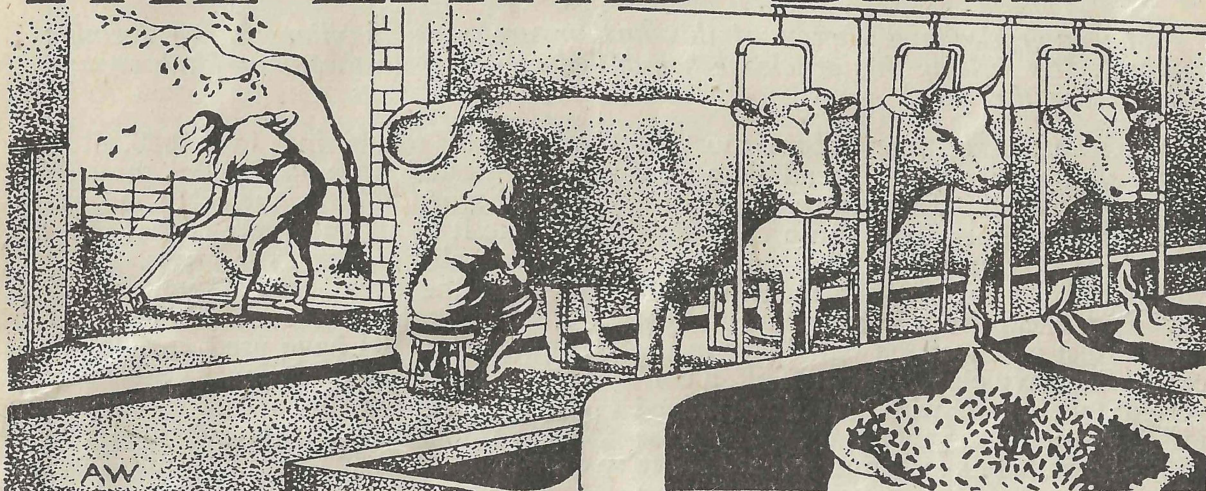


# THE LAND GIRL



No. 12, Volume 4.

MARCH, 1944.

Price 3d.

## FULL VALUE

**E**XCEPT for a general feeling that the bigger the better and the more the merrier, individual volunteers may feel that they are not much affected by the Government's decision to limit the size of the Land Army, but in fact this decision has a personal meaning for every member.

Once the Land Army had a chance to prove what it could do, its growth was rapid and when recruiting was stopped last August it was increasing at the rate of nearly 4,000 a month. There can be little doubt that in the coming Spring and Summer it would have entered its second hundred thousand but for the necessity to limit its numbers owing to the urgent need for women in other forms of war work.

Since the work to be done is as essential as it ever was, the Land Army must make up in quality for what it cannot have in quantity. Its members are full-time workers pledged to go wherever they are sent; placing them where they are most badly needed and cannot be replaced by local or part-time labour is the responsibility of the Land Army authorities. But it is every member's own responsibility to ensure that she is worth her membership for she is filling a place which no one else may take as long as she holds it.

It is quite easy to waste half an hour a day by arriving a little late, knocking off a little early or having a nice gossip in the middle of a job, but if every volunteer wasted half an hour a day the Land Army would, in effect, lose the work of 4,375 volunteers. This might not matter if other workers were available but it matters very much indeed when the number of permitted volunteers is limited.

This does not mean that volunteers should overwork. Excessive overtime does no good to anyone's health and it is very doubtful whether in the end it even results in more work; but if we can't get a quart out of the Land Army's pint pot we can at least all see that we get a full pint out of it.

M. A. P.



## DAIRY FARMING IN WARTIME

By Clyde Higgs

*The enterprise and energy of this author are very familiar to the farming world. By writing this article he has added one more to the many kindnesses he has done the Land Army.*

ONCE upon a time before most of you realised which end of a cow gave milk, dairy farming was on very different lines from those of to-day. Let me tell you a bit about my farm which is typical of many of those in Warwickshire except that it has a lot of light land whilst much of the remainder in the county is heavy clay. I started off, a converted townsman, with the usual mixed farm, but circumstances, the persuasion of the so-called experts and a tendency to take the easiest way caused me to turn into a specialist dairy farmer, really a farmer with dog and stick as his main implements. It was not very interesting; a short burst of work at hay-making time and then a comparatively serene existence for the rest of the year, the greatest excitement being the regular arrival of the cake lorry carrying food from foreign parts. The measure of a dairy farmer's success was the size of his cake bill.

Of course it wasn't really farming, the amount of land one had bore no relation to the output. Well, sometime before the war I thought things over and came to the conclusion that it was futile to have a lot of land and get nothing from it so I started to plough it all again. It has been a lot of work and worry but there is no doubt that the results are worth the trouble. To-day I have more animals and produce more milk than I did at the start of war. I sell a lot of crops off for human consumption, I employ more labour and if I could get it should have more still.

### *Cultivating Cows*

You want to know about wartime dairying so I will tell you something of how we go on. The most important item in milk production is the animal. All the methods and food in the world won't turn a bad animal into a good one. No doubt as you travel the countryside it will amaze you that some of us farmers attempt to get milk out of the things you see in the fields. I started picking up local stuff and with it bought every kind of trouble, but later on I settled down to pedigree Ayrshires. The foundation stock came from Scotland where there are large breeds of attested cattle. The herd is self-

contained, numbering over 650, it has been attested since 1937. All the calves are dehorned at birth, the cattle judges do not like it at all, my reply is that you do not get milk out of their horns.

I had the usual type of milking shed but the wastage was so high that for some time past I have used outside milking bails with satisfaction. One farm is put aside for calving, a kind of maternity home with thirty private boxes. When a cow is near calving she goes into one of them and does not come out until she has passed the blood test for abortion, fourteen days after calving. Abortion is the terror of all milk producers and to keep a herd free from it is a continuous and bitter battle but the results are worth the effort.

The calf is reared on sixty gallons of milk spread over about three months. After the first month milk substitute is added. By that time she starts to eat hay, oats and beans and when her allowance of milk is finished she goes to another farm until she reaches turning-out age. From then the animal is not inside again except for calving.

### *The Beneficent Bail*

The milking bail is a clever invention and apart from its labour saving aspect, it has a very beneficial effect on the land. In the usual type of cowshed all the liquid, the valuable part of the manure, goes down the drain and much of the solid is wasted through lying about in loose heaps. With a bail the manure is back on to the land straight away and in addition I use all the straw I can produce as bedding for the cows during winter. The milk yield is not so high as indoors but it seems to me that a lower yield with a longer life is better than a short and merry one to which I was accustomed in the cowshed, neither do the animals have any illness. As I write this, the only invalid on the place is one old bull who has a crack in his foot.

Feeding is the biggest problem and I grow all kinds of crops. The deficiency in home grown food is protein which we used to buy very cheaply as a residue from oil seeds imported for other purposes such as linseed oil. Beans, peas and silage produce protein. On my farm



it is difficult to grow a good crop of beans. Peas are very expensive to harvest, they need a lot of labour and so I rely on silage. Many farmers will tell you that silage smells, so it does if it is not made properly but well made silage has a delicious scent and judging by the way the cows appreciate it, it must have an excellent flavour. I have tried all ways of making it and find the best to be in pits about five yards wide. The crop is built up to a height of about six feet then covered with soil. During the process the tractors with their loads are driven over the top thereby consolidating the material. There is nothing novel about silage, the Egyptians made it. It is simply a question of the exclusion of air, at the same time allowing sufficient to get in to raise the temperature to 110 to 120 degrees. We are using some now and it looks just like a gigantic cheese. It is cheap and a very flexible method of utilising surplus food in the flush times.

### *A Sweet Tooth*

Sugar beet is a useful dairy crop, after the part required for sugar has gone off the farm. I use my tops green, leaving them to lie a few days as they contain an acid which may be poisonous before they are wilted. When we have carted all the tops off the field, we turn a herd of cows on and they rummage about like a lot of pigs and their pleasure is very obvious when they find a top which has been overlooked. The pulp is a good dairy food.

I grow a big acreage of oats, most of which are put through a hammer mill unthreshed, this, in addition to saving labour produces a good feed and uses up all the straw. Kale is the dairy farmer's standby. It is no trouble, gives enormous yields provided it is planted early enough. Mangolds, which the experts tell us are nothing but water play a big part in my winter feeding programme. After all, milk is 87 per cent. water.

Practically all my land has now been ploughed and I rely on one, two or three year leys. In addition all the corn is undersown with ryegrass and trefoil to provide cheap grazing in the Autumn. If I had my way I should graze the two year leys for the first year and mow them the second as by that rotation the crop is heavier, but circumstances often make it necessary to mow them in the first year. I am sure that the best way to get the maximum yield would be to have one year leys only but that cannot be until labour and machinery are more plentiful.

