetzenliesl and the right the Munich Child. The identification of the Child with Munich is international; below, the Child is on both the stein and thumblift of an example from an Argentine brewery.





Neither of these steins is an advertisement for beer. The example above is lettered for the North German Club and the lower for an industrial exposition at Munich in 1925.





Above, the Munich Child celebrates both art and industry at Redenfelden.
Below, Lowenbrau's Malt Beer is named for the Munich Child.





Above, Die Schützenliesl had precarious footing as she advertises Lowenbrau's Kindlbrau. Below, a thoroughly besoused Munich Child eyes a stein of Wagnerbrau in an advertisement of the turn of the century. Medieval Munich is in the background.





Another advertisement for Wagner (1904) shows a child watching a two-fisted drinker. Note the slice of cheese in a paper lettered "Gottterdammerung." Below is a particularly youthful Munich Child holding a bottle of Balhorn's wheat-malt beer about 1908.



THE SUNSET BREWERY OF WALLACE, IDAHO

by Herman W. Ronnenberg

When Sunset Beer hit the town of Wallace in 1901, the local saloon-keepers were something less than ecstatic. "The Sunnsett Beer came out Monday. is faire Beer fore a starte but in quallity behind Seattle or Henco et is verry light Beer resembling the Seattle closser than aney other kind, but not near as good," wrote Clem and William Weyer to their Spokane-based beer supplier, P. Martin. "Of course," they went on, "the give a lott of free Beer fore the first Day so consequentley the most of men speake well of it but what the think I do not know. but I am shure et will not give sadesfaction, onless the present quallity be Improved."

The quality must have improved, for Sunset lasted until 1948. During those 47 years the company survived shootings, forest fires, accidental death of a workman, local option laws, state and national prohibition, and finally succumbed only to the competition of the national brewers. Wallace sits in a narrow valley in the midst of the Coeur d'Alene mining region -- the world's richest source of lead and silver for almost 100 years. Beside minerals, those mines produced parched throats in the men who worked in them. It was these mammoth thirsts that made brewing a success in a town of only about 2000 people.

Jacob Lockman, former fire chief of Wallace, together with two liquor wholesalers from Spokane, Joseph A. Reuben and D. Holzman, founded the brewery just as long-time Wallace brewer Carl Mallon was on the verge of retirement. During the next year, 1902, Home Brown began his long association with the firm as manager. Julius Galland, a man with brewing interests in Spokane, was made a director shortly afterward. The "Sunset" name was chosen in honor of a nearby peak in which the Parrot mine, one of the most important in the region, was located.

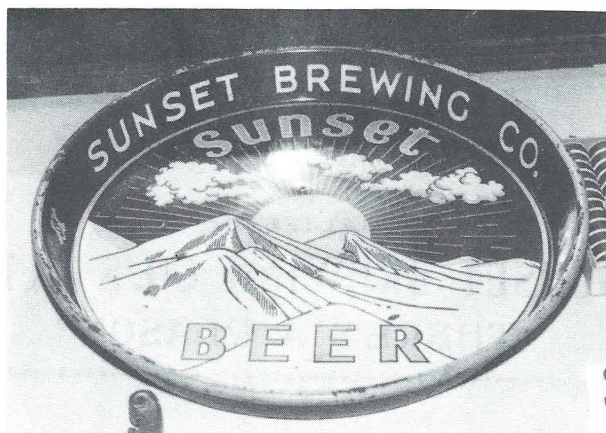
A three-story brick structure on Hotel Street between 7th and 8th Streets housed a complete brewing plant, plus a wholesale liquor storage room. Initial brewing capacity was 33 barrels per batch. In 1906, a plant to make 12 tons of artificial ice per day was installed on the east side of the brewery in a 25 x 40-foot structure, erected at a cost of \$10,000.

One of the first tragedies to befall the brewery was in 1904, when nightwatchman William Murphy shot former employee Paul Graf as he went out a back door in the middle of the night. Graf, who died of the wound, was the brother-in-law of manager Brown. There were rather bizarre circumstances surrounding the shooting, but the coroner's jury ruled the homicide justifiable.

In the summer of 1910, 100°+ local air temperature, lack of rain and hurricane-force winds combined to create the conditions for one of the greatest forest fires ever on the North American Continent. Fires raged across northern Idaho and western Montana, sending smoke as far as eastern Canada and the western Atlantic Ocean. On August 23 the fire swept into Wallace. On the railroad siding in front of the brewery, two boxcars of malt, two of sugar and two of grits caught fire, quickly igniting the loading platform. Soon the brewery itself was ablaze. Fully 2000 barrels of beer were destroyed. Suds ran in a rivulet into the street, and fire-fighters worked knee-deep in foam. The plant, worth \$75,000, was reduced to bare brick walls by the day's end. During the days of the fire, Mayor



Above, a surviving full bottle of Idaho Select Beer thought to date from the 1940s, lettered for the Sunset Mercantile Company. Friedrich and Bull show the corporate entities as the Sunset Brewing Co. to 1939, Sunset Mercantile to 1946, and the DeLuxe Brewing Company of Chris Bernard to 1948. Below is a tray lettered for the Sunset Brewing Company in a post-Prohibition style, on display in the Wallace Miners Museum.



BREWERIES

Brewers of

High Grade
Draught and Bottle Beers

Embracing all the food values,
all the energy, vigor and force-
building element of barley MALT

CALL FOR
SUNSET BREWING CO.'S BEER
"THERE'S A REASON"

Hansen ordered saloons opened in defiance of both Sunday closing and the Sheriff. The firefighters drank beer instead of polluted water and were spared exposure to typhoid.

