

THE LAND GIRL

No. 7. Vol. I.

OCTOBER 1940

Price 3d.

JILLS OF ALL TRADES

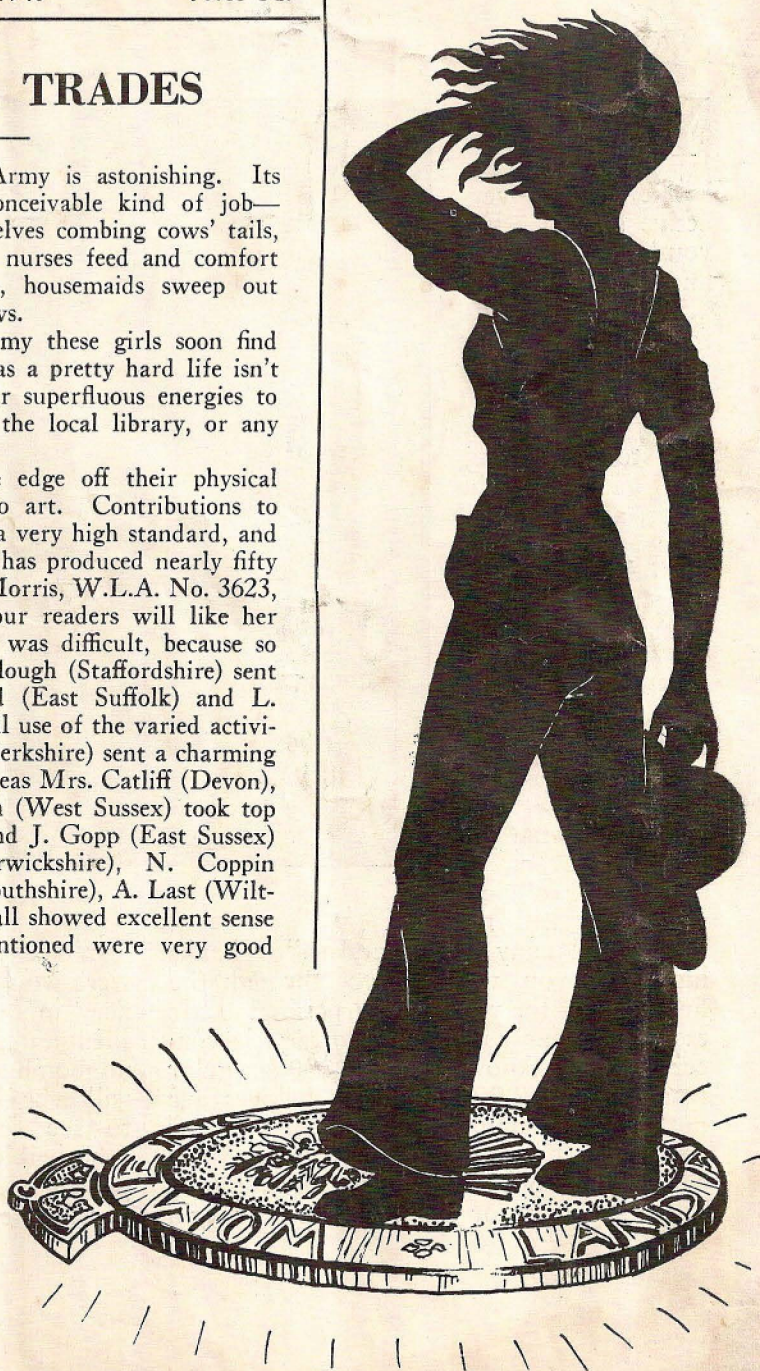
THE versatility of the Land Army is astonishing. Its members come from every conceivable kind of job—skilled hairdressers find themselves combing cows' tails, beauty specialists cut corn, children's nurses feed and comfort calves, shop assistants count carrots, housemaids sweep out farmyards, and typists hoe endless rows.

When they get into the Land Army these girls soon find that what has always been regarded as a pretty hard life isn't enough for *them*, so they devote their superfluous energies to allotments, A.R.P., savings schemes, the local library, or any other handy opening.

Finally, having perhaps taken the edge off their physical energies, they turn their attention to art. Contributions to their own magazine are many and of a very high standard, and now the competition for a new cover has produced nearly fifty entries. The winner is Miss Estelle Morris, W.L.A. No. 3623, of Warwickshire, and we hope all our readers will like her drawing as much as we do. Choice was difficult, because so many entries were so good. F. H. Clough (Staffordshire) sent a beautiful engraving, M. Rainsford (East Suffolk) and L. Player (Warwickshire) made delightful use of the varied activities of a Land Girl's life. M. Cox (Berkshire) sent a charming drawing, and for clever and original ideas Mrs. Catliff (Devon), W. Allnatt (Wiltshire) and N. Smith (West Sussex) took top marks, as did P. McDowell (Kent) and J. Gopp (East Sussex) for humour. Y. Broadbent (Warwickshire), N. Coppin (Gloucestershire), L. Jerrams (Monmouthshire), A. Last (Wiltshire) and A. Birch (Gloucestershire) all showed excellent sense of design, and many others not mentioned were very good indeed. Some competitors handicapped themselves by omitting any space for an Editorial. They were probably right in preferring their art to our words, but THE LAND GIRL must have its Editorial, and the magazine gets more crowded every month.

