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From the "Barchives" Two Early Professional Drink Manuals: Haney's Steward & Barkeeper's Manual and The American Bar-Tender by Brian Rea

[Our retired 60-year veteran of the Adult Beverage Industry and avid collector of one of the most comprehensive drink book collections and archives is now a self-proclaimed "loungasaurus" intending to find a fine new home for his "Barchives" library. Before he does so, he will continue to entertain and educate us with his series on some of the library's highlights. — Ed.]



t would seem reasonable to continue this series of articles about old Cocktail/Mixed Drink books in a chronological sequence. We began with an article about Jerry Thomas and the first published Cocktail/Mixed Drink manual (1862), and then followed with Oxford Nightcaps, which had multiple printings from 1827 on; then Cooling Cups and Dainty Drinks (1869), Cups and Their Customs (1863), and in the January 2007 <u>WTQ</u>, The Gentleman's Table Guide (1872, 1873). (To address the chronological sequence, I must note that all the prior book reviews were about drink recipes and preparation methods for the general public, not for the on-premise trade. In the future I shall be sure to note the proper designation.)

Haney's Steward & Barkeeper's Manual

R^{rom} my understanding and research, the next Cocktail/Mixed Drink book published in this category is *Haney's Steward & Barkeeper's Manual*, published in 1869. This book lists no author, only the publisher, Jesse Haney & Co., 119 Nassau Street, New York. And as is the usual case, an all encompassing subtitle follows: "A Complete and Practical Guide for Preparing All Kinds of Plain and Fancy Mixed Drinks and Popular Beverages being the Most Approved Formulas Known in the Profession Designed for Hotels, Steamers, Club Houses, &c., &c., To Which is Appended Recipes for Liqueurs, Cordials, Bitters, &c., &c." Amen.

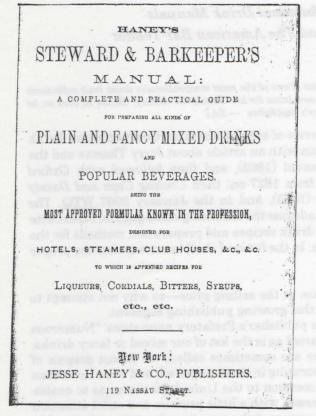
Jesse Haney Company was a medium size publishing house in Manhattan, and ads in the book list other titles, such as : Watchmakers' and Jewelers' Manual, Painters' Manual, Horse Shoers' Manual, and Soap Makers' Manual. Most likely the Haney Company was aware of the quite successful publishing history of Jerry Thomas's 1862 How To Mix Drinks or The Bon-Vivant's Companion. That book had numerous printings, and each one had an increase in the selling price—so why not attempt to enter this growing publishing segment.

The publisher's Prefatory announces: "Numerous and varied as is the list of our mixed or fancy drinks, as they are sometimes called, we do not despair of incorporating in these pages all, and even more than those common to the United States, so as to enable any *person*, with a little practice and strict attention to our recipes, to become in a short time, thoroughly *au fait* in their production." Instant bartender?

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- DEPLETED-LIBRARY NOTES by C. Fielden

Haney's Barkeeper's Manual contains 152 cocktail and drink recipes, 14 wine recipes, 18 cordial and 49 liqueur formulas, as well as bitters, aerated waters, concentrated fruit syrups, etc. The wine recipes are for Black Currant Wine, Cherry Wine, Currant (red) Wine, Elder Wine, Ginger Wine, Gooseberry Wine, Grape Wine, Lemon Wine, Mixed Fruit Wine, Metheglin, Orange Wine, Parsnip Wine, and Raisin Wine. Note that none of these recipes contain wine, not even as a starter! The ingredients are primarily fruit or herbs, brown sugar, rain water, and French brandy. The Haney's Manual also contains recipes for Acidulated Summer Beverages. Could this formula cause Aciduria? Break out the dictionaries.



It is interesting to note the number of cocktail and drink recipes that contain wine—Catawba, champagne, sauterne, port, Rhine wine, Isabella, claret, sherry, hock, burgundy, and Bordeaux—whereas today's contemporary cocktails hardly ever contain wine. Occasionally, vermouth is added, but usually in a minute quantity. Present-day Bar Chefs, Cocktalians, Mix Masters, Sultans of Shake, etc., seem to have a fixation on exotic garnishes and ingredients that require a kitchen extension on the bar, and abnormal preparation time. It is becoming rather complex, and as a result, quite often drink delivery times are abysmal.

In a later aside of the Prefatory, it is announced: "In addition to the benefit to be derived from a perusal of our work by those who propose making bartending a business, the author has borne in mind those whose tastes incline them to conviviality, and for this purpose have incorporated a number of recipes derived from a multiplicity of sources for the concoction of many delicious beverages in quantities suited for the occasion. They are each reliable recipes, and will be found, on trial, to be in every particular what they appear in print." How comforting.

During this period in the trade (about 1850 through 1910), bar staff were filling, refilling, blending, and rectifying on every shift. In those days spirits and blending products were delivered in barrels, demijohns, jugs, gallons, and sometimes amphoras (Pisco). As the book explains, "The most unpleasant duties of the bartender are in the morning, when the bottles and decanters, reduced by the draughts of the day and night previous, have to be refilled; the tumblers, used just previous to closing, washed; and everything put in order for the day's operations. Behind all regulated bars, however, those of our larger hotels for instance, a servant is usually detailed for this duty; but in bars where receipts are more limited it devolves upon the bartender whose duty it is to make his appearance first in the morning." Be assured it was either the owner, manager or bartender who followed the formulas to measure, reduce, and blend the establishment's spirits. Labeled single bottles of spirit brands did not enter the market until the turn of the century.

In Haney's book, punches account for almost one third of all the Cocktail/ Mixed Drink recipes; this is also observed in other drink books of this period. Portions are erratic, sometimes not even listed, and are for both single and multiple servings. Some of the more interesting recipe entries are:

Claret Punch

Large bar glass of chopped or shaved ice; two tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 slice of lemon; 1 slice of orange. This is to be shaken and garnished with berries.

The question is, where is the claret?

Apple Toddy

Two wine glasses of "Apple Jack"; one tablespoonful of white sugar; half of a baked apple. Add boiling water and nutmeg. This drink ought never be made with a suspicion of weakness. It is only drunk in cold weather, and needs to be a little strong to be satisfactory to an epicurean.

I'll drink to that.

The Cocktail

The "Cocktail" is of recent origin, but has rapidly risen in favor. It is most frequently called for in the morning and about a half hour before dinner. It is sometimes taken as an appetizer. It is a welcome companion on fishing excursions and travelers often go provided with it on railroad journeys.

And the civilized trends begin. All aboard!

Burnt Brandy

This drink is sometimes called for at bars during the warm weather to correct a tendency to diarrhea. The brandy is poured into a saucer, a lump of sugar placed in the center and the spirit set fire to.

Now do you drink it, or pray to it? And be sure to use a very large saucer.

Daniel Webster's Recipe For Punch

If the god-like Daniel cared nothing for riches he did love a good punch, and he knew how to concoct a drink for the gods. Sometime before his death he gave his old life-long friend Major Brooks, of Boston, his benefaction and blessing, and left him the last earthly good he could bestow, the following recipe for what is now known here among the elect, as the Webster Punch. It is composed of "one bottle of pure old French brandy (smuggled direct preferred), one bottle sherry, one ditto old Jamaica rum, two ditto claret, one ditto champagne, one dozen lemons, one pint strong tea, sugar, strawberries and pineapple to suit the taste, plenty of ice, no water."

It is to be observed that no water enters this composition. I have come across very few Webster Punch recipes over the years, and the few that surfaced often had arrack or maraschino in their formulas. The above recipe is somewhat well balanced, and could make you consider concocting one, though for just one or two servings, unless ...

Rob Roy Cocktail

Dash of gum syrup; double dash (two teaspoonfuls) Angostura Bitters; five drops aniseed cordial; tumbler of fine ice. Shake up and strain into a hock glass.

Now try to figure out the transition of this recipe to the scotch and sweet vermouth we know today.

In all probability, most of the recipes in *Haney's Manual* are derived from Jerry Thomas's *How To Mix Drinks...* published seven years earlier.

...and last, but not least

Artificial Champagne

Boil together over a slow fire fourteen pounds of each best lump and moist sugar, in fifteen gallons of distilled or rain water; skim this, and while yet warm pour into a cask, to which add two hundred and fifty grains of citric acid dissolved in half pint water and a sufficient quantity of yeast. Having placed the cask in a moderately cool situation, leave it to ferment. Now add, good well-boiled sherry, not too dry, one gallon; genuine French brandy, one gallon; essence of strawberry juice, half gallon; tincture of cochineal, one pint; previously mixed together and filtered.

Be sure to paste the vintage date on the bottles.

The American Bar-Tender ...

From the same drink period is the 1875 The American Bar-Tender, or The Art and Mystery Of Mixing Drinks Together With Observations On The Qualities of Wines, Liquors And Cigars To Which Is Appended Several Hundred Toasts, Patriotic, Fireman's, Political, Lovers', Sporting, Etc. [See illustration, rear cover of this issue.]

No author is listed, though the Preface states, "These directions can be relied upon as accurate, as they have been thoroughly examined, revised and added to by Mr. E. A. Simmons, so long known as having charge of the Wine Department at French's famous Hotel, fronting on City Hall Park."

The title is almost as long as the book, which consists of 80 pages, of which 51 are numbered, and only 15 contain mixed drink recipes. The Advance Publishing Company, New York, probably created this unique title in an attempt to convince potential readers there is a mystique to preparing drinks. Bah, Humbug! There are only 74 same old mixed drink recipes, in non-alphabetical sequence, together with numerous formulas for making imitation bitters, cordials, spirits, as well as freezing mixtures, and then a plethora of toasts, which number 30 pages.

There are some interesting, informative notes, beginning with French Wines:

French Wines

The richest wines of France, Italy, Hungary and Teneriffe are grown on the site of extinct volcanoes.

The process of wine-treading is pursued very generally in France, being considered superior, in many wine districts, to the employment of mechanical squeezing.

Champagne

Champagne wine has been recommended by the faculty as a valuable medicine for keeping up the system under exhaustion. As a stimulus, it is the least injurious.

Good champagne does not require much icing.

Sillery

...and for those readers who are still unfamiliar with the term Sillery, we have: "Champagne, better known by the name of the makers than by the designation of the vineyards that produce it, with the exception of a few choice growths among the white, is the produce of the old vineyard "Sillery" in olden times known as the Vin de la Marchale. The wine is of an amber hue, exquisite bouquet, with a clear pleasant dry taste."

Port Wine

Of the excellence of genuine Port Wine there is but one opinion. In England no dinner is thought complete without it. Professor Brande says, "good Port Wine, duly kept," is "when taken in moderation, one of the most wholesome of vinous liquors—it strengthens the muscular system, assists the digestive powers, accelerates the circulation, exhilarates the spirits, and sharpens the mental energies."

Sherry Wine

Shakespeare says: "Your Sherries warm the blood, which was before cold and settled, and left the liver white, which is the badge of pusillanimity, but the Sherries makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme."

With all these somewhat medical endorsements, perhaps one must consider consuming adult beverages at an earlier hour.

Whiskey

Is more generally used in the United States than any other liquor. It may also be considered the national spirit of the Scotch and Irish. It agrees in some of its characteristics with Gin, but it is lighter and more stomachic.

Obviously the author had too much Sillery.



WINE BOOKSELLER Two different trades united — wines to refresh the body, books the mind.



Welcome, new Tendrils! With thanks to Tendril Geo. Caloyannidis, Dr. Bipin Desai (Riverside, CA) has joined us. Jerry Gristina (<u>mggristina@aol.com</u>), Wilton, CT, has been collecting books on wine, with a special interest in Burgundy and Italian wines, for some 35 years.

BANCROFT LIBRARY ORAL HISTORIES

In our July 2000 issue (Vol.10#3), Allan Shields gave us a remarkable essay entitled "The Bancroft Oral Histories of California Winemen." In it, he provided a short history of the series, its interviewers, and interviewees, and listed the completed interviews as of 2000. The Bancroft's valuable contribution to wine history and its literature has continued to grow, with numerous new interviews being published (including Ernest Gallo). Our thanks to Chris Wirth for bringing to our attention that many of these historical interviews are now available online at the Bancroft website: <u>http://bancroft.berkeley.edu/ROHO/</u>

WANTED, PLEASE!!

