

September
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Next Meeting

Tuesday, September 8
at 7 pm. At

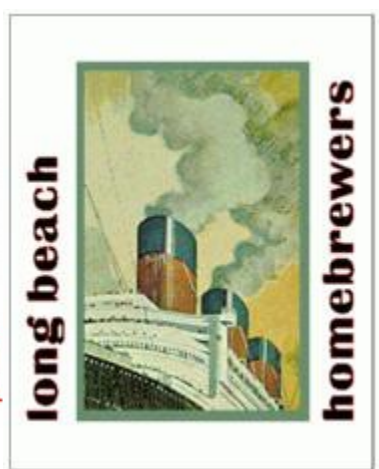
Stein Fillers

4160 Norse Way
Long Beach 90808
562-425-0588

brew@steinfillers.com
<http://www.longbeachhomebrewers.com>

The Brews Telegram

The Newsletter of the
Long Beach Homebrewers



President's Message

Greetings fellow Long Beach Homebrewers,
September brings us to the end of Summer and beginning of Fall. Fall brings cooler nights, and shorter days, which most people associate with the onset of Winter. However, if you're anything like me, with the onset of Fall you think of the return of perfect brewing weather and ideal fermentation temperatures! Hopefully you've thought about Fall brewing activities that you plan to partake in! The club has a couple of brewing events coming up within the next month to whet your brewing appetite:

1) Pacific Brewers Cup: This is a premiere annual homebrew competition, co-sponsored by the three pre-eminent homebrew clubs in the Long Beach/South Bay Area: LBHB, Pacific Gravity, and the Strand. This year's competition is being organized by The Strand. The entry deadline is September 12, and judging is on Sat September 26th. You have to register your entries online, and details can be found here: <http://strandbrewersclub.org/pbc/db/>. Entries can be dropped off at Stein Fillers. The organizers are looking for Judges and Stewards, so if you can, please help out with the competition, since we'll need the reciprocating help next year!

2) Rock Bottom Big Brew: Scheduled for Saturday October 3rd. A big brew at the downtown Long Beach Rock Bottom. For these events the club comes together and brews a full batch of beer on a commercial system, with participants taking home 5 gallons of wort for a nominal fee. This particular brew will most likely feature a base wort (recipe still in the works, but tentative wort in the 1.075 range, with 2-row, munich, and a little carafa III as the malt base) that would be suitable for a stronger bock/doppelbock recipe. In addition, especially for this big brew, the brewer at Rock Bottom (Brad), also plans to brew a full batch of the big brew recipe at a later date, to put on tap at the Long Beach Rock Bottom. Tentative plans include a subsequent tapping party (date TBD) where LBHB members would be invited to bring their homebrew versions for comparison tastings (pending confirmation from Rock Bottom).

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Look for more details at the club meeting and in the email distribution.

Timeless Pints / LBHB 25th Anniversary Collaboration Beer Release Party: Hopefully you were able to make it to the release party for the collaboration beer (Aug 29th, details in last month's newsletter). We had a great turnout and a good time was had by all. Check out BeerPaperLA's Instagram post/pic for an idea of what you missed if you weren't there: <https://instagram.com/p/6-uSiMklxz/> The Club Steins also came in very handy (see photo of my LBHB Stein "in action" at Timeless Pints below)! TP still has the beer on tap. Check it out and ask for "Darth Malt 2.0"!



Lastly, September's club meeting is this coming Tuesday, Sep 8th, at 7:00 PM at Stein Fillers. Tasting of Sours is on tap. Also, the mini brewing techniques demonstrations return to the meeting, with this month's theme: "To Suck or not to Suck, that is the question!"

See you there! Cheers!

Adam

2015 Monthly Style Schedule

Here are the styles for each month.

September: Sour Ale (Category 17)

October: Sweet Stout (Category 13b)**

November: Spice/Herb/Vegetable Beer (Category 21)

December: Standard Cider and Perry (Category 27)

Tastings at the August meeting (Mead)

Josh S	Orangeflower Mead with Cinnamon
Ray G	Hopped Mesquite Honey Mead
Derek J	Sparkling Guava Melomel (1 st)
Mike G	Traditional Still Mead
Enrique P	Sparkling Traditional Dry Mead
Jon S	Still Vanilla Cinnamon Mead
Andrew L	Dry Sparkling Mead (3 rd)
Dick E	Muscat Pyment
Josh P	Still Orange Blossom Dry Mead
Adam W	Cherry Mead (2 nd)
Andi H	Mixed Berry Melomel
Other:	
Ian C	Blonde Ale

A Brewery's Witness to History

By David Gansen

At a small brewery in an Arizona desert town, on a blustery and dreary Wednesday afternoon in October, the brewers were very likely busy with their familiar brew house tasks. Perhaps they were coming to an end of a boil and preparing to transfer the wort to chill and pitch, when quite suddenly, gun fire erupted out on the street! Startled, the crew may have ducked for cover or ran outside to see what it was all about. In about 30 seconds, 25 shots rang out and then it was done. Oddly enough, this crew hadn't been the least bit surprised that the shooting occurred, because this crew worked the Golden Eagle Brewery. The year was 1881 and this desert town was Tombstone. The Golden Eagle Brewery stood about a block and a half away from a dusty horse pen called the OK Corral.

