

THE LAND GIRL



No. 2. Vol. 3.

MAY, 1942.

Price 3d.

SAVING AND SOARING

THE June issue of THE LAND GIRL will present an appearance unfamiliar to its friends. The national paper shortage and an expanding circulation enforce an economy in the amount of paper used, and this will be effected by reducing the size of the page. We hope, however, that by eliminating advertisements (other than personal ones), using smaller print and publishing rather fewer photographs, we can include almost, if not quite, as much of other things as before. In view of this fact, we trust our readers will not feel it is unjust that the price must remain the same.

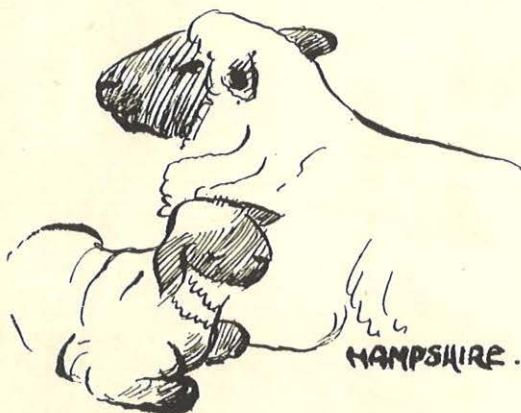
THE LAND GIRL is now launched upon its third year of life, and there are several ways in which you can help it if you are willing to do so. All members of the Land Army ought to have a chance to read the magazine, but the more who will share one copy the better. So tell other volunteers about it and share your copy with as many other people as possible. Also the Government particularly asks that all journals and papers should be given up for salvage when they have been read. Finally, please remember that the magazine takes several days to print, even after proofs are read and passed, and posts take some more. You can save our time and temper, as well as copies of THE LAND GIRL which can ill be spared, if you will send changes of address, renewals of subscriptions and articles and letters by *the 27th of the month before the next issue at latest.*

There is one more important matter. A record monthly total of £959 has brought the Spitfire Fund to £4,056, leaving us only £944 more to get. It has been a very exciting month—rumours of Cheshire's experiment, described by Miss Manley on the Correspondence page in this issue, filled Worcestershire with such anxiety for the safety of its place as leading English county that it instantly followed suit, and came in on the last day with £116, but a cheque by the very last post put Cheshire just ahead. Both these counties have raised between £300 and £400 for the Fund. Won't some other counties try Cheshire's plan, so that we may launch our Spitfire into a June sky?

M. A. P.

SHEEP

(Illustrated by the Author.)



THE flock of two hundred sheep which I look after consists of a variety of breeds, but mainly Dorset Horned sheep. These are very convenient for catching, as one can hold on to either end, hindleg or horn. They have white faces and short legs. The ram is a formidable old gentleman, imagining himself the boss until I learnt one or two ways of convincing him otherwise. Being "rammed" can be quite a painful experience! Besides the Dorset Horns we have Border Leicester Cheviots, a handsome breed of sheep, with white Roman noses and very fine fleeces. They are wild and athletic and consequently difficult to keep in folds, as they insist on jumping the hurdles. Also, there are a few pure-bred Hampshires, with coal-black faces, and some Cheviots crossed with Kerry Hill, resulting in freckles.

Since last October we have folded the sheep on kale, turnips, rape and swedes consecutively, and this is where the main shepherding work comes in. Each day my mate and I pitch and carry hurdles, enclosures being set up over one of the sheep-feeds mentioned. We traversed about fifteen acres of kale in this way, getting extremely wet about the legs, because in places the kale reached up to our waists, and I have yet to find really waterproof leggings! Stakes are pushed firmly into holes bored with a crowbar and then bent back and fastened to the hurdles with wire shackles. When the lamb population became prolific, we always had two folds made, with a lamb-gate fixed between two hurdles along the dividing line. The lambs can squeeze through the gate and feed on the pick of the next day's ration, while the ewes are too fat to pass through.

Twice a day there is a supplementary meal of

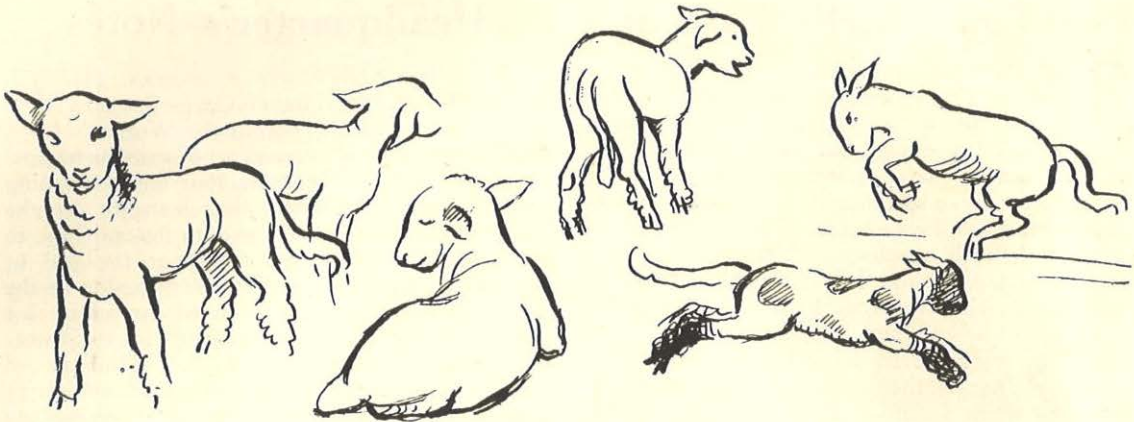
crushed oats, and always a hay-cage full of hay, very important in the cold weather when the ground is frosted or snowbound.

The Dorset Horns are a peculiar breed in that they lamb early, beginning in October. On dark mornings I would wander round the flock with a lantern, to see if there were any ewes in difficulties or about to lamb. They go off on their own generally when they think their hour is come. After watching and a few instructions, I learnt the art of midwifery, and very thrilling it was too when I brought my first little lamb into the world! The little, wet, struggling bit of life is quick to gain strength, clamber precariously to its feet and find where to suck, the mother licking away fussily the whole time. In the very cold weather we thatched some hurdles, placing them at the corners of the fold to give the ewes a sheltered spot for lambing. If they are out in the fields they always seem to find the ideal place for themselves.

Often, in the case of twins, the ewe has insufficient milk and the weaker of the two suffers; one is then banged on the head, very callously I thought at first, but realised afterwards that it is better to have one good lamb than two weaklings. If a ewe, bereaved of her lamb, has plenty of milk, the skin of her dead lamb is put on to a twin lamb of another ewe and the bereaved mother will immediately take to the strange lamb and regard it as hers. Sometimes the ewe dies, leaving a hungry, shivering lamb to be fed by bottle. I love doing this; lighting a fire, heating the milk to blood temperature, and persuading the lamb to suck.

When about four months old the ram lambs are castrated, turning them into wethers, which fatten quickly. All the tails are docked at the





same time. This is very necessary because, in the summer, sheep suffer horribly from flies and maggots, and we have to keep them neatly clipped round their tails to discourage the pest. Every morning through the summer we would be out in the fields for two hours or more, inspecting the flock, which was quite an exhausting occupation, trying to catch suspected victims and scrounging in the fleece for maggots. If neglected for a day or two the maggots eat into the flesh and cause great suffering. We rub them out with disinfectant and apply healing oil to the bare, sore patches.

The chief complaint of sheep seems to be foot-rot. Endless attention is paid to their feet to cure lameness; long toe-nails have to be cut and the rot hacked away from the inside of their hoofs. It is a horrid job and takes up a lot of time.

I am lucky in having a most delightful dog to help with the work. Nellie, a Scotch collie with exquisite manners, is my constant com-

panion. Although she owns no high reputation as a sheepdog, she will instantly obey certain traditional commands. "Get afore 'un," and the flock is rounded up in a body; "Bring 'em on," and she chases them up to where I stand; I tell her to "speak to them" and she will bark furiously.

Let all who may become shepherdesses in the Land Army dispel any illusions they may have, and which I, previous to experience, shared about watching the flocks in bliss and idleness, armed with a crook and piping tunes to frisky lambs in the springtime! I taught myself the recorder when I started shepherding, an appropriate instrument, I thought, but found no time to play it. In spite of many completely unromantic hours, the work is often fun and no two days are alike. Sheep are unspeakably aggravating at times, but they can also be very fascinating to learn about, and are not half as silly as most people think.