Several André L. Simon titles are needed for the Simoniana Collection of The Napa Valley Reserve library. If anyone can offer a copy of the following, please contact Nina Wemyss (<u>nwemyss@thenapa</u> <u>valleyreserve.com</u>). • Wines of the World, the limited Arcadia Press edition designed and bound by Zaehnsdorf of London. • History of the Champagne Trade in England (1905). • Notes on the Late J. Pierpont Morgan's Cellar Book (1906). • The Bolton Letters ... an English Merchant in Madeira, Vol.I, 1695–1714. 1928. • The Saintsbury Club: A Scrapbook by "The Cellarer." (1943). • Star Chamber Revels (1937).

"Without rival in the modern literature of Port" A five-year undertaking, it is worth the wait! Isaac Oelgart (The Port Lover's Library, Publishers) now has ready his Jos. James Forrester and His Maps of the Portuguese Douro and the Adjacent Country & The Map of the Wine District of the Alto-Douro. Together with Forrester and the Douro by Richard Mayson, and Forrester's Maps of the Douro by Debbie Hall (British Museum Map Room), and Forrester the Delineator by Isaac Oelgart. This striking set features an exact replica of Forrester's acclaimed 10foot long map of the Douro. Only 200 numbered sets. \$950 + S/H. Contact Isaac for a full description and details for ordering.

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NOTES FROM A DEPLETED LIBRARY: Or, Books from the Wilder Shores of the Wine World

by

Christopher Fielden

Red, White, and Drunk All Over : A Wine-Soaked Journey from Grape to Glass by Natalie MacLean. New York: Bloomsbury, 2006. 280 pp. \$23.95.

The Wine Diet by Roger Corder. London: Sphere, 2007. £9.99.

Twust admit that I approached both these books with a certain amount of trepidation. In fact, I was seeking to make my reviewing role rather easier by including a third recent publication, this one from Australia, but the book did not survive my changing planes in Dubai, as I unfortunately left it in the pocket of my seat.

Why did these books frighten me? I am afraid that I was immediately put off by the dedication of Ms. MacLean's book: "For my mother, Ann, the ground in whose soil I have my roots; my husband, Andrew, the trellis to whom I cling; and my son, Rian, the eternal sunshine in my life." Now I am the worst person to criticize a dedication, as I have regularly been short of ideas in this field; indeed, I have even descended to offering the dedication of my next book as a lot at charity auctions. However, this dedication is what we would call in England 'twee.'

A few pages into the book she describes rosé Champagne: "Personally, I love the naughty color of rosé bubbly and its sexy short-dress raspberry aroma. It conjures up the decadence of a weekday afternoon picnic beside the Seine, eating caviar with the caped musketeer D'Artagnan." I confess that this paragraph made me shudder, but then I reflected that this is not a book written for me, a geriatric raddled by fifty years experience in the wine trade. It is a book written by a woman, primarily for women, and, from my external viewpoint I would say that she has done this very well.

Natalie MacLean is a very successful writer. From little more than a student's love for wine she has built herself up to be Canada's most read wine writer with a highly rated website newsletter (natalie maclean.com) and a binful of awards, including the title of "The World's Best Drink Writer." This book tells the story of this rise to success. Hugh Johnson has summed the book up in a quotation on the back cover, "There's everything here: old stories and new, an inquiring mind and bags of enthusiasm."

It is this enthusiasm that is for me the primary attraction in this book. Natalie does not just write about liquor stores, she goes to work on the shopfloor, she speaks to the customers and to the staff. She becomes a sommelier in a top restaurant—and gives me the answer to a question that has long concerned me: "Why do sommeliers pour wine with their left hand placed rigidly between their shoulderblades?" It is to help the sommelier "maintain a straight, clean line." So now I know.

In the book we meet some of the world's most renowned wine producers, we hear of the rival styles of Jancis Robinson and Robert Parker, and we are given a host of useful tips about buying, serving, and appreciating wine. This is scarcely a book for the hardened wine-buff (though it does provide him or her with a stimulating read) but, for the novitiate it is packed full of useful information.

W ith regard to Professor Corder's book, I have to admit to an aversion to diet books, subconsciously perhaps I think that they may suggest that I should discipline myself; in fact, that I should face up to my personal reality.

Geoffrey Roberts was one of the pioneers of the wine trade in Britain, who, whilst he was not the first to introduce us to Californian wines, he was the first to get us to treat them seriously. He was one of the founders of the Zinfandel Club, which enables me to meet, amongst many others, such characters as Jack Walker, Janet Trefethen and Chuck Carpy. Sadly, he died young and a trust fund was established in his memory to help individuals pursue specialist research in the fields of food and wine.

Roger Corder, Professor of Experimental Therapeutics at the William Harvey Research Institute in London, is one to have benefitted from a grant from this fund. He had noted that, in a mountainous region on the Italian island of Sardinia, there was a disproportionate number of long-lived people. The grant enabled him to spend time with them to study the effect on them of their diet and, particularly, the local wine. In this book, he has extended this research into the overall beneficial effects of moderate wine consumption. For him it is the polyphenols in red wine, rather than the recently fashionable resveratrols, that provide the beneficial elements in wine.

I suppose that I had hoped when I bought this book I would find backing for my bottle-a-day (of a broad selection of wines) lifestyle. In this I have been disappointed. I am to be allowed three glasses (125 ml.) a day of red wine. Not any old red wine, however, but only those of a tightly prescribed style. The ideal wine, it appears, is a Madiran, from a small vineyard region on the slopes of the French side of the Pyrenees. The wine is made from the Tannat grape, has spent some time macerating on its skins and has

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WINE TALES by Warren R. Johnson

[Warren Johnson, proprietor of Second Harvest Books in Oregon (and on the web), enjoys a special interest in "non-technical" wine writing, including novels, mysteries, poems, toasts, quotations, anthologies, plays, &c. He continues his "Wine Tales" this issue with two recommend reads. Enjoy! — Ed.]

 Words Wine Colors. Parole Vino Colori: Readings from Latin Poetry and Campanian Dialectal Poetry by Daniela De Liso. Naples: Phoebus Editions, 2006.
178pp. Glossy card covers. \$59.

Campania



hat do pizza, limoncino and Lacrima Christi have in common? They all originated in Campania.

Campania, a name derived from the Latin, means fortunate countryside; it is a name shared by the French province of Champagne. Campania is the region of southern Italy that has Naples as its center of commerce. Tourist attractions include Sibyl's Cave at Cumae, the Greek temple at Paestum, Roman ruins at Pompeii and Herculaneum, the Vesuvius volcano, the Amalfi Coast from Sorrento to Salerno and the Isle of Capri.

Hannibal entered Campania in 217 BCE; he burned the crops of this fertile lowland, but was unable to conquer it. Campania was part of Magna Graecia, the Greek colonies of southern Italy. The first Greek colony was founded at Cumae, north of Naples, in the 8th century BCE. Etruscans and Samnites gave way to the expanding Roman Republic. The Romans gave the area the name of Campus, or plain, from which it derives its current name. Campania was Rome's breadbasket until greater supplies of grain came with the acquisition of Egypt.

When the Roman Empire collapsed, the Goths and the Byzantines struggled for power through the fifth and sixth centuries, until the Longobards entered the scene. Following were the Normans, who founded the Kingdom of Sicily that was later renamed the Kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies. The French Bourbons were the last to dominate the area, until the 19th century, when Naples became the capital of southern Italy and the Angevin Kingdom was formed. Today, Campania is among the most industrialized regions in Italy.

The cuisine of Naples has been described as

unique. The area has produced such loved dishes as pizza and pasta. Less well-known are its Neapolitan coffee—stronger than the more common Italian espresso— and limoncino, a lemon-based liqueur that is being imitated all over Italy.

Records show that wine making has been going on in this region since the 13th century BCE. As with the food, the wines are intended for immediate pleasure and consumption, which has led to the belief that these are, at best, second class wines. However, the late 20th century has seen a dynamic resurgence in Campania and distinctive wines have popped up in many of the provinces. The count of 9 such wines in 1975 has risen to 19 at the end of 2000. The best known wine of Campania is Lacrima Christi, or "Tears of Christ." Though in the past it was so overproduced that it almost ruined its reputation, in more recent years serious efforts have been made by local wine makers to restore its former status and so far they have met with some success.

Words Wine Colors is a glossy softcover, with its pages formatted in two columns, Italian and English. It also includes many fine art works that provide color. The poetry is divided into two sections: the ancient world and the modern world—Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Martial, and Di Giacomo, Russo and Viviani. The work begins with an introduction to the ancient world. The Romans borrowed wine worship from the Greeks (Dionysus/Bacchus—son of Zeus). The Latin literature reflects the large consumption of wine, common to the Romans. Early worship related to nature and fertility. The Bacchanalia came from Campania. In 186 BCE, the Senate banned the Bacchanalia to preserve morality.

Virgil

Virgil is best known for the *Aeneid*. He also wrote the *Bucolics* and the *Georgics*, the former pastoral poetry and the latter celebrating peace in the Augustan Age. He writes a poetry of wine in the *Bucolics* which draws a portrait of Naples, the city he dearly loved. Inheriting property in the countryside, he also writes of the vines and wines of Campania. In the *Georgics*, he composes more than two hundred verses dedicated to the vine: his plea to Rome to return to its agrarian past, away from the warlike state that it had become. He compares the growing of grapes to the seasons of the human life.

Horace

Horace seems to contend in his poetry that wine induces an inclination toward the wicked ways of life, a common drink but with social differences. He sees himself as the common man, happy to accept the common wines, and renders instructions for the preparation and eating of many foods. He not only suggests the right way to drink wine, he also advises on conserving wine and how to evaluate the bouquet of different types of wine. The invitation to wisdom paradoxically coincides with the invitation to drink. A note of intimacy is always present in the works of Horace.

Tibullus

T ibullus (55–18 BCE) is renowned for his love of poetry. His poems are full of general references to vines, wine, and the cult of Bacchus, though they do not often mention specific wines. Four books make up his oeuvre, though only the first two appear to be actually his. Both deal greatly with love, each of love with a different woman. Tibullus might be called the poet of love. The references to wine are numerous, including the mixing of various wines together, leading to unabashed drunkenness.

Martial

Martial arrived in Rome from Bilboa, Spain, in 64 AD. An unbelievable amount of wine flows through the works of Martial. "One drinks in company or by oneself, one drinks to forget, to stay cheerful, one drinks because others are drinking, whatever the case, one drinks a lot of Falernian [local] wine." For Martial, wine is not always used to ease the pain of love but as a substitute for the infrequency of female company.

Salvatore di Giacomo

Into the late 19th century, Campania continues to be a place where wine is of utmost importance. As in the ancient world, the wine literature of this more contemporary period also takes away pain, leads to oblivion, frees inhibitions, and lends courage and a smile. Three poets, unfamiliar to many today, share the focus of this portion of the book. Salvatore di Giacomo (1860-1934) writes of the "gutting" of Naples, following a severe cholera epidemic in 1884. The references to food and wine are scarce but foreboding. Later works sing of good wine with love and dolor. He mixes wine with blood, drunkeness with death and oblivion-all a rather pessimistic view of life. One of his works attempts to reconstruct a communication between heaven and earth, something that seems lost in the miseries of Naples. Though there are periodic shafts of light, Giacomo's poetry dwells on the dark side.

Ferdinando Russo

Ferdinando Russo (1866-1927) speaks the voices of the street, its smells and emotions. One poem is about a balloon ride to Paradise, a debate with God and a tour by St. Peter. He sees this as a transplanted Naples. Two volumes of his poetry were published in 1920. A picture by Luca Postiglione of 1898 inspired Russo to compose five sonnets of Pulicenella, a classical character that originated in the Commedia dell' Arte of the 17th century and became a stock character in Neapolitan puppetry. Russo is able to picture the sufferance of Naples through this character but brings the city to laugh at its own miseries. The wine references are many.

Raffaele Viviani

The last poet chosen is Raffaele Viviani (1888-1950) who composes his "Street Songs" based upon the character of the town crier. In Viviani's work, the crier announces the new wines in the taverns of Naples. The poetry describes the new taverns and the innkeepers— again the connection of wine with love. The wine is untainted here, not mixed with other wines. The language of the dialect is fresh and spontaneous; the crier knows his wines and how to make them appealing. In what might sound like a statement from today's Italy, Russo says "life without wine is like a salad without oregano."