### *Cows which do not mix*

The cows, once they have been allotted to a bail always keep to the same

one and are not mixed with other animals. This provides some protection in case of outbreak of disease. Milking is twice daily, at 6.30 and 4 o'clock. We have our difficulties in the dark winter's mornings but have never yet failed to find the cows. They get their concentrated food at milking time and during the day bulky foods such as hay, roots, mixed corn and straw. They are fed as often as possible to keep them satisfied so that their minds will be continually on milk production. Grazing time is at least a month earlier with these young seeds than with old turf. I cannot cope with the flush of grass unless I divide the fields into five acre plots. This is done by electric fencing, the bail being put on a bare plot and the cows let on to a fresh plot for about three hours daily during which time they can eat as much as is good for them. If the grass does get in front we make some silage.

Being a producer retailer, I am often told that I get twice the profit. I do not know about that, I certainly get three times the work. Anyhow, I have always aimed at producing the highest possible quality milk, retailing it in the surrounding districts. Often I am introduced to a child and told that it is "Clyde Higgs' Baby," meaning that it was reared on milk from my farm. We use light motor vans for delivery and the milk is all distributed direct from the farm. A well-equipped dairy cools it down to 40 degrees and the bottling machine makes an aluminium cap, fills the bottle and covers it. Plenty of steam, hot water, cold air and elbow grease are essential if raw milk is to keep the confidence of the consumer.

I have only been able to touch on the fringe of this subject, those of you who are on dairy farms will know how wide a question it is. I have every confidence in the future of the industry for never was an article in such demand and in so short a supply as milk and even if we do satisfy the liquid demand the opportunities for other developments are unlimited.

## HINTS ON TOOLS

Never leave tools caked with dirt.

Keep a strong, short stick to scrape the dirt off when you finish working on a wet day.

A wipe with an oily rag stops rust.

Keep the edges sharp.

Find the correct name and proper use of every unfamiliar tool.

NEVER borrow other people's tools without first asking permission—a good worker values his own tools highly.



## THE LAND GIRL

### A COMMITTEE MEMBER'S DAY

Oh, dear, time to get up! However, I needn't hurry; for once I have got a perfectly free day, except for the Club this evening. How shall I spend it? I want to write a few personal letters, do the flowers, and, if it doesn't rain too hard, perhaps find some primroses. But whatever happens I **must** mend some stockings!

Not too big a post, thank Heaven! Three Land Army letters. One from the County Secretary: Dora Dash has left her job without notice, would I go and find out what has happened? H'm. Mr. Smith of Sunnydale Nursery would like three really good girls by Monday, thanking me. The third is the type of letter every Representative likes to get: a friendly little line from Edith who has just left my district to tell me how happy she is in her new job.

As I finish breakfast the telephone rings—Will I please go at once to Windy Ridge Nurseries; there has been a spot of bother. Windy Ridge is quite close, so after a brief interlude spent in deciding what pudding can be made with no milk, no fat, no eggs, no jam and no fruit, I rush off. It is one of those tiresome affairs where it is difficult to find out exactly who is to blame for what. However, we reach some sort of a solution and I go back to ring up the Office to tell them about this, about Mr. Smith's requirements and to ask for a few more particulars of the wretched Miss Dash.

I dislike disturbing the County Secretary in the middle of a busy morning, but as usual she is perfectly charming and makes me feel that she has nothing else in the world to do but answer my questions.

Now for Dora Dash. As I get out of the bus a strange sight meets my eye: a girl with a tartan skirt and saxe-blue jumper topped by a Land Army overcoat and hat. She is not one of my girls, but I accost her in horror-struck tones: "Is that **HALF** a Land Girl that I see before me?" "Oh, I'm sorry," she replies, "I don't approve of it myself, but I got wet this morning and as I'm on leave I haven't got anything else to wear."

Dora Dash seems to have behaved pretty badly but it is only after I have left the house that I think of all the cutting and telling phrases that I ought to have used. The sight of Marjorie from the Duttonington Rabbit Farm bicycling home to dinner cheers me up. "Hullo, Marjorie, how's Adolph?" (Adolph is the

large buck rabbit that used to be Winston till he bit Nance). "Oh, Adolph's fine, Mrs. X, but he's living up to his name; he looked ever so mopey the day the Scharnhorst was sunk."

In my homeward-bound bus I notice a girl whose face seems familiar. "Yes," she says, "you interviewed me six months ago. Don't you remember me telling you I was terrified of cows? I don't mind what I do with them now, and I'd **HATE** to have any other job." Another cheering encounter! Now for a quiet afternoon, complete with stockings and work-basket.

But when I get home I find a message: Could I please move the two girls who are billeted with Mrs. Jones as she has to go away to nurse her mother. Out again in the rain and it is getting dark when I return to find two girls who "want to join the Land Army, please."

A late tea and then I settle down to scan rapidly the middle pages of "The Times" and have just started on the Crossword when Mrs. Brown comes to see me. She fancies herself as a Hostel Warden, provided that she can be assured that all the girls are **nice** girls, she would not care to deal with any but really **nice** girls. Heartlessly, I fling our dear girls' reputations to the winds: No, many of them would not be at all nice, she would find them rough, noisy and troublesome.

So Mrs. Brown departs and I go back to my crossword: 3 Down ——— Telephone: "Please my new breeches are much too small." I suggest rather shortly that she sends them back to the Uniform Office with a note of her present measurements. But I have hardly rung off when the bell rings again: a brand-new Representative is in a complete fog as to wages, sick pay, etc. I remind myself how complicated all this must be if one hasn't grown up with it and try to explain nicely without letting the patient note creep into my voice. Then a thresher rings up to say they none of them understand about their money (do threshers ever understand about their money?), it doesn't seem to be enough, somehow.

And now for the Club—I am a trifle tired and it is a foul evening but as always I enjoy every minute of the Club and come away convinced that nobody in the world has such a lovely life as I have or such delightful girls as my girls. And to-morrow—well, perhaps not to-morrow, but anyhow the day after I **will** tackle those stockings.





*Lady Denman presents 4-year armlets in Lancashire. With her are Lady Worsley Taylor (County Chairman) and Mrs. Robertson (County Organiser).*

*—By courtesy of "Preston Guardian."*

## REVERIE

I straightened my aching back and gazed with considerable lack of enthusiasm at the field of sugar beet which seemed, in the haze of rain, to have assumed gigantic proportions. What a prospect! A whole morning of trimming sugar beet ahead of me, and already, at half past seven, my feet felt cold and damp, rain was dripping dismally down my neck, and the beet, slimy with mud, slipped from my icy fingers. A warm bed was my idea of heaven at that moment, but I seemed to recall dimly that there had been times when I was glad to be up before the rest of the world. Mornings when the cool air had the exhilarating tang of wine, and the lambs on their stiff woolly legs leaped under the cherry trees. Dark winter mornings, with the stamping of hooves and the jingle of harness from the stable as I clattered by over the iron-hard ground, hurricane lamp in one hand and pail in the other. Summer mornings and long hot days in the cornfields with shared jugs of tea and jokes that were cracked last year, and the year before, that will be cracked next year and the year after, but which always raise a laugh. The smell of a sweating horse,

the incredible softness of a horse's nose. The big yellow harvest moon and the frosty silver moon of a few months later. The magic of a white winter morning and moonshine, with the footprints of Thumper the Rabbit making a delicate pattern on the smooth snow.

I straightened my back once more—strange, it did not ache so much now. It had stopped raining, and in the soft autumn sunlight the beet field seemed quite small and friendly. Soon it would be lunch time, I sighed with satisfaction. "Thank heavens I joined the Land Army!"  
Kent.

J. Attwood, 59074.

## From The THAMES CONSERVANCY REPORT FOR 1943

"The total number of men employed has averaged about 850 a week, of which about 560 men were Italian prisoners of war. We have also had 15 members of the Women's Land Army working for us, and some are driving excavators, and very well they have done, too."

**WANTED.** — Women's Riding Breeches, Riding Coat. Height 5 ft., waist 24 ins., bust 34. Smith, 1 Rye Hill, Longbridge Deverill, Warminster, Wilts.



## THE LAND GIRL

### DIARY OF A RED ARMLET—I.

**Monday.**—Sprout picking all day, in a biting north-easter, with intermittent showers of sleety-rain when we just have to stop. We look like monks from the Middle Ages, standing there with sacks round our middles, another over our heads like a cowl, and our numbed hands tucked up our sleeves for a moment's respite! Who eats all these sprouts, anyway? (But I managed a good plateful for dinner to-day. . .)

**Tuesday.**—Took a ton of sprouts to the station. Kitty is a maddening horse: she looks down suspiciously, and steps coyly sideways at every puddle on the road. Found half the R.A.S.C. at the station, unloading poles. Had to put my sprouts in the very end truck and when I came to get away, had to back Kitty through a space only half an inch wider than the cart, between a lorry and a pile of sleepers. The Army watched breathlessly, but if they expected to see me scrape the paint, they were disappointed! The Corporal grinned as I extricated myself. "Old bus goes quite well in reverse!" he said.

