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Southern Hampshire Branch.



A MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO ALL OUR READERS

HOP PRESS



ISSUE No 17 CHRISTMAS 1985

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Editor Charlie Excell. 105 Elder Close, Winchester. 63706
Editorial and production team: Ged Wallis, Norman Spalding
Cover designed by Robert Jowitt

Published by Camra Southern Hampshire Branch.
Printed by Sarsen Press, 21 Hyde Street, Winchester.



wishing all our customers a merry xmas
John & Heather Snelgrove

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Editorial

One of the least controversial features of the pub scene is the inn-sign – or so I thought until recently.

Reports in the local press have brought to light a considerable rumpus over Whitbread's latest signs erected outside the Clump at Chilworth and the Barleycorn at Cadnam. One of our correspondents has also taken considerable exception to the new painted sign outside the Rising Sun in Shirley (see Loud Raspberry for Whitbread's Slice of Orange).

The signs outside the Clump and the Barleycorn are both of the traditional swinging type surrounded by very ornate wrought iron work. The Rising Sun has a painted sign, the sun is represented by a slice of orange.

A quick thumb through a few books soon showed me that the controversy is nothing new. The great coaching era was the heyday of the inn-sign, when inn-keepers vied with each other to erect the largest and most amazing arches, galleys or gantries outside, often proving hazardous to travellers.

One of these arches was outside the Scole Inn at Scole, Norfolk, it cost over £1,000 to build in 1771.

There are still a few surviving signs that straddle roads – examples are to be found at the Fox and Hounds at Barley, Herts, and at the Blacks Head at Ashbourne.

Planning regulations, luckily, forbid the erection of signs that could be a danger to the public, and indeed, special permission is needed if a sign is illuminated. I can only assume, therefore, that every work of art by Chef and Brewer, Roast Inn, Beefeater or Ferret Fryer has had planning agreement.

Although there are still many interesting and attractive signs to be found, still many others are drab and faded, doing little to enhance the appearance of the pubs. Some of the latest neon offerings are pretty hideous, more suited to ice cream parlours than good honest boozers.

Whether its message is cryptic or direct, any pub will benefit from a good quality hand painted sign swinging outside. Who knows, maybe with the £2,000 million predicted to be spent on pub refurbishments in the near future, a trifle may be set aside to pay artists to produce some really eye-catching inn signs.

Branch Activities

- Dec 10 Branch Meeting: Anglers, Bishopstoke.
- Dec 13 Southampton Docks walkabout, starting Eagle, Palmerston Rd, 7.30.
- Dec 21 Christmas Party, IBM club, Hursley.
- Jan 7 Committee Meeting: Rising Sun, Winchester.
- Jan 18 Social Evening with Portsmouth branch, Bishops Waltham.

Branch Contact: Derek Markell, Soton 784537

seasons greetings

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seasons greetings

INN-SIGHT

The Greyhound, Broughton.
By Charlie Excell



Pumpkins and ocean liners are the order of the day when you visit the Greyhound at Broughton, near Stockbridge.

Pumpkins, because the pub has its own pumpkin club of international repute. It is 'twinned' with the pumpkin club of Centerville, Ohio, where the town is closed for three days during the annual pumpkin festival. The Greyhound's record is for a 100lb monster; if you're not sure what to do with a pumpkin of this size, a recipe book at the pub lists over 400 dishes.

Ocean liners, because photographs of the Cunard Line cover the walls. There are many fine examples of poster art from the times when transatlantic travel was luxurious and carefree. The reason for so much Cunard memorabilia? The landlord was the company's entertainment manager for many years.

The pub itself dates back to the 17th century, though little remains from those far off days when it was an ale house and its original name was the

Three Greyhounds, the coat of arms of the Dowse family.

Major alterations were made around 1820 when the Greyhound became an hotel which it remained until the 1950s. In 1898 Bass and Worthington were on sale, and a night's accommodation cost the weary traveller 1/6^D (7 1/2p!). Strong of Romsey took the pub over in the early 1900s and later it was acquired by the Winchester Brewing Co., which in turn was bought out by Marstons, who still own it today.

The tenancy is currently in the capable hands of Pam and Ken Leckie who have pulled many a pint there since 1975. They succeeded the Joyce family who ran it from 1912 to 1975 - a fine record! The Joyce's obviously had a little side line, as records show that around 1912 whisky was bought in bulk and blended on the premises.

Many old pubs seem to have mysterious tunnels, the Greyhound is no exception. Rumour has it that a tunnel

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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links the pub with a nearby market house, though its purpose is unknown. (Any suggestions? Ed.)

A more unpleasant story is far more recent. Last year Pam Leckie was stopped and robbed while on her way to the bank with the pub's takings. The robbery took place in a chilling spot 'Leonard's Grave', where many years ago a highway man of that name was hanged. Pam's assailant has unfortunately not yet been caught.

The Greyhound is a comfortable pub where Marston's Mild, Burton Bitter, Pedigree and Owd Rodger is also available most evenings, with prices varying from 40p for sandwiches to £5.20 for steaks.

This pleasant rural pub has been justifiably featured in the Good Beer Guide for many years - seek it out, it's worth a visit.

Stomping at the Savoy!

