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# HOP PRESS

**ISSUE NUMBER 14 DECEMBER 1984** 

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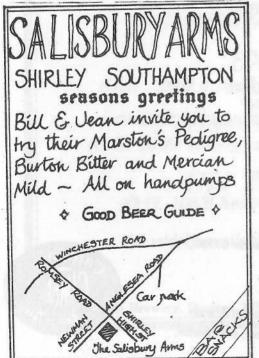
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### EDITORIAL

It now seems certain that Pompey Royal will disappear from your local soon after Christmas.

Pompey is a fine best bitter with a distinctive flavour. Its future has been uncertain since the closure of the Portsmouth Brewery, after which production was switched to Cheltenham.

What makes the loss of Pompey a particularly bad event for drinkers is that it is once again a victory for the big brewers and their attempts to 'nationalise' the beer we drink!

Whitbreads will now be supplying only Strong Country and Flowers Original to pubs in this area from the Cheltenham Brewery.

Other beers will still be available in some favoured outlets, at premium prices.



Pompey itself has changed, it was originally brewed with an o.g. of 1047 but this was later dropped to 1043.

The Flowers Original that you will find replacing Pompey Royal just does not have the character or flavour and is — I think – yet another nationally supplied bland beer that is being forced upon the drinking public whether we like it or not.

I expect the reason for its demise will be given as 'lack of demand' this may well have been engineered by removing it from the list of beers available to a large part of the tied trade!

#### COLOUR THE COVER COMPETITION

The very fine cover of this edition (the work of the talented artist Robert Jowitt) will doubtless be recognised by connoisseurs of art and beer as being derived from the famous poster by Mucha for the Bieres de la Meuse (French Real Ale now part of the BSN group - France has its problems too!)

Unfortunately costs preclude the Hop Press from printing the cover in colour, but our readers may like to colour it themselves, with felt pens or crayons... Please observe the following guidelines:

Hops, holly and mistletoe - Green
Holly berries - Red
Panel behind the hops - very light brown
Panel behind the girl's hair and the
holly - ditto
Panel round the CAMRA motif - light blue
Winter Warmer and Christmas panels tasteful red
Areas with diagonal shading - delicate
pink
Areas with horizontal shading - delicate
green
Girl's hair - gold tending to red (note

mistleto e in hair)

Girl's gown - purple or mauve, good marks will be given for folds well treated, and note that the garment is draped about her right arm and flows up from below the beer mug to the right i.e. between her left arm and the edge of the gown is a section of bare flesh a.v. hereinafter.

Girl's flesh - flesh coloured i.e. pink, tastefully handled

Girl's beer mug - colour of glass plus colour of your favourite beer. Pay very careful attention to where the foam on top of the mua ceases and where the airl's hair starts

Girl's lips - red Any zones not mentioned above colour ad lib.....

Readers may return their efforts to the Hop Press, giving their age (please be over 18) profession - if respectable, and please note that graphic artists etc will be handicapped 10 points, their

favourite pub, their favourite beer, and how many pints of same they had drunk when embarked upon colouring the

The prize for the best coloured cover will be a mention in the next (or next but one or so) issue of Hop Press, plus free copies of free Hop Press delivered to your door for one year if you can prove you are incapable of collecting your free Hop Press from your local pub.

We have not yet received replies from the many eminent persons upon whom we have called to judge this contest but when they all refuse you may be assured that even if the Archbishop and the Major General are not viewing your work other notable persons of equal calibre (including the editors of Hop Press) will be open to several forms of bribery!



THE RISING SUN WINCHESTER

- Ged Wallis

At the foot of St Giles Hill in Bridge Street, close to Winchester City Centre, sits one of the city's oldest pubs, the Rising Sun. Steeped in history, the pub has been on the site since medieval times, but two centuries before the current building was established, a shop by track where the bar now stands.

The timber framed building is easily recognisable from the exterior as Tudor, and there is much evidence of its origins. Historic Cellar still to be seen inside.

During the middle ages the pub was named the New Inn and is believed to

have also served as the Bishop's court, known as the 'Court of the Soke' (for those charged with drinking after hours perhaps?) Stocks stood at the front of the pub and the inner cellar was used as a cell for prisoners before they were removed to London. The Bishop's occupied what is now the cellar, fronted jurisdiction was, apparantly, independent of the city; those prisoners were presumably convicted of serious or religeous crimes.