BARBARA DUNHILL, W.L.A. 36(493 (Surrey).

Difficulties of Dialect

DESPITE the B.B.C. there are still parts of the country where the local dialect utterly defeats the "foreigner." In a Westmorland Police Court a witness in a burglary case said: "It wasn't very decent, yer Honour, when he was coming up the stairs I had only got me smetherydiddles on." Asked to explain further, the witness said: "Well, your Honour, it is this way: "First comes me coit, then comes me petticoit, then comes me ninni-brumboddies, and then comes me smetherydiddles, and then comes me."

In a Norfolk Court, an agricultural labourer said in his evidence that "the tenty dumps in the meadows were terrible—all covered wi' em."

"Please explain to the Judge; he does not understand."

"Tenty dumps, yer Honour, tenty dumps—why they be the dumps the tunties make."

In Wiltshire a doctor told his youthful patient to put out his tongue. Nothing happened until the patient's mother interpreted: "Open thy gobbler and put out thy lapper."

Don't forget to listen to the Land Army talk at the end of "Farming To-day," on Thursday, May 28th, at 7.25 p.m.

A Land Girl's Lament

THE lorries drove out of the yard on a chilly December morning. In them were sixteen cows and a bull. It sounds quite an ordinary happening, but to me it meant the end of nearly two years with those seventeen animals as my one thought from 4.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. seven days a week. Two years of hard work and much happiness, when everything else took second place and I just thought in cows—milk—and what to feed them on. Now they have had to be sold, and I feel as if all that really made my work worth doing has been sold with them. What is the use of getting up in the morning when I cannot go to the field gate and call, "Coop, Coop, come along my old girls," and standing there alone in a still dark world hear them come padding towards me. First of all Strawberry, the queen of the herd, then Joan who made sixty guineas at the sale, and Sally who had calved a week earlier, next Primrose, Katie and all the rest of the herd. Having tied them up and washed them off we start milking. Oh! that swish-swash, swish-swash of milk into pails! What a grand sound it is, and what terrific satisfaction when it is all done and the cowman says, "We are a gallon up this morning, Miss."

How I loved them and everything about them. Yes, everything! Cleaning them in the afternoons before milking; washing their tails and brushing them out until they looked as good as a stableful of hunters. Learning all their different characters, all their likes and dislikes and all their dear funny little ways. No more shall I stand in the doorway and say, "Who wants a mangold?" and see sixteen heads all look my way and then, as I call each by name, be answered by a cow's way of saying "Me, please." No more will the sight of the roadman cutting grass fill me with delight at the thought of an easy dinner for Bill the bull. Dear old Bill, we knew and understood each other. I never hurt him so he never hurt me.

Never again when the sun is going down and I take them out after milking shall I see their pace quicken and a happy look come into their eyes as they see sixteen heaps of hay waiting for them. Never again shall I be able to pay my daily visits to the Maternity field to see how the Expectant Mothers were. No more shall I be able to sit with them when they were having a difficult time calving and feel them push their heads against my hand every time I stopped rubbing. Never again on a warm summer's evening, with the day's work done, shall I be able to go and sit in the field where they are grazing and be filled with a deep love and satisfaction as one by one they would see me and

Headquarter's Notes

THE TIMBER CORPS

A WOMEN'S Timber Corps has now been formed as a section of the Women's Land Army. New recruits who want to become timber workers are sent for four weeks training to a timber camp, where they learn to use the saw, the bill-hook and the axe, to lop, to chop, to fell and to handle timber. If at the end of training they are accepted for membership of the Timber Corps, they are seconded for service for the duration of the war with the Home Timber Production Department of the Ministry of Supply, which takes over from the Land Army full responsibility for their placing, billeting and welfare. The Timber Corps will in time have a special badge and distinctive headgear. Then no Land Army procession will be complete without its contingent of green berets!

OVER THIRTY THOUSAND STRONG

Record-breaking is the Land Army's latest occupation. March and April have seen record placings made, record training figures reached and—fortunately—record enrolments registered. 1,608 was the peak figure of new enrolments recorded at Balcombe in any one week. On April 30th the Women's Land Army had 3,500 volunteers at work and another 1,570 in training. As the Force grows in size the percentage of resignations is decreasing. The Land Army, in fact, is learning not only to do its job but to stick to it, which is quite as important a matter in time of war.

NO MORE GUMBOOTS!

That is what the rubber shortage means to the Land Army, for no more gumboots are being manufactured for its use. From the stocks already in county offices, gumboots will be issued only to those Land Girls who really need them because of the nature of their work. Volunteers who already have gumboots are advised to look after them well, wear them only when they must, and *make them last*. INEZ M. JENKINS.

Continued from Column 1.

come walking over to me as friend meeting friend. Happy, happy days! when my eyes shut as soon as my head touched the pillow and did not open again until the alarm went off at 4.20. Gone—all gone, but you will never go from my memory, old girls, and some day when the dull ache in my heart is more than I can bear, I shall go to the gate, and, opening it wide, call softly, and then in my mind I shall see you all coming across the meadow to me once again. "Come along, my old ladies, come along home."

W.L.A. No. 18 (Hants.).

Tomatoes

THE tomato, a native of South America, was first introduced into this country in 1596, and was grown, not for its fruit, but simply as a greenhouse climber, for the sake of its red and yellow berries, or, as they were termed, "Love apples!" This name was commonly applied to tomatoes by our forefathers, because they thought the berries possessed the power of exciting lovable feelings within the human breast. Land Girls employed in tomato growing will be able to tell if such is the case!

A writer in the 17th century says: "Wee only have them for curiosity in our gardens, and for the amorous aspect of the fruit. In the hot countries were they naturally grow they are much eaten of by the people, to cool and quench the heat and thirst of their hot stomackes. The apples also loyled, or infused in oyle in the sunne, is thought to be good to cure the itch!"

Tomatoes were not popular as an article of diet till the end of the 19th century. Since then they have been regarded as indispensable in our summer diet, and more than 2,000 acres are devoted to their cultivation in Great Britain, and more than 150,000 tons were annually imported before the war. Since the cessation of imports of tomatoes there have not been enough to satisfy the public, so we shall have to grow more, and endeavour to get better crops by eliminating disease, in order to increase the supply in the country. Tomatoes are a valuable source of vitamins, and as such are essential to the health of the nation.

For indoor culture, tomato seed is usually sown in January, in boxes containing a fairly light compost, and when the plants are about two inches high they are transferred to pots known as size 60. These pots should be thoroughly cleaned and sterilised before using, as disease can be transmitted to the new plants if this is not done. An adequate food supply is essential while the plants are in pots, therefore the compost should be a rich one, containing about 1 lb. of bone meal to 100 lb. of compost. The temperature of the glasshouses is kept as near 60 Fahrenheit as possible. About the middle of March or later plants are transferred to the borders of the glasshouses, and can be planted in a variety of ways, but generally 18 inches square. Little or no water should be given until the first truss has "set," and then both water and fertiliser can be applied. Phosphates and potash are the manures generally applied. Potash deficiency is the chief cause of "blotchy" ripening.

Many diseases and pests attack the tomato plant, the commonest disease being "Leaf

Mould," or *Cladosporium Fulvum*. Adequate ventilation is needed to counteract the disease, and plants should be sprayed with Shirlan A.G. Blossom End Rot causes a black patch in the fruit, and is due to lack of water.

Pests like the "White Fly," "Green Fly," can be destroyed by fumigation with cyanide, but "Red Spider" is more difficult to get rid of, and the houses should be fumigated with naphthalene before the end of September, when the mites go into hibernation.

DOROTHY FRIEND, W.L.A. 1,391 (Ayrshire).

PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.—LADY'S BICYCLE SADDLE (Brooke's), 12s.—SPON, 25 Bennett Park, S.E.3.

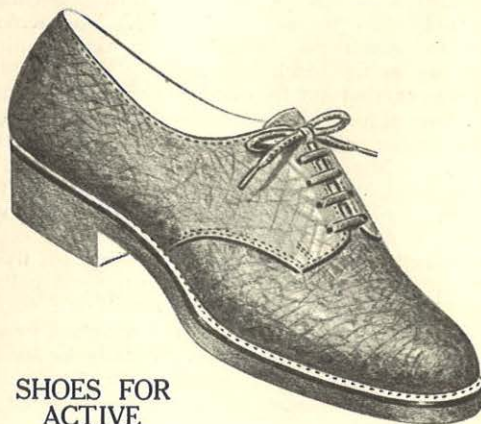
WANTED.—RIDING COAT, 35-36 in. bust.—Write: HUTCHISON, 187 Westlands, Whitley, Melksham, Wilts.