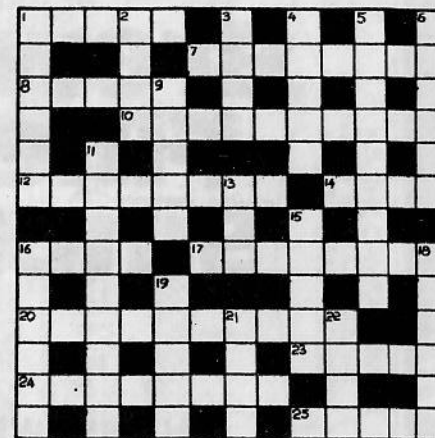
A delightful tale came to us courtesy of the popular local Real Ale and Thunder Band. It seems that they were booked for a function at the Savoy Hotel in London (supported by the Joe Loss ensemble!). The organisers felt that it would be very appropriate, in view of the band's name, for Real Ale to be featured. The Savoy Management, taken aback, responded that such a beverage was not normally supplied there. However, after they were reminded that several thousand simple pubs up and down the country seemed to have no trouble obtaining it, they conceded. Humble Real Ale has made it to the top!

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

Compiled by DAVE QUINTON

ACROSS

1. A number of french hens? (5)
7. What shepherds are when separating the sheep from the goats. (8)
8. A crowd of milkmaids? (5)
10. Wise men on the run? (10)
12. Old-fashioned evening is part of the event I describe. (8)
14. A flight of Colly Birds? (4)
16. Teas spilt in the home of the Magi? (4)
17. The state of a Christmas rose at this time of year? (2,6)
20. Teas inside may be from Java. (4,6)
23. Relation helping with the decorations? (5)
24. I've suffered, lack colour, and may turn out gushing. (8)
25. A flock of swimming swans? (5)



DOWN

1. Christmas days. (6)
2. Come-back from the choir of angels? (4)
3. Group of Christmas drummers? (4)
4. Day of the goose? (5)
5. Odds on the gold rings against the turtle doves? (4,2,3)
6. Get tighter when the sappers turn up after the pipe band. (6)
9. Tell it, and shame the Devil! (5)
11. Eats well even though Christmas is cancelled? (6,3)
13. Animal man with key in Christmas story. (3)
15. Endless refill upsets angel. (5)
16. Team of dancing ladies? (6)
18. What Christ might be each Christmas? (6)
19. Day of the partridge? (5)
21. Bird of peace. (4)
22. Stuffing for the Wise Man! (4)



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George Gale & Co Ltd

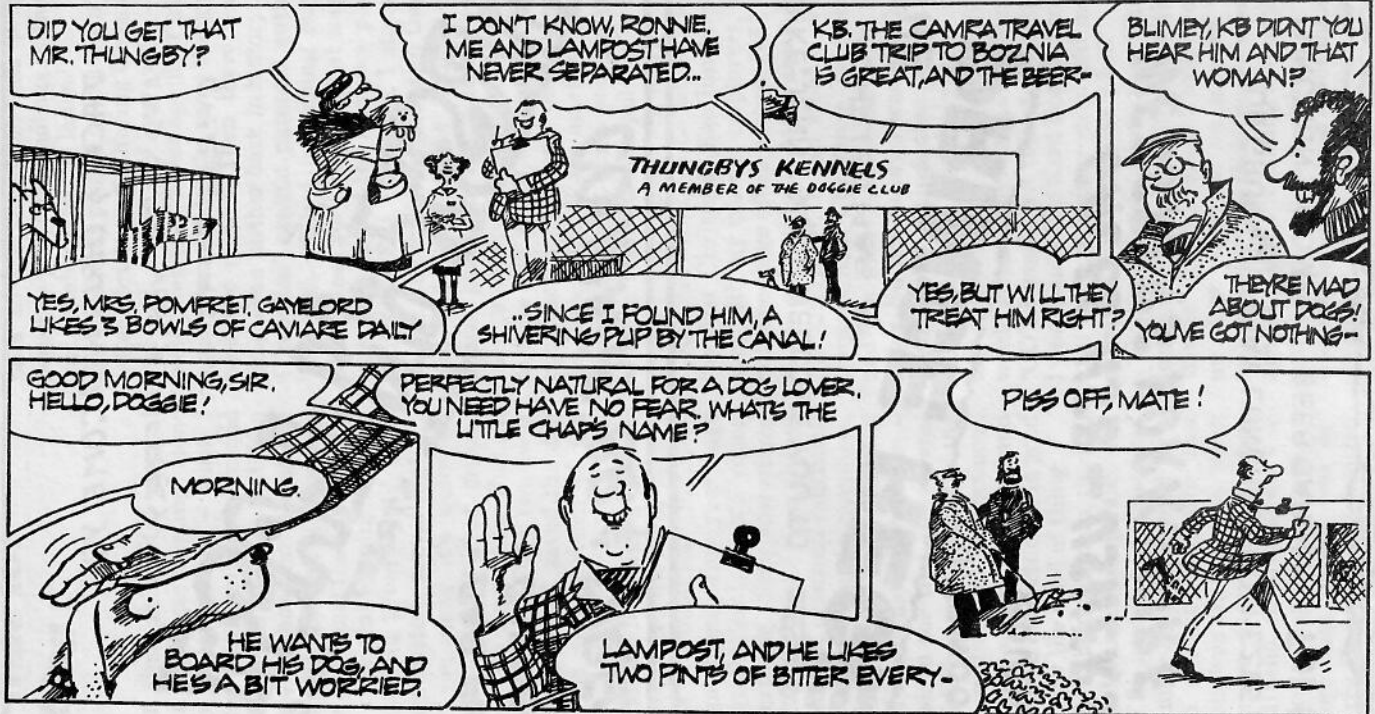


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KEG BUSTER

BY BILL TIDY



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

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AND WISH YOU A MERRY
CHRISTMAS...

