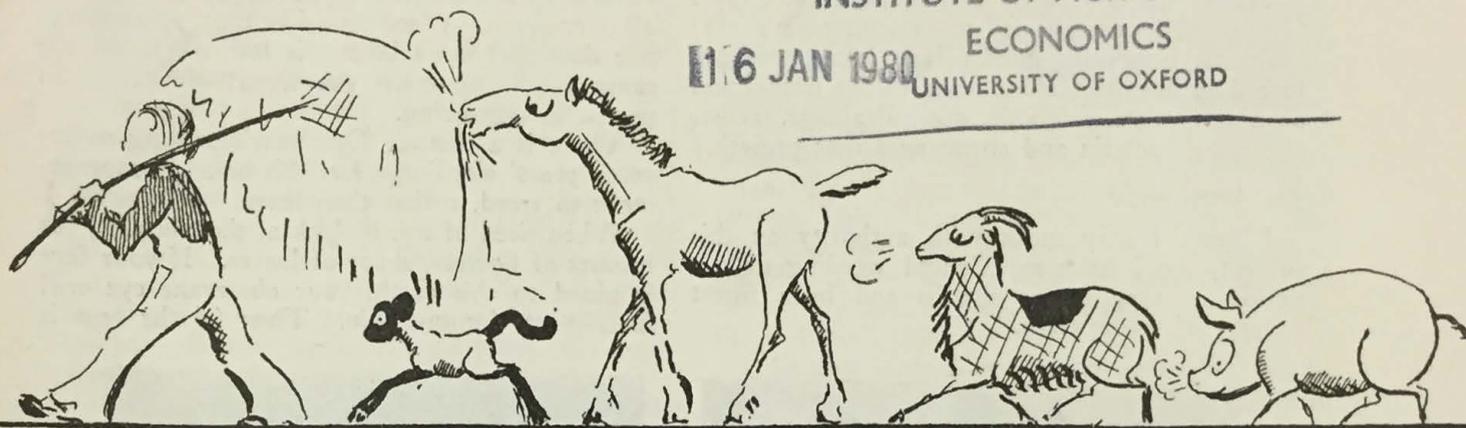


THE LAND GIRL

INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL
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NEW DEPARTURES

THE LAND GIRL is coming out in a new cover for the New Year and also with a new idea for its cover during 1942. Every three months the drawing on this page will be altered; anyone may send in a design and 10s. 6d. will be paid for any which is reproduced. The artist who drew the one chosen to start the year is Miss Barbara Hey, who has driven a tractor and is now a gardener—evidently agricultural labours have not affected her artistic abilities.

There are two questions which seem to be worrying members of the W.L.A. The first is, "Why do we have to register?" The answer is simple. The register is the means by which the State keeps track of all its citizens between certain ages who are liable for war work. Everyone between these ages who is not a member of the State's fighting forces must register in order that the State may know what he or she is doing. Registration does *not* mean anything more than this. A member of the W.L.A., registered as such, will not be summoned for interview or disturbed in her employment.

The second question some Land Girls ask is, "Why must we pay income tax?" The answer to this is two-fold. We all know that war is enormously expensive and that somehow we have got to foot the bill. But there is another point besides this. Now that so much industry is devoted to producing war materials there is only a very limited amount of other goods available to buy. After paying for all necessary expenses, the people in this country earn every day more than can be spent on these goods. If we are left with this money to spend, not only shall we fail to pay the cost of the war, but also there will be great competition for the few goods which are available. Prices will rise, black markets will increase and it will be impossible for the people with lower wages to buy anything at all. Somehow the State has got to get hold of the surplus money, and income tax is by far the fairest method since every citizen pays according to his income, and allowance is made for his or her obligations.

In the case of the smaller income tax payers, the sum paid will be repaid after the war. This will apply to many Land Girls who are now paying income tax for the first time. If you are in doubt on any point, ask your income tax collector to explain it to you, and when you have to give him some of that hard-earned rise, remember that every penny of it will be spent in winning the war.

M. A. P.

WEEDING

IT was once written that "many a casual gardener owes what success he has largely to the accident of weeds."

Weeds are certainly sometimes very useful. Groundsel aerates the soil by loosening the earth; indirectly promoting good tillage, because we are forced to hoe; this alone leads to the production of a fine tilth, promotes good drainage, assists nitrifying bacteria and encourages root growth.

AN AUTHORITY

I think I may speak with authority on this subject, for I have experienced weeding over a period of very many months and in a forest nursery of young trees.



Before.



After.

First a good imagination is essential. There was a time when my mind was so occupied with the thoughts of weeds (having to work eight hours per day on the same job) that even my sleeping hours were haunted with the vision of rows of seed-beds, and little red-headed seedlings perked in precarious balance with blades of grass waving over them in ridiculous antics.

Well, this had to stop. Weeds were not going to beat me. The next step was to seek out the interest in weeds. I gradually observed that, instead of weeds being a nasty green mess they were in actual fact individual plants of great variety, shape and colour.

STUDY YOUR WEEDS

This discovery led me to a library. I began to search out their names, origin and family history. So enthusiastic did I become that soon I found myself going home clutching a small posy of flowering weeds, such as ground ivy, speedwell variety, wild violet, and others, for my flower vase. Dandelions were plucked to give a richness of gold colour but these withered after one day. My next experience will be with the head, and minimum of stem.

Weeding can be very boring, or just what you make it. One can look at it in the light of a housewife who scrubs a floor, gets many dirty footprints, and before long has to repeat the work all over again. Weeding is like that. Sometimes one does feel one's labour is lost when, on the same patch, up come the weeds—for they do persist in regrowing.

There is a motto: One year's seeding means seven years' weeding. Let this be an encouragement to weed, rather than leave.

When tired of weeds, look at their beauty, the colours of flowers, shape of leaves. If your face is glued to this earth, your observant eye will find insects innumerable. Then (if the boss is

not looking) take out your magnifying glass and explore further into the realms of insect life. Garden spiders will be seen carrying large white eggs; ladybirds stuck in close attachment—the male (smallest and pale) seated on the back of the female (largest and bright red), and ants in pre-occupied haste.

So cheer up all fellow-weeders. We are told this is doing our bit to win the war. And if this does not content the farm girl who has on her arable land acres of weeds, remember this quotation:

"Slack never the weeding, for dearth, nor for cheap;

The corn shall reward it, ere ever ye reap."

I. REID WATSON,
W.L.A. 34742 (Glos.).

Sincere apologies are offered to the *Farmer and Stockbreeder* for our failure to acknowledge their kindness in allowing us to reproduce in our Christmas number their photograph of a volunteer ploughing.

A Miniature Farm

A FEW weeks ago forty Land Girls arrived in their brand-new uniforms at the Ripon hostel allocated to the W.L.A. by the West Riding War Agricultural Executive Committee.

How thrilled they were, as I remember them sitting down in the hostel's cheerful dining-room to their first communal meal. Perhaps a trifle tired, as some of them had travelled a long way from their homes to Ripon, but keen and ready to tackle the job for which they had volunteered.

