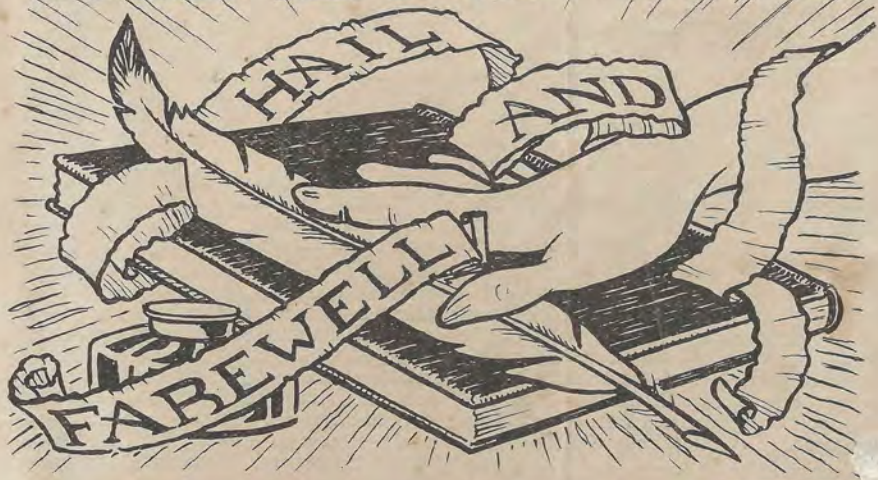


THE LAND GIRL



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ALTHOUGH the **Land Girl** and the Land Army are not twins they have known each other intimately since nursery days. The magazine started when the young Land Army had just begun to show a rather sceptical world what it could do. There were fewer than five thousand members at work then but after that it went from strength to strength; in fact, until recruiting was stopped by the Government in 1943, the Land Army never looked back from the date when the **Land Girl** started. We are not at all conceited but we cannot fail to notice this curious coincidence!

To be serious, the **Land Girl** has been proud to publish the triumphs of the W.L.A. Some of these have been spectacular like the hundreds of volunteers who ploughed the fields (but did *not* scatter) in the midst of the battle of Britain; others, less showy, needed perhaps even more endurance—milking, and washing milk churns in a wintry dawn, pulling sugar beet from its clayey grave, picking frozen brussels sprouts, and the hundred and one other hard and humdrum jobs that come the Land Girl's way.

In less practical fields also, the Land Army has proved its versatile capacity. Handicraft, art and embroidery exhibitions, several books, and the poems, articles, stories and drawings published in the magazine during the last seven years have abundantly proved the theory put forward in the **Land Girl's** first number that there was no reason whatever why cows and culture should not go together.

But besides all these individual and collective achievements, members of the Land Army have added something to their own credit balance. They have discovered the satisfaction that is to be obtained from gathering the harvest of one's own labour, from the country way of life, and from developing one's own resources in leisure. But, even more important than all this, they have already learnt the lesson we must all learn if Britain is to survive in peace as she did in war—to accept the discipline of hard work for the common good. The Land Army has a fine record of what it has done to improve the wages and conditions of women working on the land but its members have no doubt at all as to which comes first—wheat or wages, shorthorns or short hours.

Although the **Land Girl** will no longer share the life of the Land Army, there will be the Headquarters News Letter to carry on the tradition. Though smaller, and perhaps somewhat tardy in making a first appearance on account of the fuel crisis, this new member of the family will have some familiar features, and the warm goodwill of its predecessor. Last but not least, the **Land Girl** wishes the very best of good fortune to all its readers and to all members of the W.L.A., past, present and to come.

M.A.P.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LAND GIRL

If someone asked me what work I was doing yesterday, I could answer briefly and concisely in four words by saying: "I was cutting cabbages". Or I could say—this . . .

When I left home at 7.15 a.m., it was still dark, but the moon was shining brightly and the stars were brilliant in a clear indigo sky. The grass was crisp under my feet, and glittered as though spangled with diamante; the hawthorn hedge was a scintillating filigree. A stiff wind blew from the north, bringing the fresh tang of the countryside with it.

I arrive at the farm at 7.30 a.m. and receive my orders; that is, a hand bill is thrust at me and the gesture is accompanied by one word—"Cabbages". I interpret this to mean that I am to cut the vegetables named and I turn my steps in the direction of the cabbage field.

I am just beginning to find out a few things about farm life—for instance, I know that were I to handle frosty cabbages on a morning like this my gloves would soon be soaking wet and my hands like pieces of raw beef steak. So I find a forked hazel branch in the hedge, cut it just below the fork, and then trim off one of the forks about three inches up, leaving the other long for a handle. This is known as a "hooker"—and very useful it is too.

I go to the bottom of the field and start working up, cutting six rows and laying three rows on either side, thus making a road so that the tractor and trailer can pass between. The world is white and ghostly in the moonlight, and except for the plaintive cry of an owl, is deathly still.

Presently the sky lightens in the east and the cold winter sun makes its first appearance. With it, comes a low mist in the valley, but this soon clears away and I am able to enjoy my surroundings. The cabbage field is on a fairly steep slope; as I stand at the bottom of it I have a small copse of beech trees on my right and on my left the open Downs go rolling away into the blue distance.

I cut away steadily until the sun is over the beech trees, when I know it is time for lunch. By the time I return, nearly all the frost has melted, and the cabbages hold about a gallon of water each which they endeavour to tip into my Wellington boots at the slightest opportunity. Far away in the distance I hear the dogs barking and surmise they

are getting the cows in for milking and the time must be about three o'clock.

At about half past four the farmer's son arrives with the tractor and the trailer to get a load; he has brought a spare prong (or pitchfork) for me and we work one on either side throwing up cabbages into the trailer.

"Is this all you've cut?" he asks.

"Whaddya mean, all?" I query indignantly, eyeing with pride my three neat roads across the field.

This gives him an opening to make some disparaging remark about Land Girls in general and one in particular, but as it happens, he chooses the wrong moment to do it. I have a ten-pound cabbage on the end of my prong; I heave it clean over the top of the load and wait expectantly. It comes—a muffled thud and a stream of language . . . "Why, what's the matter?" I enquire innocently. "What's the matter?" he explodes. "That—cabbage only nearly knocked me out, that's all".

At last the farmer's son drives away with his load. I hack half-heartedly at a few more cabbages but the stalks seem tougher than ever and I decide to call it a day. The sun is just sinking in a blaze of glory and the sky is aflame with crimson. The little willy-wag-tails that have been bobbing around me all day have disappeared, and as I trudge homeward one pale evening star winks from the rapidly darkening sky.

Well, that's my day—and it could all be summed up in four words!

We, in the Women's Land Army get many dull and monotonous jobs to do. One of the worst of these is muck-spreading. I expect you have all seen those little heaps laid out in nicely spaced rows across the field; each heap has to be levelled down and spread evenly over the ground so that it can be ploughed in. Thus the farmer puts back into the soil what the plants of the previous crop have taken out, and unless this was done every year the crops would very soon deteriorate. Like most farm work, it is not as easy as it looks, but there is a cunning knack of flicking the spud which saves a considerable amount of energy.