Words Wine Colors is a very attractive book. The artwork is luscious and vibrant full-page offerings. Smaller artistic insets throughout give the page a visual beauty. One distraction of the book is that the poetry is only occasionally translated, leaving the reader, without knowledge of Italian, at a

loss. The two parts of the work could almost appeal to two different audiences: the first for those wanting to read about wine as written by better-known classical poets in the ancient world, and the second for a contemporary view of wine as written by less well-known poets. More of an academic work than a beside table book, it is still of great interest.

 Through a Glass, Darkly: 13 Tales of Wine and Crime. Barry Woelfel, editor. New York: Beaufort Books, 1984. 223pp. Hardbound.

Not salad and oregano here, but it seems that, mysteriously, wine and crime go together. We have in this book thirteen authors— many well known—who bring the two together. The book is not recent, nor are the tales. Yet, the tales are significant in the literature and some of them would be hard to find outside this anthology. Nine of these tales involve wine while the remaining four concern liquor or spirits.

The Introduction to the book is written by the wine journalist, Terry Robards, an interesting choice in the least. As he himself points out, he has spent a career trying to take the mystery out of wine and here he introduces the connection between the two. Ah, but as we know, literature can enhance the wine experience.

The Cask of Amontillado

The best known title in the anthology is Edgar Allan Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado." This may be Poe's best work and, because of that, does not need much of a review here. What is interesting is Poe's creation of a character who purports to be a wine expert and makes a distinction between amontillado and sherry. Was this a mistake by Poe or an intentional gaffe? Poe was a satirist as well as a horror writer. The Foreword to the anthology gives a good discussion on this point.

The Last Bottle in the World

Opening the book is a story of obsession, the pursuit of the finest bottle of wine in history. An interesting game to play would be to name the country in which such a bottle would have originated. In this case, the country is France. One bottle is found to lay this claim, and the proof will be in the tasting. It has been laying in cellar so long that could it just be vinegar? A very large bet is placed, the bottle is opened, and the results are a spell-binding story by Stanley Ellin (American, 1916–1986). A prolific writer, renown for his short stories, Ellin had several of his works dramatized by Alfred Hitchcock.

The Unknown Peer

E.C. Bentley (British, 1875–1956) gives us the next story, "The Unknown Peer." Philip Trent, the detective in Bentley's most famous story ("Trent's Last Case") is here looking into the matter of a presumed suicide in Devon. The victim's last dinner included a bottle of Château Margaux 1922, a more expensive but poorer wine than the tavern's Beychevelle 1924. Why? Would the real victim have ordered this?

Taste

Another wagering story, this one to name the wine being served, is contributed by Roald Dahl (Welsh-Norwegian, 1916–1990), one of the world's greatest children's authors. The bet starts with a case of the wine in question and proceeds to a bet for the hand of the host's daughter. The host is certain that his guest cannot guess the wine, since it is from a very small winery that has no distribution. Is the host right?

Raffles and Operation Champagne

One of the longer stories is by Barry Perowne (British, Philip Atkey 1908–1985), successor to the A.J. Raffles character created by E.W. Hornung. The story takes place with the ending of World War I and the transport of a cache of Champagne in France. Peacetime celebrations, however, like military campaigns, sometimes go amiss—and occasionally it's all for the best.

Connoisseur

Bill Pronzini (Californian, born 1943) is a highly regarded and very prolific American writer of detective fiction. He is also an active anthologist and has compiled more than one hundred collections, most of which focus on mystery, western, and science fiction short stories. His best known works are the Nameless Detective series. In the present anthology, "Connoisseur" is the story of Norman Tolliver, a connoisseur of many things, including wine. A bottle of Ch. Margaux 1900 had been given him by Roger Hume, a man Tolliver detests. Upon opening the bottle, Tolliver discovers it has gone bad. He is so infuriated that he demands a replacement from Hume. They get into an argument, Tolliver kills Hume, then finds Hume's cellar stocked with only the best of wines. Unfortunately, Tolliver gets locked in the cellar and can't get out. The murder is likely to be discovered, but will Tolliver escape?

The Wanted Man

Henry Cecil (British, 1902–1976) provides in his "The Wanted Man" a look at how knowledge of vintages can tell much about a person. In a short five pages, the story of new neighbor Mr. Partridge reveals that he can't be who he says he is. As it so happens, an escaped criminal has never been found and the neighborhood begins to speculate that Mr. Partridge might be this man. However, the criminal is found and everyone is relieved. But where has Partridge gone?

An Educated Taste

This story, a contribution to the Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine in 1983, was written by Maralyn Horsdal (contemporary Canadian). Wendy is the proprietor of a wonderful new, classy restaurant, with a very respectable wine list. The story is as much about food as it is about wine. Wendy is the only person with a key to the wine cellar. However, she discovers that her better wines are disappearing. No one has access to the cellar, even briefly. She must find who gets in and how, so she camps her nights in the cellar until

The Curious Conspiracy

The final wine story is "The Curious Conspiracy" by British mystery writer Michael Gilbert (1912– 2006). During his writing career of some fifty years, he published thrillers and short stories, espionage and police procedural novels; he wrote plays for the theater, radio, and television, and he compiled books on interesting legal cases. The narrator of the story is a lawyer who must take over his grandmother's once fashionable estate after her death. Much of the money is gone, so are the paintings. Also sold are some fifteen hundred bottles of raspberry wine, elder flower champagne, and plum cordials. He knows that his grandmother preferred good French and German wines. Why would she have had such a collection of berry wines? Or did she?

Through A Glass, Darkly is highly recommended.



FIELDEN, cont.

been aged in small oak barrels. This is an ideal match for the rich foods of the region, but is something of an acquired taste for the rest of us. As the total amount of Madiran produced is scarcely adequate to satisfy the demands of a healthconscious wine-loving public, there are suggested alternatives. The most satisfactory of these are made from Cabernet Sauvignon and Malbec grapes, vinified in the recommended way. Out are the Pinot Noir (my particular delight) and the ever-popular Merlot. Out, too, is almost every soft, easy to drink red wine, widely available in every supermarket, be it from Australia, California or Chile.

Notwithstanding all this, the professor is no killjoy. He encourages us to enjoy our chocolate, as long as it is dark and high in cocoa bean content. We can also eat fruits, nuts, and berries.

This is an interesting book, for whilst the author has his own diet to propose, he considers the merits, and disadvantages, of those that have recently been fashionable. There is also a selection of healthy recipes included. This is a book that I can heartily recommend as a present for your medical practitioner. Let us hope that he is as convinced by its merits as I am.

NEWS & NOTES, cont.

THE LAMBIEL MUSEUM

With his annual renewal, Leo Lambiel (Orcas Island, Washington) sent a note: "I'm still doing what I love most—collecting art, wine, and wine books." He cordially invites all Tendrils to visit the Museum when they are in the area of the lovely San Juan Islands, and enjoy a personal guided tour of the Museum and his collection of local artists' works. Call ahead for an appointment: 360-376-4544.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

"From the late 19th century to the swinging sixties. this publication was the bestselling magazine for men craving adventure. Each issue was filled with amazing-but-true tales of survival, catastrophe, and derring do from around the world Purporting to convey the "true" adventures of contributors, the magazine offered readers a monthly smorgasbord of excitement from every corner of the globe." Not your normal, everyday wine magazine, you say? But wait! Two well-illustrated "wine adventures" have already been found in its pages. Our indefatigable wine researcher. Nina Wemyss, brings to our attention "The Detective in the Barrel" by Frederic Lees (1900), wherein "Mr. Lees describes an exciting night adventure at the Bercy wine warehouses, where, by hiding himself in an empty cask, Brig. Poignet, the daring detective hero of the Paris Department succeeded in bringing to justice a number of dangerous thieves." The Emil Meyer winery, Mare Vista, in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California is the setting for "How a Forest Fire was Extinguished with Wine" by Prof. C. F. Holder (July 1900).

COME TO THE CABERNET:

A Compendium of Wine Writers' Critiques is the title of a new miniature book published by Lorson's Books (Fullerton, CA). Designed, produced, and bound by book artist Joe d'Ambrosio in a numbered edition of 50 copies, the book was compiled by Sidney Berger, and "Dedicated to the nose that knows no compromise." Dr. Berger, professor of English, bibliography, the book-arts, library studies, and related book topics, is also a man of wine. This little jewel, 2½" x 2½", is bound in claret colored cloth, the front cover being "rounded" like the shape of a wine bottle, with a paper label to the front of the "bottle." Inside the front cover, this hollow, rounded space has cut-out paper wine bottles lying on their sides, giving the illusion of an underground wine cellar! A solander box holds the treasure. Quite unique!

Ozymandias in San Francisco: A Medallic Memorial of the Great Earthquake and Fire of 1906 by *Ira Rezak*

[Long-time Tendril Rick Witschonke, a passionate numismatic oeno-bibliophile, brought the following article to our attention. The author has been a collector of coins and medals for over fifty years, with special interests in Jewish- and medical-related medals, a part of his broader involvement in the history of both fields. Dr Rezak's Ozymandias paper originally appeared in the Winter 2006 issue of the <u>American Numismatic Society Magazine</u>, and was earlier presented at a meeting of the 100-year-old New York Numismatic Club. Dr Rezak and the ANS have graciously given their permission to reprint. Our thanks to all. — Ed.]



ll collectors to some extent share a common identity. Yet precisely why each of us collects, what we collect, and how we go about it, indeed what each of us gets out of collecting, is quite an individual matter. Some collectors openly discuss their

priorities, others are more private about them; many scarcely trouble to think about such matters at all. There are those who simply enjoy the possession of rare or beautiful objects, while competition in the market place adds a special thrill for some; and then there is the quieter pleasure of finally reaching a particular ambition or goal conceived years before.

But there is one type of experience in our collecting lives that almost every one of us treasures: the unexpected find— the serendipitous opportunity to suddenly acquire something extraordinary, something that challenges our understanding and broadens our collecting horizon, and demands a new direction in our search for information.

This article concerns a single medal, actually a plaque, that I stumbled across five years ago in San Francisco while spending a final hour in the City before heading to the airport for a return flight home. Of course, there had been the customary earlier browsings here and there, but these had failed to turn up a single coin, token, or medal that might have served as a minor trophy or souvenir of my trip to the West Coast and to that wonderful and historic city. Yet now, in the back of a showcase within a nondescript shop—the type that offers used costume jewelry and bric-a-brac rather than antiques worthy of the name-my eye fell upon something brown and metallic. I ended up buying it, a decision that has rewarded me with an adventure of search and discovery.

It was a uniface plaque, six inches by eight, fairly heavy, bearing a scene of devastation. At first glance, it seemed to me a vista of ancient ruins, the sort of romanticized scene that might have been designed for the study of a gentleman in 18th century England or in Renaissance Italy, possibly the sort of memento mori meant to induce a contemplative mood, to remind the philosophically inclined that sic transit gloria mundi, "the glory of this world passes thus away." But brought into the light, the plaque revealed an inscription engraved on its lower edge in manuscript style, words that grabbed my attention and have held it for the years since. I am no collector of archaic ruins or of romantically artistic compositions, but I am particularly drawn to medals that not only present a view of actual events, serving as direct witnesses to the past, but that also seem to comment in contemporary terms on how one is to understand such happenings. The inscription read: "The sculptured head in stone of Samuel Lachman (1824-1892) as it fell in the ruins of the Great Fire (1906) from the cornice of his firm's building S.W. corner Market and Fremont Sts. San Francisco." The plaque also bore a clear artist's signature: H. JAUCHEN

Search and Discovery

wondered, while I apprised the medal, if Lachman might be a Jewish name, because I collect I medals on Jewish subjects; but I had no idea whatsoever who Samuel Lachman might have been, nor did the vendor. So it was primarily the very strangeness of this heavy plaque with its scene of the 1906 San Francisco Earthquake and Fire and its unusual inscription that prompted me to buy it. The questions of who Samuel Lachman and the artist Jauchen were, when the piece was made, and whether the scene depicted was actually real or the product of artistic fantasy, tantalized me as I put it in my valise and headed for the airport. At the moment I had no opportunity to seek answers to any of these questions; but as I made off with my treasure-indeed from the very first moment I had examined the plaque in the shop—I was intrigued above all by the purpose of this medal: what was the message it was intended to convey to us, now one hundred years after the event? I was reminded of the poet Shelley and his contemplation of Ozymandias:

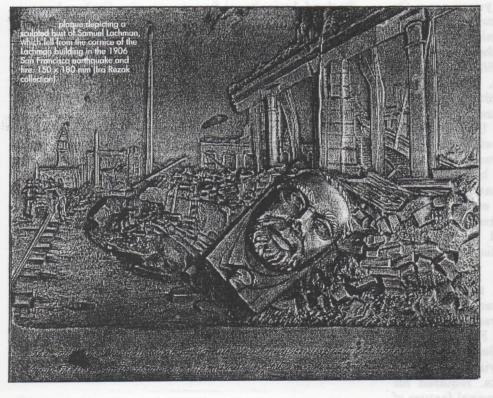
I met a traveler from an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those passions read, Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed, And on the pedestal these words appear: "My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings: Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Nowadays, Google often helps in launching many research projects, so upon arrival back home I turned on the computer and learned two things: first, that Samuel Lachman was a merchant very prominent in the early wine trade in California; and second, that H Jauchen, Hans Jauchen, the sculptor whose name was clearly inscribed on the plaque, was in fact a San Francisco-area artist known for his vessels, bowls, and vases in the Arts and Crafts style, pieces that remain much valued in the marketplace today. Pictures of such vessels by Jauchen that had recently sold at auction were readily available online, but there were no medals. Indeed, beyond these bare facts I had initially extracted from the Web, the trail grew abruptly cold. I turned to more conventional sources to ferret out information, and contacted Bay Area collectors, historical society archivists, wine industry associations, and art museum curators, always providing a photo of the plaque and expecting thereby to tap into what I imagined would be a readily mined trove of relevant information. I assumed that copies of a medallic plaque of this sort would be available in many collections, and that both Lachman and Jauchen would have been the subjects of considerable research in San Francisco nearly one hundred years after that area's most famous geo-historical event. I was to be considerably disappointed. California numismatists, specialists in San Francisco history, and museum curators knew nothing whatever of the plague and precious little about Jauchen except for the few crumbs that had found their way into Google and books on the California Arts & Crafts movement. Ultimately, fleshing out the story required a couple of personal visits to the San Francisco Public Library and the California Historical Society to view their extensive newspaper and photograph files, indirect access to other historical archives including photo collections

available online, and several helpful personal conversations. Nevertheless, many questions remain unanswered after five years of research, even as the centennial of the event itself has already occurred.

Samuel Lachman

The plaque tells us that Samuel Lachman was born in 1824 and died in 1892. Obituaries, as well as several entries in wine industry journals and biographical dictionaries-he was a wealthy and notable pioneer of the California wine industryconfirm the dates and offer a bit more information. He was born in Gnesen, a town near Posen, then in Prussia, but today called Gniezno, near Poznan, within present- day Poland. As a young man, he came to California in the earliest days of the gold rush, arriving in San Francisco "from



the East, via the isthmus" in 1850. While this point is not entirely clear, it appears that he may have been living in "the East," possibly in New York, before 1849. rather than having migrated to California directly from Germany. He first tried mining El Dorado in County, northeast of Sacramento, but



Samuel Lachman

it is then recorded that "he struck out for new fields" and by 1854 had "hoofed it" from Marysville to Weaverville in Trinity County, in the Cascade Mountain foothills, where he opened a general store. He prospered, and in 1856 "went to New York and married his affianced bride Miss Henrietta Guenther and immediately returned to Weaverville, remaining there until 1864," when he would have been forty years old. At that point, he sold all his local interests, or as he himself termed it, "cleaned up his sluice-boxes," and moved to San Francisco with his wife and two young sons. On arrival, having apparently accumulated considerable capital, he invested in real estate "laying his foundations broad and deep in the best business property in San Francisco." In 1867, looking for further investment opportunities, he formed a partnership with Adolph Eberhardt to enter the wine business, at that time a purely local trade with no outlets to the eastern United States. Within six months he had invested all of his available capital in wineries, warehouses, and vineyards, and by 1872, after he bought out his partner Eberhardt, the firm became known as S. Lachman & Co. At a later point his sons Henry and Albert, and still later, his son-in-law Leo Metzger, joined the firm, but it retained the name S. Lachman & Co even after Samuel died in 1892.

Lachman Cellars

Under Lachman's leadership, the firm prospered greatly, eventually requiring moves every few years to progressively larger quarters within the downtown San Francisco area. Since Lachman was a grower, wholesaler, blender, and exporter—one of the leading wine and brandy merchants in the city—large vats, required for aging and warehousing, were a principal feature of his wine cellars. Lachman's 80,000-gallon vat was,

when first built, the largest wine receptacle in San Francisco. In fact, Lachman was given credit in the contemporary trade press for being the first entrepreneur in California to construct such large tanks for use in the wine industry, which in America prior to that time had utilized only traditional movable casks. Sometime in the late 1870s, only ten years after Lachman first entered the wine trade and a short five years since he had become its sole proprietor, S. Lachman & Co, with its famous vat, was situated in a grand, newly constructed five-story building known as Lachman's Block, that occupied half of a city block at the southwest corner of Market and Fremont streets. Though it is difficult to discern clearly on a surviving lithograph of the building from the 1880s, the sculpted head in stone, the central element of the plaque under consideration, seems to have been situated, as the plaque's inscription indicates, at the pinnacle of the cornice of the firm's building, on the façade facing Market Street. An 1880 letterhead/invoice of the Lachman company-"growers and dealers in wines and brandies" at 401-411 Market Street Corner of Fremont-depicts the building, though it does not emphasize the sculpture. Traditional exposition prize medallions awarded to the firm's products, bearing the dates 1872 and 1873, from Vienna and from the New England Agricultural Society, are also displayed on the letterhead. In 1885, newer and yet larger premises were required and the firm moved to Brannan Street near Second Street, where their new facility had a storage capacity of two and a half million gallons. Also noteworthy is a New York branch of the business, managed by Albert, Samuel's eldest son. Samuel Lachman was a pioneer in the transcontinental-indeed, international-expansion of the California wine trade.



The original building known as Lachman's Block on Market and Fremont, vacated by the company in

1885 and thereafter occupied by other businesses. continued to be known by its familiar name until the earthquake and fire twenty years later. When Samuel Lachman died of a heart attack in 1892 at the age of sixty-eight, he was memorialized as stout, jovial, and charitable, shrewd but fair in business dealings, and respected in the trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Lachman was reputed to be one of the finest judges of wine in the business. but also seems to have gained a reputation as something of a sharp-tongued critic when necessary. Both aspects are apparent in a presumably apocryphal story told of Lachman that today would be seen as politically most incorrect. He was said to have condemned a rival's sherry, tasting "as if it had a dead Chinaman in it." Whereupon, so the story goes, the rival investigated his own firm's vat only to find a corpse, just as Lachman had suspected! Lachman's will (as published in the press) revealed that he was a very wealthy man and a philanthropist who, though Jewish, bequeathed sums to Catholic and Protestant orphanages as well as to those for members of his own faith. He left a four-million-dollar estate (which would be worth something closer to \$100 million in today's money) primarily to his sons and daughter, who continued the family wine business. In 1894, two years after Samuel Lachman's death, the California Wine Association was formed, with Henry Lachman on the board of directors. The Association was a giant conglomerate that incorporated the S. Lachman & Co. brand as well as many others, and it lasted until Prohibition in1920, by which time it had come to control some eighty California wineries and about 85% of the state's entire wine production.

The Great Quake and Fire

This is all necessary background to the subject of the plaque, which, as mentioned above, is "The sculptured head in stone of Samuel Lachman (1824-1892) as it fell in the ruins of the Great Fire (1906) from the cornice of his firm's building S.W. corner Market and Fremont Sts. San Francisco." The scene as depicted shows collapsed masonry, yet the description makes no reference to an earthquake, mentioning only the Great Fire. The historic earthquake, which occurred on Wednesday, April 18, 1906, at 5:12 AM and lasted 28 seconds, caused but a portion of the devastation that was to befall San Francisco. Earthquakes in the area were common; there had been some 200 temblors recorded in Northern California between 1850 and 1886, most in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay. So, despite the fact that the city had been destroyed by fire some six times between 1849

and 1851 alone, people reasoned that in a quake, wooden construction was safer than brick or stone. Thus, in 1906 the large majority of homes were still built of wood although the most modern downtown buildings were constructed of steel skeletons sheathed in more traditional stonework façades. The San Andreas Fault, running northwest to southeast, was the main axis of movement during the earthquake and shook masonry buildings in the downtown area; chunks of facades cascaded onto the street by the ton. Fortunately, at five o'clock in the morning, there were few people in the business district and relatively few casualties were caused during this phase of the disaster in the commercial center. The U.S. Mint building, constructed between 1870 and 1874 only a few blocks from Market Street, was minimally damaged by the earthquake. On the other hand, cheaply constructed brick buildings, homes and businesses alike, disintegrated and their interiors became maelstroms of flying debris. Gas lines broke. electric wires fell to the ground, hearth fires were dispersed, flammable materials were strewn about and exposed, chimneys toppled releasing embers into the surrounding area-all of which resulted in a massive conflagration. The three principal water mains for the city of San Francisco, which ran along the San Andreas Fault for seven miles, ruptured in the quake, making fire fighting nearly impossible. A photograph of Market Street taken soon after the earthquake makes clear that the Lachman Block at 401-411 Market had not collapsed in the initial earthquake, but was soon on fire. Later views of Market Street facing toward the Ferry Building give a sense of the devastation on the south side of the street after the fires had done their damage but were still smoldering. Views from the Ferry Building itself up Market Street convey a sense of the general devastation wrought primarily by the great fire, that lasted some four days. An improvised railroad track to aid in rubble removal was later laid along the south side of the street, distinct from the normal trolley tracks which ran. and still run, down the center of the street. A closer-up view of the area just south of Sansome Street about this same time shows the approximate area of the Lachman Building on the left; with a little imagination one may even envisage that a large block seen on the left might be the very sculpted stone head of Samuel Lachman. But did Samuel Lachman's head really fall from the fifth floor of the building and land more or less face up, with little damage except for a broken nose? The answer seems to be that yes, it did. The sculpture was photographed lying next to the new tracks, face up in the immediate ruins, even while smoke and

dust still lingered. A picture of a man perched on the head gives a good estimate of its size, some five feet in height. Thus there can be no doubt that the head of Sam Lachman truly "fell in the ruins of the Great Fire (1906) from the cornice of his firm's building S.W. corner Market and Fremont Sts."

Artist Hans Jauchen

ne might have imagined that many of the answers to the other questions: when the medal was made, for whom, why, and indeed how-for its technique was unusual, combining a hand-engraved text onto a large, apparently cast, bronze-would be found by looking up the artist, Hans Jauchen. But information along these lines has been very hard to come by. Though Hans Jauchen was well known as a craftsman, his medallic output seems to have been vanishingly small. A repoussé plaque of his depicting a couple of trees-a hammered and chased copper sheet 24" x 18"-sold recently for \$11,500. Jauchen is said to have made small bas-relief "portraits" of the pets of wealthy society patrons. A nearly life-size bust by Jauchen of the Antarctic explorer Roald Amundsen is located in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. He worked in copper, iron, steel, aluminum, and even in silver and gold. His magnum opus is a giant altar depicting scenes from the life of Christ, commissioned by J. Pierpont Morgan and installed in Morgan's private chapel in London. Art dealers and curators of California art museums, however, know of him and value his art principally for the Arts and Crafts style bowls and vases he made, typically imprinted with his name. Jauchen taught his craft for decades at Stanford University and at U. C. Berkeley, and he was one of the literally thousands who received a "Gold Medal" at the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition held in San Francisco in 1915. However, there seems to be no record of an exhibition of his works, and no catalog of them. Brief notices that appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle in 1937 and his obituary in the same newspaper on 13 March 1970 give something of his background. Though born in Hamburg, Germany in 1883, he was of Danish ancestry. Many of his forebears were also metal craftsmen. He may have come to San Francisco about the time of the Earthquake, or possibly a few years later, having already worked in Europe for many years and having won a medal in Amsterdam. He retired in 1940 and died thirty years later at the age of eighty-seven. Unfortunately, his papers have not been preserved and, though he had many students, none, so far as I have been able to learn, have recorded their recollections of him.