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A First time for everything

by Ken Hill

For the first time in thirty years, I recently left a "business meeting" stone cold sober to go to another - when I returned, 'later that evening' (as is said in all the best novels) I was quite taken aback to discover how far along the Bacchanalian path the rest of them had got. Have you ever done the same? Gone away from a convivial evening, only to return later to find a very jolly, hail-fellow-well-met attitude prevailing?

I can tell you now, it's quite an experience! One thought that crosses your mind is, "do I get like that in similar circumstances?" Only two swift pints of "Farmers Glory" saved the day and brought me within reach of the others!

Anyway, it set me to thinking of other "firsts". For instance, the first time I ever attended a "business" function. That was some twenty-five years ago and I was a bright, enthusiastic young thing in advertising. The Advertising Agency I worked for at the time always held a series of pre-Christmas functions; one for the Clients, one for the Suppliers, and one for the Staff. The Managing Director roped me in as the link man - it was my task to see that the several dozen bottles of Champagne reached the right people (in the right proportions), that food was laid on, and that hats and coats were received and returned in good order - you know the kind of thing.

After a stint in the cloakroom, the MD came along and said, "Go upstairs and enjoy yourself for a while" - so upstairs I went. I was immediately accosted by a large lady in a Rent-a-Tent fur coat (genuine - this was in the days when there were more furry things than people around) who, in turn said, "You look like a nice young man" (again, in the days before that phrase was degraded by Larry Grayson) and insisted on my having a Bloody Mary. Several of

these later, I was unceremoniously sent back to the cloakroom and promptly began to pass out handbags to the men and Homburgs to the ladies!

I was finally poured onto a train home (after 'christening' Charing Cross itself) and had to face my new wife - completely legless. "Never again!" I moaned - and promptly did the same thing at the next two parties! Then there was the time, even further back in history, when I "rebelled" against parental authority. This was when I was doing National Service (ask yer Dad what that was!) and was "expected" at the relatives' place for Christmas Eve. Of course, I stopped off on the way for a few jars with the boys, and ended up at the Aunties house almost paralytic. Black mark no. 1. I then proceeded to ask for a Scotch, only to have the wrath of the gods descend upon me, for "the men" only ever asked for Brown Ale! Black mark no. 2. When I persuaded most of my younger cousins to come round to the pub for a decent drink, I incurred a black mark no.3!

Another "first" came when I went to the first Christmas Eve lunchtime session with my current employers, who do *not* encourage office parties. Off I trotted to the pub and got home about 3.30 in the afternoon. I had trouble with my trousers, the Christmas Tree, talking, and the kids - not necessarily in that order. Suffice to say I was not the most popular of husbands that year.

That went on for a few years, until the day I announced yet another first - I would go straight home, I would not pass "GO", I would not collect 200 pints, and I would miss Old Kent Road if I could. By 1.30 pm my wife crossly told me to go down the pub and relax a bit!

Getting away from the Christmas scene a little, but staying within the Winter Solstice area, I well remember my first pubcrawl on bicycles. It was fully reported in these pages some years ago now, but the lasting memory is that you really can't do it on bikes (whatever it is you have in mind - but mainly pub crawling). You tend to fall off before you've had enough.



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WHYTTIE
HARTIE**
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GALES ALES
AND
BAR SNACKS
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That epic cycle ride, with Aged Swill and GMB, reminds me of my first "Booze Cruise" too. Sorry; for the uninitiated, that's the trip to France for the Christmas stocks, or Super Streakers, as ours was called. Leaving Southampton for Le Havre, complete with bikes and camping gear, was an adventure in itself (c.f. these pages, a couple of years ago). I think the moment that sticks in the mind most was "The Lunch". Bearing in mind that we set off in a force 10 gale and that we three were anaesthetised by the time we passed the Isle of Wight, it came as somewhat of a surprise to find that, some two hours into the trip, the numbers in the lounge had dwindled more than somewhat. We inadvertently got rid of the last dozen people by Aged Swill breezily asking "Who's for lunch?" and me replying, "Not for me, thanks - I've brought liver sausage sandwiches!"

But all the foregoing pales into insignificance when compared to my real "first" - my FIRST drink! Now, you've really got to cast your minds back; not quite into the Palaeolithic, but at least as far back as World War II. Like many another youngster, I was evacuated. Not once, but twice! On the second occasion, during the "doodlebug" invasion of London (the V.I. menace to the military historian), I was sent to stay with an Aunt of mine on the Welsh border. To be exact, a little village called Brockweir in the Wye Valley.

I went through all the varied initiation ceremonies that evacuees went through, and survived until the first Summer. Then, along with my cousin and the local lads, I got roped into "working on the farm". One of the jobs we were given was to muck out the cow byre. In itself, a little less than interesting! But the fun started when we'd finished. Farmer Brown (honest!) kindly offered us 8 to 10 year-olds a choice - sixpence (2½p) each or as much cider as we could drink.

Now Farmer Brown (I'm not kidding - honest!) made his own Cider. I now gather it's called "Scrupmy" and com-

mands a very high price in the Home Counties - is that right? Anyway, we lads all settled for the cider and hunkered down in the cool, cool cellar of the farmhouse, out of the blazing August sun with the scent of new mown hay in our nostrils (who said you don't get quality prose in these pages?) and quaffed a few pints.

