

WHAT'S DOING

5p

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 4

The Newsletter of the North Manchester Branch of CAMRA

EXTRA TIME

Despite the unobtrusive support of the massed local branches of CAMRA, attempts to extend weekday licensing hours in Manchester to the slightly less absurd hour of 11.00pm failed miserably. The application was to have been heard at the annual Brewster's Sessions in Manchester, Salford and Eccles, but in the event only the Manchester application was seriously pursued. The LVA applied for the extension, but it was heavily opposed by NALHM, the pub managers' union. Curiously, the police offered no objections to the proposed extension, though following the rejection by Manchester licensing magistrates, it is probable that they would have opposed such an extension in Salford or Eccles alone by conjuring up visions of hordes of thirsty Mancunians rushing across the Irwell at 10.30.

In the event, we have lost for at least twelve months - and probably much longer - the opportunity to lessen the restrictions imposed on our social lives by regulations introduced when the Kaiser was threatening.

TETLEY'S DRUM BEATER

According to the Warrington branch, handpumps have recently been installed in The New Inn, a Tetley's pub in Culcheth. The beer, however, is not cask-conditioned. As real ale is associated with handpumps in most people's minds, this is an undesirable trend which, it is to be hoped, will not spread any further.

HIGH PIQUE

The High Peak branch are concerned about the behaviour of Robinsons in ruining pubs by modernisation and renovation. This apparently is happening with increasing frequency in their area. Although it has not yet happened in North Manchester, this is a tendency which we too must look out for. Robinisation on top of Boddification would be too much.

PITHY POLLY

David Pollards pub 'Polly's', which is not as stated in What's Doing two months ago in an area devoid of real ale (remember the Circus, the Grey Horse, the New York, et al), is due to be opened on April 1st. Word has it that this is an optimistic date, but we can be sure it will be open in time for 'sunglasses on head' season.

BASS PUTS PRESSURE ON CAMRA

"What's Brewing" headlines this month are "Bass promote the real thing in North-west". This is only true if "the real thing" includes cask-conditioned beer served under pressure. Most Bass houses selling cask beer use blanket CO₂ pressure. Only four houses in North Manchester serve the beer without pressure. It is deplorable that professional journalists earning, or rather being paid, sums not far removed from £5,000 p.a. should accept the press hand-outs of Bass North West public relations department without further investigation and thereby promote the products of an organisation which has fundamental differences of opinion with CAMRA on the subject of CO₂ pressure. The way it's going, we'll all be drinking keg in two years' time and liking it.

BROADWAY

Plans for redeveloping Salford's Ordsall Area 14, the old Dock Ward, were made known at a Housing Committee meeting last month. What is left of Broadway will separate a new 'industrial area' from the housing development, and so under these plans the Broadway Inn is safe.

SUGARING THE PILL

A real ale devotee on a tour of the new Bass brewery at Runcorn was shown into the palletising department. "Is this where you make the stuff taste reasonable?" he asked, not entirely to the grumblement of the Bass bosses.

SHAMBLES

The Wellington, permanently hovering somewhere near where Manchester's Market Place used to be, is to reopen on April 15th. This will be possibly the most expensive lock-up pub in the country, as Bass Charrington are reported to have spent £200,000 on the building, which is 412 years old and was first licenced in 1830. Five cask conditioned beers are to be sold, but all will be dispensed by pressure from a cellar which is 60 feet below the pub! How those who favour CAMRA's approval of top pressure beers will react to a pint of low-level Bass can only be imagined, but it is a great disappointment that a brewery which in the North West is just starting to publicise its traditional beers should treat its products in such a way in what is clearly a showpiece job.

THE GUARDIAN, Friday, February 4, 1971



MANCHESTER'S oldest pub, the Wellington Inn (above), now dwarfed by modern buildings, is expected to reopen in April, having been raised by nearly five feet since it closed more than six years ago.

The fifteenth-century Wellington Inn, Charrington's oldest building.

The photograph is, of course, of Sinclairs. The Wellington is hidden in shadow at the other end of the block. Nice try Grauniad, it's a pretty picture even if it's wrong.

TWO BEERS OR NOT TWO BEERS?

Following the article in the January issue of What's Doing concerning the alleged phasing out of Robinsons ordinary bitter we have received a letter from the brewery. Mr P B Robinson writes...

