

Gratis copy

THE LAND GIRL



No. 1. Vol. 1.

APRIL, 1940

Price 3d.

HOW SHALL I BEGIN?

THERE is a curious delusion that land workers are rather slower than town folk; that, like brains and brawn, cows and culture don't go together.

Perhaps it all depends on what is meant by culture. There is certainly more cash and more comfort attached to the commercial or clerical city existence. Whether it also shows a better sense of values or proves the possession of superior brains is quite another matter.

At any rate, members of the Land Army have proved *their* intelligence by joining the Land Army. Coming from every profession and calling, they have all realised what is the most important job they can do to-day.

This being so, it is obvious that the Land Army must have a magazine, and so, like the girl in our title picture, our problem now is "How to begin." In the first place the magazine will appear once a month, as near the middle of the month as possible. It will contain one or two signed articles on our work, local news from the counties, correspondence, official news, Land Army jokes (strictly original) and gossip, and any useful hints that seem appropriate.

We hope readers will be interested and amused. If not, our life will be short and sweet, as the magazine is not an official publication and will have to stand or fall on its own legs, so to speak.

Contributions and suggestions will be welcomed. We cannot afford (yet) to pay for those we print, but we will return, with every consideration, those we don't (provided a stamp is enclosed).

Having begun, we will now leave the LAND GIRL to speak for itself, with our very best wishes for your pleasure and profit.

M. A. P.



E. Hodgkin.

choice of the subject has yet been settled (our suggestion that it should be held by the county taking the largest number of magazines has been received rather coldly at Headquarters). This ceremony took place in front of a really wonderful spring "piece" composed of flowers, fruit and vegetables. We have never doubted the utility value of the cabbage, the cauliflower and the onion, but we must confess that we had not previously suspected their decorative possibilities.

An inspection by the Queen of some of the beautiful plate belonging to the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths was followed by tea with the Land Girls while a delightful orchestra played in the next room. When Her Majesty left the tea room preparatory to departure, the Land Girls left by a shorter route and filled up one flight of the great double staircase. The chairmen and secretaries clustered in the gallery surrounding the well of the staircase. As the Queen came down the opposite flight on the way out, there was a tremendous, spontaneous outburst of clapping and cheering. It was an enchanting and most moving sight—the solid mass of green-jerseyed girls packed all the way up, cheering and waving as the Queen faced them coming down the opposite stairway. When Her Majesty turned right at the bottom of the first flight and moved down towards the front door, the Land Girls followed and showed every intention of pursuing her car down the street, had this been allowed. At least Her Majesty must have realised how warm a place she held in all their hearts.

After that, more tea, a visit to the Court Room to see the plate, pleasant music, and then home, feeling (fortunately) that we didn't care if it snowed.

Perhaps the general impression of what everyone was feeling was best summed up by one volunteer who said that she had been a land girl in the last war, but that "never had she known a day like this."

We think our readers will like to see the following letter which Lady Denman received after the party at Goldsmiths' Hall.

Buckingham Palace,

March 15th, 1940.

DEAR LADY DENMAN,

The Queen commands me to write and say how pleased Her Majesty was to meet

representatives of the Women's Land Army at the Goldsmiths' Hall yesterday afternoon.

The Queen would be glad if you would convey Her Majesty's grateful thanks to all those who were responsible for making such very efficient arrangements for the gathering.

The Queen was much impressed by the loyalty and enthusiasm of the girls, and Her Majesty wishes the Women's Land Army every success in their great undertaking.

Yours sincerely,

KATHARINE SEYMOUR,

Lady-in-Waiting.

Correspondence

[Correspondence from readers is invited. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "Land Girl," Balcombe Place, Balcombe, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.]

The following is an extract from a letter from the Monmouthshire representative at the Goldsmiths' Hall on March 14th. This was her first visit to London. Before the war she was companion to a teacher, but having served in the Land Army in the last war she joined again at once this time.

"... The first thing which struck me on entering the city was the fact it was possible to have such beautiful parks in the centre of such a city. Then, of course, there are the wonderful buildings which one could get but a glimpse of in such a short time. Best of all, the wonderful hall, with its magnificent chandeliers and gold plate, also the marvelous bouquet which stood at the entrance to the hall. The Queen arrived, and as she passed, asked each girl different questions. The various answers which were given were very amusing. I enjoyed the scene as Her Majesty was leaving. She lingered on the steps as we all cheered and waved to her until she finally disappeared. . . .

"I would like to say 'Thank you' to all who did so much for our trip and inspection. It is an honour which will live long in others' memories as well as my own, and I shall always remember my first trip to London."

