

105253

HOPPING.

Well....there's a coincidence. The things I get up to! With all me pals from the Old Kent Road, I'm off to Kent on a fortnight's 'opping. You know....picking the stuff wet puts the bit in the bitter. Here's Grampa!.....what a geeser! Forty five 'opping 'olidays in a row, it's kept the brewers busy for a lifetime!

Roll up, roll up.....all aboard for the Paddock Wood Special!

There's no pushin and shovein....everything's nice and ladylike Grandma gits a bit of cheek from the bloke wet snips the tickets, "wet"....SEN 'e....don't tell me you're an 'opper? "No" she says, "I'm not, I'm a G.I. bride, where's the 'oneysoon express?"

The things we git up to.....gittin' the prams and luggage in the carriage.. with Mom askin the old man....Arvy! "did yer turn the gas off like wet I told you?....."

'ere we are....we're off. Wet with the kids yellin and gramma gittin crowned with a piece of china wet falls off the rack on to her nut, we're in the country in no time.....Now....I'm an authority on the country - when yer gits there....there's a funny smell. That's the air. After all the only difference between a bus and cow is the smell.

There's the old 'ome from 'ome. Mind you, it ain't no luxury holiday camp like, but we don't need none of this masspsychological stuff to git us cracking. Fact is, 'op-picking is just the job for the likes of me. The things I git up to! I'll be snaking next - if I could git 'em.