"I can assure you that there is no danger of our ordinary bitter being phased out, nor is there any truth in the suggestion that we are pushing our Best Bitter. The truth of the matter is that by far the largest majority of our licensees prefer to serve Best Bitter in our houses rather than ordinary bitter. We have never insisted that any tenant should take Best Bitter in preference to Bitter. This would in no way surprise me in view of the general increasing popularity of our Best Bitter. You will no doubt also appreciate that it is not really possible to justify having both ordinary Bitter and Best Bitter available in the same house, particularly remembering that all houses also take Best Mild. The usual setup is that the houses take either Best Mild and Bitter or Best Mild and Best Bitter.

I thought it would be helpful if I advised you of this in case any of your readers were misled into thinking there was a danger of ordinary Bitter disappearing. I can see no likelihood of this happening in the immediate future unless of course there was a complete swing away from Bitter to Best Bitter and this would only be as a result of customer demand."

WHITBREAD

One of my new years resolutions was to attempt to do something positive about the Campaign for Real Ale. With this in mind I decided to write to Whitbread head office in London complaining about the lack of real ale in their North West pubs. In particular I criticised their marketing policy by stating that they seemed to take no account of increasing consumer preference for real ale. In marketing any product, up to date information on consumer tastes and preferences are supposed to be the major determinants of any company policy, and I mentioned that Whitbread were not following this basic principle. I suggested that in the short term in order to satisfy the real ale thirst in the North West they could ship in beer from their 'traditional breweries'. I also mentioned rather optimistically that they could provide real ale from local breweries in their outlets (Whitbread Tankard in reverse).

Considering Whitbreads reputation about the mention of real ale I was quite surprised to receive a prompt if somewhat predictable reply from one of their Directors. He said that in actual fact Whitbread were following consumer demand in providing brewery conditioned beer but recognised that there was a demand by 'some people' for 'traditional beer'. He said that Whitbread would require substantial evidence that the demand for cask conditioned beer was real and lasting before they changed their policy. I suppose this can be understood to a certain extent as Whitbreads have put all their North West brewery eggs in the unreal basket and it would need a major capital investment programme to reverse their disastrous policies.

I think that it is up to all the real ale enthusiasts in the North West to convince London that

this demand will be real and lasting and that Whitbread should invest in good quality cask-conditioned beer.

"What's Brewing" January 1977 advises that we should communicate our opinions 'to the blokes at the top of the Whitbread tree who can effect the changes necessary'. I wholeheartedly agree with this sentiment. The address to write to is:-

Marketing Director
Whitbread & Co Ltd
The Brewery
Chiswell Street
London EC 1Y 4SD

I'm sure he will be pleased to hear from you.

Bill Collier

AND THE LORD SPAKE UNTO JOSHUA

Tetleys have had their request to build a pub on the site of the old St Lukes Vicarage, Liverpool Street, Salford, rejected. According to the Salford City Reporter the planning Committee turned down the application because of the 'residential character of the neighbourhood'. It seems unlikely that the application would have got much further anyway, since the conveyance of the sale has a 'God Clause', forbidding the land to be used for an assortment of earthly pleasures.

THE STATE OF THEAKSTONS

At the last branch meeting questions were asked about the current position at Theakstons. (You didn't hear them? - so it was you making all that noise over on the other side of the room!) Our man in Carlisle, Jim Davies, has been investigating.

T & R Theakston Ltd bought the Carlisle State Brewery in June 1974 roughly two years after brewing ceased following the denationalisation of the scheme by the last Tory Government. Whilst this move helped to solve Theakstons production problems caused by the fact that demand was exceeding the capacity of the Masham brewery it did bring certain problems in regard to distribution. Following the closure of the State Management Scheme the pubs formerly supplied by the brewery had been sold off to a number of large brewers. None of these brewers (who are incidentally among the largest contributors to Tory Party funds) were interested in operating the brewery at Carlisle, being more interested in gaining more 'outlets' for their 'products' than in maintaining a range of cheap and well-liked beers brewed to suit the local palate.

The plant had been maintained over the intervening period by a Home Office staff of eight and so only a small amount of work was needed before brewing could commence again, which it did in September 1974.