Perhaps the most fasinating part of the building is the early medieval inner cellar itself. Built of stone blacks in



seasons greetings from

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the shape of a round arch, it resembles a stretch of tunnel, currently about fifteen feet long and wide, with the entrance through a tudor arched doorway. Set into the ceiling are the remains of medieval nails and eyelets, reminders of its gruesome history. The previous landlord showed an 84 year old visitor around the pub, who claimed that when he had last visited the cellar some fifty years earlier, chains and manacles were still hanging from the ceiling! Sadly, probably through the modern penchant for uniformity and tidiness, these have long since vanished.

#### Blood Runs Through the Walls.....

The cellar walls have to be repainted frequently because, as the landlord assured me, 'Blood runs through the walls'.

Sure enough, during my visit, there was a dark red sticky liquid oozing through that mortar - a ghostly reminder of its grisly past perhaps or is there a more logical explanation? Who knows?

During recent construction work on a site opposite the pub, a network of tunnels was discovered. Local historians are now convinced that a tunnel once led from the rear of the cellar to the old Wolvsey Castle nearby, and they plan to carry out some exploratory sonic work there in the near future to confirm this and perhaps excavate.

The average drinker, however, would probably prefer to remain one floor above in one of the pub's two bars. Although not completely separated there is a room to the rear of the pub with pool tables, whilst the long front bar serves as a lounge and at one end of this is a recently opened raised area,



partly partitioned off where darts can be played. Drinks are served in the main area only.

Throughout its low ceilinged rooms there are a lot of original timbers, wood panelled walls and exposed brickwork. A welcoming fireplace, dated from the 18th Century, warms the lounge with its blazing logs during winter.

Surprisingly this pub is not 'up-market' or trendy but is much more a locals' local, a community pub with thriving social activities. The pubgoers are typically in their twenties and thirties and are mostly regulars.

Between them they boast no less than three football teams (successful), four pool teams, a ladies' and two mens' darts teams, two quiz teams and a crib team.' Long live the Real pub!

One annual event has now established itself on the pub's summer calendar the annual fun-run in June. Competitors are expected to run up the 200 steps behind the pub to the top of St Giles Hill, around the hill and back down again - FIVE TIMES!! (But

### **CRICKETERS**

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REAL ALE TRADITIONALLY SERVED SKITTLE OPEN!

before or after beer??) Avisiting marathon runner tried it and afterwards decided that his sport was easier.

Before Christmas a £40,000 facelift will be given to the pub. This will mainly consist of redecoration, a modification of the bar shape to make it more efficient, and replacing some 'plastic' furniture with something more in keeping with the pub's character – which we're assured will not be altered.

Currently the only Real Ale served is Courage Directors, but following the facelift, handpumped Best Bitter will also be available.

This lively pub is ably run by landlord Steve Sankey and his wife Lyn. Bed and breakfast is also available and there is a beer garden at the rear. Bar Snacks are served all the time during opening hours.

Oh! and of course there is is a ghost. Some residents are reported to have seen it – and the previous landlords son spoke to it regularly. Who is it? Nobody really knows – but could it be his blood on the cellar walls?

### QUICK HALVES

CAMRA contributed 1% of British
Tourists to Czechoslovakia this year!
(But the percentage of czechoslovakian beer sales attributed to CAMRA is an unrecorded statistic)!

Quote 1: When asked in a newly opened pub why they didn't have any Real Ale, the reply was "The Management policy here is to be unlike most other pubs in Winchester and specialise in not selling Real Ale".

I thought you could get unreal ale anywhere!



Quote 2: From an ancient country gent in a delightful Dorset rural pub.. "I despair of the mentality of brewers today..."

Quote 3: At a recent CAMRA meeting, the new membership package was being discussed. When the meeting was informed that the package drew on the experience of campaigns that were very successful at getting new members such as, for example, CND, one attendee was heard to ask "Does this mean we can expect certain areas to be declared "Whitbread-Free Zones?"

### **Branch Activities**

11 December: Branch Meeting at
Ship, Winchester (changed
from King Al fred)

15 December Docks Walk~ about 8.00 pm Frog & Friga €e, Southampton 8.30 Marsh. 3 January Committee Meeting
Rising Sun; Horton Heath

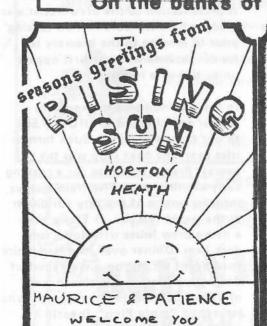
8 January Branch Meeting at Anglers, Bishopstoke

29 January Committee Meeting at Queens, Colden Common

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### PILSEN FOR A PINT!