I welcomed them on behalf of the W.R.W.A.E.C. and told them that in their new surroundings they would enjoy the companionship of new friends, and a chance of serving agriculture—British Agriculture, a front line munition of war.

I was asked all manner of questions about the type of work they would have to do and when I explained that it was chiefly working in the fields on such jobs as potato lifting, topping and tailing turnips, etc., I could tell many of the girls would have liked to have worked amongst animals instead. Unfortunately this was impossible so it was decided that perhaps a miniature farm of the hostel's own would answer this problem.

How was this to be brought about? First the scheme was explained to them, then they were asked to form their own Committee, elect their chairman, secretary and treasurer. The scheme immediately appealed, and soon the committee and its officials were elected. With the help of the foreman-instructor attached to the hostel, it was decided that hens, chickens, ducks, pigs and a goat would have to be purchased, but how? They had not the capital to commence their farm. Various money-raising methods were talked over and finally the girls decided to subscribe each week out of their wages and the profits from social functions soon raised the necessary pounds to commence the farming venture.

Two small hen huts arrived, bought at a nearby farm sale one Saturday afternoon; then the hens, ten Buff Rocks. Fifty day-old chickens were ordered; six Khaki Campbell ducks came along to swell the gathering. A half-bred goat, quite a favourite of the hostel, was soon bleating for tit-bits, four young pigs were added, and finally Charlie Ripon arrived.

Now Charlie Ripon is the idol, a young fellow of not many months, with a few feathers here and there and still quite a lot of naked flesh showing. I would not call him a beauty but to the girls Charlie Ripon is wonderful. He is their tame cock-chicken. He commenced life on a farm and as he was the only chick that appeared out of a sitting of eggs, even his mother

refused to have anything to do with him. The farmer kept Charlie, the orphan, in a basket and allowed him to enjoy the comforts of the farmhouse until he began to make himself a nuisance. One day the Ripon Land Girls came to help the farmer with his potato harvest and it was then that Charlie was presented to them. Away they cycled back to the hostel with Charlie in a carrier bag. There was nothing too good for this gay young bird; he was fed like a duke and allowed to sit by the hostel fire to warm his wings, or whatever a chicken likes to warm best; and being nursed by the girls was quite to his liking. He's getting rather a big lad now, is Charlie, and some day soon he is going to crow. I bet when he does, never will a cockerel have crowed so beautifully as C.R.; at least I know that is what the girls will think.

The goat is soon due to introduce her family to the world; the hens, ducks and pigs, fed only on the hostel swill, are coming along fine. It is no hardship to the girls coming in from a hard day's work to feed and look after the animals. It is a joy—they are feeding their own livestock, bought with their own money; it is their farm, this miniature farm at Ripon, and never were there farmers so proud. What a pleasure it will be to them when the farm shows a profit, as I know it soon will, and they are able to achieve their ambition of contributing the proceeds to the Agricultural Red Cross Fund—a truly worthy object.

T. K.

To an Egg

O new-laid egg, so smooth and clean,
No fairer feast was ever seen;
In Woolton's scheme of things, I hold
Far greater now thy worth than gold.

'Twere folly, shameful, insensate
To have thee poached upon a plate.
Nay! cupped, entire, thy form unspoiled.
How luscious thou! just lightly boiled.



Good companions.



Major-General Burrowes, D.S.O., M.C., presents Good Service Badges at Northampton.

WELL DONE, WEST SUFFOLK

West Suffolk W.A.E.C. has received the following report from one of its District Officers: "It is pleasing to report that the local farmers consider the gang of women from the Women's Land Army on the main drainage scheme is doing much better work than the party of men who were doing similar work during the summer."

The Chairman of the N.F.U., Bury St. Edmunds, said he had not heard of a single employer who, having employed a Land Army member, had not been completely satisfied.

The *Girls' Own Paper* has formed a Junior Land Corps, and volunteers may like to tell their younger sisters and friends about it. Full particulars, as well as helpful hints about planning a vegetable garden, will be found in the January issue of the *Girls' Own Paper*. This Corps should be very welcome to those who are not yet old enough to fulfil their ambition to join the Land Army.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. On what days do (a) spring, (b) summer, (c) autumn, (d) winter begin?
2. If a cow has five rings on her horns how old is she?
3. Which flowers earliest—pear, apple, cherry?
4. How many pounds of flour do 100 lb. of wheat produce?
5. What is the group name (e.g. "flock" of sheep) for rabbits, hounds, grouse, pheasant, magistrates?

(Answers on page 11).

LETTER CLUB

Some readers have expressed their wish to have a Letter Club. Miss Turk, of Huntingdonshire, has kindly consented to help in organising this. Miss Turk suggests that anyone interested should write to her at Lawrence Court, Huntingdon, giving their name, address, type of work, age and any details as to the kind of member with whom she would like to correspond. Miss Turk will then try to put suitable members in touch with one another. A stamped addressed envelope must be sent with all enquiries. The Club will be limited to members of the W.L.A.

Sugar Beet

ON this Kentish farm are the remains of an old oast house and on one of these hop fields, a 6-acre one, we have our first crop of sugar beet. Red-leaved October is here and now, after the sowing and hoeing and thinning and hoeing of the former months, the special beet plough is being guided up and down the rows.

There is my pal, another Land Girl, and Alfie—the farm hand Alfie believes in comfort, so we arrange our farm canteen. You see, it has been quite warm and a distance from the farmhouse and home.

On the second day the cart clatters rather more than usual across the stubble of last year's wheat field. Answer—some pieces of galvanised iron which, carefully fixed to boughs in a "dent" in the wood at the top of the field, make our canteen. Dinner time! Our forks, firmly secured in the ground, make our armchair backs. Hard? Well, the sacks folded in four make them quite delightfully "cushy." Oh yes, it is O.K.; we only want the money for a second-hand "Welcome" mat. One day we finish an exciting chapter of some book as we devour our favourite sandwich, mine personally being grated cheese with tomato sauce on brown bread. Usually, though, we just make our tongues ache.

The special knives needed for "slashing" the beet are expensive, so the farmer turns to his own devices and makes three knives from parts of an old pram. They have the hook for catching the beet with one side and the sharp edge on the other, as good as any shop tool.

The leaves of the beet have to be cut just below the surface. Once cut and they are off—leaves here, beet there, in neat piles up the rows. The fresh green leaves take the form of kale, which the cows and sheep can eat.

This one is like an octopus and this is like some squatting witch turned to stone as in old Cornish legends. Here are the aristocrats again. Aristocratic nose, correctly parsnip shape as should be. "This one is rather small Alf." "Doesn't matter Rena, it will make a sugar lump for someone."

Next morning it was foggy and visibility about five yards. The few seeded beet show like grotesque figures moving across the field.

It is not always imagination. For two days the Army was on manoeuvres—tanks rolled over the nearby fields—cyclists and infantry in tremendous numbers. We had our lunch that day at the canteen, with "enemy" guns stuck behind us all the time.

Of course, we expect to get muddy on damp days. When one is prepared for it and expects

it, it is not nearly so bad as would otherwise seem. Certainly we are trying to supply the nation with sugar. To cheer up ye sweet tooths.