Theakstons head brewer at Carlisle, Mr Hugh Curley, pointed out in a recent meeting with Carlisle Camra that the bitter had been produced at Carlisle for a long time before any complaints were made over its supposed declining quality, and in fact it was only after the switch became generally known that the complaints came in. Mr Curley also pointed out that the Carlisle brewery, although more modern than Masham, was merely a larger version of it and that exactly the same methods were in use at both

places. If this is beginning to sound like an apology for Theakstons I must point out that although it is difficult to actually sample Theakstons in Carlisle (the big brewers have all the pubs) on the odd occasion when it is to be had it is invariably in good condition.

The current position is that all Best Bitter is brewed at Carlisle (about 1,000 barrels per week). Just before it is ready for racking it is put into road tankers for the 98 mile journey to Masham where racking takes place the same day. Masham produces Old Peculier and Mild at its capacity rate of 250 barrels a week. The tankers bring back Old Peculier to Carlisle where brewery conditioning, kegging and bottling take place. Keg and bottled bitter of course never leave Carlisle. Also produced at Carlisle is the non-alcoholic beer for the Middle East, which is made from malt and hops in the same way as beer but is not fermented prior to being conditioned and bottled.

Over the last three years Theakstons have expanded from a tiny village brewery (their last 'great leap forward' was in 1919 when they took over Lightfoots of Masham) to almost a national concern. The sales area based on Carlisle stretches from South Scotland to Blackpool. Masham supplies the whole of Yorkshire and there are depots or distributors in London and the Home Counties and Bristol. Many may regret this move, and certainly Big is by no means Beautiful these days, but surely the alternative which doubtless would have been eventual take-over by one of the big six would have been even worse.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN?

Gordon Watson, the licensee of the Big Derby in Salford for the past 4½ years, has recently moved to the Angel on Chapel Street. A new landlord took over the Derby on the 7th February and there is still no indication of when the pub is to close.

Mr Watson has been with Wilsons seven years. His first pub was the Gardeners Arms, Pendleton Street, which was compulsorily purchased by the council as part of the Whit Lane redevelopment. His next pub was also in Pendleton, the Bird in Hand on Back Bury Street, which has also disappeared. When he took over the Derby, he expected to be there for only twelve months. During the past 4½ years the pub has enjoyed a thriving local trade, and its function as a social centre for the community was acknowledged in a recent BBC television programme about urban development. He has kept the beer consistently well, and in fact we still owe him an apology for including the Derby in the Bad Beer Guide without mentioning that he was on holiday at the time!

We wish him every success in The Angel, a pub which he has wanted for some time. The beer is chilled and filtered, but there is a possibility that Wilsons may be prepared to go back to traditional beer, in which case we shall be seeing a lot more of Mr & Mrs Watson.

THE NEXT BRANCH MEETING WILL
BE IN THE LAMB HOTEL, ECCLES
ON 16th MARCH, STARTING 8.00

HALF CUT

As a sequel to Duncan Roberts' article in the December issue lamenting the dearth of real ale pubs near canals, perhaps the following catalogue of hostelries we visited on a boat trip from Middlewich to Marple over New Year may be reassuring. It should be noted that those who actually do their fair share of keeping the boat moving should not expect to reach them all - one of the more dedicated researchers was heard to remark half way through the week,

"I didn't know there was any sailing involved in this drinking trip."

In true CAMRA tradition, we started immediately on arrival, in The Commercial next to Sandbach station, with some excellent Greenall Whitley dark mild and a game of darts with the locals. It was rumoured that Jim Davies found a pub in Middlewich serving Marstons Merrie Monk, but by the time we'd actually arrived at our meeting place they had closed.

The first night was spent in Sandbach, where we found a friendly Robinsons house, the Swan and Chequers, with a back room large enough and soundproof enough to accommodate us and our voices. It also possessed a machine selling alcohol dispensant tablets, empty but of some antiquarian interest.

En route to Congleton the next day, two smiling faces betrayed a visit to the Broughton Arms, Rode Heath, a Marstons pub selling Pedigree and bitter on handpumps. The next stop was the Red Bull, a smart Robinsons pub next to a flight of locks of the same name, where the landlord's son obligingly parted with some of his collection of beer mats to a fellow enthusiast.

