

Vol.4 No.3

APRIL  
1982

12p

# LONDON DRINKER

Produced by the London branches of the Campaign for Real Ale Ltd

"FOR GODS SAKE ASK  
FRED ABOUT HIS  
HOME BREWING!"



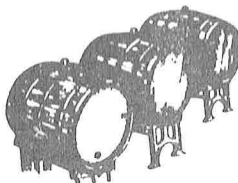
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# News & Views

## ● GENERATION GAP

"THREE PINTS of mild, please."  
"Three pints of what?"  
"Mild, please."  
"What's that?"  
"You know. Mild."  
"Sorry, we don't sell it."  
"Yes, you do."  
"Do you mean sort of light, like lager?"  
"No. It's just been put in. A dark beer."  
"Just a minute. I'll ask the boss."

That is the rough transcript of a conversation held a customer and a young barmaid. It took place in a Truman's pub in which the new Truman's Prize Mild, the first cask-conditioned mild to be introduced in our area for aeons, had recently been installed.

One could draw several morals, but perhaps the most frightening aspect is the sense of *sic transit gloria mundi*. Clearly mild, once the best-selling beer, has gone the way of the sixpenny piece and twelve pennies to the shilling and become meaningless to a new generation.

In the meantime, perhaps Truman could ensure that landlords are encouraged to provide their young staff with a crash course in beer history, not to mention directional chalk marks on the floor, so that punters seeking the elusive brew are able to drink it in pubs where it is served.

## ● WE WANT CASK BEER

OF COURSE we are delighted by what Truman are doing about reintroducing proper draught beer. According to a story in the *Morning Advertiser* they are reintroducing it for the best possible reason, that people want to drink it. Research has shown, say Truman, that four out of five of their male customers believe cask-conditioned beer to be the best (the ladies are more inclined to go for lager).

As one very rarely hears about research into beer attitudes, especially when it is a case of cask against lager/keg, it is pleasing to see that CAMRA's stance has been so overwhelmingly underlined.

## ● BREWERS AND THEIR PUBS

INVESTMENT PLANS by the brewers should

mean that a record £1.37 billion will be ploughed back into their business over the next three years. Over 70% of this sum is earmarked for developing and improving their pubs, the rest for production, package and distribution.

This is good news for the tied tenant, who has not had much to cheer about lately. A report in *Marketing* said that pubs were complaining that brewers were less concerned about them than about selling cheap low gravity beers in the off trade. Presumably they had in mind the cans of lites and lagers in supermarkets.

The response from Derek Palmar, Chairman both of Bass and of the Brewer's Society, was hardly sympathetic. He said the complaint was "quite unfounded. They are not comparing like with like at all."

Whatever the Brewer's Society might say, the increase in beer prices over the past year - which, at 26%, is more than double the rate of inflation - has fallen mainly in the tied trade. Output continues to fall and Mr Palmar forecasts that beer consumption in 1982 will be a million pints a day fewer than in 1981.

The Budget won't do us any favours, either. We have not heard details of local increases at press time. Some brewers are threatening increases beyond 2p a pint, though we were pleased to read in the *Morning Advertiser* that three Northern breweries were keeping their wholesale increase to 2p, even when the new beer duty raised the cost of a beer by a larger amount. London brewers please copy.

## ● THE HAPPY HIRSUTE

DID YOU SEE the 6.0'Clock Show on LWT TV on 26 February? If so, you obviously remember the 10 minutes devoted to CAMRA and to that mysterious species referred to in the Show as the 'beer buff'. The programme was frivolous in the extreme but, since that is what the 6.0'Clock Show is all about CAMRA cannot really grumble.

We were present at the pub where most of the drinking took place and it was salutary to watch the TV men manipulate the outcome by selecting the stars ("we'll use you, you've got a lovely beard") and getting them to mine their ecstasies when supping.

We have seen a few programmes about real ale and the like, some much more serious than this one. But all of them contain very similar drinking scenes. Until a director or cameraman of genius comes along who can reinterpret us

in visual terms, it would seem that the image of CAMRA held by the Nation's viewers will forever be that of a heavily-bearded gentleman, rolling his eyes and smacking his lips.

### ● CROSSWORD APOLOGY (2)

NOT MUCH LUCK with our X words at present. Having lost the December entrants we now find that an error crept into the March one (1 Down should have read "Fate faction for artificiality"). No entries were submitted, which is hardly surprising.

We have not included a prize X word this month because of pressure of space, but hope to do so from May onwards when our proof-checking should be improved. Meanwhile, apologies to all concerned.

### ● MESSAGE AND THE MEDIA

CONSIDERABLE INTEREST has been aroused by a reference in our December issue of *Courage* and their use of the "Swedish Massage" treatment. People stop us in the street and ask for elucidation.

The answer is that the treatment is a typically ingenious Scandinavian invention to combat the world-wide decline in the sending of telegrams. Something that our Post Office, or is it Telecom, could well copy. In Sweden, a man who wishes to send a telegram is visited within 15 minutes by a buxom young lady who smiles sweetly, describes the recipe of the day, runs through the weather forecast and possibly provides other services of this nature before bearing his message en route for its destination. The process takes slightly longer than before, but it is a lot more enjoyable.

Before anyone accuses the Swedes, or even the *Drinker*, of blatant sexism, let us emphasise that the opposite applies: a female telegram-sender speedily acquires the services of someone who looks like Dudley Moore or Rod Steward or whoever.

*Courage* could well be on to a winner here.

### ● FESTIVAL TIME

LAST YEAR the Kingston & Leatherhead branch of CAMRA organised a successful beer festival at Sandown Park. They are doing so again on April 16-18. On Friday and Saturday, the times are 11-2.30 and 16-10.30. On Sunday 18th it is 12.00 - 2.00

Admission is by ticket only (lunchtime - 75p;

evenings - £1). Details and tickets from I. Amy, 41 Greenwood Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey, with s.a.e. If you wish to get further our of London, the Cambridge branch is holding their 9th such extravaganza between 14-17 April. Opening times are 11.00 - 3.00 and 5.00 - 10.00. Admission fee: 20p. Venue: Corn Exchange.

### ● TWO INTO THREE

THE MORE alert or sober of our regular readers will notice one or two changes in this issue, which we have introduced to save space.

As part of the exercise we decided, somewhat reluctantly, to divide our list of outlets into three instead of two. In this issue, we list those places in the WC, N and NW postal districts, together with the corresponding Outer London suburbs, which sell the *Drinker*. Next month it will be turn of the SW and W districts; then EC, E and SE. New outlets will still be printed in the month of notification.

If any reader knows of a pub which is keen to sell the *Drinker*, please send us details. The same applies obviously to any landlord who would like to receive supplies.