E. MARSH, W.L.A. 39349 (Kent).

The W.L.A. badge should be worn on the right-hand side of pullover or coat, not the left.

Please enclose a stamp with any contribution you wish sent back to you if it is not published.

Headquarters Notes

1942.

Headquarters wishes the Land Army a Happy New Year and plenty of work! The Land Army has travelled far since that first New Year of war when it spoke with pride of its 2,000 members who had worked through the hard winter of 1939 and had established the reputation of the whole Force on a sure foundation. It marches into 1942 just over 21,000 strong. And still it has a long way further to go.

The Call-up.

The much discussed call-up from the farms is now to take place. Over the next month or two some 10,000 of the younger men will be leaving to join the Navy, the Army or the Air Force, and it is the Land Army which must fill the gap. A woman cannot expect to equal a man in terms of physical strength, but it is surprising how much a difference in strength can be offset by quickness of mind and hand and by accuracy in work. Every week, too, Headquarters hears of Land Girls successfully performing some farm process which not long ago we were told no woman could hope to perform. So quickness, accuracy, readiness to learn must be the New Year's watchwords.

Land Army Wages.

In almost every county women's agricultural wage rates have risen, so that the Land Army has felt it desirable to raise its own minimum. The new Land Army minimum wage, which came into force on December 29th, is 38s. for a 48-hour week or 18s. with free board and lodging where the farmer billets his own worker. In a county where the county minimum wage is higher, county rates must be paid, but no member of the Land Army who is 18 years of age or over should now be receiving a wage below the new Land Army minimum.

INEZ JENKINS.

Coaching Days

IN May, 1941, a railway coach came to a standstill in a field near Marlborough. It was to house eight Land Girls and someone to look after them. I was that someone.

The coach was painted green. Inside there was first a bedroom for myself, then the kitchen, then the living-room, and leading from that the girls' sleeping quarters, fitted with bunks in tiers and a curtained-off cupboard for their clothes at the end. Outside there was a galvanised wash-house and a large bicycle shed. It had all sounded very attractive on paper, but when I saw it my spirits sank, and when I heard that the first three girls were expected in an hour's time they went to zero, and if it had not been for the firm hand of the District Representative the scared Warden-to-be would have turned and fled.

However, we set to—sorted out and arranged the stores, screwed in hooks, hung curtains, made up bunks. Someone dashed to Marlborough and got a roll of brightly checked oil-cloth for the tables and the shelves; someone else borrowed deck chairs and set them in the sun, and finally, when we had arranged bunches of flowers in jam jars and put the teapot on the hob it did look a bit like home and we stood anxiously in the doorway ready to welcome the first girls. They arrived, and their high spirits infected us and cast away for ever the fears that this was all going to be a ghastly failure.

PIONEERS.

What we had to eat that week-end I do not know, but I do remember the first breakfast—pint mugs for tea to be filled from a refined little yellow teapot; great white dinner plates for our bread and butter, and enormous spoons to deal with little brown pullets' eggs—kindly given by a neighbour.

The War Agricultural Committee had stocked our store cupboard well, and we had as much milk as we wanted from the farm, but the cooking utensils left much to be desired. They were either so small or non-existent that they could not cope with nine people or so large that when filled the oven door would not shut, or so heavy four persons could not lift them. Besides, the coal range occupied half the kitchen, and it required considerable manoeuvring to prepare dishes without scorching the seat of our dungarees in the process. However, this was real pioneering, and we had great fun thinking out "make-do's," and the reward of clean plates and increasing appetites was great.

I never got further than the village P.O. myself, and all orders had to be given a week ahead to travellers who called at the door. A nursery

man living close by was a godsend, and his baskets of fresh salads filled many a gap in our larder. Our bread, too, came from the village, and one day when the girls had eaten me out of house and home they came back each with a steaming loaf under her arm.

AGAINST THE CLOCK.

Girls arrived all that first week-end, and on Monday were ready to start their training. The two milkers had to be called at 5.30 a.m., and here again was a difficulty. We had appealed in vain for a reliable alarm clock, and we had to depend on my old campaigner who has to be worked with a hat-pin and whose tricks I know only too well. This meant trying to sleep with one eye and one ear open for the dawn. However, he only let us down once, and then sent the milkers out to the sleeping cowsheds an hour too soon, much to the amusement of the old-timers down the village. The milkers had tea and bread and butter before they went, returning for breakfast later. The others had breakfast at 7 a.m. Tractor drivers took sandwiches with them, but those who could returned to a light lunch at noon, and our main meal was in the evening between six and seven, followed by a nightcap at nine. Kindly neighbours arranged bath days for us, and Thursday was the village dance night! So a month passed and it was time to say good-bye. The farmer came down and had a friendly talk with the girls the night before, and in the morning, all brushed and curled and carrying bulging suitcases and bursting parcels, they set off for their first jobs in the agricultural world. I stood at the gate and waved good luck, feeling rather as Dr. Barnardo must have when his first little family went out into the world; and then back into the hut to clear up and prepare for the next batch.

WORK AND WEIGHT.

So it went on all the summer. We had girls from London, from Yorkshire, from Devon, and they tackled each job in its season—threshing, docking, haymaking, harvesting, potatoing and all other ploys that make a Land Girl's day. They never shirked, not even when the clocks went back and it meant getting up at 4.30 a.m., and they blossomed and have all put on weight. The average was 6 lb.; but then two disgraced themselves by putting on 13 lb. each!

Of course, there were blisters to be treated and milker's cramp to be rubbed away and sunburn to be dabbed, and occasional headache and cold, for it is not easy for those who have worked in factories and other indoor jobs to acclimatise themselves suddenly to this open-air life. Some did well in their jobs straightaway; others took

What do you like best in "The Land Girl"?

SEVERAL entries have been received for this competition, but we should like many more, as if enough entries are received the result should be a very great help in future in choosing what to print in THE LAND GIRL. You may find your favourite item gone if you don't vote for it now! Here is a repetition of this competition:

Put the following items in your order of choice, and remember it does not refer to any particular number, but to what you like best and read first every month.

- A. Technical article.
- B. Story.
- C. County news.
- D. Front page.
- E. Correspondence.
- F. Poem.
- G. Articles by volunteers describing their jobs.

Put on a postcard the letters of each of the above in the order of your choice, e.g. (1) C, (2) F, etc., including every item; sign and post to THE LAND GIRL, Balcombe Place, Hayward's Heath, Sussex. Closing date, January 31st. First prize, one guinea; second prize, 10s. 6d.

Note to three competitors—K. Kitchin (Sussex), R. Young (Peterborough) each left out an item, naming only six. Send in fresh entries, including all items, please. K. Laban (Derbs) obviously thought only the Christmas issue was meant. Please send another postcard and no brackets!

a little while to settle down, and one or two just could not face it when they found themselves alone and went home; but one and all learnt to appreciate the countryside and saw for the first time complete rainbows, the sunrise and the sunset, pheasants taking a solitary stroll, bunnies scampering for sheer joy, calves seeing the world for the first time, and latterly the whole country turning into a golden glory and just standing waiting while winter crept on.

