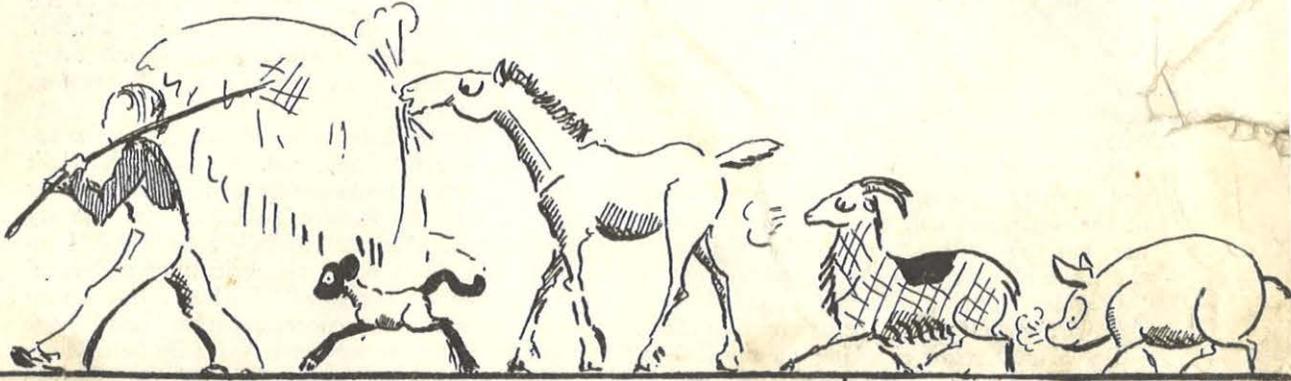


THE LAND GIRL



No. 12. Vol. 2.

MARCH, 1942.

Price 3d.

COURAGE AND DISCRETION

THE last few weeks have been exceedingly trying ones for all of us. We have had to meet a succession of disasters and disappointments just at a time when we were all beginning to feel more hopeful and cheerful, and that is always particularly hard to bear. In such circumstances, it is a universal instinct to find someone to blame and, if possible, someone to hit—preferably the enemy, of course, but anyhow *someone*.

If a human being is hurt and frightened, he becomes angry very quickly. This is a useful arrangement for mankind because anger stimulates the will to fight, but, like many other instinctive reactions, it is dangerous unless controlled by reason. We have got to face facts—we have got to realise that temporarily our enemies have an advantage over us and that we have therefore got to make our way through what the Prime Minister told us would be a “considerable period of immediate punishment.” Getting angry and blaming other people won't really help and we can maintain our courage and our confidence without giving way to these very human temptations.

Our ultimate success is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun, so long as we and our Allies work and fight together, in confidence and courage, knowing well that the way will be difficult and long.

We have been clearly told that further hard and adverse experiences lie before us; we shall all have to bear cheerfully personal inconveniences and privations. We, and our Allies, are sure to make mistakes, and there will be plenty of hostile spirits to sow suspicion and distrust—that is why each of us should resolve *now* that she will not be one of those whom Virgil described as “excellent with his tongue but his right hand remiss in battle.”

Our battle is on the land, and it is a satisfaction to know that there is a constant and growing demand for all the energy, resolution and self-sacrifice which we can bring to it.

M. A. P.

CAN BOOKS HELP?

(Mr. A. Voysey, of Kent Education Committee, has very kindly written the following helpful article for THE LAND GIRL.)

EXPERIENCE is the great teacher, and no job can be properly learnt without doing it. This is true of all occupations and not only of farming. Action, however, has its limitations as a teacher. We may be expert milkers, but no amount of sitting under a cow will teach us the difference between a Guernsey and a Jersey. Long hours spent in the company of the sugar-beet will teach us how to handle a hoe, but they will not tell us that the object of the work is more than the destruction of weeds. "Warbles" can be seen and squeezed out, but that will not tell us how best to prevent them.

So we must resort to asking questions. But the right person to ask is not always at hand, nor is there time during the turmoil of the day's tasks to stop and ask for explanations. Besides, we are not always ready to display our ignorance, especially about the names of things. And so we turn to books to satisfy our curiosity. The unfortunate girl who was sent to fetch the "hook" that lay in the "half sieve," and was then blamed for not seeing the brushing hook in the half-bushel basket, would have been saved much trouble had her country vocabulary been wider.

Books never say: "What! Don't you know that, stupid?" Books are always patient, no matter how often we ask the same question. Books never laugh at us and make us blush. If we choose the right books we shall be given careful, unhurried explanation, and we can always take as much or as little of this as we have time and inclination for.

The knowledge that we obtain in this way—a little now and a little more later—can be used to occupy our minds as we go about our daily tasks. Jobs that once seemed trivial increase in importance when their real meaning is understood. Much of the monotony of lengthy routine work can be relieved if our minds are occupied with the why and wherefore of our labour. Knowledge helps us to see below the surface of things, and life as a result becomes more interesting. Interest in the job brings greater efficiency and makes us more reliable. Efficiency and reliability is what every keen workman, whatever his trade, wants to have.

The reading of books, however, is no royal road to knowledge. Nothing can be won without effort, and the reader must do her share. Unfortunately, the writer of a book is rarely in the same circumstances as the reader, and often the very thing we want to be told is left out. The

search for knowledge is the reader's share of the task, and if one book does not satisfy another must be consulted. Moreover, it is not every book that makes an appeal at first reading. Patience is needed.

The County Library service simplifies the apparently overwhelming task of seeking the right book. Lists of books are issued to help us in our search, and the *Readers' Guides* (The Library Association, Chaucer House, Malet Place, London, W.C.1) to books on agriculture and rural life can be recommended. Titles are often misleading, and advice concerning the "best" book on any particular subject can usually be first obtained from the County Library, the County Agricultural Organiser, the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs (Oaklings, Radlett, Herts), or the Editor of this paper. Do not, however, expect too much. Everyone's needs are different, and the book that is "the very thing" to one reader will not be thought much of by the next. Our backgrounds of knowledge, our experience, and our circumstances are all different and the same book does not do for us all.

The books mentioned below are chosen because, taken together, they will make a wide appeal, but they must not be expected to be all things to all women. They are well known books, and their publishers and prices are given in case anyone, after sampling the library copy, wants to buy any of them.

Agriculture.

By J. A. S. Watson and J. A. More (Oliver and Boyd, 18s.), is the recognised textbook on farming. It may cause alarm to some of us who come new to farming, and it will cause indigestion if taken in large quantities, but it gives us the names for most things, shows us what there is to be learnt, and is an excellent book from which to make notes on what interests us most.

The Farming Year.

By J. A. Scott Watson (N.F.V.F.C., Oaklings, Canon's Close, Radlett, Herts. 1s. 9d.; post free 2s. 3d.), is an excellent general introduction for the newcomer to farm life.

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A. VOYSEY.

Praise for North Wales

A well-known Montgomeryshire farmer writes: "It may interest you to know that I have 215 acres, including 90 acres arable, a T.T. herd, as well as other stock, and these three girls, with only one man for heavy work, run the whole job. Long live the W.L.A."

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FIRST DIAMOND

I AM very tired. My bones ache a little. The wind is howling round the corners of the cottage and the rain is beating at the windows. The fire is roaring up the chimney. My wet jacket and stockings are steaming on the rack. A good smell creeps from the oven. I in my easy chair am sewing on my second half-diamond. Ah! yes, it's just a little over a year since the postman tossed up my uniform through the window, two great bulging parcels. It was the day of my brother's wedding. The rest of the family had gone to catch the train, but I wouldn't leave till the postman had been because I was expecting my breeches.

FIRST JOB.