COUNTY NEWS

WE hope to publish each month news from the Counties. Magazine Representatives are asked to send to the Hon. Editor any items of interest, jokes, records of achievements and news likely to interest other counties. It will be a great help if all information is sent as early as possible in the second half of the month. The latest date on which anything intended for publication in the next issue can be received is *the 27th of the month.*

This month no special news has been sent up from the counties, but we have chosen various items which we think will interest everyone, and we offer our

Congratulations to

HAMPSHIRE on having put into employment since the outbreak of war more volunteers than any other county.

GLAMORGAN on having put into employment since the outbreak of war more volunteers than any other county in Wales.

LONDON on having the largest number of volunteers.

SURREY on their secretary's lectures to volunteers not yet called up for training. Miss Hodgson was herself trained at Studley Agricultural College, and her object in these lectures is to give the girls some idea of what a farming life is like, and of the names of farming tools and implements, and of the appearance of crops. The lectures are very popular and should do much to prevent the wastage caused by the loss of volunteers whose services are not immediately required and whose first interest wanes so that they are not ready to join up when they are wanted.

DEVONSHIRE on getting their County Council to arrange classes for milking an artificial cow. These have proved very useful, not only in maintaining the interest of volunteers not yet called up for training, but also in giving an indication as to whether a girl will shape as a milker or whether she had better be encouraged to train in some other branch of agriculture.

OXFORDSHIRE on training a girl who, after one month's training, milks thirteen cows by hand daily.

EAST AND WEST SUSSEX for their very popular tea-parties for volunteers and officials. Early rising and black-outs did not shorten the fun or spoil the attendance.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE on their excellent first-aid hints.

KENT on getting the Women's Institutes and others to knit socks as Christmas presents for their volunteers.

WARWICKSHIRE on having a volunteer, previously an office worker, whose employer has declared her to be "as good as two men."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE on arranging a demonstration in dairying for their members.

WEST SUFFOLK on having placed and trained so many volunteers from industrial areas, and also on their splendid work, despite this terrible winter, at Culford Forestry Camp.

YORKSHIRE (West Riding) on having a worker, previously a dancer, who is training the village for a charity performance in her spare time.

Warning!

Although Land Army volunteers normally obtain posts through the Land Army County Secretary, there have been occasional cases in which a volunteer has answered an advertisement. Before going to any employment not arranged by the Land Army authorities, volunteers are advised to *consult the Secretary of the Land Army Committee in her county*, who can obtain full particulars of the suggested post. A volunteer can thus be sure that she will not find herself in an unsuitable post, perhaps in a strange county far from home, which has occasionally happened in the past.

A County Secretary wrote to a volunteer about a job, giving particulars of the dairy farm concerned. The recruit replied that she would be pleased to work for "T. T. Herd, Esq."



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The Sports Jumper above is from Leaflet No. 331

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LAND GIRL No. 1

WHEN the National Service booklets were issued all over Britain in 1939 my landlady, of course, received her copy. In Bristol (where I was then driving my pens, pencils and brushes) the booklets were issued a fortnight early, and before they were reclaimed I had torn out my form. This may account for the fact of my being No. 1 Land Girl! I read through the booklet and pounced immediately with interest on the little paragraph concerning a service of which very little had been heard previously. **THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY.** *Here* was the thing for me—the service to serve England—*really*—with the accent on the **LAND**—the service to help keep the land alive—and also a service in which one could help on the everlasting process of creation, instead of helping in destruction. Also, the thought of being in the country appealed. I had always lived in the country until 1936, and loved it in all its moods, and I missed it considerably during my three years of toil in Bristol.

Joining Up

Well, I sent in my form immediately, and a fortnight later was informed that I had been enrolled as a volunteer for the **LAND ARMY**. At the time I did not notice my reference number!

The war clouds seemed for the moment to have rolled back, and everyone got on with their respective jobs. Mine, as perhaps you have guessed, was in the art line. In order to be self-supporting and earn a reasonable salary, I directed my artistic tendency along commercial lines, and I was employed in a commercial studio, at what now appears to have been a lordly sum.

In my spare time I indulged in the finer arts, i.e. painting and straight and decorative drawing. I was smitten with the idea of having a small studio of my own. I was lucky in finding just what I wanted: a large, light, inexpensive attic. Then followed all the immense fun of interior decorating and furnishing, which occupied most of the months of April, May and June, and then I was due for my holiday.

Little did I know of the surprise awaiting. I had almost forgotten I was a member of the Land Army, and the recurring threat of war was not worrying me at the moment. I

was full of ideas for a cheap holiday to balance my outlay on my attic.