To all competitors we would like to send our congratulations and our thanks for the pleasure we have had in seeing their efforts.

M. A. P.



TO THE WOMEN OF THE LAND

We are sure all our readers will be very grateful indeed for the following message from the Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson, P.C., M.P., Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries.

YOU have now completed your first year of active service—very active service. For yours is a job that knows no lulls, and in fair weather and foul, whether bombs fall or skies are clear, you must carry on, tending the stock, growing and gathering the crops, and doing all the hundred-and-one odd jobs on the farm that you have contrived to do so successfully.

On this, your first birthday, it gives me the very greatest pleasure to congratulate you warmly on what you have achieved, although for obvious reasons I will not wish you "many happy returns." Thanks largely to you, we have got through the first year of the war with surprisingly little trouble so far as labour shortage is concerned. I know that 9,000 regular workers and 2,000 auxiliary helpers are not a large proportion of a total army of some 600,000 working on the land; but without your help it would have been a very different story, for there was little margin



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to spare and you just turned the scale.

Now we are entering upon the second year, and it is clear that the events of the past six months have made increased food production at home even more urgent. Total war is a war of endurance, and to ensure winning it we must make the utmost use of all our resources, especially the land. Milking the cows, feeding the pigs and poultry or driving a tractor, day after day, is unspectacular and at times may seem to you very dull.

But without the food you help to produce, the bravery of the fighting services would be of no avail and the machinery in our munition factories would be silent and still. Famine could achieve what no bomb or *blitzkrieg* or invading force will ever bring about. It is your vital task to see that such a thing could in no conceivable circumstances arise, and is driven ever further from the realm of possibilities.

R. S. HUDSON.

FITTING INTO VILLAGE LIFE

MANY of us who are members of the Land Army do not want to remain indefinitely on the outside of rural life. We want to "belong," even those of us who expect eventually to return to city life, to say nothing of those who have already made up their minds that they will never be able to face a cramped office existence again.

THE VILLAGE LIBRARY.

My own first excursion into rural citizenship—apart from very early visits to the "local" to get to know people—was by way of books. For the first three months of my farm work I was too absorbed in the different life, and too busy, too, to bother much about reading, other than the daily and weekly papers, but as the days began to shorten and the evenings to lengthen I began to want more solid reading matter. I had seen the familiar County Library torch sign on the local school, but when I came to make enquiries I found the local branch was in abeyance, as no one seemed willing to carry out the very simple job of going to the school once a week to change people's books. I approached the county library itself, and offered to undertake the job. With surprising enthusiasm they accepted, and gave me every help and encouragement. Within a week I had stuck up the pleasant posters they sent me, and next Wednesday I went along to the school to see who would turn up. To my surprise I found about twenty people came along, all very pleased to have the library again. Believe me, the hour I spend there each Wednesday is an hour I look forward to, with its chance to get to know people, to chat and gossip, to sit and glance through books in the intervals between "customers." And, of course, I get as many books as I want myself, and the county library send out request items almost by return—and it all costs us absolutely nothing. I would add that, while I can enjoy a thriller or a novel as well as anyone, I have also been very glad to request technical books on farming, many of which have been a great help to me in my work, and have given me a wider all-round view of agriculture and its problems.

A.R.P.

During the winter months the village got up a series of lectures on first-aid, given by a local doctor. To fill in time I went along. In due course I passed the very simple preliminary exam. As only about nine people went through as far as this, I was next asked to form one of the personnel of the village First-Aid Point for A.R.P. I did not particularly relish it, but did not like to refuse. Actually it has all been rather

amusing, and now our Point is one of the county star Points, well in the eye of the local Red Cross H.Q.

Recently we had a parish meeting, to which all adults were invited to discuss and co-ordinate all the A.R.P. activities of the village. This was quite good fun, as everyone had something to say, and praise and criticism were bandied about equally frankly and freely! The most interesting suggestion was that harvest patrols should be organised, whereby two people should undertake to be out in watches of two or three hours a night to keep an eye open for any field fires. I sat and fidgeted, wondering if I dared suggest what I had in mind. For it was *my* corn they were talking about, corn for which I had ploughed and cultivated and harrowed and drilled and rolled and weeded. Then someone took the lead: Why shouldn't women go out on these patrols? The men already had the L.D.V. and the A.F.S. The meeting agreed, and I was one of the first to put my name down. We shall share the look-out manned every night by the L.D.V. on the little hill above the village, and I must admit I'm looking forward to my vigils up there in the quiet night watching the fields under the stars, ready to call help at once should anything suspicious occur. One farmer has placed his spinney at the disposal of his neighbours, and we are going there to cut branches to make besoms, which will be distributed about on the different farms, to be ready to hand to beat out any fires.

