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HERRING MOON SHINES FOR SILVER HARVEST

Back from the centuries old fishing grounds off the East Anglian coast, the drifters bring in rich hauls to Yarmouth. Over four hundred vessels are casting their miles of nets into the strong tides of the herring moon and this year's catches are way ahead of recent records.

This fleet of little ships is manned by four thousand men. Tough though their calling may be, they name their ships as delicately as they swing the countless baskets of herrings from ship to shore.

If all goes well, over eight hundred million herrings will be landed at the ports of Lowestoft and Yarmouth by the end of the eight week season. Two million pounds worth of fish!

A thousand Scottish fisher girls are at work cleaning the herrings at the rate of fifty thousand a minute.

After them comes the great crowd of shore workers, those who salt the herrings down for export. Others prepare the fish for curing, either as bleaters, or (split open) as the more familiar kipper.

Millions of the kippered herrings go through the curing chambers, hanging in racks over the smoke of smouldering fires of oak wood chips. Finally, there's the cellophane wrapper which makes the kipper look more appetising.

Yarmouth is working full blast. Its industry is steadily expanding. Shipping out its fish cargoes as three distinct types of food, it now proposes to establish its own herring oil factories. In the meantime, the railway tracks alongside the wharfs, disused for year, are again in operation. Yarmouth serves the nation's breadbasket!!