Presentation to the King

Then, on the eve of my holiday, came a mysterious 'phone call from a Lady Langman, of whom I had never heard, asking me to go over and see her on a matter concerning the Land Army. I drove over to Cadbury Court the next day, the first of my holiday. When the news was broken to me that I was Land Girl No. 1, and to be presented to the King and to take part in a broadcast, I nearly sank through the floor. It really was so incredible.

After that, of course, everything was a bit chaotic. The fact of my being on holiday was a great asset, but my ideas of lazing by the sea, or in it, somewhere or other, were banished. All I can remember now is a whirl in which reporters and Land Army officials seemed to be clamouring for interviews with *me*—of all people. The broadcast was good fun, but I was definitely "mike-shy," and "all of a tremble" at first.

The Great Day

The great day arrived, and I was in an even more exaggerated state of the above. I had ghastly visions of shaking hands with His Majesty, and having perspiring palms. However, he wore gloves! If I had only known before!

However, once I was there all tremors vanished. It was a grand show, only slightly marred by April weather, and an inspiring sight, and its deep significance lent it an awe which would have been frightening but for the blessed ignorance of the future and what it had in store.

In due course I was presented to their Majesties—and fell completely for their charming naturalness, which did nothing to deplete their graciousness. When I see their photographs in the papers now I can never suppress a feeling of intense pride.

It all passed like a dream, and after much ragging when I returned to Bristol, life was swallowed up once more in the exacting round of advertising, and the final touches to my attic studio. I started on a portrait, which I hoped would find a place at one of the big exhibitions this year. It is still half-finished on its easel.

Peace Work Again

I also got in touch at that time with quite a good deal of free lance work, which kept me busy after hours, so that the period of inactivity which I found at the office was rather a relief and I did not really think much about it. It was owing, of course, to the fact that our clients were sending us less and less work. The storm was about to break.

And then the first bombs fell on Poland, and war was declared. After this followed a period which I would rather forget. It was too depressing—just a repetition of good-byes, and the office becoming emptier and emptier, and work finally petering out, till eventually the few higher paid artists were asked to find other jobs, if possible, as the amount of work coming in could not carry our salaries! I suppose there must have been heaps of people in the same boat at the time.

Called Up

Having waited a fortnight, in a fury of impatience to get on the land, I had almost given up hope—and then I got my marching orders very suddenly. On Saturday afternoon, the 16th of September, I got a letter, from which I learnt a post was vacant at Charity Farm, nr. Castle Cary. The farmer wanted help, however inexperienced, and I was to start on the Monday, the 18th! Well! Somehow I got everything packed, settled up my digs, locked up the attic, said numerous farewells, got a doctor's certificate despite a hacking cough, and bought gum-boots, shirts and a mackintosh.

I left Templemeads Station at 9 on the Monday morning, and journeyed down to Castle Cary filled with apprehension and the feeling one always has on leaving behind a familiar piece of one's existence.

Down on the Farm

A good many things have happened since that Monday, six months ago. Whether to my credit or otherwise, I am still at Charity Farm, and I have the farmer's permission to say that I have developed into quite a responsible milker and farm-hand.

It is a fair-sized mixed farm, with the farmer, one man, and myself to cope with it—so I come in for my share of most things. It has not all been a bed of roses, especially in the cold spell, and it has not *all* been interest-

ing. I defy even the most imaginative individual to get a kick out of picking up endless cider apples or stones—jobs when one spends one's time bent double, all the blood in one's head. Awful after meals! Throwing manure and cleaning out cow-stalls and pig-sties are not jobs either exactly invested in glamour. But the animals themselves compensate for most things, and there is great satisfaction seeing them clean and tidy and realising you are partly responsible. At times, of course, I have felt I never wanted to see or hear a cow again—when everything is awful and I have been practically reduced to tears at the effort of rising, or when a hedge I have been supposed to trim has almost proved too much for me.

But on the whole I think there could not be a better service, or one which, in comparison to others, has so much freedom and scope for using one's initiative and self-reliance. Worthy as the A.T.S., W.R.N.S., and W.A.A.F.S. are, I *personally* feel they resemble too much grown-up Girl Guides, and I do not think you would have nearly as much chance of proving your fortitude! Shame on me—doubtless these efficient damsels regard us as clods—in much the same way as a cavalry officer might regard a cowboy. But the cowboy wins hands down as the embodiment of health, freedom, independence, and one who will meet anything or any situation that comes along squarely, taking it in his stride, with no fuss.