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# Where to buy London Drinker

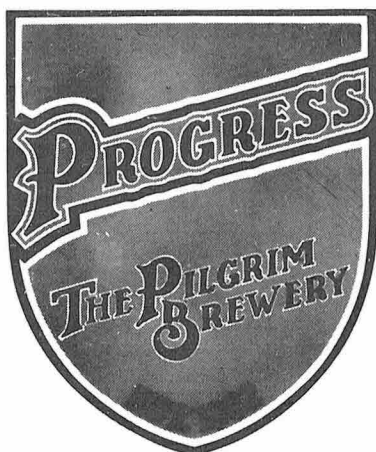
## Pubs

WC1 LAMB, Lamb's Conduit St.  
 WC1 MOON, 18 New North St.  
 WC1 PRINCESS LOUISE, 208 High Holborn  
 WC1 SUN, 63 Lamb's Conduit St.  
 WC2 GEORGE IV, 28 Portugal St.  
 N1 CROWN, Cloudesley Rd.  
 N1 EUROPA LOUNGE, King's Cross Station.  
 N1 LORD WOLSEY, White Lion St.  
 N1 MALT & HOPS, 33 Caledonian Rd.  
 N1 MARLERS, 54 Pentonville Rd.  
 N1 MARQUESS TAVERN, Marquess Rd.  
 N1 POTTERS BAR, Gt. Northern Hotel, Kings X.  
 N1 PRINCE ARTHUR, 49 Brunswick Place.  
 N2 FIVE BELLS, East End Rd.  
 N2 WELCH BROS. 130 East Finchley High Rd.  
 N2 WINDSOR CASTLE, The Walk, Church Lane.  
 N6 ANGEL, 37 Highgate High St.  
 N6 DUKES HEAD, 16 Highgate High St.  
 N6 VICTORIA, 28 North Hill.  
 N9 COCK, Hertford Rd.  
 N9 CROSS KEYS, Edmonton Green.  
 N9 RISING SUN, Winchester Rd.  
 N10 MARTIN'S FREE HOUSE, 89 Colney Hatch Lne.  
 N12 MOSS HALL TAVERN, 283 Ballard's Lne.  
 N20 BULL & BUTCHER, 1277 High Rd, Whetstone  
 N20 RISING SUN, Oakleigh Rd.  
 N22 STARTING GATE, Buckingham Rd.  
 NW1 SHIRES BAR, St. Pancras Station  
 NW1 VICTORIA & ALBERT BARS,  
 Marylebone Station  
 NW1 VICTORIA, 2 Mornington Terrace.  
 NW3 NAG'S HEAD, 79 Heath St.  
 BARNET ALEXANDRA, Wood St.  
 E. BARNET WINE HOST, 243 East Barnet Rd.  
 ENFIELD CRICKETERS, Chase Side Place.  
 ENFIELD OLD PARK HEIGHTS HOTEL, Old  
 Park Rd.

## Off Trade

N1 2 Brewers, 8 Pitfield St.  
 N10 Finlay Wines, 392 Muswell Hill Bdwy.  
 N11 Originales, Friern Barnet Rd.  
 N15 Majestic, Colina News, Park Rd.  
 NW3 Barrels, 150 Haverstock Hill  
 NW6 Grog Blossom, 253 West End Lane  
**NEW OUTLETS**  
**Pubs**  
 EC3 LAMB TAVERN, 10 Leadenhall Mkt.  
 EC4 WILLIAMSONS TAVERN, 1 Groveland Crt.  
 N8 DICK'S BAR, 61 Tottenham Lane.  
 SW1 RED LION 48 Parliament St.  
 SW1 ROYAL COURT TEVERN 8 Sloane Sq.  
 SW4 JOLLY GARDENERS 115 St. Alphonsus Rd.  
 SW7 NORFOLK TAVERN, Harrington Rd.  
 SW8 PRINCE OF WALES, 99 Union Rd.  
 SW12 GROVE, 39 Oldridge Rd.  
 SW12 PRINCE OF WALES, 270 Cavendish Rd.  
 W11 EARL LONSDALE, 281 Westbourne Rd.  
 W14 RADNOR ARMS, 247 Warwick Rd.  
 BARNET YE OLDE MONKEN HOLT,  
 193 High St.  
 HOUNSLOW WHITE BEAR, 198 Kingsley Rd.  
 MICHAM BULL, 32 Church Rd.  
 MITCHAM CRICKETERS, 340 London Rd.  
 MITCHAM KINGS ARMS, 260 London Rd.  
 MITCHAM QUEEN'S HEAD, Cricket Green.  
 TWICKENHAM EEL PIE, 9 Church St.  
**Off Trade**  
 E4 Waltham Wines, 72 Sewardstone Rd.  
 BEXLEY HEATH Bitter Experience, 216 Broadway  
**Clubs**

N22 Wood Green Labour Club, Stuart Crescent.  
 SW12 Grafton Tennis Club, Thornton Rd.



## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

A FEW MORE snippets about the progress of the new Pilgrim Brewery in Woldingham, Surrey. David Roberts is brewing a bitter named 'Progress', with an original gravity of 1042. If you want to find it in London, the safest bet appears to be the Frog & Firkin, Tavistock Crescent, W11. Outside the capital but not too far away, the beer is on tap at the Crown in Old Oxted.

## MOTION OF THE YEAR

"THIS MEETING mandates the executive committee to publish a CAMRA-related crossword in each month's What's Brewing."  
 – Motion put forward for debate at the recent CAMRA Annual General Meeting. Who says the movement is on the decline when we can come up with punchy campaign-ing motions of such a calibre?

# LAMBETH WALK

SE 1

-2

by Howard Gladwin

THE TROUBLE WITH starting a series of articles is that one (reader and author) can never be sure when it is going to finish. Lambeth, ie the London borough, is a huge area containing many pubs and it would be easy to extend the article indefinitely. So I intend to confine myself roughly within an area which is within easy walking distance of Lambeth North Tube Station – and by easy, I mean easy after three or four pints of Brakspear's Special

This month I offer a four-pub crawl. All the pubs have something of interest to offer the drinker who is there not only for the beer, although I cannot say that any particular pub is an absolute favourite of mine. Anyway, let us start in Lower Marsh, SE1 with the *Spanish Patriot* (No. 506 on Map 11 in *Real Beer In London*, 1981 edition). This oddly-named pub is in the middle of a busy street market (Lower Marsh - *not* The Cut, as stated in *RBIL*) and serves as a local for the traders and customers alike. There are two bars, with the saloon being entered from the side street.

It is a busy, cheerful, slightly scruffy pub. Elderly ladies arrive carrying large amounts of shopping; middle-aged men complain about everything, from the weather to the price of fish. Generally, the clientele is middle-aged and above but this does not prevent the least attractive feature (for me), a juke box, from blaring out far too loudly when operated.

The beer (Wethered's bitter and Fremlin's Tusker) is good and at lunchtimes there is a reasonable supply of snacks from a separate bar, usually in the care of an attractive young lady. Actually it is behind this bar that you can find the pub's most intriguing feature. Affixed to the wall is what can only be described as a large cupboard, which stands proud rather like a porch on a Coronation Street-type house. The door to this cupboard/ vestibule is painted dark green, has a Yale lock and bears the number 4. Last time I was there is also, rather forbiddingly, sported an advertisement for lager.

But what lies behind the door? What is the significance of the number 4? It remains for

me an intriguing point of speculation whilst I am supping my Tusker. I live in the hope that one day I shall actually see the door opened and get some idea of what lies behind it. Until then, I shall remain happy to be mystified.

Having speculated enough, let us now proceed into Westminster Bridge Road to the *Horse And Groom* (No. 475 on Map 11 in *RBIL*). This is a Younger's pub dispensing, on hand-pump, Younger's No. 3 and Younger's IPA - a pleasant, rather sweetish and, I guess, Middle-gravity beer. It also sells Worthington White Shield, for me the ultimate hallmark of a caring landlord.

The pub has two bars, the saloon/lounge being a vast, gloomy affair with plenty of seats and tables and reminiscent of one of those old Midland Railway waiting rooms. There is a separate food bar at the rear with a good range of cooked meals, rather pricey compared with some pubs in the area.