WANTED.—BLACK RIDING BOOTS, size 6, good condition. Reply: SYKES, Mill Farm, Lutterworth, nr. Rugby, Warwicks.

WANTED.—LADIES' BROWN JODHPURS, size 5.—BINGLEY JANELIE, Bush Hill, London, N.21.

WANTED. — BROWN LEATHER RIDING BOOTS, 6½ or near as possible.—Write: J. ROBINSON, Hillview, Ludham, Norfolk.

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RED LETTER DAY

By P. N. HARMSWORTH

Author of "On the Wing" Series (stories of the R.A.F. now running in "Chambers' Journal.")

MICHAEL and Gordon were great friends. They had come over from Canada together to join the R.A.F. at the beginning of the war; by supreme good fortune they met again at the operational training unit and in time became part of the crew of five in a heavy bomber. Both were wireless operator air gunners.

They had been iced up, shot up, and fed up together, and now considered themselves, at the respective ages of twenty-two and twenty-six, as veterans of the war.

Michael, the elder of the two, had become engaged on his last leave to a girl he had met at the home of some English cousins. This engagement had the full approval of Gordon who, although the younger of the two, took an almost parental interest in his friend's affairs.

Gordon approved of Sonia Davidson, firstly because she was a very nice as well as an extremely pretty girl, and when she left her employment as a mannequin in a smart London shop to become a successful unit of the Women's Land Army, his approval deepened. She would make just the right wife for Michael, who hoped to return to farming in his own country after the war.

Actually, Sonia's sacrifice for her country was not so great as it seemed; although town-bred, she had always longed to live in the country, and instead of finding her new job hard and tedious she discovered that for the first time in her life she was working at something she really cared about, amongst surroundings that spelt happiness for her.

To be sure, she put in a good deal of worrying in the long winter evenings at the lonely farm. Having a future husband who is rear gunner in a squadron which persists in raiding Germany does not make for peace of mind. The R.A.F. news to which she listened-in in the evenings gave her some black moments: "A successful raid was carried out by our bombers over Bremen . . . two of our aircraft have failed to return."

But on the whole her natural optimism asserted itself . . . Michael was going to be all right.

The giant Wellington thundered across the tarmac and took off smoothly into the dark. It was Lorient-to-night. "Expect we shall get a bit of flak there," thought Michael, adjusting his flying helmet. His parachute was hung up just behind him. He tested his power-operated gun turret, moving it to and fro by pressing on what looked like a pair of bicycle handles. Finally he loaded and cocked his guns, putting on the safety catches; "never know what one might meet on the way over."

He had a chat with Gordon on the inter-communication set, then he switched over to tell the Captain everything was O.K., and finally settled down.

His thoughts went to the girl he loved, and

then to the letter in his pocket. Well, Gordon knew what to do about that if anything happened, and the lawyer in London had instructions.

Michael had arranged to leave all he had to Sonia if he were killed. He had no one else to leave it to, as Gordon was comfortably settled, and next to Sonia he loved his little farm more than anything on earth. Gordon could take her over to Canada and she could farm it for him. If he could not be with her she would at least have the life she wanted.

But he must not indulge in gloomy thoughts.

For some reason Sonia had the blues that day.

Perhaps it was because her friend Peggy, who worked with her, had taken a week's leave to marry her sailor fiancé and was not due back until to-morrow. Sonia had been more than busy with the extra work in Peggy's absence, but the little farm tucked away in a fold of the Downs had seemed very lonely without a friend to chat to in the evenings.

It had been a lovely November day, and just before milking time Sonia strolled a little way up on to the downs to enjoy a cigarette before starting work again. She leaned against a gate and gazed away across the weald. The ground rose steeply from behind the farm buildings, and when the weather was fine Sonia always managed to come up at least once a day to look out over what she regarded as her own particular view.

The setting sun intensified the colours of the autumn foliage and was turning the sky to gold and orange as it sank. Sonia turned her gaze towards where, pencil-thin and blue, the spires of Chichester rose against the sky. She sighed. That way lay the coast. Somewhere over there Wellingtons and Blenheims were bombing up for the night strikes across the other side. Somewhere over there was . . . Michael; Michael with the thick curly brown hair, the laughing blue eyes with eyelashes so long that they really should have belonged to a girl. But there was nothing feminine about Michael's six feet of muscle and determination.

The lovely view seemed to mist over suddenly, because Sonia's eyes were full of tears. It was rather terrible to love someone so much, someone who had admittedly one of the most dangerous jobs in the Service.

Still, this sort of thinking would do neither of them any good. She looked at her wrist-watch and retraced her steps to the farm. Thank goodness Peggy was due early to-morrow morning.

The big Wellington was flying high above a bank of clouds lit from underneath by the opaque glow of the enemy searchlights. Ten minutes afterwards they were through the clouds and approaching the target.

The pilot wasn't liking things very much. Directly ahead of him there rose a formidable barrage, which had to be got through somehow.

Gordon couldn't see much, and Michael in his tail turret nothing at all, but he gathered from the conversation on the inter-com. that there was plenty going on. "A Brock's benefit, old boy," came Gordon's voice, "and all for us."

"NOW . . . boys," said his Captain, and the aircraft roared down and delivered its load of bombs. There was a blinding flash and flames seemed to shoot up past the 'plane. The search-lights kept crossing and recrossing. Damn! One had caught them. But, "Whoopee!" shouts the pilot, "we got them, dead centre; nice work."

The aircraft turned for home, twisting, wheeling, to escape the grasping fingers of light which were pinning it like a fly against the wall, but whichever way the machine turned the search-lights followed.

Suddenly there was a crash, and the Wellington shuddered throughout. Michael longed to see more, but the enemy night-fighters were up now and they were his particular job. Here came one right on their tail, its guns streaking fire. He made a pretty target and Michael let him have it. The fighter turned over and disappeared, flaming like a giant torch. Another fearful crash, and a large hole appeared about two feet behind the rear gunner's ear; then another.

At first Michael didn't feel any pain. He just felt as if a house had fallen on him, partly stunning him. But his left arm hung useless, and somewhere inside his chest someone had lit a fire. Then came the pain, gnawing like a wild beast at his torn body, followed by a deadly faintness. Blood was soaking down over the front of his tunic and Gordon was leaning over him. Michael noticed in some far away part of his mind that Gordon was crying; Gordon, who had been called "tough" in their native Canada.

"The letter," whispered Michael, as he slid forward against his guns. "The letter—take it now." Gordon took it.

The aircraft was chased part of the way home, with Gordon doing his best to fight off the enemy. He was wounded in the head and didn't remember much of what actually happened during that trip, which was all part of the night's work. But he was conscious when the pilot landed his seriously damaged aircraft at their aerodrome, with its load of dead and wounded men on board. He heard an aircraftsman say, "Poor chap, he's finished," as they carried his friend to the waiting ambulance, then he passed out.

He became delirious in hospital, raving so incessantly about a letter to a Miss Sonia Davidson which had to be posted immediately that the night sister, to quiet him, searched his clothes, and, having discovered the missive, put the sealed envelope into another. She copied out the address, duly stamped, and dropped it into the hospital letter-box.

The next morning Gordon, although feeling the worse for wear, was in his right mind and sitting up in bed realising he was still alive, when an orderly brought a message. Michael was not dead. He had been seriously wounded, and lost so much blood that at first the doctors had feared

for his life. In fact, the aircraftsman whose remark Gordon had overheard when the 'plane landed had not been the only person who had considered all was over for the young man. Michael was going to need a long spell of sick leave, the shell splinters which had torn through his chest, narrowly missing his lungs, had also smashed three ribs and broken his left arm. As soon as he could find his clothes and persuade the nurse he was all right, Gordon, his heart bursting with thankfulness, rushed to see his friend.

Michael's first request was for the letter. It had been posted!

Thank God the posts took a long time to get to that outlying farm. A telegram was hastily composed. Gordon smiled as he sent it off and returned to Michael's bedside to talk over the happenings of the night before. The second pilot had been killed, and how the Captain had landed his aircraft, practically shot to pieces as she was, was a miracle.

The following morning Sonia got up extra early. Peggy was due in time for breakfast. She would get the bus from Brighton and walk up the lane, leaving her suitcase at a small shop near the bus stop to be fetched in the farm cart later. There came a cheery whistle. Sonia rushed to the door to greet her friend.

