



Vol. I.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

WE are proud to announce the following Honours which His Majesty the King has bestowed on the Land Army.

The O.B.E. goes to the **Hon. Mrs. Burrell**, our West Sussex Chairman since June 1939, when the first W.L.A. Committees were appointed. She is also a member of the Committee of Management of the Benevolent Fund. By her charm and cheerfulness, her energy and skill and above all by her hard work, Mrs. Burrell has set a standard in Chairmanship which defies competition. Nothing is ever too much trouble for her so long as it benefits the Land Army.

Miss Beazley, our County Secretary in Dorset, gets the M.B.E. and so does **Mrs. Mansell** of Denbighshire. Miss Beazley has worked in the office for six and a half years and Dorset landgirls and staff are grateful to her for her unflinching tact and kindness. Mrs. Mansell has now left the staff after seven and a half years as County Secretary in Denbighshire, during which time she did much to help to settle English girls in Welsh jobs and became known and loved throughout the county.

Nine serving members of the Land Army receive the M.B.E. in recognition of the length and high quality of their service. **Katherine Alexander**, West Sussex. Enrolled 1939. One of our best Relief Milkers. **Joan Bartlett**, Dorset. Milking, tractor and general. Has a wonderful record for time-keeping and has never overstayed her leave. **Beatrice Cain**, Derbyshire. Enrolled 1940. After five years in one job, keeps milk records of a herd of eighty cows. **Marjorie Cheston**, Nottinghamshire. Enrolled 1939. Has worked away from home all this time without asking for a transfer. Now forewoman at Bunny Hostel. **Tessa Graham**, Pembrokeshire. Enrolled 1940. Has worked since 1940 on an isolated farm but is too busy and interested to feel lonely. **Vivien Kipling**, Hertfordshire. Enrolled 1940. Has trained 136 landgirls in hand and machine milking and calf rearing. **Mona Mackellar**, Yorkshire (W.R.). Enrolled September, 1939, and has been with her employer ever since. Takes entire charge of all calves up to ten weeks and of one-sixth of a pedigree Friesian herd. **Mary Price**, Cheshire. Enrolled 1939. Is farm bailiff to Lord Leverhulme. During

her second year farm profits showed a big increase. **Margaret Saunders**, London and Middlesex. Enrolled 1940. After five years as a milker changed to market gardening. Is equally good at both.

Though individuals must necessarily be singled out for these distinctions and well deserve them, they are the first to agree that through their Honours the work of the whole Land Army is honoured. Whether we are milkers, forewomen, office staff or voluntary workers, we can and do feel personal pride in the recognition of our branch of the work through some of its most distinguished members.

PASTURES NEW

Here is this month's selection of special jobs:—

Relief milkers still required in many counties including Hereford.

Forewomen-drivers for Land Army gangs urgently needed in Cornwall, Dorset, Hertfordshire, Northants, Anglesey, Flintshire and Pembroke. Must be able also to act as gang leaders and fieldwork forewomen. Good pay.

Milking, dairywork and general farmwork. Excellent post in Berkshire for efficient dry hand milker to work under bailiff and be responsible for calf rearing—must have experience of Jersey herd. Live in, good salary.

Pest destruction. Three vacancies in Bucks. Must be car drivers or willing to learn.

Horticulture. Interesting vacancy in Surrey, growing crops under cloches and demonstrating. Live with family.

Experienced gardener required by Bedfordshire W.L.A. to take charge and work in county hostel gardens, chiefly vegetable production. Able to supervise work of 11 others—5 experienced. Salary £4 p.w. Accommodation single bedroom in hostel.

The following posts are wanted by members who are experienced workers and who will be available shortly on completion of their year's training at some of the Government Training Centres.

Double vacancy in machine milking wanted in Southern or Home Counties by two friends, with opportunity of gaining experience and later taking charge of herd. Free mid-August.

Two experienced members want interesting work with Guernsey herds.

Ten members wish to combine secretarial duties with farmwork. All are well qualified clerical workers and experienced either in milking and dairywork, poultry work, tractor driving, or care of sheep or pigs.