From 6 in the morning to 6.5 in the evening, but at last Whitehaven, the two other girls and the secretary and the car, and the luggage that wouldn't go in, and the girl that didn't turn up and the long ride in the car at last we stopped and even my heart was in my boots. A farm. Not a very nice looking farm either and nothing else. Oh, yes! the long disused coal mine, in ruins, almost in the front garden. And always the hills, of course, which really were beautiful. How tired we were I remember and how hungry. Never mind, I thought, farmers always eat well. Perhaps they do—perhaps we were just the unlucky ones. We cheered ourselves with the thought of work to-morrow. The day started well, except for breakfast. My first view of a timber stacking yard. My horror at discovering I was to be in charge of it. Me, who had never even heard of a pit prop before. Didn't know what it was for and certainly didn't know its right end up. The day we learned to drive the tractor and the track we had to drive it. Oh, my! One swamp, four gates, three hairpin bends, over the bridge we made ourselves, through that field. I wonder if the farmer ever wondered what hit his sheep and cows. Those early autumn evenings when I learned to plough after tea, or went shooting with the farmer, or climbed the hill at the back to watch the sun set in the sea. Or walked down the lane for a chat with the host of the local, who had been a gold digger in Australia. And the rain. Running down the back of one's neck and the top of rubber boots. Whitehaven on a Saturday, with its crowds and the day I fell over the handle bars of my bike going down Foote Hill. Those tramps over the fells and Keswick for the first time. The day we got the transfer and our delight, because of being the unlucky ones at the farm.

TRANSFER.

The early morning, when we moved our luggage to the bus in the milk float. The first meal in my new billet. One of the lucky ones this time. The first job in the new wood. How black I was. We all were, after loading dry pickets into ex-coal wagons. The bivvy, the crash of falling trees, the roaring camp fire. Tea tasting of wood smoke and fir cones. The frosty mornings, the "superior" feeling on rising at 5.30, the journey in the bus and the two-mile walk to the wood. My first week-end at home when I bullied the foreman into giving me a lift on the back of his motor bike, the journey down the lakes in the pouring rain. Anyway, it was only two hours off his track and he didn't know I had never been on that road before, and he didn't know I knew he had never ridden in the black-out before. How good the wood smelt when I got back, but how cold it was. Oh! my appetite those frosty days, my poor landlady, my breeches were beginning to feel a bit tight. The rainy days when we couldn't work much but sat round the bivvy fire, dodging rain drops and singing to someone's mouth organ.

SPRING IN THE NURSERY.

More sun, more frost, more news, off again. This time nursery gardens. I missed the woods a bit. I missed my puddings and apple-cakes a lot. It took me quite a time to get used to digging after sawing. My poor, poor back. How queer the tiny larch seedlings looked after handling their grown-up brothers and sisters for so long. No longer the crash of falling timber or the hum of saws. But more memories, just as pleasant. The long quiet seed beds, the birds and the worms, the slugs and the rabbits, the cuttings we made in the barn, hundreds of them, poplar, laurel, willow, currants.

At last the spring, still snow on the hills, but thousands of little seedlings peeping through. Birds building everywhere. And those orders. 10,000 Norway Spruce two-year-old, 25,000 Scots fir, three-year-old. Fancy trees having birthdays. They were sweet, though. Oh! and yes! those larch trees for the King at Sandringham. Planting alder, thome, gooseberries. Robins pinching worms from under our spades. The trees and hedges in fresh green, the song of the first thrush and the hills, always the hills. Those two days we helped the threshing machine. What fun! The noise of the machine, the chaff flying, the jokes of the men, the squeals of the mice and the mad scamper of the rats, the rhythm of forking straw from the ground to the stack, running up and down ladders, and the smell of everything. The agony of muscles screaming for you to stop



Foresters at work.

By courtesy of "Illustrated."

and the delight of forcing your screaming muscles until the relief of "Libby" with the tea hamper. The hot, sweet tea out of a bucket, the bread and jam, bread an inch thick. A cigarette and rest on a sack of corn before it's up and doing again till dark. Then pack up and crawl home to a hot bath with limbs so stiff you don't know how to stand or sit, a cosy fire, an easy chair. What joy. Oh, yes, a grand life.

SIX MONTHS AND SUMMER.

Six months up. My first half diamond. Just a little bit of red silk on a green armlet. Silly, I've heard some people call it. I don't know; perhaps I like silly things. Summer now. Dungarees with cool flapping legs. Brown arms, brown healthy faces. Birds singing, flowers smiling, trees swaying, cool rain falling, thunder roaring, and no snow on the hills. An acre of onions to be planted, a field of carrots. The potatoes to set, seed beds to make. Oh! those weeds. What ages since I used a handbag or wore gloves or a hat. What freedom. I sew on my simple red diamond, one year's good service. How many red diamonds shall we have to show our grandchildren? How many stories shall we have to tell? How many happy hours shall we spend, our tired old eyes seeing "pictures in our diamonds"?

M. I. COLLINS, W.L.A. 22,443
(Westmorland).

Temporary Eclipse

By MARY CARN.

Oh! how I'd love to be a woman again,
Protected, guarded, cherished and kept dry in
the rain,

But my hair's been straight for weeks,
And I'm wearing oil-stained breeks
Just to match my freckled cheeks.

I'm a Land Girl.

Oh! how I'd love to be feminine and frail,
With ten or twenty ardent suitors tagging at
my tail,

But my nose is all a-shine
As I shoo the hens to dine
And scrub down the mucky kine.

I'm a Land Girl.

Oh! how I'd love to see a saucy Paris hat
Perched upon my well-groomed curls—just like
that.

But my breeches lack a crease,
And my glamour's out on lease
Till the day they sign the Peace.

I'm a Land Girl.

(By courtesy of "Woman.")

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

(With apologies to Lord Tennyson).

IT was the poster's fault. It took everything for granted. "JOIN THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY AND HELP WIN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN." The college was equally assertive. "DRIVE A TRACTOR AND HELP WIN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN." The Land Girl did not report that her sole victim during her four weeks of training had been a white Leghorn hen. She felt somehow that this could not be called a ruthless, merciless enemy.

She passed on to Mr. Barleycorn, expecting the worst. Inevitably, it came. "This 'ere Battle of Britain's getting a bit too thick." The Land Girl privately agreed and said she rather liked driving a tractor if there were not any Messerschmitts overhead. "Huh!" said Mr. Barleycorn, and indicated a heap of rusted metal. "That's Jemima. The last one was Gladys. She's a devil to start."

She was a devil to drive and a glutton for a bathe. Every morning she made a bee line for the pond and plunged madly in amongst the placid cows, her radiator steaming, her body quivering, and her caterpillar chain churning the water in a frenzy of exhaust. Jemima had a fearful temper and was a very self-willed tractor.

Mr. Barleycorn was used to her tantrums. "Can you manage to plough the Long Acre yourself?" Jemima snorted. The Land Girl bridled. "I'll do it," she said, and turned to Jemima. "Look here," she said firmly, "I'm having no nonsense. I suppose you realise you are taking part in the Battle of Britain and it depends on you whether we emerge victorious or not." That she expected to emerge from the slimy depths of Toadferry Brook she kept quietly to herself.

The Long Acre dropped in a gradual slope into the valley beyond. Jemima snorted, boiled and began to career wildly towards the hedge.

"Company, advance!"

As if Jemima needed any prompting! The Land Girl clung desperately on to the brake and gathered her breath to retort to whoever was being funny.

"Company, shun!" she shrieked, but she shrieked to an idle wind. Through the hedge crashed Jemima, right into the thick of a dozen tanks hurtling like demons towards her. With caterpillar wheels flying and engine roaring, she charged Giraffe with a contemptuous sneer; sent Gigantic lurching away in surprise, and tackled Geranium with every bolt rattling and every screw loose. Tanks hurtled by with inches to spare; orders snapped out; Jemima was

there. The Land Girl rammed on her tin hat, thought crazily of the Charge of the Light Brigade, and saw nothing else for it but to give Jemima her head.