"All the way to Czechoslovakia for a pint - you must be mad!" my working colleagues exclaimed in amazement. Well, it beats a three hour pilgrimage to Ventnor to sample Burts. So, with another goal to conquer. I set off with three other local members for London to pick up our coach to Pilsen. In all fortyfive thirsty CAMRA members headed out through the London rush hour for Dover. An evening meal on the ferry was followed by a few wets and and then we were in Bologne. We sped through the night, to reach the Czech border at 11 in the morning.

Once over the border, Danny (CAMRA'S) full time research officerin his role as leader bought the first round of some fifty beers. here we learnt our first lesson in drinking Czech style, one must sit at a table to get served - no seat - no beer! The relief was lifegiving to parts of our tired bodies that certain British 'lagers' have not even discovered.

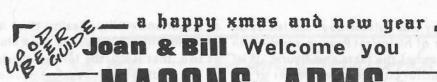
Our next stop was at our hotelin the town of Pilsen in West Bohemia. Here we were able to re lax for a few hours prior to the night's festivities. The entertainment for the evening accompanied by a brass band and a magnificent display of Bohemian of Pilsen Urquell beer p romoted a festive atmosphere and encouraged our intermingling with cother parties of Belgians, Germans an ed Russians.

Suffice It to say that one of our Hampshire members came out equal first in an international version of musical chairs!

Saturday's breakfast of meat stew(!) was taken with some caution although a roll-call revealed that we were all present if not too correct. On then to the famous Pilsen Urquell brewery where our Czech guide, Jan, came into action translating sentence by sentence the welcome of the beaming head brewer. A film was then followed by a tour of the brewery, which then led on to the magnificent banqueting hall with its white table cloths.

Once seated, invitingly large glasses of beer appeared - replenished at will. A presentation to the brewmaster was made, where we were invited to 'sing' prior to moving to the brewery tap for lunch; here was our first opportunity to buy a round.

In the afternoon we drove to the capital and checked in (HO-HO.Ed) to our three star hotel. Such formalities over, the next stop was the nearest Prague alehouse for a relaxing early evening pint. The tram took us into the centre of the city for dinner at the world-famous U Fleku pub a home brew house offering a tasty was in the restaurant - t he dinner was dark beer. Dinner over, the Hampshire contingent set out on a walkabout of downtown Prague. By eleven most dancing. The unlimited consumption of us had had our fill, except one who screeched "more Pivo" (beer) - it worked, only five glasses appeared the wildly gesticulating had been misinterpreted...



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### 🛮 seasons greetings 🚃 YOU'LL GET A WARM WELCOME FROM . MAC AND PAULINE AT THE MARSTON'S MERCIAN MILD . BR PEDIGREE . OND RODGER

Sunday was culture day. Jan led us on a tour of historical Prague, revelling in his grasp of the facts and figures. It is a beautiful city, with examples of of every European style, a pleasant break from the serious purpose of our trip.

Lunch was at a former Augustinian monastary, U Svateho Tomase where beer had been brewed until 1950. today Tomase is one of Pragues most atmospheric ale houses - replete with all kinds of vaults and nooks and crannies. Branik special washed down the excellent lunch.

The tour concluded with a visit to the castle, a stiff climb through ancient streets, although courage for the climb was bolstered by a stop at the Vulture (U Supa). More of the Branik brewery's malty special - a pity that tourists to this country would be denied such a Sunday afternoon pleasure. Dinner was at 'U Kalicha', reputedlythe favorite pub of 'The Good Soldier Schweik', - yet more Urquell and entertainment from manic waiters.

Another city pub crawl was abruptly curtailed at nine of clock when all the Prague beer taps were turned off in anticipation of a government increase in beer prices - from 20p to 30p a pint!

Monday's breakfast over, the 'Ampshire 'Ogs took took in a last 'shopping trip to Pragues old city centre, where we were gratified to find bars willing to sell beer at pre budget prices. Lunch was again at the Pilsen brewery tap on the first leg of the road home - a last opportunity to arm with take-aways to ward off the onset

of Dover and reality. Reality that is £1 a pint in a 'plastic' pub that closes at two, that is a battle for the existence of our traditional ales against monopoly breweries.

Let's hope that Czechoslavakia never needs a CAMRA to preserve its fine brewing and pub tradition it has today.

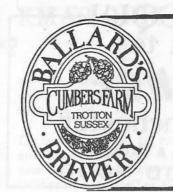
lan Drinkwater

#### CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The untold story ...

lan Drinkwater has not revealed a true life drama that took place during this visit – we learnt of this little tale through other sources ....

It seems that one of the party was a Glaswegian of the 'Jimmy' school, who betwixt two of the many ale houses he graced his company with, felt the need to answer the call of nature. Suitable premises of insufficient quantity, it seems, to meet the urgency of his needs, and he was forced, as any self respecting Glaswegian would, to improvise. A small cul-de-sac, dim in the evening light, provided the answer to his prayer, cover being provided by a conveniently placed truck.

