

# *The* HOME of WAVENEY PRODUCTS

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A DESCRIPTION OF THE  
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LIMITED'S  
CANNING & PRESERVED FOOD FACTORIES,  
WAVENEY DRIVE,  
LOWESTOFT.

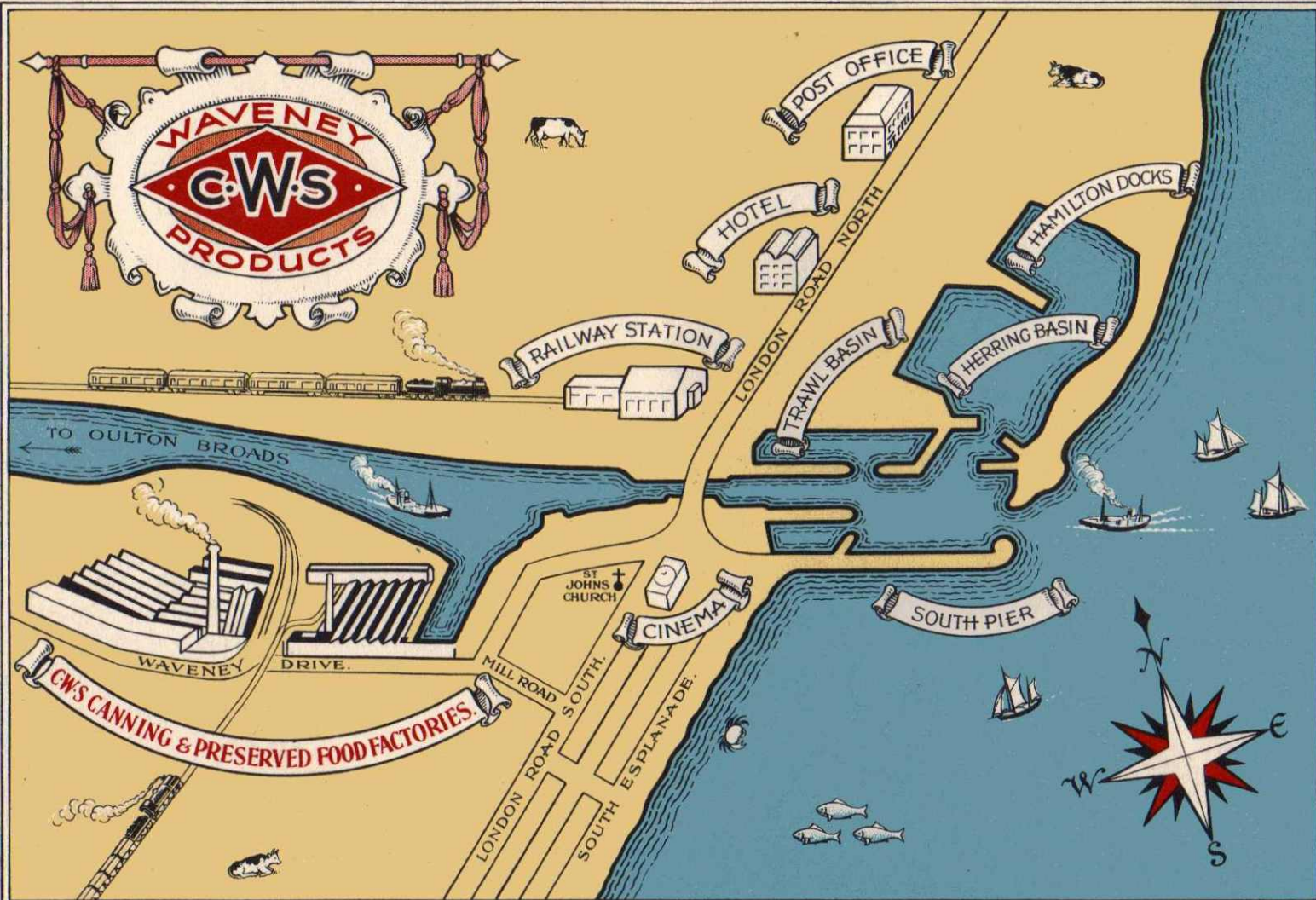




A MAP OF LOWESTOFT SHOWING THE

WAVENEY & PRESERVED FOOD FACTORIES

LOCATION OF THE CO-



OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY'S CANNING



# The Home of Waveney Products

## FOREWORD

Once upon a time, in quite an ordinary street in the fishing-port of Great Yarmouth, there stood a small building, which proudly sported the sign: "Co-operative Wholesale Society Limited, Canning and Preserved Food Factory." An unpretentious structure—yet here was born and nursed a great idea.

The idea was to be a boon to the harassed housewife, who, when unexpected guests arrived, could fling open the doors of her heart and home to them, confident that on her shelves reposed enough eatables to feed them. In short, the idea was that of canning food, so that throughout the seasons one might partake of Mother Nature's bounties.

It was on those premises that the silver herring were first packed in the tins which bear for a trade-mark the smiling, bonnie face of Jennie, the Scotch fisher lassie, that is now known all over the British Isles.

And so the idea grew and grew until the tiny precincts of its birthplace limited its progress, and so in September, 1929, there was opened the spacious factory which we all know as the Canning and Preserved Food Factory, Waveney Drive, Lowestoft.



GREAT YARMOUTH CANNING FACTORY.  
1918 TO 1929.





GUIDES.

FISH AND MEAT PASTES  
LABELLING ROOM.

LOADING  
WAY.

We propose now to take you on a tour of inspection through the Factory. First of all, we must introduce you to one of our guides, who looks charming and capable in her pretty overall. As we follow her, we cross the covered loading way giving access to the quayside, which is some 365 yards long.

From here we are conducted to the Fish and Meat Paste Room. But who can resist a peep, as we go by, into that most intriguing of places—the Laboratory?

A shining array of utensils meets our wondering gaze, and a delicious aroma assails our nostrils. Still, believing there is better yet to come, we hurry on to watch how the machine apportions the paste to the jar, after which it is inspected by a girl to see there are no tiny air pockets, as these would ruin the product.

Twenty different varieties of Fish and Meat Pastes are prepared here and packed under the well-known brands—Wheatsheaf, Large and Small Unity, and Unity Tumblers. Millions of jars are produced annually.



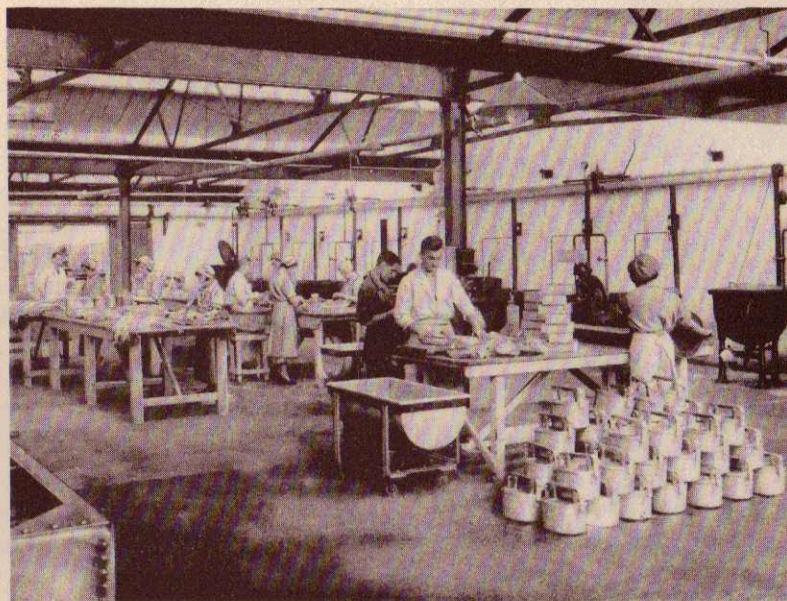


Now when we mention that we are next going to visit the Kitchen, we cannot blame you if instantly you conjure up visions of important-looking chefs bustling to and fro, white enamelled electric stoves, and jars labelled "Flour," "Currants," &c.

And if that be so, you are going to have a surprise. Our Kitchen is a long room, a section of which is occupied by a number of steam-jacketed pans, which are used for the boiling of Soups and Tongues; also large tanks for the boiling of Brisket of Beef, and the materials used for the table delicacies such as Pressed Beef, Lunch Tongues, Picnic Tongues, Ox Tongues, and Chicken Breasts.