A Unique Plaque?

or the first few years that this plaque was in my possession I simply assumed that it was cast in bronze and so described it to the people I queried about the object and its artist. However, in a phone conversation with a dealer in California who had never even seen the plaque, he suggested that the plaque was almost certainly made by Jauchen's usual technique: chasing-hammered out of a copper sheet from behind, then tooled from the front surface, and afterward filled with lead and a flat back applied. An examination of the plaque then revealed that indeed it didn't sound solid when tapped and it had a visible edge seam, much like a sandwiched electrotype. Despite my embarrassment at having initially misunderstood the method of manufacture. I belatedly came to understand, first, that this object made sense as Jauchen's work, and second, why it was unknown to the most advanced collectors of Californian medals as well as to art museums in the Bay Area. Presumably, it is a unique, handmade object never intended for replication.

This leaves three issues still open: when the plaque was made, why it was made, and—to me the most interesting question of all-what was its intended meaning. Is it merely a picture, a souvenir of a curious bit of detritus in the rubble of the Great Fire? Or might this plaque have been meant to convey a particular message, perhaps a philosophical reflection on hubris and nemesis. Alas, I can offer no definitive answers for these questions, at least not yet, and possibly there may never be clear explanations. Rather, this latter point enters into those interesting realms of the collector's art-speculation, and even wishful thinking. It is of course the privilege of any viewer of an art object, and especially of its owner, to consider what to make of it, and in so doing try to add something to the original creation. So I take the liberty of doing just that, by offering the following thoughts about those parts of this plaque's history that are neither intrinsically apparent nor presently discoverable despite considerable archival research.

Experts in collecting memorabilia of the San Francisco earthquake have told me that this object may simply be a souvenir, but this plaque seems to me too elaborate to be merely that; and besides, souvenirs are usually multiples designed to have broad appeal. Furthermore, it probably was not made at the time of the disaster but some years later, since Jauchen seemingly did not arrive in San Francisco until about 1910, by which time the city was long rebuilt. He certainly did not invent the composition of the scene on the medal, theatri-

cal as it appears, for there are numerous photos of the immediate aftermath of the fire in the archives of the California Historical Society that present virtually the same perspective, albeit without the plaque's dramatic text. In other words, Jauchen probably made his piece by copying a photograph -or even a postcard, themselves already souvenirs. To me, this makes it seem highly unlikely that timely commemoration was the principal reason for producing a plaque so elaborate. So why might Jauchen have made it? It has been also suggested that this plaque may have been made specifically for the Lachman family, as a memorial to Samuel Lachman and his enterprise. Hardly. One must very much doubt that the ignominious tumbling down of Lachman's head and the destruction of an edifice that bore his name would be welcome on the desk or wall of one of the wealthy heirs of the Lachman clan, still preeminent in the city's wine trade and social elite. My own speculation, admittedly unsupported by specific evidence, is that at some time after the event, perhaps five, ten, or fifteen years later, the City of San Francisco or perhaps a regional museum or gallery decided to gather and exhibit art works illustrating and interpreting the catastrophic event. That might have given Jauchen, by then an artist established in the city, the incentive and opportunity to produce a work of art specifically designed for such an exhibition. The size of the plaque, six by eight inches, is rather too big to have been hand held and seems too small for conventional display on a wall; but it might have been viewable along with other memorabilia in a showcase under glass. Still, that would not have required the addition of a handengraved text on the plaque itself. A title-card next to the plaque on display would have sufficed to explain the scene to any viewer. I therefore conclude that the artist specifically intended to convey what appears to me a philosophic perspective, a reflection that is also a warning. Place yourself not above the ordinary, ye who are wealthy, make not an idol of your own image, ye who are proud. The wealthy and powerful commercial elite of pre-earthquake San Francisco were famously ambitious and prone to luxury and self-promotion. I imagine that the Europeantrained Jauchen, unaccustomed to such selfaggrandizement, except of course by royalty and the nobility, was struck by the hubris of this brash American and, dare I say it, Jewish merchant who had erected a gigantic statue of himself on the facade of his own emporium. In the end, the message the artist has communicated, at least to me, is: Do not set yourself up as above others, for if you do so, the gods will surely bring you low.

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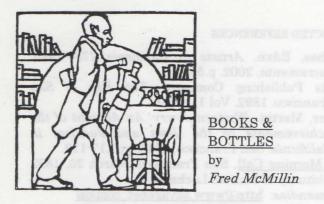
Photographic illustrations: There are many photographs of the San Francisco earthquake and fire on file at the California Historical Society, the San Francisco Public Library, and at a number of sites on the Internet, including:

http://www.sfmuseum.org/1906/photos.htmlhttp://sfpl.lib. ca.us/librarylocations/sfhistory/equake-browse.htm

http://dmoz.org/Regional/NorthAmerica/UnitedStates/ California/Localities/S/SanFrancisco/Societyand Culture/History/1906Earthquakeand Fire/

EDITOR NOTE: See <u>Wayward Tendrils Quarterly</u>, Vol.16 Nos.1–3, 2006, for Chas. Sullivan's coverage of "The Great Wine Quake."





FINIGAN'S RAINBOW

The Book: Corks & Forks. Thirty Years of Wine and Food, by Robert Finigan. Emeryville, CA: Shoemaker & Hoard / Avalon Publishing Group, 2006. 160 pp. Hardbound. \$23.

This entertaining book by wine and restaurant reviewer Robert Finigan is "as much a chronicle of the developments in food and wine through the last four decades as it is a memoir by the man who witnessed them." Recalling in a jovial, relaxed style his visits to some of the world's finest restaurants, celebrity food personalities, wineries and châteaux with their top-of-the-class winemakers, Finigan provides a delicious collection of "corks" and "forks" stories. Alexis Lichine, Robert Mondavi, Joseph Phelps, Kermit Lynch, Piero Antinori, Burton Anderson, Jean Troisgros, Michael Broadbent, Jancis Robinson, Hugh Johnson, Julia Child, M.F.K. Fisher, Bradley Ogden ... the cast of characters goes on.

Some Corks

On ROBERT MONDAVI, mid-1960s — "I was curious about the construction of the first major winery in Napa since Prohibition. While walking the site, I ran into Bob who was doing the same thing. He couldn't have been more gracious, interested in my interest, though at that point I had yet to write a word about wine. Right away he began to expound on the kinds of wine he intended to make, often using the words 'finesse' and 'innovation.' He felt too many of the Napa Cabernets lacked finesse, and the alcohol and tannin levels were way too high on these 'monsters' being made to impress critics and wine tasting groups."

On ERNEST GALLO, late 1970s — "Ernest was kind enough to invite me to his Modesto home. It wasn't so easy to find, but once I pulled into the driveway, lights came on, and security guards opened both doors simultaneously. They were uniformed exactly as California Highway Patrol officers, except their shoulder patches were imprinted 'E. & J. Gallo,' with a bunch of grapes instead of the California State emblem. (The Gallos take personal security very seriously, well aware of strikes against others of great wealth.)"

On ALEXIS LICHINE, 1970s — "I received a phone call from Alexis Lichine saying he was going to be in San Francisco to promote the newest edition of his Encyclopedia of Wine & Spirits, and could we meet for dinner? We met at The Mandarin, the finest Chinese restaurant in the City, and I immediately perceived in the impeccably tailored Lichine a man of great good will much more interested in our meeting and our meal than in making a pitch for his book. I was invited many times to his Fifth Avenue flat, where we would usually have a flute of Champagne before setting off for lunch or dinner at one of Alexis's favorite spots. In his flat, I noticed a photo warmly signed by Dwight Eisenhower. Lichine, having been drafted as a private in World War II, was identified as an expert in wine and food and was assigned as an aide-de-camp to Gen. Eisenhower, who knew little about either subject, but had to entertain regularly the likes of Winston Churchill. So entering the Army as a private, he was mustered out as a major- I'm sure having selected many a fine bottle along the way."

Some Forks

On JULIA CHILD — "Julia, as she insisted from the outset that I call her, had invited me to dinner. Paul Child, ever dapper and witty, was making drinks as I think most of us were wondering where Julia was. Just then she burst through the kitchen door, bearing a huge pan with an especially ugly fish. "This is a *cusk*!" she exclaimed. "What do you think you do with a cusk?" Everyone thought, if she didn't know, none of us was going to be much help. An hour later we sat down to the most delicious fleshy white fish..."

On JAMES BEARD — "One time, my wife and I met Jim for dinner at one of his favorite neighborhood bistros, where he tucked into *charcroute garnie*, the house specialty, served for two. This great bear of a man devoured the double portion with gusto, regaling us with stories of growing up on the Oregon coast, tales of an opera career that never took off, and delicious dishes about high-profile chefs and critics whose work he considered markedly sub-par. Beard never did pull punches."

The Bottles: In order of their appearance, here are some of the labels that get high marks in the book, and also in my San Francisco wine classes.

A Tribute to Len Evans [1930-2006] by

Peter Burke

[In our January issue we noted the passing of legendary Australian wineman, Len Evans, with a fine memorial by Darrell Corti, and invited other Tendril remembrances. Peter Burke, an Aussie surgeon with a passion for wine and its literature, has been collecting wine books for some thirty years. We are pleased to continue our tribute. — Ed.]



y affection for Len Evans goes back many years, and in collecting some thoughts regarding his wonderful life, I thought it appropriate to quote from the master himself.

To that end, I have dissected his book on Australian wine, first published in 1973 with the rather modest title of *Australia*

and New Zealand Complete Book of Wine. It has undergone several editions, and with each occasion its name has changed slightly.

In collecting these memoirs I have utilized the first edition and the fourth edition (Len Evans' Complete Book of Australian Wine). In the first edition, Len provided, inter alia, the following biographical data: "Len Evans was born of Welsh parents in England. He became interested in wine, women and golf when he was fourteen. He settled in Australia, and while writing for television and radio, he worked in a hotel on a casual basis and, typically, he became immersed in the industry within months. On the first day of 1965 he joined the wine industry and suggested the formation of The Australian Wine Bureau, of which he was the founding director. Len Evans is now a professional wine consultant, chairman of a syndicate of vignerons, restaurateur, lecturer and broadcaster on wine and food, and Australia's most widely read wine writer. His interests have remained the same since he was fourteen, only he now has little time for golf."

Tasting Notes

n this effort to assemble a personal image of Len Evans through his works, I culled through his tasting notes on Australian wine—the following caught my eye.

Wynn's Coonawarra Estate Chardonnay. "The first wine was released in 1981 and there were lots of arguments about it. Wine writers raved over it, one eminent colleague giving it 19 points at a Chardonnay tasting. Yet I didn't and don't agree. I go along with the terrific intense flavour. I like drinking it. But the wine is all "head and shoulders" nose, front and mid-palate and then cuts away quite sharply. I do hope that in the future they are able to retain all the flavour characters and yet make the wine longer and finer."

In describing McWilliam's Brut Champagne, Len reveals his intimate knowledge of the wine industry: The wine is "made by the traditional method of fermentation in the bottle (Méthode Champenoise) and aged for two and a half to three years on its yeast lees; the wine is not entirely dry, containing about 1 percent liqueuring. Total acid is about six and a half grams per litre." He then goes on to say, "In an article I wrote some years ago I stated it was a most interesting wine—it was like a middle-weight boxer, all shoulders and thin tapering legs. Well, at least that was new—it certainly hasn't been repeated since!"

Re d'Arenberg Burgundy Len wrote: "Made from shiraz and grenache grapes grown in the McLaren Vale hills and fermented together on the skin. These wines are matured in large oak casks for two years before bottling and pick up a character which I describe as 'cowshed'. This 'cowshed' character is of the farmyard, a unique flavour, with strength of flavour, which makes them quite distinct and easy to pick at tastings."

Len Evans' tasting note on perhaps Australia's best known wine, Grange Hermitage: "In 1962, when trying to define wine flavours—a job I still find extremely difficult—I described the Grange Hermitage as having the mixed flavours of raspberries, strawberries, violets, truffles and old boots. Today I still think that was a good description of the wine."

Chambers' Muscat-Old Liqueur is "An out standing dessert wine that is a blend of wines going back many years. Bill Chambers still has some of the 1890 Muscat made by his grandfather which he uses in the blend. The older years give the wine depth of flavour, character and advanced wood style, the younger years give the wine life and freshness. Often disregarded, they are probably the most indigenous wines made in Australia." This terminology, in retrospect, is quite prophetic.

Vintner Anecdotes

e now turn to some of the anecdotes that Len penned about fellow vintners.

Writing about Houghton Liqueur Frontignac, Len recalls "the resultant fully flavoured, luscious wine is tremendously powerful; a full, 'raisiny' type of wine with considerable wood. I remember having some on ice cream once, with Jack Mann, the famous winemaker of the company who has produced so many vintages. I thought it was quite splendid. With the coldness of the ice cream I couldn't quite understand what the sauce was, and asked Jack if it had taken him long to make. "Oh, yes," he said, "about 20 years."