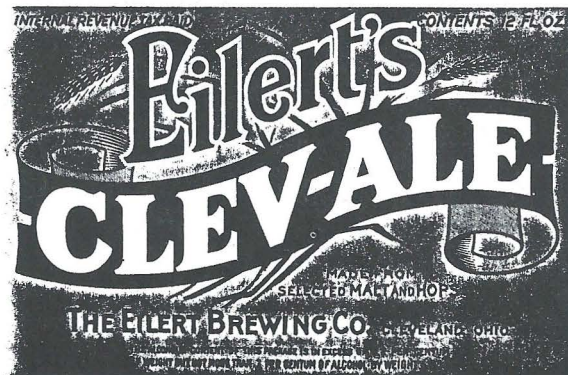
Owners of the Sunset Brewery spent \$50,000 on rebuilding and expansion, taking the opportunity to increase productive capacity to 100 barrels per day and storage to 3000 barrels. Another tragedy occurred during clean-up operations after the fire. Local carpenter Erich Nelson fell to his death while working at the brewery. Withal, by April of 1912, beer was again being sold.

If the investors had known what the state legislature had in store, they probably would not have rebuilt the brewery. In 1915 Idaho adopted prohibition state-wide. The situation was so grim that the brewing equipment was sold to a Canadian firm. Sunset Brewing Company became Sunset Mercantile during the 1920s and limped along on sales of ice and soda.

In 1934 Idaho reluctantly caught up with the rest of the nation, which had celebrated the return of beer on April 7, 1933. Thirteen men began brewing with new equipment on which Sunset had spent \$70,000. Brewing began on February 25, and the first beer was sold on May 19, 1934. Home Brown was made manager again, but at least one investor believed he had lost his business sense and gave wild credit. Beer sold well, but payments to the brewery failed to flow in. After several reorganizations the business closed in 1948. Local people felt that drinking the national brands was the chic thing to do. Sunset, like the majority of small breweries in the country, was unable to compete.

Sunset used a variety of brand names over the years. "Sunset" itself was the most enduring, but "Sunset Bud" was used in 1907 and "Imperial" in 1908. Also in 1908, "Noch-eins" was introduced and in the following year "Salvator" -- presumably to be good for sinners on Easter, and also to keep connoisseurs from going to Germany for that brand. Bock was sold each spring in pre-Prohibition days. In the 1930s the names of the Sunset Brewing Company and Sunset Beer were again used. In the 1940s the plant was called the Gem State Brewery and the brew "Old Bavarian Beer." Toward the end, "Idaho Select Beer" was used for the bottled product. Bottled beer was always a part of the business, but the brewery never canned.

In 1909 the Daily Idaho Press announced a new tray, showing the company's specialty brews and a box of La Capella Cigars from the Wallace Cigar Company. A tray in the Wallace Miners Museum shows a setting sun over twin mountain peaks. Idaho breweriana is hard to find, and Sunset artifacts are no exception.



WHAT'S BREWING?

A couple of years ago realignment in the brewing industry was predicted for the 1980s. This is only 1982 and we are already in the thick of it. The Schlitz-Stroh merger is being opposed by G. Heileman, not unexpectedly. They even withdrew from the U. S. Brewers Association without giving a reason, but Heileman may have felt that its effort last year should have been supported by the industry association. The Justice Department provided an explanation for denying Heileman and letting Stroh proceed. Part of the reason is the Herfindahl index, a measure of concentration based on the sum of squares of market share. (A single firm supplying an entire industry would have an index of $100^2 = 10,000$; two firms each having 50% have an index of $2 \times 50^2 = 5,000$, etc.). An index greater than 1,600 causes concern, and the Heileman-Schlitz combination just would not meet the Justice Department's guidelines. The Herfindahl index also generated a consent decree that Stroh give up either the Winston-Salem or Memphis brewery to pass regional guidelines. Stakes are high. Heileman's president Cleary is seeking legal redress and is venting his disappointment bluntly. Whatever bitter pill may be in store for Heileman, its first quarter performance was strong. While Stroh will be faced with a lot of work and a lot of bills. Peter Stroh estimated it would take three years to equip Schlitz breweries with fire-kettles.

The future of Pabst is a frequent subject of speculation -- even quite literally. Jacobs is still sitting in the wings, Christian Schmidt has raised the ante to a serious level, and an arbitrator ruled that closing of the Peoria brewery was a contract violation unless first settled with the union. Olympia did not have a good first quarter, which was par for the industry except for Anheuser-Busch, Miller and Heileman. The Hamm bear showed up again in ads -- hopefully not too late.

Two new super-premium beers were launched this spring. After a three-year gestation, Stroh showed offspring no. 2, Stroh Signature, which is available in Michigan and at the fair in Knoxville. Christian Schmidt Golden Classic made news in Philadelphia. A special hop variety and longer aging were mentioned in the press. Just about everybody except Falstaff has a super-premium now, but not all are selling well. Michelob, of course, has the eagle's share, with Lowenbrau a distant second. Henry Weinhard and Herman Joseph (Coors) showed enough strength to place, with Erlanger (Schlitz) and Andeker (Pabst) each having small slivers of the super-premium pie.

Anheuser-Busch has sharply revised its estimate of future import sales downward. The market share expected in 1990 by imports was scaled down from 8 to 5 percent. or 19 to 11.5 million barrels, according to A-B's Marketing Vice-President, Mike LaMonica. The Netherlands and Canada account for over 72 percent of all imports. The huge increases of the early 1970s can no longer be maintained, as this segment becomes saturated and the domestic luxury beers compete more effectively.