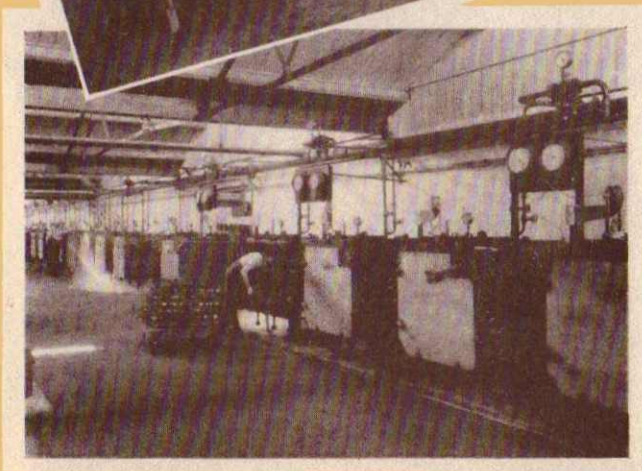
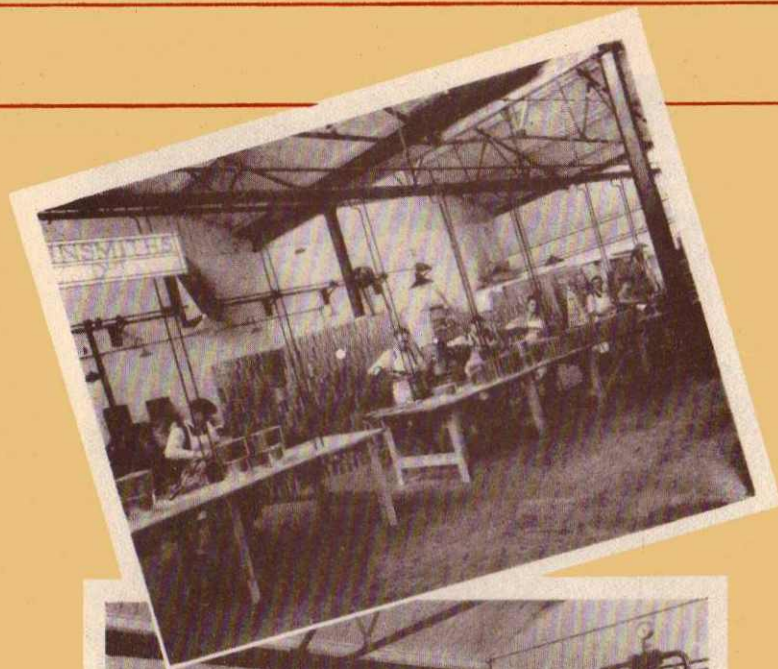
Mounting guard over these pans and tanks are the sensitive instruments known as Cambridge Recorders. Every varying temperature and time are recorded automatically upon a chart. Thus one is able to tell at a glance at what stage of cooking are the various commodities.

Also in the Kitchen we stand and watch the processing of the Gammons, which are placed in aluminium presses, where they are partly cooked, and then transferred to various sizes of cans before being hermetically sealed.



THE KITCHEN.





TINSMITH'S SHOP.

RETORT ROOM.

If we are of a mechanical turn of mind, our Tinsmith's Workshop will be a veritable paradise to us.

Here we notice how the lids are spun, by means of the irregular seaming machine, on to the gammon tins. This is an interesting process, for if we are fortunate enough to see a tin opened, it will be seen that the edges of the lid and the can are interlocked.

The gammon tins are next deposited into a huge vacuum machine, which draws out all the air. The tins pass slowly under a giant soldering iron, and this finally seals and renders them air-tight.

Many operations of a similar nature are also performed in connection with the packing of other commodities.

As we leave the Tinsmith's Shop to the next Department, our ears are assailed with the clanging of huge, iron doors, and we wonder what is now in store for us.

Here are rows of Retorts for the cooking and sterilisation of the commodities. Trays of glasses of Fish and Meat Pastes, still other trays of Canned Peas or Beans, Canned Gammons, Tongues, and, when in season, Herrings in Tomato. All these things pass into the enormous ovens, where they are cooked under steam pressure and thoroughly sterilised. Again we see the Cambridge Recorders, with their mechanical pen, registering the temperature to which the food-stuffs are subjected throughout the process.

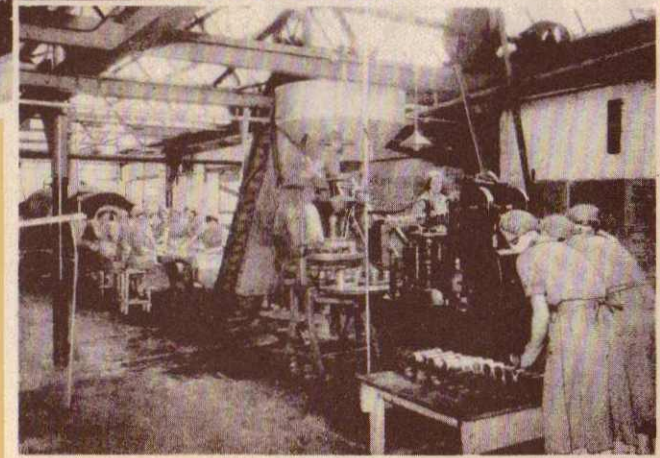
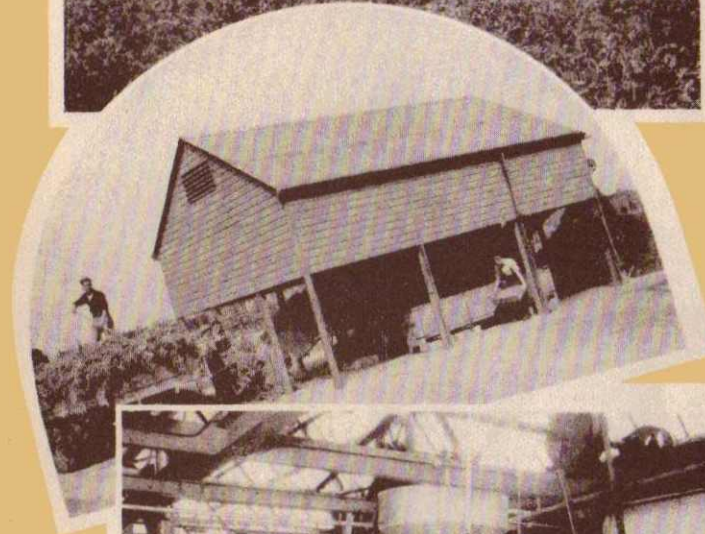




We should see the earlier history of the peas before we go to the Canning Department. On a warm summer's day, it is a pleasant sight to watch the lorries, with their loads of swinging, laden pods, draw up near the vining machine, and see the precious produce tipped into the open, inviting mouth. Once swallowed, the peas are whirled around the huge interior, and from one side comes pouring all the waste—empty shells, &c.—and from the other the perfectly shelled peas.

At this stage the peas are transferred to a huge washing and grading machine. The grading is accomplished by three cylindrical drums, which are perforated with holes to the size of peas required. On they go to the cooking process; the picking tables, where eager-eyed girls snatch out the undesirables; and the filling and seaming machines, which fill the cans with liquid and peas, or beans, set the lids on the cans, and seam them up at the rate of 130 per minute. Still they are not ready to face the world, but go to the retort house, where all food-stuffs in glass and tin are further cooked and sterilised. Our productivity is amazing, many millions of tins of peas and beans being prepared annually!

An outward cleansing for the shining little tins, then on to the labelling room, where they collect their attractive labels at the rate of 80 per minute. Finally, into the outer cases are packed the peas that will please the palate of an epicure.



GATHERING  
PEAS.

VINING MACHINE.

CANNING  
PEAS.





"JENNIE."

Jennie was a Scotch lassie. One of a band of cheery, hard-working people, who annually leave their homes and follow the shimmering shoals of herring round our island.

We picture her at Lowestoft, with her companions, gutting the fish in the rapid way of all Scotch lassies, flinging them with dexterity and accuracy into their own particular tub, never ceasing from her labours, and always with that happy little smile playing about her lips or else singing some gay song.

And, thanks to our enterprising camera-man, that smile is able to greet all and sundry who purchase a tin of "Jennie" Herrings.

In the Factory we pause at the troughs where the girls stand packing the tempting little fish, and note the process. The fish are weighed, so that every tin gets the right contents. They are then laid neatly inside by expert fingers. Tomato puree is added, and a machine seams up the tin; and so we have the completed dainty.