**Wednesday.**—Cleaning and pulping mangolds all the morning, and straw carting all the afternoon—a vicious circle, with heifers as motive power! Library evening. Quite a lot of customers. Am still amused at the village classification of books as "man's books" and others! Had to call "Time, Gentlemen!" and chuck them out at half past seven as Ted, the Boss, and Mr. Baker had developed the usual argument on local politics.

**Thursday.**—Station trip again, and again cornered by R.A.S.C. lorries, this time without any chance of getting out till they had finished, so I filled in 20 minutes shifting some stuff from one truck to the other—or rather lending my cart for George and Albert to do the shifting. Took back six bundles of empty bags, the spring mattress for next door, and a couple of dozen new ploughshares. Mr. Naggs has got the threshing tackle; suppose it'll be down our way next.

**Friday.**—More cow's grub and straw for the week-end, and then up the Quarry to fetch down a couple of loads of sugar beet seed. An impressive job as although the bags weigh only a hundredweight, they are enormous and I feel a Colossus as I stride easily across the yard with one on my back! At half past five, joining the queue at the backdoor for pay envelopes, realise I haven't seen half my mates all the week. Fred has been plough-

ing down by the Brook since Monday. Johnnie and the others threshing, and the rest picking brussels. Pay envelope woefully short by way of income tax. "Ah," says Fred, "you'll have to get married, girl!" A noble pile of groceries on the kitchen table when I get in—and Turkish Delight for my sweet ration, but no biscuits for Mr. Patch.

**Saturday.**—Reward of virtue. Having done enough cows' grub for the week-end yesterday, spent the morning cleaning the car. Frank came and pinched it half-way through, to run up to the threshing field; brought it back nearly as bad as when I started. Got the worst off and began to polish when it started to rain, and I had to shove it into the garage. Proceeded with the job in half-dark, by guess and by God.

**Sunday.**—Got drenched while feeding my rabbits: the fire brigade practising in Martin's orchard. Stan was on the hose, saw me, and flicked it in my direction! Went for a walk up the hill after dinner; garden too sodden for digging. Corn is nicely up now, and lamb's tails dangling in the hedges. W.L.A., 9600.

Kent W.A.E.C. has distributed "Glamour Bands" to its threshing gangs. To make these "Glamour Bands" you take two strips of material 30 ins. long by 8 ins. wide. Lay one strip on top of the other, then round off one side so that one edge of these strips is absolutely straight and the other edge is curved towards the end. Next join the strips across the ends and down the curved edge for 6 ins. The effect will then be that of a child's bonnet, ending in long side pieces. This is worn with the bonnet part over the head and the loose ends are crossed, tied round the head and knotted in front. This would make an excellent headpiece for any dirty work or (in white material) for milkers.

*With apologies to "The Lost Chord"*

I was seated one day in the greenhouse,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the celery leaves.  
I knew not what I was doing,  
Or what I was dreaming about,  
When suddenly a voice cried "Farren,  
That's the tenth buttercup you've pricked  
out."

Warwicks.

N. Farren, 68993

**Competition Results and names of winners will be published in the April number.**



## GOING TO MARKET

It had always been one of the minor ambitions of my life to drive cattle along the road, but it was a bit of a job persuading the farmer to let me do it. "No, no, no, chaileag," he said. However, I pestered him until finally I extracted a promise that I might "travel" fifteen stirks to the Mart for the October Sale.

The great day came round at last and I set off on my bicycle to pick up my drove left the previous afternoon at a neighbouring farm a few miles along the road. They were still grazing where I'd left them and I sent my dog in to round them up. There happened to be sheep in the next part and it was rather disconcerting when Corrie threw a disdainful glance towards the cattle and began to gather the sheep; there wasn't much I could do about it, though I shouted, whistled, cursed and pleaded with him. I had an uncomfortable feeling that the people in the farm were all hanging out of the windows watching their sheep being gathered and would probably take a pretty poor view of it. However, Corrie got tired of the sheep eventually and we got on our way; he never disobeyed me after that during the whole eighteen mile walk.

I had now really started with my drove. It was a grand day in Argyll (that merely means that the rain has temporarily ceased to fall) and it was very peaceful and delightful trudging along a country road behind a drove of cattle with a good dog at my heel.

The first time a lorry overtook me things were a little bit disorganised but we soon got used to it and latterly Corrie was more or less acting on his own whenever he heard a car approaching. My first stop was at a small farm where a seat, a cup of tea, and a smoke were very welcome. This pleasant interlude came to a sudden end when I looked out of the window and saw that one of my stirks had jumped over the wall into a small park; it took a little while to persuade him to come out, but with the assistance of the farmer's daughter and Corrie, I managed to get them back.

I passed through a village during the afternoon and there I turned the cattle on to the green while Corrie and I revived our spirits with tea and sandwiches in the hotel. My chief trouble during the last five mile stretch was that both my heels were blistered. My Land Army boots, which had seemed so comfortable when I set off, began to feel like lead weights

on my feet. Then I took a notion that perhaps I might have lost an odd beast or two on the road and began feverishly to count them. Yes, they were all there—four Cross Highland, five Shorthorn, six Black Polled, which included a heifer I had bought in May and on which I hoped to make a little profit.

In the early evening I reached the Manse where I was to spend the night and was made thoroughly at home by the Minister and his wife. I spent a very pleasant evening and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed my sleep that night. The rest of the journey early next morning was very easy, as I joined forces with the man who was taking down some stirks the Minister was sending.

At the Mart I decided that Annie, my heifer, looked pretty poor beside the other stirks. Anyway I hadn't much time to brood over it for the doors were flung open and I found myself in the ring gazing at a sea of faces while I walked Annie round to the accompaniment of a wisecrack from the Auctioneer, "Now, remember it's the heifer you're bidding for." I have a vague recollection of hands going up, catalogues being waved and the Auctioneer's voice droning on, and then I was hustled out of the ring with Annie, almost before I had time to realise that I had made a profit of thirty shillings. Scotland. "Anne Dupuy," 16683.

Do you know which was Britain's largest industry before the war? Domestic work. But that isn't an **industry** you will probably reply—and maybe the fact that the vast majority of citizens would reply like that is the reason why there is so much wrong with that particular industry. Domestic work is the foundation of health and happiness, it necessarily absorbs more time than any other work and without it we could hardly continue to exist. Why, then, is it not the most honoured, highly paid and popular of all callings? Consideration of the past, the present and the future and valuable practical suggestions are contained in "DOMESTIC WORK," by Elaine Burton, price 6d., published by Frederick Muller, Ltd., London.

This problem is one which concerns us all and Miss Burton rightly claims the interest and help of all British women in trying to solve it.

**WANTED.**—Lady's riding jacket, bust 36 or 38. Buttress, 5, Council House, Stoughton, Chichester.



## THOSE PROFICIENCY TESTS

Are you wondering what those proficiency tests are like? Waiting till someone else has had a shot before making up your mind? I thought as much! Well, I took mine last week, in general farm work, and passed, so here's all about it.

In the first place, I want to say I think it was a very fair test. We really did have an ordinary job of work to do, under proper working conditions, with all the proper tools and so on, and when it came to the oral questions, you felt the examiners really only wanted to see that you knew the job. There was none of that feeling that the examiner was out to make you show up your ignorance.

It was a bitterly cold day, and by the time we had assembled at our Shirehall, and been taken out to the scene of the trial, I think we were all pretty perished and hoping we should be given a strenuous job to get our circulation going. Well, we were: muck carting. First some of us had to go to the stables and harness up a horse apiece, lead them out, and yoke them into the carts. My mate had this job (we paired off into teams) and then got down to the job of filling the carts. We were all mighty glad to be doing something to warm us up, and I think those carts got filled in something near record time. Then we had to lead the full carts out of the yard, down a lane, along the main road, up another lane to a muck heap, and there we emptied them—forking the stuff out, not tipping. Those who had harnessed and yoked in and led the horses on the outward trip now stood back and the rest of us reversed the process. I found myself leading a lovely Percheron, in his prime, and dappled like the authentic rocking-horse of nursery days. He was as docile as he was beautiful and soon I had the cart backed into the cart lodge and was unyoking him. I dropped a point or two here by leaving one breeching chain hanging outside the shaft, instead of tucking it safely in. By way of explanation—but not of excuse!—I would say I was for my first four years on a farm where we never used breeching. Reprehensible, I know, but there it is, and I suppose in my excitement I just forgot about the point. I led the horse into the stable and unharnessed him, and then we piled back into the tiny cars that formed our calvacade and went off to a hostel for the oral part of the test. Relief was general that we had not had to load straw, and I was glad to find everyone seemed to share my aversion to this particular job!

For the oral, we were all put into one room, and then taken one by one to another room for questioning. Questions stuck very closely to the little syllabus, and—as promised, on the syllabus—was related to our actual experience. The first question to each of us was what had we actually done, so that those who had never been within yards of a pig were not asked anything about them, and so on.

