



ONE & ALE

Free

Campaign for Real Ale Cornwall Branch Newsletter

FEBRUARY/MARCH 2008

Editor
Steve Willmott
10 St Carantoc Way
Crantock
Cornwall
TR8 5SB
Telephone
01637 830540

The views expressed in this magazine are those of the author and not necessarily of CAMRA LTD or of the Cornwall Branch of CAMRA

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www.cornwallcamra.org.uk

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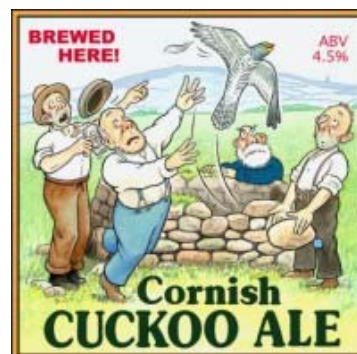


GOING



Brewery owner Stuart Heath has 'downsized' to the microbrewery for the time being, but has big plans for the future with his mikrocellar to supply beer for home consumption and possibly a new bottling line.

GOING



Has the Cuckoo flown from the Driftwood Spars and changed to Blue Hills Brewery? Former Bath Tub brewer Peter Martin is having a go with some new recipes in St Agnes.

GONE



Doghouse brewer Steve Willmott 'bins' the brewery sign after selling out to neighbouring Wooden Hand brewery at Grampound Road. After six years brewing in the former kennels at Scorrer they will probably revert to boarding dogs once more. See Page 3 for full story.

Chairman's Corner



Well, here we go again! It's binge-drinking open season folks, and the health police are at it once more, bemoaning the fact that everyone is drinking too much, and when they're not slugging it out in the streets on a Friday night, or renewing an acquaintanceship in the gutter with an earlier burger or kebab, they are quietly getting sloshed at home

on wine, gin, cheap supermarket lager – whatever! Well, yes, up to a point Lord Copper.* A lot of us possibly do drink unwisely in the long run, but on real ale (generally a trouble-free beverage), in pubs (under the watchful eye of the responsible licensee), and for reasons more to do with enjoying the taste of the stuff and chatting with friends rather than getting sloshed. For myself – and you don't have to believe this, but it's true – if they could take the alcohol out of beer but leave it tasting exactly the same as now, I'd be well pleased, because getting bladdered is an unfortunate risk factor in my hobby which I would prefer to do without. Impossible, I know, but it remains an observable fact that at real ale festivals through the land (and CAMRA alone organises over 200 of them a year), trouble rarely features among the punters who drink on average about 4 pints a head during a session. Okay, a few get noisy, a few others get wobbly-leg syndrome, some simply fall asleep in a heap; but in the end the vast majority leave happy, and that's all we ask. So how is it that we can have a tentful of 'binge drinkers' who quite obviously are happy with their lot, and at the same time the High Street is swarming with other binge drinkers who, also quite obviously in their various ways, are not?

Let me shift tack a minute. Not long ago, there was a well-publicised television series in which celebrity chef Jamie Oliver attempted to show that school meals generally were, not to put too fine a point on it, rubbish, with most kids eating junk food at lunchtimes and getting unfit, overweight, and all the rest of it. He also deconstructed some of the foods concerned, showing some of the unpleasant and unlikely substances that were stirred in to make up turkey twizzlers and the like. Even the government sat up and took a bit of notice, and healthier options for school meals started, slowly, to become available. Now comes the interesting bit. Teachers started to report that unruly, badly-behaved classes, especially in the afternoons, had quietened down and were actually behaving better and starting to respond to teaching when said healthier school dinners were being offered.

So what has all this to do with real ale? Bear with me. I've already said that real ale drinkers tend, on the whole, towards better behaviour after a few bevvies than the Friday night binge-merchants whose whole reason for drinking seems to be to get crapped out of their minds on whatever is cheaply available – alcopops, so-called lagers, bizarrely-named happy-hour cocktails and so forth. That this group is prone to shouting, arguments, even fighting is an observable fact. So could it be, just possibly, that (like the kids on junk food) there is something else in their drinks that kicks them off? Alcohol itself always gets the blame of course, but there has to be something more. After all, the alcohol in real ale is exactly the same alcohol as in lager cans, but the outcomes of drinking one or the other are often quite different. Why, for instance, is Stella Artois often referred to as 'Wife-beater'? The landlord of a Worthing pub, the Rose & Crown, actually stopped selling that particular brew and reported a significant reduction of trouble among his customers. Anyway, rather than trying to ban drinking of alcohol as such, perhaps the

health police should also be asking about that certain *je ne sais quoi* in some types of drink (but not others) which seems at least partly responsible for bad behaviour.

Which brings me to my point, really: why aren't brewers brought into line with other types of food and drink manufacturer and forced to label what goes into their products? After all, it's our stomachs they are messing with. Should be easy enough. Bottles and cans are already additive-labelled for most things, so including beer shouldn't be a problem. Draught beer? Put it on the pump-clip. Not that many draught beers would have a problem I should have thought, although there are some real ales from larger brewers in particular that appear to be stuffed with odd brewing adjuncts – wheat, maize, flour and similar. Please don't tell me 'it can't be done!' Of course it can. I have before me as I write two bottles of Danish beer, one from Tuborg as was, one from the Jutland Brewery. What's this on the labels? (I'll spare you the Danish): 'Brewed with malt, raw fruit and hops, added carbon dioxide, colouring (E150), and antioxidant (E222)'. Honest, and informative, up to a point. E150 is caramel, which shouldn't be much of a problem, though E222 is a sulphite which is known to cause gastric irritation, heart irregularities and sometimes problems for asthma sufferers. Be that as it may, at least in Denmark and other European countries you can see what you are getting and you can make an informed choice before having your Friday night binge. In the UK? Nothing!

You have to ask - what are the brewers afraid of? *Something* causes the aggression, the hangover, that seem to come with drinking these so-called lagers which are so popular, most with foreign-sounding names, most of which have never been much further east than Northampton. I think we should be told! Then we'd know whether the common expression 'chemical beer' was actually justified or not. Anyway, for my part, it's Friday, and I'm off down the pub to calm down and acquire a calm, rosy glow to start the weekend with oh, maybe 1.5 Government Standard Binges? On real ale - no additives, of course. At least, I don't think so.....

*Quote from Nicholas Nickleby, by Dickens. But you sophisticated lot knew that, didn't you!

Cheers,

Rod Davis, Cregoe, Crelow Hill,
Stithians, Truro, TR3 7AG
Telephone 01209 861135
chairman@cornwallcamra.org.uk



DOGHOUSE BREWERY ON THE MOVE

Early January saw the move of the Doghouse Brewery equipment from the Scorrier kennels to a new home at Grampound Road Industrial Estate as an addition to the Wooden Hand Brewery that has been gradually expanding on this site.

Former brewer Steve Willmott said, "Although I shall miss brewing at Scorrier, and it will seem very quiet without the background noise of dogs constantly barking, I want to get back into brewing as soon as possible."

The original idea, first conceived back in July last year, was for Wooden Hand Brewery to purchase the equipment and move it to a planned brewpub/restaurant development at Peruppa Barns near Mevagissey. Steve's former business partner Ian Spencer-Brown had reached retirement age and, as well as running a pub in Shropshire, he thought it was time to wind things up in Cornwall.

An agreement was reached between Rolf Munding of Wooden Hand and the Doghouse Brewery where brewing finally ceased in October.

The logistics of moving the five barrel brewing equipment were worked out, with the intention that it should be put into store at Pentewan until needed.

"If any CAMRA members can remember the trouble we had moving the Doghouse plant in to the Scorrier premises

they would realise that it is best moved once rather than twice!" Steve commented.

Then the opportunity arose to take on the lease of a further unit on the Grampound Road Industrial Estate where the Wooden Hand Brewery already occupies several units with its brewery, bottling plant, offices and storage. It is now intended to move the Doghouse brew plant into this unit and start brewing as soon as it can be made ready. This will increase the capacity to brew Wooden Hand beers in an attempt to cope with the ever increasing demand for their beers, especially the bottled varieties available in all the major supermarkets these days. The former Doghouse plant can be used to produce cask beers, allowing the main Wooden Hand brew plant to produce and bottle in the same building. Head brewer at Wooden Hand Kevin Fentham is now assisted by ex-Keltek brewer Geoff and over from Italy for an extended period, female brewer Francesca.