Into the jaws of steel
Hurtled Jemima.
Gipsy to right of her,
Gander to left of her,
Griffon in front of her,
Thundered and rumbled.
She did not reason why,
Missed them and slithered by,
Corkscrewed and capered by,
Floundered and stumbled,
Tore at the hedge and bank,
Charged at the nearest tank,
Upset the ordered rank,
Noble Jemima.

When can her glory fade?
O, the wild charge she made.
Barleycorn wondered.
Saw the Long Acre marred,
Watched for the battle-scarred,
Said something loud and hard,
Someone had blundered.
Out of the jaws of steel
Clattered Jemima.

"I'm sorry," said the Land Girl. "The British Army is on manoeuvres."

"In *my* Long Acre!" Barleycorn glowered, surveying the wreck. "I think I had better buy a new tractor." Jemima was sold to the scrap merchant, but on a certain day in August—

Into the rake of fire
Came the Luftwaffe.
Spitfire to right of them,
Spitfire to left of them,
Spitfire in front of them,
Rattled and thundered.
Blistered with shot and shell,
Messerschmitts lurched and fell.
Down to a flaming hell
Luftwaffe blundered.
O for the gallant few
Aiming their bullets true.
Only the Land Girl knew
Into the heat of fire
Had gone Jemima.

FRANCES TURK.

A new pamphlet, "Garden and Farm Insects," has been published by the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, Oaklings, Canons Close, Radlett, Herts, price 6d., or 9d. post free. It is very clearly written, excellently illustrated, and contains information about every breed of insect which members of the Land Army are likely to meet, together with particulars of the best methods of attack and defence in each case. Well up to the usual standard of these invaluable pamphlets.



By courtesy of Central Press Photos Ltd.

Ploughing the Downs in East Sussex.

Sale by Auction

I AND one other Land Girl work on a farm with a herd of pedigree Ayrshires. We have been having a busy and exciting time lately, as the annual sale of the young stock took place last week.

To start with, about fifty horribly wild heifers had to be trained to stand chained in stalls and to walk quietly on a halter, in preparation for the sale day, when they would be led round the ring. Then the real preparations for the sale began and the farm was transformed into a beauty parlour. One bull, when he first came in from the field, was a shoddy-looking creature with shaggy curls all over his face, and so dirty it was difficult to make out what colour he was meant to be, but after a little skilled work on the part of the coiffeur and manicurist he emerged with a beautiful sleek head and neck, wonderfully polished horns, tail neatly clipped, and his whole coat a gorgeous silky-white. You can imagine the amount of work necessary to finish off sixty or seventy cattle in the same way.

The night before the sale all the cows to be sold had to have their lot numbers stuck on them and be arranged in correct order down the cowsheds. In another shed the older champion cows were put on show. On the morning of the sale day we were up milking before 5 a.m.; then everyone set to making the farm look spick and span. The judging ring was erected round the

auctioneer's stand and a final grooming was given to the cows. Prospective buyers began to drive up. They walked up and down the cow sheds, perusing the catalogue or looking the cows over with hawk's eyes. Then the auctioneer got up on his stand and things started. Everyone crowded round the ring and the first heifer was led round. The auctioneer paid her some compliments, then started the bidding. "Start at £40, anyone bid 40? bid 42, bid 46, bid 46, any advance? Any advance on 48?—did you say 50, sir? Any advance? This is throwing her away! Come along now! Bid 52"—and so on and so forth throughout the afternoon.

Last came the bulls, who caused the greatest interest of the day. We led the mothers of each bull round first to prove their aristocratic parentage. Then the bulls had their turn and very good use they made of it. Prices no longer went up by twos and fives, but by tens and twenties. One minute the auctioneer was calling "Going at £100," then in less than a minute it had risen to "going at £300," and still people were trying to bid each other out. Finally every lot was sold and the result of the whole sale was pronounced to be a record success. The crowds dispersed and we were left to get on with our routine job of milking. It had been a strenuous but enjoyable day, and we had learnt that there is at any rate one side of farming which is not altogether unprofitable.

G. WHEELER, W.L.A. No. 11,910 (Bucks).

Leather Gloves Strong, pliable, for land work. 4/9 pair (post free).

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(Secretary J.), Agricultural Correspondence College, BATH

Gassing Rats

WHAT terrible weather we Land Girls have experienced lately; the ground has been too hard and frozen for turnip pulling, clot knocking, etc., but there is one job which I have delighted in doing in spite of the cold, and that is rat gassing.

On the estate where I work we have in use one or two ancient looking cars, which in summer help to move the hay cobs and many other jobs on the farm, and one of these, an old Morris, has been the means of helping the war effort. One of the estate men and I got the car in running order and took it about half a mile to a field where the barley stacks were, and leaving the engine running, fitted a length of rubber tubing (similar to a garden hose) on to the exhaust pipe. Next we placed the far end of the tube right in one of the many rat holes. Arming ourselves with sticks we waited till the poisonous fumes from the exhaust pipe wound their way into the underground labyrinths of the rats' homes. Suddenly, out popped a brown head with two beady eyes. Bash! one more of Hitler's helpers removed; only a little helper maybe, but one who can cause a deal of damage to our country's corn supply.

After allowing the gas to enter each hole, we stopped it up with frosty clots of earth and went on to another. The rats as a rule will not show themselves but are gassed in their holes. They have to make up their minds quickly whether to come out or not, for if they hesitate they are soon suffocated by the fumes. A large number can quickly be destroyed. One day near some barley stacks we found a small heap of stubble and dead grass. "Here is an ideal place for them," said my mate, and thrust the end of the rubber tube in a likely-looking rat hole. "Bet there's about ten in here." A rustle in the stubble, every muscle tense, we waited, and out leapt a tiny field mouse!

Such are the joys of rat catching, but we *must* go all out in order to protect our country's grain stacks, the nation *must* have bread.

L. CLARKE, W.L.A. 58.547 (Leics.).

WINTER WILD FLOWER COMPETITION.

All entries for this competition must be sent in by April 1st. Please address them to:—

Miss Bishop, The Manor, Sutton Courtenay, nr. Abingdon, Berks.

Two prizes are offered for the best collection of wild flowers found in bloom between October 15th and March 15th. The flowers may either be sketched or dried and mounted. Full details of this competition were published in the December number of the LAND GIRL.

Women's Farm and Garden Association

THERE is a permanent organisation, The Women's Farm and Garden Association, founded over forty years ago, with one of its main objects: "To unite all professional women workers in agriculture, horticulture and allied subjects, and those interested in such work for women, into a strong central organisation." Although the Association has many activities for women permanently engaged in different branches of the industry, the most important side is this link-up of all landswomen.

A great deal of encouragement has not been given to women in agriculture, but in spite of this women have kept a good foothold in the industry, and trained women have penetrated into many fields.

Permanent organisations like the W.F. and G.A. must have a large and strong membership, so that it can carry the weight of public opinion for the establishment of a reasonable rate of wage for permanent workers, for providing wider openings, better facilities for training in specialised branches, and more opportunities for practical education.

It is a progressive programme, and women serving in the Land Army have the opportunity to help those developments now, and can do so by becoming members of the W. F. and G.A.

Fees for membership are from 5s. to 21s. per annum, and full particulars of membership, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary at Courtauld House, Byng Place, W.C.1.

A tip to ensure the long life of Land Army stockings comes from B. Forbes-Watson, Northumberland: "I wonder how many L.A. members know the dodge of sewing a piece of muslin or similar material inside heels and toes of stockings. It has saved large holes in mine, and they are still in fairly good condition after eighteen months' hard wear. Bad darners, please note!"