The hut is closed now: with doors locked and windows curtained it lies like a sleeping caterpillar against its hedge—waiting for the spring.

Here's happiness to its future inmates, and may they enjoy as much as we did that grand open-air life of hard work and comradeship.

E. M. SUMMERS (Wilts).

Any Old Iron?

DURING 15 months of very general farm work the following account tells of my most unusual and laughable job. It occurred at the time of the first invasion scare, when various obstacles were placed about the fields to prevent enemy aircraft landing. One of the men and myself were told to take the tractor to a distant field, where we would find a number of derelict cars and motor chassis. These were to be hauled to one or two other fields and put in positions likely to prevent planes landing.

Jim and I proceeded to the first relic, a much-battered open tourer still trying to look sedate. I hitched the steel rope to the front axle; the tractor started away with the man driving, and I walked ahead to open gates, etc. We had to go along the main road to the other field, and the man told me to sit in the old car and steer it. This proved a very difficult job; there were two "pancaked" tyres on the offside. Consequently, when we got under way the old juggernaut started to roll and sway over the road, regardless of my attempts to steer. Added to this I had to put up with countless jeers from rude lorry-drivers passing as we moved along. Such remarks as: "Come on, Steve!" "Ride him, cowboy!" and "Excuse me, Miss, but your tyre's flat!"

However, the next one we moved had no tyres at all, and we bowled along the road clanking like a tank. This time I drove the tractor, and Jim steered the skeleton of what was once a car. Still I received looks, but I think they were more full of admiration this time.

So we carried on throughout the morning till all the old crocks were in position about the fields. These forgotten motor-cars were doing their bit in the war effort.

G. WANSBROUGH, W.L.A. 6320 (Herts).



Miss Read (E. Suffolk) with sheep.

A NEW YEAR MESSAGE TO THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

FROM THE
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND

IT is rather surprising that, in a country where something like 20,000 women are normally employed in the agricultural industry, the coming of the Women's Land Army was looked at very critically by the average Scottish farmer. He knew the value of the hardy country-woman brought up to work on the land, but he was hesitant to use the services of the townswoman, and then only as a makeshift arrangement, if all other sources of labour were closed to him. Bit by bit, however, that attitude has disappeared, and now, instead of expressions of doubt, nothing but praise for your splendid work is heard all over the country.

Life on the land is far from easy, and the manner in which you have adapted yourselves to the hard and perhaps unfamiliar conditions reflects the greatest credit on your spirit of service and your powers of endurance. There have been times, no doubt, as there will be again, when

your job seemed dull, unspectacular and back-row you hoe, in every turnip you shaw, you are just as surely helping to win the war as your sisters in the other Services: like them you are the women behind the men behind the guns, and your country thanks you.

The year that we enter upon will see a further increase in the acreage scheduled for cultivation, and the services of the Women's Land Army will be more than ever called on to help in speeding the plough. That you will be ready

to answer the call I have no doubt whatsoever. Then, when peace returns and the lights go up again in your home town, you will look back on your experiences and say, with every justification:

"The culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty
has been done."

Thomas Johnston

IN ABERDEENSHIRE seventy of the volunteers employed in the County participated in a British-Soviet Unity Parade in the City of Aberdeen, before which Good Service Badges were presented by Col. Walker, Chairman of the Aberdeen and Ellon Agricultural Executive Committee.

ARRAN'S Warships Week Parade was graced by a small contingent of volunteers employed in the island. Afterwards the Duke of Montrose presented Good Service Badges.

MORAYSHIRE had a very enjoyable rally in Elgin. Good Service Badges were presented by the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, of Auchendoune, and the Department's film was shown.

DUMFRIESSHIRE is developing the club idea and had a delightful party in Kirkcudbright as the guests of St. Mary's Church Guild.

EAST LOTHIAN had a party and film show, Good Service Badges being presented by Mrs. Jamieson, Chairman of the L.A. Sub-Committee.



DESTINATION UNKNOWN

BY BARBARA BREW AND JEAN MONCRIEFF.

Judy Bancroft, a new Land Girl, arrives at Hawkhead Farm, where Mr. Shooter, the farmer, and his sister Maria give her a cold welcome. Also living there is a man named Dixon. Judy is told that he is dumb, but she is awakened on her first night by men's voices, and, going to the window, believes she recognises Dixon. The following day she goes to Rownton, the market town, to get her ration book, and runs into Ronnie, a young airman who befriended her on her journey up. Ronnie gives Judy an R.A.F. brooch, and before they part they arrange to meet near the farm on Sunday. As Judy boards her bus she sees Ronnie talking to a man. She recognises him as the drunken soldier whom Ronnie had evicted from their railway carriage and who later turns out to be a friend of Mr. Shooter. She is wounded by Ronnie's apparent disloyalty and cuts him dead when he attempts to explain as the bus moves off. When she gets back to the farm she finds that she has lost Ronnie's brooch, and realises that she has also lost her heart—to Ronnie.

CHAPTER IV

JUDY had no opportunity to look for her brooch until the following day. Immediately after breakfast she slipped out to retrace her steps down the lane. As she passed through the farm buildings she was reminded of Ronnie's interest in silos by the sight of the gigantic concrete cylinder which stood in the field next to the dairy. Though she didn't know much about silos, this did seem a very large one for such a small farm.

Judy had nearly reached the end of the lane without finding her brooch. She was bending low in the shelter of the hedge, intent on her search, when she heard a car approaching along the road. It drew up a few yards short of where the lane joined the highway. Through a gap in the hedge she could see that it was a small Army lorry and that it had stopped beside the milk cans which Mr. Shooter had taken down after the milking and had left at the roadside to be collected. The soldier-driver, who appeared to be the only occupant, got out. He looked cautiously about him, then picked up one of the cans and slung it into the lorry. Leaving the others where they stood, he drove quickly off.

Judy was utterly bewildered, for in the driver of the lorry she had recognised the drunken soldier. What could he be doing with one of the cans of milk? She dismissed the idea that he was stealing it, for after all he was a friend of Mr. Shooter and she remembered that this very day they had some sort of assignation with each other. She could find no solution to the mystery as she returned to the farm, but all day it gnawed at the back of her mind. She believed that if she could only look at the milk records they might shed some light on the problem, but these were kept in the dairy. Maria took care to see that she was

never left alone there, and after the milking the door was locked. Where Maria kept the key she did not know.

The following day was Sunday, and Judy began to count the hours until she could meet Ronnie. She knew now that it was wrong of her to have mistrusted him, and her only fear was that he might not come. When she asked if she could go off after the milking, a look almost of relief came into Maria's face. It transpired that both she and her brother were intending to go out together, and were obviously glad to know that Judy would be out also.

A few minutes after they had driven off in the car Judy, who was having a quick wash and brush up in her bedroom, saw Dixon going off across the fields with a gun to shoot rabbits. She wasted no time but hurried out to keep her own appointment. As she passed the open garage door she saw something gleaming on the ground. It was a key. Stooping to pick it up, she realised that it must have fallen out of Maria's bag when she got into the car. Perhaps this was the key of the dairy! A glance at her watch showed that it was still only a quarter to four. No one was about and she would just have time to take a quick look at the milk records before she met Ronnie.