IMPORTED BEER SALES (thousands of barrels)

	1981	1980	1979
Netherlands	2104	1791	1989
Canada	1673	1532	1301
Germany	588	477	458
Mexico	350	331	293
United Kingdom	105	100	92
Ireland	72	65	62
Australia	60	66	72
France	51	32	13
Japan	51	40	37
Phillipines	37	21	28
All countries	5221	4567	4443

Peter H. Blum

BREWERIES - CLOSED

Cleveland, whatever its cultural glories, is weak on old breweries. Jeanette and Bob Bendula report only two extant, and those only in part. A portion of the Gund Brewery, Sunrise and Tip Top after Prohibition, survives as the office of Gund Brothers, real estate agents, at 1476 Davenport Avenue. Brewing ceased in 1944. One building of the Leisy Brewery is standing on Vega Avenue off route 2 as the recycling center of the Packaging Corporation of America.

Columbus does considerably better. Donald M. Schlegel on the basis of his research on Columbus' brewers (see page 27), reports the following:

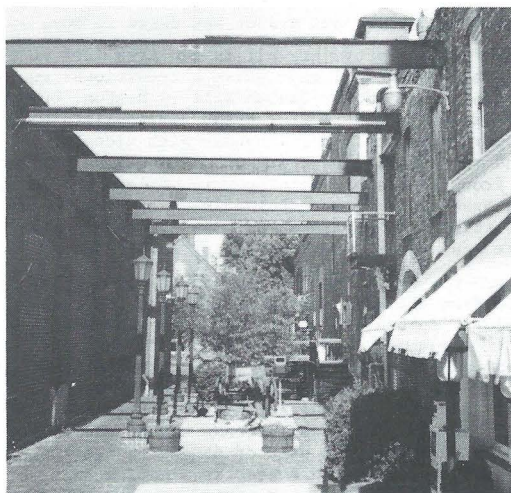
- Hosters' City Brewery (1836-1918). Much of this big complex remains on the west side of South Front Street, just south of the I-70 freeway, immediately south of the central business district. The buildings behind the Wasserstrom showroom at 477 S. Front, and the Worly Plumbing Company at 503 South Front are part of the complex. The bottling plant survives directly opposite.
- Born's Capital Brewery (1859-1908) was razed shortly after 1920, but the stable at 593 S. Front (1897) survives as the Columbus Tent & Awning Company. Opposite, the bottling house, also of the 1890s, is now occupied by the Salvation Army.
- Schlee's Bavarian Brewery (1849/1875-1915). Schlegel's Bavarian Brewery (1849) was rebuilt as Schlee's malt house in 1883. Schlee's cameo is over the doorway at 526 S. Front. It is now the Buchsieb Block. The boiler room (1861) is now the Vollmer Electric Motor Service at 540 S. Front. The brewery itself (1875) is now the Sterling Paper Company at 560 S. Front. Schlee's house (1860s) is headquarters of the Germania Society, 543 S. Front. The bottling house (c. 1896) is on the northeast corner of Wall and Hoster, at the rear of 533 S. High Street.
- Wagner's Gambrinus Brewery (1907-1974) was razed in the late 1970s. All that remains is a statue of King Gambrinus, for which August Wagner is said to have posed, in a mini-park at Sycamore and Front Streets.
- Ohio Brewing Company (1910-1918). Erected at 1775 S. High Street by the Home Brewing Co., the buildings were first used for brewing by the Ohio Brewing Co. in 1910. They are standing idle currently. The Franklin Brewing Co. at 625 Cleveland Avenue was razed in May, 1982.

The extant breweries above are all in the area just south of central Columbus called the German Village. It is a traditional enclave rather like Georgetown in Washington, DC, or Beacon Hill in Boston, but very authentic and not at all faked out as a tourist trap. It consists mainly of solid, beautifully proportioned small brick houses with nice little yards. There are several good restaurants or bars. One at South High Street and Brewers Alley, a block from the Hoster buildings, is called Brewers Alley, but it does not have a breweriana decor. Deibel's on East Whittier Street has a collection of bottles from the local brewers and an advertising clock of Hosters. Little could be recommended to our members more than German Village.

The most complete development of an old brewery in the country is the 100 Center, made from the Kamm & Schellinger plant on route 33 in Mishawaka, Indiana, an affluent suburb of South Bend. The management endeavored to preserve the entire complex, and to use the individual buildings so as to retain the visual and functional unity of the brewery. The brewhouse, still lettered for the K&S Brewing Co., 1853, houses various offices and radio and television stations. An art gallery is in the stable. High grade restaurants are in the brewer's house and in the ice house. The latter uses an ice theme, with a pair of disjointed ice tongs as door handles. The boiler house in the center is a motion picture theater. A low priced restaurant occupies an old vault. Members going to Cleveland from Chicago and points west will find this barely off the direct route via the Indiana Toll Road. Use exit 8 and follow U. S. 33 south.



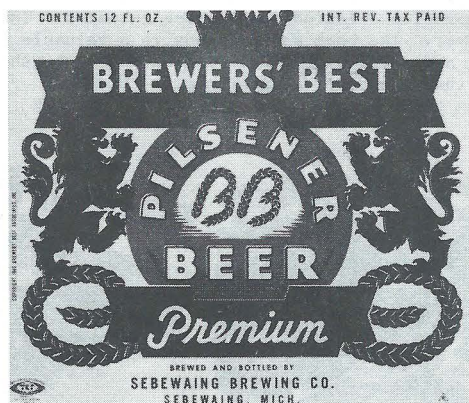
Kamm & Schellinger's fine old brewhouse of 1853, above, is now an office building and radio-television studio. One of the shops in the complex sells antiques, including some common Kamm's items: small pieces of back-painted glass lettered for Kamm's dark, and rectangular signs for bottled beer. Below is a walkway between the brewery buildings on the right and the powerhouse on the left. Note the old barrels used as flower boxes.



We hope to publish a full article on the 100 Center in a future issue.