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New-born lambs in wintry weather.

A Useful Book

A Book of Farmcraft (published by Longmans, Green and Co., price 5s.), by Michael Greenhill (Instructor at Sparsholt Farm Institute) and Evelyn Dunbar, should prove very useful to members of the W.L.A. It gives an immense amount of information in simple language suited to the beginner at any job, and is illustrated with a great number of drawings demonstrating right and wrong methods of tackling various jobs and using implements, and also giving the names and pictures of nearly every piece of harness, tackle, farm machinery, etc., which members of the Land Army will meet. In his foreword, A. G. Street says: "It will enable the newcomer to the farm quickly to become a real help."

Personal Advertisement.

FOR SALE.—Brown Leather RIDING BOOTS; good condition; small 5; 9½ inches round top of leg. 30s. 9d. post free.—Apply EDITOR.

A Tip from Wiltshire.

If your gumboots have gone in the foot but are still sound in the leg, cut off the sole with a sharp knife and trim the instep like an old-fashioned spat. Pull the leg on in the usual way and wear inside L. A. boots, lacing firmly in place. This looks quite tidy and efficient and keeps your legs dry.

SURPRISE FOR THE SUPERVISOR.

IN January I travelled from London to take up my duties as Supervisor of the W.L.A. Hostel at Bowdon. It was a long, tedious journey, and I arrived somewhat battered and worn. One thought supported me: "However tired I am," I thought, "these girls who toil on the land in this wintry weather are much more tired."

Reaching the hostel door I rang the bell, expecting to find my weary charges soaking in hot baths and tottering off to bed. It wasn't at all like that! There seemed to be some hundreds of girls, all running round, singing and brandishing spoons, bowls and knives. They were getting ready for the party on the following night.

It was some party! Twenty girls (when they kept still long enough to be counted), ten friends, sixteen employers with their wives and families, and twenty four Artillerymen from a nearby camp, joined in games, dancing, and a feast to celebrate both the 21st birthday of Joan Arden, W.L.A. 51,334, and the New Year. Joan was given an oval barbola mirror by her messmates, and I don't think she will ever forget her war-time twenty-firster.

One of the dormitories had been cleared to make an extra reception room, the consequent packing of the other bedrooms being light-heartedly endured. The whole house was decorated with festoons, lanterns and gaily coloured streamers, while as for the dining room—well, one of the guests summed it up neatly: "Coo!" I heard him say, "if 'little Ol' 'tler' could see this, he'd die of rage." One of the guests, the husband of Margaret Benson, W.L.A. 51,355, made a pleasant speech of thanks on behalf of the guests who, we hope, enjoyed the party as much as we did.

I may add that I no longer regard members of the Women's Land Army as poor, tired mites. A more cheerful, hard-working, hard playing lot, I've never met . . . but they are tough! . . . they can take it.

A. HIDDEN (Cheshire).

Look Smart in HEBDEN BREECHES



Perfect TO-MEASURE FIT UNBEATABLE VALUE!

The Hebden Cord Co. famous throughout the land for their postal bargains in Ladies' Breeches, make this Special Offer to members of the Women's Land Army. For the remarkably low figure of only 14/6 post free we will tailor you a pair of hard-wearing breeches strictly to your measurements. Perfect fit guaranteed while our direct-selling methods ensure unequalled value. Send NOW, and get back to the land smartly.

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HEBDEN BRIDGE, Yorks.

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SCOTTISH NOTES

THE Land Army is now launching its third "Spring offensive"—a very different Army from the little band, though not so lowly, of the first year of the war. In Scotland we are now some 2,200 strong, but such is the demand that we have simply got to become "mightier yet." We aim at having another 3,000 in our ranks by the end of this year, and we look to our present happy successful volunteers to act as disciples for us.

A short Ministry of Information film, entitled "Land Girl," and showing one aspect of a Land Girl's job, is now going the round of the cinemas. Take your friends to see it! The principal part is played by Betty Reid, who has now come to be known as Scotland's Champion Plough Girl.

Aberdeenshire.—Alford and Deeside continues its excellent practice of sending regular donations to the Spitfire Fund. This time £4 11s. 9d. is contributed, the proceeds of a dance organised at Alford by Alexino Argo.

Ayrshire.—South Ayr's Army turned out in force to a Saturday afternoon party organised in Ayr recently by Miss Frood and her Committee. The Marchioness of Ailsa presented 30 Good Service Badges and afterwards gave an encouraging address. Very complimentary things were said by Mr. Angus of Ladykirk, and Mr. Heweton, about the girls employed in the district. Mrs. Macfadyen ran a most successful whist drive to raise funds for the rally. The Department's colour film was shown of the party and later to a gathering of 500 Service men.

The second number of the *County News-Letter* has been circulated, and very good it is.

Dumfriesshire.—Arrangements have been made with the owner of a café in Lockerbie for special terms to be given to the W.L.A., and an approach on the same lines is being made to cinemas. Volunteers are now made honorary members of the Women's Rural Institute nearest their place of employment.

Fife.—Kirkcaldy Girls' Club had a splendid talk from Betty Reid on her work on the land and many were the questions asked. The girls, of whom about 150 attended, are most anxious to help the national effort, and many of them will now give up their holidays and Saturday afternoons to farm work.

Kincardineshire.—The first effort for the Spitfire Fund took the form of a whist drive and dance in Arbuthnott Hall, arranged by Marjorie Greig and Ina Henderson, at which Mrs. G. E. Reid and Miss Stewart were present. It was a most successful function, and these girls have handed over £14 3s. 11d. to the Fund. W.L.A. members in the Fordoun Station district held a most successful whist drive and dance on Jan. 16th, and Hilda Law, their treasurer, handed over £20 7s. 7d. to the Spitfire Fund. Miss Stewart presented the whist prizes, and Mrs. G. E. Reid took the opportunity of presenting Good Service Badges to volunteers.

Kirkcudbright.—Jean Kirkpatrick and Maisie Paterson ran a most successful dance in the village hall for the Aid to Russia Fund and raised £7.

Lanarkshire.—Eight members of the Lanarkshire W.L.A. were invited to a party for the Women's Services, which was given in the Burlington House, Glasgow, by the City Women's Business Club. After a lovely supper there was an entertainment, speeches, and friendly chatter between the representatives of the A.T.S. and W.R.N.S., the W.A.A.F.'s, and drivers of the American ambulances in Britain present. A splendid evening ended with another meal and a present of 10 cigarettes to every smoker.

Ross-shire.—There was a recruiting parade in Dingwall one day when the W.L.A., led by a military pipe band, marched from the Station Square to the Town Hall, where 37 Good Service Badges were presented by Provost Macrae. Mr. Budge, Chairman of the County A.E.C., presided at the ceremony, and nice things were said about the L.A. by him and the Provost. Mrs. Ross thanked the speakers and made an appeal for more volunteers.

Wigtownshire.—Members of the W.L.A. in Wigtownshire had a very pleasant meeting in the Red Cross Hall, Newton Stewart, when they were addressed and entertained to tea by Mrs. McNeill, of Shennanton, chairman of the L.A. Sub-Committee. There were also present Miss Wallace, secretary, and Mrs. Walmsley, member of committee.

Mrs. McNeill congratulated the girls on their healthy, fresh appearance, and reminded them that when they enrolled they pledged their services for the duration of the war, and she hoped they would always keep this in mind. Their work called not only for physical endurance, but for common-sense, initiative, patience, and, above all, a sense of humour. Discipline in the L.A. had to be more or less self-imposed. She encouraged the girls to wear their uniforms, remembering that it was an emblem of their service. She then presented Good Service Badges to eleven volunteers. Miss Kellock, on behalf of the girls, thanked Mrs. McNeill; and members of the W.V.S., who had kindly assisted with the tea, were thanked by Miss Wallace.

