Campaign for Real Ale

Cambridge & District Branch Newsletter Issue 400 October 2022



Contents:

Pub News

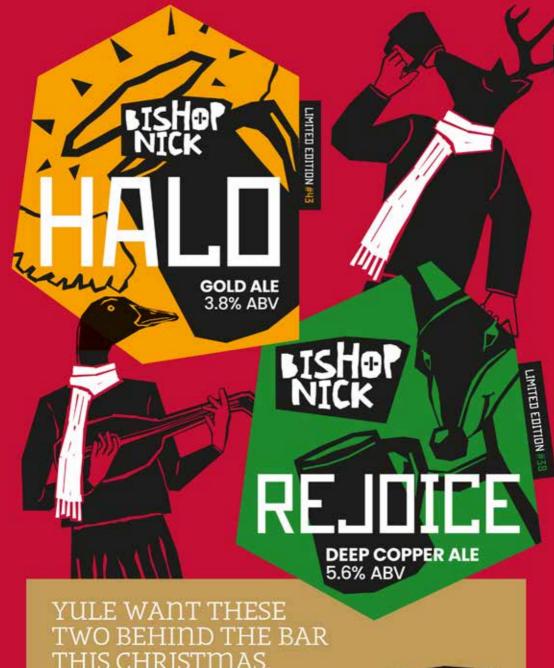
Nothing More To Say?

Midlands Meanderings: Pubs in Shrewsbury

Apples and Pears

Paws for thought. The wonderings of a pub going dog

Lost pubs of Cambridge(shire)



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Pub News

To under emphasise a situation, there can be no doubt that the current economic recession is making life difficult for pub licensees. Pub tenants are especially squeezed. Even with the Government promised energy price cap, one tenant told us that their expectation is that their energy bill will triple in the next 6 months. Trickle down economics and the removal of the 45% tax band is unlikely to benefit our badly pressed local establishments anytime soon.

It is surprising then that we have so much potentially good news to report in this our 400th issue of ALE.

Following on from issue 399:



Pub owner Wells & Co has announced that the **Ship**, Northfields Avenue is to be refurbished and re-opened as a community pub.



Rumours that Andy and Mo will be leaving the **Black Horse**, Swaffham Bulbeck and moving to the

North Arbury pub seem to be confirmed by a Facebook announcement that the couple will be leaving the village pub in October.



The **Anchor** in Burwell has a new licensee. Joe Baron took over in August. Beers offered include Adnams and

Woodforde's with a planned rotation of locally brewed beers on one pump.

Branch Diary

Don't forget that all Branch members are very welcome to attend the monthly business meetings, as well as our socials.

Tue 11 Oct: 20:00. Open Branch Meeting, Three Horseshoes. Comberton.

Sat 22 Oct: 12:00-19:00. Strolling Social of Cider Pubs of Cambridge.

Tue 8 Nov: 20:00. Open Branch Meeting, Panton Arms, Panton Street.

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Pub News continued



Potentially bad news turned to better news as much loved couple Neal and Caroline leave the White Swan,

Conington, to be replaced by new licensees who will run the pub under the same principles as their predecessors.



The **John Barleycorn**,
Duxford has
reopened after
refurbishment.



The **Royal Oak**, Barrington has been "welcomed into our collection" by Cambscuisine Pub and

Restaurant Group, which brings the tally of their Cambridge and District pubs up to seven.



We have received reports that both the **Red Lion**, Swaffham Prior, and the **Rose and Crown**, Histon are now open for business.



The publicist for the **Carpenters Arms**, Great Wilbraham has been working overtime. The recently

refurbished pub has featured in several national and local newspaper articles. They all give rave reviews.



We are concerned for the **Green Man**, Grantchester which has been closed for a very long time and is looking a little

shabby. Branch Pubs Officer Ali Cook queried the Parish Council. He was informed that pub owners, Star Pubs, have promised that the pub will be refurbished, and new tenants appointed soon.



Not such good news from the **Blue Lion** Hardwick where the current licensees have been asked to stay in place

because the owners, Greene King are struggling to find new tenants.



The licensee of the **Castle Inn**, Castle Street, Cambridge will be leaving on the 11th of November. He cites "margins

too tight" as the reason for his decision.