CLARIFICATION

- Q. Jim Welytok, 4848 S. 21st Street, Milwaukee, WI 53221 (414) 282-6515, is endeavoring to make a complete listing of all Hamm's signs containing the firm's animated bear. If you have such a sign, even if not for sale, Jim would like a description.
- Q. and A. Ernie Oest sent us a query concerning the Brewers' Best brand, which was issued by a bewildering number of breweries. While the question was pending, Ernie spotted the answer in the March-April News Report of the Beer Can Collectors of America. Brewers' Best was devised by Frederick Mayer in 1947. The name and logo were licensed on a franchise basis, and license holders were required to follow the same formula. Each brewery was required to pay a stipulated percentage of the profits into a national advertising fund. Twenty-two breweries participated in the program. It was an effort of local brewers to achieve some of the benefits of national identity of the major national brewing companies. Does anyone know more complete information?



BOOK REVIEW

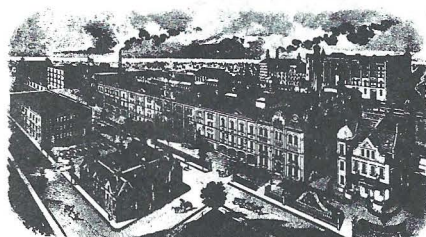
Donald M. Schlegel, Lager and Liberty: German Brewers of Nineteenth Century Columbus (Columbus History Service, 3030 Olive Street, Columbus, OH 43204). Lithoprinted typescript with cardstock cover, v + 82 pages. \$7.95 + \$1.00 postage + \$.44 sales tax for Ohio residents.

Member Donald Schlegel has written a short, thorough and comprehensive history of his native city's brewing industry. As the subtitle indicates, the treatment is mainly of the brewers in Columbus' Germanic south side in the 19th century. After an introductory chapter on the industry, Schlegel devotes about half the book to detailed histories of the nine major German brewers. The histories are highly personal, with a wealth of detail on the family lives of the heads of the firms. This is followed with an account of formation of Hoster-Columbus Associated Breweries in 1904, a combine of local firms analogous to various national combines of the turn of the century. Such monopoly gain as the merger produced quickly attracted new firms, which are treated more briefly than the Victorian brewers. Hoster perished with Ohio's state prohibition of 1918. The local industry finally ended with the closing of Wagner's Gambrinus Brewery in 1975.

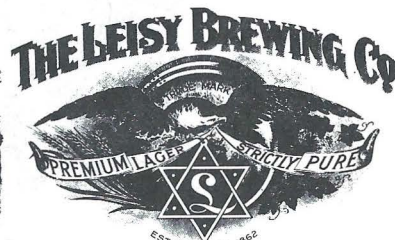
The book is very well done on all grounds. The biographical detail is the result of lengthy effort. Local historians who specialize in such intense detail frequently are weak in interpretation, but Schlegel compares the experience with Cincinnati, a city with a larger Germanic population and a much bigger brewing industry. He does very well at treating Prohibition in the context of anti-German sentiment during and immediately after World War I. As his title shows, he interprets the migration of the German brewers to Columbus as in part a search for more political freedom. In general, they found it, but it would be hard to argue that they received a full share of it during the war period.

The present volume is intended as a limited edition, preliminary to a fuller history of brewing in Columbus. We wish Schlegel well for the larger volume, though given the limited interest in our field among the public as a whole, we have no assurance a larger study will be published. The present version has some of the characteristics of a draft. It would have benefited from some textual editing and a better typing job -- though no more than The Breweriana Collector, we should add. The book has a simple glued binding that makes the text more loose-leafed than anyone intended. These are trivial criticisms, however. The book as it stands is a valuable contribution to brewing history, and a model for what much of the membership could produce in the areas of their respective interests.

GWH



VEGA & FULTON RD. WALWORTH RUN ST. & BARBER AVE.



Cleveland 13, O.

On Tipping Trip in Old Baltimore

By CHRIS BARNETT

BALTIMORE—If you work in a bar and mussel parlor called Bertha's, anything can happen. Maybe that is why night bartender Chris Kozak wasn't surprised when a customer ambled out recently and left a fat navel orange on the bar as a tip.

Another guy once tipped him a pair of socks.

That didn't faze Kozak, but Baltimore itself is a surprise. People have long bad-rapped Baltimore as a historically rich hamlet robbed of its spirit by urban decay. Yet those critics probably haven't been here in a decade. They haven't seen the once-swampy inner harbor that is now Harborplace, a cobalt blue lagoon surrounded by a high-tech Hyatt, spotless markets, indoor-outdoor cafes and more than 125 shops housed in glass pavilions.

Naysayers haven't visited Baltimore's new eye-popping National Aquarium that's topped off with a tropical rain forest you can trek through. Or felt the sense of excitement surging through this city, possibly its first jolt of electricity since the Really Big War, the Revolution.

Baltimore has been born again and its civic pride is contagious. Climb up on a barstool and in five minutes flat, unless you're a certified grump, you will make two new friends, each bending your ear, telling you how great their city is. Hit enough pubs here and you become a believer.

Respect for Dangerfield

Baltimore's the kind of town where laid-off shipbuilders and out-of-work truckers try to grab your tab. This is one place where Rodney Dangerfield could get some respect, and maybe a crabcake on the house.

In Baltimore even the shopping-bag ladies are lionized. Edith's Shopping Bag in centuries-old Fell's Point and a few doors from Bertha's, is yesterday's Gucci. Browse it and unearth chrome cocktail shakers for four bucks. Edith herself is pushing 80 and also pushing her latest film, a locally produced two-reeler starring the Go-Go's with Edith as an octogenarian punk rocker.

What Baltimore really has is neighborhoods, neighborhood bars and neighborly spirit. Just ask Kozak. He and some pals revitalized an old row house and the entire block turned out to celebrate. Baltimore Orioles pitcher Jim Palmer wandered into the party, not in his perpetually hyped Jockey shorts, but just because he happened to be in the area.