West Lothian.—Bathgate Girls' Club welcome members of the L.A. to their weekly dances and other activities.

Arrangements are proceeding for further support of the Spitfire Fund.

Here at last is a handbook for members
of the **WOMEN'S LAND ARMY**

LAND GIRL

BY

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

'The author deals most comprehensively with every possible aspect of life in the Land Army, and gives helpful advice about training, employment, wages, fares, insurances, and uniform.' THE LAND GIRL

1/- net (postage 2d.)

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ST. HUGH'S SCHOOL, BICKLEY, KENT**

Correspondence

DEAR EDITOR,

I've started rabbit keeping. It's a grand hobby and needn't be expensive, but, of course, I've gone in for a rather special breed—Havanas, and they do run rather high. I'm really mentioning this because I've heard of so many Land Girls who are bored when not actually at work, and simply don't know what to do with their spare time. I've made my two big hutches, with prompting from the foreman, and a small hutch was "wangled" from a packing case and some wood which had been thrown out for kindling. I'm trying to breed the older doe and didn't have any luck the first time, so now having mated her again we've got to wait and see. On this score she has been dubbed *Mrs. Asquith* by the cowman.

May I make another suggestion for spare time occupation? It's a sitting-down winter evening job really. I'm keeping a farming diary and keeping note of farm work in general, also jotting down the appearance of various flowers and trees, birds and animals in the district. I propose setting out my diary so that the writing pages can be entered in a scrapbook with sketches and snaps or newspaper cuttings all pertaining to the entries on any particular page of the diary. Calves and lambs make lovely photos, and I love to make detailed sketches of flowers and plants which, until I came to Suffolk, had only been something seen in a book. Frankly, I don't see how anyone can feel bored on a farm.

Yours, etc.,

E. Suffolk.

J. TAYLOR, W.L.A. 36,151.

DEAR EDITOR,

I wonder if any other Land Girl has a job like mine? Although I was originally a timber measurer, employed in Bedgebury Forest, I very soon transferred to the haulage side of sawn timber. Now I collect my orders in the morning, wait for the lorry and then ride to one of the mills, where we check sawn timber while two or three men load. The load finished I climb into the cabin (sometimes I'm allowed to drive) and so to the railway station. There I have to make out consignment notes, complete the lorry driver's loading book with truck numbers, and have my book signed by the stationmaster. After all that I go and help load the truck, if the timber is not too heavy for me to handle. Sometimes the timber has to go straight to its destination, and I really enjoy these long rides.

I wouldn't change my job for anything. Long live the Land Army, and may I always be one of its members.

W. Kent.

J. LESLEY RIDDICK, W.L.A. 35,051.

DEAR EDITOR,

Among the girls who milk and have the care of small dairies there must be quite a large number who use the woven filters on their churns to strain the milk through. Instead of throwing these away after each milking it is a very good plan to rinse them through with water and put them behind the boiler, where they will dry and be out of reach of the farm cats and dogs, who appear to relish them, and before long you will find you have accumulated quite a store of material for the Salvage Campaign. Hang up a sack to put the dry ones in, and you will be surprised how quickly it will fill; then it can be handed over to the waste collectors. If all of us do this it will be quite a large contribution towards our final victory.

Herts.

MARY L. HOLDER, W.L.A. 7,482.

DEAR EDITOR,

The newly-formed Wiltshire Land Girls' Club has been in existence now for three months and is still going strong. We have now over thirty members, all of whom are working around Swindon. The meetings are held every other Tuesday at "The Studio," which is a comfortable room and suits our purpose admirably. Our fortnightly meetings consist of talks by local farmers, speakers on various subjects, agricultural bees and social evenings.

At our last meeting we invited the local branch of the Young Farmers' Club to an evening of games and dancing. Refreshments were provided and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all. As a result our funds benefited by about £3. Perhaps this account of our activities will be of some help to other newly-formed clubs.

Yours, etc.,

Wilts.

H. D. TONGE (Sec.), W.L.A. 34,156.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I be allowed through the medium of our magazine to pay a tribute to the kindness, patience and hospitality of all those people, farmers, bailiffs, and the like who have the job of billeting us Land Girls and making us comfortable and happy? In particular, I should like to express my appreciation of the bailiff and his wife, in whose home I myself am billeted. I shall never forget their friendliness, kindness and willingness to help a "greenhorn." These things mean much to one who suddenly finds herself set down in a strange place among strange people doing new and unfamiliar jobs which are often hard, heavy and monotonous. So it is with a deep sense of gratitude and appreciation that I tender my thanks to these grand people.

Yours, etc.,

Worcs.

I. F. COOPER, W.L.A. 55,459.

DEAR EDITOR,

Here are two true incidents that may amuse you. After a particularly bleak east-windy period I met a fellow Land Girl who had been tractor driving in a very exposed part. An ambulance passed, driven by an A.T.S. driver. My friend remarked in all sincerity: "She *must* be cold—it's a horribly draughty job driving one of those all day!"

I was filling the radiator of my car one Saturday in my home town. Three small girls came along to watch, but they appeared more interested in my uniform than in my car, and at last the boldest could contain her curiosity no longer, so asked me shyly, "Please, are you in a play?"

I started work in the W.L.A. the third day of the war and have been thoroughly happy ever since and a great deal more useful than I was before.

Yours, etc.,

Dorset.

BERYL M. PUZEY, W.L.A. 1,453.

"PELWEAR"

REG'D.

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MAKERS OF THE LAND
ARMY WINDCHEATER
AND
WINDCHEATER TROUSERS

Shade card and price list on application

Spitfire Fund

WARWICKSHIRE takes top honours for February by their presentation to Lady Denman at their rally of a magnificent cheque for £83 16s. 4d.

Many congratulations to Scotland on passing £300. Dances all over the country, from Scotland to Cornwall, brought in a lot of money last month. Among those not described elsewhere are one in Cornwall where the British Legion helped, one in Cumberland where the weather was not kind, others in Gloucestershire, Hereford, Kesteven, and Hunts, two in Somerset, which were all very successful, and one in Lindsey where a regimental band gave its services and there were also 17 tables of whist. Essex's Monday Night Club again did well. There were several generous individual donations. Miss Brewer, of Cornwall, must have a wonderfully persuasive tongue. Congratulations to the three Yorkshire volunteers who have kept Miss Carr and Mrs. Colley in countenance this month.

The record total of £408 was collected in February, and the Fund now stands at £2,838. Subscriptions received during February are listed below:—