But hardly had the rear wheel of the truck received its first splash when the rear door burst open and he suddenly found himself surrounded by a host of men-of-the-law and an equal number of sub-machine guns. The ensuing 'conversation' in their respective Glaswegian and Slovakian languages must go down in history as one of the world's most unproductive of political negotiations. Suffice it to say that our hero parted £2.50 the lighter and left a bemused clutch of policemen with a story to tell their grandchildren!



# Drink Ballands .....

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wishing all our customers a merry xmas

# Carol and Gary Welcome You ST JAMES OF TAVERN

Wadworth IPA, 6X, Old Timer

Readers of 'Whats Brewing', the monthly magazine for CAMRA members, will have read in the September issue about the award scheme of CAMRA'S Pub Preservation Group. Its purpose is to assess the development of public house architecture and to applaud the sensitive restoration of our existing pub stock; to this end, entries are invited from brewers and pub owners and from CAMRA members for the Best New Pub and the Best Refurbished Pub opened in England and Wales during the year. A plaque is awarded for each winner to display.

Since all entries are inspected by volunteer CAMRA judges, the selection process is a long one. The 1983 awards have just been announced.

#### BEST NEW PUB CATEGORY

Award for a pub, opened in 1983, eithe r newly built or converted from another non-pub building. Eight entries were considered but for the second year in successionnone was considered to have enough merit to warrant am award.

# BARRY & JACQUI welcome you to

# THE EXCHANGE

Southgate St Winchester
COURAGE Best Bitter & Directors
REAL ALE & GOOD FOOD

#### wishing all our customers a merry xmas

BEST CONSERVATION OR REF-URBISHMENT

Here fifty-six entries entries were considered and approximately one third of these reached the short list. The awards made were:

\* The Joe Goodwin Memorial Award for the best urban pub - two joint winners, both owned by Allied Breweries.

The Prince Arthur, Liverpool 9. The Albion, Leeds.

\* Four other pubs had commendations, three also from Allied:

Argyll Arms, London W1.
Boars Head, Leigh, Lancashire.
Lincoln Arms, Weybridge, Surrey.
and one from Thwaites Brewery:

Waggon and Horses, Brierfield, Lancashire.

You will notice the predominance of pubs from Allied Breweries; this is not favoritism but may give the other entrants food for thought as to what is needed to merit an award.

Of all of the entries, eighteen were of pubs belonging to the Allied group; however there were also four from the Watney Mann group, four from Whitbread, four from Tolly Cobbold of Ipswich and three from Banks of Wolverhampton. Seventeen were nominated by individuals.

The criteria for winning are primarily architectural, including immagination, competence in design, and workmanship. 'Pubness' is also considered, including the physical and social surroundings, the atmosphere and the clientele. Although quality of service and availability of good ale may be considered, the awards are not dependant on Real Ale being served.

Incidentally, there were only two entries from Southern Hampshire. Will this year see more local nominations? After all, ther are plenty of pub al terations in the area these days (mentioning no names, Whitbread) - are none of them worthy of nomination?

# XMAS QUIZ

Here's a simple little quiz for you to ponder over whilst digesting your Christmas pud.....

The answers to most, but not all of the questions, can be found in the Good Beer Guide, Frank Bailey's "The Beer Drinker's Companion" or John Burkes' "The English Inn".

The prize for the first all correct or nearest to all correct answers will be a 1985 Good Beer Guide.

Please send your answers to:

C Excell, 105 Elder Close, Badger Farm Winchester SO22 4LL to arrive by 14 January 1985.

- What is the connection between Brighton Rock and Abbot Ale?
- 2. Which brewery trade mark is a bee?
- 3. Which brewery trade mark is two bees on a barrel.
- 4. Whose ordinary bitter is three B's?
- 5. Which Dorset pub would not be able to accommodate the giant living nearby?
- 6. The brewery museum in Stamford, Lincs, was once the brewery of which company?
- 7. William Cobbett was born in a pub in Farnham. What was its original name?

# J 33 33

- 8. Adnams brewery uses a character in armour holding a bell for its trade mark. Who was he and where can he be seen?
- 9. Which Stockbridge pub could be connected with a collection of stories by Arthur C Clark?
- 10. What is the connection between The Bear & Ragged Staff at Michelmersh and the House of Warwick?