Baltimore is packed with Orioles lovers but Bertha's isn't a baseball stronghold. The bar part looks like a narrow, slightly seedy art gallery. "This used to be a Greenwich Villagelike bar in the 1950s filled with artists from the Maryland Institute of Art," says Kozak. Today, artists hang their works on the wall for a week, turning gin mill into gallery.

This is another one of those schizophrenic saloons. Walk through a door and you're in an ersatz-elegant seafood restaurant. Owners Laura and Tony Morris (she's a classical violinist, he's a guitarist) have just won an eight-year zoning battle and are putting in a music room and a tearoom.

Regulars fret that Bertha's may get too big for its britches. After all, this is where some highbrow Baltimoreans have come in and dropped theirs—for a second or two. Most come in for the generous pours and low prices. Bertha's sells the local suds, National Premium, for 70 cents a glass. Draft Guinness and Bass Ale are only \$1.25.

Even though the weather is warming, Kozak may whip up a pot of hot apple cider, rum and cinnamon sticks at \$1.85 a glass. But a favorite among Balti-

moreans is the Tootsie Roll: amaretto, orange juice, dark creme de cocoa and vodka served in a snifter, \$2.50 at Bertha's.

Says a sign on the wall: "If you're going to drive me to drink, drive me to Bertha's."

Here in Fell's Point you don't need to be driven. Good pubs are within walking distance. Like a tavern called The Horse You Came In On, which was once the ground floor of a waterfront row house said to be built in 1775. Old and young salts here swear that firewater has been sold on the premises since 1895.

The Horse is a tad trendy, though. The place has two bars but it also has a Pac-Man and a couple of other electronic games and sells beer in a plastic cup at \$1.25. It's stirring to drink amid aged timbers and tarnished iron, but somehow the spell is broken by the sound of video asteroids locked in computerized combat. Besides, the Horse is lame if you're looking for conversation; the crowd is more freshman frat house than anything else.

In fact, pubcrawlers beware. Baltimoreans are hospitable to everyone except preppies. It is not wise to bar hop in the better saloons wearing a pomegranate shirt with an alligator crawling across the pocket or in cuffed chinos. Save your penny loafers for New Haven or Cambridge.

The rallying cry at the Cat's Eye Pub, a rollicking gin mill that could pass for the bilges of a four-masted galleon, is "nuke those preppies." You would think this would be a more tolerant tavern. After all, the proprietor is a lanky, chin-whiskered chap in a stovepipe hat who is an absolute dead ringer for Abe Lincoln. His name is Jeff Knapp.

Knapp knows how to run a bar. He has "decorated" the Cat's Eye with enough nautical castoffs to make a salvage diver drool. Unfurled flags form the ceiling. Dust-caked sailing ships perch on scarred timber beams as if in a convoy across the room. Ship lanterns, fishing nets, vintage life preservers and other seafaring gear hang from the walls.

You Can Sing Along

Knapp keeps a guitarist strumming and singing full time at night and customers can sing along if the spirits move them. A hot game of "quarters" is usually under way somewhere along the bar; bounce one into a glass (not as easy as it sounds).

The Cat's Eye Pub really jumps. Especially during the annual Mayor's Frog Hop, a leap-off, so to speak, to determine Baltimore's entry in the International Frog Jumping Contest held every year at Calaveras County in the California High Sierra. Knapp enters a frog wearing, natch, a stovepipe hat.

Downtown Baltimore is honeycombed with saloons and each has its own personality, refreshing in this day of chain-owned cantinas. Wierdest perhaps is Martie's at 214 W. Mulbury. It has no sign, no windows, no door-knob and looks like a vacant building. Press the doorbell and you're admitted.

Inside is a bar and restaurant with tin walls and pythonskin wallpaper, life-size statues including a Russian peasant bread lady and other voluptuous figurines. Tables are covered with powder-blue tablecloths and crowned with fresh white zinnias. At lunch, society ladies and courtly gentlemen feast on fresh Chesapeake Bay seafood at about \$5 a plate.

Alex Martie, a lawyer and bartender, swears the place was never a speakeasy during Prohibition. Drool of wit, with a sly smile and knowing wink, he says his dad opened the place in 1915 as a grocery and it later became a tavern but stopped selling hooch when the country went dry.

Barnett is saloon critic for PSA magazine.

BALTIMORE: Bars

Continued

"We might have sold some alcohol on a small scale, but we were a grocery store during prohibition," he recalls. Yet Martic, who says the family was raised above the store, remembers having his nightly bath occasionally interrupted when illegal whiskey was delivered in five-gallon cans. "We used to store it in the bathroom."

In recent years Martic's was a hideout and hangout for reporters on the Baltimore Sunpapers. Leonard Bernstein and author Philip Wylie bent elbows there.

Alex's brother, Morris Martic, presides as owner/host and if Alex has a pixyish glint in his eye, Morris has a mad gleam—plus a perennial smile. Dressed one afternoon in sneakers, his baggy pants cinched up with an Army belt, Morris eyed a questioning visitor with the wariness reserved for a revenue agent.

Is it true, he was asked, "that you throw out people who criticize your food?" "Me?" he grins. "Heck, no."

Not all Baltimore bars are half a century old. The Water Street Exchange, tucked away in a factory near Harborplace, is new but tries to look like a vintage New York saloon. This is an apres-work pub favored by bankers, brokers, barristers and business people.

They Creep Up on You

Once an indoor miniature golf course, the Water Street Exchange is better known for its sweet "shooters." Among them: Hawaiian Punch (¼ ounce each of Southern Comfort, sloe gin, amaretto, orange juice, pineapple juice) and Melon Ball (Midori melon liqueur and vodka). Both fetch \$2.25 and both creep up on you.