The key fitted the dairy lock and she went in. There was no sign of the records, but she immediately thought of the long cupboard standing in the far corner. This was not locked but appeared to contain only milking coats. She was about to shut the cupboard when her eye fell on an iron ring attached to the floor. She gave it a sharp tug, and a trap-door opened, revealing wooden steps which disappeared into darkness.

Judy's heart beat fast and the temptation to explore further was too great to be resisted. She picked up a short iron bar which was leaning against the wall of the dairy, and with it propped open the trap-door. Then gingerly she began to descend. The steps were uneven, and half-way down her foot slipped. To save herself she clutched at the bar. It gave way and Judy slithered down the remaining steps as the door closed over her head with a dull thud, leaving her in pitch darkness. She clambered back up the steps, but although she pushed with all her strength her efforts to open the door were in vain and she realised with a sickening sense of horror that there was nothing for it but to go forward.

In the narrow passage in which she found herself she was only able to stand half upright. She groped her way along until, after about thirty yards, she came to a flight of ascending steps, at the top of which she emerged into a room. A glimmer of daylight which came from a half-open ventilator in the low roof showed that the room was round and sparsely furnished. To her right were piled some dim shapes which looked like packing cases, and, next to them, two objects which were unmistakably milk cans. The rest of the room was taken up by a large table covered with bottles and glass tubes.

Judy looked around in vain for a way out. There was none. She battered furiously against the walls in the hope of attracting attention; they were hard and cold to her touch, as though they were made of concrete. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her. She was a prisoner in the silo.

(To be concluded.)

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Correspondence

DEAR EDITOR,

Just now I have been listening to Mrs. Churchill's broadcast on her Aid to Russia Fund. Very likely some thousands of Land Girls have been listening at the same time, and I should be surprised if many of them had not had the same idea as I had.

Let us do something as Land Girls. Let us send greetings, especially to the working and fighting women of Russia. Many thousands of them are working on the farms as we are. Let us greet them not with words only, but with a deed.

It has been suggested that when our rise in wages comes we should give the first week's rise to our Spitfire Fund. I hope that all will join in this. Is it asking too much that another week's rise should go to help Russia? Many of us may like to give more than that—even if it is a sacrifice, what is that compared with the self-sacrificing heroism of those Russian women who are even fighting behind the Nazi lines?

The time is coming nearer when the sufferers in the German concentration camps will be released, when Nazi terror will end, when all men of good will will start to build a better world. In this hope let us greet our Russian sisters.

Yours, etc.,

LAND GIRL NO. 29432.

We hope that many of our readers will welcome this chance to give practical proof of their admiration for the Russian women who have played such a magnificent part in the war against tyranny which we are all fighting. The Aid to Russia Fund will accept and specially mark all donations received as the result of the above appeal. Send your gifts, marked "Land Girl" donation, to the Aid to Russia Fund, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR,

I am an Oxfordshire Land Girl and feel quite an old farm hand now, as I've been on the same farm since the war began.

My job is very interesting, as I do so many different things in the course of a day. The poultry are in my care—also the pigs and bull, a pony which is both ridden and driven and is a very lively young rascal, also a cart-horse which has been operated on. In the winter months I have the young stock in sheds—whereas when they are turned out I clean out the cowshed each morning, bed calves and help to do the dairy work. My afternoons are usually free for harvesting or hay making and in the winter for kale cutting and mangold pulling.

But I do love caring for sick animals. All my life I have wanted to be a vet., but have never had the opportunity—but I am gaining lots of practical experience, as cows, horses and hens always seem to be having one complaint or another.

THE LAND GIRL is most welcome each month because I always read of girls tackling what must be dreary and tiring jobs and yet there are no complaints, and Land Girls always seem to be smiling.

My greatest wish, after this war is won, is to go to Australia and farm out there—so perhaps if there is any other Land Girl with the same idea she and I might get together.

Yours sincerely,

JOAN ALDRIDGE, W.L.A. 15096.

DEAR EDITOR,

After reading several letters from other members we thought perhaps ours would be of interest to some.

I gardened for several years before the war and joined the Land Army over 18 months ago, and am now in charge of a six-acre garden. At first I had a boy to help me, but some months ago he left, his place being filled by a Land Girl, who has taken to gardening like a duck to water, and vows she will never go back to her old job, which was a cook general, and she kept it for nine years.

We both have two miles to go to work each morning, but we do not mind that, as it is the beautiful Wye Valley district. Our work starts with attending to a horse, three dogs and a family of ducks besides numerous odd jobs. We have a variety of things to do and have not time to be bored. We do all the heavy digging, etc., sowing, planting of vegetables and flowers, care of lawns, and even a little hay-making and hedging. There is also a greenhouse in which we bring on vegetables in early spring and grow tomatoes in the summer.

With best wishes from two Land Girls.

Mon. DOROTHY WILLIAMS, W.L.A. 30144.

DEAR EDITOR,

I see in the latest issue of THE LAND GIRL that it was stated that it was hoped that a club would be founded here. I am writing to tell you that such a club has been founded and has had three meetings. We all enjoy the meetings very much and have met many girls from our district. We are having a social evening, and many people in Ormskirk have invited us to various social events. Our Chairman is Miss Edith Robertson, our Treasurer Miss Constance Lamb; we are helped and encouraged by Miss May Berry, our district officer.

Yours sincerely,

RACHEL KNAPPETT,
Club Secretary.

Ormskirk, Lancs.

DEAR EDITOR,

I paid a visit to my old school (a convent) recently, in uniform, and when I went in to see the kindergarten all the tines were quite awestruck. The nun asked, "Now children, here's Beryl in uniform—can anybody tell me what she is?" A long pause and thirty small brains worked very hard, and at last a voice piped up from the back row, "Please, Sister, she's somebody's landlady!"

The nuns and I had a good laugh over that and I really thought it was worth telling you.

Yours sincerely,

W. Suffolk. BERYL J. MILES, W.L.A. 43624.

Miss Barbara Hey recommends a juicy stick of rhubarb as another effective means of removing tomato stains from the hands.

LAND ARMY OVERCOATS

The delay in issuing some volunteers with overcoats is very much regretted. It is entirely due to the fact that the cotton material with which the coats are lined is very difficult to obtain. Though it is winter in this country, there are some parts of the world where khaki cotton is in great demand just now.

We are sure that all our readers would like us to express to Messrs. Thorley their warmest thanks for the very generous gift of *Thorley's Almanack and Diary* for 1942.

A Land Girl Through the Seasons



On her first morning on the farm, Mary Carr, of Worcestershire, heard the farmer say, "Get along, Mary, you lazy old cow." Pained and surprised Mary looked round to see her employer hustling a cow along—she has now changed her name to Molly.

Answers to General Knowledge on p. 4.

1. (a) March 21st, (b) June 21st, (c) September 23rd, (d) December 22nd.
2. About seven years.
3. Cherry.
4. 70.
5. Nest, pack, brood, hide, bench.