The **Othersyde** bar, situated in the grounds of the Museum of Technology, Cambridge Riverside is closing in

October. Rumour has it that a local brewery may take up the lease. Further rumour says that Othersyde will open a "crypto bar" "somewhere around Mitcham's corner".

Pub News continued

Quite a few pubs took advantage of the fine weather to hold successful beer festivals.



We found a fine selection of beers and a bright welcome at the **Black Horse**, Rampton.



The **Grapes**, Histon Road, held a mini festival, complete with wet sponge throwing and a raffle in aid of East Anglia

Children's Hospice.



The **Red Lion**, Histon has reported that the Histon Beer Festival has broken all records. Profits

will be donated to local causes.



On the music scene, the **Snug**, East Road Cambridge, is now called the **Six Six Bar**. Licensee Adam O'Sullivan has been holding

"Boat Race Sessions" reflecting a previous incarnation of the iconic music venue. The pub has now fully reopened following a refurbishment.



Just across the road, the **Blue Moon**, Norfolk
Street, also has a comprehensive planned line up of gigs.



The **Red Lion**, Whittlesford is up for sale. The grade II listed, 13th century pub is situated close to Whittlesford Station.



Another, but not quite so, ancient building, the **Lock Fyne**,

Trumpington Street, Cambridge looks

likely to become a gastro pub, hopefully returning with its former moniker the **Little Rose**.



The **White Lion** in Sawston is reopening in October. The licensee, Mark Chater, formerly ran the Chequers in Pampisford.

Mark is keen to establish contact with CAMRA so we'll be visiting the pub soon.

And finally, Harry Bowyer has responded to



nas responded to our request made in issue 399 for information about the beers that are available in his favourite pub, the **Waggon** & Horses. Linton:

Greene King IPA, and Timothy Taylors Landlord.

Cheers, Will Smith

Nothing More To Say? by Fred Laband

I started this article nearly 4 years ago.

I had been through a tough period with much of my efforts devoted to being a part time carer. This had impacted on my own health, where I did not necessarily eat properly, sleep that well or get enough exercise. At times I had powerful headaches and didn't feel like drinking alcohol anyway!

Another impact was that my work was affected. I had to sacrifice jobs such that my income was reduced; often I was in the wrong frame of mind to work at all.

After 8 years, I stopped writing for ALE magazine feeling that I had had very little to say. Throughout this time, I went to far less pubs than normal, and enjoyed far less real ale. I felt very much out of the loop, and many of my favourite pubs I had to neglect. I consoled myself that they would still be there on my return...

And then the coronavirus struck.

Today I look back at what has happened over the past 5 years, and am happy to say that I am back contributing to this 400th issue of the marvellous ALE magazine.

One pub that has been a bastion for me has been the **Wellington Arms** in Bedford... I have spent much time here over the past few years, and at my lowest points have found "The Welly" as simply a place to go. But it has been more than that. It has been a place just to sit and think. Somewhere even to hide. Yet ultimately a place to be with other people – and not to think. This is as friendly as pubs get, and they allow me to bring my own sandwiches which I invariably wash down with a pint of Adnams Southwold Bitter.

Tuesday evenings at the **Minster Tavern** in Ely are excellent value for money with burgers from £7.99 including a pint. Ghost Ship and Hobgoblin Gold are regulars here and are always served in gleaming foamy



condition. Bearing in mind the changes to my income and the effects of Covid and the war in Eastern Europe it is no surprise that a pint is now over £1 pricier than 3 years ago. My Timothy Taylor Landlord (4.3%) now costs £4.25, but when I use my CAMRA card I can get 10% off. In times when money has not been so ready, this has been another real treat. Just getting out of the house has at times been an effort, and The Minster has always made this effort worth while. The feeling of just being in a pub has often lifted me. I feel like I am being part of it - not even necessarily talking to anybody in particular, but just being there - that's the important bit...



Further afield, the **White Lion** just north of Watford town centre, a few minutes up the St. Albans Road has become a place of escape. Again not necessarily talking to anybody, keeping myself to myself. My Dad had his first pint here over 70 years ago and I pop in occasionally to raise a glass. My

most recent visit sees Tring Moongazing (4.2%) in good form, both hoppy and grassy. (I then spend a few hours in Vicarage Road witnessing Watford surrender another half time lead.)