My own first question was: What do you know about the rotation of crops? What is the object and principle? I answered quite happily. Then came: What processes of cultivation would you use to prepare a field which had grown clover, ready for wheat? First ploughing. Yes; how deep? What next? When would you sow the wheat? How much to the acre? How much oats to the acre? Then we got on to stock. I said I had not had much to do with pigs, except in emergency if the pigman was away ill. All right: if I came one morning and found he was ill, what would I give the pigs? I told them—that I knew the consistency for swill and should mix up accordingly, and give the animals a troughful, adding more if they cleared it too quickly, cutting them down next time if they left some. I mention this particular answer because I think it gives a good idea of the atmosphere of the whole test, an atmosphere of intelligence and commonsense as well as academic knowledge. My last question was as to the symptoms of ill-health in cattle, and this didn't worry me very much. Our small herd has been rather unlucky this winter and I have had plenty of opportunity of learning what to look out for.

The rest of the entrants seemed to be equally pleased with the manner in which the test was administered and in due course we were all back in the other room, talking at the tops of our voices, and enjoying a most welcome cup of tea and biscuits provided by our hosts of the afternoon. We had been told we should probably know the results before we left for home, and just as the babel was at its height, in walked our two examiners. Dead silence. A vote of thanks was rendered to them, and then they said "Well, we are glad to say you have all passed, and Miss Fowler has passed with distinction. Congratulations!" and that was that. Now we are told we shall be having a little meeting, when tests in other branches are completed, to receive our badges and certificates.

Not so terrible an ordeal, was it? It really wasn't, and we all enjoyed the out-



## THE LAND GIRL

ing. To those who are still hesitating whether they dare risk it, I can say emphatically it was well worth it. Particularly I'd like to say so to those who have been in the Land Army since the beginning, as I have. There is, perhaps, a tendency to think "Oh, well, I've got along very well without any badge so far. I know the job pretty well, there isn't much point in going through the hoops now." There are these two points, as I look at it: your county wants to come well up on the list when the totals are made up, and you yourself owe it to yourself to secure official recognition of your conscientious fulfilment of a tough job of work. Go on, now! Send in your application, and hitch that little star to your wagon!

Cambs.

E. M. Barraud, 9600.

### FINE HANDS AT THE PLOUGH

Very many congratulations to D. Beale, 38373, Northants, who won an open ploughing competition at Showsley, in February. This was a splendid performance. Miss Beale is a W.A.E.C. tractor driver and has been in the Land Army for over three years. It was good also that Miss Sutton, 35960 did well in the same competition. She also won a special cup and £5 prize a little while ago.

"I would not have believed they could have done so well with so little experience," said a veteran Yorkshire farmer at the West Riding Ploughing Championship, recently. "In the main they are a lot better than the lads. They take more care and they're not in too big a hurry to get finished."

### THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IN BEDFORDSHIRE



*H.R.H. with the County Chairman and Secretary and Four-year Volunteers.*

*—By courtesy of "Bedfordshire Times."*

Two hundred members of the W.L.A. gave a splendid welcome to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester when she visited Cople House Hostel on February 9th. On arrival, the Duchess was greeted by the High Sheriff, Mr. Allan Wood, the Regional Commissioner, Sir Will Spens, the Chairman and Secretary of the W.A.E.C., Mr. Humphreys and Mr. J. B. Graham and Mrs. Graham, Chairman of the Bedfordshire W.L.A. Committee.

Her Royal Highness made a tour of part of the hostel and spoke to the cook and her helpers. Members of the County Committee and office staff were presented to the Duchess who also spoke to many of the four-year volunteers present. Elizabeth Day, senior Forewoman at the hostel, presented a basket of eggs, apples, snowdrops, daffodils and anemones. It was a great day for the Bedfordshire Land Army and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who could be there.



## THE LAND GIRL

### CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor,

For some months past, I, as a mere man have greatly enjoyed reading your excellent little journal at the Public Library here. After due reflection, I venture to put forth a suggestion.

During last summer at a south coast town I regretted to observe quite a large number of the W.L.A. wearing a mixture of uniform and civilian attire. I'm sure they didn't do it out of anything but pure thoughtlessness, but nevertheless it creates a rather bad impression. I met one girl about to join who was **not** encouraged by what she saw.

I gather that the W.L.A. regard themselves as being on a par with the three Women's Services, and with this I do not quarrel, but I do think Land Girls should remember that in the other services incorrect dressing would be subject to disciplinary action.

Let me make it quite clear that I have nothing against a Land Girl who wears mufti off duty (as I understand she is allowed to do) but that I **do** object to a "mixture." Perhaps I should also add that I don't regard the absence of a hat as incorrect, though I have noticed quite a number carrying it by the elastic!

May I take this opportunity of saying what a magnificent job of work the W.L.A. are doing. Without their aid we couldn't have carried on at all.  
Edinburgh. A. Nairne Macfarlane.

Dear Editor,

Although I am in the A.T.S. I have made many friends with members of the W.L.A. I would like them to know that we in the A.T.S. do appreciate the work they are doing. They have the toughest job and I think we should raise our hats to them all.

L/Cpl. A.T.S.

Dear Editor

I wonder how many of us have learnt new ways of foretelling the weather since we joined the Land Army. Everyone knows "Red sky at morning, shepherd's warning; red sky at night, shepherd's delight," but one old farmer told me "Red sun in the evening, next day streaming."

When haymaking season comes along, as I call the cows in the early morning I look below me on to the moor and am pleased when I see a thick mist. If the mist is on the hill I am not so hopeful, as the following saying is usually right: "Mist on the hill brings water to the mill, mist on the moor brings sunshine to the door." When the wind is blowing up at

hill this means it is going to rain, and when the cows are seen grazing on top of the hill on the sky-line this means a fine day. Clouds in the sky when shaped like horses' tails mean windy weather, also there is a fine day ahead when it is a mackerel sky. I suppose each county has different ways and sayings. Anyway, they are jolly useful.

Somerset.

A. M. Scholes, 30895.

Dear Editor,

I was interested to hear that another L.G. is wearing clogs, as I have found them most satisfactory for nearly two years now. There's one thing about them, they are definitely not for burglars—they can be heard from afar!

Devon.

D. M. Blakey, 5739

*The following is part of a letter written by a member of the Fighting Forces to a Yorkshire volunteer:—*

When the call for duty rang out, I was one of those thousands who decided that our homes and farms were worth fighting for. We left behind those who were so often termed the weaker sex—our wives, sisters and sweethearts. They in turn decided that their menfolk were worth all the help and backing they could give.

I have lived all my life in the heart of England's foremost agricultural county and have experienced the hard way of living which the W.L.A. have chosen. To see them now, doing exactly the same jobs, experts at all they undertake, is a sight that fills us with admiration when we come home on leave. They are giving us something to take back with us—the knowledge that our land is being safely tended and preserved during our absence.

I have spoken with several of the girls of this vast organisation in different parts of the country. They are the happiest of all the war workers I have yet seen, happy in the knowledge that they are doing a grand job and that they are helping their menfolk to frustrate the efforts of the enemy to rob them of their rightful heritage. I am sure I speak for all the boys when I say "Thank you, Women's Land Army."

A. Gunner.

Volunteers qualified to buy an alarm clock should apply for a permit to the local branch of either the National Union of Agricultural Workers or the Transport and General Workers' Union, *and not* to the local branch of the Farmers' Union, which has only a very small quota.



## THE LAND GIRL

### MEDICINAL HERBS

Harvest brings to mind a picture of sheaves of corn, neatly stooked, looking like an exquisite repeating pattern on some hand-embroidered sampler. But there is another harvest with which people are less familiar, the harvest in medicinal herbs, not for quack remedies, but for constant use by the medical profession. The chief of these herbs to be cultivated are Henbane, Deadly-Nightshade, Thorn-apple, Valerian and Foxglove. Everyone knows a Foxglove and Valerian is quite common; Deadly Nightshade is perhaps only familiar by name and the other two are still less known. All are found wild in this country though they are not all strictly indigenous. Deadly Nightshade is very poisonous, it is only found in a few localities but it is constantly being confused with Woody Nightshade, a very common hedgerow plant, which is not so poisonous; the Thorn apple and Henbane are also poisonous. Both these and Deadly Nightshade belong to the same natural order, *Solanaceae*, the potato family which gives us two of the most important vegetables of our diet, the potato and the tomato.

These medicinal herbs are not difficult to grow on a large scale. Both Thorn-apple and Henbane seed themselves very readily. It is the foliage from which the extract is taken which is of primary importance medicinally.

The harvesting of the herbs is easy enough, but the difficulty is knowing when to harvest the crop which should be done when the leaves are just fully grown. It may then be cut with a scythe, tied into bundles and sent at once to the manufacturers where it is dried before the extract is prepared. Sometimes the harvest is taken when the crop is in flower and then only the leaves are removed which means hand picking, a much slower job.