As befits its name there are horsey things affixed to the walls, but here it is the public bar which intrigues me. This is very small and contained, marsupial-like, at the front of the pub. It is shielded from the saloon by large, open, wooden slats and entry from there is via a door marked 'Emergency Exit'! *RBIL* correctly mentions the outward-opening street door being a dartboard but during winter months this (the door) is seldom used. The only other way in is via a door immediately on your right as you enter the pub – so immediate that it is easy to miss.

I have a hunch that there is some stigma attached to this bar. Perhaps the wooden slats make people who drink there feel they are in a cage for observation by the superior saloon-bar drinkers? Last time I visited the pub I peered into the public bar on my way out (about 1400 hours). Although the saloon bar was full and busy, the public bar was completely deserted and there was no evidence that the bar had ever suffered from human visitation. Next time, I am determined to drink in the public bar even if it means drinking alone under observation. Our heritage must be protected.

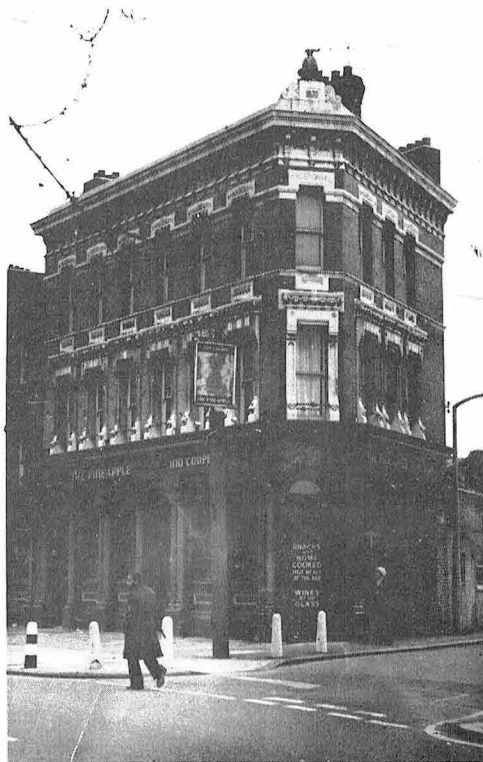
Let us now proceed to the **Pineapple** in Hercules Road (No. 489 on Map 11). An Ind Coope pub with strong literary connections. On your way there from Westminster Bridge Road you will pass a plaque to William Blake, and I am told that this is the pub where the *London Drinker* "collection" takes place. The literary connections are further evinced as you approach the pub by advertisements for the aforesaid magazine displayed on the doors and windows.

I quite like this pub – its name evokes memories of the pub which, as a sixth former, I used to visit in days of yore. It also reminds me of a schoolfriend who we all claimed looked like a pineapple. But enough of nostalgia. The pub has two bars and serves excellent Burton Ale and Taylor Walker bitter and, joy of joys, it also sells White Shield. It is what I would describe as a typical South London pub. A huge, unkept public bar and a smaller, more plush saloon.

It is one pub where I use the public bar – largely because the saloon gets impossibly crowded at lunchtimes. Drinkers stand elbow to elbow in what appears to me to be great discomfort, while in the public there is enough to swing a dozen cats around and drink a pint of two of Burton at the same time. So the saloon bar is unfamiliar to me, although I have an impression of a mysterious recess at the back.

No such mystery about the public, am extremely long bar with plenty of stools despite a notice exhorting drinkers not to hang around the bar once they have got their drinks. Two vacuum cleaners lurk menacingly in a doorway behind the bar and a plastic home-brew nestles amongst 12" LPs by the cash register. As well the White Shield and Burton, it is the food which draws me to this pub. Cheap, plentiful and wholesome. i.e. salads are available as well as omelettes and chips, etc. Highly recommended, but if you do go please do not crowd into the public bar as I enjoy my peace and quiet there.

Back along Hercules Road we find the **Hercules Tavern** (No. 472 on Map 11). This is, as I promised, conveniently near Lambeth North Tube, which is just as well if you intend to sup Courage Director's bitter, served hereon handpump. Actually, I should say sometimes served here, because on a number of occasions it has not been available, which means walking out or drinking bottled Guinness – I usually walk out as bottled



Guinness is not a favourite of mine.

Finding the pub might prove difficult at the moment because it is completely obscured by plastic sheeting affixed to scaffolding which surrounds the building. From the inside, workmen's legs can be observed going past at mid-window height and your drinking is punctuated by showers of cement and mortar falling against the windows.

Inside, the pub is scruffily plush. Nice carpet and huge red lampshades which create a Mephistophelean glow. The clientele is largely Irish and West Indian, which can make communication difficult at times, even to my Derbyshire-Irish ears. Food is served, mainly chips with everything, in gargantuan helpings at reasonable prices. For those who like them, there are also fruit machines. Friendly atmosphere, but a pity the Director's is not always available.

Next month, I shall try to visit some out-of-the way pubs in the more residential areas.



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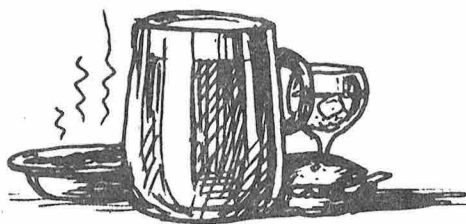
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# Alan Greenwood's Beer Diary

In past articles I have made mention of things that effect the condition of beer. This has included everything from ingredients to thunder and lightning. To understand all these things and improve the constant quality of beer thousands, millions of pounds even, are spent each year on scientific research. At the end of the day, and in spite of using only the very best ingredients and equipment, the biggest most important influence on the regular quality, flavour and character of any beer has, of course, to be the brewer.

Whilst scientific research has never been far from the brewers right arm it is but only a foundation towards a good beer. The rest is skill, art or knack. Perhaps a better explanation is to consider two cooks who can use exactly the same recipe, same packets of ingredients, ovens etc. One will make a cake that is edible, whilst the other will make a cake that melts in the mouth like exquisite perfection.

Today people can learn brewing at University (principally Birmingham) but for many Generations, and it still goes on today, the art of brewing is a handed-down skill, a skill learnt on the job under the watchful supervision of an established master, until one day, with good fortune and dedication, the pupil surpasses the former master. So it has been with Denis Holliday of Eldridge Pope and Fred Cheesewright of the Felinfoel Brewery, two champion brewers who have both recently retired.

It was over twenty five years ago in 1954 that Denis Holliday reached the short list of applicants for Head Brewer of Elbridge Pope's, Dorset brewery. The result, that he was the right man for the job, appears unanimous and positive with the decision being announced on the day. Now it may, or may not have been said before, but I believe it to be true, that beer is a living thing that is conceived and as such reflects the character of its father. Certainly this is so with Denis Holloway's, Eldridge Pope beers. They are to the point, clean, clear and reliable, and can also be described as having a taste of dependability that removes fear and trepidation and so fosters cordiality. This is how it is in many Eldridge Pope bars and at the brewery also. There is no hassle, all Denis Hollidays dealings with the brewery labourers, draymen, management, visitors and publicans have all been in the same cordial and confident atmosphere. So it is not surprising to find that Eldridge Popes beers have

been constant award winners at the all important Brewery Exhibitions.

So now that he has retired, we wish him every happiness with his future. Whilst we know there are some very competent people to carry on the brewing, we are pleased to hear he will still be making brewery visits as consultant and adviser on aspects of quality. We know his presence will reflect his little sparkle of magic character, for which his beers have been so well liked.

Another man who reflects outstanding achievements in his beer is Fred Cheesewright of Felinfoel, the South Wales brewery. Although not a Welshman by birth his warm nature had won him many friends and much respect in his thirty years at the small brewery. In this time he worked with dedication, pride and outstanding modesty.