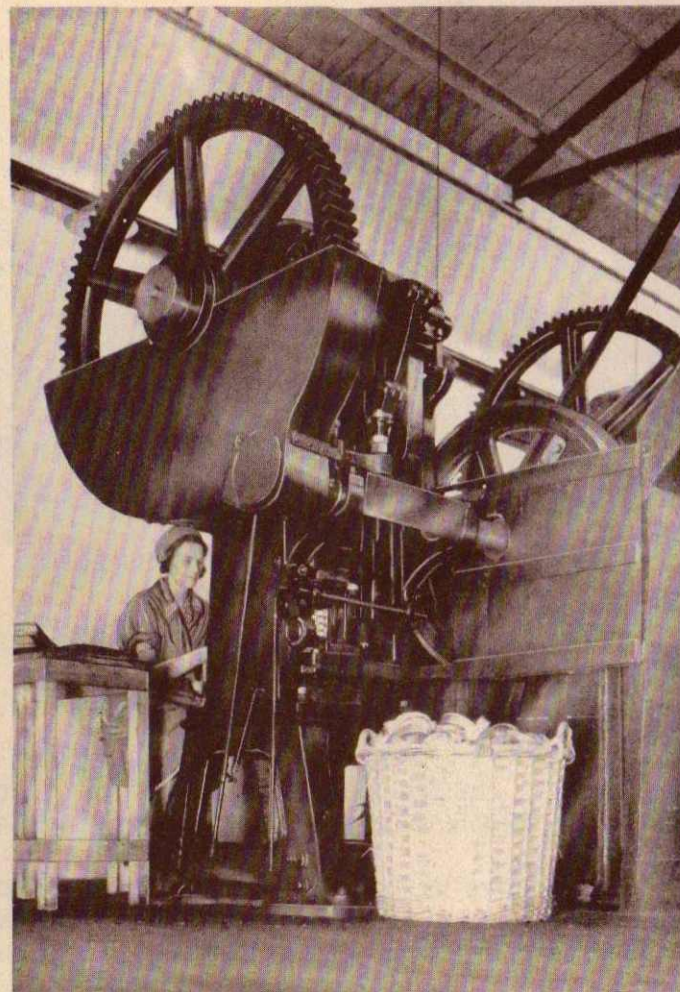


The Press Room is our next objective; and here we see the heaps of gleaming tinplates which come from South Wales, and are manufactured from the best British metal.

With amazement we watch the tinplates being submitted to the lacquering process, followed by falling into the clutches of that sturdy iron monster, the gang-slitter, whose steely shears cut through the sheets of tin as though they are silver paper.

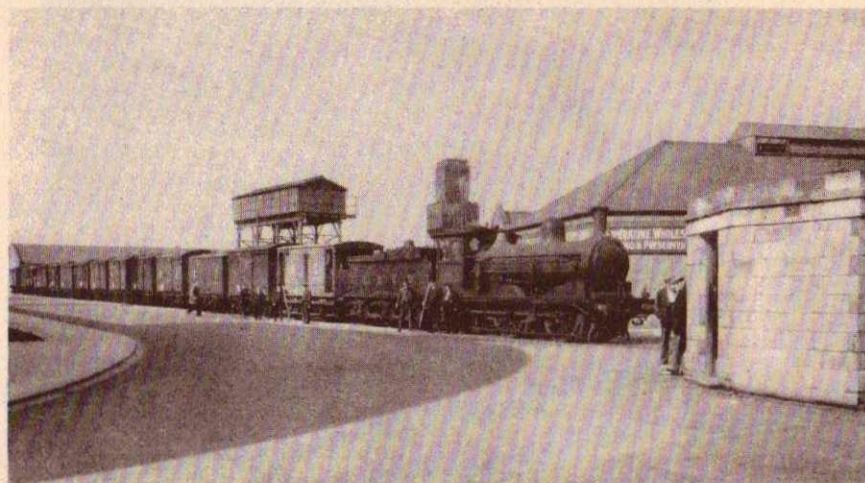
Now to the toggle press, which, with its gracefully gliding die, irresistibly impresses and cuts the style of tin required. And, hey presto! into the receptacle provided for the purpose, falls the tin on the first stage of its momentous career as container of a Waveney Production or "Jennie" Herrings.

Being a modern Factory, "No Waste" is our motto. We have, therefore, an ingenious machine, which is filled with old, unwanted cans, strippings of metal, &c. Pressure is brought to bear upon it, more waste material and more pressure are added, and, when the victims of the press are liberated at last, they are in one solid mass, which is now for sale for further usefulness.



TOGGLE PRESS.





" OFF TO-DAY—THERE TO-MORROW."

The long, lofty room is a veritable hive of industry. Here is animation! There is realisation that the harvest of the sea and soil is garnered in, and the determination that, without delay, the Co-operative Societies must have their shelves stocked with Waveney Productions. We visitors feel that we have suddenly stumbled in upon a busy railway station, peopled with hefty Herculeases hauling trucks about, laden with huge packing-cases. We hear the sonorous clang of the hammer beating out its challenge to the porters, vanmen, &c., who help the productions on their way to the outside world.

There is, however, one peaceful corner in the room, and that is where we are privileged to watch the deft play of the girls' fingers as they fasten the labels around the jars of paste, their eyes carefully scrutinising each finished little jar before it is carefully and compactly tucked away in the commodious packing-case.

Distinctive labels are splashed on to the cases, and back once more we go to the clatter and clamour, as we follow the giants which are transporting the cases to the adjoining private railway siding. In they go—the cases destined to reach important city, large town, small town, village, and tiny hamlet. With a puff and a snort the solid, capable engine starts into movement, and, shading our eyes, we watch the stream of trucks—proudly labelled "C.W.S. LOWESTOFT PRODUCTIONS"—steaming out of our sight round a bend in the railroad.



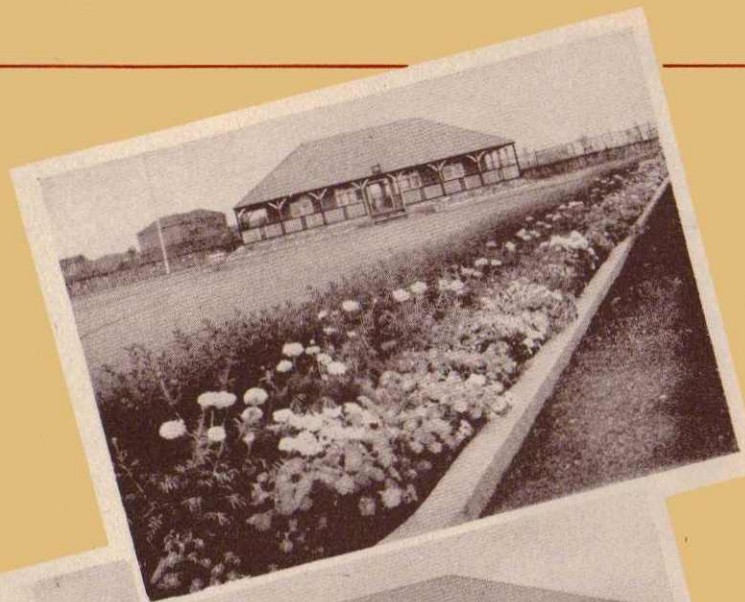


A green expanse, some three acres in extent, bounded on one side by the sturdy walls of the Factory and on the other by the smoothly-flowing River Waveney, such is the Sports Ground as revealed to our eyes when we push open the stout gate. Containing, as it does, three beautiful tennis courts; a cricket, football, and hockey pitch; a bowling-green; and a capacious well-fitted pavilion, the ground proves a great attraction to the employees, who spend many of their leisure hours in happy and healthy exercise.

The youth of the Canning Factory is enticed to the tennis nets, and a chorus of merry, triumphant cries as a timely shot is scored, together with the sharp ping of ball upon racquet, greets our ears. Some, however, prefer the joys of "the willow," and their white-clad figures streak with athletic grace across the soft green grass. The veterans choose the slow soothing skill of bowling, and we watch a group amicably arguing over the distance between two of the "ends," while their cronies sit placidly smoking and listening on a nearby bench.

We walk through the pavilion, with its shady lounge and comfortable dressing-rooms, complete with shower sprays; and then we sit on the sunlit verandah gazing at the vivacious picture before us. The shabby little tramp steamers chug-chug-chug up the broad bosom of the Waveney, smaller boats float silently by, and then a boatload of pleasure-seekers wave their hands in friendly greeting to the happy throng on the Sports Ground.

And we onlookers muse on how sweet life can be.

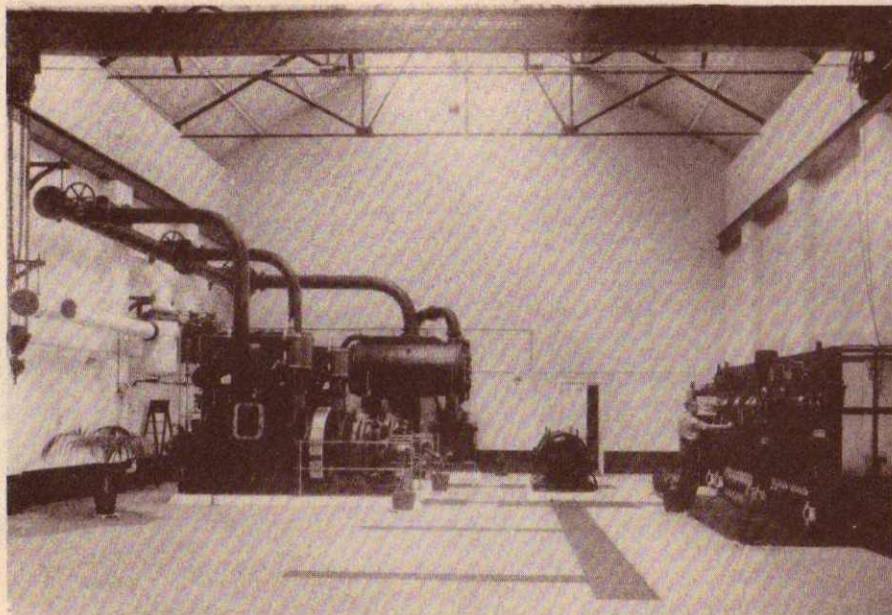


SPORTS FIELD.



