



Here's to Kaegan's Brown Barrel.

Henry's Promise.

Newly arrived in Baltimore, a young German brewmaster, Henry Weinhard, was scouting the city as a likely place to follow in the footsteps of other famous German-American brewers.

But then, he heard of a land that flowed with milk and honey; but no beer! The Oregon Territory.

Quickly, Henry cabled his backers to ship supplies to Portland and took passage on the next clipper ship to Oregon.

On his way from the Baltimore docks, a man with a plank across the top of two barrels announced his calling with a hand-painted sign that read: "Saloon."

The offering the man proudly served? "Why! It's Kaegan's Brown Barrel!

"It's what we drink here in Baltimore, advertised the impromptu saloon-keeper.

"Unless you can help it," countered a customer.

Henry tried it. And his finely-tuned German palette sent him to his bed for the remainder of the day.

"Kaegan's Brown Barrel" was grim good humor for an on-the-spot mixture of cheap whiskey, watered down to half-and-half, with ginger, red peppers and several plugs of chewing tobacco thrown in for "the taste."

Henry's introduction to "what we drink here in Baltimore" caused him to vow, "The men of this fair city will soon

be rid of Kaegan's Brown Barrel, if I have to ship my beer by wagon train over The Oregon Trail."

How Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve® came to Baltimore.

In his lifetime, that couldn't happen; the beer never got to Baltimore, but Henry should be forgiven on two counts.

He hadn't learned of the difficulties of "The Trail," and he hadn't learned how thirsty were the Oregonians.

Thankfully though, nearly a century and a half later, Henry's beer is here, brewed locally to Henry's rigid recipe, guidelines and principles.

So hoist one in honor of Kaegan's Brown Barrel. Thanks to that evil concoction, Henry's beer has finally found its way to Baltimore.

ABOUT HENRY'S BEER.

In 1865, Henry Weinhard made a beer using only the finest hops, the most-expensive two-row barley, and a brewing process that was measured in results instead of time.

Favorably compared to the finest beers of the world, it was unfortunately so costly to produce, that it remained a beer he reserved for the private enjoyment of his close friends.

Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve.