In 1976, he submitted two of his three beers to the London Brewers exhibition. Both won Top awards in thier class and one, the 1042 gravity Double Dragon Bitter, was awarded best draught beer of all beers submitted (one wonders what might have happened if he had also submitted his mild ale). However, in spite of all acclaim he maintained total modesty, convincing people that it was fluke that the Judges were by coincidence in the mood for a taste that his beer met. Perhaps, he suggested, he had added a few extra hops to the cask, as if by chance. In reality he had been producing the same smooth brew for ages.

Again the character of the brewer could be said to be reflected in the beer. After the long jog to London it would be found, on opening, to be lively and fiery but it soon settled down to become a smooth mellow tasting beer. At the brewery he had immense popularity, and it was a great sadness to his colleagues and those of us in London who knew him to learn of his sudden unexpected death within a week of his retirement. Mr Cheesewright has a daughter who lives and works in London and to her, and to the rest of his family, we express our deepest sympathy. We know both he and his achievements will never be forgotten.



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# Renaissance Dogg.

FOR SO LONG as anyone can remember, Sid has sat in his cubicle just inside the entrance to Dogg's Brewery and read the racing page of the *Daily Mirror*. Suddenly, a change. No sign of the *Mirror*, nor of any newspaper. Sid is reading a book.

Like so many who had preceded him to the brewery on that day, Dilip Mukherjee stopped in amazement. "What's that you're reading, Sid, for goodness' sake?"

On reflection, he decided that any title would have come as a surprise. The actual words he saw printed on the spine as Sid help up the book, *The Problem Of Knowledge* by A.J. Ayer, left him speechless.

"It's that Mr. Theo" Sid Muttered. "He says he wants his staff to present an enlightened face of the world. Gone bleeding potty if you ask me." He indicated to his left where, in a half-open draw, Mukherjee could just make out the list of runners for the 3.30 with their equally putative starting prices. "Must keep a look out in case he comes down sudden, like."

The Chairman's room contained further shocks. Walls that formerly displayed ancestral photographs of the Dogg family flanked by yellowing Pirelli calendars were now covered by framed reproductions of the masterpieces of Post Impressionism. A coat-rack which stood near the window and from whose prongs tankards used to be hung by the handles, had been replaced by a bust of Shakespeare on a marble pedestal.

On the desk lay a copy of the current *Times Further Education Supplement*. Mukherjee was glancing through this when he heard the door open. "Stand to attention" a familiar voice bellowed at him, and take your hands out of your pockets when you enter my room, you snivelling little worm!"

It was indeed the voice of Theodosius Dogg, but the man himself was rendered almost beyond recognition. His check jacket and baggy trousers were largely concealed by a flowing black gown. On his head, tilted precariously towards his right ear, there perched a mortar-board.

"Will Hay" he said. I've fancied wearing one of these ever since the Old Man introduced me to Will Hay when I was a nipper." He laid his tankard of Old Retriever on the desk with a flourish, folded the gown neatly across a chair and scored a direct hit with the mortar-board on Shakespeare's head. "Adds a touch of class to the lot of a common brewer."

Mukherjee finally found his voice. "What on earth are you up to now, Theo? Decided to become a teacher just when they are being made redundant left, right and centre? And if it is simply down to amateur dramatics, what have you done to Sid and his *Daily Mirror*?"

"Good questions, Mucky Old Son. As the nearest thing we have to an accountant, you should be told the answers." Dogg sat back in his chair and paused while he lit a large cigar. "Prepare to be flabbergasted. In all the years we have known each other you have never had reason to regard me as a man of culture, as a patron of the noble and spiritual side of life. All that is changed. You are in the presence of Theodosius de' Medici Dogg, no less.

"It goes back to the time some weeks ago when I participated in a kind of 'Why Must We Be Lumbered With Unemployed School-leavers?' forum at the Town Hall. Various bods from industry, commerce and education on the platform and several hundred kids screaming at us from the floor. At the end, most of us went backstage for a much-needed drink and it was there that I was approached by this chap from Grotchester University. A bit of an artist, by the way, but the point was that he wanted me to meet his Bursar who was eager to have a chat. "We fixed a date here at the brewery. I thought the Bursar might fancy a trip round and an hour or so in the sampling room, though when he turned up I changed my mind. Getting on a bit, but distinguished enough and with all his marbles. I said how nice it was to see someone in this place who could both read and count up to ten and what could I do for him?"

"He replied that, as the representative of one celebrated institution to another, he had a proposal which he trusted would be to our mutual advantage. 'You and I' he began 'both stand for the finest British traditions. Even though our university is new,

Continued

Continued

with a tinted laminated frontage and with microprocessors seemingly in every room, we have a reputation second to none in the study of past glories of Mankind.' He rambled on about some professor at Grotchester who was the greatest expert, living or dead, on the Arts and Crafts of West Hartlepool in the Paleolithic Age and how this professor gave lectures, teach-ins and whatnot attended by scholars from all over the place.

" 'You will understand, Sir' he said, 'that we live in hard times. The Government, to put it bluntly, is robbing universities blind and the future of shoolarship has never been more fraught. It becomes increasingly impossible to find the means for anything beyond bare subsistence. A typical lunch in our canteen, for example, now consists entirely of Mother's Pride and salad cream. Our research into by-gone West Hartlepool is just one so-called luxury which is under threat.

" 'We have been at our wits' end. Then one day we read a story in the newspapers about the University of Edinburgh. For years they have been organising seminars on Medieval Affairs which are attended by authorities from many disciplines who come from many countries. Not surprisingly in these benighted times, their funds will no longer suffice.

" 'Well, Edinburgh had the excellent idea of approaching a nearby whisky distillery of some repute to ask them to sponsor the seminars. The proposition was put to the distillery directors who coughed up, as it were, straight away. Medieval Affairs have therefore been saved, while the firm have the satisfaction of associating their whisky with an academic series of world reonown.

" 'I confess to knowing little about your brewery. However, when we discussed the possibility of emulating Edinburgh it was the unanimous decision of the Board that you should be given, as it were, first refusal. I am told that your beers are unrivalled locally for taste and excellence and am assured that the participation of Dogg's Brewery will add lustre to our already refulgent dissertations on the Paleolithic Age.' "

Dogg spread his arms in an expansive gesture. "My Dear Chap, how could I refuse? Naturally the money angle was tricky and I explained to the old boy that Dogg's, without equal though our beers might be, were on the small side and relatively impoverished. I could have mentioned, though it slipped my mind, the one event we have sponsored up to now which is the Grannies Knobbly Knees Parade during Festival Week. But he convinced me that a few thousand quid buys an awful lot of nattering about the past."

→17

## REAL ALE AND REAL JAZZ AT THE **Prince of Orange**

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3 MINUTES FROM SURREY DOCKS UNDERGROUND

BUSES 1, 17, 47 and 188 PASS THE PUB

*Drink in*

*SUN glasses*

# LOCAL

## SHEPS INTO S & N

RUMOURS HAVE BEEN circulating that Scottish & Newcastle intend to sell Shepherd Neame draught beers in their tied houses, possibly to replace some of their own real ales which travel all the way to London from Edinburgh. Whatever the extent of the operation, we know of four S & N pubs at present selling Sheps' bitter:

EC4 **Green Man**, Bucklersbury.

EC4 **Ye Olde London**, Ludgate Hill.

WC2 **Ship**, Gate Street, Holborn.

W1 **Holyrood**, Well Street.