Remembering again Bill Chambers, Len noted that Chambers' Bulk Red was a mixture of all the red varieties of the Chambers' vineyard. "Bill Chambers was at his delightful best when a customer tasted the wine and wanted to know what variety was in it. 'Hell,' he said, 'take your pick'."

Len once amusingly remembered: "I swore at a masked tasting that this wine was a French White Burgundy of fairly high quality. I said I would eat my hat if this were not so. Well, I was wrong and half an hour later I was offered a large pastry hat, Tyrolean style. Having had a three-course luncheon, I faced the thing with some alarm. Fortunately a son of a member of the party was going to a fancy dress ball and had no costume, so we baked him some pastry shoes and he went as a meat pie."

Len's pen always delivered anecdotal information, not mere tasting notes. Writing about Hardy's St. Vincent Chablis he observed, "Incidentally, St. Vincent is the patron saint of winemakers, and apparently sailors and bricklayers are also under his auspices. So if you want an ocean-going brick winery...."

On one occasion when my wife and I met Len for the first time, I immediately found that he was the chap doing all the talking, surrounded by a circle of laughing folk. He was entertaining everyone with his version of a television advertisement he had been participating in that extolled the virtues of glass, with the catch line "good things come in glass." The problem that Len faced was that he was required to film this advertisement at around 4 a.m. in the predawn dark, near Bondi Beach outside Sydney, travelling on an old fashioned horse-drawn milk cart, while reciting his lines. Len laughed that each time he started to say towards the camera "and good things come ... " the horse invariably let forth with an enormous passage of flatus. Len knew that the horse knew what was transpiring and conspired to make the recording of the advertisement as difficult as possible.

It was then that the conversation switched to a story told of the Queen of England riding in her open landau with one of the African presidents, when one of her famous greys let out an enormous fart. "Oh, I do beg your pardon," said the Queen. "That's alright, Ma'am," said the President. "I thought it was one of the horses." Len Evans combined an encyclopaedic knowledge with a wonderful passion for life and all that it had to offer, and was able to address people as a friend, irrespective of their level in society.

He once wrote of one of his friends, Max Lake: "He is a most dedicated winemaker and a man of staggering range of interest; a man who will leave his mark on the wine world of Australia. I am proud to have Max Lake as a great friend and I am continually stimulated by his presence and activities."

I believe he wrote his own epitaph one day when in a letter to me he said,

"Yours and the rest Max Lake A legend in his time."

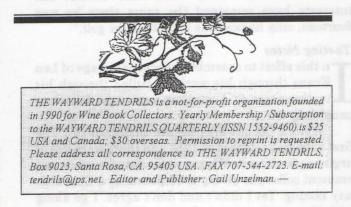
In recording this wonderful anecdote, Len Evans, unknown to himself, was indeed contributing to his own memoriam.



BOOKS & BOTTLES, cont. -

Ridge Vineyards, Opus One (Mondavi-Rothschild), Insignia (Joseph Phelps), Gallo of Sonoma, Pol Roger (Churchill's favorite fizz), Veuve Clicquot Champagne, Stag' s Leap Wine Cellars, David Bruce, Mayacamas, F. E. Trimbach (Rieslings), Ch. d'Yquem.

And, a final wine smile ... from Winston Churchill. When he was a member of Parliament, Winston was confronted by a furious female opponent who raged, "Winston, if you were my husband, I'd put poison in your wine." After a pause, Churchill replied, "Madam, if I were your husband, I'd drink it."



IN THE WINE LIBRARY by *Bob Foster*

Wine Atlas of Australia by James Halliday. Berkeley: U.C. Press, 2006. 311pp. Hardback, \$45. (Originally published in Australia).

"Buy this book!"

et me cut to the chase. If vou're a lover of Australian wines, this amazing book belongs in your library. It is superb. The author, one of Australia's most well known and influential wine writers and wine makers, has put together a fabulous work. It begins with a short introduction on the status and history of winemaking down under. The book then moves on to cover each of the growing regions in Australia. For each region there is a short essay on the history and the current goings on. This is followed by a detailed map showing the location of the wineries, the geography of the region and the major roads. Symbols indicate those wineries that have "cellar doors" (public tasting-sales rooms). A side block gives hard data such as the latitude, the heating degree days, the annual rainfall and the chief viticultural hazards. There is also a small insert map showing where in Australia the region is located. Following the maps there are short sections on the climate, the principal grape varieties in the region, and finally the soil and the topography. A large box then discusses the styles of wines made from each of the major varietals in the area.

Following all of this material on the general area there are short sections on each of the major producers of that region. In these sections Halliday gives his evaluation of the producer and a brief history. At the end, in red print, is Halliday's evaluation of what is the "Signature Wine" of that producer. There are numerous color reproductions of the labels, photographs of the owner, or the winemaker, or even the winery dog. The maps are clear, precise, and easy to read. The color photographs are detailed, lavish, and profuse. It's all a topnotch work. Buy this book! Very highly recommended.

Anthony Dias Blue's Pocket Guide to Wine 2007 by Anthony Dias Blue. New York: Simon & Schuster's Fireside Books, 2007. 357pp. Softback, \$15.

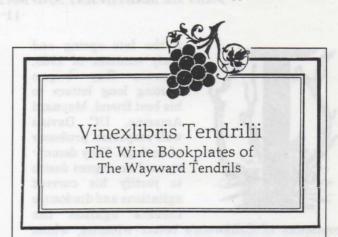
"I don't understand..."

s best I can tell, the basic premise for all of the "pocket guides" on the market is to give the consumer a handy guide to carry along to a wine store or a restaurant to assist in purchasing decisions. If this is true, then the reader needs guidance not only to producers but also to specific vintages. This book, sadly, delivers only the first step. It gives advice as to producers but not a clue as to vintages. Since some of the other pocket guides on the market give such information, the lack of it in this work is crippling.

... The cover of the book proudly proclaims that the book will help the reader "find a \$20 bottle that drinks like a \$40 bottle." Since no prices are given anywhere, I don't understand how anyone thinks this book will achieve that laudatory goal.

So what is to be said about a book that can't fulfill its stated goal of being an aid to a consumer trying to decide which specific wine to buy, but which gives a lot of other useful information? I suppose the answer is as a wine reference this work is to be recommended, but as a guide to making specific purchases, it is not recommended, as there are other works available that do provide more specific information.

[Bob Foster, a founding member of the Wayward Tendrils, writes a regular wine book review column for the <u>California Grapevine</u>. The above reviews appeared in the Feb/March 2007 issue. Their gracious permission to reprint is sincerely appreciated. — Ed.]



A FEW COPIES AVAILABLE !!

There are still a few copies of Vinexlibris Tendrilii: The Wine Bookplates of The Wayward Tendrils, handsomely produced by Isaak Buchlieber (Isaac Oelgart) in December 2000 for the Wayward Tendrils. Limited to 60 copies, with 11 tipped-in member bookplates and member commentaries on the origins of their bookplates, this collector's treasure is available at its original price of \$25 + \$4 S/H. Contact Gail at <u>tendrils</u> @jps.net.

Vinaceous Correspondents: Martin Ray's Friendships with Eminent Oenophiles The Third Article in a Series / Eleventh Section by Barbara Marinacci

This long-continuing series (published in WTQ since April 2003) portrays, primarily through correspondence and other written materials, the winegrowing life and wine quality-demanding actions of vintner Martin Ray. MR entered the California wine industry in 1936, two and a half years after the end of Prohibition, with his purchase of the Paul Masson Champagne Company. Its vineyard, winery, and chateau property (now known as The Mountain Winery), in the Saratoga hillside area of the Santa Cruz Mountains, overlooked Santa Clara (now "Silicon") Valley. In 1945, two years after selling the Masson holdings to Seagram, MR started planting vineyards, then built a home and his own small winery on the adjacent "Mt. Eden."

This segment extends the detailed coverage of Ray's close relationship with UC Davis enologist Maynard Amerine. In the late 1930s their connection was fused by a mutual desire to perfect the better wines made in California—primarily by persuading winery owners to plant or expand their vineyards with fine winegrape varieties and make unblended wines from them. (MR was an extreme foe of the pervasive blending out and mislabeling of varietal wines.)

Readers might keep in mind that Martin Ray's strident activism in the period described here (which actually had begun two decades earlier) took place 21 years (almost a generation) <u>before</u> the celebrated "Judgment of Paris," which showed the world that some California (and eventually American) wines could actually outmatch their classic French models. MR's perpetual push for quality standards and "classic" methods, which made him an industry pariah, aroused attention and encouraged other winemakers, at that time and later, to break away from the current modus operandi in the hopeful belief that they too might eventually earn decent livings by selling the fine wines they made using much smaller production methods. Wine connoisseurs also appreciated his insistence upon accurate varietal labeling. Yet few wine history books say much, if anything, about Martin Ray's long-term revolutionary efforts.

Author Barbara Marinacci, who is MR's stepdaughter, is coauthor with her mother, Eleanor Ray (ER), of Vineyards in the Sky: The Life of Legendary Vintner Martin Ray. She again thanks UC Davis Library's Special Collections (in particular, archivist John Skarstad and head Daryl Morrison) for permission to utilize documents in the Martin and Eleanor Ray Papers and for assistance in providing copies of them. And, as always, she is grateful for editor/publisher Gail Unzelman's dedication, skills, patience, and indulgence.

PART III. MARTIN RAY AND MAYNARD AMERINE (1937-1976)

-11-



n the late spring and early summer of 1955, Martin Ray began writing long letters to his best friend, Maynard Amerine, UC Davis's well-respected professor of enology. They demonstrated an urgent desire to justify his current agitations and disclosure threats against the

proprietors of California's better wineries, whom Louis Gomberg had enlisted in the new Premium Wine Producers (PWP) group. Much in this correspondence expressed MR's often venomous grievances against various winegrowers, along with a boastful confidence that he'd soon emerge as winner in his insistence upon achieving quality-enforcing measures in the industry's high end of winemaking.

An intriguing contrast and counterpoint, though, to several epistolary harangues that MR wrote to Amerine in May are the two diplomatic letters he composed to send to Lou Gomberg. Probably he sent copies to Amerine, as he customarily did over the years with important correspondence. When sending them, he'd usually enclose messages updating Maynard about activities in his business and personal lives. Invariably, too, he'd opine and gossip about wines and wine-connected people, who often were mutual acquaintances.

Martin Ray's Quality Control Plan

The letter that MR would write to Gomberg on May 16 appears to have been triggered by the irate note he'd just received from Robert Mondavi at Charles Krug, decrying MR's attacks upon the new wine group, other wine men, and wineries in the two letters he'd previously written to Gomberg and then printed for circulation among many retailers. After asking MR whether he was acquainted with libel laws, Robert Mondavi went on:

Considering your vehement antagonism towards your fellow vintners in the California premium wine class, as so clearly evidenced by your letters, it may well be that you would not feel happy in our group, even when you know our aims. That is entirely a matter for your own decision. All we could do was to extend a cordial invitation. That we have done.

Our final procedure has not as yet been formulated. Any concrete plan that you may wish to offer for consideration by our group, I feel sure will be given a careful study. I can find no such detailed plan in any of your letters to date. [5/14/55]

Thus MR now felt pushed to set down for Gomberg his specific directives for wineries to bring about their

own quality control system, well ahead of a time when they were likely to be imposed by some state or federal agency's edicts. In his preamble he expressed certain niceties.

I saw in your proposal of a group organization what I thought was a real hope of achieving something definite at last. But after the letters I received and our last talk I was inclined to accept your declaration that self imposed quality control was a long way off—that it would ultimately come but that the present generation of growers would never accept it....

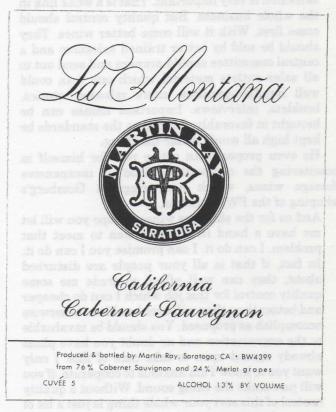
It now occurred to me with new conviction that now is the time and yours is the organization to establish self imposed quality control or be forced on record as opposing it. There could never be a better time.

