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TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

JANUARY
FEBRUARY
1991

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CORDEIRO
COMBAT
PHOTOGRAPHER

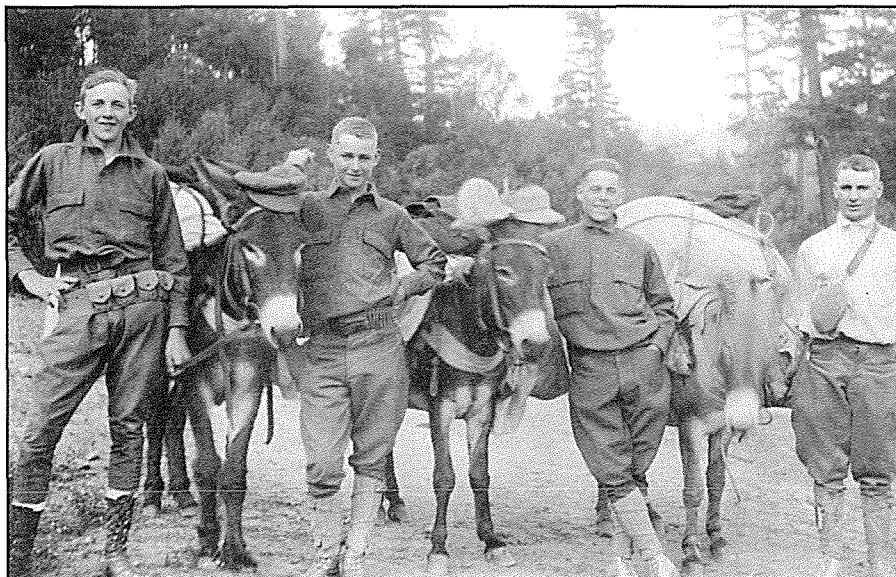
B **EER** **W** **AARS**
OF EARLY OREGON

R **I** **N** **M** **E** **M** **O** **R** **I** **A** **M**
RAY LEWIS

The
Magazine
of the
Southern
Oregon
Historical
Society



Seventy-seven Years Ago



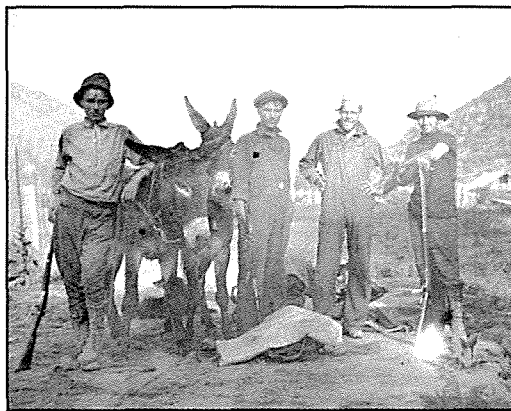
Bob Kinleyside, Roland Hubbard, Jim Vance, and Earl Hubbard appear full of optimism at the beginning of their pack trip to Crescent City. SOHS #5763

Clean, ready and raring to go, four strapping high school boys embarked on a pack trip from Applegate to Crescent City in 1913. Beginning from McKee Bridge on the Applegate River, Bob Kinleyside, Roland Hubbard, Jim Vance and Earl Hubbard followed Beaver Creek into the Siskiyou Mountains and bushwhacked to the California coast.

Their arduous journey took them through forests, along ridges, down hogbacks, and across swollen rivers until they arrived in Crescent City, where they rested up and resupplied before turning their burros in the direction of home sweet home.

The intrepid voyagers returned several weeks later a few pounds lighter, a few shades dirtier, and perhaps more wise to the ways of the Oregon out-back. Due to aching and blistered feet, Bob Kinleyside was not able to complete the expedition and was replaced by a young man with the last name of Carpenter, picked up at a camp near Chrome Hill on the return trip. One donkey was not so fortunate; it died of unknown causes along the way.

Roland Hubbard, Earl Hubbard, Jim Vance, and Carpenter arrived home much wearier and more wise. SOHS #5764



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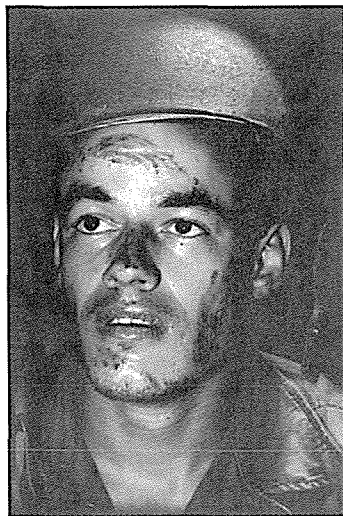
Susan Cox

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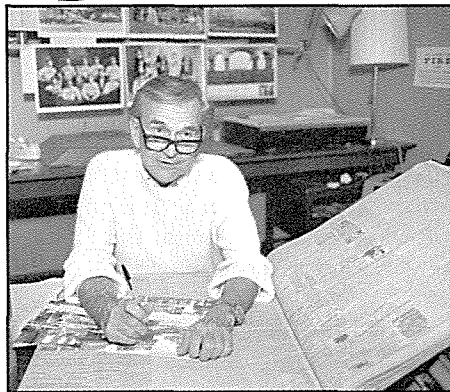
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In his twenty-year career as an Army photographer, Frank Cordeiro recorded pivotal military events during World War II and Korea. His photographs of the bombing of Pearl Harbor and of General Douglas MacArthur receiving the Japanese surrender rank among the most memorable images of this century.

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Longtime Society member and former *Table Rock Sentinel* editor Ray Lewis recently lost his six-year battle with cancer. A contributor to both cultural organizations and the community, Ray is remembered affectionately in achievement and anecdote.

16 Ancient Ales and Later Lagers: The Beer Wars of Early Oregon *by Hubert L. Smith*

Prior to the 1840s, American brewers were producing ales in the British tradition. However, a mid-century wave of German immigrants brought new styles of beer—lagers—which captured the imagination while quenching the thirst of the American public. Anglo and German, ales and lagers, competed heatedly until Prohibition rendered the issue moot.

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Front cover: Under the command of Major General Philip Ginder, Army photographer Frank Cordeiro of the 45th Infantry Division photographed behind enemy lines in Korea. Cordeiro is pictured at the U.S. fortification at Christmas Hill. SOHS #13213

Back cover: Jane Helen Woodford Williams and Grace Whitehead pose around 1910 in costumes probably from the local production of *The Mikado*. SOHS #454

“Loud noises and explosions woke me up that day,”¹ At the age of sixteen, Cordeiro was involved in photography at his high school in Kalihi, Hawaii, and worked as a free-lance photographer for the local paper. Near dawn on December 7, 1941, the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* called Cordeiro and asked him to photograph what were thought to be military maneuvers at Pearl Harbor, a few miles from his house.²

“I grabbed my little Leica, hopped on my bike and pedaled toward Pearl City,” Cordeiro remembers. “I got myself out by Ford Island, out in the middle of the harbor and started shooting.” As a result of his early morning bike ride, Cordeiro captured the haunting image of one of the U.S. fleet exploding as fire reached her magazines. The picture was used by *Life* magazine and several other publications over the years, becoming one of the most memorable photographs of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and World War II.

“It was pretty spooky,” Cordeiro said, “They were still dog-fighting in the air off

Defining Two

Frank Cordeiro, Com

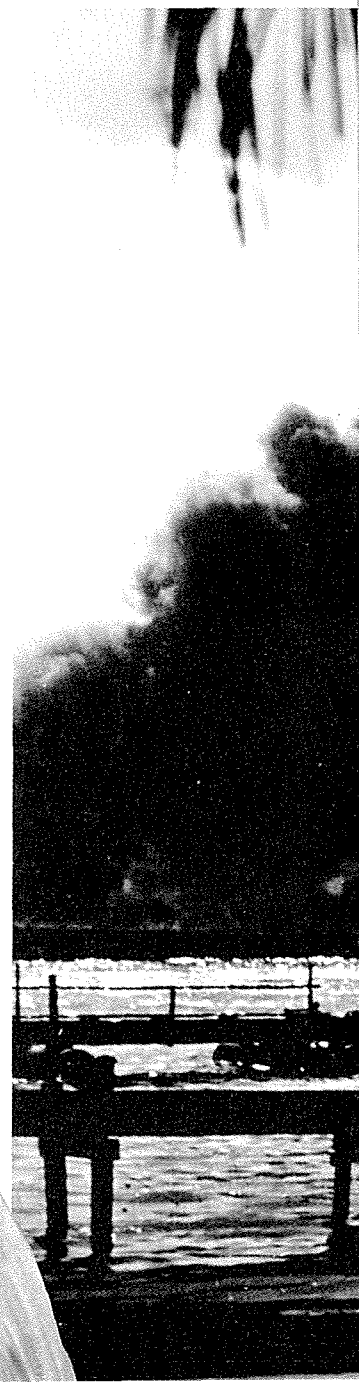
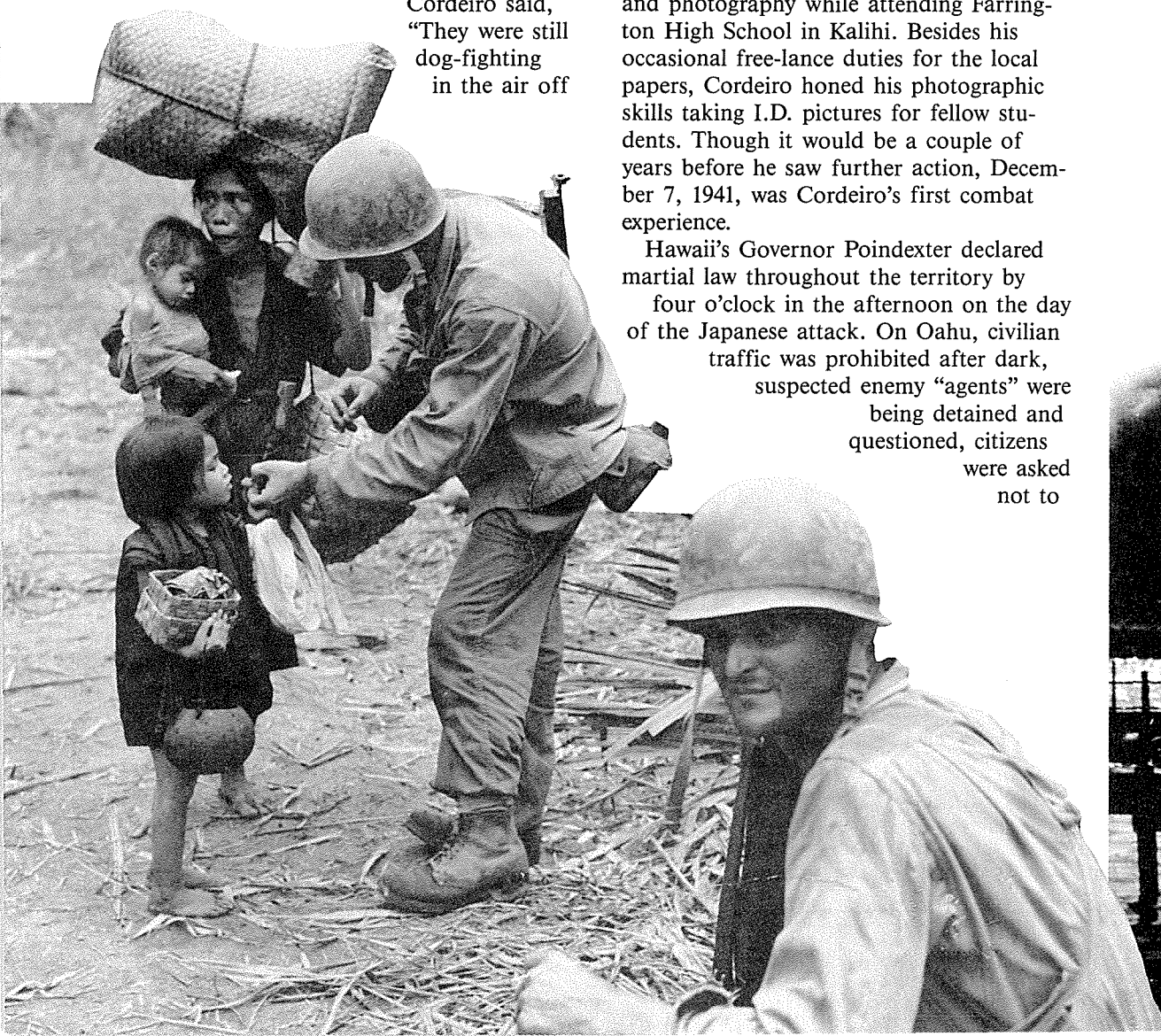
by Robin Speake

and on all day. When I got home my mother was so upset. She tells me I’m crazy. I should get a spanking for going down into all that mess. But I was pretty gutsy when I was younger . . . and look what it led me to.”

It led to Cordeiro’s twenty-year career as a combat photographer for the United States Army where he witnessed many of the pivotal moments of both World War II and the Korean War.