SPORTS PAVILION.





POWER HOUSE.

We enter the Boiler House, whose six huge Lancashire boilers constitute the energy of the Factory and generate the steam and electricity for the manufacturing processes; and we decide that there is a certain allure about it all—the heaps of coal, the grimy figures of the stokers, and the towering bulk of the boilers. The stoker obligingly opens one of the doors, and, leaning back on his shovel, watches our expressions, with the avid attention of a showman, as we gaze into the inferno with its cascades of golden sparks dancing above the roaring, blazing fires. A hot breath darts out at us, and then the door is banged, shut again, and we are left to stare at the stalwart stoker who feeds this fiery steed. What a satisfaction it must be to hear the muffled roar that greets each shovelful of fuel, and to know that one is playing one's part by stirring to activity the machines in the processing departments!

We step through a doorway, and a transformation scene meets our gaze. A serene, silent, and dignified room is the Power House, with its cool, white walls and granolithic floor, and the smoothly-running motors. The electricity for machinery and lighting throughout the Factory is generated here. The switchboards look very awesome. The stalwart stoker loves his boilers, but the energetic engineer worships his various mystic machines, for standing before one of them, as before a shrine, is a vase of flowers.





A number of huge boilers filled with sizzling fat, where potatoes sliced to a shred dance and whirl in frantic fantastic glee!

Each pan is presided over by a cook in a becoming blue overall, who shakes and shuffles the golden fragments until they are crisp and crunchy.

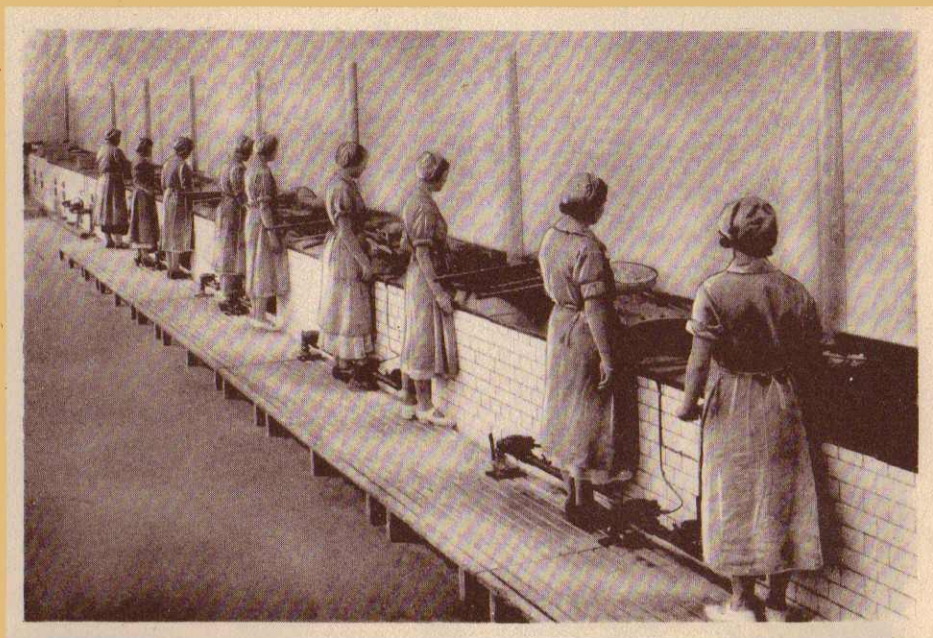
We have already seen the peeling and washing-machines, and the cute little machine into which one puts a whole potato, that comes out cut into slices complete with a permanent wave—cut, crimped, and curled!

Now, the frying-pans draw us irresistibly, and we stand around like a pack of hungry schoolboys while the tempting morsels are poured from the pans.

After draining, the crisps, with a tiny packet of salt, are piled into the grease-proof bags decorated with a photograph of the Norfolk Broads.

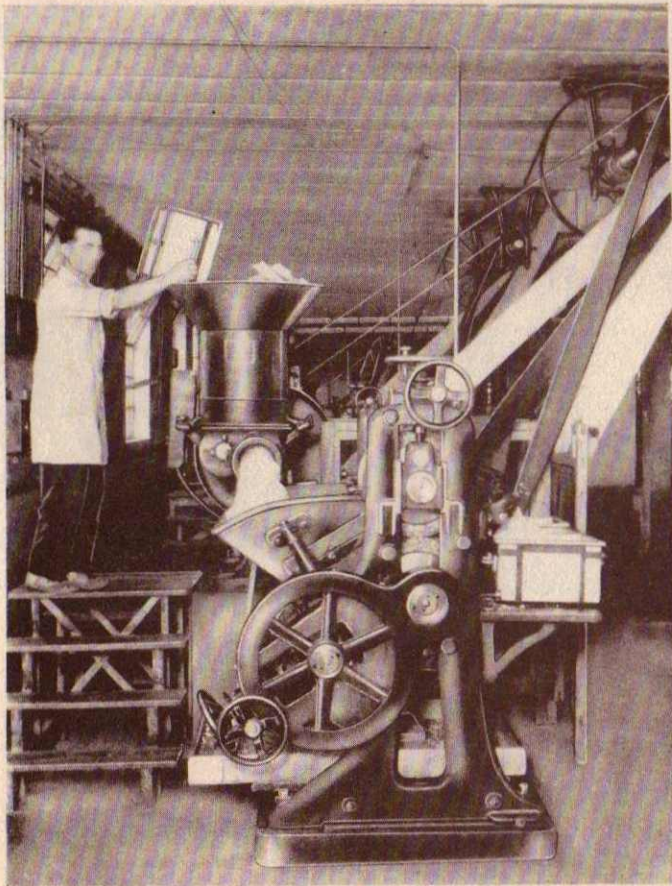
No wonder crisps, born in such a beautiful setting, reign triumphant in the realm of snack dainties.

Entering the main building of No. 2 Factory, we proceed to the top storey to see for ourselves the production of Waveney Soups, which include Kidney, Mock Turtle, Onion, Ox Tail, and Tomato, with many more varieties.



COOKING POTATO CRISPS.





WAVENEY CHEESE (GRINDING).

The first sensation of which we are aware is a sharpening of the appetite, caused by the fragrance of the Soups being mixed and dried in the steam-jacketed pans.

From the pans, the ingredients are conveyed to the grinding machines, then to the filling and weighing apparatus, where they are placed in the small packets and the familiar cardboard containers.

Familiar, indeed, are all these Waveney Specialities to the mother, who knows how to raise a shout of appreciation from her family by producing, on a cold winter's day, a plate of steaming Waveney Soup.

At the farther end of the room are the machines busily preparing and packing the Waveney Cheese.

We peer into the cauldrons where the creamy, golden mixture is bubbling and boiling, and our imaginations travel back to the source of origin. We visualise fat, sleek cows blinking in the warm sunshine and browsing with placid content in the cool, green meadows.