## THEME AT THE MINT

ON THE SECOND and fourth Wednesday of each month, the **Mitcham Mint** in Lilian SW16 puts on what they call a Theme Evening. People dress up according to the theme chosen — recent nights included Andy Capp and Vicars & Tarts — and enjoy the amenities, which include a Yard Of Ale contest, food, and beer at 5p a pint off.

## REAL WATNEY

WHAT SOUNDS like the ultimate in pub conversions has recently been undertaken in Feltham, by Watney's, no less. The former **Rose & Crown** in the High Street has become the **Ale House**. In the process, it has acquired plenty of real wood, a real clay oven and two genuine log fires. Beers are Watney London and Stag, Webster Yorkshire bitter and Mann's IPA.

## NEW BEER TEST

ONE OF LONDON's home-brew pubs, the **King Of Beasts** in Islington, is test-marketing a new beer. It is called **City Bitter** and is described as a light lunchtime drink. The original gravity of 1035 is a lot weaker than those of the other beers brewed in that pub.

Drinkers have been issued with survey forms, which asks them to state whether they would prefer the beer to be stronger or weaker and to comment on the flavour and colour. We understand that the pub hopes to hold the price to 48p per pint, which would be interesting news indeed.

## BACK IN BUSINESS

WE HAVE HEARD of at least one free-trade outlet for Webster's Yorkshire bitter. The **Pitlake Arms** in Waddon New Road, West Croydon, which used to be an Ind Coope house, has just re-opened after about 9 months and sells Charrington IPA in addition to Webster's.

We seem to have got in a bit of a state over the **Jubilee Inn** in Ballards Lane. The latest is that it does not sell Webster's bitter (and it is not, by the way, a Watney tied house but free). So far as the **Drinker** is concerned, this is fast becoming the best-known fizz house in Greater London.

## BARGAIN BEERS

PRIDE OF PLACE goes to the budget-beating attempt of Dennis Poulter, landlord of the **Sun** in North Street, Carshalton. He hopes to maintain his prices at pre-budget levels, which means 55p for a pint of Ind Coope Burton Bitter in the saloon bar and 60p for Burton Ale.

The **Leather Exchange Tavern**, Leather Market Street, SE1 drops 20% off its Fuller's beers between 7.30 and 8.30 each night.

Two pubs in SE10 — the **Royal George** in Bissett Street and the **Duke Of Edinburgh** in Columb Street — were selling cheap beers before the budget. Shepherd Neame bitter at the **George** was 54p a pint; Charrington IPA at the **Duke** was 51p a pint.

We have had more comments on our existing outlets, which on the whole are holding up well. Next month, once the budget effects are known, we hope to list details and prices. Meanwhile, these pubs are the ones we understand offer some kind of cheap beer at least some of the time.

the **Royal Albion** in Hounslow; the **Percy Arms** in Clerkenwell; **Dick's** in Hornsey; the **Malt & Hops** in King's Cross; the **King's Head**, Merton; the **Wattenden Arms**, Kenley; the **Cavalier** in Wallington; **Welch Bros.** in East Finchley; the **Moon**, Bloomsbury; the **Island Queen** in Islington; the **Ship & Shovel** in Charing Cross; the **Wellington** in Waterloo; the **Old Windmill** in Hadley Highstone; **Marler's** in Islington; the **Norfolk Tavern**, South Kensington; the **Golden Lion**, St. James;

# ALAN GREENWOOD'S BEER AGENCY AND WINE SELECTION

## NEW BEER DISPENSERS AT GREENWOOD'S

Alan Greenwoods Beer Agency, the original Real Ale Off-Licence Service have now installed the new Grundy Beer Dispensers at five of their shops: Wallington, Tolworth, Wimbledon, Kensington and the new one at Clapham. The new equipment dispenses beer accurately from 1 pint upwards for jug sales and polypin refills.

The new equipment uses no pressure and the quality, flavour and palate of the beer is as pure as it would be served by gravity direct from the cask.

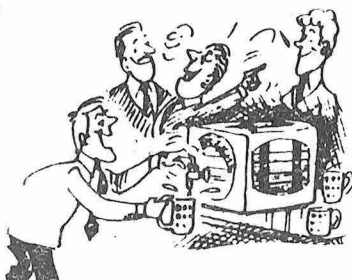
Jugs provide the best value take home beer, so whether you're watching TV, playing cards, having a party, gardening or decorating, why not drop in for your take home beer and see the new equipment in action for yourself.

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Traditional  
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cheaper than cans.



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308 Haydons Road  
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1 Hawkes Road  
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**TOLWORTH SURREY**  
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BET YOU THOUGHT home-brew pubs were simple places: a touch of crafty economics and a boot in the eye for the big boys. Well, watch out. The economists are getting in on the act. You remember economists? Those were the guys who, in the late 1960s, claimed that any brewery with less than about 1,000 pubs to supply was not cost-effective, could not benefit from things called 'economies of scale' and deserved to go to the wall.

But, my, how things have changed. Now home-brewers are apparently taking part in 'intermediate technology'. I thought this had something to do with hand looms in India and nick-nack-making in Nigeria. But no. It's really cheap booze at the Fox and Firkin.

The new definition comes in a report from a mob calling themselves the Intermediate Technology Group. It's called 'Pint size production. Small firms in the brewing industry.'

The report says that 'the concept of efficient scale turns out to have little meaning in brewing.' Taking out the jargon, that means the economists were totally and utterly wrong. When they said only the largest mega-breweries were efficient what they really meant was that almost any size brewery is as efficient as almost any other.

Meanwhile David 'Firkin' Bruce is branching out. After the Goose and Firkin in Southwark, the Fox and Firkin in Lewisham, the Frog and Firkin in the Portobello Road and the Pheasant and Firkin in Islington he is heading for Bristol — mecca of real ale houses.

There he plans to open the Fleece and Firkin in the old Bristol Wool Hall. He also plans to open a Ferret and Firkin in Chelsea's World's End later this year. Watch out for yet more noisy, crowded Firkin houses.

He is also developing a line in PR bullshit. He had the nerve/ignorance to tell the *Financial Times* last month: 'When we opened in Lewisham there were only three other places in Europe apart from us that brewed on the premises and they were in Munich.' What an insult to Helston's Blue Anchor, Bishops Castle's Three Tuns and the other home brew houses which kept going through the dark days of the 1960s and early 1970s! A little

humility, please, Mr Bruce.

\* \* \* \* \*

I see Greenall Whitley, the Warrington brewers, seem to have got their fingers burnt over their rush purchase of Freddie Laker's Arrowsmith Spanish holidays operation. They paid £4M for it only to discover that, within days, other holiday operators had signed up most of Arrowsmith's hoteliers. Tough luck lads. But you see the holiday business is so much more competitive than brewing. The genteel Brewers Society rules and tied house system don't apply on the Costa del wherever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anybody want to buy an ailing giant? The Imperial Group has made precious little money out of its Courage brewing conglomerate since it bought it ten years ago. Now new Imperial fags boss Geoffrey Kent says it could be up for sale as part of a 'fundamental review' of the group. But, fear not, Mr. Kent. Help is at hand. At CAMRA's AGM at the end of March, the Avon Branch put forward a motion that 'this AGM feels that the current national campaign against Courage is detrimental to the long-term aims of CAMRA.' It says it wants more constructive campaigning.