One area of my beer drinking behaviours that has changed over the years has been volunteering at local beer festivals. I have managed to juggle caring/working such that I have pulled pints at Ely Winter festival, St Neots, Bedford and Cambridge. All of these events feature a very friendly team of volunteers. For me, I have come to love the atmosphere behind the bar, and have relished the opportunity to meet hundreds of people all looking for something different... whether it is a beer that excites or something that reassures. Or a beer to surprise or a beer to warm? At these festivals, in recognition of my volunteering efforts, I have also enjoyed either complimentary or heavily discounted beer. And sometimes food too; during a time of reduced income, the Cambridge festival in May also features the legendary cheese board, worth volunteering for alone!



My last festival was in Ely in January 2020; I was thrilled with many of the beers and The Canadian Destroyer in particular, a

6.6% maple stout from Top Rope Brewing, really brought out a smile. I was also delighted to pull several pints of what turned out to be the first beer to sell out, the excellent Papworth Fen Skater (3.8%). Many beer festivals have been cancelled over the last 3 years, and up until recently I have not really felt 100% comfortable in returning to any crowded environments. I am sure I am not alone in feeling like this...

Between 9th and 12th November,

Cambridge takes a bold step in hosting its Winter Festival at The Guildhall. I am very much looking forward to this and intend to volunteer. If you have never volunteered, why not start now? You don't have to commit to a whole day; a few hours will be appreciated. You certainly don't have to be a beer expert either.



Now I digress to one big loss (for me) over the last five years. The **Kingston Arms** in Cambridge always represented good value and I will tell you why. It used to display the prices of all of its ales on the pump clips... Not even all petrol stations do this! (I am often puzzled as to why some pubs persist in placing small jam jars in front of their hand pumps – in 95% of cases all the samples look the same!) Much more useful to display the prices – The Kingston always had a budget busting ale on and I invariably went for it. Sadly, The Kingston no longer sells real ale, and I am not entirely sure whether it is a pub at all any more. Very sad.

We have also lost the **Radegund** and the **Hopbine**, and no doubt there are other favourites that you will be missing.

On the plus side, many of my favourites remain. A recent visit to the **Cambridge Blue** with my friend David saw Nene Valley New Age Chestnut (4.1%) ring in at £4.20, one of the cheaper pints in Cambridge. Visits to the **Red Lion** in Histon have featured Adnams Southwold Bitter at £3.60 a pint. And if you collect points on their City Club App, with the 5% return, that makes it just £3.42.

How I sometimes missed the smell of beer, the warmth and the lights, the cheery voices, the clatter of glasses. All of these

Nothing More To Say? by Fred Laband contined

pubs have offered me something, being a place to mix or to escape – often at the same time. Not really knowing why I even go there, but feeling that I belong, feeling that I am in the right place.

And knowing that I can go back at any time, but that I don't have to.

I apologise for what has become something of a retrospective, but at least I am back writing about beer and pubs. It has been my great privilege to contribute to ALE magazine over the years. I have missed it and I am not ready to stop just yet. All over the country, there are CAMRA magazines. But Cambridge ALE is the oldest and best. It is not the biggest, but I love it.

I first picked up ALE when it was just into its 300s. Carl Woolf reported his news from the East; you could go for a meal with Paul & Jane. And there was Jerry Brown's stuff.

Will had his foodie's page. Some of the writers have left us, some have joined, but many of our great pubs are still there. ALE magazine continues to celebrate them all.

There is still much to look forward to; the Winter Beer Festival most definitely. A couple of pubs which I had feared lost have returned; the **Live & Let Live** in Mawson Road has been refreshed but I have yet to visit. Similarly, the **Tivoli** on Chesterton Road has risen again and I must go soon. A more rural location that I am keen to enjoy is the **Black Horse** in Rampton. My girlfriend drove past this beautiful pub a few days ago and said that she'd like to go for a meal there...

Somewhere along the line we will raise our glasses to absent friends.



Cambridge Beer Festival Winter 2022

We're extremely sorry to announce that this year's winter beer festival will not go ahead. We are very sad about this, and no doubt our customers, suppliers and volunteers are too.

However, with under a month to go, there are still too many unresolved issues with our transition to a new venue.

With the closure of the University Social Club during the pandemic we knew we had to find a new venue for the winter festival.