Monmouth Rally

A VERY successful Rally was held at Newport on Saturday, December 13th, when 200 girls marched to the Town Hall, where they were received by Lady Mather Jackson (Chairman), the Committee, Miss Hopkin (County Secretary) and members of the War Agricultural Committee.

Good Service tokens (pending the issue of the special armlets and diamonds) were presented by Sir Foster Stedman, K.B.E., D.L., Chairman of the War Agricultural Committee, who praised the girls for their good work. Mr. L. R. Pym, M.P., gave an inspiring address and complimented the girls on the splendid manner in which they were assisting in the war effort, doing work which it was once thought only men could do; there was no doubt that many more recruits would be required. Mr. G. H. Purvis, Executive Officer, also spoke, more especially about the work of the girls for the War Agricultural Committee. The Chairman and County Secretary gave figures and details of work in Monmouthshire.

An omnibus vote of thanks was proposed by the Manager of the Welsh Land Settlement, who explained how he had "bribed" his twelve land workers by promising them a week's holiday if they succeeded in harvesting 200 tons of carrots; needless to say that the carrots were all stored in record time. Nora Y. Poole, No. 23749, better known to the magazine as "Topsy," was selected to second the vote because she holds the longest record of service on one farm where she has been for two years. She replied eloquently and with confidence of the success which the Land Girls can achieve once they become established on their farms. She told an amusing story of an evacuee on her farm who asked whether the cows had to be milked every day.

A programme of entertainment by the Land Girls followed and included a one-act play, "Waiting for the Bus," by a company from the Usk Agricultural Institute; two delightful harp solos by Betty Morgan, which were much appreciated; a monologue by Peggy Nicholson; and a solo by Nancy E. Lewis. Community singing took the form of a carollare and a splendid tea followed. Great thanks were extended to the Mayor and Corporation for so kindly placing the Town Hall at the disposal of the Land Army for the day, and the Land Girls left after expressing their enjoyment.

Spitfire Fund

December was not such a good month; no doubt Christmas demands were heavy. Nevertheless Worcestershire crossed the £200 mark and others kept up their steady support. May we suggest that some other counties might make a New Year resolution to alter their positions in the list and take a place more worthy of their employment figures?

Gloucestershire, Herts, Hunts (twice), Shropshire (three times), Somerset and Westmorland all had successful dances. Cliburn forestry workers did it again, and Warminster District in Wilts this time raffled a turkey. Raffles also brought in money in Herts, Cheshire and Yorkshire, while Shropshire had a successful whist drive. Our old friends, Miss Colley and Mrs. Carr, kept Yorkshire in the list for the third month running. What are the other thousand Yorkshire volunteers doing? The fund now totals over £2,200. December brought in £130 odd.

Berks: 5s.—Payne; £1 5s.—per White (forestry workers). Total—£1 10s. Bucks: 10s.—Cables; 1s. 6d.—Stratford. Total—11s. 6d. Cheshire: £5 4s.

—Wirral L.G. Club; £1 5s.—Daresbury Hostel; under 5s.—Grimshaw. Total—£6 11s. 6d. Westmorland: £7—Forestry Workers at Cliburn (dance). Dorset: £1 0s. 1d.—Secretary and Office Staff. Essex: £2 17s. 2d.—per Usborne. Glos: £4—Eccles and Nicholson (dance). Isle of Wight: 1s. 9d.—Snell. Herts: £18 13s.—Bacon (raffling doll); £7 10s.—Brent Pelham Hostel Dance and Social. Total—£26 3s. Hunts, Cambs, Ely: £5 15s.—Clapton (fifth dance); 10s.—Russwurm; £4 0s. 10d.—Long (dance); 7s.—Woodham; 10s.—Bocock; 7s. 6d.—West (34th); under 5s.—Richardson, Huntley, Anon, Muffett, Barks, Lawrence, Clay. Total—£12 5s. 7d. Lancs: £2 2s.—Blunt; £1 8s.—Francis and Williams; 10s.—Volunteers at Liverpool Parade; £7 10s.—Webster (dance given by Hutton W.L.A. Club). Total—£11 10s. Salop: £10—Whist Drive (Tooth, Harrison and Morgan); £6 7s. 6d.—Dance (Hyslop and Porter); £1 16s.—Duxbury (collection); £2 10s.—Evans (collection); £4 15s. 8d.—Dance (Evans and Sedgwick). Total—£25 9s. 2d. Somerset: £11 5s.—Dance (Chewton Mendip Land Girls). Staffs: 5s.—de Hamel; 5s.—Crompton. Total—10s. E. Suffolk: 5s.—"Polly"; under 5s.—Taylor, Anon. Total—10s. W. Suffolk: 3s.—Anon. Wilts: £4 14s. 6d.—Hunter (raffle). Worcs: £4 10s.—Queenshill Land Girls' Club; £1 7s.—Knight (raffle); 10s.—Elsner; 5s.—Copson; "Sprout Bonus"—Oakes, Cooper; £2 7s. 3d.—Office (sale of toys, etc.); under 5s.—Bourne. Total £9 17s. 3d. Yorks (W.R.): £2 16s. 8d.—Colley and Carr (raffle, sale of calendars, knitting). Scotland: £1—Alford and Deeside; under 5s.—Grant. Total—£1 2s. Details of county donations omitted last month:—WILTS: (Caine and District Dance)—£26 13s. 4d. WORCS: £32—Rally stall; £2 15s.—Perkins; £1 6s. 9d.—Office Box; £1 5s.—Collyer; under 5s.—Haden, Underwood. Total—£37 10s. 3d.

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COUNTY NEWS

Cheshire.—We are filled with admiration of the bravery of two Cheshire volunteers who rescued another girl from the canal on a dark stormy night in December. At the time of writing the doctor has pronounced all three girls to be well on the road to recovery.

The Christmas party arranged by the North Wirral Club was a very merry function. The local Women's Institute members superintended the tea which, with contributions of cakes from volunteers, resembled a pre-war feast. Community singing under the leadership of Miss Giles proved that there was a good deal of unsuspected talent among the company, and I feel sure that many girls were to be heard next day singing, "Oh! Miss Elizabeth" to their cows and hens! Mrs. Hill announced that the members had arranged a draw in aid of the Spitfire Fund and had raised over £5.

May 1942 proved a very happy year for every member of the Land Army.

Devon.—A series of very interesting district milking competitions, kindly arranged by Miss Coleman, the county dairy instructor, have been held at various centres in Devon—with the object of helping members and of improving their efficiency in milking, at the same time giving them an opportunity to meet each other. The judge's talks have been most interesting, and altogether the afternoons have been happy ones.

Those girls obtaining first or second places will eventually compete for county cups in a final competition. There have been two classes—Class 1 for those who have been milking over six months, Class 2 for those who have had under six months' milking experience.

The following were the winners: *Barnstaple*—Class 1, Miss Coady. Class 2, Mrs. Johnson. *Kingsbridge*—Class 1, Mrs. Darell. Class 2, Miss Hooper. *Newton Abbot*—Class 1, Miss Roylands. *Okehampton*—Class 1, Miss Coaker. Class 2, Miss F. A. Baker. *Whimple*—Class 1, Miss Coxen tied with Miss Mony-penny. Class 2, Miss Hoey.