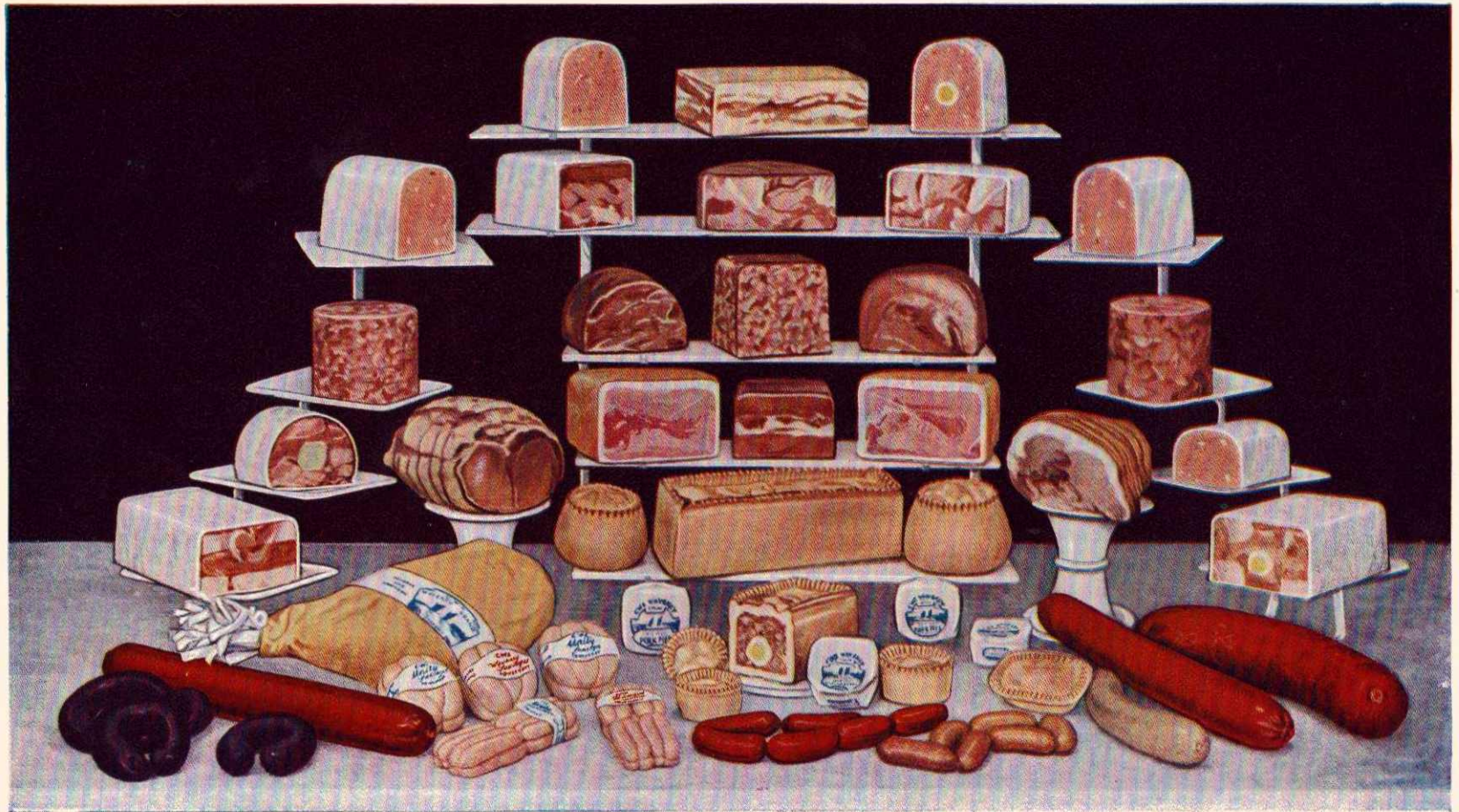
After this short flight of fancy, we watch, with the interest of the consumer, each developing process in turn, until we reach the last and most amazing machine of all. This machine cuts and compresses the tinfoil into shape, fills each container with cheese, covers with tinfoil, fixes the attractive label into







## “WAVENEY” COOKED MEATS



TOP ROW (Left to Right)—Chicken and Ham Galantine. Pressed Pork. Chicken, Ham, and Egg Galantine.  
 SECOND ROW (Left to Right)—Veal and Ham Galantine. Jellied Beef and Tongue. Jellied Veal and Ham. Veal and Ham à la mode. Beef Loaf.  
 THIRD ROW (Left to Right)—Pork Brawn. Beef à la mode. Pork Brawn. Glazed Ox Tongue. Veal Brawn.  
 FOURTH ROW (Left to Right)—Stuffed Veal. Silverside Beef. Cooked Gammon. Glazed Brisket Beef. Cooked Gammon. Roast pork. Veal Loaf.  
 BOTTOM (Left)—Jellied Ham and Tongue. BOTTOM (Right)—Jellied Veal, Ham, and Egg.  
 FRONT—Range of varieties in Pies and Sausages, also York Ham.





## CANNED VARIETIES





TABLE DELICACIES IN GLASSES





position, and finally turns out the finished portion, to be packed, with five more companions, into the round boxes of which 6,000,000 have been prepared this year.

With a glow of gratification we realise that, through the medium of machinery in alliance with science, this wonderful production, Waveney Cheese, is produced to enrich our table.

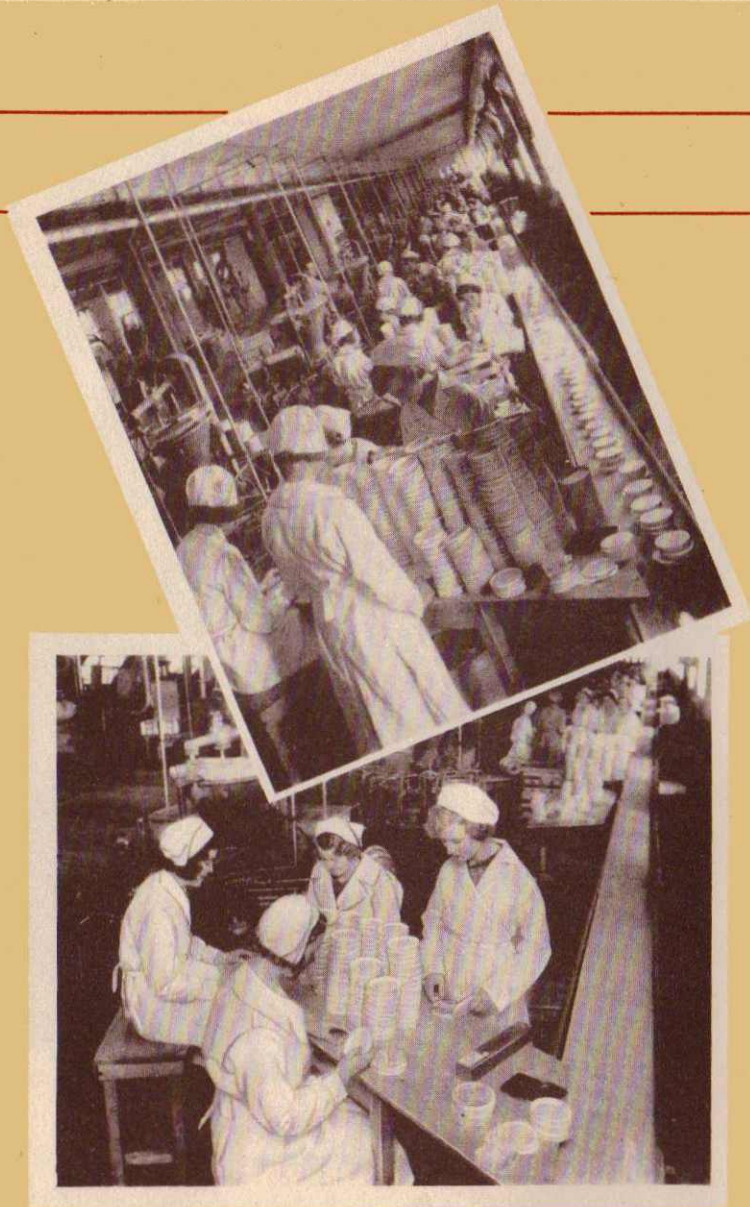
With a feeling of justifiable curiosity, we approach the department devoted to the manufacture of Waveney Sausage and Cooked Meats, all of which are gaining rapidly in favour throughout the country.

The Sausage, like the Sphinx, has always been surrounded with mystery; but, at last, the veil is to be drawn aside, so with eager footsteps we press forward.

But any illusions on the matter are soon dispelled, when we see the array of beautiful fresh meats on their way to the mincing-machine to be converted into sausages.