If nothing else, we must provide our employers with a great deal of amusement with all our escapades. I personally have been kicked, upset, trodden on, and generally decomposed by cows and pigs; run away with in a cart, and nearly had my arms pulled out of joint escorting two enormous cart-horses to the blacksmith's. But that is a long story. One rather amusing occasion when I came a purler in the stalls, on that portion of my anatomy on which I generally sit, my breeches were so thickly covered with manure that Mr. Mallet got out his knife, and requesting me to bend over, neatly scraped the offending area clean!

Well, my nib is nearly worn out, so I will end all this with a greeting to all my pals, wherever they are, and an apology to Syd Walker for "So long, chums."

VALERIE HODGE.

Ten Little Land Girls

Ten little Land Girls went to feed the swine,
One said "Oh, what a boar!" and then
there were nine.

Nine little Land Girls learned to incubate,
One was no chicken, and then there were
eight.

Eight little Land Girls milking down in
Devon,
One kicked the bucket, and then there were
seven.

Seven little Land Girls piling up the ricks,
One went hay-wire, and then there were six.

Six little Land Girls a tractor learned to
drive,
The farmer ploughed one, and then there
were five.

Five little Land Girls had never stripped
before,
One did a tease act, and then there were four.

Four little Land Girls tried to fell a tree,
One fell for the forester, and then there were
three.

Three little Land Girls to geese could not
say "boo,"
One went to Uganda, and then there were
two.

Two little Land Girls thought thatching
might be fun,
One brought the house down, and then there
was one.

One little Land Girl when her work was done
Turned up the "bridle" path, and then there
was none.

J. MONCRIEFF.

Answers to General Knowledge Questions on page 5

1. 105 degrees. 2. None. 3. Red Poll,
Galloway, Aberdeen Angus. 4. A (3), B (4),
C (4), D (2), E (3), F (1).

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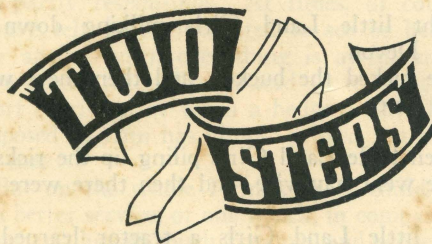
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County Employment Returns

COUNTY.	Number of volunteers put into employment since the outbreak of war.			
Hampshire	307
Kent	222
West Suffolk	187
Gloucestershire	183
Wiltshire	170
East Sussex	151
Essex	150
West Sussex	146
Warwickshire	138
Surrey	135
Glamorganshire	127
Somerset	124
Berkshire	120
Oxfordshire	115
Cheshire	114
Worcestershire	106
Norfolk	104
Lancashire	103
Lincolnshire—Lindsey	96
Shropshire	95
Devonshire	92
Staffordshire	85
Northamptonshire	82
Dorset	78
Buckinghamshire	67
Hertfordshire	65
Leicestershire	64
East Suffolk	61
Cornwall	55

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Reproductions of the photograph on page 8
can be obtained from the Westminster Press,
167 Fleet Street, E.C.4, and of the one on
page 9 from the *Daily Sketch*, Kemsley
House, W.C.1. Both newspapers have kindly
offered a special reduction of one-third in their
usual prices, which can be obtained on
application.

A MESSAGE FROM THE HONORARY DIRECTOR OF THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

Members of the Land Army may be interested to know that their Honorary Director, Lady Denman, has been Chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes since its foundation. She was also a member of the first Executive Committee of the Land Settlement Association, is a trustee of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, and is a member of the Voluntary Service Advisory Committee recently appointed by the Government.

I AM very glad indeed that the Land Army is to have a magazine. It is particularly difficult for us to realise that we are all part of one body. Unlike other women's war services, it is rare for members of the Land Army to work in groups. Most have to carry on their jobs without the comradeship of fellow members, and often in particularly lonely circumstances. But it is just as important for us, as for other war workers, to remember that we are a national force. The success of every individual reflects on all the others, so each of us has in her care the good name of the Women's Land Army.

The magazine will help us all to keep in touch with one another. It also gives me an opportunity, for which I have long looked, to thank all employed members of the Land Army for their good work. There has been the pioneer's task. This has been a hard winter. Snow and ice, as well as hard comments from some people, have made things



Photograph by Bertram Park

difficult. Strange and sometimes uncomfortable conditions have made hard work harder. I have the greatest admiration for the thousands of girls who have stuck to their jobs all through the winter months. It is thanks to what they have done that the Land Army is now winning the genuine appreciation of farmers.

I know that to many volunteers the lack of need for their services has been a bitter disappointment. It couldn't be helped, but that hasn't made it any easier for them. I have every hope that during the summer

we shall call up the large majority of our enrolled members. I am confident that when that call is made they will not be slow to respond.