We thought we'd found such a venue in the Guildhall, although we expected the transition to be difficult. But we've now passed the point where we had to commit to spending substantial amounts with suppliers, and we still don't have solutions to a number of issues.

The one piece of good news here is that the issues that have affected this festival don't

affect our main festival in May. Planning for that began in August.

Thanks to all the volunteers who've spent a great deal of time trying to make the festival happen.





Lost pubs of Cambridge(shire)

I really wasn't expecting anyone to get last issue's mystery pub, so well done to Mike Corbett for correctly identifying the former Lacons pub, the Hill Trees, on the Babraham Road.



Still none the wiser? Well, next time you find yourself heading up towards Wandlebury (coming from Cambridge), keep half an eye to the left and you'll see it.

As is usual for these more remote pubs, information is hard to come by, but I've managed to dig a few things up. So here goes!

It was originally called the Lime Kiln, and you'll never guess why – because there had been a lime kiln there since at least the 1830s. The first occupant to expand into beer retailing was a certain James Winters ("lime burner and publican"), who was there from the early 1850s to his death in December 1868.

Alfred Swan followed briefly before the next significant licensee, Abel Linsey "agricultural labourer and beerhouse keeper", who was there from about 1875 to about 1888. It seems that he was merely a tenant, because when the freehold was put up for sale in 1892 it was still "in the occupation of the Swann brothers, lime burners, contractors, etc." After leaving the pub, he and his wife Sarah ended up at Croft Cottages in Cherry Hinton, where they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1903. The Cambridge

Independent Press (9 October 1903) reports: "The aged couple who are still hale and hearty were the recipients of many good wishes, and in the evening a reception was held at the old folks' residence, members of the family and friends being invited." Inevitably, "A most enjoyable time was spent." He died in 1907, age 75, apparently a very popular and well-loved chap.

By the time Charles and Emma Cox took over in June 1893 it would appear that lime burning had ceased and the pub had a new name: the Hill Trees. Charles and Emma were there for barely a year and had a rather less blissful relationship than the Linseys – so much so that their marital strife made the papers not only at the time, but even 20 years later, long after they had officially separated. It's quite a tale, which I will try to summarise.

Married at Bene't Street Registry Office in 1892, at first they went to Trinity Farm. Trumpington, where Charles was employed as a shepherd, and lived together happily. The trouble started shortly after they moved to the Hill Trees, with frequent arguments, and worse. Both sides, of course, blamed the other. He complained that she had turned to drink, entertained the attentions of "certain men", spent all the money so that he could not pay the brewery, and, worst of all, did not cook his dinner! She in turn accused him of knocking her about, chasing after another woman, forcing her to sleep in the tap room, and withholding money so that at times she had to beg for bread.

Things finally came to a head on the evening of 10 April when, after a series of week-long absences, she finally left/was thrown out for good, not daring to return, she said, and having to walk to Cambridge "without a hat"! She found her way to "Richardson's public house", which must mean Thomas Richardson, of the Crown, better known as the much-missed Flying

Pig, where she stayed that night.

They officially separated on 1 June, sold up, split the proceeds and had nothing further to do with each other for 23 years. The licence was transferred to one Elijah Bass the following August.

Whether it was the news that Charles had inherited a good deal of land from his father's farm and was now living in a "commodious house in Histon" that prompted Emma to sue Charles for unpaid maintenance in 1917 I wouldn't like to say. But sue she did. The trial got a lengthy report in the newspapers, and would make for an entertaining courtroom drama, if there are any scriptwriters out there looking for material.

The case hinged on a particular clause in the separation agreement, namely that Charles would pay Emma four shillings a week "on condition that the wife lived a chaste life". Nothing had been paid to date, despite Emma's protestations that she had abided by the clause, was completely finished with men, and that the lodger that she had had living with her for almost two decades, Mr Henry Wilson, was just that and nothing more. Her case was undermined somewhat when two of her witness, having testified that they always called her Mrs Coe, never Mrs Winters (as the children did), accidentally referred to her as Mrs Winters while being cross-examined. Other witnesses attested that they always called her Mrs Winters, and that the couple generally presented themselves as if married.

When it was his turn to give evidence, Charles said that he had paid nothing from the start as a result of information from a police sergeant and advice from his solicitor: "If she had kept herself all right she would have had the money, but having instruction from the solicitor I never paid her."

She lost the case, with costs awarded.