These herbs, except the Foxglove, have a somewhat sinister appearance and a pungent aroma but there is no question as to the value of the drugs produced—from Foxglove, Digitalis which is a heart stimulant; from Deadly Nightshade, the vital drug Atropine and from Thorn-apple, Shomonium which is used for sufferers from asthma.

D. Baron, 57981.

"Plant every rood, no matter how small," is a Dig-for-Victory slogan which met our startled gaze recently.

### "OLD ADAM"

By Barbara Whitton.

Deep in his creaking wicker chair,  
Old Adam snored and slept,  
While near, around the dying fire,  
The creeping shadows crept.  
His stocking feet spread to the glow,  
His waistcoat open wide,  
Showing his shirt and braces and  
The ample form inside.  
A collie, lying at his feet, was watchful,  
and adored  
With patient eyes, the heaving belt  
As Adam slept—and snored!

The curtains at the window,  
Were keeping out the night,  
The jewelled deft upon its shelf,  
Blushed in the bright firelight.  
High on the old harmonium stood  
A bowl of velvet flowers,  
And from the covered mantelpiece  
A clock ticked out the hours.  
Into the iron fender  
For warmth, the tom cat crept;  
While sighing in his warm content,  
Old Adam snored and slept.

High in the shadowed ceiling,  
A home-cured bacon hung,  
Cast about with cobwebs  
That from the rafter swung.  
Hideous flowers ran riot,  
Upon the darkling wall,  
While from the dry wood wainscoting  
Whistled a cricket's call.  
The clock ticked on; the collie watched:  
A peat flame puffed and leapt;  
And like an honest Christian,  
Old Adam snored and slept.

M. Reason, W.L.A., 111763 (Northants), sends an interesting account of a Y.W.C.A. Conference which W.L.A. volunteers attended in London. The first hostel opened by the Anoe was for Florence Nightingale's nurses—now it is working in 60 countries. Miss Margaret Bondfield spoke on post-war matters—other talks and a social evening completed a happy and interesting weekend.

#### W.L.A. Stationery

3/6 per box. Postage paid. When ordering PLEASE PRINT name, address and number.

**PENGUIN SUPPLY CO.,**  
Quality House, Wood Street,  
MANCHESTER, 3.

**WANTED.** — Derby-fronted boots, size 6. Write Havey, 84, Lothian Road, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough.



## THE LAND GIRL

### SCOTTISH NOTES

**ABERDEENSHIRE.**—Alford & Dees-side L.G.s had a day out in Aberdeen when Miss Henry, D.O.A.S., presented G.S. badges. Afterwards they went to see the film "The Lamp Still Burns."

**Deer & Turriff.**—A party of over 40 girls foregathered at Balquholly Hostel, under the chairmanship of Miss Wilson, to receive G.S. badges at the hands of Miss Henry. Mr. Niven, of the A.E.C., spoke appreciatively of the work done by the W.L.A.

**ARGYLLSHIRE (South).**—Raffles, a beetle drive and dance organised by W.L.A., Mrs. Ellis, and a willing band of helpers brought in over £24 for the W. and B. Fund.

**AYRSHIRE (North).**—Everybody will be sorry to hear that Chrissie McRiner is off on sick leave—the result of a kick from a horse. We hope that she will soon be quite fit again. There have been many dances, dramatics and other functions, most of them for the W. and B. Fund. Since last month's notes were written the district overtook E. Fife, but the battle goes on, for E. Fife is again leading.

**AYRSHIRE (South).**—Culzean Hostel, right in the heart of the Burns country and only about two miles from Kirkoswald and the homes of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie, very appropriately paid homage to the Immortal Memory at a party which the Bard himself would have loved—even if the toasts were drunk in ginger wine! Mrs. McFadzean presided, and among the guests were Lady Ailsa and her sister Miss Stewart. The hostel staff took no end of pains, and full justice was done to the haggis as to the "oatcakes and kebbuck" and the tea. There were speeches, song and dancing, and a grand time was had by all.

**BERWICKSHIRE.**—The girls of Warden Hostel have written, produced, and acted a pantomime—Cinderella—and a very fine performance it was. It has been given at several places and is raising a goodly sum for the W. and B. Fund. Mrs. Paulin, D.O.A.S., presented G.S. badges at the St. Abbs performance.

**DUNBARTON & RENFREW.**—There was a fine turnout of girls at a rally in Glasgow, when Mr. Allan Chapman, M.P., Joint Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, gave an address and presented G.S. badges, including four "red" armlets. An appeal for the W. and B. Fund brought in over £10 in addition to which £10 14s. was handed over as the proceeds of a raffle organised by Catherine Campbell and Mary Law. On view was a pullover knitted by a busy W.L.A. bee with the wool from her discarded stockings. A talk entitled "A Scotswoman looks at the U.S.A." was given by Miss Findlay, of the M.O.I., at Clynder Hostel. It is much regretted that Mary Fitzpatrick sustained severe injuries in a threshing mill accident when, but for the prompt and courageous help given by Catherine Cronan, things might have been even worse. We wish Mary a speedy recovery and congratulate Catherine on her presence of mind.

**EAST FIFE.**—Still leading in the list of district donations to the W. and B. Fund! The most recent party was at Anstruther Hostel, when over £50 was handed to Miss Baxter; it was a grand affair and immensely enjoyed.

**KIRKCUDBRIGHT.**—The Stewartry Federation of the W.R.I. once again entertained the W.L.A. at an excellent party in Castle Douglas. Miss Stewart presiding. Mrs. Grierson introduced Mr. Young, M.B.E., who presented G.S. badges and thanked the girls for their good work. There followed a fine programme, including impersonations by the Rev. C. V. A. MacEchern, Creetown, which brought the house down. The Castle Douglas Club ran a very successful dance for the W. and B. Fund and a Brains Trust for their own edification. The "Trustees" were Mrs. Grierson, Miss Taylor, the Rev. D. E. Auty and Mr. F. G. Deans with Miss E. S. Anderson as Question Master. The questions sent in by the girls covered a wide field, and

needless to say the position of the W.L.A. now and in the future came up for discussion.

**MIDLOTHIAN.**—The first social meeting of the recently formed Edinburgh Club took the form of a Burns Supper, Miss Smith presiding. After the haggis a happy time was spent in song and games, Clare Spence, Doris Brown, M. McPherson and Miss Smith contributing successfully to the programme. A very successful whist drive and dance, organised by M. Sime for the W. and B. Fund, was held at Pathhead.

**NAIRN.**—25 W.L.A. members attended the forenoon service in the Congregational Church on Sunday. Also present were: The Hon. Mrs. I. M. Campbell (Nairnshire Representative of the W.L.A.), Miss Wilkie (Hostel Warden), Mrs. Sutherland (uniform officer), and Miss Campbell (Committee member). The Rev. A. Anderson gave an inspiring address, and Miss Grace Williams, L.A.R.M., rendered two solos.

**ROSS-SHIRE.**—To mark the occasion of her recent visit to Buckingham Palace to receive the M.B.E., Mrs. Ross was entertained by the members of her committee at Blackwells Hostel. Mr. Budge, chairman of the A.E.C., paid tribute to the good work done by Mrs. Ross for the W.L.A., and complimentary reference was made to her many other activities by several speakers.

**STIRLINGSHIRE.**—Fairhill Hostel had a talk on Poland from a M.O.I. speaker. The W.L.A. was much in evidence at a recent ploughing match at Dunmore, Margaret Simpson winning the prize for the "Most convincing L.G." as well as being first in the Beauty Contest. E. Johnston took second place in the latter. Four-year armlets were presented to three girls by the chairman of the A.E.C. at a meeting of the committee.

**WEST PERTH.**—Bankhead Hostel ran a dance for the W. and B. Fund, which brought in £12.

**EMPLOYED STRENGTH.**—Including the Timber Corps, we are now some 8,800 strong.

### BENEVOLENT FUND

On Feb. 29th the Fund totalled £57,213 1s. 9d. The monthly total was £3,279 17s. 7d. Kent still has the highest total of £5,548 14s. 10d. (but Essex are out to beat the record with a terrific drive during the next few months), and the highest monthly total of £600 came from the Women's Timber Corps.

You will all be sorry to hear that Miss Bower has resigned from the Secretaryship of the Benevolent Fund. She has taken up an important administrative post at L.A. H.Q. Miss Bower has been Secretary since the Fund was first started and it is largely due to her untiring work and great personal interest in the Fund that it is now so well established. We know you will want to wish her good luck in her new work. Miss Bower has been succeeded as Secretary by Miss Moncrieff, who has been a member of the H.Q. Staff since 1939.