Berks: £2 2s.—Neville (competition); 4s.—Dicker (knitting); 2s. 6d.—Bishop (rat money). **Total—£2 8s. 6d.** **Cheshire:** £1 4s.—Reaseheath Trainees; 5s.—Stanley, Walshaw; under 5s.—Atherton, Muir. **Total—£1 18s. 6d.** **Cornwall:** £10 2s. 6d.—Wyatt (dance); £4 10s.—Brewer (collection milk round); 5s.—Upton. **Total—£14 17s. 6d.** **Cumb. & West.:** £2 10s.—Tunnah (dance); £1—six Timber Measurers. **Total—£3 10s.** **Devon:** £1—Two L.G.s at Netton; 5s.—Harvey. **Total—£1 5s.** **Dorset:** 5s.—Littlejohn and Thackray, Rudkin and Battrick. **Total—10s.** **Essex:** £5—Woodham Mortimer Monday Night Club; 19s. 6d.—per Osborne; under 5s.—Burrows, Johnson. **Total—£6 4s. 6d.** **Glos.:** £18—Tongue (dance Stonehouse area); 6s.—Simpson; 5s.—Willis. **Total—£18 11s.** **Hants:** 1s.—Prior. **Hereford:** £17 5s.—Winter (dance); £1 2s. 2d.—profit on Spitfire socks; 13s. 6d.—auction at Bromyard. **Total—£19 0s. 8d.** **Herts:** 10s.—Booth. **Hunts, Cambs & Ely:** £5—Bailey (breeding and selling rabbits); £3 10s.—Gallagher (dance); £3—Jackson (Raffle); 12s. 3d.—Anon; 10s.—Rhodes; 9s.—Love's Farm Hostel (swear box); 8s.—Huntley; under 5s.—Barks, Cranbrook, Gadsden, Pearson, Pepper, Lynch, Farrell, Muffett, Turnbull, Daniels, Warren; 7s. 6d.—West; 5s.—Clay. **Total—£14 17s. 3d.** **Kent:** 5s.—Russell; under 5s.—Chinery, Higgins, Pilgrim. **Total—12s.** **Lincs (Kest. & Holl.):** £8—Irnham Club (dance). **Lincs (Lind.):** £17 1s.—dance at Donington-on-Bain; £3 10s. 6d.—individual members. **Total—£20 11s. 6d.** **Norfolk:** £2 5s.—Howes, Painter, Corke, Kipps; 11s.—Hollis; 2s. 6d.—Long. **Total—£2 18s. 6d.** **Northants:** £20—Hunt (dance). **North'd:** 10s.—Wilkinson. **Oxon:** £1—Hermon-Hodge, Shrimpton; 10s.—Caldwell Hardy; 5s.—Webb; 2s. 6d.—Siegenberg. **Total—£3 7s. 6d.** **Salop:** 15s.—Bell and Elliott (rise); 10s.—Birch (rise), Henn; 2s.—Turner. **Total—£1 17s.** **Somerset:** £15 10s.—Mullins (dance, Wells and District); £9 13s.—Hammond (dance, Templecombe); £1—Fisher. **Total—£26 3s.** **Staffs:** 5s.—Smith. **E. Suffolk:** £6—Beverley and Goodman (dance); £1 10s.—Foster; 10s.—Charlton, Gotelee, Saul; 7s. 6d.—per Abbot; 5s.—Brooke, Dickenson, Coles, Flatt; under 5s.—Plant, Giles, Farthing, Frost, Anon, Morling, O'Keefe, Brooks, Office. **Total—£11 7s. 6d.**

Warwicks.: £30—Rugby area; £28 16s. 4d.—Kineton area; £15—Nuneaton area; £10—Stratford area. **Total—£83 16s. 4d.** **Scotland:** £20 7s. 7d.—Fordon; £14 3s. 11d.—Kincardine (Arbuthnot); £4 11s. 9d.—Alford and Deeside. **Total—£39 3s. 3d.** **Head-quarters:** 5s. 9d. piquet winnings. **Stop Press—Hunts** £5 10s., *Lancs* £6 5s. 9d., *E. Suffolk* 6s., *Worcs* £7 15s. 5d.

It is much regretted that, owing to our mistake, the gloves sold by Mr. Collard were advertised in the February issue at 4s. 3d. a pair instead of 4s. 9d. a pair, which was the correct price. Volunteers who sent 4s. 3d. have been asked by Mr. Collard to forward the extra 6d., and we hope very much that by this time everyone has done so.

We apologise to our readers for the inconvenience caused them.

Personal advertisements, 2d. a word, must reach the Editor by the 27th of the month preceding the issue in which they are to be inserted.

Lavinia Lea, 9-year-old daughter of the Chairman of Worcestershire W.L.A., sends us the following tribute:—

"I think the land Army is a very good idea, and I think the head is a very clever and Marverluss women and I am shure I don't know what we should do without the Land Army."



By courtesy of "Huntingdonshire Post."
Calf love for Miss Flowers-Greenhill,
W.L.A. 36,316 (Hunts).

COUNTY NEWS

Norfolk.—A very happy Christmas party was arranged by Mrs. Jameson at Mundford and attended by members of the L.A., employing farmers, their wives, and many of the foresters. A Christmas tree was presented by the Forestry Commission, a great variety of games was played and individual items were contributed by the guests. Another party was held on a bitterly cold February Sunday at Hoveton by Mrs. Barlett at her own home; a wonderful tea was provided, games that tested volunteers' intelligence and were yet highly entertaining were played and the winners awarded prizes.

Land Girls attended a Church Parade held in connection with Norwich Warships Week; it was a small attendance owing to impassable roads, but their smart appearance attracted attention and a letter of congratulation was received from the Warships Week organiser, which was very gratifying to those gallant volunteers who turned out.

One item of interest among the many things that happen on farms where volunteers are at work, is the birth of triplets to one of the cows on Grange Farm, Spixworth, where Mrs. Woodcock works. We understand that the mother and children are all doing well.

Northants.—Hard and happy work—urgent demands for Land Army workers from farmers—urgent demands from volunteers to be enrolled in the Land Army—four busy hostels with all their members now in constant request, and a growing sense of the urgency of our work and of our pride in this urgency. This is our county history for the last two months.

The L.A. Club in Northampton, where the girls meet each Saturday afternoon, is so popular that Lady Spencer has been begged to extend its activities to a week-night as well.

Many new representatives have been appointed to match our fast growing numbers, their help and friendliness is invaluable. A cheering letter warmed the office hearts in the bitterest spell of weather and must be quoted:—

"With reference to Mary Hall, the Land Girl you sent to us last September, I cannot speak too highly of her, as it has been no easy task for a girl to go through the wet and cold we have had this winter. She lives two miles away from the farm and cycles up and down, and she has never missed a day or been late at any time through all the severe weather we have had. I have been on a farm all my life and fully understand what this work means to a girl who has spent all her previous years in office work. To-day the snow was too deep for her to cycle, so my son took the car to fetch her, but Mary was nearly here, walking through the snow. I am afraid I have thought Land Girls summer-time workers, but Mary has proved to me I am wrong."

Northumberland.—The much praised greatcoats were seen *en masse* for the first time in this county on the occasion of the parade of the various services which opened Hexham's Warship Week on February 21st. A detachment on foot of workers from the district was led by a tractor driven by I. Ritson; and a very band-shy horse, driven by J. Pitt, brought up the rear drawing a wagon resplendent with fresh red and green paint, which carried out the colours of the armlets to perfection.

W. Allon and A. Lambert send the following account of their work of pest destruction for the W.A.E.C.:—
"Our first gassing ground was a farm near Flotterton, where there were hundreds of extensive warrens on the moors. We spent hours gassing and blocking

these holes, where hitherto rabbits had reigned undisturbed, causing quite a deal of damage to crops on surrounding farms. It is difficult to give statistics on the actual destruction by gassing—but the farmer told us that he had had the farm trapped twice this season before our arrival. From one trapping alone he had taken sixteen hundred pairs. When first we began this work we were, quite frankly, prepared for an unpleasant task, with visions of panic-stricken rabbits, or even dead rabbits, strewn about the fields. On the contrary, we rarely see a gassed rabbit, and it is only by gazing at the successfully blocked holes that we can realise the results of our work. Many of the worst holes lie under gorse bushes and in copes and can only be reached by cutting our way through with spades. We have had several amusing encounters with eccentric shepherds and farmers, who were convinced that we fully intended gassing the total livestock of the farm, but after tactful explaining they seemed more than satisfied that we were helping them. We are both unanimous in our love of Land Army life, and especially in our new work of rat extermination."

A tribute to the great coat: "It is all that can be desired, and looks it."

Shropshire.—As usual, Shropshire is almost entirely dependent upon Lancashire for its labour and we are indeed grateful to all the volunteers who come to us from that county. Those who came to us during the recent very severe weather deserve a special word of praise for the splendid way in which they have tackled their new work; and not a single complaint has reached the Secretary's ears!