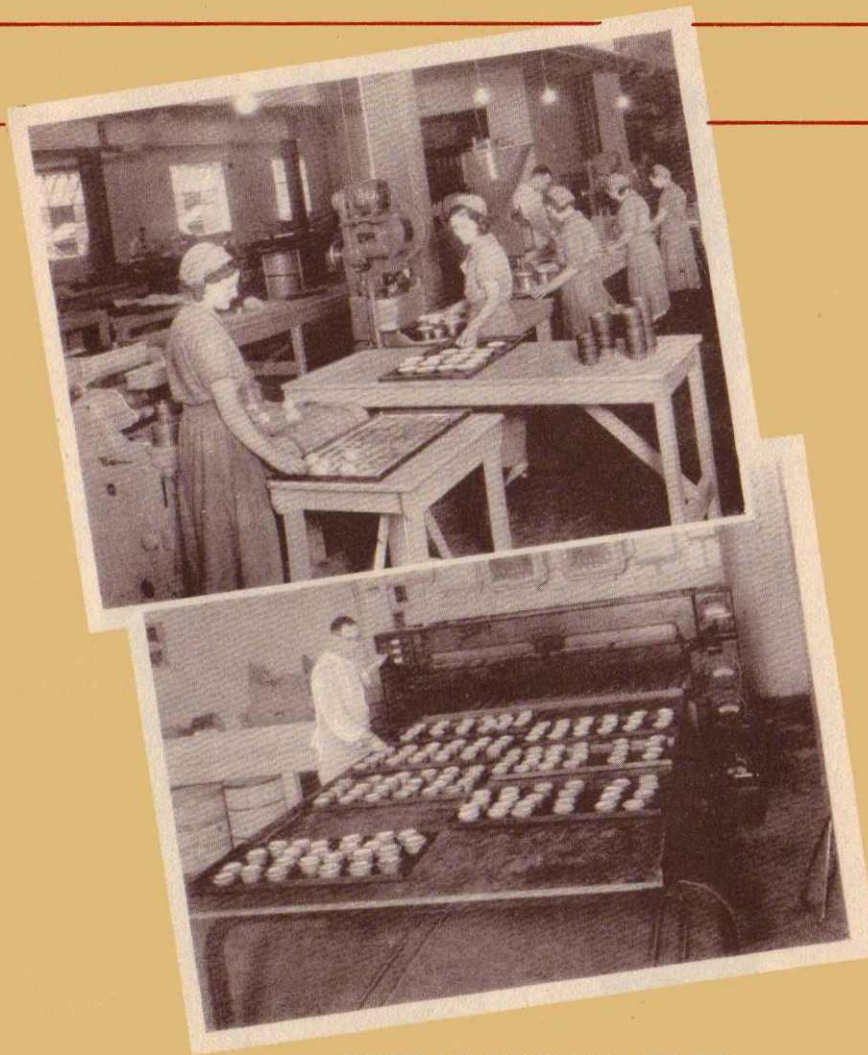
It is fascinating to watch the minced meat disappearing in the sausage machine, and the way in which it is forced into the close-fitting skin ready to receive it. And thus the Sausage is created!

The Cooked Meats have a special appeal of their own, as they present an inviting picture when pressed and jellied. They include such delicacies as Galantines, Veal à la Mode, Beef à la Mode, and Pressed Pork, &c.



PACKING AND LABELLING WAVENEY CHEESE.





MAKING AND BAKING WAVENEY PIES.

Our guide now leads us to the Bakery, with its prim air of spotless cleanliness.

We look attentively around at the bins of snowy flour, the shining mixing-machine with its tireless arms that knead the dough to the required condition, the machine that shapes the neat little luncheon rolls, the white-garbed girls working happily in unison, and the loaded trays of pies waiting to fill the shelves of the enormous electric oven.

All shapes, sizes, and kinds of pies can be seen—Pork, Veal and Ham, Veal Ham and Egg, and Beef.

What a blessing these pies have proved themselves to be. The hiker on the bleak moorland path; picnic parties dining al fresco by a tinkling, rippling stream; the motorist and the British workman—all are happy and secure in the knowledge that within their rucksacks, hampers, and parcels reposes the mainstay of a meal—a Waveney Pie.





When we idly finger the round boxes that contain the triangular portions of cheese, we little think of the process the box itself has undergone before it becomes such a gaily-labelled, useful article.

Therefore, when our guide conducts us to the Cheese Box-Making Department, it is with some surprise we note the rows of formidable-looking machinery and stacks and stacks of reels of thin cardboard, that so forcibly remind us of a huge publishing house in Fleet Street.

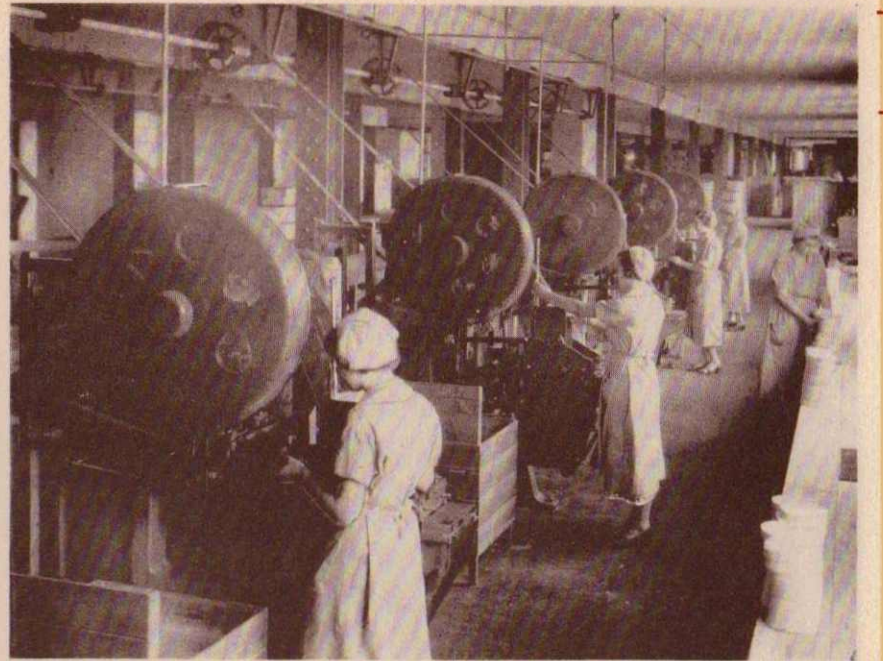
We watch how the reels are mounted on an ingenious contraption, and, after receiving a preparation called "doping," are automatically conveyed into the blanking-machine. This machine stamps out the blanks which are to form the boxes and lids, giving them a crimped edge to allow for the shaping in the process.

We cross to the shaping-machine, and note how the blanks are contrived into the desired pattern, and how the small waste is flipped out into a receptacle ready to receive it.

Farther along the room are the machines which make the corrugated cushions that are set into the boxes, and the other similar gadgets which assist in completing the processes.

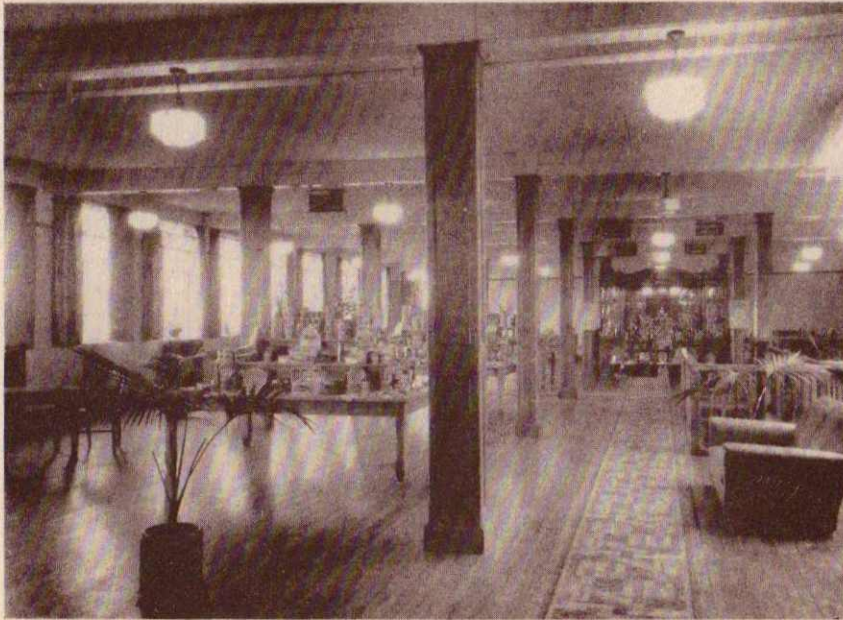
Millions of these boxes are turned out annually.

Thus we see that here is a factory which is self-contained, so far as it is able to display proudly its own productions in a box or a tin that has been shaped on its own premises.



CHEESE BOX-MAKING.





SECTION OF DISPLAY-ROOM.

A large room bids us welcome. It looks rather like the store-room of the benevolent Father Christmas, packed with parcels from floor to ceiling—each parcel contains something to gratify the heart of any person, who has so painstakingly kept and counted his or her coupons given away with Waveney Productions.

Silken underwear and gossamer stockings, the more prosaic male wear like shirts and socks, overalls, handbags, wallets, and watches—all are here awaiting the magic coupons which send them to the tens of thousands of gratified co-operators all over the country.

With the arrival of the post, the staff is galvanised into activity. What a post! Three times a day the postman bends his willing back under a load of letters and coupons.

The coupons are counted and sorted, the modern Santa Claus selects and despatches each particular gift, and the co-operative homes bear material testimony to the popularity of Waveney Cheese, Wheatsheaf and Unity Fish and Meat Pastes.





We now pause in admiration on the threshold of a beautiful and charming room—the Display and Sale Room. Luxurious blue settees provide a vivid contrast to the cream walls. Polished floors, the soft green of palms, and artistic lighting, all delight the eye and throw into relief the modern display cases.

Here we see how effective the finished products look. The tempting gleam of pale Chicken Breasts through the aspic jelly, the soft pink of Pressed Tongues, the voluptuous body of the Luncheon Sausage, the shining splendour of the huge Gammon tins, the colourful labels upon the cans containing Peas, Beans, and Soups, all contribute their part to make a comprehensive picture of Waveney Productions.