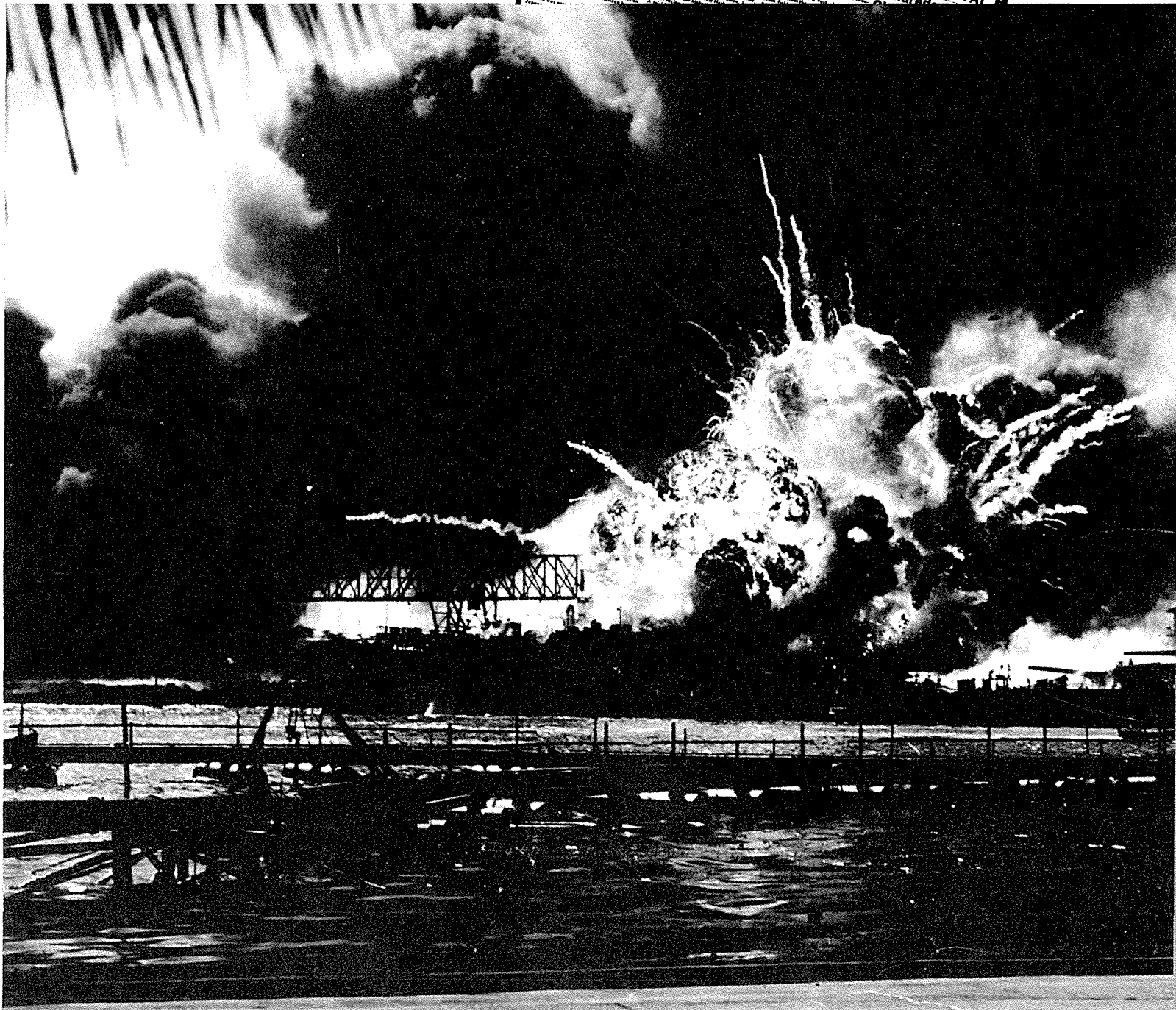
Born in Nuuanu, Hawaii, January 18, 1925, Cordeiro was raised in Kalihi, a district of the city of Honolulu on the Island of Oahu. He became interested in cameras and photography while attending Farrington High School in Kalihi. Besides his occasional free-lance duties for the local papers, Cordeiro honed his photographic skills taking I.D. pictures for fellow students. Though it would be a couple of years before he saw further action, December 7, 1941, was Cordeiro’s first combat experience.

Hawaii’s Governor Poindexter declared martial law throughout the territory by four o’clock in the afternoon on the day of the Japanese attack. On Oahu, civilian traffic was prohibited after dark, suspected enemy “agents” were being detained and questioned, citizens were asked not to



Decades at Photographer

Frank Cordeiro photographed WWII military events throughout the world, from the bombing of Pearl Harbor to American G.I.s in the Philippines (left). Owing to its publication in *Life* magazine and in newspapers across the country, his photograph of the attack on the American Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor (below) is one of the most recognized images of the war. Photos courtesy Frank Cordeiro



horde food. ROTC members were ordered to report in uniform to their instructors, and in Washington, D.C., President Franklin Roosevelt called for a declaration of war against the Imperial Japanese Government.³ Meanwhile, Cordeiro returned to the classroom to finish his final two years of high school.

While still in school, Cordeiro joined the Territorial Guard, the Territory of Hawaii's equivalent of the National Guard. He was not officially inducted into the Army until his graduation in 1944 at the age of eighteen.

"How they did it in those days was there would be an Army guy standing right outside the school," said Cordeiro, "And as we walked out with our diplomas, he would point to the boys and say, 'You go over there and stand in that line. You go over there.' So, I was in the Army; sent to Schofield."

Frank Cordeiro began his military experience as a rifleman in the infantry. He was wounded early on and sent to an aid station. There, a personnel officer told him he would no longer be qualified for infantry duty.⁴ But noting his previous camera

work, the Army assigned Cordeiro as a combat photographer to the First Cavalry, 4026th Combat Photo Unit. He would remain with the 4026th until his retirement in 1964, attaining the rank of first sergeant.

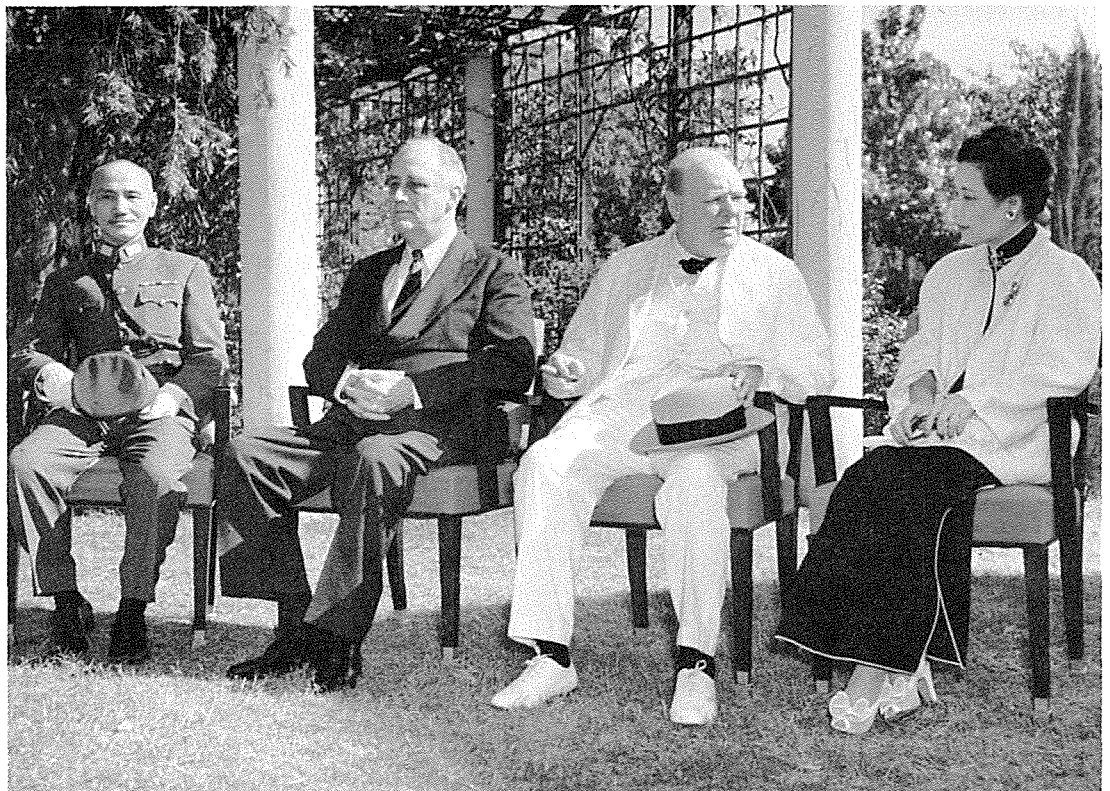
Wielding movie cameras as well as his favorite Speed Graphic still camera, Cordeiro recorded live combat on the ground and in the air. One of his more ominous experiences occurred in the Philippines while with the American Division in Mindanao. Cordeiro was one of four Army photographers who were taken, along with their Filipino scout, by the Japanese. The scout was killed, but the four other men were kept alive by their captors in hopes that they had information of value to impart.⁵

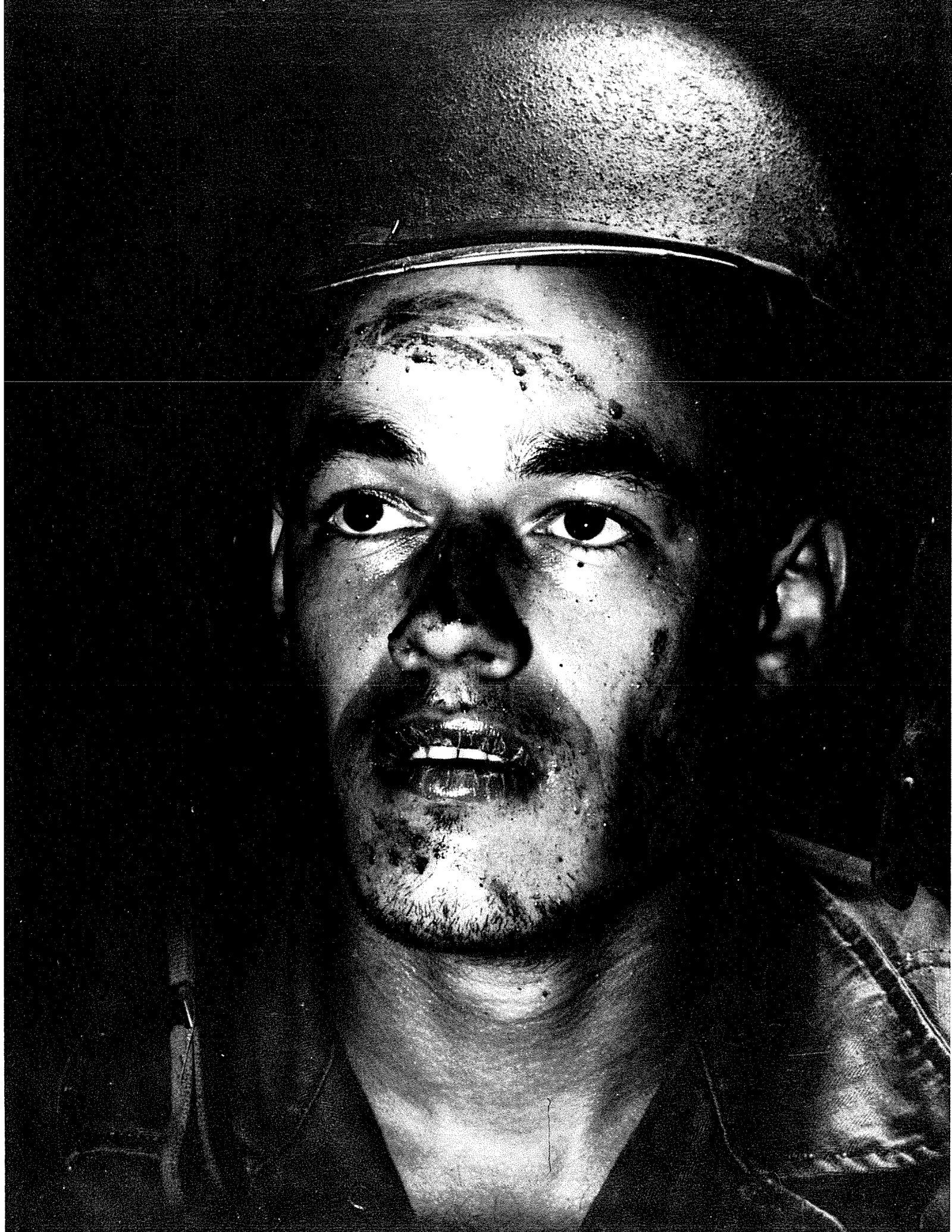
"We were located on a river at the time," Cordeiro recalled in a 1945 *Medford Mail Tribune* article. "One member of our group thought up a scheme for escape and the photographic equipment turned the trick."

A diversion was created by the photographers to draw the attention of the guards to them. One of the prisoners casually peeled the coating from an

One of the prisoners casually peeled the coating from an infrared flash bulb and threw it on the ground...