That night at Congleton we had our first disappointment. The Lion and Swan did serve Thwaites real bitter as advertised, but it was diabolical, and the mild was keg. However, Ye Olde King's Arms down the road consoled us, especially since there

was a barrel of Owd Roger behind the bar, in addition to Marstons ordinary bitter and mild on hand-pumps.

Lunchtime the next day consisted of a quick one in a large Robinsons pub called the Bleeding Wolf, and a more protracted stay in a Higsons house called something like Fool's Nook (since it was conveniently situated next to a swing bridge, most of the party made it to this one and no-one could be found later with an accurate memory). The beer was very acceptable, but the hungry are warned not to chew on the plastic swords thoughtfully provided with the sandwiches. Evening brought us to Macclesfield, and before tea a quick visit was made to the Puss in Boots, a pleasant Boddingtons pub with a coal fire which retains its handpumps. Nearby was a friendly Wilsons pub called The Bridgewater, where the landlord played the electric organ and the locals recommended a Bass house called the Jolly Sailor which we're saving for next time.

By the third day out, the dedicated drinker had turned the holiday into a walking trip and sobered up with a long trek to Marple after an extended lunchtime session in the Miner's Arms

Sailor which we're saving for next time.

By the third day out, the dedicated drinkers had turned the holiday into a walking trip and sobered up with a long trek to Marple after an extended lunchtime session in the Miner's Arms. This was a smart, modernised and popular Boddingtons pub with a clientele to match, but the strong ale served on draught helped to counteract the effects of plus fours and fur coats.

New Year's Eve was spent in Marple, mainly in the Ring O' Bells, a many-roomed Robinsons house by the canal, but we also patronised the Pineapple, a much smaller but equally cosy establishment selling Robinsons bitter and mild on electric pumps.

New Year's Day brought a quick lunchtime stop in a pleasant Boddingtons pub, the Bull's Head in High Lane, and in the evening we made a very worthwhile stop in Bollington. Here we split up to visit a variety of Robinsons and Boddingtons pubs, and were

also enticed by the Royal Oak, which had a roaring coal fire in the vault as well as serving an excellent pint of Marstons.

On Sunday, the ice finally won and, frozen in, we returned to the King's Arms in Congleton to find that the Owd Roger was now in bottles, but the bitter was still very acceptable. Finally, not to be beaten, we fell off the train in Manchester and staggered to the Peveril of the Peak to conclude a well-fortified holiday.

PUB OF THE MONTH

PARK HOTEL, Monton

The Park Hotel in Monton is a fairly new Holts house, which replaced a typically substantial pub like the Grapes or the Lamb in Eccles. The pub has an interesting collection of photographs, paintings and prints of the former Nasmyth railway foundry and the Bridgewater Canal. Dominoes, cards and darts are regular activities in the vault, which is often crowded; there is a large lounge with a juke box and a smaller, more secluded room at one side of the central bar. The mild and bitter served through electric pumps are consistently good, and many of the locals drink the mild regularly. This is unusual for a Holts pub, the Eagle on Collier Street in Salford being the only other Holts 'mild pub' in our area.

The Park offers a variety of surroundings which many modern pubs fail to achieve, and a comfortable local without being plush or trendy.

WELCOME NEWS

The regulars of the Welcome Inn, Ordsall Lane, Salford, are protesting about its demolition and an appeal meeting has been arranged with Salford Corporation on Monday 28th Feb. at 10.00. A petition has been drawn up, which has got at least 400 signatures, and a short meeting is being held at 7.00pm on Tuesday 22 Feb. at the Welcome with representatives of J W Lees to discuss campaign tactics. All welcome.

TAKE THE MONEY

Last month we reported the closing of the Windsor Castle in Salford following a compensation of £35,000 awarded to the owners, Lanchester Taverns. Elsewhere in Salford handouts of recent years include:

£17,000 to Bass for the Hanging Gate, Tatton Street
£9,000 to Whitbread for the Horse & Jockey, West Worsley Street.

£36,200 to Greenall Whitley for the Woodbine on Liverpool Street. A piece of the Woodbine survives - one of its signboards hangs in Salford Local History Library. The fag end?

£38,600 to Greenall Whitley for the Fox on Regent Road and the Crown on West Worsley Street.