PINTS??? yes, pints! After three (only 3? Ed. I was only 8! K.H.), I (apparently) staggered out into the hot sun, clambered onto the wall of the paddock, and was only restrained with difficulty from fighting the bull! Adrian Mole, eat yer heart out! Worse was to come. After lurching home to Auntie Elsie's, I collapsed and passed out. THREE DAYS later, I was still slightly pissed every time I had a drink of water. Net result - a complete inability to serve anyone a pint of cider some forty years later without averting the eyes and nostrils!

Yes, I have been back since, but alas, Farmer Brown is no more, and I couldn't bring myself to ask for a pint of cider from the new owner. Neither could I find the other first in my little life, the lady who introduced be to bucolic sex. But that's another story!



seasons greetings

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PARTIES & OUTSIDE BARS CATERED FOR
LARGE CAR PARK CHILDRENS GARDEN

MARSTONS REAL ALES

a happy xmas

The RISING SUN

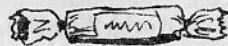
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The Anchor Inn

GOOD BEER GUIDE

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OAK PANELLED THROUGHOUT

FLOWERS ORIGINAL -
STRONG COUNTRY
IN PRIME CONDITION.

A WIDE RANGE OF BAR MEALS
AND SNACKS AVAILABLE LUNCHTIME

Quick Halves

Wet flannel

A RARE attempt at honest advertising from an Australian lager, West End Export. Selling under the slogan "The world's wettest beer," high hopes were held for a new truthful approach (below).



The world's wettest beer.

Alas, the sales blurb did not live up to expectations and the rest of the advertising was written in standard hype.

In case you may be considering trying it, I warn you it has "a distinctly smooth flavour" (ie. it's tasteless) and it has "unique thirst-quenching ability" (ie. it's mainly water).

Down again

BEER production in August was 3.237 million bulk barrels — a decrease of 2.5% for the same month last year. In the calendar year to date, production has been 24.247 million barrels, a decrease of 1.3% on 1984.

Allied Invasion

FORGET the centre-page spreads in the Sunday newspaper business sections. Ignore the filthy rumours spread about on the floor of the Stock Exchange. If you want to see the real campaign against the Elders bid for Allied Breweries, visit the Mechanics Arms in Deptford.

Tony Hall, the Truman who runs this all-keg house, and who sells therein pints of Watney's imitation of Foster's imitation of proper lager could not understand it.

"I'd never seen them before. They were just ordinary blokes and weren't drunk," he bleated. The first one came in, bought a pint of Fosters and left it on the bar, departing without touching it. The second came in, bought a pint of Fosters, took it outside the pub and poured it down the drain.

Elders, Watch under!

Mildest Mary

A WINNER has been found for Nottingham branch's contest to find the city's oldest beer drinker. She is 94-year-old mild toper Mary Denham, who has been supping the dark brew regularly since 1910. Mary, a former barmaid, still makes it along to her local, the Eagle in Howbeck Road, Arnold, most lunchtimes. At the last count Mary had a total of 290 grand children. She said: "A lot of people say drink isn't good for you. I am sure it's kept me going." She cites juke boxes and one-armed bandits as the worst things she has seen happen to pubs during her 76 year career at the bar.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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Weyhill Andover Hampshire.

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OVERHEARD IN A LOCAL WHITBREAD PUB AT CLOSING TIME...

LANDLORD, "Can you drink up now please, we had the police in last night"

PUNTER, "Bet they soon left when they saw the prices"

S+N BID FOR MATTY'S

BY NORMAN SPALDING

Readers may have noticed the recent announcement in the national press that the Monopolies and Mergers Commission has decided to allow Scottish & Newcastle Breweries' takeover bid for Matthew Brown of Blackburn to proceed.

This is disappointing for CAMRA, following a vigorous six-month campaign to keep "Matty's" independent; it could also prove a severe blow to many other small and medium-sized brewers who have been eyed up recently by predators from within the industry.

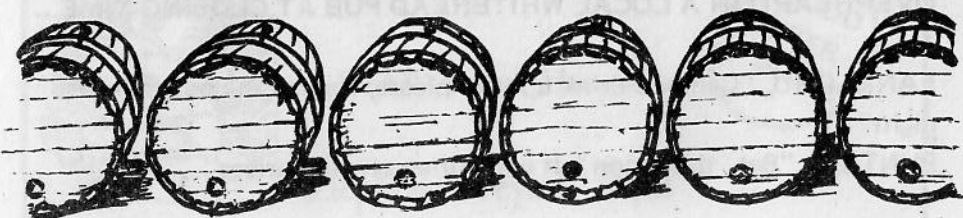
The bid is sizeable in cash terms (£91M); it threatens the extension of monopoly power, since S & N are one of the 'Big Six', who between them already control 80% or so of beer sales. Its significance extends beyond mere size, however; S & N have a substantial local monopoly in the North-East. If they are allowed to acquire a neighbour, the implication is that the Monopolies Commission do not judge territorial expansion by merger to be contrary to the public interest, no matter how monopolistic the brewer. In addition, Matthew Brown have in recent years snapped up some of the limited free trade in S & N's home territory through pubs sold off by them as uneconomic; thus, the existing monopoly will be strengthened as well as

widened.

In 1978, the Monopolies Commission had already accepted that local monopoly could be against the public interest: however, they have never defined what constitutes local monopoly, although a national one is defined in law as possession of 25% of the market for a product. Until a definition is agreed for local monopoly, decisions to allow bids like this are likely to recur.

