

2-485P21

HOPPING IN KENT - - Tens of thousands of people invade the countryside to gather season's fine crop of hops.

-Paddock Wood-

Picture:-

The hop-fields of Kent - - from which is gathered--
--the rich man's thirst-quencher, the poor man's nectar, and the teetotaler's poison, --
--HEER ! The hop-picking season used to be the East Ender's only holiday. The humble rags of poverty--
--were the usual dress. Nowadays, it's different. One occasionally sees--
--gay beach-pyjamas on young ladies seeking health and money at--
--the same time, Sometimes whole families, from Grandma to the baby, shut up drab houses--
--to work in this sunshine. It is estimated that--
--nearly fifty-thousand pickers have come from East of Saint--
--Paul's. In a few months time some--
--thirsty soul will be blowing the froth off that lot.

This field is stripped ! The pickers are gone, --
--but, wait a minute ! - - Ha ! ha ! Discovered asleep without visible means - - under the influence of hops !