Mrs. Johnson was commended by the judges as being the most promising recruit they have seen. Congratulations to her and to all the winners, and also to Miss Hooper for winning the highest marks yet obtained.

Congratulations to Miss Pearce (55112) on her engagement to Second Lieut. E. V. Bray, R.A.S.C.

Dorset.—One of the most successful social events which members of the W.L.A. have arranged was the Land Army Dance at Sherborne on October 24th. Held in the Digby Assembly Rooms, this was organised by Miss Morgan, helped by neighbouring W.L.A. members who did the posters for the dance themselves. This highly successful affair, which was attended by Miss Debenham, the County Committee Member for the area, resulted in over £16 profit for the Spitfire Fund.

A good many of our members have left us on their marriages but others have remained on full-time work. Our best wishes go to them all. Recently the office has received with great pleasure some appreciative letters from employers, which prove that the W.L.A. is steadily gaining the entire approval of the Dorset farming community. We are also told that two of our members (formerly saleswomen in a big town store) are so enamoured of farm life that they have bought some heifers themselves and are hoping very much to increase the local rations in due course thereby! We wish them all success.

Herefords.—Ledbury district volunteers spent an enjoyable afternoon at the house of Mrs. Toynbee, Committee Member. In the absence, through illness, of the County Chairman, Lady Lettice Cotterell, enrolment cards were distributed by Lady Somers, whose husband is Lord Lieutenant of the county and who, terming herself "an ordinary member of the public," congratulated members of the W.L.A. on their good work and on the results achieved.

Herefordshire, though it does not rival in numbers some of its neighbours, is well pleased at having passed the 250 mark for employed members of the W.L.A., with numbers still rising. Several farmers are loud in praise of their girls, one saying that he employed two men and a Land Girl, and the Land Girl was the best man of the three.

"Spitfire" circular socks are in great demand for wearing inside gumboots in wet weather and can still be obtained from the Herefordshire W.L.A., 131 St. Owen Street, Hereford. Price 2s. 10d. post free.

Herts.—There was a merry party at Benhay Hostel on November 16th, to which Miss Beck and quite a number of Land Girls from the neighbourhood came. The entrance hall was decorated with very pre-war-looking paper festoons, and the wonderful tea was reminiscent of days of peace and plenty. There were all kinds of games, organised by the girls themselves, together with Mrs. Wood and her daughter.

A few Sundays later Mrs. Macdonald gave a party at the Chorley Wood Golf Club House to the girls in her district. No sooner was the party seated at tea (which included the most scrumptious mincepies and drop scones made by Mrs. Macdonald herself, and mounds of crackers) than the siren, which is placed immediately outside the Club House, started to give tongue. This did not damp the spirits of the company, however, and the all-clear was not long in following the alarm. There were round games and "tongue-twisters," and several members of the company displayed a talent for pet parlour tricks, after tea, and the crowning moment was when B. Bacon handed a cheque for £18 10s. to Miss Beck for the Spitfire Fund. This was the result of a raffle for the most entrancing W.L.A. doll. She ("Topsy" is her name) had been dressed by B. Bacon and her sister, and was a perfect miniature replica of a very correct Land Girl, even down to her tie and the pattern of her stocking-tops. Her hat was made by a Bond Street hatter, and in each of her breeches pockets was a threepenny bit, a great example of thrift to other members of the W.L.A.

Hunts, Cambs, Ely.—Many farmers have shown their appreciation of the Land Army's work during

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Songs—at Darlington Hostel, Durham. By courtesy of the "Northern Echo."

the past year by allowing their workers holidays with pay.

Those girls who remained in the Cambridge district over the holiday were invited to a Christmas Dinner by Mrs. Gibson, the mother of a Land Army girl, which I am sure they all appreciated very much. News of another gathering, this time fortnightly, comes from Whittlesey, where the District Representative, Mrs. Jacobs, arranges for the eight girls in her area to meet at the Falcon Hotel for a chat, table tennis and other games. Mrs. Warner, the District Representative for March, always makes a point of meeting her girls at the station and giving them a cheery greeting on their arrival in a strange place.

Dances and Whist Drives for the Spitfire Fund are in the air, and this month has seen two lovely surprises. Miss M. Clapton sent us £5 15s. from her *fifth* dance and Miss B. Long sent us £4 0s. 10d. also from a dance. Our evergreen Miss J. West goes on sending us money and has now reached the record total of *thirty-four* weekly contributions, while another volunteer is so eager that, in sending us 5s., she asks whether the Land Army can build a warship?

E. Kent.—There have been several Christmas gatherings during December, and once again the hostesses were delighted to find that most of the girls in their districts were able to come. The Archbishop of Canterbury attended a party given by Mrs. Tufton and Miss Smyth to 120 Land Girls of the Canterbury district on December 14th, and presented the service diamonds. His Grace gave the girls a delightful informal talk after tea; then came community singing led by Miss S. Pearson, Miss Hard-

ing and the H. G. Mount's gang, who displayed much talent. Our Uniform Secretary, Miss Cochrane, also had a most cheerful Christmas party for the girls working in the Alkham valley. By the end of the round games which followed tea everybody had won a prize.

W. Kent.—On Dec. 6th Lady Cornwallis and Capt. Jackson (commanding units of the Army in the neighbourhood) gave a party in the Village Hall in Horsmonden, to Land Girls, soldiers in the locality and local members of the Air Training Corps. Special thanks are due to the band of the R.A.O.C., who were untiring. Mr. Podmore, who employs many members of the Land Army, made a charming speech of thanks to the host and hostess, and Lord Cornwallis, Chairman of the Kent W.A.E.C., thanked all the volunteers for their excellent work, and had a special word of praise for the threshing gangs. The hall was beautifully decorated, fun was fast and furious, and everybody had a perfectly lovely time.

Lancs.—Miss Lewis (W.L.A. 5433) writes: "On Nov. 22nd I took part in a Warships Week procession. The Land Army received much applause, although some people could not make up their minds exactly what we represented. Some called us the "Lady Scouts," while one shouted, "Go on the Americans!" The Lord Mayor took the salute and we rounded off the afternoon with a nice tea. We were glad to meet Mrs. Robertson and her colleagues, and to have the opportunity to talk over the events of the year with our fellow workers."

Lindsey (Lincs).—Grimsby volunteers write: "Members of the Aylesby Women's Land Army and Girls'

Club in the past two months have held whist drives in order to raise funds to give the children of the village a party and to help the Red Cross. The children's party was a great success. The children and helpers enjoyed a good tea in spite of food rationing, and a bag of sweets and a present were given to each child as they left. Games were organised by members of the Club and proved very enjoyable to all. The second whist drive enabled us to hand over to the Red Cross the handsome sum of £10.

"Our area representative, Mrs. Dawson, very kindly asked the W.L.A. volunteers in her area to a picture show and tea. Most of us were able to attend, also the Area Sub-Committee, and we were able to discuss our work and play with them."