In S & N's home territory, the effect of their domination has been the severe restriction of choice, and in particular almost no real ale on sale in their captive outlets, as well as the kind of pricing we have seen recently from local monopolist Whitbread in South Hampshire. If others are encouraged by this decision, we could see new areas dominated by the few, to the detriment of the consumer.

Matthew Brown may yet survive S & N's attentions; just because the bid is allowed, we cannot assume it will succeed. In the meantime, CAMRA will support their efforts to remain independent as long as they continue to trade satisfactorily. they continue to trade satisfactorily.



wishing all our customers a merry xmas

STEVE AND LYN
welcome you to



A
WARM
FRIENDLY
ATMOSPHERE

COURAGE
Best Bitter
& Directors

BED & BREAKFAST ----- FOOD ALWAYS AVAILABLE



NO, YOU GREAT NANCY, I SAID "G'US ME HARDY'S"

Pub News

By Aged Swill

By way of a change, we'll start in the Bishops Waltham area (well, why not?). In the town itself, the delightful little Bunch of Grapes has at last added Directors to the Courage Best Bitter. Nearby, the Horse and Jockey at Curbridge has a new landlord; we welcome Fran Emery and his wife Cindy. The pub has also had a facelift and the range of Gales Ales has been increased to include 5X and Light Mild.

Nearer the coast, we learn that the Fox and Hounds at Bursledon has made a nice job of joining their famous barn to the pub by way of a (licensed?) corridor. And down the river it's rumoured that the Bugle has been bought by J.M. Inns.

Southampton has a fair sprinkling of news. The Rising Sun and the Eagle, Palmerston Road have both had the Whitbread treatment (see below). Stephen Head has left the West End Brewery and a new manager has taken over. We welcome him and also Roger Laird, now at the Key and Anchor, Millbrook. The Marsh, by the Old Docks, has had a tasteful refurbishment (thanks, Marstons). Some snippets of ale news; the Red Lion in Portswood Road has replaced Royal Oak with IPA, the Fleming Arms, Swaythling has added Sam Whitbread strong ale, but the Osborne in Shirley has stopped serving Owd Rodger.

The much publicised plan to refurbish the Grapes in Oxford Street has, thankfully, suffered a setback. Whitbread (again!) want to destroy the integrity of its original Victorian interior (it's a Grade II listed building) and resite the decorative screens, at present dividing the small snug bars, as a useless feature at the rear of an open-plan drinking area. CAMRA members, among others, lodged an objection with the planning authorities, who have now

postponed a decision pending a site visit.

In Totton, the Lodge has been renamed the Peg and Parrot by new pintpullers Brian and Joyce Rowland. The beers have been changed to Gales BBB, HSB and Draught Bass. The clientele has also changed to a more mature set! There's a new landlord, too, at the Swan. We wish them all the best in their new ventures.

Down Southampton Water to Fawley, where we welcome new manager Clive Hawkins to the Jolly Sailor by Ashlett Creek.

Next to Lymington (we're taking the coastal route this time), where we bid a warm welcome to new licensees Anita and Richard Glynn at the Crown and Anchor. Longs Wine Lodge now serves Wiltshire Brewery's (formerly Tisbury) Old Devil. Our last little seaside visit is to New Milton where Hookeys also sells Old Devil and has added Wadworth beers as well.

Heading North, we hear that Furlong Bitter is no longer sold at the Inn on the Furlong, Ringwood, due to lack of sales. The Trusty Servant at Minstead and the Royal Oak at Fritham have both discontinued Porpey Royal, to be replaced with Wethereds and Flowers Original respectively. The Filly Inn now serves an unidentified West Country ale called Filly Gold - any guesses?

Still in the Forest, Pamela Richards has left the Green Dragon at Brook to help run the Horse and Groom at Wood Green, near Fordingbridge, with her daughter and son-in-law, Sarah and Fergus Macready, who are the pub's new hosts. We wish them all the best. Further North West still, we've discovered that the Coote Arms at Martin, near Salisbury (yes, it's in Hampshire!), a Gibbs house, now sells Salisbury Bitter.

Making a huge leap Eastwards to Winchester, we find Beryl Medley has left the Roebuck to help her daughter run another pub. Cheers for the Stanmore Hotel, where handpumps have

a happy xmas and new year

Joan & Bill Welcome you


MASONS ARMS

ST MARY'S ST SOUTHAMPTON
GALES MILD · B.B.B. · H.S.B.

•• HOME COOKED FOOD ALWAYS AVAILABLE ••

Marston's BURTON-ON-TRENT

The Home of Traditional Beer

a merry xmas 

Distribution Depot

Marston, Thompson & Evershed plc
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Telephone: Winchester 65388-9



reappeared to serve Eldridge Pope Dorchester, IPA and Royal Oak.

Two "refurbishments" have taken place. The long expected 'Hosting' of the India Arms has happened with a vengeance. As expected, gone are the two quaint bars with their memorabilia; in their place a single room with an island bar in modern identikit decor, designed to be so bland as not to offend even the pub cat. The St. John's Rooms has had a rather odd treatment. One of its (small) mediaeval stone walls has been demolished to give the appearance of more room (shame) - apart from that, no structural differences. The decor, however, is unusual - there are some nice 'tapestries' hanging over the stone walls to give it a warmer feel, but the whole place is hung with greenery and multi-coloured flashing lights. The Gothic windows are nicely picked out by being edged with Dayglo purple neon strips - well in keeping with its historic origins. Should suit the 16-18 year olds though!