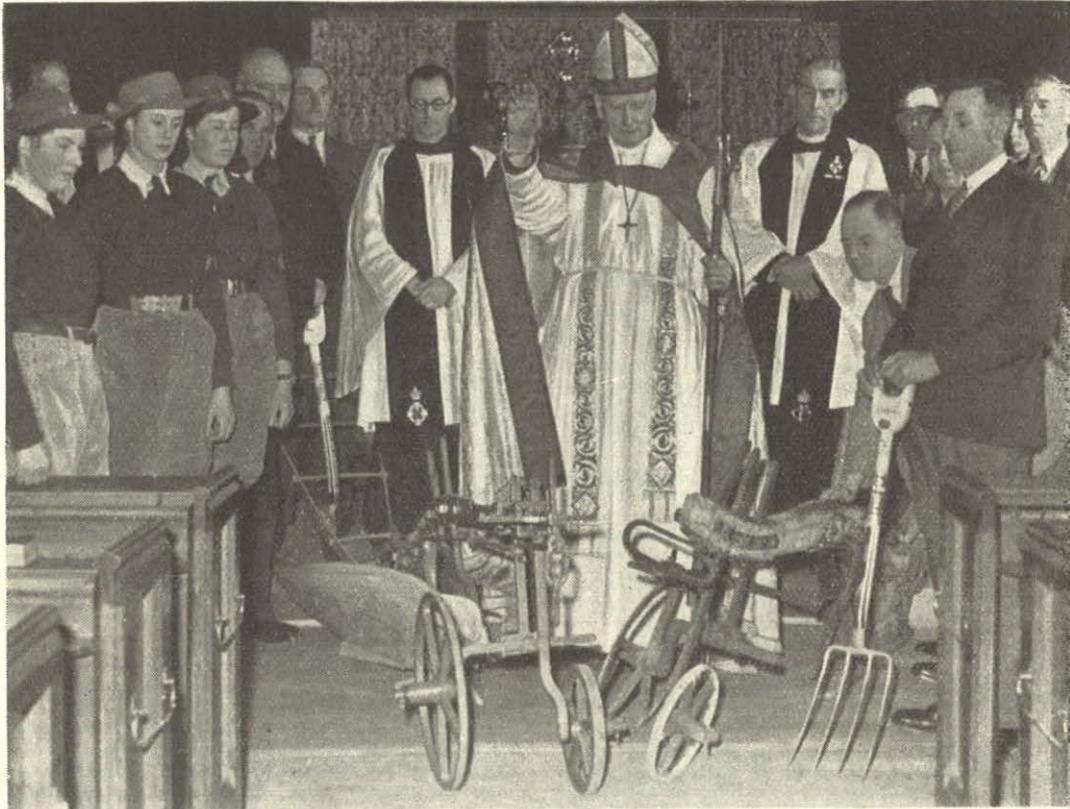
Mrs. Kempster, Oldport, Oswestry, gave a delightful Christmas party for the Land Girls in her area, and no one enjoyed it more than the County Secretary. A visit to the pictures was followed by a real pre-war tea at the Services Club, Oswestry, and then games and much merriment. Miss Halford has had two tea parties for the volunteers in the Shrewsbury district. This hospitality is greatly appreciated, particularly in an importing county like ours. The L.A. has been represented in Warships Week parades at Ellesmere, Whitchurch, Oswestry and Shrewsbury.

We send all good wishes to G. Smallman, J. Adams, E. M. Henn, E. E. Powell, and W. Weston, who have recently been married, and are delighted that G. Smallman and E. E. Powell are staying on in the W.L.A.

Somerset.—Warship Week processions seem to be the order of the day and although parading is not the usual job of the Land Army they make a good opportunity for a gathering, particularly when followed by a very nice tea as was the case at Taunton and at Minehead on February 14th and 28th. Nearly 60 volunteers took part, complete with horse and cart at Taunton and we only wish there was a photograph to show how nice they looked!

Our first Ministry of Works hutment was opened at North Petherton, near Bridgwater, on January 26th. The 26 girls (including three members of a pruning gang) started their work in the worst of all weathers clearing land on the Brendon Hills. On some days, when the lorry has not been able to take them up the icy hill, they have stayed at home and made a garden round the hostel, which we hope will produce nice fresh vegetables for them in the future.

The club at Yeovil has had two successful meetings since its formation, and Mrs. Farnol gave another delightful party to a section of the Yeovil area at Curry Rivel on January 3rd. On January 10th Mrs. Wason and Mrs. Bevir were "At Home" to the members in the Bath district. Twenty girls were able



Blessing the Plough in Dorset.

to come and were entertained with games and a delicious tea. Everyone had a jolly time exchanging experiences and making new friends and we wish there was space to include a fuller account of the party. Another successful Spitfire Dance was held at Templecombe in January and we should like to congratulate Miss Hammond on the result of £9.

Staffs.—During the winter—and what a winter!—the Staffordshire Land Girls have been busy raising money for the Spitfire Fund and also helping other charities as well. Several local gatherings of girls working in the same districts have been held, and the girls round Eccleshall have started a club which they run themselves and find a splendid way of meeting each other. The girls at the W.L.A. hostel at Brewood got up a dance in the local hall, and of the wonderful proceeds of £19 14s. 9d. after paying expenses, gave £8 4s. 3d. to the Brewood Nursing Association and £8 to the R.A.F. Comforts Fund.

Our numbers have risen to over 350, and are steadily increasing. Another hostel is opening in March at The Loggerheads, making three now filled with Land Girls. Each county is now only allowed space in the LAND GIRL every other month, so don't be disappointed. After all, it is more interesting to read what girls are doing in other counties sometimes. Several of our Land Girls have been married recently. Best wishes to them all.

E. Suffolk.—On January 26th our first hostel was launched at Blomville Hall, Hacheston. Never has weather been less propitious, and we feel that great credit is due to the Warden, helpers and thirty girls

now there that they have settled down so cheerfully and made such a good beginning at work which exceptionally hard weather has made particularly tough and monotonous. Several more hostels will be opening shortly, under, we sincerely hope, less difficult conditions.

We have often read with envy of the large sums of money raised by enterprising volunteers in other parts of the country for the Spitfire Fund. Hitherto so many of our Land Girls have worked in isolated districts remote from each other that it has been extremely difficult for them to organise parties. Now the good news has come in of our first Land Girl entertainment in aid of "Our Spitfire." A most successful dance was organised by the Misses M. D. Goodman and R. Beverley on St. Valentine's Day, at Wangford-cum-Henham. An A.R.P. band played for the dancing, the organisers acted a short sketch, and there were many amusing competitions. Refreshments were served by other members of the W.L.A., and the sum of approximately £6 was raised.

We hear of another Spitfire dance being arranged by Miss M. Forrest, of Copdock, about the middle of March, and hope that these two will be the first of many successful Land Girl parties in aid of our Spitfire Fund, or any other really good cause.

W. Suffolk.—On December 29th the Dramatic Society at Culford Camp acted a pantomime, "Aladdin," to the great amusement of both spectators and performers. Once again we are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Peake for the trouble they have taken with the production. Shortly afterwards the Society ven-

tured further afield and gave performances of the pantomime at the Culford Parish Hall and the Bury Youth Centre. Really excellent music was provided by one of the Culford Land Girls, and a charming ballet presented by another, who had been a ballet mistress in pre-war days.