Cordeiro photographed world leaders Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, President Franklin Roosevelt, Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Madame Chiang Kai-shek during a strategy meeting during the war. Captured on film after one of his most ominous war experiences, Cordeiro (opposite) appears tense following his escape from Japanese guards. Photos courtesy Frank Cordeiro



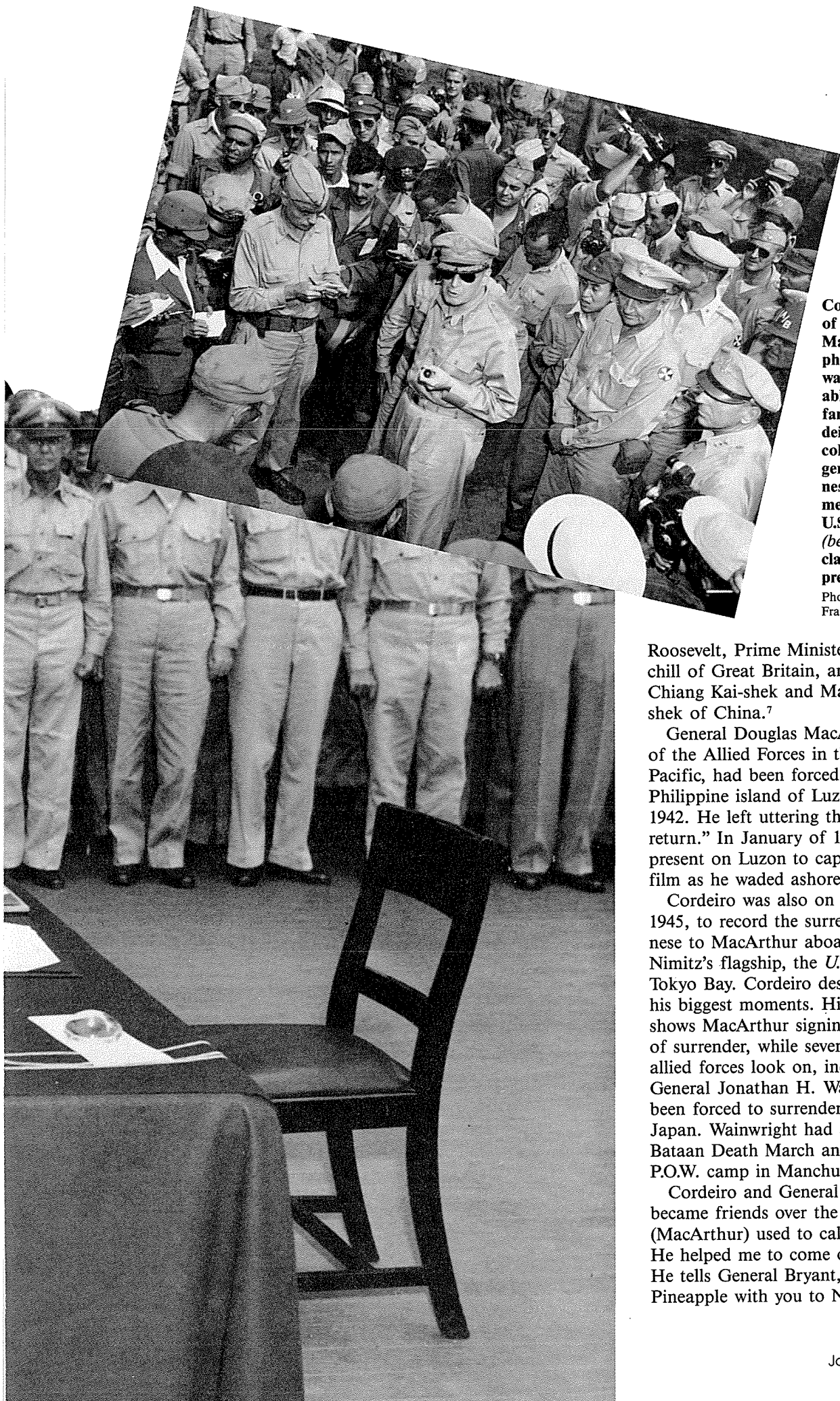


infrared flash bulb and threw it to the ground, blinding the guards. The four men escaped to the river and swam downstream. When they returned to the First Cavalry they learned that the section of the American Division to which they had been attached was entirely wiped out.⁶

Much of Cordeiro's work focused on active combat documentary; he was awarded a Purple Heart for wounds he received in the Philippines in 1945. But his Army orders during and after World War II allowed him to travel extensively, especially in the Pacific Theater, and to gain access to historic military and diplomatic events. For example, following a WWII strategy meeting, Cordeiro made another now famous photograph of world leaders President Franklin

**MacArthur
used to
call him
"Pineapple."**





Cordeiro became one of General Douglas MacArthur's favorite photographers and was awarded considerable access to the famous man. Cordeiro's MacArthur collection includes the general signing Japanese surrender documents aboard the U.S.S. Missouri (below), and striking a classical pose during a press conference.

Photos courtesy Frank Cordeiro

Roosevelt, Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang Kai-shek of China.⁷

General Douglas MacArthur, commander of the Allied Forces in the Southwest Pacific, had been forced to retreat from the Philippine island of Luzon in March of 1942. He left uttering the words, "I shall return." In January of 1945 Cordeiro was present on Luzon to capture MacArthur on film as he waded ashore.

Cordeiro was also on hand September 2, 1945, to record the surrender of the Japanese to MacArthur aboard Admiral Chester Nimitz's flagship, the U.S.S. Missouri in Tokyo Bay. Cordeiro described it as one of his biggest moments. His photograph shows MacArthur signing the instrument of surrender, while several members of the allied forces look on, including Major General Jonathan H. Wainwright, who had been forced to surrender the Philippines to Japan. Wainwright had survived the Bataan Death March and internment in a P.O.W. camp in Manchuria.⁸

Cordeiro and General MacArthur became friends over the years. "He (MacArthur) used to call me 'Pineapple.' He helped me to come over from Tokyo. He tells General Bryant, 'Hey, bring the Pineapple with you to New York.' I used

to eat *saimin* with him and his wife Jean whenever I went to see them. They lived for many years at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City.”

Throughout the first three years of the United States’ occupation of Japan, Cordeiro was assigned to MacArthur’s Tokyo headquarters. Besides documenting the country’s rise from the ruins of the Tokyo, Nagasaki and Hiroshima bombings, he also covered the war crimes trial at the Japanese War Ministry. An Australian, Sir William Webb, chaired the eleven-judge tribunal to “try and punish Far Eastern war criminals who . . . are charged with offenses which include crimes against peace.”⁹ Included in the list of defendants at the trials was Tojo Hideki, the former prime minister and minister of war in Japan during World War II. Hideki was arrested as a war criminal in August 1945, and after a suicide attempt, was tried, found guilty, and hanged with six other men on December 23, 1948.¹⁰

During the American occupation, Cordeiro had the largest photographic facility in the Pacific at his disposal—Camp Zama in Sagami-hara on Japan’s main island of Honshu. Film was brought to Camp Zama and processed by crews of Japanese technicians. Sometimes Cordeiro would simply mail film to the Pentagon for processing.

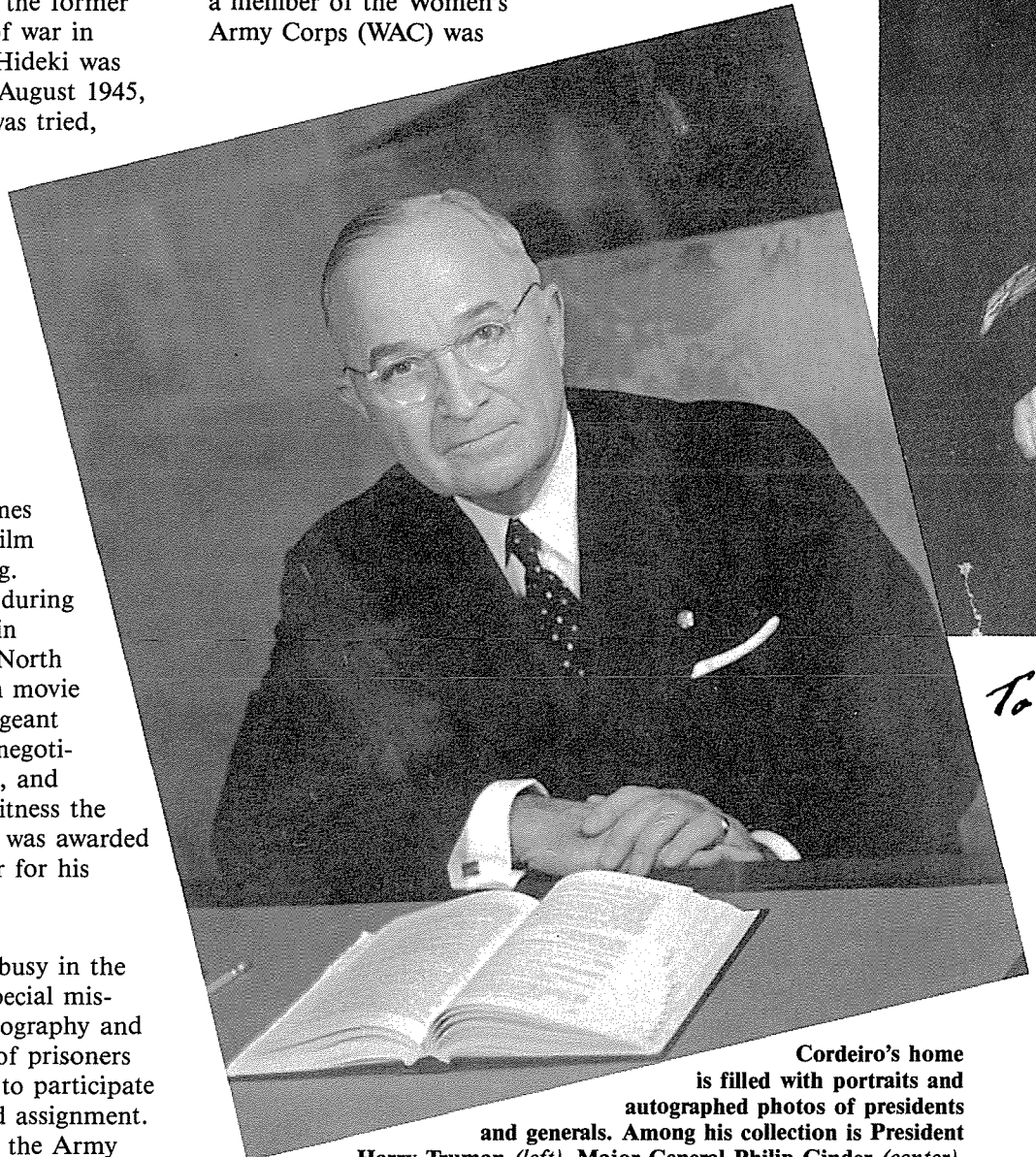
Cordeiro twice volunteered during the Korean War, to film terrain behind enemy lines. He shot North Korean territory with a 75mm movie camera and infrared film. Sergeant Cordeiro also recorded truce negotiations at Panmunjom in 1952, and returned in July of 1953 to witness the signing of the armistice.¹¹ He was awarded the Bronze Star the same year for his actions.

While Cordeiro kept busy in the early fifties with special missions, combat photography and filming the return of prisoners of war, he did have a chance to participate in a slightly more lighthearted assignment. He was dispatched in 1952 as the Army photographer for the Olympic Games

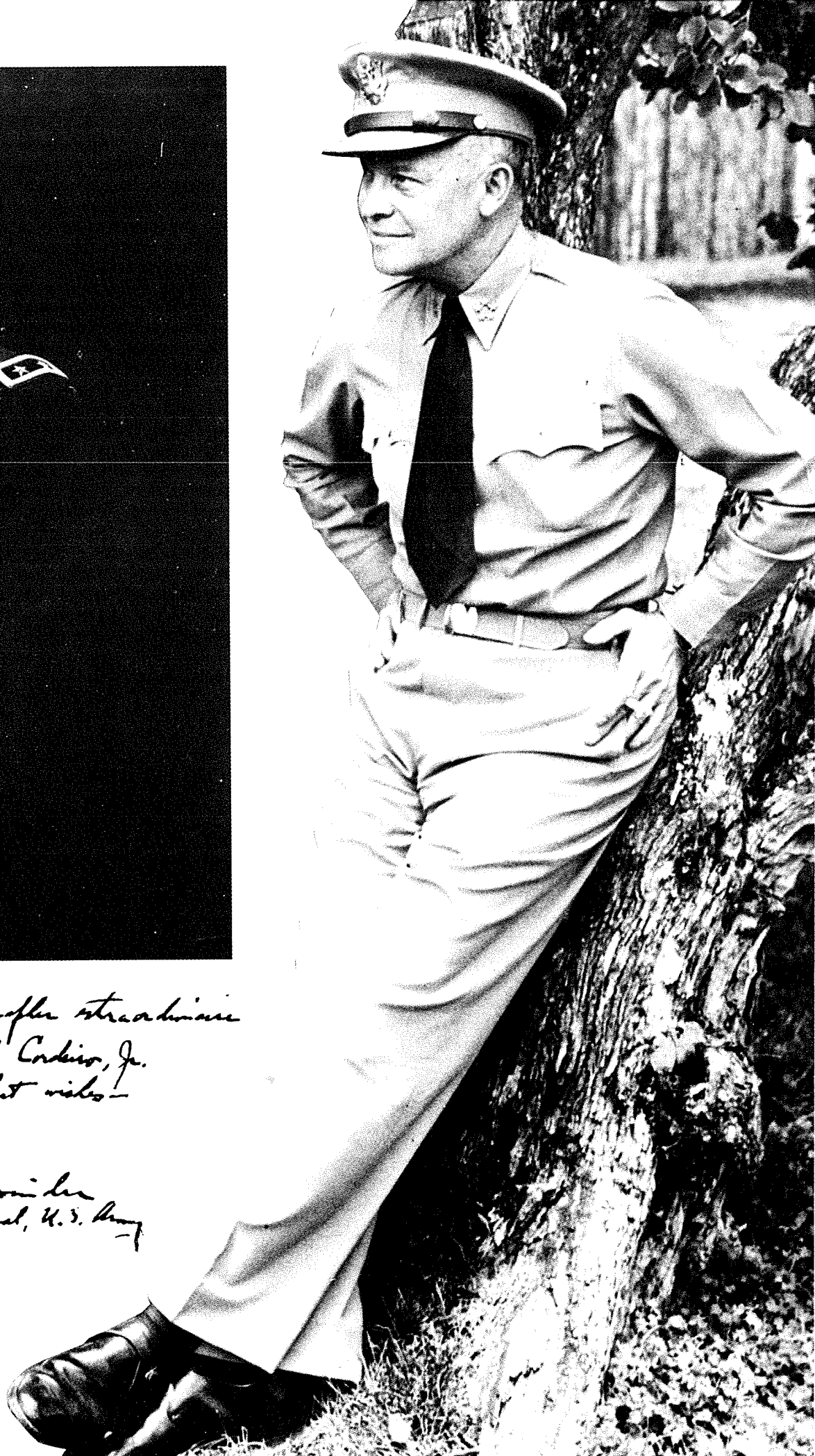
being held in Helsinki, Finland. Cordeiro later shot the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, the first Olympic games ever held in an Asian country.