### seasons greetings from



For fine traditional ales and delicious home cooked food, take a trip into the country and visit The Woolpack Inn

The Skittles Alley has re-opened and advance books nas for parties and private functions are now being taken

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#### BY BILL TIDY lKEG BUSTER YOU DIDN'T KNOW THEY BREW AND THEY'VE NEVER STOPPED AM I SEEING THINGS? BREWING SINCE IN SPITE OF THEIR OWN? SAINT GOLLOCH ... BEING SACKED ... FOUNDED THE .. BY VIKINGS, PICTS, SCOTS, NO. THE BROTHERS DELIVER EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING. AND EVEN WHEN HENRY VIII ... ORDER IN 844... W MARKET WILL DISSOLVED THE MONASTERY WHAT A TRIUMPH FOR KINELL ! THE SECRET RECIPE SURVIVED. THE ROUNDHEADS BURNED FAITH AND SHEER WE'RE HOPING THE SAG CAN STOP EM THEM OUT. I MUST TRY OLD .IN 1643 BUT IT WAS GOLLOCHS A PINT, HARRY NLY A TEMPORARY SETBACK

KEG BUSTER appears every month in "What's Brewing" the monthly magazine for CAMRA members

### Pub News By Aged Swill

Southampton has a host of pub items this month, so we'll kick off there.

The first good news is that the Waterloo in Dukes Road, Bevois Valley which was very run down and due to close de-licensed, has had a change of fortune. Not only has a new landlord been found to take it over, but he is installing hand pumps for Courage Best bitter and Directors previously it was all Keg. We wish him the very best of luck with his venture, From a Real Ale drinker's point of view this has enhanced yet again an area which, only a few years ago, was a desert. A second Real Ale gain is at the Drummond Arms, Highfield, where after a revamp new tenants Rex and Molly Cam have installed Strong Country and Flowers Original, The only sad note is that the pub has lost its public bar. We do, however, wish them a hearty welcome and every success.

The management of Charlie Brown's the Humble Plum have written to ensure us that they are a Free House with no brewery ties and point out that as well as Whitbread and Wadworth 6X they also serve Draught Bass - which is a good selection for a local.

Some more new faces behind the bar...Again at Highfield, welcome to Maureen and Doug at the Crown Inn, and in Woolston's New Bridge Inn we greet managers John and Cathy. Bittern's Percy Arms has reopened, with a new landlord, no dartboard and two Real Ales - Websters and HSB. Best of luck there too. In Millbrook we welcome new pintpullers to the Fighting Cocks,

we learn that previous hosts Denis and Chris have moved to the Queens Head at Burley. Good luck to all of you.

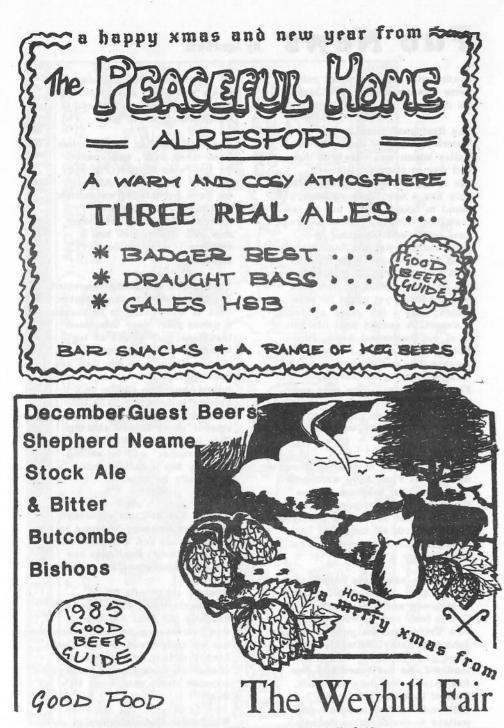
The Cliff Hotel in Woolston has been taken over, and opened by the Peter Knight (Pig and Whistle) consortium. Although we have no details, we assume that two of the ales are Privett and BDS. Their other new pub Nellies Nob has a children's room on Sunday lunchtime.

Three pubs are being renovated. It's rumoured that the Hampton Park in Swavthling is to become a games pub; does this mean traditional pub games or tag wrestling in the lounge? The Winston Hotel near the Dell has been gutted, but no news on its future, and The Griffin in Shirley is having a £120,000 face lift. Finally there's a rumour going around that the Gate Inn's Winter Warmer 'Gate-crusher' will be selling for only 80p a half - could this really be true?

Hamble has had one reported change of tenancy; welcome to new hosts Marion and Bernie Morant at the Victory. Real Ales are Strong Country and Flowers.