Surrey.—By the end of 1941, Surrey had placed 781 Land Girls in employment and contributed £59 2s. 6d. to the Spitfire Fund. By February 1942, Surrey had 807 girls on the land and our Spitfire contributions had risen to £68 3s. 6d. Can we not have an objective of £100 to record in next month's LAND GIRL? The Shere and neighbouring Land Girls are doing splendid work for the fund. On February 11th they were able to send £7 8s. for the Spitfire and £7 8s. to the Land Army Welfare Funds as the result of yet another dance—with refreshments, raffles and guesses that they organised in January.

Surrey was honoured by Miss Rosalind de Bunsen being invited to take part in the B.B.C. Farmers' Brains Trust and we congratulate her.

A new hostel for W.A.C. Land Girls was opened at Milford and promises to be a real success. The diamonds awarded for December and January were 114 first, 16 seconds, 46 thirds and 14 fourths.

We very much regret to announce that Miss W. Peters, a valued member who joined the Land Army at the outbreak of the war, was knocked down by a lorry and fatally injured in January. We would like to send our appreciation of her loyal service and our deep sympathy to her people.

Please send subscriptions for the LAND GIRL and any change of address to Mrs. Manwell, Mark's Cottage, Birkheads Road, Reigate.

W. Sussex.—Warship Week marches are reported from all over the county, and the Land Army's appearance at these seems to be very popular. At Worthing a wagon with a load of Land Girls carrying various farming implements was decorated with a poster saying "We fight the Battle of the Atlantic in the fields."

Christmas parties have been varied but very successful. At Todhurst Hostel the Committee Member for the district, the Hostel Warden and the girls entertained the Land Army girls from the neighbourhood. Representatives of a London paper were also present, and were very much impressed with the Land Girls' cheerful singing and playing of a percussion band, under Mrs. Rigg's direction. The party for the Land Girls in the Horsham District was held at the Y.W.C.A. club and included a Christmas tree and games. It was larger and noisier than ever and was very much enjoyed. The Warden and girls at the newly opened Yapton Hostel have given a party to troops in the neighbourhood in return for the many dances to which the Land Army had been invited.

Midhurst Land Girls entertained the Young Farmers' Club at their January meeting. One of the most popular items was a charade which included a skit on a Stock Judging Contest, with impressions of well-known local judges. This brought the house down and was thoroughly enjoyed by several of the judges who were present.

N. Wales.—During Christmas week Llandudno and District volunteers greatly enjoyed a visit to the theatre, at the kind invitation of Miss F. Wilkinson. Mrs. A. M. Morris's individual effort for the Spitfire Fund was very creditable, and resulted in a total of £2 13s. 6d. Congratulations to the Bangor W.L.A. Club on their splendid arrangements for the dance at Bangor, which has meant a contribution of £23 10s. to the Spitfire Fund. At the dance the prizes were distributed by Mrs. T. Chadwick, Vaynol, who was accompanied by the Chairman, Miss Griffith, and the

Secretary, Mrs. J. Edmunds-Edwards. The club officials, Mrs. A. M. Morris, Mrs. J. B. Rae, and Miss Bacon showed how able Land Girls are to take on a "job" of this magnitude, but I would also pay tribute to those "unseen" workers behind the scenes. Anglesey Volunteers will be interested to hear that Mrs. R. S. Pritchard, former committee member for Anglesey, has now a small son. We all, and especially those of us from the island, offer our congratulations and best wishes.

Wilts.—Marlborough and District Land Girls have arranged to meet once a fortnight. Mrs. Scott, of the Merlin Tea Rooms, has kindly given them the use of a warm, comfortable room and supplies of coffee and sandwiches at about a shilling a head. All Land Girls are invited to just walk in on Tuesdays, March 3rd, 17th and 31st, 5.30—7.30.

The hostel at Potterne opened in the bleakest, coldest weather, with very little doing on the land. However, things are beginning to hum now. There are about 25 girls, some of them threshing, some market gardening, and some working at the flax factory in Devizes. Miss Summers, whom all Lockeridge girls will remember, is Warden-in-charge.

Over four hundred members of the W.L.A., the Overseas Foresters, and their friends, danced away a happy evening at Chippenham on St. Valentine's Day. A military band provided an excellent programme of music, Lt. Austin was M.C., and there were various prize-winning events. Winners of the spot dance were awarded serviceable belts, the Land Girl getting one suitable for wearing with her breeches, and her Army partner winning an equally suitable belt. There were also various raffles during the course of the dance, and the prizes were presented by the County Secretary, Lady Katharine McNeile. As a result of the entertainment £31 has been handed to the W.L.A. Spitfire Fund. The W.L.A. members who organised the dance are most grateful to the "men from down under," whose help played so great a part in the success of the venture.

Worcs.—Worcestershire numbers have been creeping up all the winter, and now Spring is on its way there is beginning the usual rush period for the County Office. Every day brings more vacancies from farmers and nearly every day new Land Girls arrive, sometimes from far distant counties. We have 300 girls from other counties, and are so glad to welcome them. We admire them for the cheerful way they set to work and interest themselves in Worcestershire. They are employed in particularly large numbers in the market gardens of the Vale of Evesham.

The Pershore Hostel of the W.A.C. has been opened and is already full. The girls in both this hostel and the one at South Littleton have a weekly guest night for their friends, and are arranging a folk dance evening too.

SPITFIRE.—Worcestershire has passed the £200 mark, top of the list of counties, and Land Girls are still supporting the fund with patriotic enthusiasm. Many girls have given the extent of their rise in wages to the Spitfire Fund, and some are organising raffles. One raffle is a beautiful white buck rabbit. Does anyone want to buy a ticket? If so, write to the County Office, 5 Foregate Street. They are 3d. each.

Lady Denman attended rallies held in Warwickshire and Hereford on February 28th and March 1st. Accounts of these will appear in the April issue.

Southall Land Girls Club, Middlesex, collected £3 3s. in response to the Broadcast Appeal for King George's Fund for Sailors.

County Employment Returns and Spitfire Contributions

COUNTY.	No. of Vols. now working, placed in empmt. since outbreak of war.	Spitfire Contribution		
		£	s.	d.
Kent	1,830	40	3	2
Yorks	1,176	13	19	2
Essex	1,145	53	7	3
Hants	1,108	75	18	9
E. Sussex	902	42	14	6
Surrey	874	73	13	6
Leics 578, Rutland 143	721	69	14	6
Northants	703	59	12	6
Berks	643	23	10	3
Cheshire	637	136	1	4
Herts	630	53	18	2
W. Sussex	617	28	15	8
Worcs	609	217	6	6
Lancs	584	26	15	8
Gloucester	582	47	12	6
Norfolk	573	14	13	6
Somerset	540	66	6	3
Warwicks	540	128	15	1
Devon	518	15	4	3
Oxon	510	48	13	1
Lincs (Holland and Kesteven)	455	144	5	9
Salop	448	97	6	2
Bucks	447	9	3	4
Hunts 153, Cambs 258, Ely 35	446	180	3	4
S. Wales	425	11	15	2
Northumberland	423	5	15	6
Dorset	376	32	7	1
Lincs (Lindsey)	329	26	5	0
Cumberland and Westmorland	327	105	15	3
W. Suffolk	312	9	7	6
Monmouth	292	6	18	9
E. Suffolk	266	63	14	6
N. Wales	260	40	19	9
Durham	224	-	-	-
Beds	201	6	13	6
Isle of Wight	200	3	4	3
Denbigh	166	14	18	6
Derby	163	17	2	0
London and Middx	143	3	4	0
Flint	137	4	16	6
Brecon and Radnor	131	-	-	-
Cornwall	Not received	52	17	5
Hereford	"	45	5	2
Notts	"	13	10	3
Staffs	"	103	19	4
Wilts	"	137	17	10
Scotland	"	319	15	3
Headquarters	"	121	18	9
THE LAND GIRL	"	5	0	0

On February 28th there were over 24,200 members of the W.L.A. in employment.

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