"And how does it feel to be married," she chaffed, as Peggy divested herself of her coat and sat down.

Peggy was looking rather serious, thought Sonia. Not exactly the joyful bride. Well, it must have been pretty awful parting from her husband so soon, thought her friend, sympathetically.

"I brought the letters with me," said Peggy, diving in her pocket. "Called at the post office in case . . . and there's a telegram for you."

There was a little silence while the girls looked at each other. Sonia had gone rather white. She stood staring at the telegram and nervously twisting an envelope addressed in a strange handwriting which Peggy had handed her.

"Let me open it, old girl," said the other, and tore open the telegram.

"Am quite all right and will get decent sick leave. Not seriously damaged. What about us getting married and taking a holiday? Please do not open letter but ring . . . 367 as soon as possible. Only slight crash, don't worry. Much love, Michael."

Together the girls read the wire. Presently, "But there isn't a letter from Michael," said Sonia.

"Perhaps it will come by the second post," said her friend practically. "Anyway, you had better finish breakfast and then ring up your notoriously-damaged young man and see about getting married."

They talked excitedly, anxiously. The unopened letter was lying between them, and presently Sonia tore it open.

Enclosed was an envelope addressed to her in Michael's well-known handwriting. It looked dark against the gleaming white of the tablecloth, for the paper had been dyed . . . red.

My War Effort

ON July 1st, 1940, I was on my way to a farm as a volunteer in the Women's Land Army. I set off by train, feeling very pleased with the idea of working on a farm. Before the journey was over I was wishing I had never joined. I had to change four times, and all the trains were late. I reached my destination at 7.30 p.m. instead of 4.30. The farmer to whom I had been posted met me at the station with his car; it was six miles to the farm. He wasn't feeling any too pleased, as he had met several trains before I arrived.

On arrival I was introduced to the farmer's wife, who made me feel at home at once, giving me the ever-welcome cup of tea. The farmer said "good-night" after telling me to get the cows in by six next morning. The farmer's wife took me to my billet, which was about three minutes' walk down the road. It was a lovely cottage, with roses climbing round the door, and as soon as I met my landlady I knew that I was going to be happy there.

Next morning I awoke feeling much better for a good night's rest. As I was going out of the gate I met a young man, who told me he was the machine-milker instructor. He told me that the machine-milker had been installed in the cowshed where I was going to work, and that it was to be used for the first time that morning. He would help me for one week, then I should have to manage by myself. The farmer did not approve of the machine, but he was forced to have one because of the shortage of farm hands. This made me wish for the second time that I had never joined the Land Army.

Anyway, we got through the milking somehow. The cows did not behave at all well, but they were not to blame; the instructor, the noise of the machine, and I, were all strange to them. The farmer said he did not want to see the machine again. I then took the cows back to the field and went for my breakfast. After breakfast the instructor continued to show me how to wash and sterilize the milker and other milking utensils, a very interesting process.

I was then shown how to look after the calves. By the time this job was done it was dinner-time. I have never felt so hungry in my life. After the meal the farmer took me round the farm. There I saw "Sir Echo," the bull. I was told he either liked or disliked a person. I am pleased to say that we were friends from the start.

Soon it was time to get the thirty-five cows up again. "Oh dear," I was thinking, "that blessed milker will have to be manipulated again." And to our surprise the cows behaved

much better than they had done before, and the instructor felt sure that he could leave me to the milking machine with ease at the end of the week. The farmer felt a little better towards the machine after this. So much fresh air and the change of work made me feel very tired, and I was glad to get to bed.

So ended my first day in the W.L.A. I have been in "the Army" over eighteen months, and I have never regretted again that I joined up.

E. MOSS HOLLAND, W.L.A. (Oxon.).

"Cows and Milk," Young Farmers' Booklet No. 10, may now be obtained for 6d. (post free 9d.) from the N.F.Y.F.C., Oaklings, Canons Close, Radlett, Herts. It will be of particular interest to the many members of the Land Army who work on dairy farms, as it contains a great deal of information admirably expressed, and, like all the rest of these pamphlets, it is beautifully illustrated with a number of photographs, in several of which Land Army volunteers appear. Add it to your library now.

In Durham, at the Hostel at Chester-le-Street, volunteers who have come to join from other counties and who, therefore, cannot return home for the week-end are entertained by the Workers' Education Committee. The volunteers are taken to places of interest in Durham and Northumberland, they pay a subscription to the Committee, and except for the actual travelling expenses their subscriptions are refunded to them.

*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

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**ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES PRESS LTD.
ST. HUGH'S SCHOOL, BICKLEY, KENT**

SCOTTISH NOTES

MARGARET has left her office desk in Edinburgh "for the duration," and is now working happily on a farm in Ayrshire. This is how she writes to her former colleagues about the new life:

DEAR PLAYMATES,

Yes, playmates is the word for you people, even on the busiest day in the office. I never knew until I worked here just how one felt after a really hard day; now I have had the best part of a fortnight, and still finish up at 6 o'clock, dead tired. Hence the reason why you have not had a letter sooner.

Well, what is it like being an "agricultural worker"? Personally, I consider it is just grand, in spite of the aches and weariness I have felt, for through it all I really do feel very fit and well—much better than I have done for many months. Each morning when I go out at 7.30 (that's when we start work) I am amazed that I should feel so fresh and energetic instead of sleepy and sore as I did twelve hours previously. On fine days (and provided it has not been too wet overnight) we plant potatoes—there are fields and fields of them, some 20 acres or so generally—and on wet or unsuitable days we cut savoys and prepare them for the market, thin young seedling cabbages or do some of the other equally delightful jobs. I have yet to find a job that is easy, and believe that such a quest would be in vain.

Of the animals there is very little to tell you, as they are few in number. Six Jersey cows (which give the thickest of creamy milk I have ever tasted), some hens, but only sufficient in number to keep us and a few of the cottagers in eggs, and some sheep which I have seen in the distance only. There are, of course, the horses, of which there are five pair and an odd one. These are used for the ploughing, etc., and the one and only tractor is used for raking.

I live in the farmhouse, and share a room with the girl who does the milking. The food is good, as one would expect.

Well, that's all just now, for it is 9 o'clock and past time when I am usually in bed. I hope you are all bearing up, are not working too hard, and that all is going smoothly. I doubt if I could bear to sit at a desk all day now!

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET.

We hope that more of the "playmates" will follow Margaret's example and don the green pullover—they will all be needed.

The "Army" in Scotland is now some 2,800 strong. Good—but good, as somebody has said, is not good enough, and we must have our 5,000 before the year is out.

It is very satisfactory to learn that the Y.W.C.A. (Scotland) have decided to extend the hospitality of the recently opened "Victory" Club, Glasgow, to members of the Land Army *in uniform*. The Club is situated at 11-12 Newton Terrace, Sauchiehall Street, near Charing Cross, and has facilities for reading, recreation and rest. Sleeping accommodation is also available at 1s. per night, and girls who may have to visit Glasgow will always be welcome.

The Y.W.C.A. Club in Dumfries is also open to members of the Land Army, who are made honorary members and who can have dancing every Saturday evening for 6d. per person—partners not supplied, though!

Alford and Deeside.—Dancing for the Spitfire Fund is still the order of the day, or rather of the night. Mrs. Cook sends £9 10s. 6d., the proceeds of functions organised at Glassel by Williamina Dickson (£2 13s.) and at Lumphanan by Charlotte Robertson and Myrtle Abernethy (£6 17s. 6d.).

Banffshire.—A contingent of Land Girls took part in a Warships Week Parade in Keith, and very well they marched, after their drilling by Major Wilson, a member of the A.E.C. The Provost of Keith presented Good Service Badges and one special armlet, and complimented the Land Army on the splendid work its members are doing.

Afterwards the girls were entertained by Mrs. Grant, Glenfarclas, to tea and a visit to the local cinema.

Midlothian.—The girls at Struan Lodge, Musselburgh—the first hostel established in the county by the A.E.C.—had a lovely party the other evening to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of one of their number. There were jellies and trifles and dancing with the Royal Air Force.

Ross-shire.—The thanks of the A.R.P. Department are extended to the girls who helped to extricate an ambulance which got bogged in the course of a recent combined Civil Defence—Military Exercise. The girls, it appears, worked splendidly and did much to cheer the personnel.