(No such condition applied to Charles, who had been living with the same woman, unmarried, for 19 years, producing six

children.)

Now, back to the Hill Trees. Elijah Bass seems to have had an unremarkable, if short, reign, and he was followed by George Chown in around 1897. One incident blots his copybook, in December 1901, when he was charged with serving alcohol outside of permitted hours (specifically on a Sunday morning).

Normally this is a straightforward matter: did it happen, and at what time? But in the case of the Hill Trees it is somewhat complicated by the concession that allowed for 'bona fide travellers' to be served at any time. Precisely what constituted a bona fide traveller was not specified in law, but by convention it meant anyone who had travelled more than three miles from his place of residence.

Given its location, many people travelling between Cambridge and Babraham would take advantage of this concession for a little refreshment. And so would local chancers, irked by the particularly restricted Sunday permitted hours. One such, who lived no more than 300 yards away, was spotted by a local magistrate on the morning of 7 December 1901 being served surreptitiously through a half-opened window. And so the magistrate dutifully reported it to the police.

In its account of the trial the *Cambridge Independent Press* (15 December 1901) reports:

"[T]he house was outside the three mile limit from Cambridge, and was also three miles from Babraham. There were in consequence a good many bona fide travellers. Some of them stopped a long time, and it became a nuisance, and as defendant objected to this Sunday morning trading he decided to serve customers outside. On the occasion in question the order was taken by a woman, who did not raise the sash sufficiently to see who the man was. The weather was cold, and when the order was taken the sash was put down to keep out the cold."

Lost pubs of Cambridge(shire)

For such an offence poor Mr Chown was liable to fine of £10 and to having his licence endorsed, but presumably in view of his otherwise impeccable record over the previous three years, he was only fined £5 plus costs.

(If you want to know more about the "bona fide traveller" concession, Boak and Bailev have a brief and very readable overview on their blog: see https://boakandbailey. com/2015/03/bona-fide-travellersfibbing-for-a-pint/. If you were thinking of testing it out, bad luck; it was abolished in the 1921 Licensing Act.)

His successor, John Cheetham Clark, was a military man, having served for 21 years in the 11th Hussars, reaching the rank of Quarter-Master-Sergeant, Now you'd think discipline would be a big thing with him, but within four months of taking over he was up before the beak for "permitting drunkenness on his licensed premises" on 12 July 1909. "Acting on information received" from the employer of some men who were very late returning from their lunch break, two policemen visited the pub in plain clothes, heard shouting at the bar and found two of the five men in the tap room drunk. When asked his opinion. Clark said that while both men were not sober, neither were they drunk, a position he stubbornly maintained in the subsequent discussion, and in court. Unfortunately for him, and despite is military credentials, the magistrates believed the police, and he was fined £1 plus costs.

He mustn't have stayed much longer because in 1911 we find another man in charge, Charles Burnage, As far as I can discover he was the last licensee of the Hill Trees, still in residence in 1939. He died in 1959, 'retired victualler', of Pretoria Road. When he left, and when the pub finally shut, I have not been able to find out. Yet...

Right, back into town for the next one. It's a bit off the beaten track but I bet someone knows where it is.



Where is it? What do you know about it? Let me know all the gossip at pub-history@cambridge-camra.org.uk

Steve Linley



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Apples and Pears

October is Cider and Perry Month!

CAMRA supports and campaigns for cider and perry throughout the year, and nationally we spotlight it with celebrations twice a year. These are in October and May, during which time branches are asked to organise cider and perry events across the country. Cambridge of course pre-empted this October celebration by supporting Swavesey Cider festival in September.

However, there are lots of ways that individuals can help to support our local cider makers. Here are a few:

Visit a cidery or cider tap

Godmanchester based Simon's Cider and Cidery and Cider tap opens to the public generally at the beginning of every month. Visit their website for further details. https://www.simonscider.co.uk/

Purchase local ciders from local pubs, farm shops and breweries.

The Queen Edith, The Haymakers and The Devonshire Arms are Cambridge pubs serving real cider. The White Swan, Conington and the Hare and Hounds, Harlton are two examples of rural pubs serving locally produced ciders. There are more but they aren't always obvious as the cider dispenser is hidden in the cold room – just ask at the bar.

Brewery shops, such as Lord Conrad's in Dry Drayton also sell local ciders. Opening times vary.