I was glad it was cold and windy when I got this job, as muck-spreading on a mild still day can be most unpleasant. I was armed with a spud (a four pronged fork with a long handle) and commenced work by the light of a full moon. It

wasn't long, however, before the heavy bank of clouds on the eastern horizon was gashed by a streak of salmon coloured light which widened and broadened until the sky was aflame. The full moon faded into a pale ghost of its former self and delicate traceries of frost appeared on the leaves and grass.

With daylight came a strong wind that sent great grey clouds scudding across the sky; every now and again a few large drops of rain came pattering down. I waved to the milk lorry as it went up the lane to the farm and knew that the time must be about ten o'clock; after what seemed an eternity the postman followed the same route and that meant it was nearly eleven. After another interval which seemed to be at least four hours, the tractor, which had been working on the other side of the hill, stopped. Twelve o'clock! I drove my spud into the ground and made tracks for home and lunch.

Back again in the afternoon it was gratifying to see the little heaps slowly but surely decreasing in number. Muck-spreading is quite a calendar event with countryfolk; I have a delicious cartoon in which a Landgirl is saying to a very shocked and scandalised Bishop: "Ay! I'll 'ave been in the Land Army two year come next dung flinging!"

Just when I was getting very cold and hungry and wishing very hard for five o'clock to come, a skylark burst into full glorious song as it climbed aloft with flickering wings. I closed my eyes for a moment and saw a golden field of corn rippling in the sunshine under a cloudless blue sky. Then I opened them on a world dull and grey; of naked trees and bare ploughed fields. But the lark still sang—joyously—triumphantly giving promise of better days to come.

W. Kent.

D. Suckling, 124346.

Congratulations to H. Marle, 36756, Glos., for the magnificent help she gave to her employer in extinguishing the fire which broke out in the poultry houses at Icomb Proper, Stow-in-the-Wold.

Now that the magazine has come to an end there will be a number of outstanding subscriptions to the LAND GIRL on which further copies are due. Any subscriber who has already paid for copies after the March issue and who would like this money to be refunded, should write to her county office.



THE EDITOR

Good editors like good pastry cooks are born not made. Sometimes they live and die undiscovered.

There was perhaps an element of luck in the discovery of Margaret Pyke as Editor of the **Land Girl**. True, at the time of her appointment, her friends and colleagues knew something of her literary powers; her editorial abilities were yet to be revealed. Quite early it became clear that in her the **Land Girl** had the Editor it needed. Under her direction, the magazine at once filled a gap. Indeed it was so immediately welcomed by Land Army members as the uniting link they needed, that it was hard to know how we had managed to do so long without it. The **Land Girl** grew in size and circulation and at last blossomed to full official status. Its character did not change nor its place in the affections of the Land Army—a character given to it and a place won for it by its Editor.

I wonder how many readers have done what I once did when preparing my **Land Girls** for the binder—that was to read through one after another the editorials of the war years. It was extraordinary how they brought back all our Land Army experiences, our times of difficulty, hope, depression, frustration, triumph. It was even more extraordinary to realise how month after month our Editor had unflinchingly contrived to produce just the editorial that was needed, giving us in her own vivid and highly

individual style, the proper measure of consolation, commendation, chastening or encouragement.

Now that the time has come to say goodbye to the *Land Girl* and to its Editor, I must use the *Land Girl* as it has been used before to speak for the Land Army. On behalf of all of us, I would thank our Editor for all that she has done to unite us in friendship and in our common endeavour. No one of us will easily forget our years in the Land Army. No Land Army reader will easily forget the *Land Girl*. Its Editor will be remembered by us all as the person who never failed to say the right word at the right time in precisely the right way. It is with affection and with true gratitude that we bid her fare well.

Inez Jenkins.

"Few are the people who fully realise the extraordinary beauty of the Arctic" says Kare Rodahl in *The Ice Capped Island Greenland* (Blackie & Son 12/6) but the lovely photographs with which he has profusely illustrated his book will enlighten his readers. Mr. Rodahl is a scientist and an explorer and he married Joan Hunter, a well-known ex-member of the W.L.A.

Greenland is important as a link between Europe and America on the shortest air route and as a source of long-range weather forecast. Here is a chance to read about it with both pleasure and profit.

When I Hid in the Marsh, by B. Melville Nicholas. (Andrew Dakers. 6s.)

Don't be misled by the word "Marsh" in the title: Mr. Nicholas deals also with birds and beasts of moor and streamside. He knows what he is talking about, talks interestingly, and has chosen some splendid photographs by leading nature photographers to illustrate the text. He has taught me quite a lot about moorhens but one thing I'd like to ask him: What happens to the moorhen families by next season? I know a quite small pond where one pair always nest. Each year they rear at least two families, yet next spring only one pair is in possession of the pond. There is no other water for at least a mile. "So what", as they say?

E. M. Barraud.

NATURE DIARY

This month marks the official opening of spring but long before the appropriate date there is abundant evidence on all sides of the present awakening.

It is not generally known that the first bird migrants arrive this month, but both the handsome wheatears and the secretive chaff-chaffs can be expected from about the middle of the month onwards. Out on the downs, where only sheep and rabbits are seen for miles, is the place to see the wheatears, and they soon start nesting, often in disused rabbit holes. But while they are still coming into the country they may be seen quite widely. The clean, slate-blue back and constant flitting of the tail are distinctive. Wheatear really means white rump, by the way, and is an apt description.

Among all the animal and bird life there is a most noticeable quickening of tempo, a definite reaction to the arrival of spring. Song-birds like thrushes and blackbirds, whose vocal efforts hitherto this year have been merely sketchy, really get down to the business in earnest and sing frequently during the day and regularly at dawn. If the weather be mild it is quite common for them to begin nesting, often building in some absurdly exposed place. These early nests are always thrilling to find and one hopes that the efforts of these birds will succeed, even more than the later ones. But few do, for with the lack of cover natural enemies of all kinds have little difficulty in finding the nests and destroying the eggs or young. Many other birds begin courting, each to various accompaniments, the lapwing to much nest-scraping and erratic flying on the arable land, the wood-pigeon to his elaborate bowing and fanning in the tree-tops and noisiest of all, the great tit with his persistent tinkling saw-sharpener note almost everywhere. The blackthorn starts to cover itself with white blossom and among the several wild flowers conspicuous are the golden lesser celandines beloved of Wordsworth and the still leafless coltsfoot. The latter is one of the few spring flowers of the countryside that has established itself thickly on bombed sites in nearly every blitzed town.

David Gunston.

The cover design of this issue was specially drawn by Isobel Mount.



Miss Betty Jones, 36881, joined the W.L.A. in 1940 and was first employed in Surrey, then in Devonshire from 1941 to 1944 and lastly once again in Surrey until she was released in January to be married.

Miss Jones was employed as a fancy goods buyer before the war but she had also had experience of horses. She considers that the past six years have been the most useful and interesting of her life and she has a keen appreciation of the variety of country life and ways from the "oldest labourers" (of Devon) "who could neither read nor write and spoke with awe of my going 'abroad' when I came home to Surrey" to the "temperamental little beasts", the Jerseys she looked after when she did get back to Surrey.