When asked what he will be doing with his newly found spare time, Steve commented, "My future is not fully finalised just yet and I'm keeping my options open at the moment," he continued. "But, as they say, you can't keep a good brewer down," he added modestly.



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**FALMOUTH'S LONG-SERVING LANDLORD
REV BARRINGTON BENNETTS**

On the 5th December a group of CAMRA Kernow members helped the licensee of the Seven Stars in Falmouth celebrate fifty-five years of serving beer in the pub.



The Rev Barrington Bennetts is well known as the face of the Seven Stars on The Moor where the family has been associated with running the pub for 134 years.

In 1873 the Richards family were running the pub and their son took over in 1898. This son married the current Mr Bennetts' grandmother, Maud, and she took over in 1927, passing it on to her son Charlie Edgar Bennetts in 1945. Known to everyone as Barry he invited his son, the current Barrington, to join him and help behind the bar 55 years ago. As Barrington recalls, "I wanted a job as a carpenter but couldn't get an apprenticeship, so my father said I had better join him until I could. I've never been anywhere else since."

Barrington's father died in 1975, but he did not take over the licence until the death of his mother in 1991. Mr Bennetts, now aged 75, has run the pub ever since assisted by his wife June.

In 1992 he was ordained as an Anglican priest and regularly conducts services at the equally historic King Charles the

Martyr Church in Falmouth. These church duties have also caused him to take on other responsibilities including chaplain to Falmouth Town Council, Falmouth District Scouts and padre to Falmouth Lifeboat and the Falmouth branch of the Royal British Legion.

His scouting duties have caused him to be seen quite regularly in his shorts, although very rarely behind the bar.

Another quirky tale is that Barrington is one of only two real people to have appeared in the comic The Beano (the other being David Beckham), thanks to Nick Brennan, a regular drinker there with his wife Fran. One of Nick's cartoons appeared in the Beano on 7th December 2002 to celebrate the fifty years that Rev Barrington Bennetts had spent behind the bar at the Seven Stars, although the pub appeared in the comic as the "Reverend's Pop Shop". And the Rev Bennetts was the "purveyor of pop to the whole of Beanoland".

The 'pop' normally served if you were to visit today includes draught Bass, served straight to your glass from kilderkins (18 gallon), or Skinner's Cornish Knocker, together with Sharp's (Special usually), and an additional guest beer when available.

On occasions it has been known for ham & tomato or cheese & tomato baps to be available at lunchtimes. Ask June if she'll rustle one up for you.

The Campaign for Real Ale includes this pub on its National Inventory and it is a Grade II listed building.

PUB NEWS



For Sale
Old School, Mount Hawke
Freehold £500,000. Grade II listed, former school has operated as a public house since 1987. Wet sales led, but with 36 cover restaurant included.



← **Plough Inn, Camborne**
Leasehold £69,950, annual rent £38,844.

Countryman →
Inn, Langdon Cross, Lease
£150,000, annual rent £52,000 p.a.x.



← **Ship Inn, Polperro**
Leasehold £130,000, annual rental £22,900

Kings Arms →
Mevagissey
Leasehold £75,000
Rental £26,000 p.a.x.



← **Ship Inn, Wadebridge**
Leasehold £79,950
Rent £28,000 p.a.x.

PUB NEWS



For Sale
← **Caradon Inn, Upton Cross**
Leasehold £95,000
Rent £50,000

White Horse →
Liskeard
Leasehold £140,000
Rent £31,000



← **Farmers Arms**
Penzance Leasehold £55,000
Rent £13,000

Navy Inn →
Penzance
Leasehold £135,000
Rent £18,200



← **Pirate Inn**
Penzance
Leasehold £145,000


Coach & Horses →
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← **Longboat**
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Leasehold £185,000
Rent £47,500

The City Inn Ale Festival

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Friday 21st
to
Monday 24th March
2008

Official Programme



The City Inn Boat Race 2008.

This year's Easter beer festival is a celebration of the beers of Oxfordshire and Cambridgeshire and follows the well known format of the boat race .i.e. eight rowers and one Cox each team.

The teams will be chosen from a fine range of specimens including Wychwood, Elgood Brakspear, Hook Norton, Milton, Fenland, Oakham amongst others.

The festival will start from Putney (Friday 21st March) and finish Mortlake (Monday 24th March). There will be an accompanying food menu available and there will be entertainment on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. There is no formal dress code but light and dark blue would seem dereguer.

Should you require any further information or assistance then please ring the City Inn on 01872 272623. Looking forward to seeing you.

A TOKEN GESTURE

SUE HOOK FESTIVAL BAR MANAGER WRITES

The introduction of tokens at the Falmouth beer festival was bound to cause some comment. Just how much comment and the vociferous nature of the polarised views expressed, we were not entirely prepared for. Never has a new venture split not only the customers but the volunteers to such extremes.

From an organising point of view, the introduction of tokens was based on sound reasons. Keeping up with the constant demand for change, quicker service at the bar for customers, the logistics of transferring large amounts of money across a very, very crowded bar area – all valid reasons. And for regular beer festival attendees, we were not the first to use tokens as a form of payment, so what could possibly go wrong?

So what didn't work? Some customers didn't even get in the door. When they found out it was tokens, they turned around and left. Shame because they missed a cracking selection of beer, an excellent festival and we missed the opportunity to promote real ale. Some customers found the system a bit tricky to grasp which meant delays at the door whilst the way the tokens worked was explained two, three and sometimes even four times to customers by the door staff. Unfortunately a minority of customers became very abusive to staff. Undeserved and unnecessary.

Marking off the tokens for the value of money spent meant some creative use of more than one sheet by bar staff and many sheets had odd amounts left on them. Some customers failed to click that the sheets were actually money in their

hand. One of the biggest problems for bar staff was when a customer did not have enough value left on their sheet to purchase a beer or a round. This meant a delay whilst they purchased another sheet or they were reluctant to get another sheet at all. The majority of customers also did not realise that they could get a refund for tokens not spent. The beer festival charity did very well out of this!

For the other extreme, we did receive some positive comments. Customers commented on the quicker service at the bar and many were happy with tokens overall. Some even went as far as to say they preferred it to dealing with money. Seasoned beer festival attendees took the introduction of tokens in their stride and felt quite at home with them. Lots of customers found it easier than money and one commented that he found it easier to track how much he had to drink!

So will we do it again? Yes – but not in exactly the same way. The main comment we had was that the system should be simple and easily understandable by all, although we thought we had done that so a valuable lesson learnt there. We also learnt that our token replenishing and refund points were not visible enough. Customers either did not realise what they were or missed them altogether. With anything new, there are teething problems, but we think we've had the pain of the wisdom teeth coming through as well!

If you were a customer at Falmouth this year and have any views about the token system, we would love to hear from you.

PORTRAIT OF A PUB: SEVEN STARS, STITHIANS

by David Aynsley

I moved to Stithians 18 years ago and could find no reason to move away again. Stithians has a Truro postcode, but that is the only link to that city. The village is not on the road to anywhere and lies at a spot somewhere in the middle of Truro, Falmouth, Redruth, Camborne and Helston. Consequently, if you're in Stithians it's either because you want to be, or you are lost. Lost or not, the Seven Stars Inn is a local village real ale pub in the St Austell Brewery estate that has featured in several Good Beer Guides and is well worth a visit.



Roy Readman, the current landlord, has a colourful history in the licensed trade which explains the Seven Stars' current ambience, and he is proud to be featured in the 2008 edition of the Good Beer Guide in his first year. He completed a 2-year hotel

management course in 1968, and joined the Vintage Inns pub group with its vision of "outstanding historical pubs with the highest standards". Roy managed their Mayflower Inn in Rotherhithe, and The Warehouse (formally Hudson Bay Trading Company) on the River Thames' Brookes Wharf, which later became the famous Samuel Pepys.