It is an old saying that an army marches on its stomach. Nowadays it is the whole nation, not only the army, that fights a war, and nothing is more important than the care of the nation's food supply. This is the Land Army's particular job—this is the job which I am convinced the Land Army will do.

G. DENMAN.

THE LAND ARMY IN TRAINING AT AN AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE

The author of this article, Dr. W. A. Stewart, is the Principal of Northamptonshire Institute of Agriculture at Moulton and also County Agricultural Organiser. We are very glad to be able to print in our first number his views on the training and the future of the Land Army.

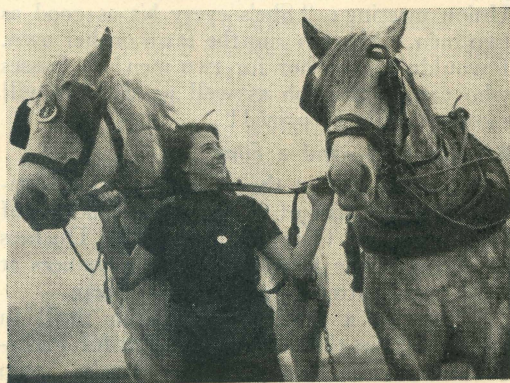
THE Institute's first experience of Women's Land Army Volunteers was during last summer, when small groups of four at a time were sent for a fortnight's training in tractor driving. Most of these girls were from town jobs, and had given up their annual fortnight's holiday in order to get some training in preparation for war work on the land.

The tractor training scheme was fairly successful. During the fortnight most of the

away got down to the work with real enthusiasm.

Miss Janet Strang, the Chief Instructress, interviewed all the trainees on arrival, and kept a record of what each had been doing in civil life, and noted any preferences that individuals might have in regard to the kind of work which they wished to do. At the same time, it was impressed upon all of them that most jobs were likely to be forthcoming in work connected with hand-milking, the use of milking machines, and dairy farming generally.

It was clear from the outset that many of the girls required physical toughening, in order to make them strong enough for hard and sustained manual work. And it is in this connection that the period of residence at an Institute, with its regular hours and regular and substantial meals, has proved specially valuable. All the girls were weighed when they arrived, and again after an interval of a month or at the end of their period of training. Some rather remarkable live weight gains were recorded—as much as a stone in four weeks, and a general average of 4·7 lb. for the first month and 7 lb. for two months.



Copyright Fox Photos Ltd.

Taken at Moulton—she likes working with horses better than being in a jeweller's shop.

trainees became reasonably competent at actually driving a tractor, but the drawback was that only a proportion could acquire the "knack" and develop sufficient physical strength to start a tractor when the engine was cold in the morning.

War-time Training

The war-time scheme of training began on September 20th, when our first batch of forty arrived—mostly from Coventry and Birmingham, and a few from our own county of Northampton. These trainees were of all sorts, and varied in age from 17 to 47, but they certainly had the right spirit, and straight

The Day's Work

The trainees have worked in groups—generally four in a group, under skilled supervision. The programme is changed twice a week—on Tuesdays and Fridays—so that any one group is on a particular job for half a week at a time. And the programme which has been developed is as follows. The day begins at 6.30 or 7 a.m., depending upon the job; breakfast is at 8.15; there is practical work from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.; lunch at 1; usually a lecture or demonstration from 2—3, and practical work again from 3—5. There is high tea at 5.30, and frequently a talk from 6.30—7.15 p.m.; light refreshments are provided at 7.45. The evening talks deal with

farming in a general sort of way, and have proved definitely popular. They have given rise to lots of questions and much discussion on things the trainees want to know. There are various social activities in the later part of the evening, but usually the trainees are quite glad to go to bed before 10 p.m. All the same, the first course found time to rehearse for a very excellent concert, which they gave, and raised by means of a collection a substantial sum for Red Cross Funds.

Saturday afternoon is a half holiday, and allows the trainees an opportunity to do their shopping and visit the pictures, but they take their part in the routine Sunday work.

Sorting out the Trainees

Practically all the members of the first course were suitable for Land Army work, but on the later courses a number were definitely unsuitable, and they were advised to give up land training and to take up some other form of service. One of the advantages of courses at an Institute is that an opportunity is given to sort out those who, after trial, are found to be unsuitable for the land. Another advantage is that in consultation with W.L.A. County Secretaries it is possible for those who have got to know the trainees through personal contact during the period of training to recommend individual ones most likely to fit into the conditions on particular farms.