Try to swing by during the 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. happy hour when owner Bruce Schoeberlein puts out the "raw bar" heaped with fresh oysters and clams at five for \$1 and jumbo steamed shrimp at a quarter apiece. Beer, Italian wine and house drinks are a buck and swing shift bartender Billy Joe Bob Gunther keeps the drinks moving at a fast clip.

Here at the inner harbor the air is peppered with spices, literally. The McCormick Spice mill, a few blocks from Peter's Pub, belches cinnamon and nutmeg from its ancient smokestacks. At least that's what it smells like around here.

Sing-Along Saloon

Follow your nose, and ears, though, and you'll wind up at Phillips, a rambling seafood restaurant and sing-along saloon in Harborplace. Despite the crowds, food and service are exceptional, but the honky-tonk piano is the stellar attraction. A jaunty bowler on his head, a middle-age glee club gathered around his baby grand, Louie the keyboarder sits beneath a Tiffany lamp pounding out golden oldies and passing out song sheets to youngsters who don't know the words.

Still, my vote for the best little barroom in Baltimore goes to the Bromwell Inn in Fullerton, five miles out of downtown. Bromwell's is the kind of neighborhood cafe and tavern you see in beer commercials. Packed with working folks, lawyers and longshoremen, salesmen and social workers, knocking back seafood chowder and 45-cent beers. (The breaded lobster dinners at \$6.25 keep them coming back, too.)

I mean, any place with a bartender named Vince and a waitress named Kelly has to be a sociable saloon. And Bromwell's makes Archie's Place seem like Scandia. "The Star Spangled Banner" is on the juke box and imported beers are banned. At Bromwell's, they drink American.

When the Olympic torchbearer trotted past on his

way to Lake Placid a few years ago, Rich Bromwell and a posse of potbellied patrons galloped alongside bearing the Stars and Stripes. Rich made sure the press was alerted.

Even though Orioles fans hate the Yankees, Bromwell's goes bananas when "New York, New York" is played. Lights flicker, customers sing and barstools rock side to side.

Once, Tom Bromwell, a member of the Maryland House of Delegates and a candidate for the Maryland Senate, heard that 20 young political leaders from the Soviet Union were in town on a get-acquainted mission, and he invited them out for dinner.

"We had planned to roll out a red carpet but decided against it," says Rich. Instead, Mildred, matriarch of the Bromwell clan and still the head chef, orchestrated a Maryland seafood feast that was washed down with Stolichnaya vodka. "We bought nine quarts."

Crabcake diplomacy paid off. "After dinner they were pretty well looped and we played 'Midnight in Moscow' on the jukebox, followed by 'The Star Spangled Banner.' They loved it and so did the customers," remembers Rich Bromwell.

What caught their fancy that night—soft-shell crabs, Mildred's thick shrimp salad?

"Chewing gum," says Bromwell. "We sold out of it in one night."

Los Angeles Times, May 19, 1982:

Pabst's directors told Schmidt to upgrade its offer.

The Pabst Brewing Co. board said it felt the current offer by C. Schmidt & Sons of \$20.50 cash plus a \$5 subordinated debenture per share was "detrimental to the conduct of Pabst business" and that such a merger was unacceptable. Pabst stated, however, that it would not oppose a \$25 per share offer to the Pabst shareholders by Schmidt if made promptly. A dissident group of Pabst shareholders has already said it was "fundamentally in favor" of Schmidt's current offer. Schmidt is a family-owned Philadelphia brewery.

BUYSELLTRADE

Wanted: Old Milwaukee breweriana of any kind, including cans, the older the better. C. W. Craibe, 8252 104th Avenue, Kenosha, WI 53142.

Wanted: Hamm's breweriana showing the Hamm's bear. Jim Welytok, 4848 S. 21st, Milwaukee, WI 53221. (414) 282-6515.

Wanted: New Jersey breweriana. Jimmy Spry, Jr. 322 Pine Brook Road, Englishtown, NJ 07726.

Wanted: Idaho breweriana. Herman W. Ronnenberg, P. O. Box 33, Elk River, ID 83827. (208) 826-3300.

Wanted: Dating device, printing not perforating type, lettered for any brewery. George W. Hilton, Dept. of Economics, UCLA, Los Angeles, CA 90024.

* * *

LETTER

On May 1, John Germann and Bernie Wallace sponsored an evening trade session at the Gouglersville, PA, firehouse. Thirty-three tables were filled with quality breweriana items that would delight the most discriminating collector. Besides the fine folks from Pennsylvania, the following states were represented: New York, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. The food and suds were great. Try Porter Ale, or if you need to, mix it half and half with a Pennsylvania beer.

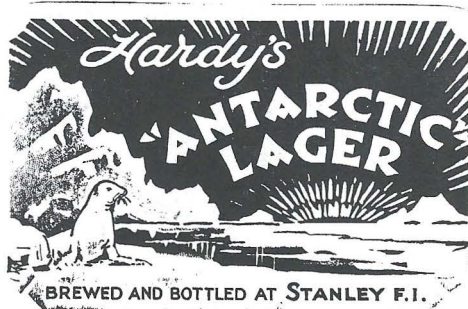
Scott Parzanese held an after-show party at his home, which provided a good time and great fellowship. I hear the last hearty soul left at 2:00 AM. Everyone had a good time and plans are being formulated for a repeat trade session next year at about the same time.

Herbert E. Ramsey, Jr.

BEER LABELS

Millions for sale: Lager, Bock, Porter, Ales, Stouts, including IRTPs. Send 35¢ in stamps for color photographs of labels for your convenience in selection.