So I offer you my membership and full support, subject to the approval of the majority of your group to a plan to be mutually worked out. And I suggest that the initial meeting be informally at my house with Herman Wente, John Daniel, someone from Beaulieu, yourself and 2 or 3 others important to the success of your group.

And now MR was ready to set down his proposals for consideration.

Someone has said I have never offered a concrete plan. Of course I have. But the whole idea is for a plan to be made by all of us. My suggestion is that the quality control extend only to varietals. I would propose that enforcement therefore confine itself to the listing of each grower's acreage of each varietal, that this be annually checked, that the grapes at harvest be checked against the acreage and that these findings be used as a preliminary check against the amount of wine of each varietal brought to market. I would further propose that suitable samples of each bottling of every varietal be required by the quality control and that they be tasted initially and set aside against any future requirement. I think that blends of Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, Riesling and certain other varieties should be abolished and that members should be required to bring them to market unblended. The use of any such names as "Red Pinot" or "White Pinot" when the wines are Pinot St. George and Chenin Blanc would be declared against and prohibited, and the straight forward correct names should be required for all. For a grower to market varietals he should be required to grow them or submit to the same controls the acreage he may buy from others. I would ask that making the wine be an absolute must unless the wine could be purchased from another grower-member and carry with it a certificate of origin to be authenticated by the

quality control. For those upon whom this might work an injustice of economic substance I would favor a time limit being placed upon his operations so as to give him an opportunity to plant vineyards or otherwise contract for grapes under the authority.



MR now suggested how this quality control emphasis could fit perfectly with Gomberg's and PWP's aims to widely promote the virtues of California's superior wines and wineries.

You cannot force or require quality. But these rules enforced would automatically make for labeling of wines for what they are and elimination of blending would raise surprisingly the standard of quality in all varietals. Every varietal label should carry some such words as QUALITY CONTROL, perhaps lightly imprinted across the face of the labels as the French do with their appellation controlée. Failure to live up to the controls should result in dropping a grower from membership. I see no reason for having smaller penalties for first offenders. The thing should be so enforced they could not hope to successfully operate otherwise. And the meaning of the words, QUALITY CONTROL should be publicized to establish the value of it on every grower's label. Every book on wine would describe it. Magazine articles would proclaim it. I can personally vouch for some publicity on it and favorably, too, if you can get the

growers to support the undertaking. All else you wish to do with your organization could dove-tail into the same publicity. My interest is primarily in the quality control, although I would gladly go into the other ideas I have discussed with you and help in any way members wished. The education of salesmen is very important. That is a weak link in the whole business. But quality control should come first. With it will come better wines. They should be sold by better trained salesmen and a central committee should prepare and send out to all sales outlets material which one man could well handle-pictures, news releases, stories, booklets, interviews. Important names can be brought in favorably. So long as the standards be kept high all would go for the thing.

He even proposed an active role for himself in countering the competitive flood of inexpensive foreign wines, which had triggered Gomberg's shaping of the PWP coalition.

And as for the shippers wines, I hope you will let me have a hand in training men to meet that problem. I can do it. I can promise you I can do it. In fact, if that is all your people are disturbed about, they can well afford to trade me some quality control for this job which I can do cheaper and better than they will ever be able to otherwise accomplish as proposed. You should be invaluable to the organization and no doubt you have plans already agreed upon to take care of this. I only want you to know I am anxious to cooperate, if you will just make the thing sound. Without a quality control of this sort your whole thing is just a lot of time and money out the window. Let me hear from you. [5/16/55]

MR heard back from Gomberg right away. Initially he mentioned the discord that MR had aroused among industry persons.

I, too, am deeply distressed over the recent exchanges of letters for I fear they have tended to widen the cleavage that previously existed rather than to establish the rapport that is so essential to group action. As explained over the telephone, the forwarding of your letters to the retail trade was, in my opinion, the most disturbing aspect.

Be that as it may, I have read your proposed quality control plan and, in line with your thought, it is my intention to forward it to the four wineries with whom you have been in correspondence plus any others you may wish to designate. Please advise me about this. [5/18/55]

MR answered Gomberg by return mail, again expressing an accommodating disposition.

I am glad you think we may be making progress. It would seem so.... And I am happy to know that you are forwarding my plan for quality control to

the four wineries with whom we have had the correspondence.... I would really like it very much if you would include all of your group that you think it best to include at this time. What we should seek first, it seems to me, is assent that the plan will be considered or discussed. In this way it permits everyone to participate in approving it or giving reasons for not. And the action is joint as against having something thrust at them. You will know how best to handle it. And the way you introduce it, beyond those we have already discussed it with, will be most important to their manner of considering it. It may be presented as something I have been talking up for many years or as a plan that some think must sooner or later be adopted. Or it might be introduced as a plan that is not unlike one that has been adopted successfully in France. You may wish to say that I believe it basic to meeting foreign competition and indicate that it will be more fully discussed in this light. No resolution is worth more than the force or prestige behind its sponsors. When and if it is proposed to your group for some definite action I would like to have it in such form as to carry the support of such people as Wente, Daniel, the actual leaders of your group. So, you may wish to present it to the original four in a more personal way than you think it may be best in the case of the others who may be hearing of it for the first time, more or less. This I leave entirely to you. I see what you mean with reference to your thought as to when and if the plan may be accepted. It is always difficult to carry one's exact thought to another by the spoken word only and even more so by the written word sometimes. But

as we work together it gets easier and after a time thoughts run parallel, don't you think? [5/19/55] Over the next few months Louis Gomberg continued to communicate with Martin Ray by letter and telephone. There is good reason to believe that

his patient persistence was genuine, for in fact he had long wanted quality control. He now hoped that some at least of MR's plan could be brought about in the near future. Still, he was basically the PWP's organizer, not its dictator.

MR Raises Hell About Various Premium Wine Producers

O n the day before writing the above letter to Gomberg, in which he aimed to show how his belligerence toward adversaries was mellowing, MR had written one to Amerine far less amiable in tone. It indicates that his bonhomie toward the PWP was really for show—masking a continuing vituperative bent focused on specific past affronts. Frequently his remarks appear arrogant, or else they display a paranoia that perhaps was well merited. (Over the years, other wine men's abiding dislike was often relayed; also, writers' articles featuring him were cancelled by magazine publishers, much to his and Eleanor's disappointment and disillusionment.)

MR's six-page letter to Amerine, written on May 18th, included such statements as these:

These growers think they are somehow beyond it. But they tell their visitors about me. They have become increasingly hostile since we came back into the wine-selling market a year ago. Well, I am not only taking care of our interests. I am meeting the challenge they created. I could not possibly increase their hatred. I have had it for years. They don't like honest labeling. They don't want [quality] control. Wente, Martini, lied and deceived. Mondavis asked for cuttings of Pinot Noir [in 1951]. I told them they could have them free—but I must cut them. It was set for August 1st—they were to phone me before coming. I was away getting married. I returned to find our vines cut and slashed and canes and grapes torn off without regard of anything but a hasty operation. What would you think. It was done at a point farthest from the house and out of view. Mondavis say they now have a young Pinot Noir vineyard.... Look at the so called Pinot Noir that Pelly [Prof. Angelo Pellegrini of U. of Washington] was given a couple years ago-in October late. Remember, I checked with you and you told me it was impossible that the variety would at that date remain anywhere in California still on the vines. I told Pelly. He went back with the information. It was my word. You were not in it. They hate me for that. Only last night Burgess Meredith told me of saying casually at Inglenook that he understood the correct name was Chardonnay, not Pinot Chardonnay. They jumped at him saying, "Did Martin Ray tell you that?" He says wherever he

1955 California Chardonnay Produced and Bottled by Martin Ray, Saratoga, California ALCOHOL CONTENTS 13% BY VOLUME • CONTENTS 4/5 QUART

meets wine men they show their feelings even if he did not draw them out-and this was before this incident opened, even. It has been coming back to me for months. Why, Benoist [of Almaden] was almost insanely angry at me a year ago. [See #6, in January 2006 WTQ.] It is because I can do what they cannot. If they had the minds of children they would have long ago drawn me into their group and benefitted by the things I can do they cannot.... Well, the strange thing about the whole matter is that if they repudiate my plan, refuse to have any quality controls, we will be closer to it. And if they accept it in any form however amended, we will be even more advanced. My cause cannot lose. They cannot win. Why else would Gomberg talk to me for one hour on the phone and ask me to stop writing to retailers and to get Wente and John Daniel down here and make friends with them? He said they were alarmed and could not figure out how to meet my cutting in all the retailers on the entire correspondence. I am working with about 200 of the top retailers and I have received letters from a third of them or phone calls, all favorable and delighted.

Then he began reminiscing about the years when he owned Paul Masson and first got to know Amerine—when both were beginning their separate efforts to raise the quality of California's better wines, with MR already warring with other vintners. They were gratified when improvements had come about by the late 1930s and early '40s, only to be reversed by wartime conditions that halted the making of hard liquor and favored wide consumption of any kind of wine, however poor. The greatly expanding production had mostly ruined that previous quest for fine quality. Now he was reviving that strident early activism.

It was no different 20 years ago [while proprietor of Paul Masson]. Do you remember I got out my mimeograph, so to speak, then, and I let them have it on the same subject? I was reading a copy of one of those blasts only yesterday. It was about the same thing and I hit at the same people. What good did it do? It established us. It caused them to come to me and offer to put me on every important committee of the Wine Institute and give me a Vice presidency with promise of the Presidency, if I would identify myself with them. They refused me any quality controls and I refused them. Since then they have taken over the pioneering I was doing in varietals, under your advice. [Emphasis] added.] They stopped a lot of blending and as [Frank] Schoonmaker appeared, anxious to buy our wines at any price, others kept their wines straight and quality did improve. They also saw

that I had led a way to higher prices for such wines than they had ever hoped for. Several of them told me so. And they came out with their \$2 and \$2.50 wines. [Note: In those pre-WWII years such prices doubled or tripled those for the usual generic wines, and of course would be equivalent to about \$20 or more today—now a modest cost indeed for an exceptional vintage varietal.] But the war gave them the greed that reduced their standards and now they want to be five or tentimes as big as before and still get the same prices. They want to be able to say their wines are quality or premium and have them so accepted without someone like me pointing a finger at them.

Interestingly, the PWP's coordinator himself very recently had assured MR that he was not alone in his battle to raise quality and require honesty in winemaking. But the newer wine men who agreed with MR's position weren't yet in positions to run their family businesses.

Gomberg says several of the younger generation think as I do and that has caused fighting in their families. He named Martini's son [Louis P.] and Joe Concannon's son and said there are others. [Possibly LG was thinking, too, of the younger Mondavis at Krug, Peter and Robert.]

As he kept on with his typing, MR grew increasingly vehement in his determination to bring his foes to their knees—either by blackmailing them into accepting the quality-guaranteeing conditions he'd demanded for so many years or else, if they rejected quality controls, by causing them to face scorn and rejection from retailers and knowledgeable wine consumers.

Gomberg says the old gang will never accept any self imposed quality control but that it will come when they die off. Well, he should know. I do not. But I know I have gained a great deal in this fight and I know that they stand to gain even more if they will pull away the greed that is blinding them. I can go with them or against them. But what I am doing is not new [for me] in any way. I have merely sought to take advantage of what they are doing and in such a way I can not lose and they cannot gain without going against the cause they have fought. They may just conceivably decide to go for the plan in some qualified way. I do not permit myself to think of whether or not they will accept, but to be very careful that I keep myself in a position to protect myself come what may. I will get what I want some day if I live long enough. Its pretty sad to drink some of their wines I buy. I see John Daniel is selling his "red" Pinot for the same price he gets for his Pinot Noir. Yet, he would have me accept one is St. George, the other genuine. I have bought and drunk them. It

is John that disgusts me. He is a weak man. He has always been. Yet, he sets himself up as so pure.

MR then told or reminded Maynard about the nasty conflict he'd had long ago with Inglenook's proprietor, after John Daniel had led a vineyard owner acquaintance of MR's to purchase grapevines grown from budwood of his that he claimed was Pinot Noir. But MR had known otherwise. He always remembered and relished long-held grudges.