Cordeiro met his wife Lucille while stationed in New York City in the late fifties. He had been widowed a few years earlier, leaving him with a daughter, Landa. While working in New York on Governor’s Island at the Adjutant General’s office, General Bryant called him to his office and pointed to one of the young ladies. “He said to me, ‘see that *wahine* at the typewriter?’” Cordeiro recalled. “‘She’s from Hawaii.’ And sure enough, she turned out to be a Maui girl, from Wailuku.”

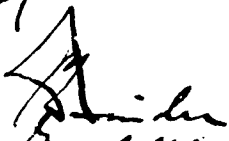
Lucille Kekipikamakahukilani, a member of the Women’s Army Corps (WAC) was



Cordeiro’s home is filled with portraits and autographed photos of presidents and generals. Among his collection is President Harry Truman (left), Major General Philip Ginder (center), and General Dwight Eisenhower (right). Photos courtesy Frank Cordeiro



An soldier and photographer extraordinary
 Master Sergeant Frank Cordino, Jr.
 with my best wishes -


 Major General, U.S. Army

stationed on Governor's Island. Lucille also performed part-time at the Hotel Lexington with a Hawaiian troupe as a singer and dancer. Frank and Lucille were married in 1958. Eventually their family grew to include daughters Landa, Bernadette, Mary, Francine, and Sandy and sons Jerome, Gary, and Wayne.

Cordeiro was known in the U.S. Army as "the last combat photographer," meaning that he had served the longest in the Army as a photographer from World War II until his retirement in 1964.¹² He and Lucille came to southern Oregon almost immediately afterward. "After all the noise and skyscrapers," said Cordeiro, "the big cities—Tokyo, New York, Washington, D.C.—we decided it was time to head for the hills and some peace and quiet."

Cordeiro's road to the Rogue Valley began at the Pentagon in late 1952. He was there to photograph General Omar Bradley as well as Dwight D. Eisenhower's presidential inauguration. There was a large map of the United States, with several tiny flag pins marking various areas, on the wall of the office next to his. Cordeiro noticed the flag closest to Hawaii.

"I asked the guy where that was," said Cordeiro, "He tells me Oregon. It was B.L.M. property up for sale. I asked him if I could buy it and he says if I have thirty-five dollars down and thirty-five a month. So right there I pull out my wallet and hand him thirty-five dollars and I never saw the place until I came here in '64.

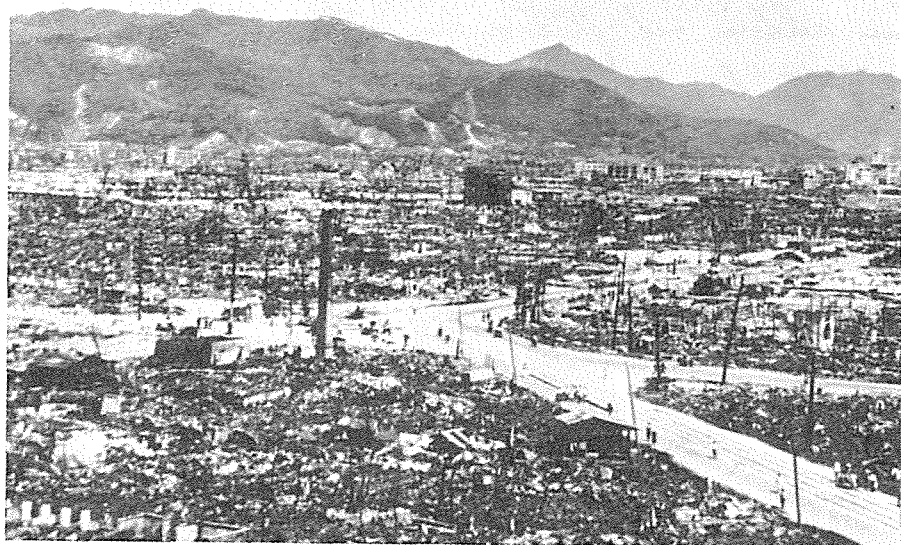
Peace and quiet was not exactly what the Cordeiros found when they arrived that December. It took them two days to find their ten-acre spread off Highway 227 near Trail. It began to snow on the nineteenth, and on the twenty-second the great flood of 1964 hit. As the creek that ran through the Cordeiro property began to rise, so did some serious misgivings about their new home.

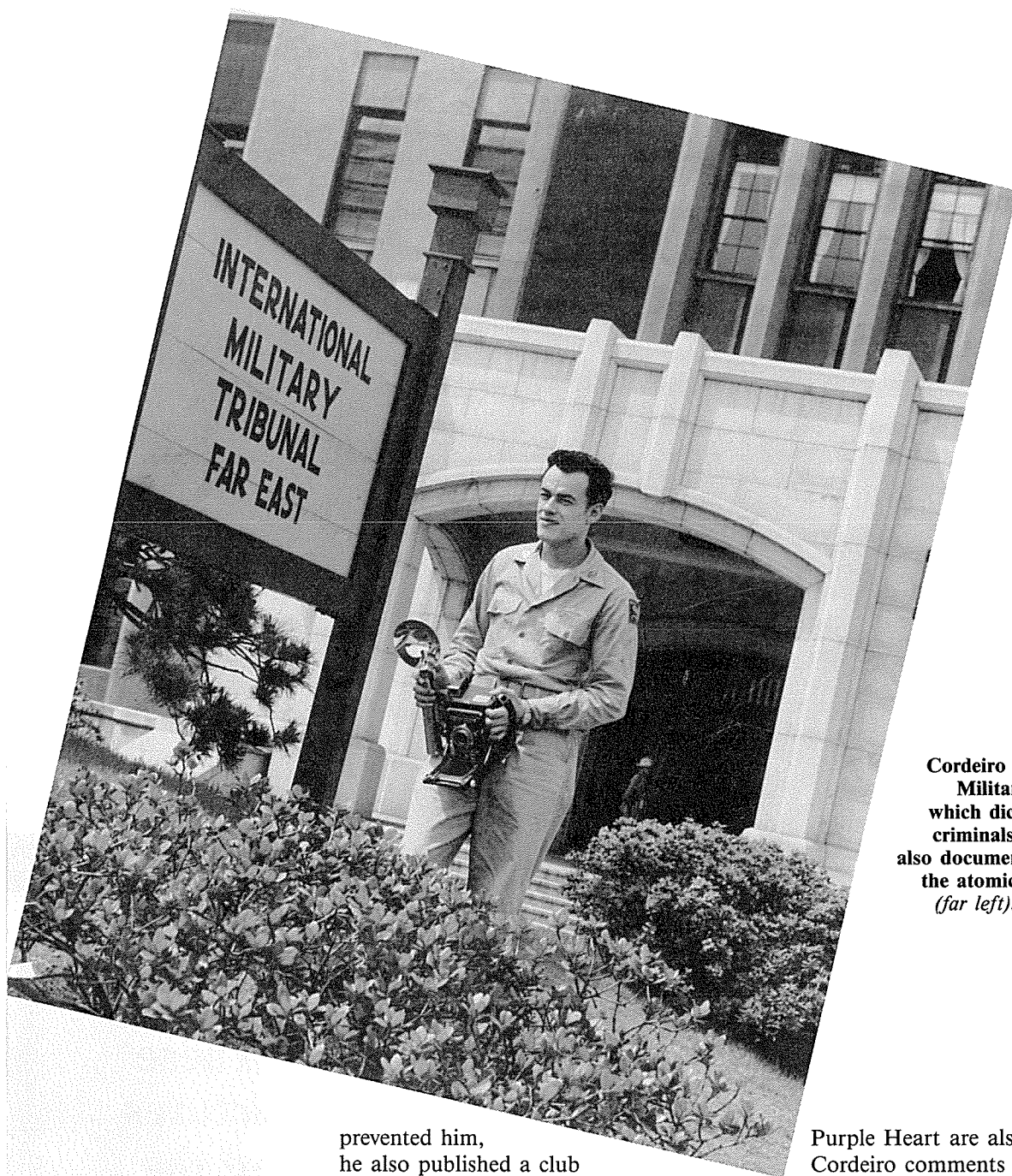
"It was cold and the water began to come into the house," Cordeiro said, "We started seriously thinking about going back to Hawaii, to the warm beaches. I took my camera out and shot the Shady Cove bridge going down that week. They printed it in the paper. We stayed and we just sort of fell in love with the place and couldn't leave."

In 1965 Cordeiro opened Graphics West in the Medford Shopping Center, and two portrait studios, one on Eighth Street and one in Shady Cove. Cordeiro also shot film for the local television stations and managed to stay in touch with other photographers. He was acquainted with Ansel Adams, the renowned photographer of Yosemite. "Yes," said Cordeiro, "When Ansel Adams passed on I called his wife to express my sympathy. He was one of the greats."

Cordeiro found, as had many who migrated from Hawaii to the Northwest, that though he loved the Rogue Valley, he missed the Islands. In 1975 he formed the Hawaii Hui, a group dedicated to "*Ina Hawaii hodaulea ka ko*"—"People of Hawaii coming together." The group is one of several clubs that have sprung up in California, Washington, and Oregon offering former islanders a chance to get together and catch up on family, friends, things Hawaiian or to simply "talk story." Cordeiro was president of the Hawaii Hui for several years, and until poor health

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Cordeiro recorded the International Military Tribunal in Tokyo (left) which dictated the fate of such war criminals as Tojo Hideki. Cordeiro also documented Hiroshima soon after the atomic bomb devastated the city (far left). Photos courtesy Frank Cordeiro

prevented him, he also published a club newsletter. The group is still active and meets at the Eagle Point Community Building on the first Saturday of each month.

Today, Cordeiro lives on the same land he purchased in 1952. Trail Creek runs through the property, which stretches to a nearby hilltop. The front yard is filled with tricycles, toys, and dogs.

Beside the hundreds of photos of Lucille, the children and grandchildren, the walls of the Cordeiros' home are covered with personally autographed images of the major figures of World War II and the Korean War, including Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, and General Douglas MacArthur. Cordeiro's Bronze Star and

Purple Heart are also proudly displayed. Cordeiro comments on today's military situation with a resigned shrug of his shoulders and says, "I don't talk about that. They just don't have the oomph we had back them. We both served our country. Gave it a lot. Me in the Army and Lucille in the WACs for seven years."

Cordeiro talks about possibly selling out and returning to Hawaii. But he loves southern Oregon very much and tries to inject a bit of the islands into his environment. "It's so beautiful here," he says, as he gestures to the crisp, colorful fall day, "Did you see what I have growing in these pots in the living room? It's a papaya tree. Over here is a real ti leaf plant and a hibiscus. It's my little piece of Hawaii." And, out on the creek bank he is trying to





In a quiet moment, a barrack orderly finds time to read. Photo courtesy Frank Cordeiro

cultivate a small patch of bamboo.

Though not as strong as he used to be, and not shooting many pictures right now owing to his health problems, Cordeiro still has a twinkle in his eye and a propensity for "talking story" about his adventures.

Sitting in his dining room amidst the photographs of presidents, generals and family, he pulls out a huge overstuffed picture album which holds so many of the images he has captured over the past fifty years; from that first dramatic shot of Pearl Harbor to the picture of the Rogue Valley flood. He pats the folder and says quietly, "These pictures are the story. They are my life."



ENDNOTES

1. Personal interview with Frank Cordeiro, Trail, Oregon, October 23, 1990.
2. *Medford Mail Tribune*, Sunday, November 13, 1977, "Free-lance Job Put Photographer at MacArthur's Side," available on microfilm at the Jackson County Library, Medford.
3. *The Honolulu Advertiser*, Monday, December 8, 1941, "Raiders Return in Dawn Attack" and "Bulletins."

4. *Medford Mail Tribune*, Sunday, November 13, 1977.

5. *Medford Mail Tribune*, Sunday, September 12, 1965, "Photographs Revive Memory of V-J Day 20 Years Ago," available on microfilm at the Jackson County Library, Medford.

6. *Medford Mail Tribune*, Sunday, September 12, 1965.

7. Telephone interview with Frank Cordeiro, November 6, 1990.

8. William Manchester, *American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964* (Little Brown & Company, 1978) pp. 256, 448.

9. Manchester, *American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964*, p. 484.

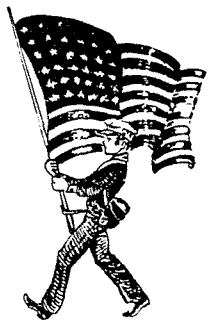
10. John Keegan (General Editor), *Rand McNally Encyclopedia of World War II* (Bison Books Limited, 1977) p. 239.