Having managed several other pubs on the south coast Roy decided that as he had trained in hotel management, he would move into the hotel trade, settling in as the General Manager of the Palm Court Hotel in Torquay. In 1977 he returned to the pub scene, purchasing the Ring o'Bells free house in Chagford, Devon for £32,000! Roy vividly remembers the Barman buying a load of second-hand furniture for his impending wedding and finding it infested with woodworm. Heartbroken, he burnt it in the pub's inglenook fireplace, setting fire to the chimney. Fortunately, the village's retained firefighters were in the pub enjoying a quiet pint; however, they didn't move in response to Roy's obvious pleas for help, instead waiting for their beepers to sound to ensure receipt of their retainer fee.

Roy sold the pub in 1979 and joined the Trust House Forte chain of hotels including the Blue Boar in Cambridge, where one evening he was joined by Sir Robin Day and Shirley Williams after an edition of "Question Time". Robin asked Roy who he had voted for in the election and Roy said "I voted liberal because I couldn't bring myself to vote for That Woman". Sir Robin replied, "Well that was a waste of a bloody vote" and Shirley appeared to disagree!

In 1993 Roy became the Catering Development Manager and Board Executive for McMullen and Sons, the Hertfordshire family brewer supplying 156 pubs with their own estate of 24 pubs and hotels. Roy was delighted to be on the Mon-

day morning tasting panel which kept him "occupied until Tuesday".

Then Roy had a "mid-life crisis", going west to Cornwall and getting off the train at Redruth where he met John Milan and first came in contact with CAMRA. He managed 11 pubs all of which sell real ale and came to the Seven Stars, which was a thriving free house until St Austell Brewery purchased it early in 2007. Perhaps in some recognition of this, the Brewery supplies Roy with its usual range of beers plus (occasionally) experimental brews. Roy always offers Tribute and HSD along with two other beers on rotation. One week he worked through Tribute, HSD, Proper Job, Smokey Joe, Black Out Stout, Clouded Yellow draught, IPA (my favourite) and Black Prince. A stunning variety. Roy supports the village rugby, cricket and football clubs and his main charity (amongst several others) is the Royal British Legion. He allows the pub to be used for fundraising events and for local budding musicians to show off their talents in a friendly convivial atmosphere.

Roy uses his vast catering experience to produce a straightforward pub menu designed to feed the regulars and their families, but everyone is welcome to dine. Mind you, if you ask for the vegetarian option on Steak Night (Tuesdays, £5.00 per meal) you may get one of Roy's famous bewildered looks followed by one of his equally famous politically incorrect comments.

You never know if it is going to be quiet or busy in the Seven Stars at Stithians but you can always be assured of a good pint in a real local pub that prides itself on its inclusion in the Good Beer Guide and in the best traditions of Roger Hosen, its most famous landlord who earned ten England Rugby Union Caps between 1963 and 1967.





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BEST EVER CELTIC BEER FESTIVAL

The 9th annual St Austell Brewery Celtic Beer Festival was hailed the best ever after setting a new record for the amount of cash raised for charity.

More than 3,000 real ale and music lovers from across the South West gathered at St Austell Brewery on Saturday December 1 to sample some of the 120-plus beers on offer and party throughout the day and evening to the sounds of five live bands.

The event also raised a total of £11,500 – the biggest sum ever raised by the festival - which will go to local charities in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset and Dorset through the St Austell Brewery Charitable Trust.

Doors opened at 11am and soon the unique surroundings of the old wine cellars and vaults beneath the Victorian brewery were filled with eager party-goers trying out the finest selection of beers from St Austell Brewery and selected national and European beers. A first for this year was the smoke-free atmosphere in the low ceiled cellars, which brought approving comments from both smokers and non-smokers.

With a limit of 750 in the venue at any one time, queues began forming outside the Brewery from as early as 10am and from 12.30pm the door staff began operating a 'one out – one in' policy. St Austell Brewery head brewer Roger Ryman said: "It was the most fantastic day and the general feeling is that this year's has been the best ever Celtic Beer Festival. It was great to see so many people, men and women across the age range, enjoying the huge range of real ales and dancing the day and night away to some brilliant live

music.

"I'd like to thank all those people from the Brewery, our pubs and suppliers who gave up their time to help make the event such a huge success and to raise a record-breaking amount of money for charity."

Roger and the brewing team created a range special beers just for the festival, in addition to St Austell Brewery's range of award winning ales, with major and independent breweries across the British Isles also donating beers to the event. Popular St Austell specials included 'Honey Monster', made with real honey, 'Raisons to be Cheerful', described as like drinking a Christmas pudding, and delightfully named brews such as Amber Nectar, Liquid Sunshine and Smokey Joes Smoked Brown Ale (brewed with malt smoked over beech wood).

Visitor Dan Carter, from Plymouth, said: "I have to commend St Austell Brewery for holding a fantastic beer festival this year. Having been to several others in the region this year I have to say this was by far the best. With the lively atmosphere, great entertainment, good quality beer, unique location and fascinating brewery tour, it was definitely a day to remember and well worth the trip from Plymouth. I'm already looking forward to 2008."

Camra Kernow chairman Rod Davis said: "The Celtic Beer Festival is a good one and has grown to become a standing item in the beer drinker's diary. There was a great selection of beers, a good cross section of people and I was left very impressed with the event."



THE BLISLAND INN

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A George, a Dragon, and Foulness Abroad

A Tale of Britain's Strangest Pub
by Rod Davis

Abroad, that is, in the sense of east of the River-Tamar, the George and Dragon concerned being a rather odd boozier. And the Foulness? That is the name of a dark satanic island (pop. about 200), if not quite as far east as you can get in the UK, then getting on for. It is attached by a bridge to the North Sea coast of Essex, near Southend on Sea. Actually, the pub itself is not particularly strange at all. It's a typical weatherboarded Essex country pub, occupying an old (17th century) building, but much altered inside. There's a very pleasant main bar with open fire, wain-



scotting and a counter with some nice inlay running the whole width. The rooms to either side are comfortable but pretty anonymous. However, set in the small village of Churchend, its uniqueness lies in the peculiarity of its location and the way in which its customers have to go about getting there, at least if they don't live on the island.

The problem is that the landowner of Foulness ('where the bangs come from', according to the Parish Council) is the Ministry of Defence, who also own the pub - and most of the island is a munitions test-firing range. Which makes visiting the place more challenging than usual, as access to the island is guarded by a security gate. So, you want to go to the pub for a drink or two? You can only visit by prior arrangement. This isn't actually difficult (when you know what to do): you phone the pub (01702 219460) to let them know when you'll be coming. The licensee will then 'sponsor' your visit and let the personnel who guard the entrance to the island know you're coming. When you arrive at the checkpoint you sign in and are given the necessary pass; finally there's a six kilometre drive past mysterious military establishments to the tiny village of Churchend, where the pub snuggles next to the only property on the island not owned by the MoD, St Mary the Virgin church.

There is another way to get there, if you don't have (or wish to have) access to a car, and that's by the public bus service which runs mainly to bring the MoD workforce out to the island and take them home again in the afternoon. However there are at present extra daytime

(Continued on page 9)

A George, a Dragon, and Foulness Abroad

(Continued from page 8)

services on Saturdays for recreational visitors as well. If this is the plan, you have to get Fred Farenden, the landlord, to 'invite' you. This is simple, all you have to do is to ring him a couple of days in advance, and supply your details, and the procedure outlined above kicks in. The only sensible bus you can catch really is the Saturday service at 1033 from Southend Bus Centre. When you get to the security post at Landwick, the QinetiQ (research establishment) guards will check your name against the list Fred gave them, and issue you with a green unescorted pass to wear during your stay on the island. You then have to get off the bus at the pub at about 1110, you are not allowed at that stage to go to the bus terminus (or indeed anywhere else). Once you have reported to the person

who has 'invited' you, Fred, you are free to walk along



public right of ways that Fred will show you on a map. Walks are available for 1-4 hours (recommend the short walk to the Quay and back). Food is available at the pub. You can

now either board the next bus to Courtsend, or walk there to catch it. The bus leaves Churchend about 1410 and Courtsend at 1417, getting you back into Southend by 1458. There is a later one at 1845 if you've done a long walk, and don't mind returning in the dark. Pub opening hours are Weds, Thurs, Fri and Sat, 1100-1430 and 1800-2300; and Sun 1200-2300. However, bus times only permit a visit on Saturday unless you are a really early riser (0637 from Southend!).