I think of old Bill Short and how all that planting [on Monte Bello in the Santa Cruz Mtns.] was a result of John being so smug and refusing to be truthful. Short would have failed anyway. But I phoned John then and he had the nerve to tell me, hemming and hawing, that there was a difference of opinion as to just what the Pinot Noir is. He said that in Napa Valley the St. George was accepted as authentic and just because I did not agree with them did not make me right. I caused a lot of the vines to be sent back and the nursery came at John plenty mad. The story was widely spread but not by me. John now speaks of what happened 20 years ago ... but the business of Julian Street was only 10 years ago. He said then he did not approve of the "red" Pinot and "white" Pinot [mislabeling] business. He told Julian and me that it was the doings of Freddy Wildman and Bellows. He seems now to have forgotten this and speaks of "going into the matter" very carefully. He is a hypocrite and I will fight him for all times, inside an organization or from without and all like him. They can do what they like about it but they cannot survive all markets that will ultimately come.

1956 California Pinot Noir Produced and Bottled by Martin Ray, Saratoga, California ALCOHOL CONTENTS 13% BY VOLUME • CONTENTS 4/5 QUART

While MR continued his venomous predictions of other vintners' failures, he also displayed a tendency to be two-faced whenever he believed that cultivating a distasteful relationship might somehow eventually benefit either him and his winegrowing business, or else serve his penchant for transforming the higher end of the state's wine industry.

Anyone that would design the last two pieces of equipment [the Mondavis at Krug] installed for making fine wines-the crushing and juice extracting business-cannot hope to survive a buyers market. They may go for years but they don't belong in the business. I think of Wente and his hot room, his varietals and his holier than thou attitude. Both Wente and Daniel have been the tool of the distillers and now that the distillers no longer need them, they want to get another organization [i.e., the PWP, not the Wine Institute]. And Bartholomew! [Frank Bartholomew had bought Haraszthy's Buena Vista winery and vineyards in 1941.] I want to get him down here. His wife told a mutual friend recently that there are no fine Imported wines, that all California wines are better. What Ignorance, what rot. He is influential. His winery is a complete fraud. But he has power. I'd like to try to get him on the right track. It might work. He has no business going at it the way he is. He is merely buying wines and bottling. His Pinot Noir isn't even fit to drink, much less Pinot Noir. His winery hasn't even the facilities to turn out wine for family use. [5/18/55]

This letter was only the first of an extraordinary sequence of largely one-way communications. In the coming weeks Maynard Amerine's mailbox would suffer a veritable bombardment. Because his friend had mostly become silent, unresponsive, to these diatribes, MR's anxiety level began climbing ever higher—and for him that required composing even more letters to Maynard.

More Letter Blasts

Probably just after sending off his above long letter to Amerine, MR received an undated note card from him. Maybe it was Maynard's succinct comment about Martin's quality-fight tactics, following an argument they'd just had over the phone. He had written this with a pencil:

The ends do not justify the means—St. Ignatius, Hitler, and Lenin <u>et al.</u> notwithstanding. That's what I mean by not fighting fire with fire—it removes whatever moral basis one may have for fighting. -m.a.a.

(ER, when writing her son Peter soon afterwards, noted that Rusty had just sent Maynard "a wonderful cartoon about fighting fire with fire which says this is the only way.")

MR must have sat right down at the typewriter to bang out his response, once again validating his need to pillory the other California vintners.

To say the ends justify the means, is dangerous at

the least. But it is much less complicated to say. sometimes, that there is no other means. Then you have something you can consider. It is the simple problem of whether the ends warrant the effort. And that is a matter of individual appraisal. With regards these growers and the exchange of letters. I view the effort as justified. And I do not accept that there are other means. To me they are no more than a bunch of head-strong children. spoiled, grown strong but mentally undeveloped. With such you do not make the normal approach. Now, take the last letter from Gomberg, a copy herewith. Would you have thought that Wente. Daniel and Mondavi would be calmed? Well, Gomberg says they are. I know they are not and I know what is taking place. They are quieted, not calmed. And they are quieted by the threat that they are possibly to be forced on record as opposing what I have outlined as self imposed quality control. They are afraid. Now is the time for me to accept this turn of events on their appraisal. You can not be sure what will happen from day to day to upset the cart but we have made some progress and our position however you view it is much elevated in the eyes of the retailers and in the eyes of these growers. As for their liking us, no. They have hated us from the first years at Paul Masson. We have never had common interests. [5/19/55]

Then only two days after that, MR began another letter, at first gently chiding Amerine as a deserter in their wine quality crusade and suggesting that Maynard had become lily-livered.

I have come to believe that it is impossible to change another's basic way of thinking. For, our thinking is the result of the sum and total of our experiences and we think as we do as a result of what has already happened within and about us.... So, what I am doing so far as we two are concerned is only a reporting job. I do not seek to alter your thinking. I do, however, wonder what in your life has taken place to alter your thinking. Once you described to me with obvious pride and high feeling how you ran judgings, wine committee meetings. You wrote growers scorching letters and you were respected and feared by all. You most certainly are respected the more with time in many a place. But growers and even friends openly challenge you everywhere and you do not strike back.

Then MR began explicitly expressing his keen disappointment in Maynard's failure to approve of what he was doing in prodding other wine producers to change their sorry ways.

There have been a few hundred people who have already applauded what we are doing about these so called Premium Growers [*sic*] of California. Thus far, to me, only one person outside the growers themselves who are under attack has failed to approve. You. Yesterday I spent the entire day answering letters and phone calls from everywhere. Some of the telephone calls were from Los Angeles and they talked on at length just telling me how much they approved.

Because as yet this was insufficient hammering at his friend, MR went on to describe in detail the dinner he and ER had just been to at Edith Main's home, where the Esquins and Harold Price—wine people all well known to Amerine—were guests as well.

I was showing them all some of the letters received and sent and they were giving encouraging remarks. I said to them all: "Its a strange thing, of all those with whom I have discussed this or from whom I have received comments, only one person does not fully approve. You would never guess who." Lilly immediately said, "I know who" and without making a sound used her lips to say your two names. John and Price spoke up at the same instant, saying your name. I was astonished. I asked them how they could know.

During dinner an unidentified red wine had been served that MR identified as a California Cabernet; he'd found it "too soft" and "short on total acid and tannin." It was revealed as a Beaulieu claret. The other guests praised it highly. But—

Not Eleanor! She said she only wished she could understand like Maynard Amerine what is lacking in a wine or what it has too much of. She told of how you have been able always to tell her things she could not herself otherwise understand. She said that when she could not get satisfaction out of a wine and when she suspects it is lacking in acid she would like to <u>know</u> if that is the trouble and just how much acid it might have and should have to be satisfying.

Having delivered ER's tribute to Maynard, MR didn't hesitate to pile on the others' disagreeable comments afterward, informing him how wine connoisseurs and winery reps, and therefore the wine retailers they dealt with, increasingly disrespected him now.

Price went at once into a minor tizzy and said: "Whenever I taste with those fellows at Davis they can't see the woods for the trees. They are so concerned with the technical knowledge they can't judge the wines." Well, we lit into him and you were not defended by anyone but us. They did not personalize it, Lilly made a little talk about how wonderful you are but the men openly revolted at your being held up as a wine judge. John didn't fail to add that you know a lot about California wines but know nothing about foreign wines. It was the Esquin-Lucia dinner all over again. [This was described by MR to MA in #6, in WTQs January 2006 issue.] And retailers you may never have heard of have been told by the salesmen of the growers I attack that you are this and that and anything but what you are. You are being discredited everywhere in the public eye. Not so many years ago they would not have dared raise their voice to anyone against you. I have not heard it said about me that my wines or my vineyards are not as represented. They can only say of me that they do not like what I do or my method. But they now strike at your very abilities and you now defend them, in a sense.

Then MR moved on to Lou Gomberg, who in his most recent phone conversation had expressed his intention to offer MR's specific quality control proposals for consideration at the PWP's next meeting, to take place in the coming month.

At least you do not believe I am going at it right when it is perfectly apparent not only that the public does approve but I am getting somewhere. Witness the spectacle of Gomberg now presenting my plan to growers. And keep in mind it is those I attack that are paying for his time and material as he sends out to them my plan. Also note, he now speaks of the <u>possibility</u> of the plan being considered for adoption. And he seeks to withdraw from his statement to me that such quality control would never be adopted in our life time. That was what he said to me—in our lifetime.

MR now referred to his and ER's ongoing efforts to persuade a national magazine (*Life* was their primary target) to cover, in a major story, the conflict he'd stirred up with the Premium Wine Producers of California. He was feeling more confident now of victory.

I let Gomberg slip out of it, you note. He must save face and self if he is to help me put this over. Now we have a magazine story coming on it and maybe one more. I can spare enough time to keep popping away at them and something good may yet come of it. I will give them satisfaction if they will give me the chance but don't ever let it be said that any of them wanted it. I hope to make it ultimately their plan. You can see I am working toward that. But they all hate it. They want to continue to be respected crooks.... So far as California wines are concerned, they are not respected nearly so much as before the war. They had their great chance. After the war the retailers actually were saying that our wines are better than any of the imports. Their stand was shocking. But the public just got fed up with the wines and they have turned and are daily turning away from them.

And here MR was back at the bottom line of his objections to the PWP's plan to publicize widely, through all media, the patriotic desirability of buying American wines—that is, California wines, and *not* the imported ones. MR, having proposed an alternative way, was now at his battle station.

The thing to do is obviously improve quality, control labeling and meet competition. They planned to do all they could to keep the imports out and I called them on it and then they said they meant only to attack the cheaper imports. I told them they could not attack \$1 French wines and praise \$4 French wines. The tariff and the TV will treat them all alike. So they then take personal exception to what I say about them personally. I tell them I will force them to accept or reject some form of self imposed quality control and that I will not be frightened by the threats they hurl at me and so now they think I have done a good job in calming their feelings! This after I have talked straighter to them than ever before. I told Mondavi he had failed to deny that his Pinot Noir is a fraud and I repeated it.

After MR dispensed some further observations, he tried cajoling his former comrade-in-arms to join up again, if only by supplying wise words from the sidelines. But what he really wanted was for Amerine to assume co-leadership in this campaign.

Now, what I tell you Maynard, you must force these fellows into any quality move that is successful. Or circumstances must. French wines will force them to the wall if they do not move first. That might be best but they are now well fortified, for the most part, with their ill gotten gains and they could hold out a long time. Another war will probably come and that would save them again and possibly forever.

You could not use my methods but I think you should come out for some reform. I would like to work into my suggestions to the growers some of your ideas if you will propose them. As I have said, you should be the one heading up this move. How do you think Hilgard would react? [Prof. Eugene V. Hilgard, founder in the late 19th century of University of California's viticulture and enology programs, was long vilified by many commercial wine men because of his adamant quality stance.] Sometime earlier, Maynard had invited the Rays

up to Davis for an afternoon dinner, as he often did—just as he came to them on Mt. Eden from time to time. So MR in signing off said:

We are looking forward to seeing you shortly. Remember, I have no personal feeling toward you about whatever you say on this action. I am reporting to you what we are doing and why we are doing [it] and what I think about your stand and what others think. I expect that you will continue to think as you believe best. Is that not reasonable and right?

Eleanor joins me in sending you our love.

Then, as if he hadn't already said enough, MR typed in some additional comments in the left margin. If he had managed to do these things, why hadn't the other vintners as well?

When I took over Paul Masson I found my position just like that of these growers at this time. Vineyards were all mixed, wines were blended and labels were put on as sales required. I pulled out vines, learned about varieties, replanted, got new labels and within a year had accomplished what none of these people have even been willing to discuss doing. They have been at it for years and many of them were born into it. If they wanted to do anything about it they would have done it long ago. There are a lot of practices I would like to attack but I do not want to scatter my shot. Other varieties are involved, too. But I think the attack should be concentrated in one place. [5/21/55]

In a clear response to this latest diatribe, Maynard sent MR an undated card with a message written in blue ink. First he commented about their mutual acquaintances' nasty criticism of his abilities as a wine judge, then about the purported contempt expressed by members of the wine industry. And finally he disputed MR's portrayal of his cowardly withdrawal from the wine quality battleground.

Still no comment. If my "friends" talk of me that way they must feel I am pretty bad. The industry has seldom liked what I do. When my TAC talk of May 13th is published you will see that I am not idle.

Despite his friend's insinuation, Amerine had not abandoned his own ardent advocacy of improving California's wines. Apparently, though, he hadn't told Martin beforehand much, if anything, about the presentation he was scheduled to give to attendees at the Wine Institute's Technical Advisory Committee (TAC) meeting on May 13.

By now Amerine had already delivered his hardhitting talk. Its title was "Some Facts and Fancies About Winemaking and Wines." And he obviously intended to send a copy to Martin Ray, once it got duplicated for distribution.



[To be continued next issue]