In this room thousands of buyers have shown their appreciation by placing large orders, which continue to build up the wonderful trade being done in this Home of Waveney Specialities.



SECTION OF DISPLAY-ROOM.





ENTRANCE TO NO. 2 FACTORY.

We have witnessed the hygienic manner in which the commodities are prepared and packed—from the scrupulous washing of all glassware and the perfecting polish of the tins, to the critical examination of the finished goods. We cannot, however, leave the Factory without judging for ourselves the facilities for the comfort and the health of the employees.

Let us enter No. 2 Factory through the entrance hall, which is beautifully tiled in black and white. Hanging plants and palms give a cool, restful atmosphere. A glass roof covers the hall, through which we catch a glimpse of blue sky. An artistic pine staircase leads to the Display and Sale Room. Several spacious and lofty offices are situated on the ground floor, and we observe the numerous windows through which the golden sunshine comes streaming; the modern office furniture, portable and light; the desk lamps, which throw out a white radiance when days are dark and dreary; the smoothly-running typewriters, over which the typists' fingers dance so merrily, and all the other labour-saving





devices of an up-to-date office; and the telephone room, which is one constant tinkle of bells as the various Societies 'phone their orders.

We advance into one of the rooms leading off the Hall. It is a Rest Room, which is tastefully furnished with long, lounge chairs and settees. If one is harassed with a headache, there are long blue-and-gold curtains which can be drawn to give a welcome shade. The Ambulance Room is adjacent, containing its big white box painted with a red cross. Rows of bottles holding smelling salts, eau-de-cologne, sal volatile, &c., stand upon the shelves. An efficient-looking nurse, in her immaculate uniform, is monarch of all she surveys. We inspect the Dressing-rooms, with their white, washable walls, gleaming chromium fittings, and rows and rows of hooks; the white cabinet fitted with bevelled mirror, and roomy cupboards and drawers for little accessories; and the pier-glass, which obligingly adjusts itself to any angle.

Surely, we meditate, everyone must be happy working in surroundings so ideal as these.



REST ROOM.

STAFF DINING-ROOM.

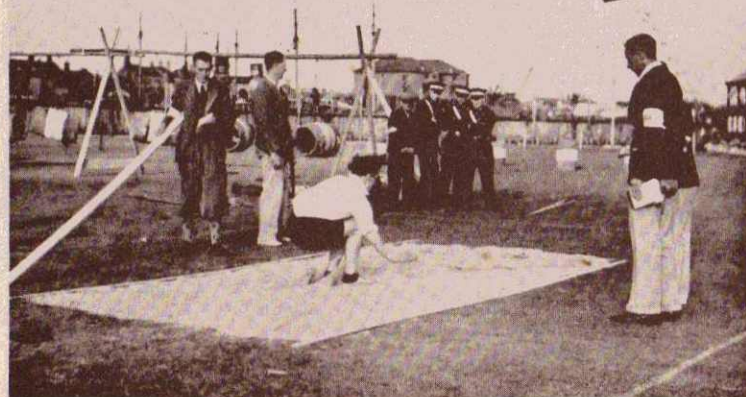
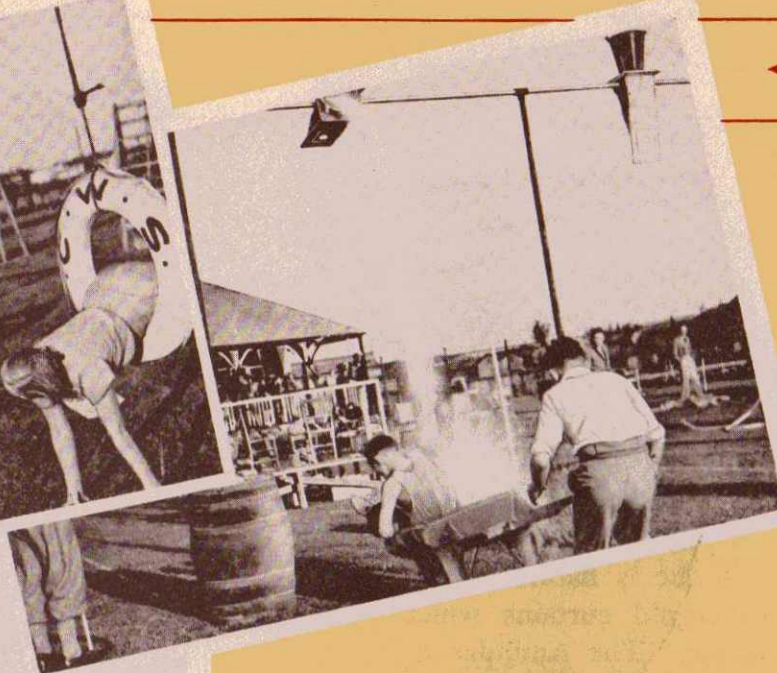
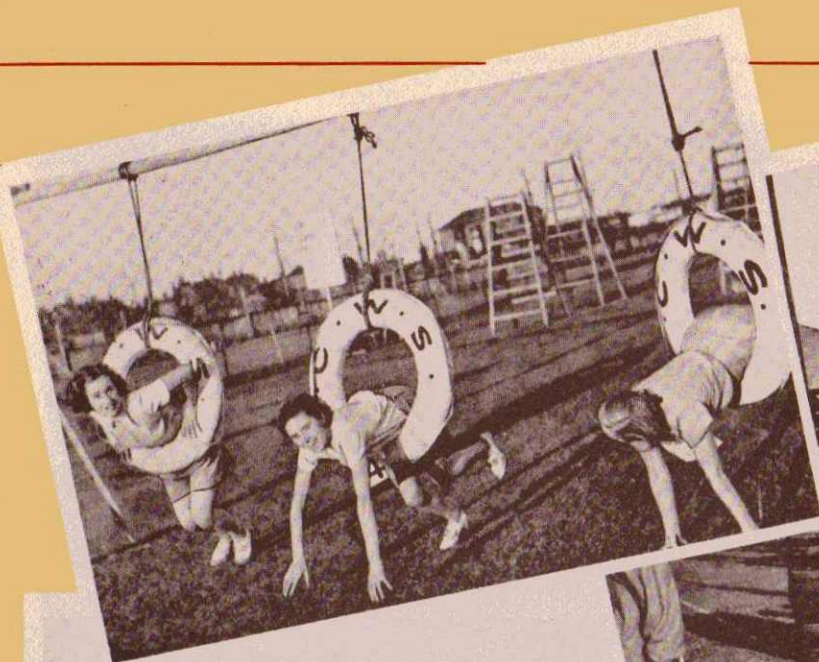




On a Saturday afternoon, when the summer sun is high in the sky, crowds of employees and their friends assemble on the magnificent Sports Ground to witness the year's marathon.

Achilles and Adonis could not have presented more manly beauty and fitness than these sons of our Eastern outpost, whilst the shades of Venus and Atalanta might look with envy on the display of femininity competing one with another in real sporting spirit in the events of the day.

Humour and excitement attend the throng as they view the many events. For hours in quick succession the starter's gun announces some fresh contest, and the competitors strain nerve and sinew in their efforts to win the coveted trophies. The Mary Cottrell Trophy is the aspiration of the day, for this distinguishes the best all-round feminine achievement, whilst in like manner is the Lesa Trophy for the men.



EMPLOYEES' ANNUAL SPORTS.



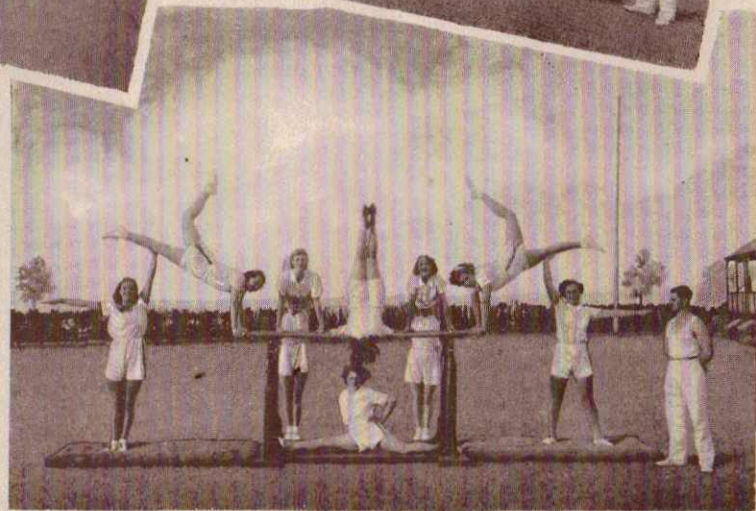


There are races of all descriptions: some short and swift, others more leisurely but none the less strenuous; departmental relay races, obstacle races, no matter what the contests, all enter into them with vigour and good humour, characteristic of real sportsmanship.