Mystery surrounds the Chamberlayne Arms in Eastleigh. Recently the Real Ale line up was increased to include Dorchester; but we understand there's also been a sudden and unexpected change of management. Perhaps someone could shed some light on

Winchester has a mixture of good



and bad news. We bid a fond farewell farewell to long standing tenants Alf and Mabs of the St. James Tavern; they saw the pub through its transition from a Whitbread to a Wadworth pub a couple of years ago. We welcome, at the same time new pint-pullers Gary and Carol Brindle.

Also leaving are Dave and Jo managers of The Vine; Dave is heading for a new post teaching trainee managers. We welcome incoming managers Andy and Teresa.

The very best to all of them.

A regained pub is usually good news. The coach station which closed down a few months ago has reopened as a free house names 'Flamingo Park'. A total transformation has changed it from a rather drab pair of bars to a flashy, ultramodern bar restaurant complex.

Up market and definitely aimed at the younger set and trainee astronauts, it will form the nucleus of a motel planned for the sight. Sad to note that nowhere is the welcoming sight of a handpump; perhaps the management policy will change?

The Rising Sun, as reported in Inn Sight will shortly have a £40,000 revamp, which will include installing a hand pump for Best Bitter. At the Stanmore Hotel, there's apparently been a change of management; there's an ideal opportunity to have it re-introduced. We welcome the new manager and hope to see some of the Real stuff back again soon!

The Southgate Hotel has added Coopers Cask Ale to its increasing range. Never heard of it? You're not alone. Our investigations revealed that the distributors are an Allied Breweries subsiduary, but the sales manageress there claimed not to know where the beer is brewed.

The bad, bad news for Winchester is that it no longer has a homebrew pub. The Mash Tun, up for sale, had its brewery dismantled and taken away on the first weekend in December. We understand from manager Chris that MTB and GT will be brewed in the Ringwood Brewery and supplied from there, and its continued existence and low price policy is a condition of sale. We're assured too that the quality will not change. We find it hard to understand though how it can be more economic to produce such a small amount of beer and ship it in from 30 miles away. We suspect there may soon be some changes.

To the far North of our area. theres been a change of ownership at the Woolpack in the remote hamlet of Totford. Anyone who remembers the tiny, rural gem of the pub that it was before being desecrated by the previous owners, will be pleased to learn that the new landlord leans far more towards the concept of a traditional couratry pub. We warmly welcome retired police inspector Tony Davie and his wife Margaret, who was a midwifery sister at St Peter's hospital in Chertsey. Real Ales are currently Tamplins bitter and Gales HSB, as before, but with the added rarity of Bishops Bitter from Somerset. If you're very pregnant and thirsting for a drop of something diffe rent, seems like the ideal place to head for ! .

Finally a couple of items from the Romesey area. The Newport in Braisshfield is serving 5X this

a happy xmas and new year

# CENTURION New Milton

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#### BADGER TRADITIONAL ALES

~ wishing all our customers a merry xmas



DAK PANELLED THROUGHOUT

FLOWERS ORIGINAL -STRONG COUNTRY IN PRIME CONDITION.

A WIDE RANGE OF BAR HEALS AND SNACKS AVAILABLE LUNCHTIME



year for the first time, and going well by all accounts. In Romsey itself the Abbey has a new landlord; the best of luck to him in his new job.



Brian & Carol

welcome you to the

# LONGMEAD ARMS

MARSTON'S Mild Bitter Pedigree

EASTLEIGH'S ONLY GOOD BEER GUIDE PUB

### Do-it-yourself

The Theatre Bar, Jewry Street, Winchester, is holding a COMPETITION to discover the finest Home-made Wine and the best Home-made Beer.

The following Classes may be entered:

WINES: 1: White 2: Red

3: Fruit, Vegetable & Others

BEER: 4: Bitter 5: Special Bitter

Judging by a team of Knowledgeable experts and connoisseurs takes place on Tuesday 26 March 1985 at the Theatre Bar.

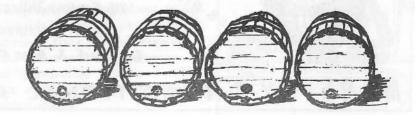


PRIZES will be offered by Fermentation Brew-It-Yourself Centre, 34.Jewry St., Winchester for the overall winner:

Best Beer: 40 pint Pressure Barrel with valve & cylinder.

Best Wine: 5 gallon Fermenter with 5 gallon wine kit.

Entry forms at 50 pence per entrant are available at the Theatre Bar and Fermentation, and posters giving full details are on display.



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#### CHARITY PARACHUTE JUMP

The Doppler Unit of the Princess Anne Hospital is likely to be better of by £300 because the landlord of the Anchor in Southampton decided to leap out of an aircraft at 2000 foot.