Presumably this is a plea against the 'cock-up' style of anti-Courage campaigning. Who are these pussy-footers? They may still have their Courage brewery in Bristol. But London has just lost its Southwark brewery. Perhaps they would have deplored the Grotney's campaign of the early 1970s which got CAMRA nationally known. Presumably they supported the national executive's recent joint campaign with the big brewers to keep down beer duty. All this ingratiating gets me down. Our enemy today is the same as ever — the big brewers who strangle choice, shut down breweries and do their damndest to make our beer cheap and nasty. Only CAMRA and the forces we have unleashed stand in their way.



# BRANCH DIARY

## BRANCH DIARY

The following events will be held by CAMRA branches during April. For branches not mentioned, please ring Branch Contact concerned.

BEXLEY: Thu 15 (8.00). *AGM*. Venue unknown. - Tue 27. *Visit* to Charles Well's brewery.

EAST LONDON & CITY: Tue 13 (7.30). *Social*. Three Blackbirds, 640 Leyton High Rd., E10. (3 Truman beers). - Tue 20 (8.00). *Branch*. Lord Nelson, 230 Commercial Rd., E1. - Wed. 21 (7.30). *Social*. Eagle, Hollybush Hill, E11.

CROYDON & SUTTON: Mon 19 (8.00). *Branch*. Fox & Hounds, High St. Carshalton. - Thu. 29 (7.30). *Norwood crawl*. Meet Cherry Tree; then Jolly Sailor, Ship and Goat House.

ENFIELD & BARNET: Wed 14 (8.00). *Branch*. Mitre. North Rd., Barnet - Tue 20 (8.30). *Social*. Jolly Farmers, Church St., N9 - Thu 29 (8.30). *Social*. Prince of Wales, Church Hill Rd., East Barnet. - Mon 3 May (12.00). *Bank Holiday Social*. Cock, Hertford Rd., N9.

NORTH LONDON: Tue 13 (8.00). *Darts, with SPBW*. Marquess Tavern, Marquess Rd., N1. - Tue 20 (8.00). *AGM*. Lamb, Lamb Conduit St., WC1. - Sun. 25 (12.00). *Lunch-time social*. Dick's Bar, 61 Tottenham Lane, N8 - Fri. 30 (6.00). *NW3 crawl*. Start Jack Straw's Castle; then Holly Bush, Three Horseshoes etc. - Mon 3 May (11.00). *Two-pub holiday social*. Marler's 54 Pentonville Rd., N1; then Lord Wolsey, 55 White Lion St., N1.

RICHMOND & HOUNSLOW: Wed (8.00). *Celebration social*. Earl Russell, Hanworth Rd., Hounslow (Fuller's 'Cellar of the Year' award). - Mon 19 (8.00). *AGM*. White Bear, Kingsley Rd., Hounslow - Wed 21 (8.00). *Darts* v. SW London. Abercorn Arms, Church Rd., Teddington. - Fri-Sun. 14-16 May. *Trip to Lincolnshire*. Details from Branch Contact.

SOUTH-EAST LONDON: Wed 14 (8.00). *Presentation*. Mitre, 291 High Rd., SE10 (charity pub cheque of about £1,000 to Charlton Park School for Physically Handicapped). - Mon 19 (8.00). *Branch*. Old Nun's Head, Nunhead Green, SE15 - Mon 26 (8.00). *Social*. Gatehouse, Leda Rd., SE18. SOUTH-WEST LONDON: Thu (8.00). *Social*. Beehive, 197 St. John's Hill, SW11. - Thu 22 (8.00). *Branch*. King's Arms, High St., SW18.

Cont from page 12

"I shall have to look closely at the financial implications" said Mukherjee. "And none of this justifies the Dracula outfit and the funny headgear."

"Getting the feel of the Scholar's uniform" said Dogg. "You see, there is every chance that the students will elect me the next Honorary Vice Chancellor of Grotchester University! My stock has been high on the campus since our full range of beers found their way into the Students Union bar. The fact that we are likely to endow the Dogg Chair in West Hartlepool Paleolithic Studies should put the icing on the cake."

"I don't know who the opposition is but such names as Lord Weinstock, Price Andrew and Terry Wogon have been suggested. Not much to hinder my chances there, I fancy!"

## CAMRA Branch Contacts

BEXLEY	BILL BECKETT	300-9757 (H)	283-1000 x 2943 (W)
BROMLEY	ROGER MASON	464 2909 (H)	407-4466 x 294 (W)
CROYDON & SUTTON	DAVE HAMER	647-0992 (H)	41511 x 66 (W)
E. LONDON & CITY	PETER ROBERTS	Upminster 23581	213-7374 (W)
ENFIELD & BARNET	TONY MORGAN	440-2186 (H)	283-1000 x 2944(W)
KINGSTON & LEATHERHEAD	ANDY BAGLEY	548-2941 (H)	
NORTH LONDON	LAURIE GORDON	448-1692 (H)	359-1340 (W)
RICHMOND & HOUNSLOW	ANDY PIRSON	977-1633 (H)	
SOUTH-WEST ESSEX	CHRIS CASHMORE	Brentwood 211703 (H)	283-1030 x 356 (W)
SOUTH-EAST LONDON	MIKE WARNER	852-7759 (H)	227-3391 (W)
SOUTH-WEST LONDON	JIM SMITH	671-3482 (H)	
WEST LONDON	RODNEY HOLLOWES	723-2798 (H)	
WEST MIDDLESEX	KEITH WILDEY	423-1245 (H)	965-7414 (W)

# MARLERS

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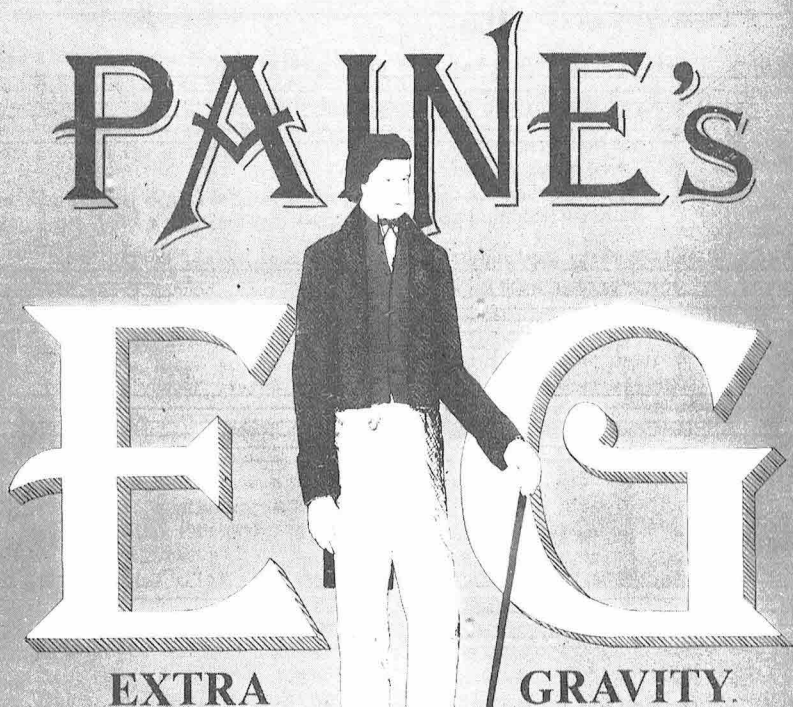
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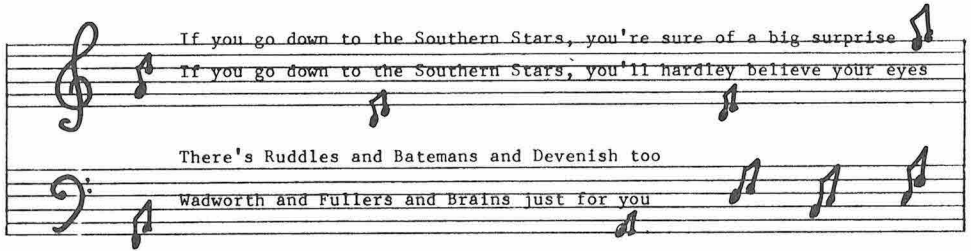
James Toller, The Eynesbury Giant.  
Born 1798. Died 1818 - 8' 6" tall.