The only other ways to the island do not permit you to travel on the bus service. You can walk (if you are mad, although there is a guided walk occasionally in summer) along the Broomway causeway from Wakering Steps without permission, as long as you avoid times when they are using it to fire shells!! But this is flooded for about 3 hours either side of high tide, and although originally the main vehicle access to the island, is extremely dangerous. Even if you make it alive, you have to come back the same way (or I suppose on a boat) as you will have problems getting through the security barrier without a pass (except on the organised walks). In the summer there is also a monthly boat excursion from Burnham-on-Crouch to tie in with open days at the Heritage Centre on the

(Continued on page 10)

The Countryman Inns

The Countryman, Piece, Redruth 01209 215960

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Stonemasons, Longdowns 01209 860724

Delightful setting with separate restaurant serving a tempting menu of delicious home-cooked food

Clock & Key, Trispen 01872 279626

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Smugglers' Inn, St Erth Praze 01736 850280

Imposing historic rural inn, famous for jazz. Exceptionally fine cuisine in a traditional setting

Kings Arms, Penryn 01326 372336

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Rambling Miner, Chacewater 01872 560238

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A George, a Dragon, and Foulness Abroad

(Continued from page 9)

first Sunday of the month.

As to the pub itself, the friendly landlord admits it is currently struggling, being in effect subsidised by the post office next door which is also run by the same couple. Some 30 years ago, Foulness island was only populated by MOD personnel. There were about 800 of them. As activities were cut back, the establishment dwindled and houses became available so were let to non-military families. The population is now down to about 200 with many working off the island and so taking their after-work leisure on the mainland. Fred, who has been at the George & Dragon with his wife Relda since 1981, says

Fred was supposed to be paying a greatly increased rent to the MoD from 25 October 2007, but this has been deferred until 25 January 2008. So the plan is now – sadly – to sell the pub after this date. There has apparently been a bit of interest from someone who wants the building for a restaurant, which would be ideal as bookings would be taken so a list of visitors could be left at the security gate. However, if nobody makes a guaranteed offer then Fred will close the pub and sell off the fittings. Obviously if - when - the pub closes, there will be no one to invite you to the island, so this might have been your last chance to travel by bus. Interestingly, the lease is on



that it is tough making a living on an island with only 200 inhabitants and (understandably) few visitors from elsewhere. A London-area CAMRA member who has visited the pub a couple of times, Brian Bell, says: "When I and four others went there by service bus on a Saturday recently, we were the *only* customers apart from two others who came in". The George and Dragon mostly serves just the one real ale, Greene King IPA, although a visiting guest beer such as Black Sheep Best may be seen if the occasion warrants. Food is served lunch-times Wednesday to Sunday and evenings Friday and Saturday; the home-made steak and kidney pie is said to be very good. Opening times are 11-2.30, 6-11 Wed-Sat, 12-10.30 Sunday.

sale for just £1.00!

This trip is recommended not only to those that like to travel over unusual bus routes, or those get to real ale and old pubs, but also to those who want to go to somewhere really unusual, or even to get away from everything. But it might be too late for the pub.

(I am grateful to various CAMRA members from 'up the line' for information provided for this article, especially John Crowhurst of S. Herts Branch for drawing the pub's likely closure to my attention; Brian Bell on whose written report much of the foregoing is based, and to photographers John Lidstone for the exterior shots and John Parkin for the bar picture.)

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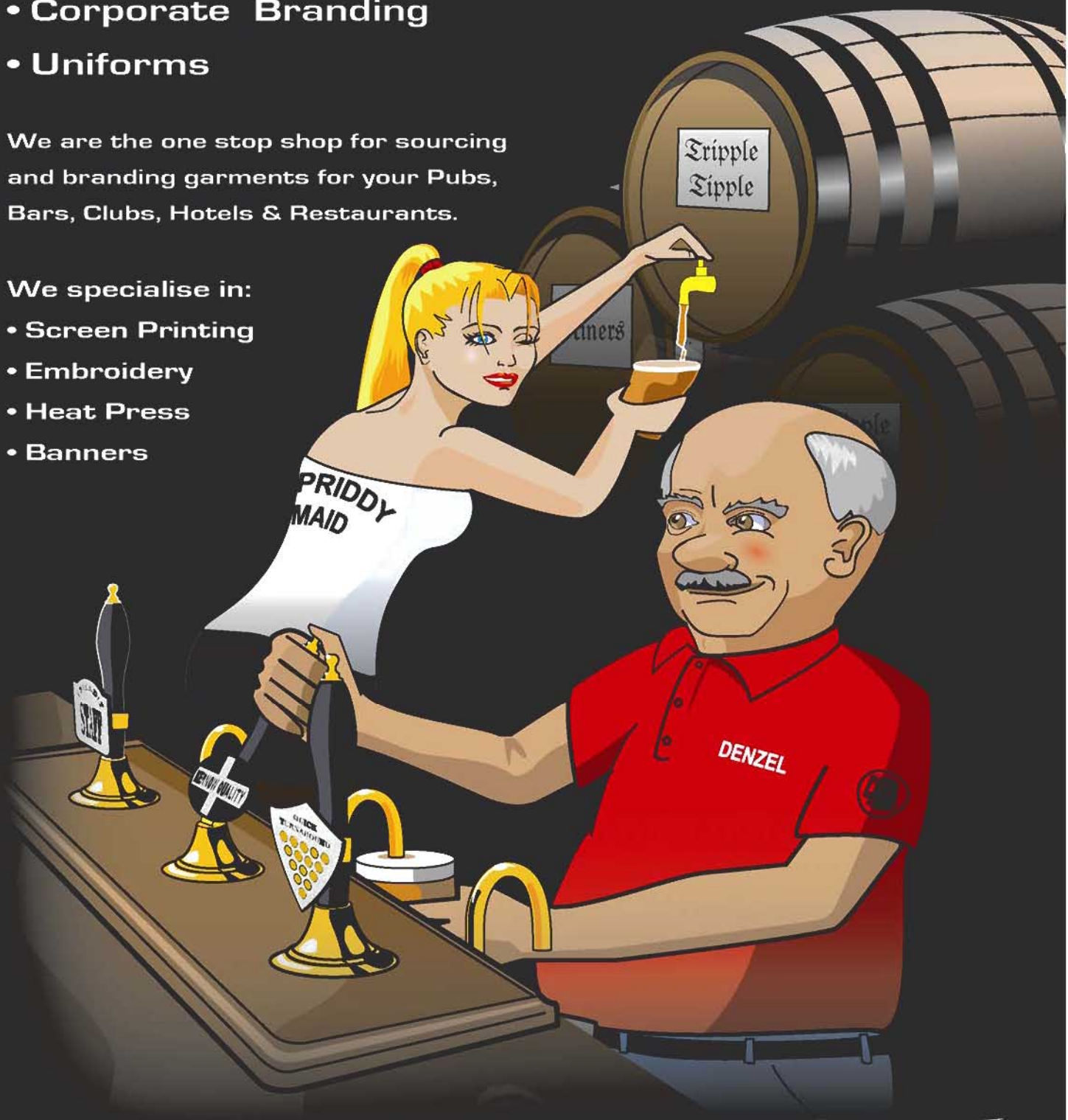
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**END TO END & SIDE TO SIDE
A CHARITY BIKE RIDE WITH BREWERIES IN BETWEEN**

In the Summer of 2007, Tom Sheasby and his cousin Sam set off on a Lands End to John O' Groats charity bike ride, but with a difference. Being real ale enthusiasts they also arranged to visit as many breweries as time would allow in between. The intention was to visit the most westerly, southerly, easterly and northerly points on the mainland British Isles. Their story starts in Cornwall.