A Yorkshire member wants to specialise in beef production and prefers an Aberdeen Angus herd. Very experienced in stockwork.

Two members skilled in horsework want jobs with a pedigree horse breeder, or general work with horses.

LANDGIRL'S LIBRARY

Good Poultry Keeping. C. E. Fermor. (Teach Yourself Farming Series, English Universities Press Ltd. 4s. 6d.)

Enquire within upon everything summarizes the character of this book. The author deals most skilfully with all the different branches of scientific poultry keeping as practised today. The book will appeal to all poultry farmers from the veriest novice to the well established owner. A chapter on turkeys, ducks and geese is included, and a most interesting account of some representative farms. The illustrations add to the interest of the book. Wisely, the author points out the difficulties as well as the advantages to those who may be thinking of embarking on poultry farming as a career. From beginning to end the book is full of information presented in a clear, lucid and most readable manner, so that it must inevitably make a wide appeal to all classes of reader.

K.D.

Also published in this series are "Good Grassland" and "Good Pig Keeping", both of which can be thoroughly recommended.

"Milk which keeps" is the title of the fifth leaflet in the series "Making the Dairy Herd Pay", issued free by the Silcock Advisory Service, Stanley Hall, Edmund Street, Liverpool, 3.

No. 20 in the series of booklets issued by the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs is on Forestry; it costs one shilling and is published by the Pilot Press, Ltd. There are chapters on the raising and planting of young trees, the protection and thinning of the crop and on sawmill timber. Like its predecessors in the series, the booklet is well illustrated.

CONGRATULATIONS

To **Freda Litchfield**, 111029, Northants., on her coolness and courage in organising a salvage corps when fire broke out on her employer's farm.

And to **M. R. Crierie**, 128079, Lancs., who in the National Proficiency Test for Milk Recorders headed the whole country with 92.5 per cent.

And to **Mavis Morley**, 136133, Yorkshire, W.R., on becoming the first policewoman to be stationed at Morley, near Leeds.

And to **Rosemary Vince**, 138639, a Hertfordshire dairymaid, who from six finalists has won the Herts. Challenge Cup.

And to **Thelma Gerrard**, 2108, Berks., who since completing a year's training at Newton Hall, Cambs., has been head herdsman at Rooknest Farm, Lambourne. Miss Gerrard has for three months in succession gained six marks for clean milk—a result seldom achieved.

The total number of volunteers in employment on 18th June, 1947, was 26,670.

CORRESPONDENCE

From a new recruit.

Dear Editor,

I did the usual four weeks W.L.A. training in milking and dairy work and together with the other trainees passed a test. However, instead of starting work on a local farm I had a fortnight's training in milk testing and sampling with the Peterborough Co-op. Dairies. Then after a further two weeks practical training on a special farm I was ready to start my work. Unfortunately we were rather short of relief girls so I had to do relieving for a while but it was all valuable experience.

Now I can really do the work I was trained for which consists of assisting in training other girls in both practical and theory, assisting the Milk Production Officer in taking samples and giving demonstrations on farms and staying on farms which need practical help for short periods. It is very interesting and varied work and I am happy to be in the W.L.A.

J. Allison, 178567.
Cambs.

*From an ex-member now taking an
Emergency Teacher's Training Course.*

Dear Editor,

I do miss the Land Army—very much. Soon the mowing machines will be out and then I shall feel "homesick"!

Apart from this nostalgia, I am very happy indeed. My fellow students are grand girls from all parts of the country and all walks of life. Ninety per cent of them are ex-Forces girls with a genuine sprinkling from the Land Army. This has helped considerably in bridging that awful emptiness and loneliness that inevitably accompanies one's release.

I have just finished my first "School Practice"—a month with a class of bright thirteen-year-old girls. I enjoyed it very much, after the first agonising moments. In my geography and history lessons I found my agricultural experience very helpful—we were taking "Wool, from the Lamb to the Pullover" and "Feudal England"—the girls enjoyed hearing the little anecdotes which I was able to use in order to bring home certain points.

C. M. D. Upton, 53729.
Bucks.

From another old member.