Devon gave most glowing accounts of Miss Jones's work and she gained 91

marks out of 100 in her Milking Proficiency Test. She has also learnt about sheep and general field work as well as her first love, horses. Her last employer wrote of her—"during the eighteen months she has been with us she has given extremely good service and her all round knowledge of farming proved invaluable to us". It should also prove invaluable to her farming husband whom she first met, appropriately enough, on the top of a haystack when she went to his father's farm to learn to thatch.

There are a limited number of back copies of certain issues of the *LAND GIRL* available and these will be sent free to anyone who wishes to complete her set if she writes to the Editor, "Newsletter", 6, Chesham Street, London, S.W.1.

BEE-HISTORIC

Mankind has been keeping bees for at least four thousand years; there are records of hives in Egypt as far back as 2000 B.C., and bees were probably kept in the Stone Age. Yet in all these countless ages man has never tamed the bee; in law, as in fact, it is still a wild creature. According to law, once a bee-keeper has lost sight of an absconding swarm, he can no longer claim it as his property; it has reverted to the wild, and anyone may take it who can. And it is true that native bees in a wild state, in hollow tree or roof-top, are often less savage and more tractable than the hybrid bees of many a well-tended apiary. So much for the effect of centuries of "civilisation"!

It is hard for us to-day to realise how very important bee-keeping was in the old days, and on what a large scale it was practised. For hundreds of years, in this country and elsewhere, honey was the only sweetening product known. Cane-sugar was only introduced in the time of Elizabeth, and even then was very scarce and dear; beet-sugar has only come into general use in our own day. To the Anglo-Saxon, his hives were the great source of sweetness and light; for candles made of beeswax were the best and most valued method of illumination from very early times right down to the invention of paraffin lamps in the nineteenth century. To the industry of the bees, too, the Anglo-Saxon owed the vast quantities of mead that were consumed at the banquets of the great—and elsewhere. Bee-keeping must have been pretty successful in those days; as far back as bardic times, Britain was hymned as "the Land of Honey".

But although man has kept bees for so long, until recently he knew very little about what went on in the darkness of the hive; and so from time immemorial the most astonishing legends and superstitions have sprung up about the life of the bee. Virgil thought that bees carried pebbles for ballast on windy days; and that echoes were harmful in the neighbourhood of the hives. Aristotle believed that honey was a miraculous secretion from heaven. Pliny records that bees will sting thieves and malefactors; but if you carry the beak of a woodpecker in your pocket when taking the honey, they will do you no harm. All of these ancient writers thought that bees could be spontaneously

generated from the carcass of a dead ox—a belief which was held in Biblical times, witness Samson's riddle of the dead lion—"Out of the strong came forth sweetness". But the method of procreation of the bee remained a mystery for many hundreds of years; as late as 1679 beekeepers still believed that bees were in some miraculous way generated from the pollen of the flowers. It had been known long before that there was one bee in the hive larger and of more importance than the rest; but was generally called the "king" bee and its function was not understood. Indeed, writers on bees were usually tactful enough to describe it as a "queen" when Elizabeth or Anne was on the throne, and as a "king" in the time of James and Charles.

It was not till the "movable frame" hive was invented by the American, Langstroth, in 1851, that people really began to find out what went on in the beehive; and glass observation-hives later helped to elucidate many doubtful points, though much is still obscure. Previous to that a great many early discoveries were made by a blind naturalist, Francois Huber, who lived from 1750 to 1831. He got his wife and his valet to make observations for him, and drew his conclusions from their reports. I have often thought that his wife must have been an intrepid and devoted woman.

Many superstitions about bees are still current in country places—the best known one being that you must tell the bees at once if there is a death in the house, or they will fly away and leave you. Many carry this a step further, and tell the bees of a marriage, a journey, or any major event; and decorate the hives with crêpe on the occasion of a personal or national disaster. Bees will not thrive if important news is kept from them. If bees swarm in a dead tree or bush it is supposed to mean that there will be a death in the house. Bees belonging to a quarrelsome family will not thrive; and if they are restless and inclined to swarm, they will be soothed if the owner stands in front of the hive and sings to them—preferably psalms, as they are notably moral insects. The belief still exists that bees will sting immoral persons; and it is said that in some countries girls used to test their suitors by leading them past a hive, to see if the bees would sting them.

Warwickshire. Alice M. Coats, 2026.

PAGE FROM THE PAST

The following are from previous issues of the LAND GIRL.

Some extracts from letters received by Milk Officers of the Ministry of Food.

Please send me form for cheap milk as I'm expecting mother.

Please send me form for supply of milk for having children at reduced prices.

I posted the form by mistake before my child was filled in properly.

I have a baby 18 months old, thanking you for same.

Will you please send me a form for cheap milk? I have a baby two months old, and I did not know anything about it until a friend told me.

I had intended coming to the milk office today, but have had fifteen children this morning.

I have one child nearly two years of age and am looking forward to an increase in November, hoping this meets with your kind consideration and approval.

I have a baby two months old, fed entirely on cows and another child four years old.

Sorry I have been so long filling in the form but I have been in bed two weeks with my baby, and did not know it was running out till the milkman told me.

(Appeared May, 1941)

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 smethery-diddles 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 ninnibrumboddies and then comes me smetherydiddles and then comes me".

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

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

"Tundy dumps, yer Honour, tundy dumps—why they be the dumps the tunties make".

The Editor sends her warmest thanks to the many members of the Land Army whose contributions to the *Land Girl* have been largely responsible for the popularity of the magazine, and also to all those who have so admirably filled the rôle of Constant Reader.

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

(Appeared May, 1942)

Puzzles for a Party

1. Which language is spoken by the greatest number of people?
2. Which is the longest non-stop railway run in the world?
3. Arrange in order of weight one cubic foot of water, marble, glass, tin, oak, gold, granite, brick, coal.
4. What are (a) ambergris (b) doldrums (c) sago (d) equinoxes (e) latitude (f) stalactites (g) dog watches (h) monsoons?
5. Which weigh most: Three new pennies, 5 new half-pennies, 10 new farthings?
6. How many bones are there in the human skeleton?
7. The following often appear in British place names. What do they mean? (a) burgh (b) ax or ex (c) ley (d) wick (e) wich (f) dun or don.
8. How much of an iceberg shows above water?

Answers on page 16.

(Appeared December, 1942)



John E. Williams.

MISS BAXTER AND I.



At breakfast this morning my friend Miss Baxter and I and our farmer were reading our letters when our farmer suddenly bit a piece out of his cup and said the Government was going to take over our farm for an Industrial Estate.

Well, Miss Baxter began chewing her egg-shell and stuck the spoon through her toast and said she called it pretty mean just when we were beating our swords into plough-shares to make us start beating them into pre-fabs instead.

Our farmer spread marmalade on the bit of cup and said it wasn't pre-fabs we had to beat them into but a fruit-canning factory in the West Pasture and one for making cash-registers in the Fifty Acre. And I began buttering my letter from Aunt Jane and putting my toast into the envelope and said did that mean we would have to beat Gladys the cow into a can of raspberries and the tractor into those things that rang a bell and said three, four and a half, off five?

Our farmer said by the time this lot were finished there wouldn't be anything

to put into their cans or their cash-registers either and he tried to strike a morning roll on the mustard-pot and light his fork with it.