£60,510 to Chef & Brewer Ltd for the Wheatsheaf on Regent Road and houses nearby.

The newspaper article reproduced below is from the Manchester Guardian, 1963.

The chilling coup de grace is administered to the 86-acre Ellor Street-Hankinson Street area in Salford—"Hanky Park" in Walter Greenwood's "Love on the Dole"—in a week's time, when 10 public-houses still erect in a great swathe of demolition all close their doors on the same night.

Already almost all the 2,500 houses in the area to be redeveloped, which is three-quarters of a mile in length, have been demolished, and work on three blocks of multi-storey flats is under way.

The pubs—among them the British Queen, Old House at Home, Druids' Rest, and Miners' Arms—have hung doggedly on as the last remaining artifacts of a vanished subcivilisation. (Salford City Council was informed that nearly £280,000 compensation to breweries was involved in the demolition of 29 public-houses in the city's slum-clearance programme, and the costly day is delayed as long as possible.)

This has involved, for the licensees, up to four years of isolation in a sea of rubble, with the regulars fled to the housing estates, and only echoes in the four-ale bar. Mrs. Elsie Walters, who has lived at the Miners' Arms since 1904, says:

"I'm lucky if I can fill one table on weekdays. But they're very loyal on Saturday nights: some of them come a fivepenny bus ride to drink here again. But the ladies don't like coming down from Broad Street, with no street lights and all the bricks."

The licensee at the next island, the Etwell House, said it was this winter that had been the worst. "The cold's been coming in at every wall, the wind's been battering the place from every side."

Not much is left of Hanky Park, apart from the pigeons, and a bulldozer turning over bricks, an old handbag, and scraps of multi-layered wallpaper, a tatty symbol of years of attempts to build and brighten the rows of fearful two-up-and-two-downs.

A woman is chopping firewood from rotten floorboards with a meat-cleaver. "Nine children and three of them with tonsillitis. It's nice and dry, this old wood," she says. "There'll be a lot of good wood when they pull the pubs down. It'll burn well." She wheels lumps of Ellor Street away in an old tram to brighten another sullen Salford street.

THE CASTLE EXORCISED

I first went to the Castle in Oldham Street not long after I arrived in Manchester two years ago. Dressed in my junior Sweeney outfit (well before Thames thought of it) and accompanied by a six-foot-three colleague in his "off-duty-copper" leather jacket, I ordered two pints of bitter. A dozen mouths fell silent. A dozen pairs of eyes observed. After what seemed like minutes, a voice asked, "Y'all right, Jimmie?" Stuck for an answer, I gulped my beer. "Gnat's piss," I cried. Everbody dived for cover. By chance I had hit upon the phrase used by regulars to warn of a police raid.

It's over a year now since Robbie and Doreen took the tenancy of the Castle, and the character of the pub is now vastly improved. In fact, if you've got a granny who fancies Old Tom, you could bring them both along quite safely. It's nice to see the trade growing month by month, as the beer is of a consistently high quality and the lunches are very reasonably priced (but I do wish Eileen would save some cheese and onion pie for me). It's also nice to know that a lot of people first find their way to the Castle through the national and local Good Beer Guides. Oh, and thank you, Doreen and Robbie, for selling so many of those.

Surprisingly, the Castle was a Holt's pub about the turn of the century, before passing to Kay's Atlas brewery and in 1929 to Robinson's. Robbie and Doreen have been in the licensed trade in Manchester for eighteen years, at first with Wilsons, and this is their first city centre pub for some time. I can only wish that more "guv'nors" had as fine an appreciation of the qualities of traditional beer and traditional pubs as these two.

Robin Bence

REAL ALE IN HULME

Although Hulme is in South Manchester's province, they don't seem to have paid much attention to it, preferring to do their drinking in the more salubrious areas of Cheadle, Didsbury and Wilmslow, each of which has at least four pubs in the Greater Manchester Beer Guide compared with one for Hulme.