The response from the audience determines the nature of each event. The shouts of laughter occasioned by the humorous difficulties presented in the obstacle race, whilst "tipping the bucket" is at once a thrilling and side-splitting performance.

The Tennis and Bowling Trophies are being won and lost as these tournaments proceed in more systematic and, perhaps, dignified measures, but all in their way entering into the play with zest and earnestness.

Tea and an evening Social brings a happy day to its close, and we feel that whether at work or play, Co-operative employees give of their best.



EMPLOYEES' ANNUAL SPORTS.

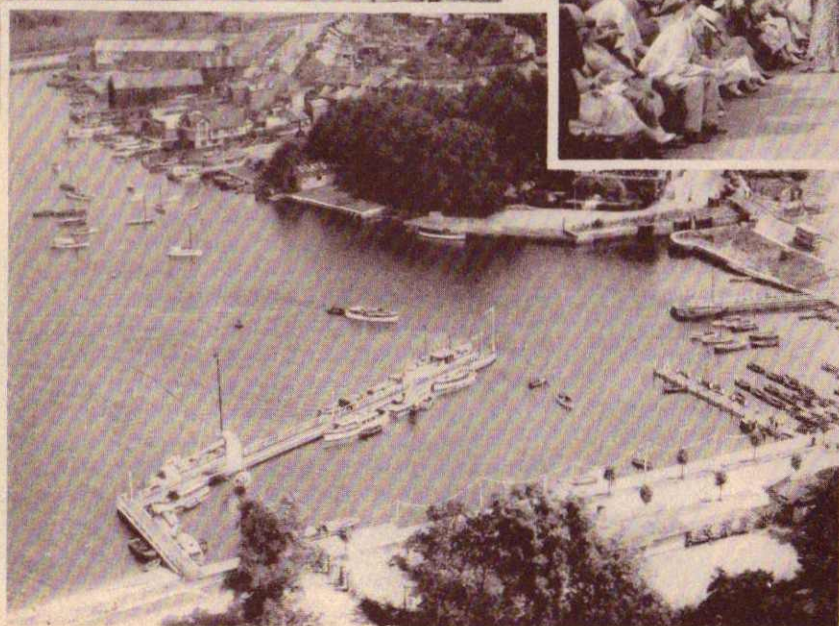




Having thus described the C.W.S. Canning and Preserved Food Factories, let us now for a moment consider the surroundings of this home of Waveney Productions.

Within two or three minutes walking distance one reaches Lowestoft Promenade, with its wonderful sea front and South Pier.

From the Pier, a picturesque view may be gathered of the Yacht Basin dotted with steamers resting after battling with the fierce North seas; little tugs that chug methodically into harbour, and wait patiently until the long finger of the bridge is slowly lifted to allow them to pass up the Waveney. In the herring season the fishing smacks, with their brown flapping sails, dip their way to the dockside,



SOUTH BEACH,  
LOWESTOFT.

OULTON  
BROAD.

SOUTH PIER,  
LOWESTOFT.



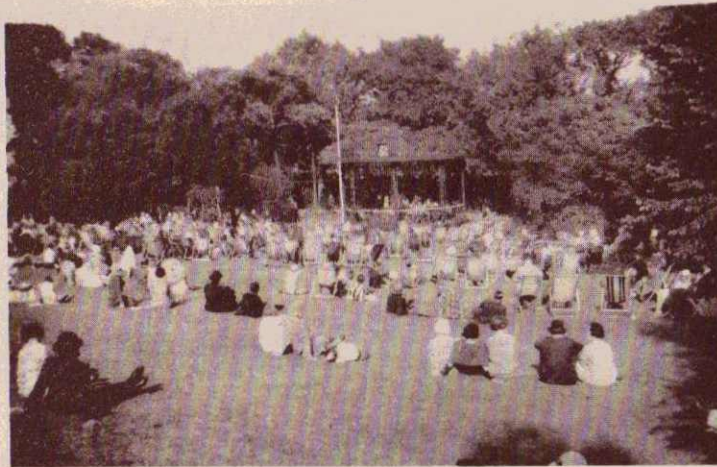


where the shoals of glittering fish are sold by the auctioneers.

There are many attractions at Lowestoft for the thousands of visitors who pour into this easterly sea-side resort.

The splendid facilities for sea-bathing and the firm stretches of golden sand tempt one to luxuriate in the sunshine, of which Lowestoft holds one of the highest records in the British Isles.

Along the Promenade are shady gardens, tennis courts, and putting greens. At the further end of the town, along the main thoroughfare, are the beautiful gardens known as "Sparrows' Nest," in whose Pavilion many of the leading artistes of the day are engaged during the season.



LISTENING TO THE ORCHESTRA, SPARROWS' NEST, LOWESTOFT.



ESPLANADE AND SOUTH PIER, LOWESTOFT.



THE YACHT BASIN, LOWESTOFT.

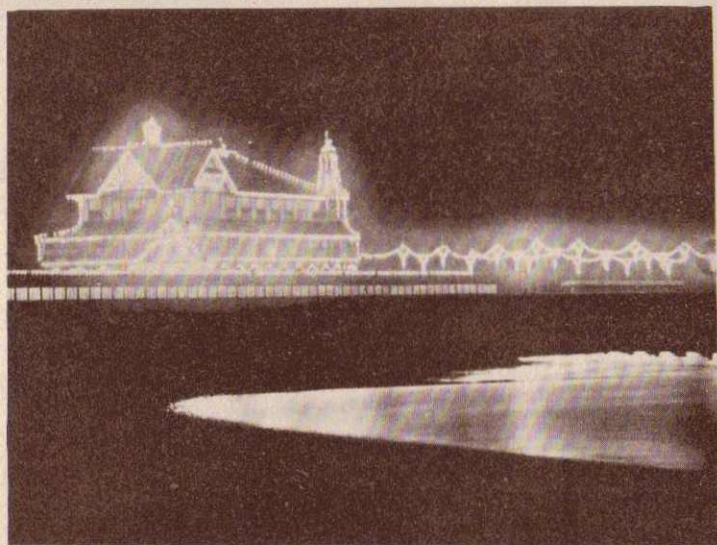




SPARROWS' NEST  
THEATRE,  
LOWESTOFT.



VICTORIA BATHING  
STATION,  
LOWESTOFT.



SOUTH PIER ILLUMINATIONS.

In yet another direction is the glorious expanse of water—Oulton Broad—from where the various motor-boats, dinghies, &c., may ply at their ease through 200 miles of green waterways.

In the midst of this superb setting, the most easterly point of England, where the first rays of the rising sun greet the shores of these, our isles, are the C.W.S. CANNING AND PRESERVED FOOD FACTORIES, WAVENEY DRIVE, LOWESTOFT.



# LIST OF LOWESTOFT PRODUCTIONS

SAUSAGES, PIES, AND  
COOKED HAMS

COOKED MEATS

BRAWNS, JELLIED GOODS,  
and GALANTINES in variety

CANNED MEATS

(for slicing)

ROLLED OX TONGUE

PICNIC OX TONGUE

BRISKET BEEF

COOKED GAMMONS

GALANTINE ROLL

WHOLE CHICKENS

(in cans)

CHICKEN BREASTS

(in Aspic Jelly)

TONGUES (in glass moulds)

ROLLED OX

SLICED OX

PICNIC OX (Calves)

"SANDRINGHAM" (Calves)

LUNCH (Lambs)

MEATS (in glass moulds)

SPICED BEEF AND TONGUE

BEEF AND TONGUE

(without spice)

JELLIED BRAWN

BOAR'S HEAD

GALANTINE

"JENNIE" BRAND

HERRINGS IN TOMATO

HERRINGS IN OIL

HERRINGS FRESH

HERRING ROES

"WAVENEY" CRUST-  
LESS CHEESES

CHEDDAR CHEESE

CHESHIRE CHEESE

SANDWICH CHEESE

CHEESE AND CELERY

WELSH RAREBIT

"WILLOWVALE"

CHEESE AND TOMATO

"UNITY" CHEDDAR  
CHEESE

"UNITY" AND "WHEAT-  
SHEAF" FISH AND  
MEAT PASTES

in 24 varieties

CANNED VEGETABLES

"WAVENEY" FRESH PICKED  
PEAS (National Mark)

"UNITY" BRAND GREEN  
PEAS (Reprocessed)

"WAVENEY" BEANS AND  
TOMATO

"WAVENEY" BUTTER BEANS

"WAVENEY" STRINGLESS  
BEANS

"WAVENEY" SOUPS

(Liquid, in cans)

"WAVENEY" SOUPS

(Powder, in packets)

"GRAVIN" GRAVY

POWDER (in packets)

POTATO CRISPS



C.W.S. CANNING &  
PRESERVED FOOD FACTORIES.  
LOWESTOFT.