Miss Baxter said it only showed that people didn't cut their own throats if you gave them enough rope like the time Brown Owl sang nine verses of "Sweet Afton" till they began throwing buns at the rallentando and it was about time farmers started throwing buns, and she put a saucer of milk onto the floor and lifted the cat onto the table.

I stopped trying to pour out a cup of tea from the morning paper and said would they let him be a door-keeper at the canning-factory? And I was just telling them about Aunt Jane's nephew who was a wicket-keeper and Miss Baxter was asking where he kept it and I was saying in the attic most likely, when our farmer picked up the tea-cosy, put his cap on the tea-pot and opened the door.

When we asked him where he was going he said the Colonies or to throw

buns and Miss Baxter said she had an uncle who had four farms in Rhodesia if that was any good and I said I had an uncle who had two bakeries in Auchtermuchty and would give him seven buns for one BU if that was any good.

Well, Miss Baxter said it might be a good idea to remove any stilettos, arsenic and running-nooses that were lying about so we collected a tin of weed-killer, the clothes-line, two scythes, the wood-chopper, a bottle of iodine and some aspirin and threw them into the mill-pond. Then we thought it might be safer to drain the pond so we opened the mill-lade and the water all ran out leaving the weed-killer, the clothes-line, the scythes, the chopper, the iodine, the aspirin, six rusty tins, an old boot and a dead frog lying on the mud at the bottom.

The frog had been dead for a long time so we each took two aspirins before we wiped the duck-weed out of our boots and carried all the things to the byre.

Sandy the cattleman was there, putting turnips into Gladys's water-trough and water into her hay-rack and we said could he hide those things here because the Government was beating the Fifty Acre field into a cash-canning Estate and the West Register into a Fruit-Factory pasture and our farmer had gone to the Colonies to throw buns.

Sandy said aye could we, and the auld fairmer had been in tellin' him aboot Gladys bein' ta'en ower for a can o' black currants an' ringin' a wee bell at three, fower an' a hauf for the export trade an' he had aye thocht the Hoose o' Commons woud mak' a braw coo-byre but he hadna gone an' ta'en it ower so what for was the Government takin' oor fairm?

Miss Baxter said well, they were exporting Scottish water while they let Scottish barley rot and they had taken away the Prestwick radar equipment to Heath Row, so she supposed they had just heard about the Battle of Waterloo being won on the playing fields of the L.C.C.

I said Aunt Jane's husband had fallen at Waterloo and Sandy said thae railway stations was fel crowded on Cup Tie days and did onybody pick him up? I said yes, but of course we never talked about it and would he like to be a time-keeper for the new factory? Sandy said he'd rather be goal-keeper for the Wimen's Rural and he said he was awa' to see aboot settin' up a stall for Gladys in the Hoose o' Commons afore he went

oot tae his brither in Canada.

Miss Baxter said woud an uncle in Rhodesia do as well because she had one and Sandy said aye woud it, ony camel was a straw in a storrum o' port and Miss Baxter said she should have said that and handed a cigarette to Gladys and a mouthful of hay to herself.

When we went back to the farm for dinner our farmer was looking up the Sailing Lists in the telephone directory and the Shipping Company's number in the morning paper and he said the sooner we started beating ourselves into Rhodesians the better and we told him not to worry because Miss Baxter's uncle had engaged us as managers so we would give him a job and a pay-packet on Saturdays.

As Miss Baxter said as she dialled the number of the Cables Office we had proved in the last eight years that he was no sow's ear so now we could cast this pearl before him with perfect confidence.

Scotland.

Isobel Mount.

WINTER COMPETITION

There were disappointingly few entries in the Winter Competition. Three prizes have been awarded—£1 1s. to J. Farley, 165536 (E. Suffolk), for a large and well arranged collection of pressed wildflowers and leaves; 10s 6d. to R. Clayton Barker, 22658 (Wilts.), for a competent essay on the ideal size of family (most competitors thought four was the perfect number of children) and 10s. 6d. each to D. Cartwright, 54036 (Berks.), and E. Saunders, 115256 (Devon), for their collections of funny stories. D. Cartwright collected nearly eighty of these, most of them good. I particularly liked the one of the small boy who, at first sight of a peacock, called out "Oh Granny one of the chickens is in bloom." E. Saunders is not so industrious a collector but most of her stories seem to be first-hand. I liked the little girl who said of their largest cow "nearly a bull, I should think." *Commended*.—J. F. Knight, 119308 (Cambs.), for a scrapbook of newspaper photographs of Wisbech and district and M. Stott, 162309 (Flints.), for her stamp collection.

Among the latest booklets issued by the Young Farmers' Clubs are "Farm Figures" and "Farm Reckoning" (Pilot Press. 1s.). As usual, these are quite excellent and full of useful information with weights, measurements particulars of accounts, estimates and crops, and other data.

TO "THE LAND GIRL", LAST ISSUE

Farewell, LAND GIRL, you were the link to bind
 The lonely outposts of our separate toil.
 Not ours to share the comradeship of camps,
 The jokes of barrack rooms and quarter-deck,
 The hum of engines under factory roof.
 Alone we fought them in the fields, the byres,
 And came at night home to our lonely fires,
 No more heroic than our plodding task.
 Then were you our encouragement and stay,
 Holding a hand to each, making us one,
 Reminding us we shared a common aim
 That each must serve lest all should be betrayed.
 Your task is done; oblivion claims you now,
 Yet not oblivion while one heart shall beat
 That once wore green and khaki, loved the land,
 And strove to save it through those darkest hours.
 Farewell, LAND GIRL—yet hail! You live for ever.
 We loved and thank you, and forget you never!

Cambs. E. M. Barraud, ex-W.L.A., 9600.

BENEVOLENT FUND

The total raised for the Benevolent Fund now exceeds £323,500. The two largest contributions recently received were £110 from SHROPSHIRE, who ran a Bazaar in Shrewsbury, and £113 from EAST SUFFOLK most of which was raised by their Christmas Sale.

Over £128,000 has now been spent, and of this amount grants and loans account for over £104,000. As these notes go to press over £4,000 has been expended on grants during February, whilst the total number of grants made by the Fund now exceeds 13,500.

The severe cold has brought illness to the families of many volunteers some of whom have been compelled to leave their work temporarily to care for their relatives. One girl, who is now in her fifth year in the Land Army, had to leave her farm work to look after her mother who later was admitted to hospital. The girl returned to her work until her mother was discharged from hospital but, during this time, she herself became ill although, fortunately, she was well again in time to

return home to nurse her mother through the convalescent stage. The Committee of the Benevolent Fund have helped this girl with the expenses of her own illness and have contributed towards her maintenance whilst she has been at home and it is hoped that she will very shortly be back at her farm.

The Fund has been helping for some time a girl who is unfortunately suffering from an obscure bone complaint which has kept her in bed for almost a year. She has patiently undergone a great deal of tedious surgical treatment and it is very much hoped that, before long, she will be able to think of going to college, which was her intention at the time she was taken ill.