There have also been several changes in the Committee. Mrs. A. D. Thomas, of Carmarthen, has resigned for family reasons, and her place as representative of the Welsh counties has been taken by Mrs. Sackville Owen, the Pembrokeshire Chairman. Two other new members have been appointed—Mr. Knowles, the new President of the National Farmers' Union, who fills the vacancy caused by the untimely death of Capt. Deakin, and Miss Cox, our Land Army Secretary for West Kent, of whose splendid efforts on behalf of the Fund you have all heard.

Outstanding efforts this month were Devon's county office dance (£164) and Glamorgan's Brains Trust (£54) organised by Mrs. Gwynn Evans at which Donald McCullough was Question Master, and we must congratulate Warwickshire on being the second county to pass the £2,000 mark. This grand total was actually reached in January, but the news arrived too late to be included in our news last month. What about the third £2,000? Can any county beat Essex to it?



# THE LAND GIRL

## COUNTY NEWS

**LONDON & MIDDX.**—At a recent club meeting we asked 8 girls to tell us what work they had been doing the previous day. Paula, Kismet and Barbara are employed together on a small farm. Paula had cut 4 sacks of cabbages for a canteen, pruned trees in orchard, cleared wood and made bonfire. Kismet had pumped cesspool, cleaned out pigs, sharpened tools and gone hedging. Barbara had milked cow, taken cow and calf to orchard, cleaned ponies and stable, fed chickens and rabbits, collected pig swill from P.O.W. camp, gone to market and bought 4 pigs, fed and bedded animals, milked cow. Five are employed in a market garden. Betty had pricked out lettuces and spread manure. Peggy had hoed lettuces, dug and skinned 60 boxes of leeks. Barbara had prepared seed beds and been hedging. Maureen had turned two compost heaps and got out frames. Margaret had unpitted beetroot and stacked straw. Miss M. Davies, 49200, reports as follows: "On Jan. 25th, the Laleham Club had a very interesting meeting, when Capt. H. A. Rotkis, of the U.S. Army Public Relations Dept. gave us a talk on American Youth. In an easy conversational manner, Capt. Rotkis covered every conceivable side of the subject in his talk, at the end of which we were allowed to ask questions. We felt that this talk gave us an insight into true American life." Miss W. Long, 33038, sent an interesting and amusing account of a Land Army carol singing party which unfortunately chose the same night as the local Sunday School to serenade the village. However, it was a nobly generous village—and the Sunday School party got the benefit of a "ghost" prepared for the L.A.

**MON.**—The Backyard Brains Trust was held in Newport on Feb. 5th. Under the masterly direction of Donald McCullough as Question-master, and with 15 girls with four years' service as an impressive background, brought in the very welcome sum of £34 17s. 6d. for the Benevolent Fund. A sum of £18 2s. 6d. was obtained from a very successful dance organised by eight of the Newport Corporation L.G.s, while Miss M. J. Barnes, W.L.A., 45496, raised £6 in Mount Ballan Hostel socials. Proficiency Tests are to be held in March; lists are not yet closed, so if there are any girls who have not yet entered will they please send their names to the County Secretary immediately.



*D. Howard, 63761 (Hunts), with a 26lb. marrow grown at Sawtry Hostel in virgin soil.*

**MONT.**—On 10th Dec., Mrs. Powell gave a dance in Newtown, for which she prepared most of the refreshments herself, and raised £40 for the Benevolent Fund, which was a splendid effort. On the 17th December, the W.L.A. Christmas Dance was held in Welshpool. The milking and dairy work Proficiency Tests were held on the 13th Jan. with the kind co-operation of one of our farmers, Mr. Hole. Volunteers B. Lewis and M. Humphreys gained distinction, and passes were obtained by volunteers M. Emberton, A. Lawry, and W. Powell. 22nd January saw our Fourth Year Armlet Party. The Earl of Powis invited the W.L.A. to his historic Castle of Powis and presented the armlets and Proficiency Badges for the tractor driving and machine milking and dairy work tests. On 16th Feb. we held the hand milking Proficiency Test in Mrs. J. C. Jones's area, and on the 23rd the pest destruction test was held by kind permission of Mr. Williams at the Gaer, Forden. Volunteer A. Trow organised a whist drive, quite by herself, in a very isolated part of the county in February and raised nearly £16 for the Benevolent Fund. On Feb. 7th a weekly Anglo-American dancing class of 20 L.G.s and an equal number of boys from "over there," was started.

**NORFOLK.**—We do not seem to have much of excitement to tell for the past two months, except for one jolly Christmas party that we could not include before. Over 40 people attended the Bungay Club on this occasion although it was a pouring wet night. Every girl brought one guest, and there were British Tommies, American officers, civilian farm workers, and one L.G. brought her employer. Mrs. Wortley, the representative, says that even though her house was filled with wet macks, gloves and gum boots, it was well worth while to see the happy faces and hear the laughter. The next few months will be very busy and exciting ones here. An exhibition of L.A. work and life is being held at the Norfolk War Charities Publicity Centre for a fortnight from Mar. 13th; we hope that there will be film shows on several afternoons also. A member of the L.A. is taking part in an Agriculture Brains Trust organised by one of the W.A.E.C. district sub-committees. Several hostels are having agricultural films followed by fireside talks on general aspects of farming. Proficiency tests in milking, tractor driving, general farming, poultry work and horticulture will be held during April, and the grand climax will be reached in May with a County Rally.

**NORTHANTS.**—We are all delighted by the award of the M.B.E. to Mrs. Simpson, our Organising Secretary. Everyone in the county knows how well-deserved this honour is, and we should like to give Mrs. Simpson our warmest congratulations and heartiest thanks for all she has done for Northamptonshire. Proficiency Tests are now taking place all over the county—under the auspices of the Northamptonshire Institute of Agriculture. The tests are most interesting—the standards of proficiency are high—and the number of passes so far obtained is very gratifying. It is impossible to thank the officials of the Institute sufficiently for the trouble they are taking over these tests. A very successful dance in aid of the Benevolent Fund was organised by Mrs. Horrell and a committee in the Soke of Peterborough on Feb. 10th, the profits being somewhere in the region of £100. We are most grateful to the committee and helpers who achieved such excellent results. The tea dance at Northampton in aid of the same fund on Jan. 15th, realised £139, a most gratifying figure.

**NORTH'L'D.**—Members who are thinking of entering for the Proficiency Tests, for which badges and certificates are awarded, are urged to write to the County Office, for full particulars. Entries must be in by April 1st, so write at once as particulars will be sent only to those who ask for them. This does not commit members in any way to entering for the tests. The Drama Competition will be held in Newcastle on April 1st and 9 entries have been received, a very satisfactory increase on



## THE LAND GIRL

last year's total. The response to the letter competition on My Post-war Plans has not been so satisfactory. Very few entries have been received up to the present time. Mrs. Tamplin, of the Central Council for Health Education, is touring the hostels in March to give talks on health. The following have made commendable efforts for the Benevolent Fund:—Mary and Dorothy Stronghair, Middleton, Morpeth, dance, £10; N. Robson, Cornhill, dance, £5; five members at East Learmouth, whist drive, £15; E. Taylor, Kirkwhelpington, dance, £6 12s.; M. Nicholson Kielder, has collected 1d. a week from her fellow workers and sent a further donation of 10s. The committee of the Red Cross Farmers' Sale at Hexham has given a grant of £50 and there has also been a large donation from our County Chairman. Most of the hostels are keeping their donations back until the closing date for the county effort—Mar. 31st.

**NOTTS.**—Christmas parties were held at all the hostels, the one at Coddington being held for the Benevolent Fund. This was a fancy dress dance; ladies' prize won by A. Rand (Arabian girl) and gentlemen's prize by Mr. J. Wright (Ole Bill). A guessing prize of a cockerel was won by a Sgt. Air Gunner, and there was also a spot prize. The evening was a great success and raised £7. M. White and G. Wilson working at Clumber Park organised carol singing, touring the village with a lantern, and raised £8 for the Prisoner of War Fund. J. Pearson and M. Judson run a Savings Group in the village of Langold. They have a membership of 46, and in the year have collected £1,138 7s., including £700 2s. 6d. in "Wings for Victory" week for which they received a Certificate of Honour. A Savings Group was started by Miss Langhorn, at Hawsworth Hostel when it opened and has collected £67 10s. 6d. in the first quarter. Hodsock Savings Group collected over £90 up to the end of the year. The Charnwood Club under Mrs. Armitage, D.R., have done very well since they first started. They have held three most successful and enjoyable dances during the year and have raised altogether over £50 for the Benevolent Fund. Well done, Charnwood!

**OXFORDSHIRE** are going all out to raise their quota for the Benevolent Fund before April 29th. **Burford** volunteers have raised £50 3s. by a very successful dance. **Westcot Barton Hostel** are producing a pantomime in aid of the Fund. Every club and hostel has some special event in hand. Other activities include very popular Land Army "Make Do and Mend" demonstrations. Mrs. Parkes, W.I. Demonstrator and Land Army Representative, has evolved a special demonstration on making over and mending Land Army uniform, which is most useful. **Banbury Club** had an Agricultural Bee which they are following up with talks on farming and gardening. **Chalford Hostel** and **Thame** volunteers attended and were most interested in a Brains Trust organised by the local Farmers' Club with Donald McCullough as Question-master. Thirty volunteers attended by special invitation and thoroughly enjoyed a celebrity concert arranged for H.M. and Allied Forces, in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford.