Stirlingshire.—A member of the Land Army, Mary Brown, Shields Farm, Milton of Campsie, figured prominently in the observance of an old custom recently. When a farm is taken over by a new tenant all the neighbouring farmers give a day's ploughing, and Mary was sent with her pair to do the job for her employer.

Spitfire Fund.—In addition to the receipts already referred to, donations have been sent from: I. M. Tully, West Lothian, 2s. 6d.; Dorothy Pirie, Huntly, 5s.



A joke in West Sussex.

Correspondence

DEAR EDITOR,

I feel that you may be interested in an appeal which has been organised in this county in aid of the Spitfire Fund.

The idea really came from Miss Black, of the Cheshire School of Agriculture, and I enclose a circular letter which was sent, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to every member of the W.L.A. in Cheshire. Miss Black made herself responsible for all the stamps, another member of the staff paid for all the envelopes, and another paid for the duplication of the letters. The county was divided into areas, and each member took an area, addressing the envelopes and signing the letters for her own area. The result of this appeal was about £85, and in order to bring the amount to £100 a dance was held, and the total was £132 15s. 6d.

Personally, I did not at first believe that the result would be anything like this, and I wonder whether other counties could be persuaded to make a similar effort?

Yours sincerely,
E. L. MANLEY, Organising Secretary.
Cheshire.

(Enclosure).

DEAR MISS —,

We are most anxious that our noble Cheshire girls should make an extra great effort to get the LAND GIRL Spitfire flying as soon as possible. With your continued generous support we are sure this can be accomplished, and therefore ask if you will kindly subscribe 2s. 6d. or more (in stamps, postal order, or notes) in the enclosed stamped addressed envelope, by return, and not later than Monday, March 23rd, 1942. Thank you so much!

Yours sincerely,

In addition to this, Cheshire raised a further £83 9s. in April.—ED.

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very interested to read the letter in our March issue from No. 35,051, J. L. Riddock. I have been engaged on forestry work for nearly two years and am in a very similar position. My chief responsibility is the dispatch of all the converted timber felled in the various woods in this locality.

Beautiful belts of firs fall mercilessly under the woodman's axe, and the trees are converted mainly into pit props, but also into telegraph poles, scaffold poles, pickets and stakes, and the large butt ends are sawn off and sent to the saw mills for conversion into planks. There is no wastage, as even the tree tops are sent away to be converted into pulp. During the time that is not spent in measuring, filling in numerous forms, returns and consignment notes, I am able to assist in the loading and unloading of timber—the snaking out of trees by horses and tractors, and the never-ending burning of the branches of trees. I too have learnt to drive a lorry and relieve the driver on long journeys.

The grandest part about this life is the sense of freedom and the self-satisfaction of a job well done. Like so many others I live in a cottage which is run entirely by a Land Girl on farm work and me.

Yours sincerely,
DELLA SMITH, W.L.A. 3,392.
Bucks.

DEAR EDITOR,

I wonder if any of my fellow members are interested in statistics with regard to their respective jobs?

I am an assistant at a pig farm owned by the local Town Council, who every day collect salvaged food from the housewife and deliver it to the farm. This "swill," as we call it, is placed into vats (water added) and steamed by me. I cook between 5 and 7 tons per week. We house about 250 pigs, and when feeding-time comes round it takes my assistant and me over an hour to feed. Here are our statistics: We have no modern appliances, only the old "buckets." Each bucket when full weighs 2 stone, so between us we carry 1,120 buckets per week—57,240 per year. Our total tonnage averages 28 tons per week—1,256 tons per year.

All this is irrespective of meal rations. On sorting the "swill" we get some good "finds." Here is a brief list: Stainless cutlery (getting scarce, though), sixpences and pennies, brushes, bags of flour, blue, face cream, dead cats and rabbits, pots, scissors, locks, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Yours sincerely,
LUCINDA M. CROFT, W.L.A. 2,365.
Durham.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have been a member of the W.L.A. for almost two years, and during that period have worked on the same farm and stayed in the same billets, and would like, through the LAND GIRL, to pay tribute to the people who have billeted me for that period.

Not enough is said about the people who have so kindly taken us into their houses and provided for us during our stay in the W.L.A., and I'm sure many other Land Girls will join me in saying "Thank you," not only to our landladies, but also to other friends who make us welcome in their houses and so help the war effort by helping the Land Army.

Yours sincerely,
ALMA J. JAMES, W.L.A. 32,137.
West Sussex.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have just finished reading the LAND GIRL, and I want to thank every Land Girl whose letters I have read, even though I have never met them.

Through this book I find out what you are all doing in this war effort and how you all find your work interesting, even though some of you, like myself, knew nothing of it before the war. Weeks to me seem to go quickly with my work very interesting, and all I hope is that the Land Army will have more members and *victory* will soon be here.

Yours sincerely,
M. HUGHES, W.L.A. 53,525.
Devon.

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very interested to read of another Land Girl's success with lambs.

I also have a ewe which gave birth to quadruplets and six ewes gave birth to triplets. Out of 85 sheep I have 145 lambs. The quads are now one month old and are doing fine. I left all four with the ewe and fed them to start with every three hours. They all come running for their bottle as soon as they hear my voice.

I have now been in the Land Army twelve months; my only regret is that I did not join sooner. May I add that both my sister and I thoroughly enjoy the LAND GIRL, and are not content until we have read it from cover to cover. Yours sincerely,
MURIEL F. COATES, W.L.A. 42,472.
Somerset.

Our East Suffolk Rally

Calling All Land Girls

THE excitement of a visit from our Honorary Director and an easterly wind of exceptional force, even for East Anglia, had such an invigorating effect on the 250 or more girls gathered for our Rally on April 28th, that they went through the streets of Ipswich, tumbrils, waggons, tractors and all, practically at a canter, arriving at the Co-operative Hall a little before the scheduled hour of 2 p.m., thus denying Lady Denman the opportunity of seeing them march past from a special vantage point in the town.

Apart from this slight mishap this memorable afternoon went "according to plan," and judging from the many happy faces and snatches of cheerful conversation, may safely be considered to have been an unqualified success. We have already heard complimentary remarks about the smartness and general bearing of the Land Girls, and of the soldierly way in which they marched. Three Land Girls in gaily painted waggons led the way, the rearguard brought up by two "old hands" in their tractors and two milk roundswomen in their van. Banners with the words "Milkers," "Field Workers," etc., were held aloft, and divided the girls into appropriate sections. Our Chairman, Lady Cranworth, opened the meeting and welcomed Lady Denman, who was given a tremendously enthusiastic greeting. Lady Denman followed, and after her speech was presented with a large basket of "Suffolk produce," by Miss A. Parthington, our first Suffolk trainee.

Mr. S. Paul (Chairman of the W.A.E.C.), Major Ridley, who was a warm supporter of the W.L.A., and Lord Cranworth, Chairman of the County Council, who are all employers of several Land Girls, then spoke. Then came the presentation of G.S.B.s to 18 volunteers, and 19 girls who had already received the new armlet for 2½ and 2 years' service also had the honour of being presented to Lady Denman. The business then over, all the Land Girls stayed to tea, by kind invitation of Lady Cranworth. They were able to move about, making new friends and chatting to old ones, and to their joy Lady Denman talked with very many of them. We were lucky, too, in having Mrs. Pyke, Editor of the LAND GIRL, and she drew out the winning tickets for a raffle in aid of the LAND GIRL Spitfire Fund. First prize was a second-hand bicycle painted a beautiful shade of Land Girl green and decorated with red ribbons; second prize, a hand-knitted jumper in the same shade; and third prize, a tin of 20 cigarettes. This last being won by a non-smoker, Mrs. Pyke put it up for auction, and after some brisk bidding it was "knocked down" to our Honorary Director for £1. The Spitfire Fund benefited altogether by the sum of £8 15s.

From the *Spectator*: "Among the young women of the Land Army are more logical, intelligent minds than have ever before been exercised in British farming."

LAST month Lady Denman, our Honorary Director, broadcast on two occasions: on April 30th in the special five-minute L.A. talk following the farming broadcast; and on April 20th in the first of the new series of "Women at War." It was very flattering that the W.L.A. should be the first women's war service featured in this programme, and we hope that many L.A. members heard the Land Army song and the tributes paid by farmers, the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy to what Miss Clemence Dane, who conducted the programme, termed the "Cinderella Service." As Lady Denman said in her short speech of thanks—with sailors and farmers competing in the rôle of Prince Charming, we can be as proud of our nickname as we are of our record.