Loud Raspberry for Whitbread's Slice of Orange

Two refurbished Whitbread pubs in Southampton have recently reopened. Firstly, the Eagle in Palmerston Road, previously a rather scruffy run-down boozier, has re-opened and now serves four real ales, Strong's Country, Flower's Original, Wadworth 6X and Gales HSB, all on handpump.

With the use of split-levels the main bar has been divided into separate areas thereby avoiding the barn-like feeling of many recent pub re-vamps; it's also good to see that the small separate lounge has been kept and the dartboard has been saved. The writer feels however, that the use of the rather old timber so obviously out of context, for purely decorative purposes is too trendy and 'over-the-top' and as for the inevitable plastic greenery - yuk! Live jazz is featured on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and the changes

seem to have been fairly well-received so far, the general feeling being that it is a considerable improvement on what went before although some of the old customers are not happy with the new prices.

The second re-birth is the Rising Sun in Shirley Road; here the lounge, public, billiard room and side passage have all disappeared in the now all-too-familiar fashion. The one-bar look is largely avoided by the retention of parts of the internal walls to split it into smaller areas. The back area, on a lower level, is decorated as a 'Raj' period club, complete with furniture to suit, plastic palms and revolving fans (but no punkah-wallahs or turbanned waiters), - ah well, whatever turns you on! Obviously yesterday's India has been getting too much exposure on the box lately!

With two pool-tables and two dart-boards, it already seems to be fairly popular, mainly with the 20s bracket. While cocktails and no less than five 'lager' fonts (and more to come) dominate the bar, Flower's Original is the only cask-conditioned beer on offer.

The ubiquitous plastic greenery here not only appears inside the pub but also fills what is probably the longest window-box in Southampton, along the front of the building - have Whitbread bought a plastic company?

However, the loudest raspberry must be saved for the pub-sign, - this features a slice of orange and part of a glass, - (remember, this is the Rising Sun) - and is probably the most ridiculous sign I've ever seen. The person responsible for this idea deserves to be hung in place of the sign.

Incidentally, it is a pity that Whitbread haven't taken the opportunity to try some different beers; the whole area around here is awash with Strong's, Flower's and HSB. Why not try Wethered's or Castle Eden from their own stable or other brewer's products not available in this area. Something different, sold at a reasonable price and who knows, the place might become a mecca for those who do know what their taste buds are for and then even we would have to say something nice about Whitbread!

a happy xmas and new year

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Pub Quiz

1. England's first registered trade mark can still be seen in many pubs. What is it?
2. One of the two shortest pub names in Britain can be found in southern Hampshire. What is it?
3. The commonest pub name in Britain is the Crown, sometimes linked with a Rose. What is the second commonest?
4. Where in southern Hampshire would you find a pub called the Sociable Plover? What is a Sociable Plover?
5. Here is an anagram of a Winchester Pub: IT'S SOUR AT FLINT. What is its proper name?
6. Which Romsey pub of apparently conventional construction in fact has no foundations?
7. Which country pub in southern Hampshire has a collection of water jugs (for whisky) hanging from the ceiling of the saloon bar?
8. "Wallop" was once a common term for beer in general and mild in particular. Who brewed a beer called Wallop in Hampshire until recently?
9. Which draught bitter that is available in southern Hampshire won the Gold Medal for its class in the Brewing Industry International Awards this summer?
10. What are the following drinks?
 - Mother-in-law
 - Boilermaker
 - Granny
 - Narfer narfer narf
 - Dragon's Blood

A prize of a Good Beer Guide will be awarded to the person submitting the first correct entry to be opened on January 1st 1985

'Tisbury' starts to brew again

THE brewery buildings in Tisbury, near Salisbury, have started to flow with beer again.

But this time the company behind the mash tun is not the Tisbury Brewery but the Wiltshire Brewing Company. And managing director John Connell insists they have nothing to do with the previous troubled firm, which ceased production in April after five controversial years.

"All we have done is acquired the lease of the building in July and started brewing again in September, having re-equipped the brewery."

With the help of consultant John Wilmot and former Tisbury head brewer, Stephen Parkes, they are producing two cask beers, Regency (1038) and Old Devil (1060), for a local area round Tisbury and Sussex.

The names are former Martlet brands, which Wiltshire Brewing also acquired from Tisbury, but the beers are not based on the old recipes. Regency is also available in keg.

Sales manager, Howard Collis from Gibbs Mew, has sent a direct mail-shot to 2,500 free houses announcing the brewery is 'back in business'. They are looking for 100 outlets within six months, and are also acting as distributors for other beers and soft drinks.

So far they are supplying 37 outlets with around 40 barrels a week. The plant has a large brew-length for a new brewer of 30 barrels, so they can easily handle 150 barrels a week.

The company is also looking to buy pubs and has already taken over the Carters Rest in Wroughton, near Swindon, and is negotiating to obtain three more in Sussex. These will be run as free houses selling other beers besides their own.

seasons greetings

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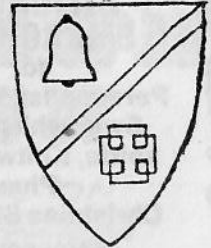


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Last word

GOOD to see that we have produced a Dictionary of Beer, since ale has always had the last word.

To be exact, Longmans dictionary concludes with "Zymurgy: The applied chemistry of fermentation processes." While Chambers goes one better with "Zythum: a kind of beer made by the ancient Egyptians — much commended by Diodorus."