FAIR EXCHANGE.

Well, these are the only official excursions I have so far taken into village life, but out of them have arisen all sorts of unofficial personal contacts. I am given lettuces, marrows, broad beans, jam, flowers, for which I swop peas, cucumbers, tomatoes and other flowers. I have gone to the various socials which have been run during the winter (the star turn being to see our portly rector dance "Booms a-Daisy" with the landlady from the pub!) and now when I go to the local I swop drink for drink with the rest of the village as one human being to another.

I can thoroughly recommend other members of the Land Army to take advantage of any opportunities that offer without spoiling things by *pushing* themselves in to take part in the life of the village. I believe such activities do more than anything else to break down any prejudice against women on the land, and to make for smooth working on all sides in this job we have undertaken for the duration.

E. M. BARRAUD.

W.L.A. No. 9600 (Cambs).

Headquarters Notes

Winter Employment

Winter is the season during which the Land Army has to face its most difficult employment problem. Farmers do not ordinarily take on new hands during winter, and it is a bad habit of the agricultural industry to turn off large numbers of workers for three or four months each year. The Land Army does its best to see that its Regular Force volunteers are placed in employment which is likely to be permanent. Even so, there may be Land Girls who find themselves threatened with losing their jobs this winter. Any employed volunteer in that position is asked to be sure to let her County Secretary know the circumstances *before the job actually comes to an end*. Only with good notice can the County Secretary hope to find the volunteer re-employment in her own or a neighbouring county.

Lost Land Girls

Volunteers are also reminded that it is very important to notify their County Secretary of any change of address—home or billet. Lost Land Girls cause a great deal of unnecessary work, both in the county offices and at Balcombe. Often, too, they are surprisingly angry at being lost, and seem to think that their Secretaries should be able to follow their movements without help. But bloodhounds are *not* part of the outfit of a Land Army office, and a written notification of change of address is still necessary.

The Panel Doctor

Land Girls should choose their panel doctors in health rather than in sickness. It is much too late to begin thinking about your panel doctor after you have fallen ill! Every Land Girl should get her medical card and register with a panel doctor when first she goes into training, and when she moves from training to employment she must see that she is transferred to the panel of a doctor near where she is to live. Then, if she falls ill, the doctor will regard her as one of his patients and will give her the medical attention she needs and help her to obtain any benefits to which she may be entitled under the National Health Insurance Scheme.

Kicked by a Cow

If a Land Army volunteer is ill and off work as a result of an accident during her Land Army training, she should send all particulars of the accident to her County Secretary, who will tell her how to claim compensation, if this is due,

from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. But the cow that kicks a Land Girl after she has gone from training into employment, kicks her under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and the Land Girl's claim for compensation must be made against her employer, not against the Ministry—or the cow! The Approved Society through which the Land Girl is insured for National Health Insurance purposes, or her panel doctor, will be able to advise her how to make her claim.

INEZ M. JENKINS.

A Gardener's Song

I do not drive the tractor,
I do not speed the plough,
I doubt if I could even squeeze
A teardrop from a cow.

'Tis in the quiet garden
I toil away the hours
To raise the nation's food supply,
Not merely gather flowers.

My nose is quite as freckled,
As horny is my palm,
As painful my sciatica
As any on the farm.

Bare-handed, now, the woodlouse
I squash with deadly aim;
I've turned the hosepipe on myself
And tumbled through a frame.

Although the Press ignores us,
The public thinks us duds,
How would they like their Sunday beef
Without its greens and spuds?

So when you cook your carrots,
Your onions and your leeks,
Thank us, who not unworthily
Display the Land Girl's brecks.

In Britain's glorious future,
Secure from threat of war,
The generations now unborn
Cry, "Grandma, tell us more

Of what you did when Britain's siege
The Nazi hordes confounded."
"I'm one of those who helped to Dig
For Victory—and found it!"

JOAN SUTCLIFFE.

W.L.A. No. 14461 (Denbighshire).

SO WHAT?

THE LAND GIRL is very much honoured that its first short story is contributed by E. M. Delafield, whose novels, and experiences of the Provincial Lady, have made her one of the best-known and best-liked of our living writers.

NOWADAYS, it's the clever young people who believe in ghosts and their out-of-date, unimaginative and narrow-minded seniors who don't.

So that it was the under-twenty-fives who discussed the Marhamstowe apparition very gravely and intelligently, and the middle-aged members of the house-party who expressed scepticism.