Another girl, after four years' work in the Land Army, is expecting to go overseas to do welfare work for the Y.W.C.A. The Benevolent Fund has given her some assistance towards her initial expenses and wishes her well in her new career.

Too large a ration of sugar beet tops fed to dairy cows may cause their milk to develop a fishy taint. The weight fed should not exceed 42lb. daily. When used for feeding, tops should not be fed in the cowhouse, but on pasture immediately after the morning milking.

JANUARY JOURNEY

It was a day of bright sunshine in January when I travelled up through Cornwall by train, and every feature of the landscape was sharply defined.

Bracken made warm brown patches against the closely-cropped grass, with here and there a splash of gold from a gorse bush. And over all a sky as blue as any you see on a summer's day. The sunlight vanished as the train passed a fir wood and I saw the silver sheen of frost still on the ground.

Out into the light again, I saw newly-turned furrows gleaming reddish-brown, stretching away over the hillside.

Around a bend in the railway track, the clean white buildings of a country town came suddenly into view and then I saw the river, glinting in the sun, reflecting the azure of the sky. The farther banks were fringed with trees and behind them meadows sloped up to a farmhouse. As the river broadened, the train ran slowly over a great bridge and I looked down on ships at anchor and a ferry travelling slowly across.

Once over the bridge, the smoke and grime of a town showed me my journey was over.
 Devon.

E. Saunders, 115256.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor,

I feel that I should just like to write and say how much I shall miss the LAND GIRL magazine. I bought my first copy during my four weeks' training at Reaseheath in Cheshire nearly 5 years ago, and have not missed one since then. I have always looked forward to it eagerly each month, and it has also been enjoyed by lots of friends, both in my home county (Yorkshire) and in Suffolk. I am very sorry indeed about the decision to discontinue it, as I feel that if ever a magazine was well worth while keeping on, this one most certainly is. I would like to offer you my most sincere thanks for the many happy hours reading that the LAND GIRL has provided.

E. Suffolk. Ruby Turner, 72751.

(The LAND GIRL thanks the writers of many other similar letters which have been received.)

The following letter has been received by the Norfolk County Secretary.

Will you please record the excellent conduct of our four W.L.A., Misses V. Evans, 46932, A. Fuller, 97027, F. Crowther, 163671, and M. Gorrod, 178408, who have all turned out in this bitter cold and deep snow to attend to their duties in the cowsheds.

Ada Fuller is living over a mile from her work and to-day had to come across the fields as the roads were impassable, struggling through snow over 3 feet deep in places. Vera Evans and Marion Gorrod came together over half a mile through drifts waist high and were at work by 6.30 a.m. They have been a great example to our men and we are proud of them.

R. Colin Crossley,
 Agent to Lord Hastings.

(A practically identical letter has been received from another Norfolk employer, Mr. Mark Harrison, about his two land girls, E. Porter, 93044, and A. Secker, 134494.)

Dear Editor,

With reference to O. L. Thomas's letter in the December issue, I heartily applaud her remarks when applied to Guernseys or some other equally docile breed, especially when these are born and reared on the same farm.

I wonder, however, if she has ever worked with a commercial herd of mongrel cross-breeds, with a Shorthorn strain predominant, especially when these

are not home-bred, but bought (complete with good or bad characters) in the open market? I should welcome a visit from Miss Thomas to the farm where I am now employed, if only to see just how she would approach some of our animals with a view to tickling their ears!

Cornwall. N. E. Jesty, 71662.

Dear Editor,

I have been in the W.L.A. almost five years and they have been five interesting and happy years. I will, if circumstances permit, answer the Minister's call and I hope all those who can will do the same. At the same time let us have some more recruits. I can assure girls that the life in the country is healthy and interesting and they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have helped their country through difficult times. We in the W.L.A. can always say that much.

Cumberland. J. McKechnie, 100993.

Dear Editor,

Five of us from Bunny Hostel, Nottinghamshire, had a lovely time on a four-day visit to London.

We stayed at the L.A. Club, Chesham Street, where they made us very comfortable. We had bags of fun visiting Trafalgar Square where the enclosed photograph was taken, dodging in and out of tubes, up and down the escalators, having each meal at a different restaurant



where we found lots of good food and obliging waiters and we had our shoes shone every morning in the Strand.

For miles we walked visiting the Tower, Houses of Parliament, Regents Park, the Zoo, Madame Tussaud's, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's where we climbed 375 steps to get what we hoped would be a bird's eye view of London, but alas, the noted London fog obscured all but the surrounding scars of the blitz.

One of the highlights of our visit was the changing of the Guard and we also think the London Policemen are wonderful but for all the wonders of the big city we were glad to return to our fresh air and familiar countryside.

D. Pinion, M. Harrison,
D. Sanderson, E. Taylor,
A. Barrett.

Ancestors by Frances Turk. (Wright and Brown. 8s. 6d.)

In one volume is compressed the lives, deaths, loves and hates of the vast Heron family. The story opens with the hanging of smuggler Rhoderick in the reign of George I and ends with William who lived during the early part of the nineteenth century. Full of incident and packed with characters, this novel will doubtless attract many readers.



Sympathy.

K. Johnson, 170590, Somerset, and friend.

PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED.—Tennis shoes, 5½ or 6. Tennis shorts, 38 or 40 hip. Also good camera. Lewis, 90, Town Lane, Bebington, Cheshire.

FOR SALE.—Check tweed costume, bust 36. £4 or offer. Gosling, Greyfriars, Send Marsh, Ripley, Surrey.

FOR SALE.—Green suede sandals, wooden sole, size 5, 40s, price 10s. Beale, 116, Abington Avenue, Northampton.

FOR SALE.—Brown skating boots, size 4. skates attached. What offers? Donald, Killocraw, Bellochantuy, Kintyre, Argyll.

FOR SALE.—Ladies brown tweed flecked costume, S.W., hardly worn. No coupons. £3 15s.; also pair ladies brown laced shoes, hardly worn. No coupons. 25s. Collins, High Street, Clifford, Boston Spa, Nr. Leeds.

FOR SALE.—Tandem, Sturmey-Archer, 3-speed, hub brakes, very good condition. What offers? 51416, 8, Lynch, Winscombe, Somerset.

PUPIL required in Hampshire Restaurant. Experience given in all branches including cake making. Live in—small salary. Apply Bay Tree, Whitechurch, Hants.

The drawing on page 7 was done by Joan C. Williams, 108703, W. Suffolk.

A WEEK AT BRIGHTON

East Sussex and West Sussex have always been among the biggest and brightest of the L.A. county organisations so it is no wonder that their combined effort produced an Exhibition in Brighton which left everyone in a state of awestruck admiration. The week started off with a bang on Feb. 17th when the Duke of Norfolk (welcomed by the Hon. Mrs. Burrell, Chairman of W. Sussex) opened the Exhibition with a charming speech and Lady Denman (welcomed by Mrs. Brooke, Chairman of E. Sussex) talked about the Benevolent Fund.