Dear Editor,

During my four and a half years' service with the W.L.A., it was my pleasure to meet some of the most charming people I should ever wish to come into contact with. The girls came from every walk of life, from maid to mannequin, office girl to private secretary, but in the W.L.A. they were as one.

I will admit there were hard times—in the summer, when hours of overtime had to be worked, and in the winter when ice had to be broken hourly on the drinking troughs to enable the animals to have water. Nevertheless I am sure that despite all these hardships thousands of other ex-members like myself do not regret the years they spent on the land.

F. E. Dunkley, 82623.
Bucks.

YOUTH AT THE HELM

Over two thousand Young Farmers attended the Annual General Meeting of the N.F.Y.F.C. in London in May as delegates of their Clubs. They proved themselves to be both good delegates and good debaters.

Among the very few adults the chief speaker was Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery who made an interesting comparison between the rules of success in war and in farming. Success in both fields, he said, calls for planning ahead, studying the human factor, firmness and simplicity of purpose, avoiding worry and "bellyaching" (which he defined as "inventing poor reasons for not doing what you have been told to do"). Lord Montgomery spoke highly of the value of the Y.F.C. movement as leading to "a progressive and prosperous farming community"; "I do not need to be a farmer," he said, "to realise what that means in terms of ample supplies, not only of food but of fine men and women."

"RARE LASSES"

A True Land Army Story

Monday morning found the household astir early at Intak. John Burton had a new-calved cow to go to the auction. In the kitchen with his wife, he tapped the glass. "I doubt it'll come on", he said. "Could be a lot of snow with this wind." His wife said nothing. Burton sighed. "Mebbe it'll hold off until I get back", he said.

We Land Girls helped him to get the cow into the lorry and spent the rest of the morning carting. The horse was impatient and jumpy as horses always are in wild weather. Marion had only been six months on the farm but I had been there several years and every time we turned into the wind, I looked up at the long flat top of the fell. It looked bleak and dead, the sky above curiously black. I could see the allotment wall winding its way to the skyline.

"Why so glum?" asked Marion after a while. "I was thinking about the sheep", I replied. "I bet they're jolly cold up there!" Marion too looked up at the silent fell. Just then a snowflake blew past, then another and with an extra gust of wind came a little flurry. I looked at my watch. Marion was gazing at the fell, her face solemn. A slightly sinister air seemed to have fallen on the dale. Anything might come out of that dark wind-driven sky. "We'd better go and have dinner", I said.

By the time we had unharnessed the horse, it was snowing fast. "The sheep should be brought down", I said. "Mm," said Marion, "I bet the Boss is getting wild stuck there at the auction." "We could have a go at bringing them down ourselves", I said. "I could take Knight and Bute will run for you." "Heavens! We'd never find them!" Marion exclaimed. "Half of them will be buried by the time the Boss gets back. We've got eyes same as he has. We'll have to try, that's all." Marion was silent a moment, then she said lightly, "All right, anything you say."

We ran to the house and burst in. A steaming rabbit pie stood on the table and Mrs. Burton was already cutting the crust. She looked worried. "I wish he was home" she said. "Never mind, Mrs. Burton, we're going to fetch the sheep," announced Marion gaily, plumping herself down at the table. Mrs. Burton stopped and glanced sharply at me. "We'd better see what we can do," I said.

Mrs. Burton looked out of the window. "It'll be terrible up there." "We'll be all right," said Marion. "Keep on keeping on, you know."

"Well," said Mrs. Burton slowly, "I'll put you up a bite to eat and some tea in your flasks." After dinner we put on our coats and tied our hats down with string. Then each armed with satchel and stick, we left the house to get the dogs. "Tak' care o' yoursels" Mrs. Burton shouted after us. With a last wave to her we started the uphill journey.