11. *Medford Mail Tribune*, Sunday, September 12, 1965.

12. *Medford Mail Tribune*, Sunday, September 12, 1965.

"These pictures are the story. They are my life."

Robin Speake lived in Hawaii before moving to the Rogue Valley. She is a writer and artist living in Ashland.



In Memoriam

Ray Lewis

by Natalie Brown

Longtime Society member and former *Table Rock Sentinel* editor Ray Lewis lost his six-year battle with cancer December 11, 1990.

Ray's personal achievements and contributions to the community were numerous. He taught English, journalism, and music at public schools in Medford. He produced student musicals, frequently rewriting lyrics and arranging scripts, painting sets, directing youthful actors, and providing piano accompaniment. In the early days of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, he worked with Angus Bowmer's wife, Lois, on costume and set design. He was an officer of the Jacksonville Booster Club, treasurer of the Civic Music Association, and a supporter of local cultural organizations.

Following his retirement from the Medford school district, Ray developed the Southern Oregon Historical Society's *Table Rock Sentinel*, then a newsletter, into a popular history magazine. He wrote hundreds of history features during his seven-year tenure as *Sentinel* editor, drawing on his personal wealth of knowledge regarding the early days of Jacksonville and Jackson County. Many a southern Oregon pioneer came leaping to life under Ray's descriptive pen. Family histories were his forte, and he handled intimate and sensitive family issues with discretion, taking more than a few secrets with him to his grave. One of his dear friends laments that he never wrote the story of Jacksonville girl Sally Stanford, the "Madame of Marin County," out of respect for her concerned family members. He poured over historic photographs to accompany his stories; when photographs were not available, he produced his own illustrations.

He also gave entertaining tours of the Jacksonville Cemetery in the manner of *Our Town*, relating escapades of good citizens long dead but not forgotten.

He entertained thousands of appreciative diners with piano dinner music at the Pioneer House Restaurant in Jacksonville, and at countless civic banquets and luncheons—wherever his services were



Ray Lewis Photo courtesy Paul and Jewel Inserra

sought. Society members and volunteers were recent audiences to Ray's tinkling ivories at the volunteer recognition dinner in November and the opening reception of *Boom Town to Home Town* exhibit in October.

Once he even played at a local political dinner for Eleanor Roosevelt, writing a song just for her.

She was so touched she wrote him later, thanking him for the delightful tune.

But Ray's true genius was his ready wit, insight, and infectious laughter that inspired and amused friends, students, and associates.

Friends will recall the wide array of nicknames Ray bestowed upon them. When he agreed to house a musician for the Britt Music Festivals, he promptly dubbed the 200-pound Portland violist "Junior Miss." There were also "Dottie-Do-Good," "Grizzelda," and "Darby and Joan." He referred to his caricature of a cat as "Mother's Precious Treasure," a crowning title for an animal many thought just homely.

Ray was a gifted entertainer. In addition to his musical achievements, he was a talented cook. Many overweight Jacksonville citizens lovingly blame Ray for their excess poundage acquired over years of indulging in exotic dinners and inevitable desserts—frequently lemon pie. For a time his Aunt Alice lived with Ray, and the two of them would "step to the stove" and produce culinary masterpieces.

And children loved Ray. He would banter with them and eloquently scold them, and they just ate it up. Fellow teachers recall that when Ray had hall

duty, the usually-bustling hallways were empty—except for the mass of students crowded around Ray. Long after he retired from schoolteaching, past students and children of past students would flock to him wherever he would go. With acquaintances stopping him every minute, shopping became quite the social effort—in his ailing years he took to buying through mail-order catalogs to preserve a little privacy.

Ray loved the eccentric and the unusual, and was thought somewhat of a natty dresser. He would delight in the florid tie or an exceptionally-subtle shirt. In his seventies, he had his first permanent.

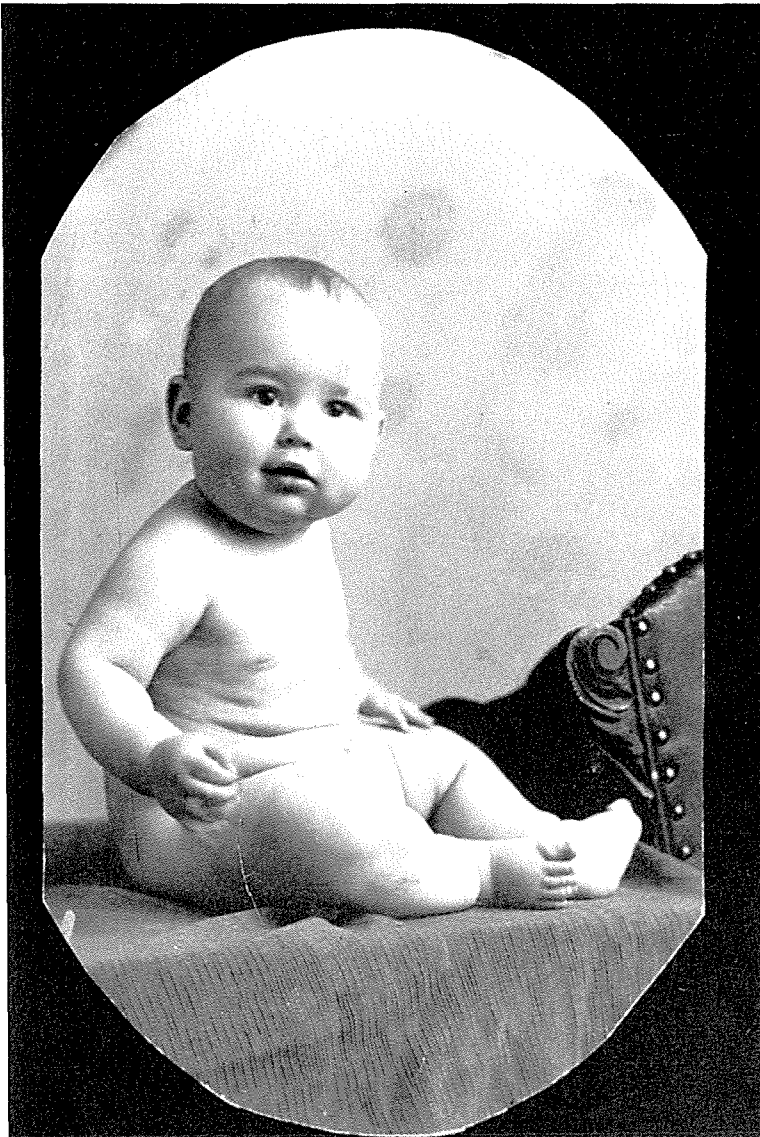
Ray was a bon vivant and a world traveler. Following his retirement from the Southern Oregon Historical Society in 1987, he visited England, Scotland, France, and Holland. He flew to Paris to see the restoration of Versailles, and cruised the Mediterranean and Carribean for some fun in the sun.

His literary tastes were as well-rounded as his geographic experiences—his shelves were stacked with decades of *New Yorker* magazines, classic novels and kitsch. He adored a good love story.

But one of Ray's true passions was the theater. Some of his most splendid *Sentinel* articles featured the local theater houses. In the magazine's July 1983 issue, Ray wrote of Medford's Page Theatre:

A theater is an inanimate thing. When the footlights are turned off and the stage is dark, it sits there with not much more character than a warehouse. But at matinée time and at dusk, it comes alive with glitter and excitement, and it develops a personality all its own . . . For ten years the management presented the magic of Broadway, the verve and color of vaudeville, and the indescribable glamor of the silent films, and offered them all with a flourish and professional polish. People who know only the starkly functional boxes that pass as theaters today with their noisy, popcorn-chomping audiences, have been badly cheated. And those who have seen only the naked realism of violence and sex on the screen cannot fathom the breathtaking splendor of a subtly lighted love scene between an ever-so-suave gentleman and a satin-clad lady with her hair caught up in a couple of pounds of pearls . . .

Ray's chubby baby picture stumped readers in an early *Sentinel* identity contest. SOHS #13209





As *Sentinel* editor, Ray Lewis researched and wrote most of the articles published in the Society's newsletter/magazine. Photo by Douglas R. Smith, 1982 Ray penciled a Jacksonville parade (below) to illustrate a 1983 story on the local reaction to President James Garfield's assassination.

Ray seldom wrote about himself, preferring the role of observer to that of observed. But introducing himself to readers in a rare few paragraphs in a 1982 *Sentinel*, he commented on his transition from the music world to that of editor:

Giving school operaettas and plays may be a gratifying outlet, but unless you have Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in your ninth grade chorus, the results will be no more than a skyrocket—breath-takingly enchanting while it's glittering and popping up there, but after the last starburst, soon forgotten and relegated to the never, never land of

great endeavors remembered only by their instigators. The printed page is more tangible. Even if the story written on it is a turkey, it's apt to show up ages later as an interesting historic or literary relic. Ergo, now that I've squandered my salad days firing off rockets, it's time to produce something with more substance. The newsletter is the outlet. Everyone wants to get his name down somewhere before he heads off to never, never land with the spent skyrockets.

Ray has his name down somewhere—in the hearts of students, friends, colleagues, and readers.



CITY BREWERY,
—BY—
VEIT SHUTZ,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Jacksonville and surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing, and will constantly keep on hand, the very best of Lager Beer. Those who wish a cool glass of beer should give me a call.
Jacksonville, June 12th, 1869.

NEW STATE SALOON
DRINKS, 12 1-2.

THE THIRSTY PUBLIC ARE INFORMED that Pape & Savage of the "New State Saloon" will quench the thirst with the most choice BEVERAGES to be found in Jacksonville for "one bit." We expect to lose money by it, but times are hard, and we cannot see people thirsty.

October 16th, 1869. PAPE & SAVAGE.

LAGER! LAGER!

EAGLE BREWERY.

JOSEPH WETTERER HAS NOW ON hand and is constantly manufacturing the best Lager Beer in Southern Oregon, which he will sell in quantities to suit purchasers. Call and test the article.
Jacksonville, June 5th, 1869.

Ancient Ales and Later Lagers

The Beer Wars of Early Oregon

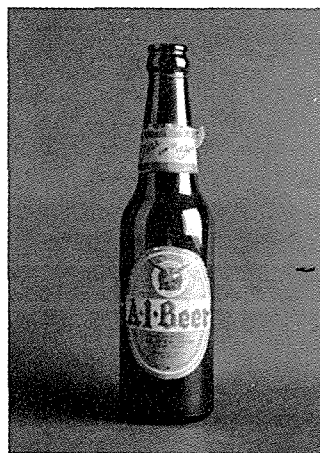
by Hubert L. Smith

*"Oh Dear Walter, I like to recall
The pleasure we had
at Vite [sic] Schultz [sic] hall,
The fun we had I'll n'er forget
Nor will I ever those days regret
To make the girls laugh was our intent
Wherever they'd go, of course we went."*

—The Papers of Robert A. Miller

The social hall that Robert Miller and his chum Walter so enjoyed adjoined a large brewery on Jacksonville's West California Street (Highway 238 to Ruch). Construction of a brewery on this site may have begun in the early 1850s, shortly after gold was discovered at Jacksonville. Brewing operations didn't cease until 1893. And while this may well have been southern Oregon's first brewery, it soon was to become one of more than a dozen in the region that produced beer in the years before the turn of the century.

Completion and temperance sentiment after 1900 hurt brewers all across the land, and when Crystal Brewing finally closed its doors in Medford in 1947, one era may be said to have ended. But today beer is being brewed again in southern Oregon: first in 1989 at the Rogue Brewery in Ashland, and in 1990 at



the Pizza Deli and Brewery in Cave Junction. A new Jacksonville brewery project is on what, one hopes, will prove to be only a temporary hold.

Before one considers pioneer brewing in this region, it is well to take the long view of beer in America and in history. Prohibition from 1920 to 1933 was a fluke, but one of enormous lasting influence. It resulted in the immediate death or, in its wake, slow strangulation of thousands of small breweries—each producing several beers, usually of unique character.

By 1970, our beer-drinking options were limited to a relative few nearly identical, pale, thin,

cold, spritzly imitation pilsner brews. The outlook was dim and the situation was reversed mainly by the unlikely agency of a tripwire buried in the capitalist system: its abhorrence of a continued situation of restricted choice.

A new breed of entrepreneurs began to import tasty and varied products from abroad. Many who experienced these imports found their palates eager for more, and legislative actions soon were being launched in every state to permit a rebirth of small-scale local brewing.

Since 1975 when only a handful of regional brewers remained, some 250 new brewing ventures have been launched. Most are successful. One day our ancestors will reflect on our puzzling lapse between 1900 and 1975 and shake their heads in wonder. And so might have our pioneer forebears in southern Oregon. A glimpse into their history shows men and women who liked beer, demanded beer, and saw few problems with its healthful integration into daily community life.

The first of the early local breweries may have been one of Jacksonville's West California Street and known variously as the "City," "Shutz," and even the "Britt," although there is no evidence Peter

Britt held an interest in it. It was situated directly beneath his home, however. Present-day visitors to the Peter Britt Gardens pass by large stone culverts built into the hillside behind the brewery site. These were aging or maturation cellars for beer and may also have served as repositories for Britt's wines.

It is a mistake to suppose that pioneer communities thrived solely on a diet of ice cream or church socials. Breweries could be and often were places for family gatherings. Most of them served beer on their premises and many, like Veit Shutz's, provided a hall. It took up the second story of that brewer's residence, itself attached to the brew house. It also served as gymnasium for the German immigrant community's athletic club, or "verein," and was later (after its closing) pressed into service as an auxiliary public school classroom.