The Exhibition contained the most beautiful examples of Land Army talent. There were 800 entries for the many sections and the results were of an extremely high standard. A gift stall, side shows, machinery and weaving exhibitions and an elegant tea bower helped to fill the vast area of the Corn Exchange; every evening there was a new attraction, including a B.B.C. Ensemble, an excellent Brains Trust including Commander Campbell and Miss Susan Ertz, a thrilling play, written and produced by Mrs. Thynne (who also acted the chief part) and a dance. The grand finale was on Saturday night when Mrs. F. C. Jenkins, C.B.E. (Chief Administrative Officer, W.L.A.), presented the prizes to competition winners before the Prize Winners' Concert. It was all highly enjoyable and Mr. Patrick Hanna as compere and "Lily the Land Girl" added greatly to the fun and profit of the evening.

The only complete non-starter in all this was the weather, which froze and blew and snowed and generally did its best to pick the pocket of the Benevolent Fund and break the hearts of Miss Hunter, Miss Forbes Adam and their helpers who had so brilliantly organised the Exhibition. Nothing, however, could detract from the magnificence of the effect produced and Sussex was heartily to be congratulated on bringing such honour and credit to the W.L.A.

COUNTY NEWS

LONDON & MIDDY.—The state of the roads has prevented us from personally welcoming the recruits to our new Hostel, "Robin Hood". We are glad to hear they are settling so well. Like the rest of the country we are holding over our social activities until we have some better weather.

MONMOUTH.—Gay Christmas and New Year parties have now been superseded by tobogganing and sleighing in the coldest February we, in our generation, have experienced and L.G.'s are congratulated for remaining at their jobs.

Miss C. M. Phillips, County Organiser, resigned at the end of 1946 and was married in January, taking with her the best wishes of L.G.'s in her area. Miss G. G. Jones has replaced her and is settling happily in her work; Fields Park Hostel girls are grieved at the loss of their matron, Mrs. Morris-Williams, who has resigned to take up a peace-time job; she was a popular matron also at the late Hillcrest Hostel, and all will want to wish her success for the future. Miss E. I. Parry, Employment and Recruiting Officer, who always edited the Newsletter and County News, has resigned to be married and we wish her great happiness.

Our very first hostel, White Lodge Cottage, St. Mellons, established in April, 1941, has been closed and all who have been connected with this hostel will share in the great regret.

We are glad that Monmouthshire has an opportunity of appearing in the County News in this last issue of the "Land Girl". Volunteers deplore the termination of their own particular magazine which has been so successful and they offer Mrs. Pyke, its Editor, their deep appreciation of her work on their behalf and extend their best wishes to her for the future.

NORFOLK.—Two of our hostels, Thurning Hall and Longlands House, were completely cut off from the outside world for some days during the recent severe weather. The girls were splendid, helping in every way they could, clearing the drifts and helping to dig themselves out and above all keeping cheerful. A very successful "At Home" arranged by the County Welfare Comm. was held at the Guildhall, King's Lynn on Jan. 25th. A large number of volunteers were welcomed to Lynn by the Mayor. The use of the beautiful Assembly Room was kindly granted us free of charge. Sir Henry Upcher was the speaker and there was an entertainment and tea. The proceedings closed with a play by the girls from North Creak Hostel. Over 200 were present at a dance in aid of the Benevolent Fund held at the Lido Ballroom, Norwich, on Jan. 30th. We should like to thank Miss Crotch of the County Office staff and Miss Ruth Griffith, W.L.A., for all their hard work.

Mrs. Allin, our County Organiser for West Norfolk, left at the end of January on her approaching marriage. We appreciate all she has done for the girls in her area and wish her every happiness in the future. Mrs. Jameson, a member of the County Comm. for five years, has been obliged to resign. We thank her for her interest and work and wish to welcome to the Comm. Lady Ironside, Mrs. Don and Mrs. Bartlett.

NORTHANTS.—On Jan. 25th a luncheon party to Lady Spencer was given at the Hind Hotel by the Chairman and the County and Welfare Committees. Members of the W.A.E.C., and of the County Office Staff were invited, and all the girls of six years service and over. Miss Lees presented Lady Spencer with a collection of flowering trees and shrubs from the Committees, and the County Officials and Members of the W.L.A. joined in the presenting of a gold and enamel miniature W.L.A. Badge, and a bouquet,

the presentation being made by Mrs. Ellis, B.E.M., of the W.L.A., and Miss Allen, senior County Organiser. Mrs. Jenkins, C.B.E., honoured us by coming from Headquarters, and everyone regretted the unavoidable absence of Lady Denman, D.B.E. Many tributes were paid to Lady Spencer by Mrs. Jenkins, the Chairman and ex-Chairman of the Northamptonshire and Soke of Peterborough W.A.E.C.'s, the N.F.U., and the Agricultural Workers' Union, and the Chairman and officials of the W.L.A. Committee, etc. The spontaneity of the speeches and their obvious sincerity, and the atmosphere of friendliness and goodwill made what was essentially a sad occasion into a very happy party.

The recent history of the County has been of snow and ice bound organisers, frozen hostel pipes and other troubles, but the W.L.A. has still worked more days than not, and very warm congratulations are due to the many girls who have carried on through almost impossible weather conditions on the private farms, and to the gangs from the hostels who have gone gaily out to thresh on almost impossible days. The office has received more than one glowing tribute of their work.

We much regret Miss Grey is leaving us to rejoin the Wrens. We shall all miss her.

NORTH'D.—We would like to offer our grateful thanks to Mrs. Pyke, who for seven years has helped us to carry on with our work with renewed vigour after reading her monthly message to us on the front page of this magazine—a message which always exactly fitted the need of the times.

We are very sorry indeed that Mrs. Charlesworth has had to give up her work as County Organiser; we shall miss her enthusiasm and whole-hearted interest in all Land Army affairs, which has been so evident during the five years she has worked for us. We thank her for all the good work she has done.

Snow and ice seems to be our only news this month, never in the Land Army's life have they caused so much disorganisation of work. Congratulations to four members of isolated Charlton Hall Hostel who managed to struggle back to the Hostel after weekend leave as they knew the Warden was alone and no bus had got through the snow-bound road.

NOTTS.—Congratulations to Notts. volunteers who have worked so hard during the wintry spell. Many hostel girls have walked to their jobs as it was impossible to go by van or bicycle owing to the snowbound or icy roads. Coddington Moor Hostel was closed on Feb. 21st, and the volunteers transferred to Hockerton. We are very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Holroyd, the warden, who has left because of ill health. We wish to welcome Mrs. Perkins, the new warden at Clipstone, who has replaced Miss Featherstone on her transfer to Hockerton. 14 girls from Notts. are attending the Homecraft Training Course at Bury St. Edmunds, commencing March 5th. It is hoped that they will come back with a good report and encourage other volunteers to take advantage of the facilities offered by the course. 4 girls have been to the Rest-Break Houses at Llandudno and Torquay and have given glowing reports of their stay there.

Miss Leach left the county in Dec. and Miss Duff, Supply Secretary, has been sent until a new County Secretary is appointed.

OXON.—Owing to the severity of the weather, many Land Army activities have been at a standstill. Both work and play have been affected, but in spite of this difficulty, some of the Hostels have been able to hold dances. Musical evenings have been held, also Keep Fit classes and a Cookery Course.

We would like to extend our most sincere sympathy to the Warden and girls at Goodfellows Hall, Filkins, for their loss of personal property in the recent fire which destroyed their Hostel. It must have been a terrifying experience, and it was fortunate that so few casualties were suffered.