Not only to the brewers at the Golden Eagle, and certainly not to anyone else in the town for that matter, was it any surprise that gunshots ruptured the deceptively tranquil air that, under the surface, brimmed with anxious and angry men. Ike Clanton was still steaming from a run in he'd had with Doc Holliday the night before at a local saloon, and he'd been up all night bouncing from one poker game to the next boasting to anyone within earshot that the minute he laid eyes on Wyatt Earp or any of his brothers he was going to kill them all. Most people thought the ranting would end with his morning hangover but when it didn't, news started swirling around town of pending trouble, and that news almost certainly had to have been a topic of conversation at the Eagle. When word reached the Earps,



Tombstone about a year before the gunfight. Allen Street looking west, the Golden Eagle Brewery is the prominent building on the right with the 2nd floor mezzanine. The brewery sign is barely discernable.

as a sworn Deputy U.S. Marshall, Virgil Earp deputized Wyatt and their brother Morgan, and at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 26, along with Holliday, gathered to set out on foot to go and disarm the cow boy element. That assembly took place in front of Hafford's Saloon, just at the west opposite end of the block from the Golden Eagle.

The Golden Eagle Brewery advertised the "finest liquor and cigars," and a reading room where they served a free lunch, when it was first opened two years earlier by Ben Wehrfritz and Sigfried Tribolet, according to Ed Sipos, author of *Brewing Arizona: A Century of Beer in the Grand Canyon State*. It boasted a two story brick structure with a saloon operating in the front half of the establishment while the brewery operated in a small building in the back. Virgil Earp rented an office on the second floor and a rumor had it that he at one point even had a financial interest in the operation. It is enticing to consider that one of the most famous gunfighters of the old west could actually have been a brewer as well, but the rumor was never substantiated. In any event the Eagle had to run a brisk business in order to keep up with the thirst of this silver boom town whose population had mushroomed from a desolate camp of a few hundred inhabitants when the Earps arrived in 1879, to well over 7000 by the time the

four gathered in front of Hafford's and started out north down the dusty 4th Street toward Fremont and their appointment with destiny. And even though Tombstone sits some 560 miles from Long Beach, it's not beyond the realm of fascinating brewery anecdotes and this little Golden Eagle Brewery would have a front row seat to the events surrounding the biggest gun battle in the old west.

Built literally on top of about 26 silver mines that employed thousands of mine workers, the Tombstone landscape was peppered with countless brothels, saloons and gambling houses. Certainly the thirst factor alone provided a built-in marketplace for the breweries in town but under the desolate, arid and often dangerous desert climate it was quite remarkable that they managed to have any success in brewing beer at all! We home brewers know that brewing can be a tough labor of love; hard work that when successful can provide enormous personal satisfaction. But to brewers in the desert in 1881 it was back breaking labor.

Breiss and Great Western Malting were yet to be born so they didn't have companies that could deliver sacks of grain ready to toss in the mash and hops had to be imported by freight wagon from San Francisco.

Brewers in these rural areas had to malt their own barley as part of the brewing process. Days and weeks were no doubt invested in this effort that had to be complete before they even got to the mash. Germinating the raw barley, drying and rolling to clip the stems, then kilning to the



desired color were all involved steps that brewers today take for granted. Then the grain was milled by hand which involved grinding between two large metal cylinders, said by the heartiest of brewers at the time to be the most labor intensive part of the process. With no electrical or steam power available to assist in the effort meant every step had to be done by hand and on a large scale, that kind of labor would tally as much as 15 to 17 hours a day!

The biology of how yeast cultures worked to influence the outcome of beer was not fully understood at the time and as a result, inappropriate substitutes were often employed such as brewer's yeast and even some wild yeast strains, according to Ed Sipos. Pure yeast strains were difficult to get and when they were fortunate enough to obtain them, without knowing any better, there was likely little concern given to the risk of airborne as well as other bacterial infections. In addition, good water for brewing was scarce. Well water was far too alkaline for beer production so you had to find a good river source then bring the water in by wagon, and along the route your whole day could be easily ruined by a random attack from a roving band of Apaches.