Few eyebrows were raised by the juxtaposition of beer with healthy exercise or scholarly pursuit. In those days temperance sentiment was concentrated against the saloon and hard liquor. Beer was often promoted as a moderate and healthy alternative drink. Brewers cultivated their traditional standing as respected members of the local business community.

It seems clear that the development of brewing in southern Oregon began and proceeded along lines typical for all of America. This area's earliest enterprises came in the wake of gold finds in the early and mid-1950s. Jacksonville may well have had the first brewery, but soon thereafter one arose in the now-vanished mining town of Waldo in the Illinois Valley.

Within three decades, when small cities had begun to grow on the rail line linking California and northern Oregon, more brewers arrived and set up shop in Ashland, Medford, and Grants Pass. Most of the brewers were men and most were German. But at least two substantial breweries were, upon the deaths of their founders, taken over and run by their wives.

Veit Shutz and his wife operated one of Jacksonville's early breweries. Peter Britt photographed them around 1870 with what is probably glasses of dark lager beer. Jacksonville didn't have sole claim to southern Oregon breweries—beer was brewed commercially in Ashland, Medford, Grants Pass, Klamath Falls, Waldo and Wilderville as well. A rare remnant from Medford's A-1 Brewery is this bottle (*far left*). SOHS #13028, bottle from the SOHS collection



Eastern breweries had long been in the custom of brewing only in winter. Their so-called "winter" beers were fermented for a week, aged for another, and put on the market. "Summer" or true lager beers were fermented 9-10 days and then rolled into cold storage. These slowly aging beers were periodically topped-off with fresh beer until April when they were sealed and prepared for sale during the hot months.

An additional benefit of cold maturation was that it protected the beer against bacterial growth. All beer contains some spoilage organisms and it is the brewer's task to either minimize their numbers or prohibit their multiplying.

Brewers in the East and Midwest lived in areas where it was feasible to undertake cold and lengthy storage. Brewers in hot or moderate climates could not duplicate those conditions. It wasn't until 1860 that a New Orleans brewery installed the first refrigeration unit in America. It seems unlikely that any of the early southern Oregon breweries could have availed themselves of the technology until late in the nineteenth-century.

Did early Oregon brewers, as some suggest, perform herculean feats such as bringing down winter ice from mountain lakes? The practice was common back East where freight sleighs made easy passage over relatively level ground. Doing the same in southern Oregon's hills seems daunting. Yet, these lager brewers were from sturdy German

Frontier malt- ing was a rough and ready process.

stock whose appetite for hard work and dedication to perfection was deserved.

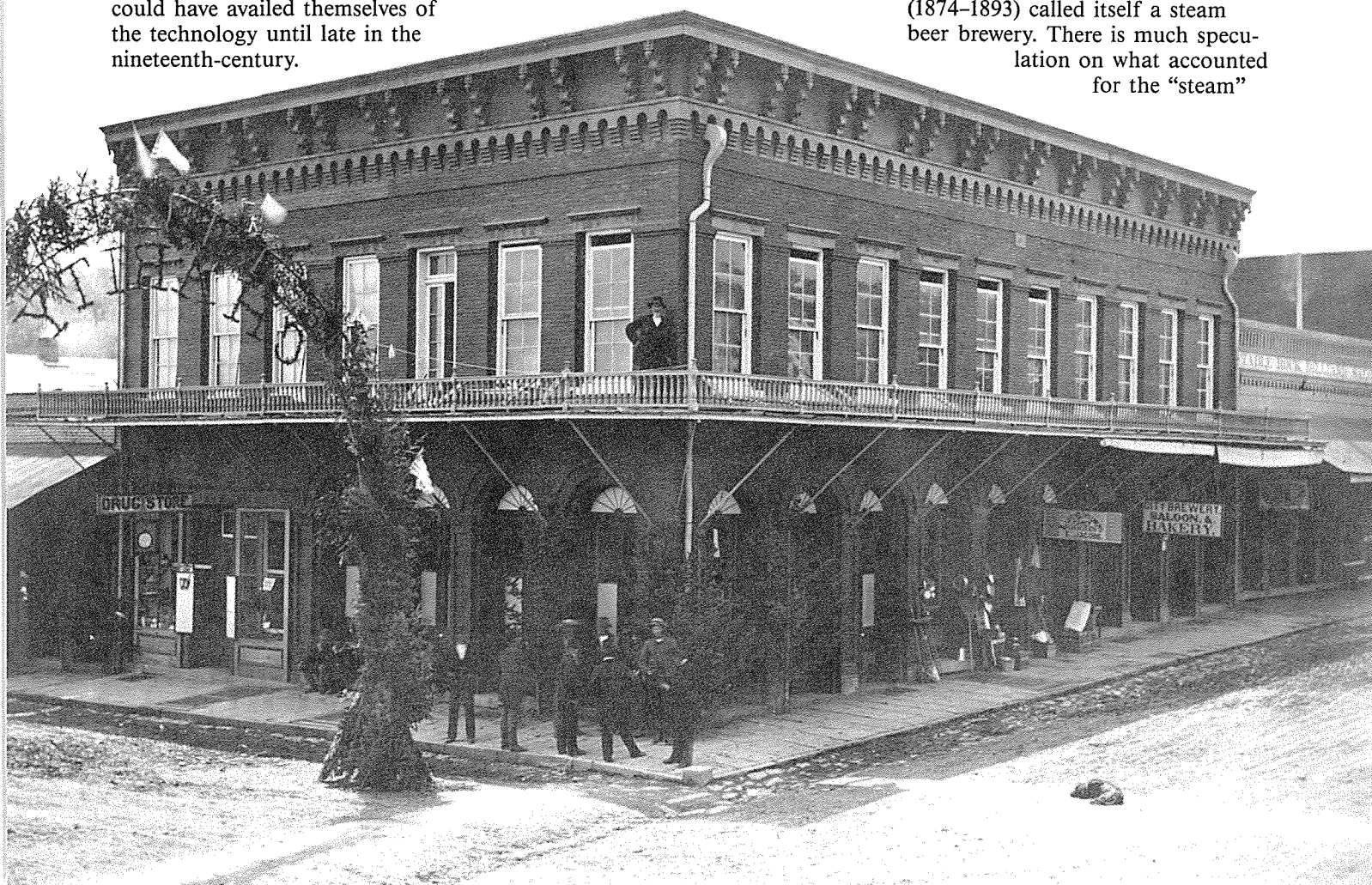
However, pioneer writers seem to have an affinity for chronicling the monumental exertions demanded by their lives and no ice-moving sagas surfaced in research for this article. On the other hand, one requisite

was easy to meet. There was no lack of sawdust necessary to insulate the ice during hot weather.

Without ice or mechanical refrigeration, it seems unlikely that early brewers in our area could have produced true lager beers. We are lead to surmise that these pioneer brewers, like other entrepreneurs, were forced to create ingenious hybridizations while, at the same time, neglecting to drop appellations of such proven marketing appeal as "lager beer."

The San Francisco-style "steam" beer was one such compromise and may well have been adopted by others on the West Coast. Such a beer would employ a lager yeast but ferment at temperatures more common to ales, say, fifty-sixty degrees. The resultant beer is as robust as an ale and is, in fact, hard to distinguish from one. It is dubious that a lager yeast strain alone would have accounted for a truly revolutionary beer taste.

There was a "Steam Beer Mine" at Leland in 1878 and the T. J. Criteser Brewery in Roseburg (1874-1893) called itself a steam beer brewery. There is much speculation on what accounted for the "steam"



in demand. The influx of German brewers began and, slowly but surely, a nation which had been founded by ale-drinking Britons began to swing toward a preference for Czech and German lager beer.

Beer itself is nothing more than the sweet washings of barley grains, balanced by the bitterness of the hop plant, and then fermented to produce ethanol or ethyl alcohol. Ales are the oldest style of beer. They ferment quickly at ambient temperatures and result in palates that are robust and often fruity. They could be made dark or pale, and either strong or mild in alcohol content.

Lager beer ferments quickly at first but is then aged or matured for up to three months at near-freezing temperatures. The maturation period allows special yeast strains the time to patiently labor at tidying up the beer's palate. The result is a cleaner and more subtle effect than that of ales. But lagers, like ales, are made both dark and pale and with alcohol contents that range from two-thirds that of Budweiser to five times greater.

Coincidentally, America's great western migration began at about the same time lager beer was first introduced on America's East Coast.

Veit Shutz of Jacksonville and his wife posed for their photograph in 1870 with glasses of what is probably dark lager beer. It is unlikely that pioneer brewers in western America achieved a truly pale color in their lagers. This is because of the difficulties they faced in malting their barley grains.

For straight grain barley to make suitable brewing material, it first must be germinated under controlled conditions. This converts the grain's kernel or endosperm to soluble starch and awakens enzymes which, in the brewer's mash, help convert those starches to fermentable sugars.

Germination is arrested by slow drying or kilning that gives the grain (now malt) color without killing the newly-awakened enzymes.

Some nineteenth-century European brewers had mastered the art of slowly curing their malt without either heating the endosperm or toasting the husk. The result was a grain bursting with brewing potential and so pale that it would lend very little color to the beer.

But frontier malting was a rough and ready process. More often than not the malt was given a quick

**Our pioneer
forebears liked
beer, demanded
beer, and saw
few problems
with its health-
ful integration
into daily com-
munity life.**

toasting. The rapid process kept the endosperm cool while heating it enough to arrest germination, but it also darkened the husks. This made a pale beer unattainable. Thus dark lager beers were the norm. This did not, however, deter the brewer from selling his or her beer as the drink of European royalty.

Faced with problems duplicating the beverage that was wowing them on the Continent, early brewers simply adapted their formulating to local conditions. Their innovative solutions may well have given birth to what we now call "steam beer." This part of the story will be discussed later.

Veit Shutz operated the brewery on West California in Jacksonville from as early as 1869 to 1891 or perhaps 1893. But it is probable the brewery was owned even earlier by Joseph Wetterer, a native of the state of Baden in southern Germany. Wetterer, like many others, had come west to mine gold. He

arrived in Jacksonville in 1853 and in 1863 a Jacksonville newspaper writer observed: "If you want a glass or keg of lager beer to drive away the blues, go to Wetterer's Brewery. His brew can not be beat."

The brewery sites have been identified in Jacksonville. Besides the one beneath Britt Gardens, another sat behind the building fronts on South Oregon Street. Conflicting information makes it difficult to establish which site first produced beer. Wetterer's own papers indicate he owned the West California Street site before beginning to brew at the South Oregon Street site.

Published brewery chronicles do place Wetterer in the downtown site, at least as early as April 1866. But they also have that central location operating as a brewery in 1856 under the ownership of one "J. J. Holman." Holman's 1856 occupancy is confirmed by a drawing of that era.

Yet, the story doesn't end (or begin) there. Gold was discovered in what would become Jacksonville in the winter of 1851-52. An elusive and only partly substantiated reference from an issue of the *Yreka Mountain Herald* of 1852-53 notes that a J. J. Holman had purchased the "City Brewery" in Jacksonville.

The City Brewery is most identified with the site on West California Street. More puzzling still is the statement Holman "purchased" the brewery. Did he assume an existing operation of Wetterer's on West California? Did he then give it up to Wetterer, move to Oregon Street, and subsequently decamp once more in favor of Wetterer, whose plant on West California was soon to be occupied by Shutz?

Various sources place Wetterer in Jacksonville as of 1853. He is said to have been a trained German brewer. Could he have kept out of the trade? Did he begin a brewery on West California only to have it purchased by Holman? Or did he and Holman work as partners, with Holman subsequently moving to the South Oregon Street location a few years later, to be later succeeded there by Wetterer?

That storefront row site is known as the "Eagle" brewery, but it was actually the brewery "tap" or saloon. The back door of the saloon opened on a causeway to the brew house behind. That building now houses artist Eugene Bennett's studio.

The 1856 Holman-Eagle juxtaposition is the first southern Oregon brewery supported by published brewing chronologies, although it seems probable that someone was brewing in Jacksonville even earlier. As a final and perhaps tantalizing aside, a saloon-keeper's records circa 1862 from the town of Golden at Coyote Creek list beer being sold by the gallon. Was this Jacksonville beer brewed by either Holman or Wetterer? Or was there still another early southern Oregon brewer in operation and, to this date, still unrecorded?

What is doubtless a partial listing of early southern Oregon breweries is reproduced on page 25. Most of the entries are drawn from *The Register of United States Breweries 1876-1976* by Manfred Freidrich and Donald Bull, or from *American Breweries* by the same authors and Robert Gottschalk, a 1984 update of the 1976 publication. They are, in some cases, supported or amended by newspapers, diaries, or oral histories.

Perhaps even more interesting than fixing the date when brewing began is the possibility that a man with an Anglo-Saxon name (Holman) was southern Oregon's first commercial brewer. And if Holman subsequently co-existed with one or two German brewers, southern Oregon would, in microcosm, display the tussle for supremacy that took place between ale brewers from the British tradition and the upstart champions of European lagers.

Of course, beer was but one refreshment among many. Miners could, and did, indulge in fine French brandies, clarets, cordials, and champagnes, as well as cheap (30 cents a gallon) whiskey. These luxuries were routinely packed in to the

gold fields. But none of those heady or potent drinks could satisfy the special taste for a cool mug of fresh beer. It was a taste few had failed to bring with them to western America.

Beer has a long tenancy on this planet. Brewing began some 5,000 years ago in the Euphrates River Valley and has remained a part of the cultural repertoire of most of the peoples of the world. Homebrewing was once routine, the only method known save for the more elaborate operations carried out in the courts of royalty and by residents of monasteries.