Now you know.

seasons greetings



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Isle of Wight Charity 'Cyclobooze'

by Aged Swill

Some months ago, in a rash moment – and probably quite late in the evening – your aged correspondent was persuaded to take part in a pub charity bike round the Isle of Wight. The Lord Nelson at Hythe had organised a similar event last year raising about four thousand pounds for guide dogs.

Had it not been for the arrival on the doormat of an envelope full of sponsor forms, instructions and map, a couple of weeks before the event, I'd probably have forgotten all about it. Faint with panic, my mouldering steed was located under a pile of drying clothes – a quick inspection revealed that those parts

present moved more or less as they were intended; soggy tyres were surprised by a sudden inrush of air.

Bolstered with optimism, I somehow managed to enlist another couple of recruits, and over the next few days found no less than five sponsors!

The main party were to leave Hythe on the morning of August 16th, at an hour I hadn't realised existed, to catch the first ferry to Cowes. Co-masochist, George (remember 3 men on a bike?) and myself made more humane arrangements, travelling the evening before to camp near Cowes. The third member of our party failed to appear – it transpired that he'd accidentally been locked in at the Great British Beer Festival and been forced to stay the whole weekend!

Eight thirty on the Great Day found George and Swill hovering nervously on West Cowes Quay, waiting for the

a happy xmas and new year



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hundred or so other participants to arrive. The ferry paused briefly enough to throw off a couple of sleeping pedestrians and set off again. Now I know I'm not at my sparkling best at 8.30 on Saturday mornings, but I was pretty sure it was August – a nautical gent in the ferry office confirmed the date. Furthermore, he advised us that cyclists were normally put ashore at East Cowes and they'd catch the 'chain ferry' to this side. A quick dash to the chain ferry rewarded us with the spectacle of a multitude of multicoloured, multishaped and multi-aged cyclists being disgorged from its bows, accompanied by all manner of two wheeled machines.

With greatly renewed enthusiasm we joined the cheery stream of pedallers setting off for Newport and Yarmouth on a glorious summer morning. Fifteen minutes and half a mountain later a quivering aged lump slumped at the roadside shovelling down a second breakfast of lightly toasted aspirins to combat the previous night's acquaintance with Owd Rodger, and indigestion tablets to stop the first breakfast escaping.

Having convinced myself that the worst five miles were over and the next seventy six would be plain sailing, I set off again – the now diminutive figure of George disappearing into the distance

The next few miles eased the suffering; the sun was warm and the countryside green and undulating. So rapidly did the feeling of well being return that I actually overtook a few stragglers from the first wave. Until the next hill that was. The two exhumed, white blancmange filled sausage skins that once had been my legs squelched my trusty steed inch by inch up an almost sheer cliff just before Yarmouth. Halfway up, with a swish of tyres, half a dozen Flowers-of-Youth swept contemptuously past my struggling figure. Ancient legs miraculously achieved the impossible and the cliff top appeared. But what's this?? Six Flowers-of-Youth, scarlet faced and dripping, were huddled at the roadside resuscitating themselves



by inhaling great lungfuls of medicated Capstan full strength. I plodded on...

Yarmouth and the sea came into view. A boatrace in the bay seemed oblivious of the presence of the strange string of cyclists snaking through the village and on out to Freshwater.

A stroke of misfortune. At the swing bridge to the South of Yarmouth the barriers came down. Trapped with me was a bearded gent who was attempting to circumnavigate the Island on a medieval butcher's bike, complete with basket. Cursing our luck, I muttered a few well chosen Anglo-Saxon expletives in his direction. It was then I realised that his 'sportswear' was topped with a dog-collar – this, it turned out, was the vicar of Hythe!

Ten refreshing minutes later, the throng set forth again for the first scheduled stop of the day. About a mile before this, smart-biked George in his 'what every cyclist should wear' outfit, approached from the opposite direction. Had he, I wondered, cracked exhausted and decided to struggle home? In fact, he

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or I enclose completed standing order authority
(Any additional amount will be welcomed as a donation)

FULL NAME (Block capitals)

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS (Block capitals)

SIGNATURE DATE

Cheques should be made payable to Campaign for Real Ale Limited.



*delete as appropriate

● All applications should be sent to Membership, CAMRA, 34 Alma Road, St Albans, Herts AL1 3BW.

informed me, he'd reached the first stop, bathed, refreshed himself, stripped and serviced his bike and written six pages of his memoirs before returning to look for me! Together we pounded into Freshwater.

At the Red Lion we were greeted by the sight of fifty or so bikes propped up around the square. As our thirst was being quenched with suitable medication, more stalwarts arrived by the minute, till over a hundred machines lined the walls. And it was still only 10.30. At 11.15 the dynamic duo set off once more.

Don't let anyone tell you the Alps aren't on the Isle of Wight – the vast hill that confronted us put all previous ones in the shade. George selected his "twiddle" gear and twiddled off into the distance; Swill managed to find a low gear and ground into a steady one-mile-an-hour surge. Every now and then, small groups of bikists were spotted busily snapping the sea from 300ft; pretending this was the only reason they'd stopped.

Coronary thwarted once more, the following few miles along Military Road, with its spectacular scenery, were nectar to the spirit. Rhythm set in and soon an incredible Aged Swill record of 11 mph was reached and held. Head down, determined pedalling was suddenly shattered by a gruesome and threatening spectre at the roadside. The spectre materialised into several cyclists, a Land Rover and a Coastguard flagging me down with a tin of beer (donated by Whitbread). Fumes of burning rubber polluted the air as the Swill machine decelerated from eleven to zero mph in twenty feet... to be met by a cool and splendid-biked George.