After 20 miles of cycling it was time for a pint. Our epic, ish, ride had begun in Land's End a couple of hours earlier, a truly unspectacular Saturday lunchtime with the whole of Cornwall under a cloud while the rest of the country bathed in sunlight, and now we were heading into St Ives where a conveniently placed beer festival awaited us. It was the 2nd June 2007 and if all went well we would return to Cornwall in 5 weeks time a fair bit fitter, more tanned and with a wealth of experiences behind us. The first experience as such was to meet Steve Willmott of Doghouse Brewery fame - the first of 23



brewers we would meet on the trip. Steve had the honour of being the most inebriated brewer we met, the result of an enjoyable weekend at the beer festival no doubt, but he was one of the kindest as well, setting us up with entry to the festival and a few beer tickets as well.

We had to say our goodbyes a little sooner than we would have liked, another 40 miles of cycling still to come and at this stage we had no idea how fast we could go or how our bodies would cope. 5 hours of gloomy weather and crosswinds later we arrived at our first campsite, near Lizard point, and were more than a little relieved to be able to get off the bikes, get the tent up and head to the pub. It can't have been the beer as we both had the same so it must have been the food, maybe partly the shock of so much exercise as well, but whatever it was when we arrived back at the campsite I was treated to the sight of Sam running towards the toilet block, but taking such short strides that I was catching him up just walking. Clearly something had to go wrong, as yet we had hardly had any problems at all, but fortunately this matter resolved itself there and then and the next day we could start afresh. Well, 'again' rather than 'afresh' maybe - fresh wasn't a word to describe us the next morning.

Two days to get from Lizard point to Minehead then, about 175 miles and across a landscape that is never going to be described as flat. The good news was that the wind was with us and made a fair bit of difference to our day's progress. Had we known how little luck we would have with the wind over the next five weeks we may have tried to make more of it. Along the excellent Camel trail then up over Bodmin moor and on into Davidstow we trekked, the cloud and drizzle preventing us from enjoying the sights of Cornwall, until, with dark-

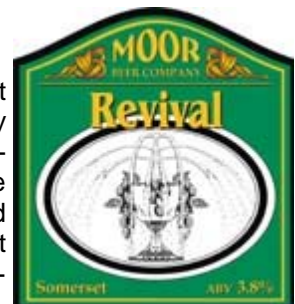
ness descending, we found a campsite south of Bude via a pub in Marshgate where we ate. For some reason I ordered Doom Bar for the second night running, not sticking to my intended policy of trying as many different beers as possible, but I rectified this by moving onto Sharp's Atlantic IPA next. The need to get the tent up and collapse in it stopped us from tasting any more of Cornwall's fine ales and soon enough we were both sleeping soundly in soggy tent near the coast.

A very welcome, and entirely unexpected, cup of tea arrived outside our tent at 7am on our third morning. I was up and making a start by then, but my eyes were yet to fully open while Sam managed to prize his face away from the drool-pool he had created overnight in order to get tea down his throat, all without engaging his brain once I believe. The campsite warden had few people to ward, due to the fact his campsite resembled a pond most likely, but as that seemed to mean he had more time to devote to making us cups of tea than we were not going to complain. Taking down a sodden tent and looking for the sea, which we couldn't see even though we knew it to be only a few hundred yards away, gave us the impression that today would be wet and miserable again - how wrong we were. No sooner had we crossed the border than the sun came out and condensation turned to perspiration. And that was how it stayed all day - the sun beating down on us as we sweated and struggled through Devon, then sweated harder and struggled more through Exmoor. We arrived at Sam's house in Minehead late in the evening and settled for the simple option of fish and chips. Sam was completely wiped out from 3 days of strenuous exercise and fell asleep nice and early leaving me with an extra beer. Simple pleasures.....

Exactly why I had decided to double this trip up as both a charity bike ride and a brewery tour is now lost somewhere in the recesses of my mind. What I do know is that it took a hell of a lot of time and effort to organise - the constant emailing and contacting of breweries was one thing, but working out a route to fit each in at agreeable times was a project that consumed most of an entire month. The good news is that it was immensely worthwhile, both the trip and the brewery visits providing an education and experiences we wont forget in a hurry. After 50 miles of cycling through the warm Somerset



countryside we arrived at Moor Beer near Glastonbury where an enthusiastic American named Justin Hawke met us and showed around the establishment. We learnt about the set-up of a brew-



END TO END & SIDE TO SIDE A CHARITY BIKE RIDE WITH BREWERIES IN BETWEEN

ery, how beer was made, the stages it went through and why not to stick your head near a big tub of finings and inhale! Due to the fact that we were always quite tired when arriving at breweries the info rarely stuck in our heads properly (except the finings bit) and it would be weeks before we fully understood the concept of brewing beer. We did learn that Justin didn't believe that you could pack too much hop flavour into a 3.8% ale, his 'Revival' stood fast as our favourite beer of the entire tour despite plenty of pressure later on. Only a few miles down the road we visited



Cheddar Ales, a fairly new business with plenty of scope for expansion set up by former Butcombe employee Jem Ham. It was a good place to finish the day as we chatted with Jem and drunk his beers, the Potholer being the more

memorable, and he sent us on our way with a few bottles in our bags. Annoyingly though the campsite in Cheddar was the worst and most expensive of the whole trip. Still, getting to sleep at a sensible hour for some reason failed to cause us any difficulties.....



First up on our fifth day was Butcombe Brewery - an entirely different set-up to what we had seen so far with a much larger capacity and more efficient process. Butcombe was trying to be a major player, aiming towards new markets such as that of lager drinkers, while trying to remain locally and community focussed. It seemed like they were doing a decent job of it and it was interesting to have already seen a



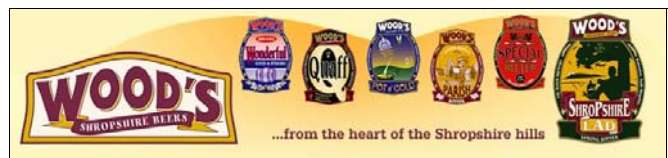
range of sizes and outlooks only 3 breweries into our trip. Unfortunately this all happened fairly early in the morning, the rest of our day being taken up my battling through Bristol and against the wind, then over the severn bridge into Chepstow and on through Herefordshire. It was quite a struggle and by the time we arrived at my friends house in Hereford the combination of sun, wind and high mileage had done it's damage. After a big plate of spaghetti bolognese we slept soundly, glad to be out of the tent on a very muggy night.

We certainly wouldn't be visiting breweries on every day of the trip, but right now we were on a bit of a run. Herefordshire doesn't lack for food and drink produc-



Tom & Sam get on their bikes

ing establishments so our first port of call was Wye Valley Brewery, located in Bromyard (in what used to be a cider-making building). Wye Valley has built up a decent reputation over the years and has some top notch beers including Dorothy Goodbody's Wholesome Stout, the second beer to be given a 5-star rating by Roger Protz. We indulged in a little bit of Butty Bach which is pretty tasty, even at 10am. The sun had disappeared today, although the north wind remained, but it stayed fairly warm and we headed onto Ludlow through the pleasant but unexciting Herefordshire countryside. In Ludlow we met Gary Walters who the Ludlow Brewing Company - Sam's favourite brewery of the trip due to it's small, homely and attainable feel I believe. We tried Gary's third beer, one which was yet to be released upon the public and was named 'Footfalls' at the time but has been re-named Ludlow Best. Gary had to leave soon after we appeared, the demands of starting up a new brewery were taking their strain on him and it served as reminder that the business remains a tough one, but Gary's reputation was growing in the locality and continues to do so now. The result of plenty of hard work by the look of things. And then on once more to the third brewery of the day; not a particularly long way from Ludlow and nestled on the edge of the Shropshire hills is Wood Brewery - a company with an excellent local reputation and a habit of



helping people out when they need it. The head brewer took us around, very enthusiastically I remember, we tasted a few beers, were given a cheque for charity and that was that. And it felt like plenty for the day, but we

**END TO END & SIDE TO SIDE
A CHARITY BIKE RIDE WITH BREWERIES IN BETWEEN**

had to cycle another 25 miles to Much Wenlock before we finished - a feat we complained about at the time, but later met an 82 year-old man at the campsite who had been cycling around the Shropshire hills all day which put it in perspective. Sam kindly said we would be quiet when we got going the next day as he looked pretty tired.....