PEMBES.—like the rest of the country, has had its full share of this "Modern Ice Age", and in consequence work on the land has almost come to a standstill. In spite of the weather, Training Classes have managed to function and girls are now being trained in milking and dairy work, tractor driving, horticulture, and poultry work. G. Wiggins and M. Thomas, two of our farm girls, have been to the Square House for a Homecraft Course, which they thoroughly enjoyed—we hope more of our prospective brides will follow their example. J. Horsley has been suffering from rheumatism during the winter and has just completed a course of treatment at Harrogate Spa. She has been in the L.A. 7½ years and we hope that after this treatment she will feel equal to another 7½ years on the land. Evening Classes are being held at the hostels—these include Cookery, Handwork and Sweet Making. Travel talks with films have also been given at one hostel. We are sorry we are losing many of our long service members—some have been with us on farms for six years—but we welcome new recruits from Durham, Derbyshire and the North and hope they will be very happy with us.

SALOP.—Our volunteers, Wardens and many of our Shropshire friends spent several busy weeks preparing for the Bazaar which was held in Shrewsbury on Dec. 7th, in aid of our County Welfare Fund and the Benevolent Fund. We had eight needlecraft and fancy work stalls, and a prize of £1 was offered in respect of each stall for the best article submitted and made by a member of the W.L.A. We congratulate the prizewinners who were:—A. Fenton, K. Davies, C. F. Kynnersley, C. E. Manson, E. Machin and B. Blakeley, especially C. Manson who was awarded the special prize of £2 for the best article. A great variety of articles were submitted, clearly proving that the W.L.A. is not lacking in ingenuity and artistic ability. Father Christmas's visit was a real joy to the children, despite the fact that he under-estimated the number who would be there. The final profit amounted to £437 1s. 9d. and of this £110 was sent

to the Benevolent Fund and £327 1s. 9d. allocated to our County Welfare Fund. Stanton Hostel closed on December 14th; real credit must go to Miss Parry and Miss Jones who for over 3½ years made a not too satisfactory building into such a happy home. We are glad to think that the people of Stanton Village will once again be in possession of their Village Hall; and hope that the work carried out locally by the Land Army is some compensation for this deprivation of a social centre throughout the war period.

SOM.—After the floods came the snow and frost! The worst outbreak of foot and mouth disease in this county for some time has prevented D.R.'s from visiting girls in most districts in the county. In others the roads were quite impassable. We have, however, had quite cheerful letters from many of our members. These letters brightened our days at the office when we had no heat and the Secretary's window was curtained with icicles. Mrs. Tamplin has become a very welcome visitor at the hostels and we are all hoping that her March visits will take place in better weather, so that she may explore some of the attractive Somerset beauty spots. We are glad to note that no farmer has given his Land Girl notice on account of having to destroy his cattle when foot and mouth disease has been found on his farm. One farmer said that he would not part with his girl as he felt she would be quite irreplaceable—he would rather have her than two men. High praise indeed!

We cannot close these notes without expressing our very real regret that this will be the last issue of the "Land Girl". Many members have written to this office saying how helpful they have found the magazine. We all thank Mrs. Pyke for her helpful and inspiring publication and wish her every success in the future.

STAFFS.—The Pantomime Parties at Hanley and Wolverhampton were much enjoyed by the members who were able to attend. Owing to the state of the roads, the transport arranged to bring members in from isolated districts had to be cancelled. Unfortunately, this depleted our number at Wolverhampton. We missed many of our old members, but we were pleased to welcome several who were able to join us. An excellent tea was provided for both Parties. Several dances were held over the Christmas season. Wall Heath Hostel and Brewood Hostel had very enjoyable evenings

in the Village Halls. Wombourne Hostel has been particularly active—carol singing, a Whist Drive and a party in the Village Hall making up a full programme.

Members taking the "Land Girl" are very sad that this is its last edition. Members in Staffordshire extend their thanks and appreciation to Mrs. Pyke, the Editor, for her work in giving us such an interesting and topical magazine.

E. SUFFOLK.—To our great pride and delight an E. Suffolk land girl, Miss Nora Rowland, has been awarded the B.E.M. in recognition of her long and excellent service. Nora, whose peacetime job was dressmaking, is now acknowledged as one of the most efficient "horsemen" on a large estate.

We have had letters from many appreciative readers of the "Land Girl" expressing their real regret on hearing of its discontinuation. We would like to send our sincere thanks to Mrs. Pyke for all that she has done for the Land Army during her seven years as Editor.

We have to report with great regret and sadness that Lady Cranworth has felt compelled to resign from being Chairman and Mrs. Sunderland Taylor from the post of Organising Secretary. We feel that any expression of gratitude to them after all that they have done for this county seems entirely inadequate. Fortunately we are not losing either altogether as Lady Cranworth will continue to serve on the County Committee and Mrs. Sunderland Taylor has taken her place as our Chairman.

W. SUFFOLK have had a record entry for Proficiency Tests. During March, 33 candidates will be examined in general farm, milking, field work, tractor and poultry, and we hope they will all be successful. Seven teams have entered for the W.L.A. Agricultural Quiz. Matches have had to be postponed owing to the shocking weather but will take place as soon as the weather breaks. A Relief Milking Scheme is now running at Risby and five more units are waiting for skilled milkers. A W.L.A. relief milker in this County must pass her Proficiency Test in hand and machine milking. If necessary she will be given eight to ten weeks special training at Shimpling to help her achieve the required standard. During this time she will have an opportunity to take her Proficiency Test.

We are grateful to District Reps. who are organising Whist Drives and Dances for our County Welfare Fund. The Ministry of Information are shortly showing films in all our Hostels and Mrs. Podger from the Central Council of Health Education is giving a series of health talks. On Feb. 26th we had our second Wardens' Conference and would like to thank Miss Gamble for her invitation to the Homecraft Centre during the afternoon.

SURREY.—We are all very pleased to welcome back to Surrey, Miss Vera Taylor who has been appointed County Secretary from March 3rd. Miss Taylor who has just been demobilised from the A.T.S. was our first County Organiser in Surrey and she will therefore be a familiar friend to some of our long service volunteers. We also welcome Miss Whitley as our new Assistant Secretary and wish them both all success in this County. We send our best wishes and congratulations to Miss Eden on her new appointment on the staff of the Kent W.L.A. Office.

Health Lectures under the auspices of the Central Council for Health Education have been given at several hostels and have been very popular. In many hostels the girls have unanimously asked for a further lecture and it is hoped to arrange for these to be given in the near future.



E. Worrall, 151452, who joined the W.L.A. in 1944, is known in Glos. as "a grand long service girl".

W. SUSSEX.—The ice and snow did not prevent a most successful Arts Council Tour of Hostels and Clubs. Miss Mary Rowland delighted everyone by her singing and playing and we were delighted to see and hear Miss Therese Carroll again. The Inter-Hostel Club General Knowledge Quiz has now reached the semi-final round after some enjoyable evenings. Battine House gave a delightful party to children of the village in conjunction with the local Club. They had made a number of the toys themselves, and these were distributed by Father Christmas from a gay Christmas tree and everyone joined in hilarious games after a large tea. A milking Proficiency Test was held in the snow and nine members got there. Eight passed, one with distinction. Two very successful dances have been got up by Steyning and Horsham W.L.A. Clubs in aid of the Welfare Fund and Club funds, and Petworth's jumble sale raised the magnificent sum of £56 for the Welfare Fund.