BREWED BY PAINE & Co. Ltd., ST. NEOTS,  
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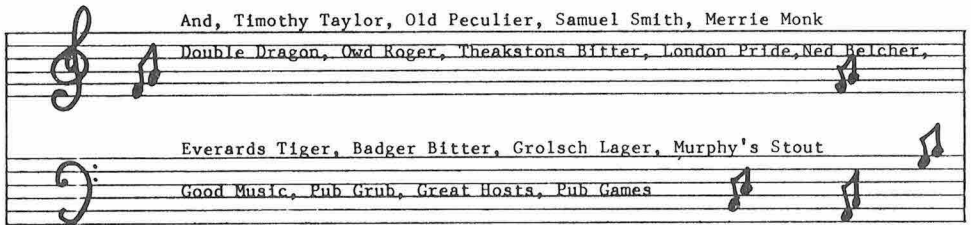
# SOUTHERN STARS   FREEHOUSE

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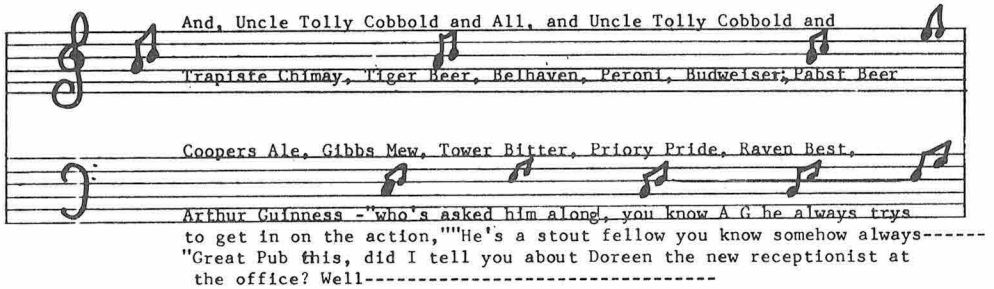
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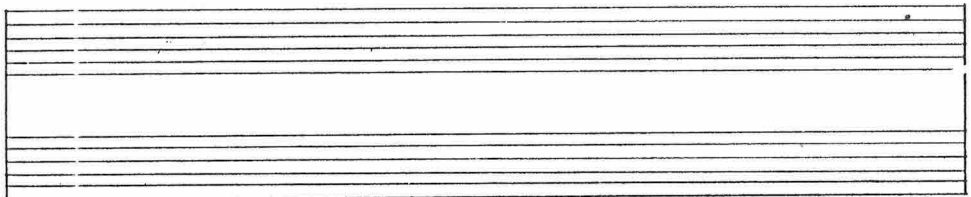
If you go down to the Southern Stars, you're sure of a big surprise  
If you go down to the Southern Stars, you'll hardly believe your eyes  
There's Ruddles and Batemans and Devenish too  
Wadworth and Fullers and Brains just for you



And, Timothy Taylor, Old Peculier, Samuel Smith, Merrie Monk  
Double Dragon, Old Roger, Theakstons Bitter, London Pride, Ned Belcher,  
Everards Tiger, Badger Bitter, Grolsch Lager, Murphy's Stout  
Good Music, Pub Grub, Great Hosts, Pub Games



And, Uncle Tolly Cobbold and All, and Uncle Tolly Cobbold and  
Traplase Chimay, Tiger Beer, Belhaven, Peroni, Budweiser, Pabst Beer  
Coopers Ale, Gibbs Mew, Tower Bitter, Priory Pride, Raven Best,  
Arthur Guinness - "who's asked him along, you know A G he always tries  
to get in on the action," "He's a stout fellow you know somehow always  
"Great Pub this, did I tell you about Doreen the new receptionist at  
the office? Well-----"



# TALL STORIES by Brian Lee

I'VE ALWAYS LIKED tall stories – the taller the better! Certainly, the one told by Bill Niblock in the March *London Drinker* rates high in the rank of tall stories.

Taking some of Bill's points not necessarily in order, it's quite true I was manager of *The Bricklayers Arms* in Shoreditch. Not just in the early days of 1980, though, but for three years.

I followed a chap by the name of Peter Mann, who was Clarke Baker's first manager at *The Bricklayers Arms* after the group took the pub over about five-and-a-quarter years' back. Peter now manages *The Windmill*.

It was he who pushed the trade up to make *The Bricklayers Arms* a continuously busy House. And when I followed him, this trend of increasing business was continued.

I don't recall any slackness around the place and wouldn't have tolerated it, having the reputation of being a 'tough' Clarke Baker manager.

It was with this kind of ruthless turn of mind I decided to have a St Valentine's Day Massacre at the pumps (for a bit of a wheeze) in 1980. (Please note, gentlemen, ladies 'n' all, that Valentine's Day falls every year on 14 February, not the 29th!)

There weren't ANY Truscott beers lined up for the massacre. Oh no! They were all over 10-50, though, so you can work out how this must have affected the local business populace. Quite a challenge, I'll admit, which I assaulted myself. And that's why I can only remember having Ruddle's County and some innocuous little drink by the name of Bishop's Tipple.

Truscott beers have a long history (a long story, rather than tall, perhaps) – almost as long as the Truscott family's.

Not much brewing was done in the family this century because of two world wars which came between the hobby and duty to King and Country.

Indeed, when Truscott beers were resurrected again, they were only available in what would now be called *cottages* in parts of Wales. These were the kinds of places where the bar was in the back kitchen, and you swilled your

pint down sitting on the sofa in the 'main' room.

Because of changes in the licensing laws, these drinking parlours beloved of Welsh Chapelists have gone – swep' away with the tide of modern history.

In 1976, Colonel Truscott's 20th birthday was celebrated with a pretty powerful brew being sold at a specially-selected pub.

Alas, alack, that 20th Century disease which erupts from festering town and country planning and council meetings resulted in a new development, and the pub in which this extraordinary event took place was demolished. Roads and vehicles now cross what was once an imbibers' paradise.

In 1980 Colonel Truscott approached me (bless his wooden Fairisle socks) to sell Truscott beers through *The Bricklayers Arms*.

I wasn't too sure about all this to begin with, so I and Ian Clarke (Clarke of Clarke Baker) put our heads together about. (I'm afraid Bill wasn't there at the time!)

After all, you can understand our uncertainty!

The beere weren't at all well known. Largely, we felt, they were untried – an unknown quantity. And the name of the Truscott brewery was itself unknown.

Furthermore, because all the brewing bit was carried out by Archibald Truscott's grandson Jethro, in his spare time, there weren't many different types of beer, and none of them constantly available.

In fact, Truscott reckon they have (nowadays anyways) only enough labour and brewing capacity to knock out beers for special occasions and events.

So – was Truscott a commercial proposition? That was what we asked ourselves.

Well, we decided to try out the suggestion.

The Colonel had us get some in, and on 29 February 1980 there were indeed Truscott beers at *The Bricklayers Arms*.

(I must admit that, for a joke, I wrote

Truscott Erehwon on a barrel – just to see what sort of reaction there would be. In fact, Colonel Truscott doesn't *want* anyone to know where he is based exactly, because he might be inundated with orders which he has no way of coping with. But Truscott are in North Wales.)