The 82 year-old cyclist was gone by 7am the next day, no sitting around watching daytime TV for this OAP, it was off to do battle with the hills once more and we hadn't even begun to think about getting up! Eventually we made it out of the tent and before long we churning through miles of poorly maintained Staffordshire roads, the worst so far, and complaining about them, the weather and anything else we could think of - this being a common thing to do on long-distance bike rides. The complaining ceased at King's Bromley when we met Scott Barnett at Quartz Brewery and diminished his stocks for him in a kind and generous manor. Scott was a cheerful Scotsman (???) and had started up the brewery with his wife who also happened to be a brewer. They were a modern sort of outfit targeting younger drinkers, usual lager drinkers who may want something a bit tastier, using simple and straightforward product names and marketing. Their beers were not particularly memorable, but they did go down very easily and it seemed to me that Scott and Julie were a pretty shrewd partnership.

We left Quartz refreshed, but the clamminess of the day and the effects of a few beers in such conditions made us a little slower than we would have liked as we plodded towards Derbyshire. As evening drew near we found ourselves rolling through the Peak District with big smiles on our faces - it was warm enough, but with the sun lower now it was less sweaty and the scenery was superb. This was what we came for, the reason we really wanted to be on bikes for 5 weeks solid, and it didn't harm our moods when we finished the day in a decent pub munching through a massive mixed grill and chucking down a few pints of some local produce. Oddly enough we found ourselves going over budget quite often.

Now we had finished our first full week it seemed like a good idea to have some time off and this we did after a very easy morning. 20 miles along the Tissington trail landed us near our campsite and we were pitched and finished for the day by noon. Then my parents arrived and we drove into Buxton in order to deal with laundry and anything else that didn't involve sitting on a bike. It felt slightly odd not to still be cycling across the country at 6pm, but we could just about deal with it.

Day 9 looked fairly straightforward at first. We were to pop to Spire Brewery in Chesterfield in my Dad's van, then return to the campsite and head on up the Pennine Bridleway to Littlebrough. This all sounded fairly straightforward until we realised that the Pennine Bridleway was a nightmare to negotiate, a really tough ride even for unladen bikes and not helped by the heat and closeness of the day. That was all to come, but first we had to spend more time than we

should have in Chesterfield. David McClaren of



Spire Brewery was brewing a one-off for an upcoming beer festival and he had members of Derby Camra helping him out this Sunday, a very relaxed atmosphere as everyone waited for the brewing process to progress. We took note of the fact that a number of his beers had a musical theme and were informed that David had once been a music teacher before taking the plunge into the brewing business in 2006. An interesting visit, but time was pressing and a few hours later we were only 6 or so miles along the Bridleway, puffing and blowing in the heat, and deciding we would have to hit the roads in order to get anywhere. This was a shame as the views had been fantastic, but even cycling along main roads around the edge of the Manchester conurbation we only made it to our campsite at about 8pm. This along with a campsite warden who seemed intent on moving us around for no good reason and a midge attack, the first but by no means the last, all added up to turn our moods pretty foul by the end of the day. We were saved by an excellent meal in a little Italian restaurant at a time when everyone else had shut up shop. Well below average mileage, but it had seemed like a very long day.

We were glad to get going the next day and put yesterday evening behind us and a nice big hill up onto Soyland moor had to be negotiated first thing. It was big enough that we started out at the bottom in bright sunshine and finished at the top in thick fog. A few miles across the top we located Little Valley, an organic brewery set up by Dutchman Wim Van der Spek and the winner of our award for best location of any brewery we visited on the trip.



END TO END & SIDE TO SIDE A CHARITY BIKE RIDE WITH BREWERIES IN BETWEEN

Absolutely in the middle of nowhere it seemed. Wim showed us around and gave us tasters of all 6 of his beers, the 'Moor Ale' being our favourite despite the fact that it is his least popular, and he chatted to us



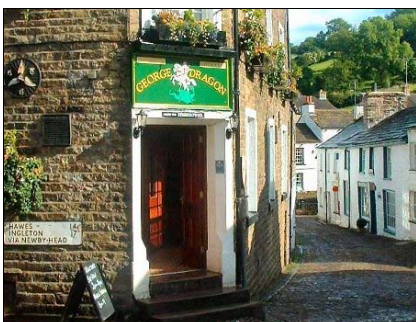
about his own cycling adventures including when he rode from Holland to Nepal, met an English girl and later married her.

This feat made our own achievements look a bit rubbish in comparison, but Wim seemed impressed nonetheless. A few hours later we were in Burnley and sweating a great deal more than we intended to, the sun had reappeared and looked to be making up for lost time. We popped into Moorhouse's where we would be met by Mike Hiscock and then shown around by the head brewer. This was a different scale altogether, around the same size as Butcombe and dwarfing most breweries we visited. Furthermore they were currently pushing through plans to treble the size and output of the brewery! It was



better to be on the bikes in these conditions, the breeze would cool you down while moving, but when we stopped it became too hot to handle. Coming down one hill I managed to produce a fair bit of breeze as I accelerated to over 40mph and felt confident I would beat Sam's record of 52mph set in Devon. Alas, just as I approached 50mph my sunglasses flew off my head and I had to go back, Sam's record would stand for the duration of the trip as there were few times that such a speed would have been possible. That night we slept in a pub in Dent, courtesy of the owners of Dent brewery.

This was an immensely confusing arrangement -



we never met the owners, seemed to be coming at things from different angles and left no wiser than we had arrived. The George and Dragon was a good pub though and having decent showers made us more than a little happy after a very hot day.

If we had been sucked into believing that summer was truly here at last



Dent Brewery

we were to soon learn our mistake. It rained overnight and all of a sudden the sun left the sky, refusing to reappear for over a week. As we arrived in the Lake District the cloud obscured everything and we headed up the A6 over Shap, deciding against a more scenic route due to the sheer pointlessness of attempting to see anything. We arrived in Penrith in the afternoon and found a bike shop whereupon Sam's bike was apparently 'fixed', although later testing would make us wonder how anything could be fixed, at some expense, yet not work any better at all. So it was now 5pm on our 11th day and we were in need of a pint. Fortunately Michael Parker of Heskett Brewery was waiting for us in Heskett Newmarket with a degree of generosity that was more than a little welcome. He was about to retire, for the second time, but fortunately not before he had met us and shown us around. The brewery itself is a co-operative, owned by 70 people, and a mainstay of village life. We were impressed,



as Prince Charles had been apparently, and were even more impressed when we found our meals were paid for by Mr Parker as he said his goodbyes. We stayed on, enjoying the warmth and comfort of the pub, which was in direct contrast to the weather outsider, but before we drunk ourselves into immobility we had to push on and find a campsite. This involved getting absolutely soaked, more from the spray off the road/stream than from the sky, and after 10 miles of drenching we were putting up a wet tent in a very wet campsite near to a golf course. At least the showers were good. Had summer been and gone, or was this just a blip? How little we knew of what was to come.

To be continued in next issue.

CRAZY AMERICAN BEER LAWS

In Fairbanks, Alaska, it's illegal to serve liquor to a moose. By contrast, in Ohio it's legal to serve booze to a fish, but not if you get it drunk. Ever since the repeal of Prohibition, alcohol laws in the USA have been a bit nutty. Take the business of bars. Some states mandate sitting, while others require standing at the bar to drink. Texans may take up to but not more than three sips of beer while standing. Some jurisdictions require the interior of public drinking establishments to be visible from the street; others specifically prohibit that.

In Iowa it's illegal to run a tab. And don't even think of having a drop after closing hours there - not even if you own the bar. It's hard to imagine the incident that led to Iowa's law stating that if an employee pours water down the drain while a police officer is drinking at the bar, the water is considered an alcoholic beverage intended for unlawful purposes. Bars and restaurants in North Dakota are forbidden to serve beer and pretzels at the same time. Nebraska bars may not sell beer except when simultaneously brewing a kettle of soup.