London and Midx.—A volunteer writes: "There are three of us here, growing vegetables and looking after the grounds of a large hospital, partly military, partly civilian, on the outskirts of London. Ours is not one of the most spectacular jobs in the Land Army, but we feel it is a very useful one. When we first came the male gardeners were still here and life was a trifle difficult. For one reason they looked upon Land Girls as definite oddities; for another, the growing of vegetables on land usually given up to their precious bedding-out plants was not looked upon favourably. However, before they left I think we were able to convince them that both vegetables—and Land Girls—have their good points. Now, of course, they have been called up and we are left to carry on under an elderly head gardener. We find the work most interesting. One of our most satisfying jobs is, I think, supplying the morning order from the kitchen, pulling and cutting our own vegetables which we have sown as seeds, transplanted and tended to fully grown plants, and are now able to take up to the kitchens to be used to help feed our large hospital community. The nurses and staff are all extremely nice to us, and we really have great fun as well as plenty of hard work. The staff should be grateful to us, as I think we must be quite useful in helping to keep the convalescent patients amused. One of their favourite pastimes seems to be looking out of the windows of their wards watching the Land Girls at work."

Reporter's note: These three Land Girls are entirely responsible now for the vegetable gardens; the head gardener concentrates on flower cultivation, and on that side generally which is not devoted to food production.

Somerset.—Mrs. Farnol, Committee Member for the Yeovil area, gave a delightful party on December 20th, in St. Andrew's Hall, Yeovil, when between 30 and 40 members were present. Most fortunately the long-awaited half-diamonds arrived the previous day and were presented by Lady Langman. In addition to being a jollification, the meeting had in view the formation of a regular club in Yeovil. 24 members agreed to join, Mrs. Young (our new County Organiser) is to act as Chairman, and Miss Woodburn and Miss Ricketts as Secretary and Treasurer. We wish them luck in their new venture. For those members who had too far to come to Yeovil, Mrs. Farnol arranged a smaller party on December 12th at Chard in Gill's Cafe.

Two Somerset members, Miss Perry and Miss Randall, had an interesting discovery recently when they were lifting potatoes. They found a signet ring which had been lost by the farmer's daughter when working as a member of the Land Army in the last war.

In January a mobile gang of three pruners will be available for work on the orchard trees in Somerset. The W.A.C. is providing them with special

training at Cannington, and they will probably operate from the hostel at North Petherton, which (after many delays) we hope to open on Jan. 24th.

E. Suffolk.—We shall shortly be joining the many counties who have hostels for girls employed by their W.A.E.C.'s. One at Stowupland and one at Hacheston are being organised, and it is hoped that they will be opened early in the New Year. Our County Education Agricultural Sub-Committee are arranging a course of tractor driving and maintenance locally, the first to begin Jan. 12th. We hope that several Land Girls will be able to arrange with their employers to attend one of these.

In spite of seas of mud everywhere and the rather depressing business of having to spend Christmas far from home, we have had many cheerful letters from our volunteers expressing their appreciation of life in the W.L.A. In an encouraging letter an employer writes: "We are so pleased with our Land Girl . . . such a capable girl, cheerful and happy in her work and so keen and interested in everything. Please write us off as 'extremely satisfied customers.'"

W. Sussex.—A second hostel has been opened in the county for 24 members working under the W.A.C.

Land Girls in the Horsham District thoroughly enjoyed their November social, when Mrs. Rigg conducted carols and a percussion band, which was even more popular. The Chichester District's first social at their new Y.W.C.A. was also an enormous success.

Land Girls have also attended a Horsham Young Farmers' Club Meeting, and several are to join the club. A Land Girls' team was only just beaten by the Young Farmers in an Agricultural Bee, and everyone remarked on the smart appearance of the Land Army team in uniform and on the girls' quickness in answering questions.

An L.A. Benevolent Fund has been started in the county, and kind friends in Midhurst have already run a dance for it, which brought in the splendid sum of £16.

S. Wales.—Members of the Women's Land Army residing in a hostel near Lampeter have formed a Young Farmers' Club. The County Women's Land Army representative is the club leader. President, Secretary and Treasurer are elected from the resident Land Girls. Club meetings are arranged weekly and embrace lectures on: Animal Husbandry, Farm Machinery, History of Cardiganshire, Horticulture.

Classes are arranged in hedging and ditching. Later, competitions will be arranged in milking and field work. The club is now rehearsing a drama, and arrangements are being made for performances in different parts of the county to H.M. Forces. It is hoped that after forming a Women's Land Army deposit account some balance will remain for the Spitfire Fund and the Agricultural Red Cross Fund.

Wilts.—A club has been formed at Swindon and the first meeting was addressed by Mrs. Gardner, who spoke on "Individuality." Miss R. Heady presided, and Miss Tonge proposed and Miss Chunn seconded a vote of thanks.

Worcs.—The Land Girls in the Upton-on-Severn district of Worcestershire have founded a Young Farmers' Club, using the audience at the meetings so ably held by the District Representative, Mrs. Thwaites, as a nucleus for the new club and, of course, inviting any local young people to join in. They are to be congratulated upon being the first Young Farmers' Club to be started by Land Girls in this region. We wish them all success and thank Mr. Giles, the Regional Organiser for the Y.F.C., for taking such an interest in them and for being anxious to form clubs amongst Land Girls elsewhere.

County Employment Returns and Spitfire Contributions

COUNTY.	No. of Vols. now working, placed in empmt. since outbreak of war.	Spitfire Contribution		
		£	s.	d.
Kent	1,735	39	1	2
Yorks	990	30	2	2
Hants	951	59	4	9
Essex	906	37	8	8½
Surrey	816	59	2	6
Sussex (East)	808	42	14	6
Leics 503, Rutland 143	646	55	8	0
Wilts	600	101	2	10
Cheshire	592	112	15	4
Northants	590	38	7	6
Worcs	575	205	3	7
Berks	557	19	1	9
Glos	556	27	11	6
Norfolk	524	11	3	0
Herts	518	52	17	2
Sussex (West)	518	28	5	8
Notts	479	13	10	6
Warwick	470	39	17	9
Somerset	465	34	9	0
Lincs (Holland and Kesteven)	464	130	5	9
Oxon	434	44	11	7
Hunts 153, Cambs 242, Ely 31	426	139	15	5
Devon	418	13	8	9
Bucks	413	9	3	6
Salop	402	95	9	2
Northumberland	362	5	5	6
Staffs	345	85	14	1½
Dorset	319	31	10	1
Lincs (Lindsey)	304	5	13	6
Cornwall	293	30	1	5
Monmouth	274	6	18	9
Hereford	269	25	5	6
W. Suffolk	247	9	7	6
N. Wales	232	14	16	3
E. Suffolk	224	51	6	6
Durham	196	—	—	—
I. of Wight	179	3	4	3
Derby	154	4	2	0
Beds	151	6	13	6
Denbigh	150	14	10	0
London and Midx.	129	1	19	0
Flint	118	4	16	6
Cumberland and Westmorland		92	13	3
Lancs		15	12	8
S. Wales		11	15	2
Scotland		273	2	6
Headquarters		122	3	0
THE LAND GIRL		5	0	0

On December 31st there were over 21,700 members of the W.L.A. in employment.

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