Most farm shops sell real cider, though they may not always be from local producers.

Donate your apples to a cidery.

Cider can only be produced using ripe apples – and you need a lot of them. Some cider makers are more than happy to

receive donations of unwanted apples – in most cases they will remove them from the trees for you. Simon, of Simon's Cider has posted on Facebook that he welcomes such donations. A quick internet search might find a cidery near you

Why May and October?

Unlike real ale production, which can happen at any time of the year, real cider and perry is generally a seasonal product and can only be made when the fruit is ripe. Production is tied to a natural cycle of the apple and perry pear trees found in orchards around the country.

The month of May was chosen because it is when the orchards come into bloom and fruit begins to set which will then be harvested. It is when cider and perry production in the previous year reaches maturity and can start being enjoyed. It is also a time for celebration of the fruits of cider makers labour!

October is equally an extremely busy time for cider makers when production is in full flow and fruit is being harvested, milled, pressed and stored for fermentation.



Midlands Meanderings 3: Shrewsbury

I had been thinking only recently that it had been a while since I had last had a nose around Shrewsbury, so when I found an item about the pubs of that fine old town in the latest issue of *Forward to the Bar* (the Birmingham Camra magazine), most of them completely unknown to me, the destination for my next day out was settled.

The hour's train journey from New Street having been 'enhanced' by interminable Peppa Pig from the other side of the carriage, I needed a calming drink sharpish. Fortunately the first pitstop on my prospective tour was just a short way up the hill from the station: a new micropub called the **Tap and Can**.



the Tap and Can

And that's exactly what you find inside: very 'craft-heavy' with many taps, and fridges to rival those of the Cambridge Blue, only with cans. Not really my 'thang', but there are also four handpumps for those like me who

prefer things 'old school'. Alas, three American Pale Ales and a Coffee Stout aren't my 'thang' either, but there is also real cider. I had a whisky cask one from Thistly Cross – yes, Scottish cider! It was a bit sweet for my taste, but the whisky flavour was certainly in evidence. Plenty of people in there, though, and the service was very friendly even though they were so busy, so I can overlook my slight disappointment at the beers available. And it's in the perfect location for a post-train recovery pint or a quick pre-train last pint (or both).

From there I ventured northwards along the river and up Coton Hill into what is for me completely new territory, and to three almost adjacent pubs. Figuring that it would be easier to go downhill after a pint or two than up I started at the top, with the **Woodman**, a *Good Beer Guide* regular with a historic interior rated by CAMRA as of regional importance.



the Woodman

The current building dates from 1925, replacing an earlier incarnation that was destroyed by fire. The interior is indeed very lovely, with oak panelling in bar and lounge, old-fashioned bench seating and the like. The lounge is very cosy and with its two fireplaces would be an excellent place to settle into in the winter months. As for the beer, Wye Valley Butty Bach caught my eye, and it was in tip-top nick – so good, in fact, that I had little trouble in persuading myself to have another half before dragging myself

away. And a mere £3.90 a pint - I do like these Midlands prices!



Almost next door is the **Royal Oak**, a Black Country Ales house fitted out tastefully according to their standard template: carpets, dark wood, framed old photographs of local interest on

the walls. It's a former Courage house, and the cockerel still proudly adorns the signboard bracket outside.

They were having a 'meal deal' when I went in: pint, cob and packet of crisps for a fiver. Well, rude not to. BCA Pig on the Wall never disappoints.

My loitering (and some wrong turnings earlier) meant that time was getting on and I had a long list of pubs I wanted to visit elsewhere in town so I gave the third pub, **Bird in Hand**, a miss for this visit. It seems to be primarily a sports bar, but the real ale is usually good, said the article. For me, though, it was back down the hill and along the river westwards for a bit before heading north across the Welsh Bridge.

First pub was the **Anchor Inn**, an old pub recently saved from permanent closure, no doubt in part by the increase in trade that the new theatre across the road has brought. The main bar is a mix of spartan on one side and 'traditional' (leatherette upholstery, wainscotting, framed photos of regulars and watercolours of local landmarks on the walls) on the other. Butty Bach again for me, not as good as in the Woodman but OK.