Miss J. Wright (Northants) kept the Land Army's colours flying the following Monday when, in the same programme, she described her life as a shepherdess. Another L.A. broadcast in April on the Home Service was by Miss R. Van der Byl (South Wales), and on May 14th a volunteer is describing her day's work in the overseas programme.

Don't forget to tune in your wireless set for this month's Land Army talk, which is on the last Thursday, *May 28th*, at 7.25 p.m., immediately after "Farming To-day," at 7.10.

The Land Army song, "Back to the Land," which was broadcast in the Forces programme on April 20th, was written by two Surrey volunteers, Mrs. Loring and Miss Adkins, and published in THE LAND GIRL some time ago. Copies can be obtained from the Editor for 1d., post free 2d., or 1s. a dozen, post free.

K. Hobden (E. Sussex) sends us the following tip for old Land Army socks: "I use all mine, no matter how darned, for making gloves. For each glove I cut off two socks below the ankle, put one inside the other and seam to the turnover top (which I cut off just below the seam), leaving space for the thumb, which is made by cutting two half circles from the spare parts of the sock. These are folded in half and seamed, then joined to glove. I find that a double thickness keeps the hands very warm; also this wears much better."

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Spitfire Fund

APRIL was a wonderful month, bringing the Fund up to £4,000. There were nearly 40 dances and it is a pity that there is not space to print the interesting accounts sent in. Wilts, Worcs and Cheshire had three each, Miss Hunter (Wilts) getting the top sum of £50. Durham opened their Spitfire account with £30 raised by Miss Jackson, of Barnard Castle, where the Lancs Fusiliers supplied the band. Woodham Mortimer once again did splendid work for Essex, Peterchurch (Hereford) with the help of the R.A.F. and raffles raised £30, while Tetbury (Glos) assisted by the K.O.V.L.I. band produced £44 10s. Buckhold (Berks) raised £30 at a dance organised by Mrs. Robertson-Glasgow, at which the R.A.F. band played. In Derbyshire two very youthful volunteers cleared £29 after paying all expenses. A very pleasant feature of a great many of these dances, particularly the smaller ones, was the fine organising work done by volunteers who often managed the whole business with no other help.

Old friends have continued to help, as the list shows. Hunts' pantomime brought £20 and they have passed £200. Glos, Hants and E. Suffolk reached £100. The last-named has done far better than many other counties with much higher employment. Congratulations to the W.L.A. trainees at Rodbaston, who sent £10. Has anyone's silence ever earned so much as Nonie's in Worcestershire?

Berks: £30—Buckhold Area (dance, per Robertson-Glasgow); 9s. 3d.—Hewens Wood Vols. (fines). **Total—£30 9s. 3d.** **Bucks:** £1 18s. 1d.—Bletchley Hostel—£1 1s. 11d.—Office Box. **Total—£3.** **Cheshire:** £132 15s. 6d.—Black (appeal and dance); £30 9s.—Malpas Area (dance); £5—Daresbury Vols (dance); £24—Bunbury Area (dance, per Davenport and Large); £22 10s.—Huckell (dance); 10s.—Muir. **Total—£215 4s. 6d.** **Cornwall:** £2 5s. Hills (whist drive and dance); 10s.—Gray; 5s. 6d.—Passey. **Total—£3 0s. 6d.** **Derbs:** £29—Lambert and Widdowson (dance); £1—Colley and Carr. **Total—£30.** **Devon:** £2 11s.—Sale of second-hand clothes (per Gatliff); 10s.—Coates. **Total—£3 1s.** **Dorset:** £1 15s.—Young (3rd). **Durham:** £30—Jackson (dance). **Essex:** £7—Woodham Mortimer Monday nights Club and Friday night dances; 10s.—Holman (cross-word prize); 5s.—Wright. **Total—£7 15s.** **Glos:** £44 14s.—Tetbury Area (dance per St. George); £24—Colnett (dance Dursley); £13 10s.—Dumbleton W.L.A. (dance); 5s.—Willis; 2s.—Davis. **Total—£82 11s.** **Hants:** £11 15s. 6d.—Jarvis (dance Andover Area); £2—Basingstoke and Kingsclere L.A. (per McDonald); 2s. 6d.—Holdsway. **Total—£13 18s.** **Hereford:** £30—Dance at Peterchurch (per Smith); 11s.—Spitfire Socks; 7s. 6d.—Bowden; under 5s.—Palfrey, Office. **Total—£31.** **Hunts, Cambs, Ely:** £20—Love's Farm Pantomime; £10—Willingdon Hostel (dance per O'Neil); £5 7s. 6d.—Shouldham (dance per Swift); £5 2s.—Garrett (whist drive); 7s. 6d.—West; 5s. 6d.—Walker; 5s.—Turnbull; under 5s.—Clay, Eldridge, Huntley, Brown, Anon. **Total—£41 15s. 7d.** **Kent:** £5 10s.—Missing (dance); £6—Galletley, Bashford, Lurcock, Croucher, Sandwell, Silk (whist drive); £4 15s.—Otterway and Setterfield (dance); £3 10s.—Callard and Kittenden (social). **Total—£19 15s.** **Lancs:** £7—Harrison and Oxley; £1 1s.—Westley; 10s.—Jackson, Taylor; 5s.—Johnson; under 5s.—Kirkbright. **Total—£9 8s. 6d.** **Lines (Kest. and Holl.):** £8—Caythorpe L.G.s (dance); £4 8s. 6d.—Twigden (dance); 10s.—Birch and Cushen (raffle). **Total—£12 18s. 6d.** **Lines (Lindsey):** £10—Wood Enderby Hostel (dance per Middleton). **Monmouth:** 5s.—Deakin. **Northants:** £11—Bradley and Jellis (dance); 5s.—Heygate. **Total—£11 5s.** **Northumberland:** £12 10s.—Matfen Hostel (dance per County Secretary); £13—Thompson and Marsh (whist drive and dance); £9 3s. 6d.—Ritson (whist drive and dance); £1 6s.—Norham Hostel Poultry Club. **Total—£35 19s. 6d.** **Oxon:** 10s.—Shrimpton; 5s.—Atkins, Banks, Cowan, B. Farrant, M. Farrant, Lachlan, Lambert, Macready, Rowden, When; under 5s.—Smith. **Total—£3 4s. 6d.** **Salop:** 14s. 6d.—Hughes; 11s. 6d.—Darling; 8s. 6d.—Koller; 6s.—raffle; 5s.—V. Morgan, P. Morgan; under 5s.—Billing, Hopwood, Bruffel, Cornes. **Total—£10 0s. 6d.** **Somerset:** £7 10s.—Whittaker and Dormer (dance Norton St. Philips); £6—Mullins (whist drive); £1—Hill; 10s.—Isherwood; 6s.—Horne. **Total—£15 6s.**

Staffs: £10—Noble (Rodbaston W.L.A. Trainees); £7 13s.—Rangemere L.G. (dance per Brentnall and Crisp); £5—Hoare Cross L.G. (whist drive per Price and Cramp-ton); under 5s.—Taylor. **Total—£22 15s. 6d.** **E. Suffolk:** £10—Forrest (dance); £9 16s. 3d.—County Rally; £5 1s.—Creasy (dance); 10s.—Gray and Bishop, Stithell; 7s.—Rudland; under 5s.—Dooner, Anon. **Total—£26 12s. 9d.** **Surrey:** £17—Farnham L.G. Club (dance per County Office); £7—Holmwood Volunteers (dance and raffle); 12s. 6d.—Cox. **Total—£24 12s. 6d.** **E. Sussex:** £17 13s.—Turner and Phillips (dance Hailsham). **W. Sussex:** 10s.—Lambert, Lamb; 4s.—Pister. **Total—£1 4s.** **Wilts:** £50—Hunter (dance, Trowbridge); £23—Swindon L.A. Club (dance); £20 4s.—Rogers and Marchant (dance). **Total—£93 4s.** **Worcs:** £45 2s. 4d.—Dance Malvern; £28 5s.—Dance Upton-on-Severn; £27 4s. 9d.—Donations from Volunteers; £10—Dance (per Perotti); £5—Nonie's Silence; 10s.—Sale of Toy Lambs. **Total—£116 2s. 1d.** **Yorks:** 5s.—Younghusband. **N. Wales:** £3 1s. 6d.—Rae (raffle); 14s.—Child (raffle); under 5s.—Williams. **Total—£3 18s.** **Brec. and Rad.:** £7 10s.—Maesllwch Hostel (dance). **Scotland:** £9 18s. **Headquarters:** Collection, Balcombe, £5 2s.; Finance Branch, per Scriven, £1 2s. 6d. **Total—£6 4s. 6d.**

WINTER WILD FLOWER COMPETITION.