**SOMERSET.**—A delightful wedding took place on Feb. 19th, at Pilton, when Miss E. Randall, one of the original field workers at Steamboat Farm, emerged from an archway of pitchforks held aloft by W.L.A. members. Steamboat Hostel Warden played the organ at the church, and the breakfast was in the village hall. Steamboat also figures in the news as the scene of the first County Proficiency Test, on Feb. 22nd. On this and the two following days tractor driving was the subject, and 24 tests have been arranged between Feb. and May to cover all subjects. 16 will be at the Somerset Farm Institute, Cannington. We feel that 230 entries is a promising start to Somerset proficiency, and are most grateful to the judges who are giving much valuable time. A special party for West Somerset was arranged at Newcombe's Café, Minehead, on Feb. 5th, when three brave males entertained 60 L.G.s. Evening parties

with mixed company were held with great success at Winscombe and Barrow Gurney. Thanks are due to the organisers of many more Benevolent Fund dances—Brent Knoll and Winscombe tied for top place in results (£35), with Yeovil (£25), and Bishops Lydeard not far behind. Congratulations to Stogumber, Williton, and Washford Hostels on their combined theatrical entertainments on Feb. 23rd, at Old Cleeve. We were pleased to have our first C.E.M.A. concert at Stogumber in Jan., and a special show of agricultural films, provided by the Ministry of Information, at Washford, Taunton, Shepton Mallet, Frome, and Flax Bourton.

**STAFFS.**—On Feb. 16th, 15 volunteers received their 4-year armlets from Miss R. M. Harrison, our County Chairman; through the generosity of the County Committee an excellent sandwich lunch was provided, followed by a visit to the local cinema. We offer our hearty congratulations to the volunteers for their long and faithful service. The girls at the Lea Hall hostel and local farmers gave a very creditable performance of the "Farmer's Wife," at Knighton, on Feb. 11th. We extend our congratulations to Mrs. Lewis, the Warden, who produced this very ambitious play: we hope they will continue with their good work. Several very kind friends gave lovely Christmas parties and we warmly thank Mrs. Hinchcliffe (Market Drayton area), Mrs. Haszard (Milford area) and Mrs. Chilcott (Ingestre). Several Christmas parties were also held at the hostels. The E.N.S.A. entertainments and dancing were very popular, but games and forfeits were also well to the fore! Clubs and groups of girls have been very busy organising dances and whist drives in aid of the Benevolent and County Welfare Funds:—Broughton and Croxton (dance), £10; Cheddleton (whist drive), £15; Lea Hall hostel (dance), £8; Milford (dance), £13.

**E. SUFFOLK.**—We are very proud of our volunteers, Miss M. Fleming and Miss J. Thurlow, who recently showed great presence of mind and courage in helping to rescue their employer's six farm horses from a blazing stable at Wetherden. Bronze medals awarded by Our Dumb Friends' League will be presented by Mr. Keith Robinson, Secretary of the League, at a special party which our Chairman, Lady Cranworth, is giving in Ipswich on March 10th. All winners of Proficiency Badges who gained distinctions or over 85 per cent. marks will be invited, and will receive money prizes out of a grant of £10 given by the Suffolk Agricultural Association; we have a further £10 to distribute in the same way towards the end of the year. Volunteers who have earned the distinguished scarlet four-years' service armlets, and the County Office staff have also received invitations to the party. We have now held five Proficiency Tests in hand, one in machine milking, and one in general farm work. The first tests in tractor driving and gardening are taking place at Sutton Hoo and the Chantry Park, Ipswich, on March 1st and 15th respectively. We send special congratulations to the 34 girls who have achieved a high enough standard to pass, 6 with distinctions, and best wishes for their next brave attempt to those few who did not quite succeed at their first. A marvellous club for industrial war workers and members of the W.L.A. was opened in Stowmarket on Feb. 19th. Mr. Donald McCullough acted as Question Master at a most successful Agricultural Brains Trust in Ipswich on the same date, and at his suggestion a collection for our Benevolent Fund was made, which realised £17 12s. 6d. We are trying hard to achieve our second £1,000 for this Fund.

**W. SUFFOLK.**—Mr. Thomas, a farmer, who always has the welfare of volunteers at heart, organised his annual dance in Bury during Feb. The dance was a great success and brought in over £100 for the Benevolent Fund. Proficiency Tests in general farm work have progressed well, and we hope to complete them by the end of the month. We are very grateful to Mr. Seward, who has travelled many miles and given up much of his valuable time to judging these tests.



## THE LAND GIRL

**SURREY.**—New clubs continue to spring up and flourish in all parts of the county. We welcome the latest three at Cranleigh, Hatchford and Ashtead. The Cranleigh Club meets once a week in the Community Centre, and the members have play-reading and dancing lessons. Local residents have been most helpful in every way. Hatchford has already organised a very successful dance, and hopes to produce plays, whilst Ashtead has a choir as well as a Dramatic Society. £31 has been raised recently for the Benevolent Fund by raffish, dances, carol singing, the sale of herbs and half the fees obtained by one artist volunteer for her portraits of dogs. We hope to make a real drive to increase Surrey's contributions to the Fund in the near future; suggestions on ways and means will be welcomed. Congratulations are due to 138 volunteers who have obtained the National Proficiency Badge. It is hoped to arrange another series of tests when the evenings are longer. Our W.A.C. has recently arranged for two gangs of their volunteers to have specialised training in fruit pruning. The Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley very kindly gave each gang a fortnight's training on different varieties of trees, and this was followed by a second fortnight's training under the Committee's Horticultural Officer. Both gangs are now undertaking contact work, and it is hoped to arrange for more volunteers to be trained next season. Volunteers from Hachetts Hostel at Newdigate write that they have now comfortably settled in and are very grateful to their Warden for all she does for them. Although Newdigate is a very isolated village the hostel has held several socials for soldiers and airmen stationed locally and for men from a nearby hostel.

**E. SUSSEX.**—Proficiency Tests are going strong in the county and those girls entering for them have in the great majority of cases passed their oral and practical tests with great credit. The Director of Agriculture, Mr. Jesse, and his staff, as well as several well-known farmers have given us invaluable help in lecturing and in acting as judges at the tests. Where it was impossible for girls working in outlying farms to attend lectures a two-day course of instruction at the East Sussex School of Agriculture was arranged, and very

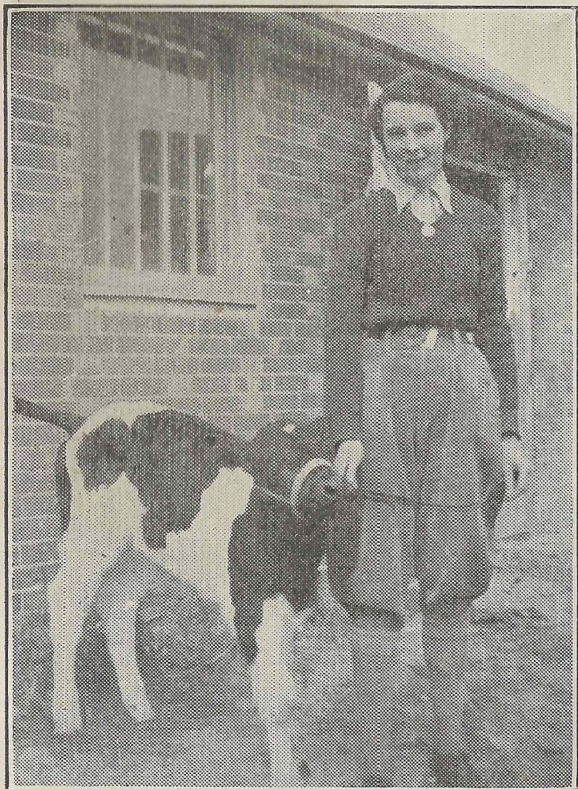
much enjoyed by those lucky ones who were able to attend it. Owing to our scheme of pre-Proficiency Test instruction we feel not only that we can keep our standard of testing for the Proficiency Badge to a high level but that we have given our volunteers a start on the road to becoming really intelligent agriculturalists. 35 girls have now received their four-year armlets. Many Christmas parties were arranged in the county and were all great fun. Girls in the Chailey district will be glad to hear that their District Chairman, Mrs. Brooke, who has had a serious operation is now convalescent. Splendid efforts for the Benevolent Fund, including dances, whist drives and sales of home-made toys, have brought our total to over £772. The Shaugh Hostel at Hartfield showed great ingenuity, one volunteer earned money by cleaning shoes, another by washing and ironing undies, while all made things to sell at their dance. Another cheque for £140 has come from Mrs. Scott (Horam District Chairman) as the result of sales of her lovely flower paintings.