All the batch specifics were gauged by taste, and under these conditions it's difficult to believe they could possibly have produced a consistently exceptional product and yet, the record shows they struggled to keep up with the demand! Sipos' ardent research into the subject even managed to

uncover the pricing structure of the Golden Eagle Brewery's product at the time: 10-gallon kegs sold for \$7.50, 5 gallons for \$3.75 and you could get three bottles for a buck. Commercial brewing equipment had to be brought in by pack mule to Tombstone at that time, and in the days when commercial refrigeration was still a few years away and fermentation required low consistent temperatures, breweries in the desert at the time dug cellars lined with rock walls that may not have chilled desert climates enough to lager, but could at least keep temperatures stable enough to produce a fairly serviceable ale.

Within two years of its grand opening a fire swept through the mostly wooden buildings in the hastily constructed downtown area and nearly destroyed the Golden Eagle. But the little brewery survived and managed to continue brewing beer. That's about the time that things started heating up between the Earps and the cow boys as well and four months later on October 26, the party of four turned left onto Fremont Street, walked to the end of the block and stood down face to face, some fifteen feet away from, the Clantons and the McLaurys at a vacant lot next to Fly's Photography Studio.

What began as an attempt to enforce a city ordinance prohibiting the carrying of guns with the city limits, was a ticking time bomb waiting to explode. The cow boys began to draw their weapons and were either attempting to surrender their weapons, or drawing their guns to shoot, depending on which version of the truth you subscribe. Certainly Wyatt Earp thought the latter so he launched the first projectile into the belly of Frank McLaury and the dance commenced.

The fight was really just a police action that got personal and resulted in the deaths of three men, Frank, his brother Tom, and Billy Clanton. Had it happened today, it likely would have been recorded on someone's cel phone and uploaded to facebook as another example of excessive use of police force, and the fight certainly did little to put to rest the back blood between the two factions. A subsequent trial exonerated the Earps and Holliday, but a bitter revenge would inevitably take its course.

On December 27, 1881, just two months following the gun battle, Virgil Earp was crossing the street right out in front of the Golden Eagle Brewery when shots rang out from across the street. Struck in the left arm, he was spun around but managed to stay on his feet and stabilize himself long enough to get to the plank board side walk in front of the Eagle in time to collapse into Wyatt's arms. He would survive this attempt on his life but would never again regain the use of his arm.

Their younger brother Morgan was not as fortunate. On Saturday, March 18, 1882, he was shot through the back from a small exterior window while playing pool at Campbell & Hatch's Billiard Parlor just four doors down from the Eagle. This act would set in motion the famous vendetta ride by Wyatt and Doc as they tracked down and killed four of those they believed responsible for the shootings including Frank Stillwell and Curley Bill Brocius. After that the Earps and Doc left Arizona for good.



The Golden Eagle Brewery as it appears today following its meticulous restoration in the early 1960's. The Crystal Palace Saloon still operates on the ground floor.

In May of that same year a second fire swept through the downtown area, this one more devastating than the one just a year before and this time the Golden Eagle was not as lucky. After it burned to the ground Wehrfritz and Tribolet dissolved their partnership. Wehrfritz built a new single story, more stylish operation on the same spot and reopened as the Crystal Palace Saloon. Tribolet reopened the Golden Eagle Brewery in a larger building a few blocks away and both businesses thrived for a time, but by the mid 1880's the silver boom in Tombstone was withering. The extensive drilling had struck the water table and the mines flooded, making it impossible to extract the silver ore. The boom had gone bust. Also by this time refrigeration and pasteurization were now making it convenient to transport fresh bottled beer by rail from far off St. Louis and San Francisco so localized brewing became obsolete. Brewing in earnest wouldn't strike Arizona again until the Arizona Brewing Company would sell their first bottle in 1904.

In 1964, during a massive restoration project in the City of Tombstone, the little Golden Eagle Brewery was reborn and built to its original appearance from 1879, though no beer is brewed in its current incarnation. The Crystal Palace Saloon kept operations on the bottom floor and it remains that way today. But for that brief moment in history and that shared space in time, in fact nearly the exact amount of time the Earps lived and thrived in Tombstone, the little Golden Eagle lived and breathed on the same ground as the bloodiest gun war of the old west and she became effectively, a brewery witness to history. ■

Club Barrel Update

By Jon Silvertooth

Remember the used Cabernet Sauvignon barrel that was won by club members competing in a homebrew competition last year? We still have it and it's embarking on its third batch of beer. The first batch was a Belgian Dubbel, followed by a Russian Imperial Stout. Now it's time to go to the sour side with a Flanders Red. A new group of 12 brewers have been brewing over the past 6 weeks to product 60 gallons of Flanders Red. The group got together on September 5th to fill the barrel with their individual batches of beer.



We'll get the group together again early next year to sample the beer and determine when we should remove it and begin planning for a new group of brewers to make a new fantastic creation. Keep your ears open next year if you'd like to participate in the next project with the barrel.