The chairmen and secretaries of the W.L.A. Committees for Northamptonshire and Warwickshire have regularly visited their trainees at the Institute towards the end of their courses. They have discussed the matter of jobs with the staff and the trainees, and this co-operation has been of very great value.

Prior to Christmas, the county secretaries experienced some difficulty in finding jobs for the trainees at the end of their courses, but the position has now definitely changed, and the demand is greater than the supply.

Going to a Job

After leaving the Institute the girls have sometimes found it rather lonely on farms, particularly when one girl has got a job by herself. They find it much more pleasant when two, who have become friends, can go to jobs together. It is marvellous how they

make light of troubles when it is possible for two to laugh over the troubles together. Here is an extract from a letter written to Miss Strang by one of a pair of girls who took on jobs on a very isolated arable farm last October, and who are still going strong:

"I enjoy the depth of the country, and luckily never pine for town life. Our cottage is most primitive, no water laid on—but we have a grand copper that we keep going with continual hot water. Our joy is our tub in a hip-bath beside the copper fire. It has given us no end of amusement."

That's the spirit. And given anything like a reasonable chance, there is no doubt that the Land Girls are going to make a most valuable contribution to agricultural work. Of those who have passed through this Institute perhaps Yvonne has gained most kudos. Her employer said at the local National Farmers' Union meeting: "She's every bit as good as two men. She can run the farm on her own. I wouldn't swop her for two men!" Lasses who can do the job as well as all that will most certainly be prized!

A Royal Visit—and a Film

The high spot in the training at this Institute was the visit of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester in October last. The Duchess went round the farm, saw all the trainees at work and chatted to a number of them.

Those on a later course had a thrill in taking part in the making of a film for Pathé-Pictures. The film was subsequently shown all over the country, and provided quite a fair idea of the work that Land Girls are doing, but unfortunately the producers had cut it rather too short.

The trainees who started their course in January had a most unfortunate time in the matter of weather. They were here fully six weeks before they saw any green grass on the farm. Wading knee-deep through snow is pretty arduous, but most of them stuck it gamely. And they have one consolation—that they are not likely to experience anything worse in the way of snow storms during their sojourn on the land. But for some I fancy that it will be more than just a sojourn. A good many, I think, are likely to remain permanently in agriculture.

W. A. STEWART.

General Knowledge Questions

1. At what temperature are hens' eggs incubated?
2. How many teeth has a four-year-old cow in its upper jaw?
3. Name two breeds of cows which have no horns.
4. *One of the four answers given below each of the following questions is the correct one:*
 - A. What is a hogget?
 1. A little boar.
 2. A hooked stick used for thatching.
 3. A young sheep.
 4. A shed for cattle.
 - B. What is a cockpit?
 1. Cab of an all-weather tractor.
 2. Where chickens fight in the farm-yard.
 3. A pen for fattening cockerels.
 4. Part of an aeroplane.
 - C. What is a gaggle?
 1. A cock turkey.
 2. Something put in a horse's mouth when dosing it.
 3. The smallest pig in a litter.
 4. A flock of geese.
 - D. Who is the present Minister of Agriculture?
 1. Mr. W. S. Morrison.
 2. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith.
 3. Mr. Walter Elliot.
 4. Lord de la Warr.
 - E. What is a plough-breast?
 1. The lower half of a horse collar.
 2. The "ridge" part of ridge and furrow.
 3. Part of an agricultural implement.
 4. A deformity in table chickens.
 - F. What is a Suffolk punch?
 1. A breed of cart horse.
 2. A boxing term.
 3. A drink.
 4. A machine used for stamping pigs' ears.

Answers will be found on page 15.

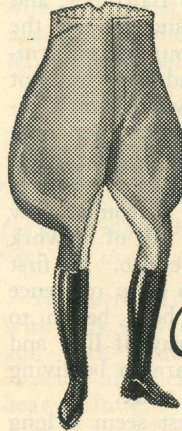
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Our Title Picture

One warmest thanks are due to Mr. Eliot Hodgkin for our title picture.

Although Mr. Hodgkin is one of our younger artists, one of his pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy was bought a little while ago for the Tate Gallery under the Chantrey Bequest, and it was with some trepidation that we asked him if he would design a title picture for the LAND GIRL.

He replied promptly with the delightful original drawing on our front cover, which is, he says, the only comic drawing he has ever made. We all hope it won't be his last.

Thank you very much indeed, Mr. Hodgkin.

A letter was received at Headquarters from a recruit who said that she wanted to learn to milk but would like to "begin on a calf."