Herbert A. Haydock
1660 2nd Avenue South
Wisconsin Rapids, WI 54494



Label from the current events collection of Uncle Ernie Oest. Cleveland breweriana elsewhere in the issue also from Uncle Ernie.

As we were about to go to press, Schmidt's sent us the following history of the Cleveland brewery from an unidentified magazine for antique automobile enthusiasts. The author is, of course, inaccurate in saying that the building is no longer a brewery. He had probably been told that it no longer brews Carlings.

What happened to Peerless itself still evokes a chuckle among auto buffs, but conditions were far from a laughing matter at the time. Although manufacture had terminated the company still had cash, plant and organization. Its president looked around for a new business and ultimately found it in the New Deal. The Peerless Era was over, but with the election of FDR so was the Beerless Era. Malt beverages were re-legalized in 1933. Here was an opportunity, and Bohannon's own version of how he took his firm from cars to Carlings is as follows:

"It was a long jump from motors to malt and hub caps to hops, but when our directors decided to convert the plant of Peerless Motor Car Corporation into the most modern brewery in America I found many of the same principles applied. Having lived in Detroit right across the river from Canada I always had a proper respect for Carlings. On a quality basis I associated it with Cadillac, Steinway and Tiffany. So when at Peerless we had a chance to acquire the American rights, formulas and technical assistance of Canadian Breweries Ltd., brewers of Carlings Ale, we were quick to take advantage of it. We had a big modern plant and lots of ambition and they had the name. It was a natural. From a cold start we moved constantly forward."

Exactly two years to the day after the last Peerless car left the factory, on June 30th, 1934, the Peerless Motor Car Company became the Peerless Corporation, brewers of Carlings Ale. Although the name Peerless was later dropped, by the time Bohannon died in the 1960's the organization was among the top ten breweries in the U.S.A. and had plants in twenty-three locations in Canada, the United States and overseas.

In 1969 the writer visited Cleveland, took a cab to Quincy Avenue, and gazed at the plant. The frontage and administration block were still very much as they were fifty years ago, but at the rear new brick additions stretched for hundreds of yards, back to the Nickel Plate railroad track under which a tunnel once connected the main plant to the power house and test track on the other side. The front grounds were well kept and everything was clean and tidy. The showroom where crowds once jostled around gleaming cars, potted palms and suave salesmen was little changed and was used for conventions.

It does have a bar, which it certainly would never have had in the old days, so I tried a Carlings Black Label and followed it with a glass of Red Cap. Raising each in silent memory of the once-famous Cleveland Classic, I reflected on the conditions and usage of some other plants that still stood, but with different occupants. I had concluded then that many marques came to a worse end than Peerless.

But now, I am told, the building no longer even houses the brewery. And although the name is today carried by a British GT car that traces a connection back to Peerless trucks in the Twenties, all links in the United States seem to have disappeared. Sic transit gloria. ♦

The arrival of the above gives us a portion of a page unexpectedly for a final comment on Cleveland. Before I-90 was built, the main entry to the city from the west was U. S. Alternate 6 and Ohio Route 2 from Rocky River by Clifton Boulevard. To see Cleveland at its best, it is worth ditching the Interstates to take the old entry. Clifton is a broad boulevard with a spectacular arch of elms for a long distance. Stately but unpretentious private homes line most of the street. To see Cleveland's characteristic low density and extensive tree coverage, you can't beat Clifton. This is, after all, the Forest City.

CLEVELAND-SANDUSKY
2764 EAST 55 STREET

CRYSTAL ROCK
THE BEER
WITHOUT A PEER
SINCE 1843



BREWING CORPORATION
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Old Timers Ale

NEW MEMBERS

AFFRONTI Ron
320 Briar Point Court
Lake Zurich Il. 60047
312-438-2516
Signs

ALSGAARD David
14437 Elmbridge Ave.
Baton Rouge La. 70815
504-272-9351
All Breweriana except
mugs & steins

ANDERSON Robert
914 Oakwood Dr.
New Port Richey Fl. 33553
813-868-8395
Glasses-lithos-signs-trays-
tip trays

ANGLIN David
834 Hicks Blvd.
Fairfield Oh. 45014
513-895-1712
All Breweriana

BALTHROPE Wm.
415 La Jara
San Antonio Tx. 78209
512-822-7360
Signs-cans-mini beers

BOLICK Charles
4 North Lane
Framingham Mass. 01701
617-877-0538
All Breweriana

BRUNK Richard
3211 W. Briarwood
Franklin Wi. 53132
414-761-3715
Mugs-steins-signs tap nobs

BRUSTIN Tauni
1333½ W. Washington
Venice Calif. 90291
213-455-2894
Signs-trays

BURNS Thomas
15555 N. 83rd St.
Longmont Colo. 80501
303-776-0881
Glasses-openers-postcards-signs

CLARK Robert
R.R. 3
Palmyra Mo. 63461
314-248-1535
Trays-ash trays-openers
Pabst-Grainbelt-Metz

COFFMAN Michael
230 South 23rd St.
Battle Creek Mich. 49015
616-968-8095
Signs-figurines-statues

COGGESHALL James
711 Cobble St.
San Antonio Tx. 78216
512-344-5861
Glasses

CUPPS Ken
232 Dickens Dr.
Toledo Oh. 43607
419-536-5948
All Breweriana

DICKEL Jim
Rt. 1 Box 116-A
Mt. Savage Md. 21545
301-264-3229
Queen City & Cumberland
Breweriana only

DINGER John P.
139 Park St.
Zeeland Mich. 49464
616-772-9711
Glasses-mugs-steins-openers
signs- trays-statues-coasters

DUFF John
7132 Fenway Dr. #11
Westminster Ca. 92683
714-892-8581
Lithos-mugs-steins