Four Southampton pubs were represented in this charity event which took place on the 11 October; they were The Sun, The Queen, The Red Lion and The Anchor

The jump was due to take place on 23 September after training with the Red Devils at Aldershot, however this was delayed until 11 October by bad weather conditions.

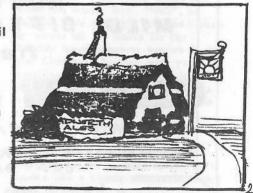
When the call came, at 8.30 am on 11th October, our bold pint-pullers were raring to go (so they would have us believe).

One intrepid parachutist is quoted as saying "The worst moment was taking off and knowing we'd have to get off at 2000 foot ".

All four landlords landed safely on the Queen's Parade, Aldershot about 20 yards from the target. Well done lad's - I'm sure the charity concerned appreciates your lunatic tendancies....

#### SHED SKITTLES ....

Councillors at a meeting of the planing committee of Test Valley council heard that empty barrels from Whitbread's Romsey depot had toppled into adjacent private gardens. In one case a garden shed was destroyed. As Whitbread's Gate Inn pub brewery in Southampton sells a winterbrew called 'Gatecrasher', can we now expect a new brew from Whitbread - 'Shedcrusher'?





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### Winchester Pub Quiz

The finals of Winchester's Knock-out pub quiz will be fought on Wednesday 19 December between The Bell, St Cross and The Hop Inn.

Organiser and question-setter, Mike Williamson has been extremely pleased with the way the series has run.

The teams have enjoyed what turned out to be a hard fought (and thought) contest, with excellent hospitality provided by the landlords and landladies of Winchester.

The final will be held in the Rising Sun (see this month's Innsight).

STOCKING FILLER?

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### A QUIET CHRISTMAS

by Ken Hill

It must have been a few years ago but I know it was the year that I promised to be home on time for Christmas Eve. Not only on time, but in a reasonable state to boot. For too many years, so my wife reckoned, I'd fallen through the door at about 3.30 pm, absolutely legless, and made the start to Christmas a misery for all concerned, what with my hangover and lack of jollity.

As it happened, Christmas Eve, fell on a Friday that year, and I spent from Monday to Thursday resisting all the blandishments from the blokes in the office to "have a few jars before we pack up for Christmas". But on the Thursday, Harry came to

see me in the office. Now Harry was a likeable fellow, always one for the jokes and laughter, a born bachelor, and a chap who liked his pint. So when he came in with a face as long as a fiddle, I naturally asked him what the matter was. "Well", he began, "It's all right for you blokes to swear off the booze for the Friday lunch session; you've all got the Christmas holiday with your families to look forward to. Me all I've got to look forward to is a miserable meal on my own in some hotel or the other, a few drinks, and the telly for the rest of the day. I can't get home to my folks (Harry lived way up north) and they're too old to come to me, so it looks like a bloody miserable weekemd to me".

Now I hadn't thought of it like that at all. As far as us married blokes were concerned, Harry had it made. No one to worry about, out all hours with various dolly birds, and go where you please. But what indeed about the Christmas holiday, essentially a family affair.

To cut a long story short, my heart melted and I cautiously agreed to have a drink with him on the Christmas Eve lunchtime, In company with another bloke called Gordon. Now Gordon was married, with a young nipper, and was the model of sobriety. No harm could come of it, I thought. The next day we all congregated in the office, swapped cards, presents and best wishes, and did all the things we all do on Christmas Eve. By about 11.30 Harry was getting restless and dropping large hints about opening hours. So we collected Gordon and set off for the pub nearest my place. The grand plan was that I would drive both of them to my house ('cos it was on the way to the pub) leave the car parked outside my house (this was in the early days of the breath test and I didn't take any chance - still don't, if it comes to that) and then walk to the pub. Gordon only lived a few hundred yards from my place, and Harry reckoned he'd get a taxi later.

My wife raised an eyebrow when I arrived on the doorstep at 12 noon precisely, and I cheerily told her about the arrangements. On hearing that it was only Harry, Gordon and me, she relented and said 'Oh, all right then. Don't be too long" and sent me off with a cherry wave.

To the "New Queen's Head" we went (all right you purists. I couldn't move house and that was the nearest pub) and got snugly ensconced in the Public Bar by ten past twelve.

The first pint went down a treat, and we were just searching for the next topic of conversation when the door flew open and in came this bloke called Ray. He didn't work in our area, but we all knew him. "Come and join us" was the chorus, and Ray brought the next round with him. I'd only known Ray in work, never been out with him before in my life. Little did I know (or Gordon for that matter) that he was a p--artist of some repute! Within half-anhour, the table was awash with ullage, we'd all had about six pints, and the jokes were flying fast and furious.