Back westwards and deeper into Frankwell, where half-timbered buildings abound, including my next port of call, the



the Anchor Inn

Wheatsheaf. Beerwise nothing appealed so I had a Rosie's Pig and, because the small front bar was a bit busy, headed out to the garden. Much of this is covered by a large marquee-style roof, from which hang many opened and inverted umbrellas. Well, it's different!



the Wheatsheaf umbrellas

From there back across the river and into the old town, and a pub that I have somehow managed to miss on previous

Midlands Meanderings 3: Shrewsbury



Coach & Horses (Stephen Wood)
visits even though it's another Good Beer
Guide regular (and Grade II listed): the
Coach & Horses.

And what a gem I've been missing out on! Although the fixtures and fittings are relatively recent and 'heritage' (copper pots and pans hanging from the walls, repurposed coach lanterns, you know the sort of thing), the building itself betrays its age with exposed beams, solid stone walls and old brickwork, and somewhat uneven floors on the first floor for those heading to the toilets! There's one large main bar and other more snug-like areas, leading through to a large dining area, once a separate dwelling until knocked through in the 1980s, with a huge fireplace. Being slightly off the beaten track and the drinking circuit, it was still relatively peaceful and civilised even on a



Saturday night. My Hobson's Bitter (at £4.40 a pint the priciest beer of the day) was perfectly decent.

It was here, while checking the live train times and wondering how many more pubs I could fit in, that I found that all the trains back to New Street had been cancelled due to "lack of signalling staff". Oh. There was at least a replacement bus as far as Wolverhampton, but even so, that called an early end to my trip. But not before I had grabbed a swift half in that pub without which no visit to Shrewsbury is complete, the lovely and ancient **Three Fishes**.

So, that completes the northern arc of the circuit, but there are still plenty of pubs for me to explore to the west and south, as well as in the old town, so it looks like I'll have to go back again in the spring for part 2 (and who knows, maybe part 3 as well next summer).

And yes, I did get back safely.

Steve Linley



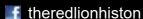




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Paws for thought

I must say I have been very confused of late. My male human is always talking about there being a world recession and keeps saying that we must conserve energy. I know he has been losing hair because a little bald patch has appeared the top of his forehead, but I can't work out why such a recession should affect the world economy. And as to saving energy. Now that the cold mornings are here, I am spending an extra hour in bed instead of using energy in our morning run. My humans tell me that this doesn't help, but I like to think I am doing my bit.

We recently saved some petrol by taking a bus rather than driving to Saffron Walden. We visited the Railway Arms to celebrate its CAMRA Northeast Essex Pub of the Year success. It is a welcoming community pub, and I soon made friends. Here I am having a lovely chat with Ella and Erin.



My male human had a couple of pints (the real reason I suspect that we took the bus) and then we took half an hour to chase my ball on the nearby green. For those who like to ramble and enjoy a bit of history, Audley End House is a short walk away.

I am always invited when my friends in Cambridge CAMRA organise a minibus trip to visit village pubs in the Cambridge and District area. It is great fun, and it gives CAMRA members the opportunity to try pubs that they normally wouldn't visit. Our last trip, taken at the end of August included some smashing pubs, including the Green Man at Colne. This pub was built in the 17th century, and it has a nice garden. We were served by Grace and Harvey, who were really thrilled when I guessed in which hand Grace held my doggy treat.



For those who aren't bothered about saving energy, there is a lovely walk to Somersham which passes right by the pub Staying North of Cambridge, in ALE 399 we mentioned that I had visited my friend Jerry Ladell during the very successful Swavesey Cider Festival. I didn't mention that we then went on from the festival to try out the beer and pizza in the Swavesey White Horse.

This really is my kind of pub! It has a games area, a posh dining bit, but best of all a very dog friendly snug - with pizza! We were greeted by Danny, who gave me so much attention I almost blushed.

My humans said that the beer and the pizza was very good (I can only confirm the pizza).

It's a bit of a walk, but the White Horse is approachable from the Cambridge to St

The wonderings of a pub going dog



Gladys greeted by Danny

Conington. We met when my humans

Caroline who will retire at the end of

visited the pub to say farewell to Neil and

Ives guided bus. It's the stop before Fen Drayton Lakes.

Also in issue 399, I posted a picture of my friend Chocco, a dog who frequents the White Swan.



Best wishes and thank you both for keeping so many dogs and their humans happy for so many years.

Woof for now Gladys Emmanuelle



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