**W. SUSSEX.**—Three hand milking and one general farm work Proficiency Tests have so far been held. 39 have passed, and of these, 10 gained distinction. We congratulate them all, and particularly Miss J. Elliott, of Billingshurst, who gained 98 per cent. in the general farm work test. Several new clubs have been formed and the county now has a total of 31. Films sent by E.N.S.A. are very popular, and C.E.M.A. have arranged some enthralling entertainments. A course of talks on horticulture, by Mr. Fanner, Assistant Horticultural Instructor to the W. Sussex County Council, is being held in Worthing, and most clubs have now had talks on various aspects of farming.

**N. WALES.**—We congratulate the volunteers successful in the recent Proficiency Tests, and specially compliment H. Woodruff (Pests), B. Williams (Pests), and L. B. Bacon (Poultry) who gained distinction. Reports reached us of a very large number of Christmas parties; Menai Bridge hostel entertained again this year over 50 schoolchildren; Miss Griffith, our Chairman, and the Caernavon Club had a very gay affair to which many volunteers from other clubs and also hostels were invited. C.E.M.A. have just finished an equally very successful second tour, and we have now decided to arrange a third before the season ends.

The Lady Kathleen Stanley presided at the Valley hostel when Capt. Clifford, of the U.S. Army, presented G.S. Badges; the Proficiency Badges were presented by Group Captain Isherwood, the British airman who took the first Hurricane Wing to Russia. Excellent contributions have been received towards the Benevolent and the local Welfare Fund. Llanystumdwy Club organised a splendid Christmas Sale that realised over £70 for the Benevolent Fund, while Glyn-y-Weddwl hostel by means of dances and whist drives have sent substantial sums to both funds. The turkey given by Miss Griffith certainly proved a winner, it realised over £38, and best of all, it was won by a Land Girl. We send a warm welcome to the staff and volunteers of our new hostel at Bala.

**WARWICKSHIRE'S** "great day" was on Jan. 7th. when Lady Denman visited Warwick and presented four-year armlets to our long-service volunteers. Twenty-five L.A. members, also members of the committee and staff of the W.L.A. and W.A.E.C. gathered at the Tudor House Hotel in Warwick where they were entertained to dinner by our Chairman, Mrs. Fielden. Great was the delight of all when Lady Denman announced that she had a surprise item to add to the evening's programme and that was to present a special 4-year armlet to our Chairman. All the volunteers were then presented with their 4-year armlets by Lady Denman, and afterwards Mr. Hughes, Chairman of the county W.A.E.C. spoke a few words of appreciation of the W.L.A. M. Ryley thanked Lady Denman, presenting her with cheques for over £100 for the W.L.A. Benevolent Fund, and K. Foulkes presented Mrs. Fielden with a book and thanked her from all for the marvellous party.



*D. Runacles, 38788 (W. Sussex), and friend.*



# THE LAND GIRL

**WILTS.**—The office, formerly at "Nonsuch," Bromham, has now moved to its new quarters at Wine Street, Devizes. PLEASE NOTE.

All clubs and hostels have been busy with various entertainments, socials, dances and carol singing. One hostel showed its appreciation of the hospitality it received from the village by giving a party for 150 children. Others have started knitting bees for the Red Cross and sewing parties for making Prisoners of War Comforts. Y.F.C.s have been competing with W.L.A. clubs at Brains Trust and Agricultural Bees. E.N.S.A. has been giving a show at hostels and clubs every week since October, and recently they produced a wonderful concert at Shaftesbury for a combined Wilts and Dorset party. About 140 people were present, including both County Secretaries, the Chairwoman and Organisers. Heartly congratulations to Thelma Birtwistle, who has received a B.E.M. and was one of the L.G. representatives at a press conference in London. The first Proficiency Tests took place at Great Chalfield, where 4 girls out of the 6 who entered, passed with flying colours. We regret the resignation of Miss Dudman, Assistant Secretary, owing to ill-health. After 4 years loyal work, she will be very much missed. We extend a warm welcome to Mrs. Maurice, a new County Organiser, who will be working on the east side of the county.

**WORCS.**—We have recently started a County Club in Worcester in a large room over the L.A. shop, where girls can meet three days a week. Refreshments can be obtained and we are trying to make the club a jolly meeting place for L.G.s and their friends whenever they happen to be in Worcester. The Queenhill Club had a grand idea. The members gave a party for their landladies and their husbands! The evening began with a whist drive and after refreshments they had games and community singing. This party was so successful, that we hear other clubs are hoping to have similar parties. Our Drama Groups have been busy. The Shelsley Beauchamp Group gave a show in the village schoolroom. The hall was crowded and as a result £14 10s. was sent to the Welfare and Benevolent Fund. The Wilden Group gave a performance at the Summerfield Industrial Hostel, and we understand that this was appreciated so much that the Group has been asked to give two more public performances! M. Steffens, Inkberrow Hostel Leader, sends an interesting account of the wedding of the hostel driver, Mrs. Bentley to Mr. Sparrow, at Evesham, on Feb. 2nd.

**YORKS., N. & W. R.**—Two interesting tours have taken place during the last month. On Sunday, Jan. 9th, 60 W.L.A. members went round the Poppleton Sugar Beet Factory. Unfortunately the number had to be limited to 60 and many more would have liked to have made the tour. After going through the factory and realising the heat which some of the workers have to bear, the general opinion was that W.L.A. members much preferred their part of the process—even if it was often very cold and very back-aching. The second tour was round the Flax Factory—as this could only be arranged for a week-day only a small number were able to attend but those who could come found it exceedingly interesting. A C.E.M.A. tour which covered 10 hostels was an outstanding success and all those hostels which were not included are anxiously asking when they can have a similar concert. The Y.F.C. Organiser is holding meetings in all hostels and hopes that some of the girls will join the local branches of the Y.F.C. We are most grateful to all these organisations for their co-operation and for making these activities possible. Miss Sumner, 84588, secretary of Spen Valley Club, sends an interesting account of the club's meeting on Feb. 10th, when Miss Jacob Smith, on behalf of the club members presented an inscribed silver inkstand to Miss Lumb, Area Representative, who is leaving the county. Miss Sumner writes that Miss Lumb will be sorely missed and so will Miss Jacob Smith, who will remain as Organiser with the North Riding when the two Ridings split.

## County Returns

County		Ben.	F.	Total	Em- ploved
		£	s.	d.	
Kent	..	5548	14	10	3988
Essex	..	613	11	1	3634
Surrey	..	1386	13	0	2298
Hants.	..	1269	14	6	2118
Herts.	..	733	3	9	2087
Leics.	1751	1328	9	4	2018
	267				
Sussex	..	889	14	7	1977
Essex	..	1054	6	0	1830
Northants.	..	1545	2	0	1807
Bucks.	..	943	6	0	1759
Wicks.	..	2059	9	5	1671
Don	..	1137	2	11	1641
erfolk	..	1443	12	1	1558
Sussex	..	1736	15	8	1538
Wessex	..	1160	10	4	1453
Wilts.	..	467	4	3	1447
Lancs.	..	648	5	2	1436
North'd	..	224	12	2	1371
Yorks, N.R.	..	774	2	8	1295
Glos.	..	1488	14	5	1259
Berks.	..	1005	6	3	1195
Hunts.	305	618	5	10	1165
Cambs.	530				
Ely	330				
E. Suffolk	..	1215	10	8	1104
Oxon	..	638	15	8	1082
Yorks, E.R.	..	118	4	9	1071
Salop	..	721	14	8	996
Beds.	..	520	18	5	974
Durham	..	253	11	11	963
Cumbs. & West.	..	355	13	7	912
Kesteven	..	477	11	11	878
Dorset	..	643	9	10	862
Glam.	..	521	1	2	694
Lindsey	..	542	6	11	693
Hereford	..	891	9	3	663
Mon.	..	469	14	3	607
Lon. & Middx.	..	623	6	10	579
Denbighs.	..	276	14	0	573
Holland	..	541	6	7	547
Derby	..	635	10	4	538
N. Wales	..	836	13	1	532
Pembroke	..	609	13	5	404
Carms. & Cards.	..	399	4	4	354
I.O.W.	..	88	8	0	336
Mont.	..	255	2	10	206
Cornwall	..	1,329	15	4	Not rec'd.
Notts.	..	1,298	5	10	"
Somerset	..	1,731	4	11	"
Staffs.	..	745	13	2	"
W. Suffolk	..	603	1	2	"
Yorks, W.R.	..	2,371	0	0	"
Brec. & Rad.	..	303	17	1	"
Flint.	..	581	7	9	"
Timber Corps	..	1151	14	7	3825

On February 29th there were 68,900 volunteers in employment.

## "THE LAND GIRL"

Published Mid-monthly.

3d. per copy, 3s. per year, 1s. 6d. per six months, post free. Cash with order.