If you skip the bar and head to a liquor store in Indiana, you won't find any soda or milk in the cooler. They may, however, sell warm soft drinks. In California, no alcoholic beverages may be displayed within 5 feet of a cash register if the store sells both alcohol and motor fuel. Presumably so you don't confuse your Colt 45 with your 10W40.

Philosophical drinkers in Houston might ponder the fact that it's illegal to buy beer after midnight Sunday but perfectly all right any time Monday, which starts - that's right - right after midnight Sunday. The law considers some things best left unsaid. Like the word *refreshing*, prohibited on any alcoholic beverage in the country. The newsletters and ads of California producers may not list retailers or restaurants that sell their products.

In New York City, the word *saloon* is forbidden, a fact that restaurateur Michael O'Neil didn't realize until his sign was already up. Patrons now belly up to the bar of O'Neil's Baloon.

Legislators are adamant about protecting children under 21 from the demon rum. In Missouri, if your kid takes out the trash and it contains even one empty wine bottle, he can be charged with illegal possession of alcohol. In Michigan, it's illegal for a youngster to give a grown-up a bottle of booze. Pretty lenient, considering that in Kentucky even an adult could spend five years in jail for sending a gift of beer, wine or spirits to a friend. If the friend were in Texas, he might have a long wait, anyway, considering that delivery drivers carrying anything alcoholic must detour around the state's dry counties. Could this sort of clarity of thinking have anything to do with the fact that the entire Encyclopedia Britannica is banned in Texas because it contains a recipe for making beer that could be used at home?

ZATECKÁ DOČESNÁ

The last issue of One & Ale described the first night in Prague when your editor Steve Willmott accompanied a small party of Cornish beer enthusiasts to the Czech Republic. The story now continues on to the intended destination, Zatec.

Our coach was waiting outside the hotel at breakfast and soon the original six of us were on our way to Prague airport to pick up a further twelve who had made their way from Wychwood Brewery in Oxfordshire.

As Zatec is about a two hour drive to the North of Prague there was sufficient time to visit a brew pub on the way. Miroslav Hojda (The Brewery Court) has a brewery attached known as Pivovarsky dvur Chyne. Our arrival, about half an hour before official opening time, proved difficult to explain to the staff as our command of the czech language was as minimal as their english. Never mind, the Wychwood guys could take a quick nap as many of them had set off at 2 am that morning. The others could explore the extensive buildings that must have once been a quite big operation. As we were to discover later, many buildings are in a state of severe decay in the Czech Republic, suffering after many years of communist neglect.



Once we gained entry to the bar of Miroslav Hojda we also found the in-house brewery and ordered up the beers. There are six beers normally available, all unfiltered, and highly rated by our party and the CAMRA guide to pubs in Prague and the Czech Republic.



Brewing capacity is about 2,000 hectolitres per year, brewed by friendly Tomas Mikulica. The brewery was opened in 1992 as the first brew pub in the Czech Republic and produces mainly 12° (lager) and 10° (light beer). All lager style beers, they are heavily hopped while also being boiled for an incredible twelve hours. After fermenting for about one week, the lagering (storage for maturing purposes) takes a further five to six weeks.



Before we took our leave, several hours after our arrival, Wychwood T-shirts were exchanged with brewer Tomas as a reminder of our visit. On the way to Zatec Steve noticed posters on telephone poles advertising the Pink Floyd band.

TWO MEETINGS AND A BEER FESTIVAL

By Ann Burnett

So I am new to Cornwall CAMRA. I was a lapsed member (sounds painful!!) from Somerset. I knew I was moving to Cornwall in the autumn of 2007, so in August I decided to look up CAMRA for Cornwall on the internet and join before moving.

My first meeting in Cornwall was in Lostwithiel, somewhere I had never been and to compound it all some of the roads were closed so I drove round the town (I know it quite well now!!) till I found the pub. Since some of the members knew I was coming along to my first meeting they were expecting me, but it is still a bit daunting walking into a pub to meet a group of people when you don't know anyone. Still I did it! I was warmly welcomed by Rod and Jan, and all my anxieties disappeared once I got chatting to a few people. (Norman even bought me a drink - thanks!) I enjoyed the first meeting and getting back into the swing of CAMRA again. The list came round for the Falmouth Beer Festival and I thought 'in for a penny...' so I decided on the spot to sign up to help throughout the festival. I thought it would be a great way to get to know people really well and have a laugh too. Following this first meeting my diary was already full of meetings and beer festivals.... it was a very good start. So I moved to Cornwall.

The next meeting was in Pendeen. I carefully looked at the map and assessed how long it would take me to get there, but underestimated it all and arrived an hour late! Whoops, I should have known about Cornish miles....It was a beautiful sunny day and we were sitting out in the garden. I couldn't believe it - being outside, not far from the sea, sunshine, new friends and a good beer....how much better can life get?

The day of the Falmouth Beer Festival dawned. I set off early this time - not going to be caught out by those Cornish miles again! I have worked the festivals in Somerset many years ago so it wasn't all new to me. Sue explained about the festival, the new token system and asked me to serve on the Up North bar. The lunch-time started slowly but as the day wore on it got busier and busier. I really enjoyed it. It was great to get involved. By the late afternoon I was flagging a bit - all that standing up! So after a short rest I returned to the festival at 7.00pm on the Friday night and couldn't believe how many people were there - I could hardly squeeze through the crowd to work. I was asked to sell the tokens. Doug and I had a good sales patter going, sure everyone needed two pages of tokens at least!

By the end of Friday night we were all exhausted but it had been a good day. In tidying up we all stayed behind to help and catch up with each other and share the day. It was a great for me to start to feel I was getting to know people and really belong to the group. Saturday was fine and sunny and we were back at our bars bright and early ready for the next onslaught! It was a steady day and once again great fun. I decided though - probably along with all the others - that our bodies aren't really designed to stand up for 12 hours at a time! Even though we were all tired by Sunday morning, there was a good feeling of teamwork as we all pitched in and helped clear up.

I would like to highly recommend joining CAMRA and getting involved. What a great bunch of people, who made me feel really welcome, both to the meetings and to the festival. It is such a great way to see the area, drink some good beer and get to know lots of new friends. I am so pleased I joined and would like to thank the members for being so supportive, welcoming and friendly.

I look forward to more meetings.....now I have decided to abandon the Cornish miles by car and am investigating the buses!

Ann.

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ZATECKÁ DOČESNÁ

On our arrival at the town gates it started to dawn on us that Pink Floyd would be appearing on the stage in the town square that night. The whole town centre is closed to traffic and a giant fair, together with food and beer stalls, fill the area that is overlooked by a giant stage.



After successfully checking-in to our comfortable hotel we all met up with Rolf Munding and his family. Mr Munding not only owns Wooden Hand Brewery in the UK, but Pivovar Zatec too. Understandably we were looking forward to our tour of the brewery

the following day. But first we needed to explore a bit and experience our first night. Yes, that's me your intrepid editor, leaning on a giant barrel thinking whether there would be enough beer to go round. There certainly was as this area of the Czech Republic has many small breweries producing excellent beers. Real lagers most of them, but not all. You can drink the equivalent of 4% abv (the Czech system uses degrees balling), or up to 6% and more, light and dark in colour and all full of flavour. Brewed to the German beer purity law (Rheinheitsgebot), using only malt, hops and water, the long lagering period produces a naturally clear and clean tasting beer with natural carbonation. Disappointingly many are served with extra carbon dioxide, and in the town square, in disposable plastic cups, but at the equivalent of about 40p a pint you can't really complain.



Zatec is the centre of the centuries-old hop growing region and at the end of each August the Hop Harvest Festival takes place. This has taken place every year since 1957. The main hop variety grown is Saaz (the German name for Zatec) and most revellers attending adorn themselves with hop garlands, taken from the hop vines that are hung from the street lights and buildings in the town. There is even 'the



smallest hop garden in the world' in a side square to the main town square (see above).