There's still a fair choice of real ale in Hulme. It's not all wonderful, but it's well worth a visit. There's a choice of seven brews in a good few pubs:

Boddingtons	Grants Arms
Greenalls	Albert, Lord Clyde, Lord Napier, Pack Horse, Church
Hydes	Grand Junction, Hope Inn
Marstons	Mancunian, Pomona Palace
Robinsons	Red Admiral
Tetleys	Cornbrook
Wilsons	Talbot, Three Legs of Man

There are one or two other pubs which don't look too promising but need to be checked out including the Salutation near the Polytechnic, the Spinners on Rolls Crescent and the Forresters (I think) on Jackson Crescent.

Hulme has much in common with Salford and other parts of North Manchester. Many of the old pubs remain and only four sell non-real ale (two Bass Charrington, two Whitbread). It is to be hoped that the choice of traditional beer in the area remains and that the quality in some of the pubs can be improved. The beer in the Grants Arms and the Pomona Palace was sour on our last visit and the Hope has served unpalatable beer more than once. There seems to be little excuse for this. Other pubs can serve consistently good beer without much difficulty. Pubs which keep traditional beer badly bring real ale into disrepute. This is a pity, particularly in Hulme, where the old pubs offer a refuge from the monstrous housing blocks and help to forge a link with a past which is all too easily forgotten.

MAKE MAY A MILD MONTH

One of the most difficult things about getting people to drink mild, apart from the fact that some of the stuff's undrinkable, is the image which it has. Mild is, so it seems, associated with unemployed down and outs tottering from the doss house to swill down pints of the dirty brown liquid in a filthy, back-street, sawdust-strewn alehouse. There are, however, people other than Jem Callaghan and Roger Hall who drink mild.

The image can be changed. Look what happened to lager. Ten years ago it was only drunk by maiden aunts and queers (sorry, gay people). Now lager sales account for 22% of the draught beer market. This all goes to show that lager makes men into great pansies and women frigid.

So what do we do to move the image of mild upmarket, make it appeal to young people, dowager duchesses, property speculators and others who are rotten with money? What can be done to make them switch from Chateau-bottled vintage wines, Pernod, Benedictine and Grand Marnier, which they've been drinking all their lives, to mild, and thus give the drink a bit of class?

Well, it can't be all that difficult. Besides doing obvious things like sticking adverts in Lady, Lancashire Life and The Filthy Rich Gazette so that mild is linked with things which are definitely posh like hunt balls, debutantes, top hats, Rolls Royces and women with big - no, no, that's not right, got nothing to do with it, but the adverts would be better - where was I? Oh, yes, as well as all the advertising we could have more enterprising things. Things like having a House of Lords trip in a coal barge to Eccles and drinking mild in, say, The Royal Oak, The Golden Cross and The Stanley Arms. Of course you'd have to make small concessions, but I'm sure we can get hold of some cheap spat racks second hand from somewhere, and they're not likely to nick the spittoons if we get them gold-plated.

Mind you, some other things'll need changing as well. I mean the graffitti won't be very suitable at all. Tasteless

remarks like, "Oedipus, 'phone your mother," will have to be rubbed off in case one of them's called Oedipus. You can't have lords and so on reading "Dyslexia rules K.O.", thinking a hormone is the noise outside a brothel and 'phoning Gloria to see if she likes little boys as well. No, it's got to be more subtle - things like, "What are you looking up here for? You've wee'd all down your gaiters," which will raise the whole tone.

At £600 a time this could be a money-spinner and boost branch funds. They'd all go back and tell all their mates how great it was and how they all went and got drunk as lords - no, doesn't sound right - drunk as rats for two quid a night, and got beef biriani all over their ermine vests in the Meghna afterwards. In no time at all it'd spread like wildfire, and Sheikhs and Krauts and Yanks would be crawling all over Manchester looking for mild. Then we could export it and foreigners wouldn't have to drink the muck they normally drink.

A.G.M.