A quick break, then off again, this time for lunch at the superb 'Wight Mouse' at Chale. A couple of leisurely hours were spent in the garden, during which time several pints of Burts VPA and a hearty ploughmans were forced down my reluctant throat. Cyclists trickled in to applause and cheers with the greatest cheer reserved for the last

arrival – a flagellant who went round the Island on a penny-farthing!

Rested, we attacked the next colossal hill. (Incidentally, the sea around the Island slopes upwards from West to East – proved by the fact that having climbed continuously from Freshwater, we were still at sea level in Chale.) A few breath-taking (literally) miles passed and we were in Ventnor. This time the tins came out as we made slow progress through the town, collecting donations from holiday-makers on the way.

The only way to leave Ventnor was by the granddaddy of all the hills – this time a *real* 1 in 6, about two miles long. Ancient bones and ancient steed grunted and groaned in mutual sympathy as they ploughed painfully up and up. A halfway oasis in the shape of a café with a refreshing cup of tea was paradise – many other participants thought so too.

Contrary to all IOW rules, the road into Shanklin actually went *downhill* – with a vengeance!! Steep and winding it allowed a huge head of steam to be built up, until man and machine were thundering down at something approaching 50 mph. Careering round a bend (carefully noting the '30 limit' signs) I was suddenly confronted once again with a wildly gesticulating figure threatening me with a can of beer. How I stopped, God knows, but I managed somehow. Relief (and George) was at hand, yet again, with the support truck set up in a gravel car park.

The next fifteen minutes passed to an impromptu cabaret. Every cyclist was caught completely unawares as they hurtled round the bend to be greeted with the unexpected beer stop. One intrepid gent on his 50's Raleigh with rod brakes found it impossible to stop until, still doing twenty miles an hour he leaped off his bike, dragging it to a standstill fifty yards past the car park, shoes smoking. First prize, though, went to the vicar. Sizing up the situation just in time, he performed an amazing feat by twisting his machine through 90 degrees, rocketing across the car park sideways in a spectacular skid. Gravel

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spraying in all directions, he ground to a halt inches from our truck.

Sallying forth again, more donations were collected in Shanklin and Sandown; then the last stretch mercifully almost flat, into St. Helens and the night's stop. George had steamed on ahead again so I settled into a modest cruise, walking up the last hill with Chic, the 'Nelson's' landlord, who came out in sympathy with me.

The sight of the 'Vine' in St. Helens and beer-glassed bikists sprawled out on the green welcomed us. It was 5.30, and they were open! Relaxing in the evening sun, pints in our hands, we cheered each new arrival. Once again, the loudest applause was for our perverse friend on the penny-farthing.

The Vine laid on a superb evening's entertainment and unbounded hospitality. A barbecue was followed by a raffle-cum-auction-cum-cabaret compered by comedian Tom O'Connor, with all the proceeds added to the swelling charity fund. A raucous, old fashioned pub piano sing-song (aided in no small way by our friend the vicar, who seemed to know all the more dubious words!) continued into the wee hours... George and I retired to our tent at midnight.

Many of our cheery band 'dossed' in the youth club; at 7 am the first of the night revellers were laughing their way from there to a pub breakfast - right past our tent! Joining them we found the pub floor strewn with a mass of heaving, moaning bodies; unperturbed we ate the excellent value breakfast washed down with several cups of free coffee. The staff worked like Trojans for two hours reviving a hundred or so of us for the day's cycling.

Small, somewhat jaded groups plodded off in the direction of Ryde, which George and I, revived by the fresh air and exercise, soon attained. There we 'worked' the promenade, boating lake, amusement arcade and town centre to relieve locals and visitors alike of their small change. A couple of hours there filled quite a few boxes.

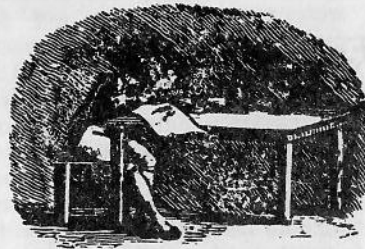
Lunch stop (after the inevitable hill leaving Ryde) was at the Sloop at Wootton Bridge, a waterside roadhouse with moorings, which caters for tourists and 'yachties' alike. We battled our way through to the huge tangled mass of cycles to the front door where we were greeted with a 'NO BIKERS' sign. Why didn't we bring a camera?! Inside we supped our way through (almost) a couple of pints of rare Pompey Royal, ate lunch and cajoled other customers into parting with their change.

Later, a mile or so down the road, the whole hungover, battleworn contingent amassed in front of a supermarket for the obligatory group photo. It was more like a reunion of Fred Karno's army. Anyway, the supermarket manager added another £200 to the fund.

And then the final weary stretch of the day back into Cowes; some last minute tin shaking around the streets and on to the ferry. George, cool and resplendent, bike glistening in the afternoon rain; Swill, a decrepit ancient mess of soggy flesh and bones, accompanied by a bent spoked, droop-saddled lump of iron that once was his pride and joy...

Why, oh why, have I volunteered to go next year?!!

We have just learnt that an amazing sum in excess of £8000 was collected! This was presented to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association on a special evening on the 29th November in the Lord Nelson. Congratulations to Chic, the landlord, for organising such a successful event.



Aged Swill at the Wykeham, panicking to reach another copy deadline...

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