HEADQUARTERS NOTES

BALCOMBE PLACE, HAYWARD'S HEATH, SUSSEX, is the headquarters of the Women's Land Army. It is the home of Lady Denman, the Honorary Director of the Land Army, who offered it last August to the Ministry of Agriculture for use in the event of war. A few days before war was declared the whole Land Army staff of the Ministry moved to Balcombe, and for two days vans plied to and fro on the London road bringing to us our office furniture, our files, our papers, and last, but not least, the big central index where every enrolled Land Army volunteer has her own index card, with her name, age, home address and county of employment.

The Land Army staff at Balcombe now consists of thirty-eight people. All of us work there, and most of us live there also. At first it was very strange to us all to be in residence with our jobs, but now we have begun to regard it as quite a normal way of life, and we know how fortunate we are to be living and working in so pleasant a place.

Although Headquarters must seem a long way off to the Land Girls at work on farms, market gardens and in the forests, yet to Headquarters the Land Girls seem quite near. The things they do—and the things they forget to do!—are familiar to every member of the staff. We know their ways, we know their waist measurements, and, if their Land Army life is marked by some dramatic incident, their names are continually on our lips. But what we seldom see are their faces, and if any Land Girl notices an eager countenance peering out at her from the window of some bus or train, she may feel pretty sure it belongs to a member of the Headquarters staff coming back to Balcombe after leave—or German measles!

Keeping in Touch

It is important for members of the Land Army to keep in touch, even though they are working far apart. For the Land Army is one force, striving together for one purpose. Its members need to know of each other's mistakes, so as to avoid them, and of each other's successes, so as to be successful, too. On dreary days they want the friendly encouragement of all those others who are facing

dreary days also and managing to keep cheerful. Now that the Land Army has its own magazine, it should be easy to keep even so large a family aware of its doings, and on this page each month Headquarters will be able to make known those matters which are the concern and interest of all.

At First

When war broke out the Land Army almost began to feel it was not wanted. Almost but not quite! For we never really believed those fantastic figures we saw quoted in the newspapers of the thousands—sometimes hundreds of thousands—of girls who had been promised jobs and left stranded without them. Still, we did know that very many of those who had enrolled in peace-time had expected to be needed immediately on the land if war should come, and it was hard to be told that one must wait till one was wanted, and to read the not-so-complimentary remarks that farmers made about what the value of a Land Girl's work was likely to be.

To-day

There is a very different story to tell to-day. Out of an enrolled force of between eleven and twelve thousand, nearly six thousand are already in agricultural employment. Of the rest, some are temporarily unavailable; some are free only for part-time and purely local work; those who are mobile and can be ready at short notice are being called out of their peace-time occupations quickly now for training and employment. Farmers are full of praise for the girls they have, and are asking for more and still more. The Land Army must recruit again.

The Next job

This is the next job before us—a big recruiting campaign. The Land Army needs volunteers, not only for its regular force whose members are placed in continuous employment throughout the year, but more urgently for its new auxiliary force, which agriculture wants for the many necessary seasonal occupations on which successful farming depends. Who is going to hoe and single the root crops this spring? Who is going to carry the hay? Who will bring in the summer harvest before the rain? Who will pick

the fruit? Who will lift the potatoes and beet? We should like the answer to be "The Women's Land Army Auxiliary Force of 1940."

The Auxiliary Force

Every Land Army County Committee will soon be hard at work recruiting, and every fit, keen girl or woman who can spare four weeks or more to work on the land this year will find a place in the Auxiliary Force. But the Land Army itself is its best recruiting agent, and if every enrolled member of the Regular Force can find a recruit for the Auxiliary Force, the job will be quickly done. Most of us must have a friend or know of a

friend's friend who can surely be spared from home for four weeks or more this year, or who is lucky enough to have a long summer holiday which she can be persuaded to spend on the land. If you have such a friend, write to her to-night, before you forget. Tell her life on a farm is not so hard as one expects, or—if you cannot quite say that—tell her that in summer it's a picnic compared with what you have been through this winter. Tell her the least she can do is to help to make sure that what you have done shall not be wasted. In short, tell her to join the Auxiliary Force, and to do it now.

INEZ JENKINS.

FIRST AID AND GENERAL HEALTH

We are very grateful to Cambridgeshire for allowing us to quote the Notes which a doctor helped them to compile for the use of their volunteers.

MANY members of the Land Army are tackling a type of work of which they have had no previous experience. Not only are new muscles employed but a whole new routine is necessary. In these circumstances bodily adaptation is required if health is to be maintained (and often improved), and a little care and thought will avoid unnecessary fatigue and speed up the process of getting physically accustomed to the new life.

Some points on General Health

FOOD.—Remember that you are living a much more energetic life than in a sedentary job, and you must therefore eat more to replace the energy used.

