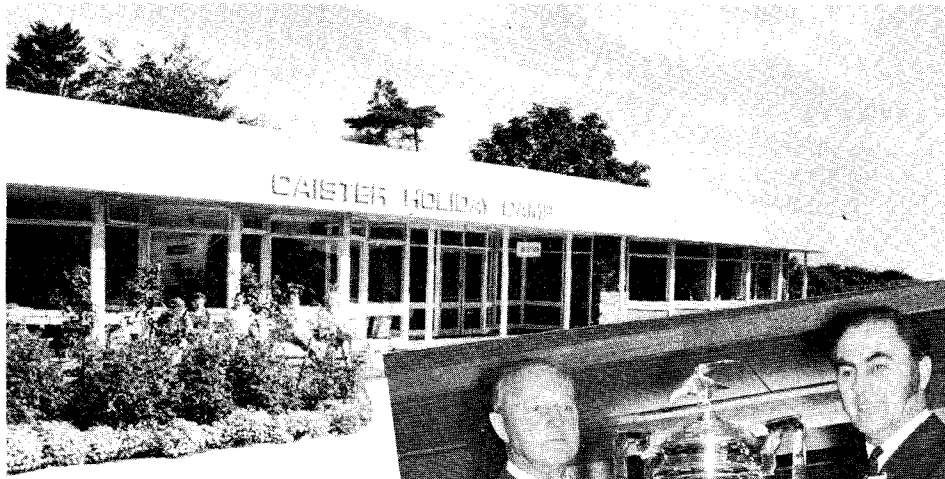


# 1970



## THE CHOIR NOT THE CHORUS!

Four thousand bottles of good rich wine! The thought alone is nice enough but to see them and taste some—that was something.

Four thousand bottles of wine, made from the fruits of the earth and in plentiful variety. Ingredients selected with the care of the perfectionist.

Wine made from recipes as old as the sage.

Wine made in equipment as modern as plastic.

Wine with the bouquet reminiscent of a nostalgic summer evening.

Wine with the glow of Vesuvius.

Wine that will fill the glass for a special friend.

All the pleasure of the picking and selecting. The skill in the touch of the hands that prepared the fruit and syphoned the must. The glow in the experienced eye that patiently watched the lees settle.

The hopes and the good wishes. All were materialised in this display for us to witness and yet, beautiful as it was—this array of uniform bottles in their thousands, radiant and glowing; it was a mere reflection.

A reflection of the character of the genuine homely people who made it. The taste rich as it was, will not linger as long as the touch of the friendliest folk we have met in years.



Our hearty congratulations to Mr. V. Owen, winner of the Hidalgo Trophy for his bottle of Grape Concentrate Wine. Mr. Owen is from the Reading Wine Circle.



# WINEOCRATS

## CONGRESS AT

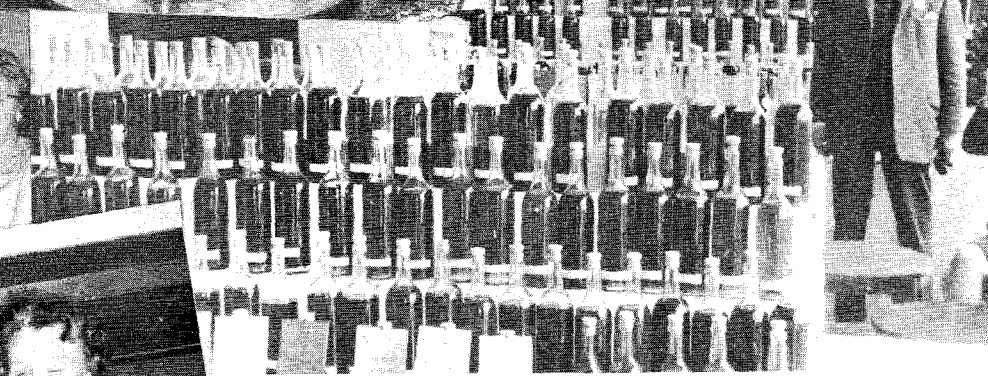
# CAISTER

The golden host were not yet on nodding terms. The Cuckoo too was oblivious. The east coast still breathed its chilly gusts.

Yet at Caister the glow was rosé. The atmosphere cracked wide open and the spring thing gathered momentum. Over bubbled the pressure of a year's diligent winemaking and Zing! every glass was in orbit. Enthusiasm had blown its fermentation lock! The effervescence, the vibration, the joy, the mirth, all that you can expect from a mix-in of delegates from the happiest hobby of them all.

The laughter, the music, the sparkle, the swaying of hips, the clapping of hands, not forgetting that momentous Conga!

That's how it was and we hope always will be.



There they stood. Row upon row, immaculate in their splendour—dressed for the occasion. Although they glistened in the rays of sunlight they looked lean, crystal clear and cool, real cool. Pure white, cherry red, pale gold, ambers, deep browns and near blacks stood erect as if they knew they were the elite. They were. They certainly conquered Caister!

One of the happiest ladies at the National Show was Mrs. Carol Evans winner of the Turner Trophy. The photograph on the right shows Carol with friends from Bexley Heath and Woolwich, celebrating this wonderful occasion.

