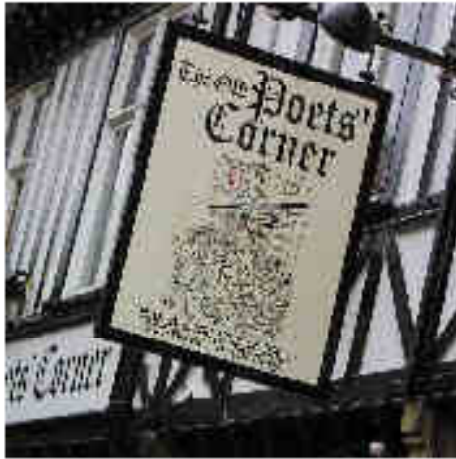


WE quaff thy balmy juice with glee, and water leave to France.



Those words, along with various other poetic pearls of wisdom which adorn walls at the Old Poet's Corner in Ashover, could probably apply to any public house in this country.

The thing is, the Old Poet's Corner is not your average public house. Landlords Kim and Jackie Beresford have created a cosy haven utterly devoted to the delights of real ale, poetic verse and hand-picked entertainment since taking over what was formerly known as the 'Old Red' five months ago.

Having previously run a similar establishment in Holbrook called 'Dead Poets', the renaming was in line with the theme they brought with them. Kim said: "We wanted to create something different. Our philosophy is that a pub is for drinking, with people wanting to come for good ale and good conversation.

"We do everything ourselves, the food is home cooked, we are a free house, and we choose all the entertainment ourselves and not on recommendations from managers or agencies."

Ashover's poetic history emphasises further the aptness of the Beaumonts' creation. Even the chef, life-long Ashover resident Michael Foster, is a poet. Monthly poetry nights are hosted by a Derby-based man identified only as 'The Pub Poet', showcasing the poetic talent of willing contributors.

Add to this the frequent live music, which if not provided by skiffle bands or the fortnightly folk nights, instead sees Kim step forward in his other guise of rock musician to appear with his band Crossroads to play the night away with classic rock music.



But the real ale aspect is what Kim is most proud of, with the pub having recently won Chesterfield CAMRA's pub of the season award, and planning permission being considered for the pub's own small brewery to be built in the cellar.

He adds: "We have at least six varieties on at all times and a host of guest ales appearing all year round. Cider is another favourite, with three types available at any one time, all 7% alcohol or above.



"Should anyone approach the bar and order lager, a bell is rung behind the pumps and the assembled customers as one shout 'LAGER!' in the hope that the embarrassment will mean a conversion to real ale. It's all a bit of fun."