The snow had slackened a bit and we could see the whitened fell before us. The dogs walked soberly behind us, their coats already filling with snow. At the allotment gate, we laid our plans. Marion was to take the low side along the beck while I would take the high side where the wall ran along the top of the fell. At the far end, we would meet and drive the sheep down through the middle of the pasture to the gate. "The wind will be behind us once we get them on to the flat," I said. Then we parted, each followed by her dog. The snow was thickening again, fine flakes that drove against the face like needles. At once, I found myself isolated in a whirling, white vortex. Bare rocks loomed up black through the snow and an occasional tussock of bowed rushes broke the whiteness. Beyond ran the dark line of the wall.

At first I saw no sheep; then I began to come on them huddled in bunches in any shelter they could find. With the dog's help I got them turned homewards. After an interminable time, hoarse with shouting and weary with stumbling through the snow, I reached the flat expanse of the fell top. The wind kept up a

monotonous roar and the whirling snow cut off all but the closest view. I wondered how Marion was faring.

I was anxious about the scarcity of sheep. Had they travelled down as the weather worsened or was I missing them? The wall took a turn and at the corner lay a smooth, secret drift. I peered at it. What might there be beneath? It was one among many. Knight sniffed at it. Sinking into the soft snow he pushed his nose in deeply. I took fresh heart. . . . The dog knew the fell better than I. He began to scratch with his feet, then stood back, ears pricked. I prodded the snow with my stick. Nothing. Then something hindered the point. Forgetting my cold, aching hands, I began frantically clawing away the snow. Knight helped and as I stooped low beside him I could hear him whining. Presently my hand struck something hard; a horn. The powdery snow kept falling back, but before long I had the head and shoulders of the sheep clear. With great difficulty I managed to pull it out. Behind it were two others. At last they were all out. They stood huddled together on the open ground. I sent them down hill before me. Once their heads were turned away from the wind they went forward eagerly.

Gradually I worked my way down on to the flat, collecting little groups of sheep I had turned out as I went. All the time I shouted the traditional long-drawn "O—ho" to rouse those I might not see. My feet were numb and unfeeling. Anxiously I looked about but saw no sign of Marion. I turned my flock for the gate and sent Knight in wide sweeps to either side to gather stragglers. He made slow progress, plunging heavily in the snow.

A few hundred yards further on, I saw Marion standing, her hands thrust in her pockets. "Did you get many? I never saw you at the top end," I shouted. "I didn't go right up," Marion answered dully, "I don't suppose there'll be any there." I stared at her, filled with weakness and rage. "But there are sure to be some sheltering in those potholes," I said. "One of us will have to go back."

Marion began to cry. "I've had enough," she mumbled. Taking her by the shoulder, I shook her hard. "Pull yourself together. You'll have to go and look. You'll soon catch up. It'll take ages to get these to the gate. Don't miss any." I stopped and then added accusingly, "They'll die if you leave them."

Marion regarded me miserably. Then, "All right," she said, and turned back into the wind.

I went on with the flock, weary and anxious. Gradually my spirits revived. The snow thinned and then stopped. I refreshed myself from the satchel and went on again. I kept looking back and at last saw Marion coming with about a dozen sheep . . . worth going back for.

The light was beginning to fail. Marion caught up. "I'm sorry," she said. "I think we've got most of them," I called out as she went to the front of the flock to urge on the leaders. How slowly the sheep moved. It got quite dark. We were beyond tiredness and trudged on in a dream, pushing the sheep forward and shouting to the dogs.

Meantime it was dark when John Burton reached home. His wife had the kettle boiling. "T'lasses went for t'sheep right after dinner," she said, handing tea to her husband.

"Did they?" A spark of hope gleamed then died. "They'll very likely ha' lost theirselves by now," he said. "I'd best go and look for them."

He swallowed his tea and left the house again. He walked steadily towards the allotment gate, his dog at heel. The sky was dark and starless. A sound struck his ears, then Knight's bark followed. He opened the allotment gate and there, rushing towards him in the snow was his flock. Leaning on the gate, he smiled into the dark. The sheep flowed past him . . . then we saw him.

"Oh" I said. "We wondered why the gate was open."

"You're rare lasses," said Burton quietly.

Cum. and Wes. Helga Frankland, 25352.

GOING TO THE SHOW

By Mr. F. W. Rhodes, Principal of Newton Hall Agricultural Training Centre, Cambs.