THIS competition seems to have given much enjoyment to the 38 entrants (including seven from Dorset), and the judges certainly enjoyed it, too. D. M. Strange, of W. Sussex, won the prize for sketches with a delightful set of water-colour drawings, outlined in Indian ink, true in colour, exact in botanical detail and artistically arranged. A special prize was awarded to M. Dicker, of Berks, for her delicate pencil drawings. B. Puzey, of Dorset, won the prize for the pressed flowers with a collection of 107 varieties, well pressed and mounted, neatly named and shown off to best advantage in an attractive hand-bound green and grey cover. M. Kennerley, also of Dorset, was awarded a special prize for her charming little collection, beautifully mounted on sheets of varying tints. M. Gameson, of Somerset, also sent in a very good well-displayed collection. Congratulations to E. Smith, of Hants, on her cover made from "the bark of a silver birch cut down on a neighbouring farm," and to J. Milligan, of Worcs, on her embroidered cover. Various people embellished their collections with poems, local and Latin names (as well as the English), notes on the places where the flowers were found, and indexes. The standard, on the whole, was high, the chief fault being overcrowding. More frequent changing of the blotting paper as it became damp would have prevented an outcrop of measles on some specimens. The flowers found included adonis, yellow balsam, henbane, and several December foxgloves.

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MANCHESTER

COUNTY NEWS

Monmouth.—The Land Girls at the Institute of Agriculture, Usk, have their own Dramatic Society, and during the winter months have given shows in the surrounding villages and entertained the troops on several occasions. They entered two teams for the Monmouth Drama Festival, and on March 4th at Monmouth the adjudicator awarded them B. At Griffithstown on March 6th they obtained a B plus. On both occasions the adjudicator was very impressed with the performance. This county also has three Land Girls instructing girls in tractor driving and maintenance. One is Miss N. M. Harris, No. 3,286, who also worked in the last war. Two new hostels have been opened, with 26 girls in each, at Cross Ash and Michaelstone y-Vedw.

Norfolk.—Judging from the number of applicants we are getting now, the Land Army must be one of the most popular of the Women's Services in Norfolk; we think that all the volunteers now at work must be writing to their friends with glowing accounts of their new life and urging them to join quickly! Their work is certainly splendid, and one farmer has been known to say in public that we have solved his labour problem; another has written to say, "I must tell you I am very pleased with my Land Girls; indeed I can add that they beat the men I had before they came; we get more milk and the cows are much quieter, so do please send the half-diamonds along to show the work they do is appreciated."

Mrs. Maingay had a party for the Land Girls of the Aylsham district last month; they all went to the pictures first, and then had supper together. Two friends who used to work at the same place in "civvy life" met again after having lost all touch with each other, and found that they both were milking, and at farms only about four miles apart.

M. Baxter had an amusing adventure with her bullocks; she has one special friend among them that she always pats when she goes to feed them, but one morning she omitted to do this, and when she was undoing a bale of straw, felt herself being lifted off the ground: her favourite bullock had got its horns in the seat of her trousers. His greeting was never forgotten again!

Northants.—Our main news is an account of the Brackley War Weapons Week, the Land Army part of which was organised by our more than energetic local representative, Mrs. Hannay. Only a contingent of 42 girls took part in the Brackley area, owing to various reasons. Stress of work on the farms owing to the large amount of "back work" to be tackled because of the long frost delaying spring cultivation being the reason in several cases, but those that could take part were worthy of the Service they represented, i.e. in determination to help produce the food so vital to feed the other Services and the civil population.

The contingent, which was led by the member who had served third longest in the Brackley area (since November, 1939), consisted of lines of W.L.A. members in their various working outfits, carrying their respective tools, etc., hay-makers, hedgers, ditchers, field-workers and gardeners, supported by members in full kit, and last but not least a tractor driven by a W.L.A. girl, drawing a lorry on which was another W.L.A. girl in charge of a plough, which was only just visible amidst bales of remarkably sweet-smelling hay, sheaves of corn, piles of mangolds, etc.

After the parade (the girls giving the salute "Eyes Right" as they passed the saluting post), the contingent, along with the rest of the represented Services, lined up and was inspected by General Sir Hereward Wake.

Three girls, Joan Hodgett, Jean Toye and Gladys Rogers, have been commended by Lady Denman for their rescue of two injured airmen when two 'planes collided. One injured man who had baled out was dragged from the river and given first-aid most capably by Joan Hodgett and Jean Toye. The pilot of the other 'plane, which crashed into a nearby field, was helped from his 'plane and given assistance by Gladys Rogers, who kept her head wonderfully under very trying circumstances.

The girls employed by the W.A.E.C., working from the hostels, are winning much praise, and we are grateful for the help given to us by other counties.

There has been little time for social activities in the last two months, but we are proud that we are asked to share in a task so urgent for the nation.

Northumberland.—Snow began to fall early in the New Year, and for the next nine weeks the land was under snow or frost-bound, and often both. For the old hands it was a long and trying winter. For the new recruits it must have been a severe testing time. From Matten and other districts come accounts of the Land Army helping to clear roads by "casting" (i.e. shovelling). The rally season will open at Hexham on May 16th, when the W.L.A. volunteers in the district will be entertained to tea in the town, followed by a speaker not yet announced, and a visit to the cinema. Plans for other districts at present are: Morpeth (including Castle Ward, Newcastle and part of Bellingham), June 3rd, cinema, followed by supper in the Town Hall. Alnwick, June 7th, Lady Grey (County Chairman), at home at Howick, where there

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Alice meets the Caterpillar.

will be tea and sports. Rothbury, June 13th, tea at Mrs. Ord's house (District Representative), followed by cinema.

April has been a month of special efforts in the County for the Spitfire Fund, the total amount being £35 19s. 6d. The organisers deserve great praise, as also do the inhabitants of Matfen (both hostel and village), who together gave a concert for the Red Cross under the direction of Mrs. Hedley, which made £24. At a time when the problem of domestic help is so pressing, it is interesting to learn how Stamfordham Hostel solves the difficulty. Two young married sisters do the cooking alternate days. Each has a baby, so they take it in turns to stay at home and mind the two children. The father of the two cooks has volunteered to do the stoking.

The distribution of THE LAND GIRL in the County is now being undertaken by Mrs. Guy May, The Old Rectory, Ponteland, and Miss Nora Adamson, The Craig, Middleton. They have our gratitude for so kindly undertaking this task in addition to their many other activities.

Oxon.—"I require more of your excellent Land Army," was stated in a letter of application for labour received in the Oxfordshire office. A farmer came in to ask for a volunteer, and said he had seen some working and they were so good they beat the men! From all over the county we hear praise of our volunteers, and very proud we are to hear it.

Volunteers in the Oxford City area held a very enjoyable Easter party. Another party is being held in Banbury Y.W.C.A. on Saturday, April 23rd. Drama, swimming and tennis clubs are being formed. Several of our Land Army representatives have offered their tennis courts for the use of volunteers in their neighbourhood. A Land Girls' Correspondence Club has been formed, organised by Mrs. Fry, the Magazine Secretary. It aims to bring together all

isolated workers by forming correspondence groups.

West Suffolk.—We were very sorry to lose Mrs. Lindsay Scott, who has been our County Secretary since the beginning of the war, but welcome Mrs. Le Blond in her place, and Mrs. Binfield as County Organiser. One hundred and sixteen Land Girls, mostly new recruits, are now established in the beautiful new hostel at Lakenheath. We are very grateful to the Y.W.C.A., and especially Miss Cavell and Miss Gibbs, for organising and running this hostel for us. Some of the girls made their first public appearance recently at a military parade during the Mildenhall Warships Week, and were complimented on their smart appearance. After the parade they shared a tea party with the band of the Highland Light Infantry, and the Scotties entertained the girls with bagpipes and reels. Our Chairman, Lady Briscoe, gave a memorable cinema and tea party to the first 15 girls in the County to be awarded their fifth Good Services Badges, and our heartiest congratulations to these stalwart volunteers. As well as their badges they received the special second-year armlets, which have just been issued. Miss J. King has received what we think is a unique honour among Land Girls. She has just been appointed Woman Labour Officer to the W.A.E.C.