BOWELS.—Regular habits are most important, and care should be taken to re-establish these if changed hours and meals have upset them.

***BATHS.**—Whenever possible, bath after the day's work. In any case, wash well then, particularly the hands and feet.

MUSCLES.—You will be using muscles the presence of which you may hardly have previously suspected. Physical exercises will strengthen all muscles and will prevent tiredness and stiffness. The "small back" and "tummy" muscles are especially important.

* Kindly neighbours, please note that your bathroom can be a real blessing to land workers billeted where baths are difficult to get.

WEIGHT LIFTING.—Always start to lift with legs well apart, body bent at the waist and with "tummy" muscles braced. The wearing of a belt will support the muscles for heavy lifting.

BEET PULLING.—Wear a wrist strap, or bandage your wrists.

First Aid Hints

There are many minor injuries which are easily incurred, and as easily dealt with, if tackled at once. The following, with their appropriate preventives and remedies, are particularly likely to come into the land worker's life.

BLISTERS

PREVENTION.—Always wash feet and hands at end of day. Harden skin of feet and hands by rubbing methylated spirit on them twice daily, after washing at night and in the morning. Apply talc powder to feet before dressing. Wear a *thin* pair of socks (fine wool or cotton) under your heavy socks, that can be washed each evening.

TREATMENT.—Puncture blister with sterile needle (a needle held in a flame or soaked in methylated). Squeeze out all fluid, but do *not* remove the skin. Apply a piece of zinc oxide strapping directly over the blister.

(To be continued next month.)

THE QUEEN VISITS THE LAND ARMY

MARCH 14th, 1940, was the first Great Day of the Land Army in this war. During the last six months we have had quite a lot to bear in the way of criticism and misunderstanding, but the Queen's visit made up for all that. Through its representatives the Land Army received that day an honour that it will never forget.

behaved like a Christmas party instead of a spring festival.

But inside the beautiful hall everything looked splendid. Surprisingly, the great marble staircase and pillared livery hall made a perfect setting for what a rude farmer recently called "the hobbledehoyes," in their green jerseys and brown corduroy breeches.



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The party, which took place at Goldsmiths' Hall, by the most generous invitation of the Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, consisted of land workers, chairmen and secretaries from every county in England and Wales, and four visitors from the Scottish Land Army. Everyone was asked to arrive at 2 p.m., but by that time the place was already half full, and more girls, shepherded by anxious secretaries, were arriving every moment in the falling snow. The weather was pathetically inappropriate. It

With universal cheerful good temper and patience, the business of arranging the chairmen and secretaries round the hall, and the hundred land workers in four rows down the middle, was accomplished. Photographers and reporters, as usual, fell over everyone's feet and kept popping up in unexpected places but their interest was welcome. It was such a pleasant change to be popular with the Press.

When drawn up, the girls looked fine, handsome creatures, with such ravishing complexions (entirely natural, too) that it was no

wonder the Queen asked later "if they had been picked for their looks."

Soon after 3 o'clock Her Majesty arrived, and was met downstairs by the Honorary Director, Lady Denman, and the Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company, Mr. Arthur Wakely. Inside the front door Mrs. Jenkins (Lady Denman's deputy and Personal Assistant), Mr. Sutherland Harris (Chief Administrative Officer of the Women's Land Army Branch of the Ministry of Agriculture at

was that of the girl who, in reply to the question, "Is it very hard work?" said "Well, you'd soon get used to it." From the Queen's attitude to the matter of early rising one imagines that if Her Majesty should be unlucky enough to wake up one morning soon at 4.30 or 5 a.m., she will give a sympathetic shudder at the thought of the Land Army milkers stumbling out of bed in the cold, dark morning down on the farm.

When the Queen had passed down the last



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Balcombe), and the Wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company were presented. The party then moved upstairs and entered the Livery Hall. It was a spectacular moment when, while the Orchestra played the National Anthem, the Queen stood in the doorway, looking lovely and royal, facing the steady, admiring gaze of the rows of Land Girls.

After that the Queen walked down each row and spoke to every volunteer—someone said that Her Majesty asked one thousand questions, and it cannot have been much of an exaggeration. Perhaps the best answer

row of girls, certain chairmen and secretaries waiting at the top of the hall were presented by Lady Denman. These included officials from the counties with the largest numbers of recruits employed—Hampshire, Kent, West Suffolk, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, East Sussex, West Sussex, and London, which has the largest total of volunteers, and also a representative from Scotland.

After the review the Prime Warden handed to the Queen, for presentation to Lady Denman, a most beautiful silver bowl for competition by members of the Land Army. No