Perhaps the first commercial brewery in the New World opened in Mexico City in 1544. We know of its inception because the tax collector for the Spanish crown was first on its doorstep.

Curiously, native North Americans did not have a brewing tradi-

**Beer itself is
nothing more
than the sweet
washings of
barley grains,
balanced by the
bitterness of
the hop plant,
and then
fermented.**

tion as did those of Middle and South America. Nevertheless, early British navigators mapping the coast of New England reported the inhabitants fond of the beer they brought. In fact, the natives demanded it of immigrants arriving later and were chagrined, so the histories tell us, if only liquor was proffered.

The first public brewery in what is now the United States was erected in lower Manhattan in 1612.

In 1620, as was the custom, the arriving Pilgrim ships carried more beer than water. In fact, a dwindling beer (and food) supply provoked a dispute that proved decisive. For some weeks the initial Mayflower landing party had dithered over which of various locations to recommend for a town-site. Those on board, eager to get ashore and replenish beer supplies, called in the surveyors and demanded an immediate decision. Thus was Plymouth selected.

In terms of earliest southern Oregon breweries, a close second to the City or Eagle in Jacksonville may have been one in Waldo, an Illinois Valley town that sprang up in 1852 adjoining the gold field known as Sailor Diggings. This brewery was a branch operation of the Crescent City Brewery opened in June of 1857 by Joseph Marhoffer, a native of Prussia, and Randall Sann. The Crescent City Brewery offered "constantly on hand the best quality of lager beer in 5, 10, and 15 gallon kegs."

In 1856 Waldo was made Josephine County seat. A year later the honor went to nearby Kerby before being removed to Grants Pass in 1886. Such was early wealth and population concentrated in the Illinois Valley.

The Waldo brewery was set up by Marhoffer's partner, Sann, who was joined by Marhoffer's teenage son, Jacob. The year may have been as early as 1858 but more probably closer to 1860. Young Jacob Marhoffer recalled arriving at a town which already boasted, "... two or three hotels, five or six saloons and dance houses, three or four big stores ..."

He lamented the tedious method of raising water from the wellhead to fill their kettles via a chain studded with leaky buckets. But later he allowed, "... we got regular pumps and then the water did not taste so good."

Young Marhoffer concluded, somewhat enigmatically, "That first brewery there was a slow deal." Does he mean to say, as seems

unlikely, that selling beer to miners was difficult? Or that the first brewery was poorly designed and a better facility followed?

It seems probably that Marhoffer and Sann also supplied the nearby mining settlements at Althouse Creek and Sucker Creek, which were also flourishing. One thing is certain: They, like all early brewers, sold their extra yeast to local housewives who used it in baking.

It is a mistake to suppose that pioneer communities thrived solely on a diet of ice cream or church socials.

In fact, some early breweries also operated their own bakeries.

It was in these rustic breweries, saddled with southern Oregon's mild, wet winters and hot, dry summers, that problems may have arisen in the creation of a true lager beer. We must assume Jacob Marhoffer was, like his father, brewing what was advertised as "lager." Yet, to do this he would have had to age his beer for periods of 30 to 60 days at temperatures close to freezing. Climatic conditions would have worked against his doing this.

There was, of course, nothing to prevent immigrant German brewers from brewing ale-type beers. All beers down through history until the development of lager had been in this style.

But these newly-arrived Germans were keenly aware of the appeal lager beer had for American consumers. It gave them a clear competitive edge over British-type ale brewers and with few exceptions they brewed it rather than the tasty ale-type beers their experience certainly encompassed.

Young Marhoffer's brewery was, like Jacksonville's City Brewery, built against a hill. This permitted cellars partially enclosed by insulating earth. Perhaps a constant and very cold temperature could have been maintained for brief periods. One can almost imagine a small quantity of true lager being brewed in the Illinois Valley winter, but summer would have been a different story.

Fredericka and Joseph Wetterer also operated a Jacksonville brewery. Fredericka continued to brew beers following the death of her husband. SOHS #13183



The early years of brewing in western America provide a window on the people and their times as well as chronicle a period in which beer itself went through an important transitional stage.

The swell of German immigration to America began around 1840, spurred first by political turmoil in Europe and then renewed in 1848 by word of the gold found at Sutter's Mill in California. Some early Oregon brewers of German birth landed first in the gold fields to the south.

They were cautious in taking up their craft because brewing on a commercial scale required sufficient people in a relatively stable settlement. Even a rustic brewery was an appreciable undertaking. The building itself had to take a thousand square feet at minimum and provide considerable overhead space.

Brewing grain and hops had to be secured either by freight or by con-

tracting crops from local farmers. Thousands of gallons of water had to be brought in, heated to boiling for periods of hours, and then moved about to various vessels. These vessels, many of metal, were bulky, heavy, and expensive either to import or fabricate.

The West California Street brewery in Jacksonville had a reservoir, flume, and water wheel—fully as elaborate fittings as a large lumber mill would need.

The product, once made and properly aged, was very heavy and was perishable as well. Limited bottling was done but pasteurization was unknown. The successful brewer was one who could readily sell significant quantities of fresh draft beer.

The many German brewers already settled in New York, Philadelphia, Milwaukee and even St. Louis had found such markets.

But it wasn't long until the gold towns began to look permanent,

populated by large numbers of thirsty consumers eager for diversion and neatly grouped in small geographical areas.

Beer was already in demand. A San Francisco importer sent an urgent notice to his British suppliers saying he was, "... forwarding some ale to Sacramento ... need regular monthly shipments of bulk ale, Imperial ale, and bottled porter (ale)." Even John Jordan of Grants Pass advertised himself in 1886 as "... agent for the celebrated Britannia Beer, English Ale, and Porter ..."

It is worthwhile to note that all early American brewing had been based on the British tradition of ale-type beers. But in the mid-19th century ale was to be challenged and would engage in a forty-year competition for supremacy. The newly-arriving German brewers were bringing formulations for a new style of beer. It was called "lager" (German, "to store").

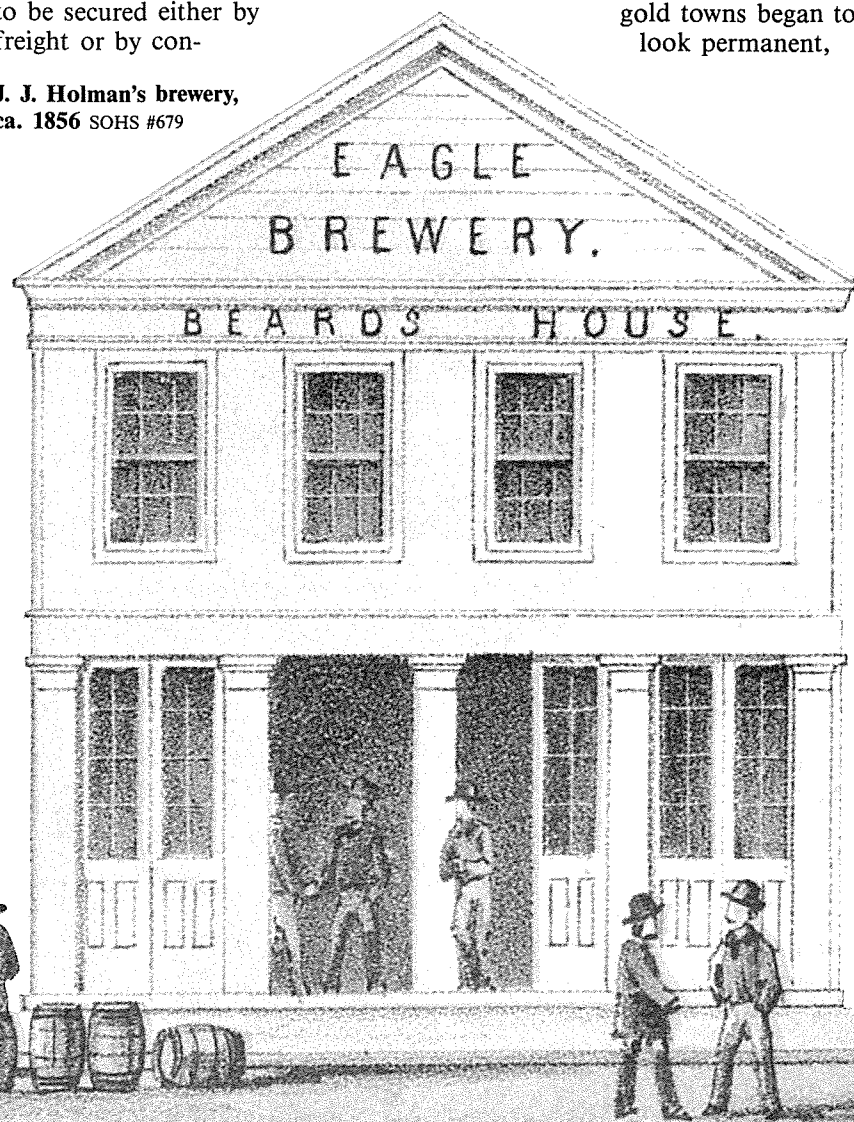
Before 1840, lager beer had been unknown in America and was still very new in Europe. But on the Continent it began taking the public by storm, and in 1840 Bavarian brewer Johann Wagner carried a precious supply of the new lager yeast to Philadelphia.

The European version of this beer was pale gold in color. It had become popular in the same region of Bohemia (now Czechoslovakia) which had pioneered in the production of clear glass. The pale new beer sparkled in transparent stemware, in sharp contrast with the murky, dark lagers and ales still drunk out of opaque stoneware by poor folk.

Lager beer took on a cachet for both middle-class Americans and those who aspired to join them. On the one hand it permitted them to enjoy the beverage of the common man. And, without either subverting the democratic ideal or draining their purses, it allowed these socially mobile folk to distance themselves from the common herd.

European craftsmen who could brew this attractive new beer were

J. J. Holman's brewery,
ca. 1856 SOHS #679



name being tagged to beer. Many say the beer was uncommonly carbonated and would shoot from the keg when it was tapped. This is persuasive only to those who imagine early beer lovers didn't know the difference between foam and steam.

Still others speculate, with some reason, that brewers who converted to steam power to run their breweries proclaimed this feat of technology in their advertising. This is true but doesn't account for the name arising much earlier and in breweries without steam power.

All beer was cooled after boiling in large, flat pans. These did steam but the process was common to ales as well as lagers. Early lagers were also fermented in shallow pans. This aided clarification of the beer because spent yeasts had a shorter distance to fall. But fer-

But the newly-arrived Germans were keenly aware of the appeal lager beer had for American consumers.

menting beer does not steam, it bubbles and heaves with foam.

The most intriguing tale is one recounted by several who claim to have watched early beer being purified. Modern pasteurization involves bathing bottled beer in several changes of very hot water. This careful heating destroys bacteria. But early brewers had no such equipment and the solution they are said to have applied is an ingenious one.

Informants recall seeing a metal wagon wheel being heated to a cherry glow in the brewery forge and then raised by chain and trolley and suspended over a vat of

finished beer. When the hot wagon wheel was lowered into the beer the room was instantly filled with steam and, they suppose, the beer purified.

This is an engaging story but it also has a ring of plausibility. It may provide a clue to the consistency of the beer produced by German immigrant brewers who, faced with a climate that precluded cold storage and the protections it provided, may well have drawn upon an ancient practice to achieve the results they desired.

Near the turn of the century, an equipment inventory of Maria Theresa Kienlen's Grants Pass Brewery mentioned devices called "cryers." The similarity to "cryogenics"—the science of cooling—is intriguing. It is known that, before the advent of true mechanical refrigeration, cold brine was pumped through coils immersed in beer during the early stages of its fermentation. This reduced the natural heat buildup caused by yeast metabolism.

Did this woman, who took over the business when her husband died, have access to some technology of forced cooling that permitted her to maintain temperatures suitable for at least the early stages of lager beer production? The point is perhaps moot. One suspects that German brewers did not so much bring a new beer style as they did a new attitude toward brewing.

Early brewers had cloaked their practices under a shroud they termed "arts and mysteries;" those were the actual words affixed to their diplomas and licenses. Not until the mid-nineteenth-century did the term "brewing sciences" attain some credence.

The new German approach was deliberate and meticulous. Their beer gained acceptance not because it was markedly different, but because it was unusually consistent. Other brewers, bewildered by the underlying chemistry of the brewing process, passed their frequent problems along to the public. They couldn't afford to sewer the sizable quantities with which they found

The City Brewery provided refreshments and baked goods at its Oregon street saloon and bakery (opposite).
SOHS #699

EAGLE MILLS.
THE subscribers now having their Mill and Distillery in excellent repair, would respectfully inform their patrons and the public generally that they are now prepared to do all kinds of Merchant Mill business, and are also furnishing a choice of Liquors, consisting of Gin, Brandies, Whiskey, Lager Beer, &c.
THOMAS & JACOBS,
Eagle Mills, Jan. 23, 1858. 3tf.

If you want a glass or keg of lager to drive away the "blues," go to Wetterer's Brewery. His brew cannot be beat.

themselves beset. German brewers were perhaps more likely to reject contaminated or poorly-carbonated beer simply because they produced it with relative infrequency.

Maria Kienlen of Grants Pass had a diploma from the New York Brewers' Association. She, like Frederica Wetterer in Jacksonville, continued operating the brewery after her husband's death. It was hers from 1904 until 1912.