EISEL Mervin C.
3675 Arboretum Dr.
Chanhassen Minn. 55317
612-443-2460
Glasses-lithos-postcards-signs
trays-bottles-paper Minn Brwgs

FATH James R.
18246 U.S. Rt. #68
Fayetteville Ohio 45118
513-875-2583
Glasses-lithos-mugs-steins-signs
tap nobs-trays-cans

FLAISHANS David L.
3341 Longmeadow Dr.
Trenton Mich. 48183
313-297-3187
Labels-postcards-cans-match covers
& boxes

NEW MEMBERS

FLETCHER Anthony L.
20 Exchange Place
New York N.Y. 10005
212-344-3131
Labels

FLOOD T.G.
4815 N. Kenneth Ave.
Chicago Il. 60630
312-283-0404
Glasses-mugs-steins-openers
coasters-skimmers-taps
Midwestern & German Brwgs

FRIEDMANN John R.
3217 N. Troy St.
Chicago Il. 60618
312-463-8413
Lithos-signs-trays-neon-signs

GANGLOFF Anthony
5603 Divide Rd.
Niagara Falls N.Y. 14305
716-297-7140
Glasses-mugs-steins-signs

GILLILAND Richard
3920 Weyburn
Ft. Worth Tx. 76109
817-923-5580
Openers-signs-knobs

GOOD Gary L.
2313 Brentwood
Olympic Wa. 98503
206-456-4378
Mugs-steins-tap nobs-cans

HARNETT John
235 E. 49th St.
New York N.Y. 10017
212-751-9348
Glasses-mugs-steins

HAUPTMAN Dennis
P.O.Box 404
Wheat Ridge Col. 80034-0404
303-421-3637
Openers-signs-trays-cans

HULL Jonathan A.
1216 N. 31st St.
Billings Mont. 59101
406-245-6298
Lithos-signs-trays "pre-pro"

HURLEY Winton F.
709 Murdock Rd.
Baltimore Maryland 21212
301-377-6376
Coasters

JONES Mel
7115 W. 3980 South
W. Valley City Utah 84120
801-250-8042
Glasses-lithos-signs-trays

KELLOGG Craig
16401 Sepulveda Ca. 91343
213-894-4377
Signs

KIMMEL William C. Jr.
628 Greenwood Ave.
Pottsville Pa. 17901
717-622-1586
Yuengling Breweriana only

KOTARBA Kenneth
5131 S. Lamon
Chicago Il. 60638
312-237-3220
Labels-signs

KOWALICK Peter Jr.
73 W. Johnston St.
Washington N.J. 07882
201-689-2352
Labels-cans

KRIEGER Joseph S. III
5217 N. Oriole Ave.
Chicago Il. 60556
312-774-4232
Mugs-steins-signs-tap nobs-trays

KRUPEY John A.
244 Lincoln Way W.
Jeannette Pa. 15644
412-523-8729
Glasses-lithos-mugs-steins openers
trays-clocks

LOVE Jack E.
2480 W. 900 South
Fairmount Ind. 46928
317-948-5736 knives
Openers-lighters-pens-pencils-

MACKEN David L.
108 11th St. N.W.
Rochester Minn 55901
507-282-5302
Glasses-mugs-steins-signs-trays
pinic bottles-labels

Mc CLURE Robert E.
531 Loveman Ave.
Worthington Oh. 43085
614-888-5041
Labels-openers-signs-cans

NEW MEMBERS

MONTGOMERY Timothy G.
1615 Dorothy Lane
Newport Beach Ca. 92660
714-646-5792
Neon signs & signs

OYLER Dick
1529 Hampton St.
Columbia S.C. 29202
803-787-0158
Glasses-labels-signs-trays-cans

PINKHAM Kip
205 Rosemead
Las Vegas Nv. 89106
702-384-7602
Knobs-cans-patches

REDCAP Richard R.
745 Azule Ave.
San Jose Ca. 95123
408-281-9545
Openers- signs-trays

SCHUETZ James
3870 Scenic Rd.
Slinger Wi. 53086
414-677-2696
Labels-tap nobs-trays

SIVAK David S.
11 Marquette Court
Boling Brook Il. 60439
312-739-0930
Coasters

Smith Jeff
P.O.Box 29327
11351 Indian Trail
Dallas Tx. 75229
Glasses-mugs-steins-trays-cans

SPOHN Donald L.
1399 Ambridge Rd.
Dayton Oh. 45459
513-433-1815
All Breweriana esp. Dayton
Ohio Brwgs

STEVENSON Lowell E.
5-N-330 Peterdorf
Bartlett Il. 60103
312-837-6141
Signs

STRITTMATER Wally
Box 194
Onalaska Wi. 54650
608-783-3121
Glasses-signs

WALLACE Ted
11310 Angelique
Huston Tx. 77065
713-469-0321
All Grand Prize Breweriana

WASSER Carl
537 S. San Marcos Rd.
San Dimas Ca. 91773
714-599-0776
Signs-trays

WATKINS Ken
Rd 2 Box 187
Unadilla N.Y. 13849
607-369-3351
Openers (Figural)

WAXMAN Harold
1928 Camberly
Lyndhurst Oh. 44124
216-449-4765
Knobs-mini beers

WESTLAND Ronald
16851 Tupper St.
Sepulveda Ca. 91343
213-892-4852
Lithos-signs-tip trays

ZALUSKI Jack D.
109 Maplewood Ave.
Aliquippa Pa. 15001
412-378-4345
Lithos-mugs-steins-signs-tap nobs

The list of new members just
keeps growing.

Hughes James M.
1056 Delta Ave. Apt. No. 5
Cincinnati Oh. 45208
513-871-1687
Pre-pro from Cincinnati & North-
ern Ky.

AHLGENS Ernst vag 5
S - 11255
Stockholm Sweden

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