We had a modicum of success with the 29 February 1980 Truscott beers, sold at a time when The Colonel did celebrate his 21st birthday (as he was born 29 February 1896 –*not* the 20th, please note again!).

Because of this, we had agreed to sell Truscott beers from time-to-time, as they became available, and if we could take them.

As Bourne Valley will tell you, they don't brew Truscott beers, oh no!

Howsomever, my time at **The Bricklayers Arms** was almost over, because Clarke Baker Inns acquired **The Shirland Arms** in Maida Vale and I was asked to go there and manager the refurbished House for them.

I of course accepted. One problem, though, was the name.

We wanted the newly refurbished pub to reflect the new image. Ian Clarke asked me if I would like to change the name of **The Shirland Arms**.

In the end, Ian, I and Linda (me lady wyfe) put our heads together (no Bill *there*, either) and we decided to call the pub **The Truscott Arms**.

As a result of this, the Colonel asked me to continue selling occasional brews, and we are now the only pub in the country selling Truscott beers.

The family originated in a small place by the name of Trescott in Staffordshire, from which it derives its name. This was later corrupted to Truscott, and a branch of the family moved to Truro in Cornwall, in which county there are still many Truscotts abounding the telephone book.

The family acquired brewing rights after Sir John Truscott fought successfully in the Battle of Naseby in 1645 (won by the New Model Army).

Nowadays, the brewery is constructed out of slate, and Calor gas has brought some improve-

ment to the chores associated with wood and coke formerly used.

Because the brewery was (and still is, I suppose) portable, there had been problems in finding consistent water quality. This is still overcome by using Truscott Patent Sommerleyn HLB Crystals which ensure continuous quality.

Suffice to say that there is no drayman by the name of Bill in Bourne Valley. There's James Lynch, John Featherby and Chris (whose last name I don't know). No Bill.

Only a few weeks ago I heard from Frederick (Fats to his Friends) Truscott from Las Vegas where he was trying *not* to spend the family fortune.

And just a short while back I sat down to dinner with Dennis Truscott in Sutton, Surrey.

I can tell you – the Truscott family is alive and well and proud of the name **Truscott Arms**.

If you want to know more, come and see us in Shirland Road, Maida Vale, London W9.

## Real Beer in London Update 3

A FEW MISTAKES crept into last month's list. **The Park Royal Hotel**, which we put in NW10, is correctly listed in **RBIL** under W5. The address of the **Ploughman** in Harrow is 321 Station Road. These is no **Oxford Arms** in SW14. The **Red Lion** in EC3 to be deleted is the one at 8 Lombard Court.

We are holding back on information about Truman pubs at present, because they are changing to the new beers at a rapid rate. Of the pubs listed mistakenly last month in SE15, **The Prince Of Orange** sells Truman Mild, Bitter and Best Bitter, not Tap, while we have not yet been told what is happening at the **Newlands Tavern**.

### Amendments

The following entries in *Real Beer In London* should be amended as indicated:

- |     |   |
|-----|---|
| W1  | <b>Bath House</b> . Renamed <b>Sound And Vision</b> . Fremlin: <b>Tusker</b> and <b>Wethered</b> : <b>Bitter</b> labelled 'That bitter' and 'This bitter' respectively. Pub contains 5 TV screens and 2 Video juke box screens. |
| WC1 | <b>Pakenham Arms</b> . Add <b>Young's Special (H)</b>   |



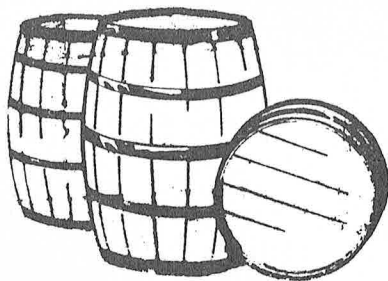
## RBIL cont.

WC2	Impressions. Renamed The Downunder. Australian theme.	NW2	Hogs Grunt & Magic Hour Bars. Add Bass; McMullen: Country bitter (H)
EC1	Old Ivy House. Renamed Pheasant & Firkin. Delete Charrington: IPA; Add Bruce: Peasant Porter, Pheasant Bitter, Dogbolter; Chudley: Bitter; Godson: Black Horse; Ind Coope: Burton Ale; Shepherd Neame: Bitter (H)	NW3	Burgundia. Renamed Carney Arms. Add Chudley: Bitter; Friary Meux: Bitter; Greene King: Abbot; Truman: Bitter; Young: Bitter (H)
EC2	Bricklayers Arms. The six bitters and one mild are selected from the following: Arkell: BB, King-down; Courage: Best bitter, Director's; Devenish: Mild, Wessex Best Bitter; Bass; Elgridge Pope: Royal Oak; Everard: Beacon; Shepherd Neame: Mild, bitter; Samuel Smith: OBB; Wells: Bombadier; Wethered: Bitter; Young: Special (H)	NW3	Nags Head. Delete Godson: Black Horse; Tower: Bitter; Wadworth: 6X. Add Greene King: Abbot. (H)
N1	Malt & Hops. Add Gibbs Mew: Premium bitter, Bishops Tipple; Bateman: XB (H)	NW4	Greyhound; Add Fremlin: Tusker (H)
ENFIELD	Falcon. Delete Charrington: IPA; add Charrington: Crown (H)	NW10	Fisherman's Arms. Delete Ind Coope: Bitter. Add Benskin: Bitter; Ind Coope: Burton Ale (H)
NEW BARNET	Duke Of Lancaster. Add Courage: Best bitter (H)	NW11	Prince Albert. Add Courage: Director's (H)
		SE1	Drum Bar. Delete Arkell: BBB. Add Courage: Best bitter (H)
		SE1	Market Porter. Add Beach: Bitter (H) – Home brew (1040 O.G.)

CONT. Page 24

# barrels

## REAL ALE OFF-LICENCE



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SE10	North Pole. Add Adnam: Bitter; Arkell: BBB; Greene King: Abbot: Hall & Woodhouse: Tanglefoot Strong Ale; Tisbury: Local bitter; Wethered: Winter Royal (H) — a Whitbread 'free house'. Note that the 'labour exchange' has now closed!	SE25	Ship. Delete Fremlin: Tusker. Add Adnam: Bitter; Arkell. BBB; Greene King: Abbot; Hall & Woodhouse: Tanglefoot Strong Ale; Tisbury: Local bitter (H) — a Whitbread 'Free house'.
SE17	Henshaw Arms. Add Young: Special bitter (H) (page 139)	CROYDON	Bridge Hotel. Delete Ind Coope: Burton Ale.
SE18	Village Blacksmith. Delete Tower: Bitter; Add Eldridge Pope: Royal Oak (H)	CROYDON	Lion. Add Burke's: Bitter (Home brew — 1040 O.G.); King & Barnes: Festive (H)
SE20	Golden Lion. Add Bass; Eldridge Pope: Royal Oak; Felin-foel: Bitter; King & Barnes: Old; Morland: Best bitter (H)	SW1	Star Tavern. Add Fuller: Chiswick bitter. (H)
		SW1	Wilton Arms. Add Fremlin: Tusker (H)
		SW3	Builders Arms. Delete Fremlin: Tusker.

If you know of any pub that has started selling draught beer or whose details in *Real Beer In London*, are incorrect the compilers would be very pleased to hear from you. Please write to: RBIL Update, 2 Sandtoft Rd., SE7.

## JOIN NOW and have fun protecting your pint!

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