At this time of the year the agricultural shows are in full swing and all of us, who are able to do so, decide that we must at least attend the local event.

The question is, is the visit to be looked upon as "a day out", a change from the ordinary daily routine of farm work, or is it to be viewed with the object of obtaining information which will be of use to us in following our vocation? If we attend simply for the outing the probability is that we will take rather a casual stroll round the livestock, have a cursory look at the farm implements and stalls and spend the rest of our time watching the jumping and other attractions in the ring. Incidentally one can easily waste an hour or more queuing at the luncheon tent for food which by the time we get inside has mostly disappeared.

Agricultural shows undoubtedly can be of considerable educational value if one goes about one's visit in the right way. It therefore should be made primarily with the object of gaining information, the "attractions" taking second place.

In the first place I would suggest an early start, with a friend if possible, so as to arrive at the show in time to see the judging of the stock. Take your lunch with you and on arrival obtain a catalogue and note the particular items which you wish to see. Take a small note book with you in which to jot down particulars of the things which strike you as being useful and informative.

With regard to the judging of the livestock; you cannot see the animals properly in their stalls or pens, hence my injunction to get to the show early so that you may see the animals in the judging rings. Obviously you cannot see all the judging so pick out the breed or breeds in which you are particularly interested and concentrate on them.

I suggest that you try judging the animals yourself. First pick out say four animals which you consider the best in the class. You will not find this very difficult. Next set about trying to place these four in order of merit; this, needless to say, is much more difficult. Judge each animal separately going carefully through all the points and making notes as you go along. A good method is to adopt a simple score card system of judging which enables one to concentrate attention on those points which are essential and to ignore those which are of lesser importance. The following is a score card as suggested by Professor H. G. Robinson in his book "Good Milk Farming", published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.

- (1). **Dairy Type.** 36 points.
Form—wedge shaped; straight top line; legs straight and fine boned; fine head and neck; light, clean brisket. 24 points.
Quality—fine silky hair; mellow and loose skin of medium thickness. 8 points.
Temperament—alert yet quiet to handle. 4 points.
- (2). **Capacity for feeding and living.** 28 points.
Chest—deep and broad between and behind fore-legs. 8 points.
Barrel—deep, long and large, with well sprung ribs and no sign of slackness at loin. 16 points.
Muzzle—broad with strong jaws, and large mouth and nostrils. 4 points.
- (3). **Mammary development.** 36 points.
Size—large, but not fleshy, with ample thin silky skin, and free from lumps. 12 points.
Shape—fore-udder carried well forward; rear-udder well rounded, attached as high at back as possible; quarters evenly balanced; floor of udder level (not cut up between teats); not pendulous. 16 points.
Teats—well spaced, of convenient size,

placed at right angles to udder, easy to milk and no distension at base. 4 points.

Milk Veins—large, prominent, extending well forward and branched; milk wells large. 4 points.

Perfect Score—100 points.

Score card each animal separately, total the marks and place the animals in order of merit. Have a good look over the animals again, comparing one with another and amend your score cards if you think it necessary. When the awards are out compare your placings with those of the judges. Do not be disheartened if your placings do not agree with those of the judges. Remember that you are only a beginner and that the judges are people of long experience who also have probably had years of practice in judging. Go round the animals once more and try to find out where you have gone wrong and why the judges have placed the animals in the order they have. If you can get into conversation with an onlooker who is a breeder by all means do so. He will be able to point out to you where one animal excels another and give you much valuable information; most breeders are enthusiasts and are only too ready to help you with their opinions.

At most of the shows there is an agricultural education and advisory exhibit where much valuable information may be obtained on all agricultural matters. You should not miss paying this exhibit a visit. There you will find advisory officers of the National Agricultural Advisory Service who are only too pleased to help you. Study their exhibit, ask questions and make notes. It is a good plan to make a note beforehand of any particular matters upon which you require information. For example, you can obtain advice on subjects such as pest control, manuring, cropping, spraying, cultivations, feeding stuffs and rationing, clean milk production, etc. The Advisory Officers are appointed for the express purpose of helping agriculturalists and may be applied to for advice at any time. Make a note of their office address and telephone number.