Owing to the speed of the Post Office, North Manchester's motions arrived on 29th. January, the day after the deadline. However, James Lynch writes to say that he's doing his best to include them in the order paper. North Manchester's motions are concerned with:

1. the growing bureaucracy and autocracy of CAMRA Ltd.
 2. the decline in quality of Theakston's bitter.
 3. beers which are not cask-conditioned being described as real ale.
 4. waste of space in the beer guide.
 5. the discontinuation of CAMRA commercial products other than real ale publications.
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PUB CRAWL

WEDNESDAY 2ND MARCH 1977

Pendlebury

Albert	Bolton Road	Boddingtons	7 pm
Butchers Arms	Bolton Road	Thwaites	7.30 pm
Royal Oak	Bolton Road	Bass	8 pm
Newmarket	Bolton Road	Holts	8.30 pm
Lord Nelson	Bolton Road	Holts	9.00 pm
Windmill	Bolton Road	Sam Smiths	9.30 pm
Football	Swinton Hall Road	Tetleys	10 pm

VICIOUS LETTER

Sir,

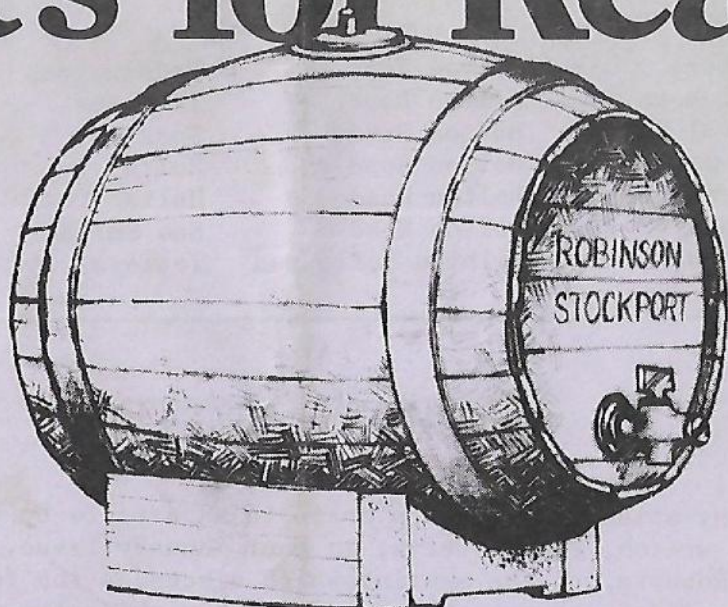
My attention has been drawn to an article by that shameful wretch, Paul Roberts, in your January issue. The same Mr Roberts, at the meeting which discussed the format of the guide, was more concerned with drinking ten pints of Bass than with formulating ideas and criticising other contributions in a constructive manner. In succumbing in silence to a majority opinion, Mr Roberts has left his mark in the beer guide through the outstanding literary merit of his own contributions.

Some phrases in the guide are not the hackneyed work of smarmy beer snobs but the original, unassisted masterpieces of Mr Roberts. Phrases like "small crowded local", "good ale", "attracts wide cross-section of society from hells angels to grannies", "small local near to precinct", evidently contain greater depth of meaning than many of the more mundane remarks in other sections of the guide. Please encourage Mr Roberts' correspondence. It adds a certain quality and elegance to your publication and reduces the time Mr Roberts spends tottering about Salford in a state of reeling obfuscation.

Yours faithfully,

R.Hall (no relation)

It's for Real



We, at Robinson's, think that what matters most about beer is its flavour. That's why we are still brewing beer the same way that we did a hundred years ago. Natural ingredients, the same time-honoured brewing ways, even on the same site — not many can say that!

And you can buy at least one, usually two and sometimes more of the traditional Ales listed here in any Robinson's pub within 100 miles of Stockport. Not many can make that sort of claim either.

Now you can have Real Ale at home for parties or just for your own enjoyment. Available in Firkins and Pins*, complete with tap, stillage and detailed instructions. You can order

from any Robinson's On or Off-Licence or Unicorn Wine Shops.

Always available from Unicorn Wine,

**Old Tom Ale
Best Bitter Ale
Bitter Ale*
Best Mild Ale**



Lower Hillgate, Stockport, (just by the Brewery) 061 480 6571. And its the cheapest way of buying beer. A little more trouble perhaps but we think you will agree with us that it is worth it.

There are deposits on the casks, stillages and taps, returnable in full when you bring them back. You can borrow glasses, paying only for those you break or fail to return providing you also make appropriate purchases of items to fill them.

We strongly recommend that you place your order as soon as possible for Christmas or New Year use.

It's Robinson's . . . for Real.

*Bitter Ale not available in Pins.

**When you buy any of these Robinson's Ales,
you are buying Traditional Draught Beer
-at its very best.**