To cap it all, at about quarter-to-one, in swept this vision of loveliness, Helen, a volatile blond who worked in our group. She had the habit of wearing micro-mini skirts (and if you don't remember those, that's your tough luck!) and tight sweaters. A real Bombshell. The Public went quiet as her delightful fair mop poked around the door, and completely silent as her body followed. You could almost hear the wishful thinking. Then she spotted our little group and let out a squeal of delight ... "Harry, Gordon, Ken" she yelled and literally flung herself across our laps. "Buy me drink, sweetie", she whispered in Harry's ear, and he needed no second bidding!

Apparently she was looking for the department "do", unbeknown to us taking place next door in the lounge bar. It took almost half-an-hour before that fact dawned and she reluctantly tore herself away. I tell you, our stock in that pub had never stood higher!

Our despondency only lasted about ten minutes, then Ray had us in fits of laighter over another of his jokes.

Time passed, and so did we - out!

Before you could blink an eye, the guv'nor was trying to pour us out the door. It was 3.0pm!. After the slurred "G'byes", "Merry Whatsits" and "Happy Doodahs" had died down, I wended my way home. Home to another rucking - which was compounded when I fell fast asleep with one leg in and





one out of my trousers (I'd decided to change before settling down to decorating the Christmas tree).

It's strange, but bachelors seem to affect my Christmasses. There was another called Ted, who I worked with many, many years ago, who was not unlike Harry, actually. Nice, pleasant bloke, but hated to go off on his own for the public holidays. Anyway, at this particular firm, we all saved up from about August (2/6d. a week there that dates it) for the grand booze-up at Christmas. Built into the office block was a pub, "The Red Lion" which you won't know, 'cos this happened in London. We all repaired to the "Lion" by about 11.00 am and spent our hard-earned half-crowns in as short a time as poss.

Ted was a big feller, but he could'nt drink. Well, put it this way, he could drink, but as he always insisted on Barley Wines, he didn't last long! After about twenty minutes (and four Barley Wines), Ted became a drag in the crowed. He was falling asleep on his feet. Several blokes commented on how he was spoiling the party (mainly because all the dolly birds were saying, "Ah, poor Ted. What a shame" and all that) so we decided to do something about it.

With no more ado, three of us humped him outside, sat him on the pillion of my scooter, and "roped" him on with the belt of his Gaberdine mac. And off I set through the sn-eets of London! I got to the Victoria Embankment, the nearest straight stretch, and opened the boke up to it's full, magnificent 50 mph. Now that may not sound much, but on Christmas Eve, at about 5 degrees below freezing, and with a skinful, it has a great shock value!

Poor Ted came round with a start half way along, screamed,, and clung on to me for grim death umntil I'd deposited him back in the Red Lion. "W-w-what s-s-silly b-b-b-bastard thought that one uppppp" he chattemed when he'd

got his breath back. All to little avail. I'm afraid, 'cos by the time we'd poured two brandies down his screech to revive him, he was as cut as he was before - and the dolly birds were even more sympathetic now!. Finally, it was another bachelor who got me into dead lumber before Ted. He shall be nameless, mainly because I can't remember much about the whole affair, let alone his name. I was supposed to be making my way from one side of London to the other to spend a quiet Christmas with my parents in-laws at Enfield, Middlesex (another glorious reminder of the past!). I was doing my National Service at the time. and had come down from Rutland (is there no end to this nostalgia?) where I was stationed, to London. On the train I met this other airman who, coincidentally, had a bottle of Scotch with him... Now I didn't particularly want to go to this Family get-together, so by the time we parted company at the terminus. I was in the right mood to take on a few more libations and stagger off into the night.

Never again do I want to try to cross London legless! The only way I could make out which bus I needed was by looking at the roof - the one I wanted was a trolley-bus (oh, ask yer Dad!). I had to keep getting off for a pee, and kept missing the next one, I got to Enfield at 7.00 pm instead of lunch-time. Boy, was I popular - especially with Mum, who still thought of me as her little blue eyed boy!.

So I don't bother about "quiet" Christmasses any more, I just decide to get as
pie-eyed as possible and simply warn
my nearest and dearest that I MAY be
a little late getting home. They too
have given up on me, and sigh loudly
but fondly (I hope) when I arrive.
Mind you, with the increasing days
added to the holiday today, the chances
of actually getting pissed on Christmas
Eve are getting remote. It almost seems
as though the break starts in midDecember, Have a nice quiet time everyone. Merry Christmas!





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