

Pilsner And Steinfuller Pass On Tradition

Siglinda Steinfuller, the Schlitz Dean of Beer, has traced her roots back to Hopsundmalt, a quaint village in the southeast part of northwest Bavaria. It was there her great grandfather, Horst Steinfuller, met Brunhilde Tankard. Horst was

best known by the village of Hopsundmalt as a devil-may-care lad who spent most of his time brewing trouble. However, after meeting and marrying Brunhilde, he settled down and started brewing beer.

Horst and Brunhilde had three children, one of whom was their only son, Sterno. It was Sterno who inherited his father's interest in beer -- an interest which eventually concerned itself with production of

beer rather than just the drinking of it.

Sterno came to the U.S. in 1926 and, in 1928, married the lonely Sally Schooner, wealthy daughter of a shipping magnate. Aided somewhat by

Sally's encouragement, but mostly by her money, Sterno started a small brewery in Milwaukee, Wis. Though determined to do well, Sterno failed. It was only because of his wife's inherited wealth that the Steinfullers were able to survive as a family.

One member of that family, their son, Filmy, was fascinated by the beer business and became not a producer but an avid student of brewing. He determined early in his studies that the reason his father's brewing venture failed was because the beer was rotten. Filmy's extensive research showed that another Milwaukee beer -- Schlitz -- was the most delicious he had ever tasted. He felt he could be of greatest service to the beer drinkers of the world by spreading the gospel of this quality brew. He determined this would be his life work.

Unfortunately, Filmy Steinfuller was called to his great reward at an early age. The only child of his marriage to Pora Pilsener was a girl. On his deathbed, Filmy called his daughter to his side, and tried to convey to her how important it was that people learn about Schlitz.

That daughter had already determined that she wanted to be the first female authority on the subject of beer. She had been conducting her own research, and had concluded independently that Schlitz was the finest beer available. Siglinda assured her father that she understood the significance of his work and that she would carry on.

Upon Filmy's death, Siglinda Steinfuller threw herself into her work. She studied and drunk day and night, and became more convinced than ever that she would carry on her father's crusade. She attended brewing schools, took part in taste tests, visited pubs, taverns, saloons, fraternity houses and sought the advise of friends and experts. All this merely served to reinforce what she and her father before her had learned -- that there was no finer beer made than Schlitz.

Her expertise and capacity for beer are now universally recognized and that is why Siglinda Steinfuller today bears the heady title of the Schlitz Dean of Beer.



In our last issue, dated March 10, we had asked for photos with aesthetic value. This is an example.

A Strange Poem With Typographical Errors

Sir Lancelot grabbag shudder
grammophone Hindu beeswax
thunder --
yesterday we called to the
gravy moon
an inner pizza way-way tune
I sang to a jinx-god
I call to infinite microfilm
I am the refreshed bleeding
moon
snow and grave peril away
from the bus station
Greyhound, doghound, bitch
and sway --
I am the time-ripe computer
I tick, I knock
at false doors fishing in red
fright water

I am the dusty clouds, the
clown, a parchment
of the instrument you write --
I am the refreshed tune
The beetle, the fucking dog,
one fucking cow or bloody
lizard of Ravena
The blood city of the
blodsuckers
the home port of Eric's tydied
ships
the gastly fucking capital of
millions
of bugs of fucking bugs
glasses of orange wines, a
crystal tombstone
a streetlight for flames eternal
a castle, a fucking queen of

castles
the blood the fucking menstrual
sauce
the disease, shit of a nation
encircled with moss, the daisy
in the fields of Danes and
mermaids is my obvious home,
I am a Beetle in heat,
a worldly wordy salamander in
Hyacinth
Houses
a dune blowing in Autumn,
a gold sceptre and purple
mouse cape
disguised by a sneeze --
I am the world computer, a
manuscript fable
needing to be told through the

eyes of an Aesop.
I am living I can remain
in the orange groves under
countless nova oranges
a freudian dream of hidden
paridoasia
of parachutes and shoveled
roses
una purgatorian Dante with
blindfolded virgins
alone to hear of woos and baas
Sir internal pistons, internal
combustion
classical chariotd and subur-
ban dog boxes
whores for a ration of their
chocolate eclair
dress stress like chamois brass

bra, grab --
I am the carpenter, the
horseman of the Valkyries.
I am the timespan, the bomb
set for next days
and groans from oriental teas
andorange spices,
snuff and incense of the golden
age
in Odyssey and Ecstasy.
I am the automated Homer, the
dreamed Ulysses
was an internal eternal
tombstone
a crystal Chevy chariot shining
from Mars
to be continued eventually
misspellings, rumors, tumors,