When the town voted itself dry in 1908 it is recorded she survived by selling soft drinks, candy, and parrots (!) and, it is rumored, by continuing to brew beer on the sly. Since brewing beer involved heating as much as five hundred pounds of mash for a period of hours, we must also assume that solons of the small town were, in recognition of her probity and their own thirsts, willing to give a wink to occasional fragrant vapors from the vicinity of G Street and Gilbert Creek.

The town went wet again in late 1911 and the county in November

1912. But Maria Keinlen's long wait had been for naught. When her husband Eugene died, his nephew Sam had come over from Germany and married his aunt. Sam was, it seems, less adept than she at the subtle ploys necessary to maintain a brewery in a small town of considerable temperance sentiment.

Sam Kienlen was in constant scrapes and a raid on the brewery of February 2, 1912, produced "... three barrels, one keg, and demijohns ..." of illegal beer. Since the town was then wet we must assume his crime was the not-infrequent one of selling beer on a Sunday. Again, on April 19, 1912, a Grants Pass *Courier* article noted Sam Kienlen paid a \$500 fine for illegal sales of beer. Shortly thereafter Maria Keinlen closed the brewery.

Temperance sentiment, which during the period 1850-1900 had swung closer to prohibition fervor, leaned heavily on the anti-saloon issue. Grants Pass had twelve of them in 1900 and a case could indeed be made that certain men not only contributed to a rowdy downtown atmosphere but also prejudiced their families by wasteful spending on drink.

An interesting sidelight was the custom of relying on boy "runners" to fetch beer in buckets directly from the breweries to the saloons. This constant traffic of youngsters, not to mention their easy access to beer, undoubtedly provoked the "drys" and not entirely without reason.

Add to this the complexities of class and cultural differences in a

Pioneer beers were more substantial than present-day beers in almost every regard.

young town in a young immigrant nation and you had a volatile mix.

The German community of early Grants Pass was concentrated south of the Rogue River. They, like the respected burgher-brewers in Jacksonville, continued to operate on

the assumption that beer was a healthy adjunct to daily life and a necessary accompaniment to secular or even religious holidays.

Anna Schmidt, who was born in Grants Pass in 1888 to parents Claus and Hannshen, recalled German picnics south of the river: "They set up beer barrels and everyone went and got what they wanted, even the children, although no one ever had too much as I recall. And you should see how they danced. They waltzed fast, round and round and round."

The extent to which pressure to assimilate operated is reflected in subsequent events in the Schmidt family's life. In 1900 they moved north of the river. Recalled Anna Schmidt, "And then the beer barrels didn't show up again. And we all gradually turned into being Americans."

This assimilation did not, however, begin to resolve the disputes over alcohol use. The complex "wet-dry" contest between those living in south and west Grants Pass and citizens of the north part of the city. It seems to have been a classic confrontation between early settlers and later ones, between merchants and farmers, "Americans" and "foreigners," and rich and poor.

—continued



The brewery located on California Street stood in disrepair by the 1930s.
SOHS #2937

Southern Oregon Brewers and Breweries

| | | |
|-------------|--|-------------|
| ASHLAND | Charles Wurz | 1884-1884 |
| | Reifel and Company | 1885 |
| GRANTS PASS | Fred Grob(e) | 1886 |
| | William Neurath (Heeley, Strickler) | 1886-1891/2 |
| | ("Rogue River Brewing Company"/K Street and Gilbert Creek) | |
| | George Walter | 1891-1895/7 |
| | ("Rogue River Brewing Company") | |
| | Eugene Kienlen | 1891-1904 |
| | ("Grants Pass Brewery"/G Street and Gilbert Creek) | |
| | Marie T. Kienlen (Sam Kienlen) | 1904-1911 |
| | ("Grants Pass Brewery") | |

NOTE: The town had an "unfinished brewery" in 1884 according to a reference in the *Rogue River Courier*. It is not clear which site it occupied. A 1990 reference speaks of what would be a third brewery on the south side of the river but does not name it, its principals, or its exact location.

| | | |
|--------------|----------------------------------|-------------|
| JACKSONVILLE | J. J. Holman | 1852/3(?) |
| | ("City"/West California Street?) | |
| | J. J. Holman | 1856 |
| | ("Eagle"/South Oregon Street) | |
| | Joseph Wetterer | 1851(?) |
| | (West California Street) | |
| | Joseph Wetterer | 1863 |
| | (South Oregon Street?) | |
| | Joseph Wetterer | 1874-1879 |
| | ("Eagle"/South Oregon Street) | |
| | Mrs. Frederica Wetterer | 1879-1884/5 |
| | (same) | |
| | Veit Shutz | 1869-1891/3 |
| | ("Shutz"/West California Street) | |
| | Frank Theising | 1874-1879 |
| | William Heeley | 1884-1888/9 |

NOTE: Question marks (?) indicate dates or locations surmised but not supported by published brewing histories. If no question mark is used, the citation is either supported by those histories or is adequately supported by other sources.

| | | |
|---------------|--|-----------|
| KLAMATH FALLS | A. Castel | 1904-1912 |
| | (Main Street) | |
| MEDFORD | Southern Oregon Brewing, Ice, and Cold Storage | 1893-1896 |
| | G. W. Blasford | 1896-1897 |
| | Medford Brewing Company (1500 bbls.) | 1897-1900 |
| | Southern Oregon Brewing Co., Inc. | 1933-1938 |
| | (301 North First Street) | |
| | A-One Brewing Company | 1938-1945 |
| | Chrystal Brewing and Distributing Company | 1945-1947 |

NOTE: When stop and start dates are continuous between one company and the next, a single brewery site may be assumed.

| | | |
|-------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| WALDO | Marhoffer and Sann | 1858-1863(?) |
| WILDERVILLE | David Closner | 1858-1880/5 |

NOTE: Unless otherwise stated, early breweries are assumed to be "500 barrels per year." This is a rough categorization by writers of brewery histories. It means a maximum annual production of 1500 gallons but, in many cases, the actual figure would have been considerably lower. A barrel is 31 gallons, a keg 15.5 gallons. A barrel contains enough beer to fill 330 twelve-ounce bottles.

The ward of South Grants Pass was out-voted by North Grants Pass when the town went dry in 1908. When it went wet again in 1911 the south and west wards carried the day against a still-heavy anti-drinks vote in the north.

It is perhaps a window on the times that the same voting blocks fought it out on the "hogs at large" issue, narrowly resolving that the animals should continue to roam freely—again, the southerners carrying the day in the face of stern opposition from the good citizens of north Grants Pass.

Yet this conflict remained to be played out on an even larger stage. World War I occasioned strong sentiment against German-Americans. By this time, brewing was dominated by German families, albeit of unquestioned loyalty to their new homeland. Yet the prohibitionists exploited social resentments while at the same time making bland arguments that brewing barley should be diverted to feed the humans and animals engaged in the European conflict.

In 1920, in a series of complicated maneuvers and over President Wilson's veto, they managed to impose the longest total ban on the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverage ever experienced by a modern nation.

What early brewers brewed and how it looked and tasted are tantalizing questions. Our ancestors were not given to analyses, preferring rather to simply pass judgment on a beer's being good or bad, pure or otherwise. When one Fred Grob of Jacksonville proposed to open a brewery on the banks of Gilbert Creek in the Grants Pass of 1886, the newspaper writer expressed, "... hope he will make better malt liquors than the rest of the brewers of Oregon."

This was, quite possibly, an allusion to the highly variable product which must have been all too common in frontier America. And perhaps it expressed a hope that a German brewer could be expected to make better beer.

But, as has been stated, beer was a humble part of life and pioneers were no more liable to remark on its "hop bouquet" than they were to sing the praises of an apple pie's "savory piquancy." What is routine to one age may become fascinating to the next, but this places no responsibility on our forebears. On

We who live here at present may be moving toward a rediscovery of beer and the pleasures our forebears enjoyed.

the other hand, when antique beer formulations are analyzed and even brewed, it is obvious those beers were more substantial than present-day beers in almost every regard.

We have noted that malting practices probably rendered them dark. This would have also lent them a toasty and sometimes even burnt taste. German mashing technique would have resulted in notable malty sweetness or body. Bittering hops were added in greater quantities to counter the sweeter palate and prevent its cloying.

But alcohol contents would have been, in the main, comfortable for present-day Americans. For millennia there has been a rough notion of what strength beer lends itself to fulfillment of beer's traditional purpose—that of thirst-quenching accompaniment to sustained conviviality in the absence of deep intoxication. Analyses of 247 average American beers circa 1896 shows them to have about 3.8% alcohol by weight, about the same as Budweiser today.

But, these beers would have begun with 25% more malt and 200% more hops than the current

norm! It is not far wrong to say they would taste sturdy and substantial to a person accustomed to modern American lager beers.

We are a beer-drinking nation. Early southern Oregonians enjoyed good beer and were, more often than not, rewarded with it. We who live here at present may be moving toward a rediscovery of beer and the pleasures our forebears enjoyed.

To do this we must take the long view of both beer and ourselves. We should ponder the Prohibition period and its after-effects. And we should carefully weigh modern anti-drink sentiment and its implications for those who wish to live both a good and a reasoned life.

When the author began research on this article, he was given to asking, "Were there any breweries in _____?" This first question

gave unconscious acquiescence to quiet yet powerful prejudices. It unwittingly supported the notion that beer could be a dull beverage, a minor accompaniment to life, and a substance one partakes of quietly if not guiltily.

He soon found it most productive to ask prospective interviewees, "Tell me about the breweries in _____." He was rarely disappointed.



Hubert L. Smith is a writer, brewer, and beer judge who lives near Selma. He writes a weekly column on beer for Southern Oregon Currents magazine and is a frequent contributor to state, national, and international beer publications. He brews beer for the Pizza Deli and Brewery in Cave Junction.

The author wishes to thank Larry McLane for frequent and generous contributions of his knowledge of early brewing in southern Oregon and beer in general. He also thanks Edna May Hill and Martha Murphy of Grants Pass for the valuable assistance they lent this effort. Gary and Gloria Meier of Eugene, who will soon publish a book on early brewing in Oregon, also offered salutary help.

Then and Now _____ Natalie Brown



The Birdseye House stood overgrown with vines in the 1930s. Following its listing on the National Register of Historic Places in 1974, it was lovingly restored and carefully tended until a fire gutted the structure last November.

SOHS #1745, photo by Natalie Brown

"They told me, 'don't cry on our shoulders when you lose the place, Effie,' and it made me so mad," recalled Effie Birdseye in a 1965 *Medford Mail Tribune* interview. Effie had moved into the 1856 David Nelson Birdseye family home upon her marriage to David and Clara Birdseye's son Wesley in 1901. Following the death of her husband, the inexhaustible Effie disregarded the advice of would-be counselors and set about raising three sons alone, farming more than 300 acres, and maintaining the family home.

The historic structure was gutted by fire on November 23, 1990.

Present owner Ted Birdseye, great-grandson of Effie, and his wife Sheri shed numerous tears over the loss of the historic farm residence.

Continuously occupied by Birdseye family members since 1856, the house contained numerous furnishings and effects dating from the arrival of the Birdseys in the Oregon country in the 1850s, as well as items collected throughout the family's 134-year occupation.

The original structure was built of hand-hewn logs harvested from a grove of pine trees along Birdseye



Creek. The two-story structure contained a living area, kitchen, master bedroom and child's bedroom on the ground floor. Two separate staircases each led to two bedrooms on the second floor. The bedroom pairs were not adjoining; one set was reserved for family, the other for travelers or guests.

Following its listing on the National Register of Historic Places in 1974, the house was lovingly restored under the supervision of consultant Gregg Olson.

Olson found most of the logs remarkably well-preserved. The few rotten logs were replaced with timber felled from the surrounding hills and laboriously shaped with a broad axe. The sagging fireplace required some shoring-up, the kitchen floor was replaced, and the porch required rebuilding. Many interior antiques were refinished.

The family is considering how best to deal with the charred skeletal remains of the once-prominent homestead.

New and renewing members
from October 1-November 30, 1990

*Indicates upgraded membership
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From the Collections _____ Janette Meek

Under the Christmas tree of the Morcom family on Christmas morning, two precious dolls were discovered by delighted Margaret and Etta. Joseph and Nellie Morcom wanted to give the best Christmas present ever to their daughters. They started planning in the fall; Papa Joseph purchased the dolls in Grants Pass and Mama Nellie found an outgrown dress of Etta's and tore it apart. From the fabric, she carefully stitched lace-trimmed petticoats, flannel petticoats, pantalettes, camisoles, dresses, bonnets and bootees for the purchased dolls. On the stomach of one doll was written, "To Margaret from Papa Xmas 1904" and on the other, "To Etta from Papa Xmas 1904."

The 24½" high dolls are made of kid leather and stuffed with sawdust. The painted bisque heads have glass eyes and one has blonde human hair, the other brown. Each doll is marked on the back of the neck, HcH 3 H Germany. They were manufactured in Germany by the Heinrich Handwerck Company.

The 87-year-old "Sarah" and "Laura Nell" were donated to the Southern Oregon Historical Society in 1956 and 1957 by Margaret Morcom Watkins and Etta Morcom Sims, respectively. Matching new dresses, bonnets and bootees were sewn just prior to their donation. Also donated were the jewelry boxes covered with shells that the sisters received from "Mama Xmas" the same Christmas as the dolls. The Southern Oregon Historical Society houses numerous objects that, owing to limited exhibit space, are not often seen by visitors. We hope that featuring an item



in each issue of the *Table Rock Sentinel* will provide an enjoyable and educational view of the scope of the Society's collection.



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