Surrey.—A most successful and inspiring agricultural demonstration was held on April 21st and 22nd, arranged by the Executive Committee of the Surrey W.A.C. at Witley Park, by kind permission of Sir John Leigh, Bt., M.P. The Minister of Agriculture, the Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson, M.P., and Sir George Stapledon, C.B.E., M.A., F.R.S., were the speakers, and more than 2,000 people attended each day, including farmers from all over the county, many of whom brought the Land Girls working for them. Seventy-five Land Girls took part in the demonstrations and show generally, and an official of the

W.A.C. paid a high tribute to the work of the Land Army. There were most interesting demonstrations of cropping, re-seeding, thatch-making, transplanting, mechanical potato planting, ditching, hedge and bank clearing, etc. Representative types of silos and silage, and the straw pulp process, were shown. There was a continuous showing of agricultural films and a photographic display. Something of interest to everyone engaged in agriculture.

On March 25th one of our members, Miss Anne Taylor, broadcast in the "Five-to-One on the Land" series. She was a ballet dancer before the war, and now finds the Land Army a fine, adventurous life. She has done all kinds of unaccustomed jobs, from fetching horses 18 miles away when she had never been on a horse before, to hedging, manure-spreading, milking, keeping 300 head of poultry, etc. She looks forward to taking the calves to market, when she meets other Land Girls. "Life in the W.L.A. is not soft, but it's grand, and I hope to go on working after the war."

The Uniform Department of the Surrey Land Army at Guildford will in future be at Salmon's Garage, Dark Street, just below the Education Office.

Surrey Land Girls, of Holmwood, near Dorking, want to express their warm thanks and best wishes to Mrs. C. Hewitt, who has resigned her post as Local Representative to take up farming on her own newly acquired farm.

W. Sussex.—The Land Girls in the Horsham district organised a most successful dance at the Drill Hall, Horsham, on March 14th. A profit of over £60 was made, which was divided between the new Land Army County Benevolent Fund and the Y.W.C.A. Club in Horsham, which is so much appreciated by members because of its club facilities, and because the Land Army monthly socials are held there.

The Horsham district has unfortunately to lose its very popular committee member, Mrs. Munro, who has been looking after the district for the last 18 months. She is to join her husband in Canada and will be very much missed. Lady North, who looked after the district at the beginning of the war, and is also the Magazine Representative, is kindly taking on again.

The Chichester district held a very successful social in March, when a percussion band was organised by Mrs. Iggulden, of the West Sussex County Federation of Women's Institutes, and afterwards an excellent General Knowledge Bee was run by members of the Land Girls' Committee. Miss D. Tearall (W.L.A. No. 5,255) raffled a chicken in aid of the Benevolent Fund. This was very successful, and brought in £3 10s.

The girls living in the hostels at Todhurst and Yapton and working under the W.A.C. are now in full swing and are travelling all over the county, doing potato planting, etc. To judge by their cheerful and healthy faces, it suits them excellently.

Our Chairman, wearing her new official armband, was waylaid at a market recently by a passing farmer and asked how long she had been working. She was filled with pride at being taken for a Land Girl.

Worcs.—The W.A.C. are taking on many more Land Girls to help with work all over the county. Most of them are working in gangs, but some of these girls form a pruning group, others a spraying group, while six are working on Cub excavators. At a recent machinery demonstration, Land Girls drove with great efficiency tractors pulling various new implements.

Several new hostels are shortly to be opened, and will accommodate Land Girls who will help with

many different jobs, such as work with beet, potatoes, and on market gardens. They will be dispersed all over the county.

Enrolments in Worcestershire are slightly increasing, and we hope for more recruits as a result of the shop window displays in many towns in the county and the co-operation of the Press. Good publicity has also been given to the W.L.A. by Miss Stella Shorter, whose bravery saved the life of Mrs. Keep, who was knocked down by a vicious heifer and would have been gored to death but for Miss Shorter's courage in beating off the attack. This brave act has been commented on in several of the daily papers and county Press. Miss Doris Clements, our rat and rabbit catcher, has been "In Town To-night," and is much sought after as an expert at her job.

SPITFIRE.—This month we have passed the £300 mark, and we do congratulate all the Land Girls who have worked so hard to do this. Upton-on-Severn district deserve special praise for the splendid contribution of £28 10s. from a dance, and we much appreciate the efforts of members of the County Committee, which resulted in £45 being raised at a dance in Malvern.

Yorks.—Our farmers now seem to have realised the value of the W.L.A. Last year at this time the employment figure was 300, but now it is over 1,500. In addition we feel there cannot be many counties in which Yorkshire girls are not now working—during the first three weeks of April alone over 300 were exported to other counties. Our new office address is at 8 Tewit Well Road, Harrogate. We think this move will be appreciated by all girls and employers who call to see us, as it will no longer be necessary to climb up three flights of stairs or to find a way through a maze of uniform cartons before reaching the office!

Five hostels, each accommodating 40 girls, are now open, and it is hoped to open a further nine within the next few weeks. All the girls in the hostels are employed by one of the W.A.C.s. After working hours various dances and socials have been organised, and in addition glove and slipper making classes and drama classes, etc., have been arranged.

N. Wales.—Our Chairman, Miss Griffith, presented Good Service Badges at Bangor when the Area Secretary arranged a very enjoyable musical evening. In Anglesey The Lady Kathleen Stanley presented the Badges at a party to which all girls in the county as well as W.L.A. representatives were invited by Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Oswald Thomas. On the same afternoon Land Girls paraded at Bangor, Bethesda, Caernarvon and Port Dinorwic. They looked splendid, and after the hectic hustle fully deserved the tea provided for them by our Chairman at Caernarvon and the Warships Week Committee at Bethesda. Dolgelly Land Girls, nearly all of them forestry workers, were on parade the following week, and afterwards were invited to tea by Mrs. Barnett.

Land Girls employed in the Montgomery area deserve great praise for arranging the dance and whist drive on Easter Monday. The result meant a contribution of over £23 to the Spitfire Fund. Miss Owen is to be thanked for providing the goat for a raffle, and Mrs. Vaughan and the Mayor of Montgomery for assisting the girls with the arrangements. By special invitation of the Mayor, Land Girls were on parade on Mayor's Sunday at Montgomery. We welcome the staffs at our new hostels at Coedydinas and Menai Bridge, and we hope they and the Land Girls in residence will be very happy. A Welsh Sunday School Class at an Edeyrn Chapel is composed entirely of Land Girls employed in the district.

COUNTY RETURNS

COUNTY.	No. of Vols. now working, placed in empmt. since outbreak of war.	Spitfire Contribution £ s. d.
Kent	2,173	64 5 2
Yorks	1,952	25 7 3
Essex	1,588	66 17 3½
Hants	1,313	101 9 9
E. Sussex	1,190	60 7 6
Leics 873 and Rutland 193	1,066	71 19 6
Surrey	1,063	98 5 0
W. Sussex	887	38 7 8
Wilts	863	231 0 10
Northants	853	81 11 6
Cheshire	841	357 2 4
Lincs (Holland and Kesteven)	838	157 4 3
Herts	811	86 9 2
Norfolk	782	15 9 6
Berks	771	65 17 0
Worcs	755	340 1 10
Notts	715	25 10 6
Somerset	695	93 4 9
Glos	691	138 6 7
Northumberland	691	41 16 6
Devon	666	18 15 3
Oxon	614	55 0 1
Hunts 226, Cambs 328, Ely 47	601	221 9 6
Salop	564	120 14 2
Bucks	560	14 15 6
Cornwall	525	55 17 11
Dorset	475	35 7 1
Lincs (Lindsey)	473	65 5 0
Staffs	470	127 0 10½
Cumberland and Westmorland	465	110 12 3
N. Wales	427	44 17 9
Monmouth	378	7 3 9
Hereford	370	76 5 2
E. Suffolk	354	104 2 3
Durham	297	30 0 0
W. Suffolk	295	10 7 6
Beds	244	6 13 6
Denbigh	234	14 18 6
Isle of Wight	223	3 4 3
Brecon and Radnor	220	7 10 0
London and Middlesex	216	3 4 0
Derbs	211	3 4 0
Flints	206	4 16 6
Lancs	No return	41 19 8
Warwicks	„	138 15 1
S. Wales	„	11 15 2
Scotland	„	368 16 0
H.Q. and LAND GIRL	„	134 3 3

The employment figures given above include ALL members of the W.L.A. working in each county.

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Published Mid-Monthly

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