WARWICKS.—The training scheme which was mentioned in my last news has now been started at Whitehill Hostel and is running satisfactorily although the appalling weather has been very much against both the working and living conditions in hostels. It is hoped that things will soon be very much easier.

A new Organiser for this county has been appointed, and Miss Clarke takes up her duties on the 10th March. We are very glad that she is able to take up work with us and she will be covering Coventry, Rugby and Nuneaton areas and we hope that the girls in these districts will now be visited more often.

N. WALES.—Landgirls in private employment have carried on magnificently during the recent severe weather and much praise has been received from their employers. There is evidence of much interest in the Handicraft Competition and we expect good entries to result from the Handicraft Courses arranged. Christmastide saw a variety of hostel parties and concerts. We would specially mention Glynwedd's All-Welsh Concert which brought a contribution of almost £14 to the local Welfare Fund. Mr. George Hughes' additional prize of £5 increases the interest in the Inter-Hostel Tidiness Competition, and everyone is now on tip-toes, awaiting the final inspection by Lady Kathleen Stanley, our Chairman.

North Wales offers its most grateful thanks to Mrs. Pyke, Honorary Editor of the "Land Girl", and expresses disappointment that this very useful magazine is no longer to be published.



Drawn by E. B. Wells, 86575, Oxon.

THE LAND GIRL

WILTS.—Owing to the bad weather, activities have been rather restricted of late and at several hostels it has been a case of "all hands to the pipes". However, a Handicraft Competition is to be held early in April, with a section for knitting, embroidery, dressmaking, toys, glove and slipper making and producing new articles from old and prizes will be awarded by the Welfare Committee. Entries are beginning to roll in and if there are enough, it is hoped to have an exhibition. We are planning also, to hold Proficiency Tests in April, for hand and machine milking, gardening and tractor driving. We offer our congratulations to Miss Beauchamp and Miss Morton, who until recently, were working at R.A.F. Station Rudloe, Box, where the garden was awarded the Challenge Cup for the best kept garden on a Fighter Command Station. Mr. Viney, of Raxters Farm, Sutton Veny, Warminster, sent us this item which he felt might interest "Land Girl" readers:—"On Sunday morning, 14th November last, my Land Girl, Miss E. Holehouse, and myself milked 46 gallons of milk from 25 cows, cooled it and placed it on the collecting stand in 2½ hours, together with 30 gallons of evening milk. Can any of your readers beat this?"

Finally, the Chairman and County Committee, the County Office Staff and many Wilts. volunteers would like to express their great regret at the discontinuance of the "Land Girl" and their appreciation to the Editor and staff for the pleasure and interest it has brought us all for so many years.

YORKS. N. AND E.R.—On Jan. 30th Mrs. Jenkins visited our County and addressed the Comm. Members and Rens. and the Labour Officers of the North and East Ridings. She was most helpful and we were very pleased to welcome her to our County for the first time.

Mrs. Browne of the Central Council for Health Education has toured our hostels and given a second series of lectures entitled "What inheritance will your children have?" These lectures have been greatly appreciated and we hope to welcome her back in a third series entitled "The Health and Happiness of your children". Our hostels have held a series of Whist Drives and Beetle Drives. At Sto-k'on House one of these raised £4 for the Benevolent Fund. Easnewold Hostel are holding shorthand classes, which 10 girls attend each week. On March 15th we are holding a handicraft exhibition in the Rechabite Buildings, Clifford Street, York, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. It is hoped that there will be a good number of entries for the 27 classes. Proficiency Tests have recently been organised in the N. Riding in Dairy, G. F. Work, Tractor and Field Work. Unfortunately only the Dairy test took place owing to the weather. 4 out of 5 girls passed. It is hoped to hold the other tests shortly. A series of Tests are also being organised in the East Riding for Dairy and G. F. Work.

Answers to questions on page 7.

1—Chinese; 2—Flying Scotsman; 3—Gold, tin, marble, granite, glass, brick, water, oak, coal; 4—(a) solid which floats on sea, found in intestines of sperm whale; (b) bit of calms between N.E. & S.E. Trade winds; (c) pith of palm; (d) two periods of year when day and night are equal; (e) distance N. or S. of Equator measured in degrees; (f) limestone formations resembling hanging icicles; (g) the two short watches into which the 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. watch is divided in a ship; (h) seasonal winds in Indian Ocean; 5—All weigh the same; 6—About 200; 7—(a) Stronghold; (b) Water; (c) Meadow; (d) Town; (e) Creek; (f) Fortified hill; 8—One-ninth.

County Returns

County	Ben.	F.	Total	Em- ployed
	£	s.	d.	
Kent	9804	17	6	1369
Surrey	5547	0	7	1197
Essex	5658	5	0	979
Hertfordshire ..	4801	19	2	887
Yorks., W.R. ..	3527	15	4	837
Hampshire	8674	10	2	827
Warwick	7556	9	9	797
Northants. ..	2887	6	5	782
Leics. & Rutland	2698	12	7	778
Bucks.	4915	7	8	758
Devon	4170	19	0	717
W. Sussex	5178	2	6	689
Yorks.				
N. and E.R.	2926	4	2	664
Beds.	1070	16	6	619
Worcs.	3100	0	0	617
Cornwall	1675	5	11	610
Somerset	2780	18	0	609
Lincs., Lindsey				
and Kesteven	3276	14	4	581
E. Sussex	4192	10	9	571
Norfolk	6301	4	6	562
Northumberland	2858	10	3	551
Oxon	3867	4	3	548
Gloucester	2706	1	2	533
Hunts., Cambs.				
and Ely	3752	8	7	519
Notts	1857	6	1	501
Cheshire	3544	19	4	468
Berks.	3556	10	8	452
Wilts.	2072	9	9	432
E. Suffolk	3721	0	9	425
Glamorgan	1180	0	3	391
Staffs.	1824	14	9	386
Cumbs. & West'd	753	3	6	381
Durham	2043	11	2	363
Salop	2064	3	11	361
Hereford	1875	16	1	353
Dorset	1475	19	8	343
Monmouth	1051	17	0	314
Lancs.	2842	6	8	312
Flint	714	13	6	303
North Wales ..	2028	14	2	291
Lincs., Holland	2075	2	0	290
Brecon, Mont.				
and Radnor ..	1940	9	8	283
W. Suffolk	2172	10	6	270
Denbigh	1209	16	11	243
Cards. & Carmrs.	776	5	5	231
London & Middx.	1294	12	7	206
Derby	1546	12	4	185
Pembroke	7138	6	5	152
I.O.W.	295	15	2	142

The total number of volunteers in employment on 18th February, 1947 was 25,679.

Miss Baxter and I, by Isobel Mount, costs 2s. 9d. post free and is obtainable from the Editor, Newsletter, 6, Chesham Street, London, S.W.1.