The Ministry of Agriculture has a stall at most shows displaying their various advisory leaflets and bulletins. These are published at a very moderate price, are written by experts and give most valuable information so do not miss having a look round.

The machinery exhibits should be visited. You will see new and improved types of implements; enquire as to how they work, their special advantages and what they cost. You will also see various "gadgets" designed to make work easier and more efficient. Don't forget to examine the various makes of milking machines and compare their advantages and disadvantages.

Visit the foodstuffs and seedsmen's stalls. You can learn a lot there regarding the recognition of the various foodstuffs, suitability of seed for particular districts and soils, disease resistant varieties, etc.

A visit to the poultry tent will give you an excellent opportunity to recognise various breeds of fowls which you have probably heard of but which you have never seen. Visit the poultry equipment stalls where you will be able to see various types of rearing equipment, fold units and houses, etc.

At most shows there is a Rural Domestic Economy exhibit and often demonstrations. Here you can obtain information about fruit preservation, jam making, egg preserving, bacon curing, etc.

If you have a camera take it with you. You may see something of which you would like to have a photographic record.

At this Training Centre, where, for the second time, we have some forty-one experienced members of the Women's Land Army undergoing a year's training for agricultural careers we have made it a practice to attend agricultural shows (including the Royal Show). Our experience is that these visits are not only very popular but prove a valuable adjunct to our teaching.

THE DARK CLOUD . . .

Far too many Land Girls have lost personal property without hope of recompense either because they have not thought of insuring their belongings or because they are quite mistakenly under the impression that they are covered by the Ministry of Agriculture against loss through fire, burglary or other causes.

In case you do not read your hostel notice board and for privately employed members who have not got one, we would point out that the Ministry will not accept any responsibility for any loss or damage to personal clothing or property. You are strongly advised to mark all your personal property with your name, to leave as much as you can at home and if you want to be really safe insure everything with a well known Insurance Company against risk of fire and theft.

. . . AND THE SILVER LINING

It is very unwise to leave loose money about the place. If you have more than will meet your immediate needs why not invest this surplus each week in National Savings. It will be kept safely for you and while it keeps it grows. The Agricultural Advisory Committee for National Savings is launching a new "Silver Lining" campaign this summer all over the country. Land Girls supported Savings Campaigns during the war and we are sure they will do so again with renewed energy when they appreciate the truth of the saying "Saving's keeping."

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Are you finding it difficult to decide where to go for that longed-for holiday? The Y.W.C.A. issue a pamphlet giving details of their special summer centres in Britain and of International Holiday Camps in Belgium, Switzerland and Holland. Write without delay, if you would like a copy, to the Holidays Booking Secretary, Y.W.C.A., National Offices, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

DESIGN WEEKS

Many of you were probably too far away from London to be able to visit the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition and no doubt the lengthy queues prevented others from getting inside. A series of "Design Weeks" will be held in the leading industrial centres of the country and you may find a lot to interest you there.

Cities where "Design Weeks" are to be held include Newcastle-on-Tyne, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff and Bradford. Watch out for one in your area.

BENEVOLENT FUND

Members who heard the "Good Cause" Appeal broadcast by Lady Denman will be interested to know that, at the time of going to press, over £6,000 has been subscribed in response to the Appeal. Over 15,000 grants and loans have been made from the Fund since its inception in 1942 involving a total expenditure of more than £124,000. Throughout the first six months of 1947 grants have been made at the rate of 520 a month and the average monthly expenditure on grants has been £4,000. Amongst its varied work, the Fund is helping to support members who, through illness or other trouble, are temporarily in financial difficulty and is also assisting those volunteers who are unable to meet the necessary expenses for their rehabilitation in civilian life following service in the Land Army.

TO THE NEW RECRUIT

You may find your hands are rather tender to begin with. Neat's foot oil helps to harden the skin. It can also be used to soften your boots!

Unless you want to catch colds, chills and rheumatism, never sit about in wet clothes but change into dry ones as soon as ever you can.