Back to the Friday evening. After trying several different beers your editor found himself front of stage as Pink Floyd started their first set. Well OK they were a tribute band, but with as many members as you could shake a stick at, includ-

ing 2 drummers, 2 keyboard players, 2 backing singers and a string quartet. The familiar sounds of 'Dark Side of the Moon' started to penetrate to the centre of your body, and out the other side!

A wonderful evening was rounded off with a spectacular, and noisy, firework display. I returned to my hotel room during these fireworks to find room mate Colin Terry sleeping through it all. Even more surprising as most mortars were launched from our hotel roof!

Next morning we discussed the previous evening over a leisurely breakfast before exploring the town once more and ending up at the Zatec Brewery.



It is obvious that the brewery has known better times and is brewing well below its original capacity.



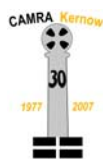
Things started to go wrong in 1938 when new brewing coppers were delivered. With the imminent threat of German takeover (invasion), the brewery owners cut up the vessels and buried them in an orchard. Remarkably someone survived the war and holocaust who remembered the buried brewery, and then under communist rule welded it back together and started brewing once more. If you look closely you can see

the weld marks even today. However, lack of investment by the communist regime means there is still much more to be done. Current owner Rolf Munding has plans to achieve this, but it must be a long term task. The Czech beer market has become dominated by a few multinational brewers making the market very difficult to break in to. Annual output is around 20,000 hectolitres per year with five different beers. Zatec Svetle (4.1%) a golden lager; Lucan Premium tmave (4.3%) a dark chocolatey lager; Zatec Premium (4.9%) an intense citrus hop aroma is provided by the high hopping rate with Saaz; Zatec Export (5.1%) more malty than Premium; and Baronka (5.3%) introduced in 2005 as a premium strength, premium hopped lager style beer.

The 'tickers' amongst us mopped up the remaining beers that afternoon and evening around the various venues in the town of Zatec, along with a sausage or two. This remains a traditional hop and beer festival, unspoilt so far by hoards of 'foreigners' (like the Brits). I personally can't wait till my next visit. Visitors to Prague should beware the way the city is becoming over popular as has Dublin in the Irish Republic. Rural Czech Republic remains unspoilt.



CAMRA KERNOW



BEER FESTIVAL BODMIN 22 FEB—23 FEB 2008

BODMIN PUBLIC ROOMS, MOUNT FOLLY, BODMIN

OPEN:-FRI:- 5 – 11pm

SAT:- 11—11

OVER 25 REAL ALES + CIDERS & PERRY

ADMISSION: Non Members £3.50

CAMRA Members £2.00

INCLUDES SOUVENIR GLASS & PROGRAMME

LIMITED EDITION TANKARD AVAILABLE AT £1 EXTRA

RE-ENTRY AT ANY TIME ON PRODUCTION OF SOUVENIR GLASS

HOT & COLD FOOD

LIVE MUSIC & PUB GAMES

BRANCH DIARY

February

Tuesday 12th 7.30pm City Inn, Truro
Good Beer Guide 2009 selection meeting (members only)

Friday 22nd & Saturday 23rd
Bodmin Beer Festival, Public Rooms
5pm—11pm; 11am—11pm

March

Saturday 8th
Branch Meeting 12.30 Cornish Choughs, Camborne—All Welcome

Saturday 29th
Camborne Pub Crawl. Details of start pub and route from Doug Polman (Social Secretary)

May

Friday 30th & Saturday 31st
St Ives Beer Festival, Guildhall, Street-an-Pol
11am—11pm Friday & Saturday

October

Friday 24th & Saturday 25th
Falmouth Beer Festival, Princess Pavilion.

OTHER BEER FESTIVALS

APRIL

Thursday 24th to Saturday 26th
SIBA (South West) Maltings Beer Festival
Tuckers Maltings, Newton Abbot, Devon

NOVEMBER

Saturday 29th
Celtic Beer Festival, St Austell Brewery

BRANCH CONTACTS

Chairman Rod Davis (01209) 861135
chairman@cornwallcamra.org.uk
Deputy Chairman/Festivals Organiser
Gerry Wills (01872) 278754
Secretary Jan Wills (01872) 278754
secretary@cornwallcamra.org.uk
Treasurer Norman Garlick (01209) 860448
Membership Secretary
Steve Willmott (01637) 830540
membership@cornwallcamra.org.uk
Editor, One & Ale
Steve Willmott (01637) 830540
Branch Contact
Norman Garlick (01209) 860448
Social Secretary
Douglas Polman (01736) 763457

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I enclose a cheque for

Signed Date

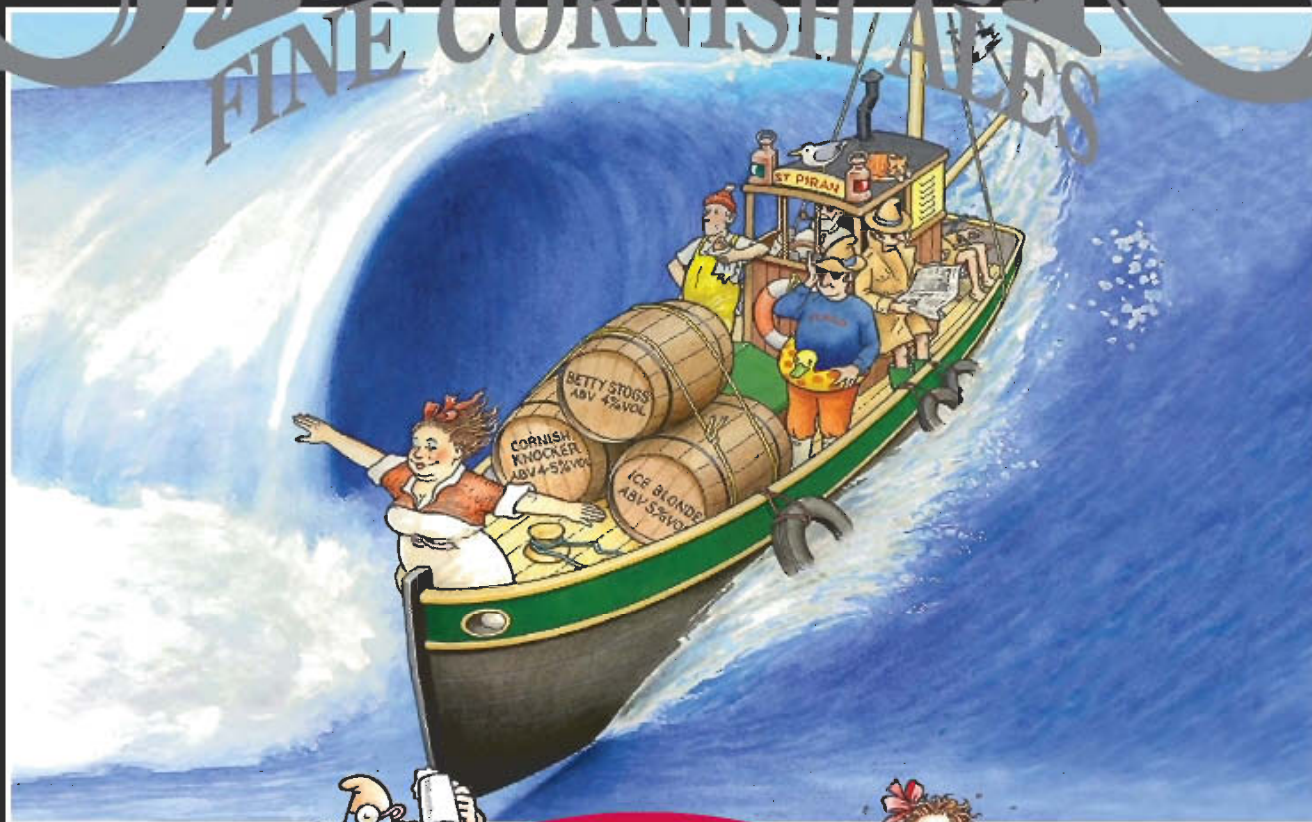
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