Flamand, the owner of Marhamstowe, was, of course, an exception—but then the ghost was one of his own ancestors and, although he had never seen it himself, he always declared that his father had, just before his death.

"A Georgian sailor, dressed in the uniform of those days—funny little stiff hat, and pigtail—he ran away from home and served before the mast, and was scuppered somewhere off the Brazilian coast. Murdered, it was always said."

"But he oughtn't to walk," objected mild, grey-haired Mrs. Armitage, counting stitches as she spoke, and oblivious of the looks of scorn and disapproval that the young Raymonds, young Jerome Dallas, and still younger Gillian Masters, were casting in her direction.

"Surely," she went on, still intent on her knitting-needles, "it's the murderer who ought to be walking, not the victim. It does seem hard if, in addition to being murdered, the poor Georgian sailor isn't even allowed to rest in his grave afterwards."

"Perhaps the murderer haunts the Brazilian coast," suggested General Woodford—and, in his turn, received some very withering glances.

Young Tim Raymond voiced the feelings of his contemporaries. He addressed himself to General Woodford rather than to Mrs. Armitage, less from chivalry—a virtue that he did not recognise, perhaps because he had so seldom met it—than because it was easier to arouse the attention of somebody who was not counting stitches.

"Do you think, perhaps, sir," he said in cold, respectful, and at the same time utterly contemptuous tones, "that perhaps we don't, as yet, know very much about the laws that govern these manifestations? What I mean to say is, no rational modern can fail to realise that time and space are really more or less non-existent, and that therefore. . . ."

Young Raymond said a good deal more, in spite of continual interruptions from his friends: "My dear Ray, that's utter bilge, if you won't mind my saying so"—"Darling, I do see *exactly*

what you mean, only I think you've got it absolutely wrong—"

Long before he had finished, Tim Raymond had forgotten that it was silly old General Woodford whom he had really meant to address. But as General Woodford had also forgotten it, this mattered very little. In fact, the General, Mrs. Armitage and Sir Frederick Flamand eventually strolled off by themselves, leaving the young people disputing passionately about short-wave vibrations and psychological atmospherics.

(That, at least, was the form in which their technical jargon reached the minds of their seniors.)

With the simple crudity of her generation, Mrs. Armitage said to Sir Frederick:

"Do you really believe in this ghost?"

"Oh yes," said Sir Frederick tolerantly. "I mean, it appears, and all that. Comes stalking down one side of the oak staircase—you know how it branches right and left from the top gallery down to the hall—walks right through the hall, and then vanishes through the big doors."

"You've never *seen* it," persisted Mrs. Armitage.

"Never," Sir Frederick had to admit. "But my old father always swore he had, and that he was cold sober at the time. He described the— the thing absolutely, don't you know, and said there was a great red slash right across its throat."

"Very unpleasant," said the General.

Sir Frederick admitted that the spectacle had, he thought, given the old man a bit of a turn.

"I suppose those young smart-alecs in there, if they saw anything of the sort, would go up and offer to psycho-analyse it, or some rot of that kind," he added sourly.

"They *think* they would," Mrs. Armitage replied, "but, if you ask me, they'd be just as frightened as anybody else when it came to the point. Not that it could. Personally, I'm afraid I don't believe in ghosts."

"I say, Flamand old man," suggested the General, "would it be rather a joke to pull their legs a bit? I mean, dress up or something, and see what that young ass Raymond would have to say for himself then?"

The phrase was perhaps not very happily chosen, for the things that Tim Raymond had to say for himself had already, in the opinion of his host, been too numerous and far too didactic.

But he agreed, very amiably, that it would do Tim Raymond a lot of good to be taken down a peg, and his pals with him, and as a matter of fact there was an old fancy dress put away

somewhere that would just about fill the bill. The General—a noted practical joker in his day—was delighted.

He urged Sir Frederick to prepare the ground for him by letting fall, casually, the information that the Georgian sailor habitually timed his appearance to coincide with the stroke of midnight on Midsummer Eve.

"Why Midsummer Eve?" said Mrs. Armitage obtusely.

It was explained to her that the night following was Midsummer Eve, and that this was a particularly appropriate date for apparitions.

After that, she entered handsomely into the spirit of the thing, and eventually used her needle extensively on behalf of the General, when it was found that the fancy dress—although admirably historically correct—had evidently been designed for a smaller man.

With more subtlety than might have been expected of him, Sir Frederick planted in the minds of the Raymonds, of Jerome Dallas, and little Gillian Masters, the germ of a hope that his murdered ancestor might, on Midsummer Eve, once again, in visible form, descend one side of the great oak staircase where it branched down right and left into the hall. . . .

"It's extraordinary," said Gillian Masters in authoritative tones, "how tremendously *dates* seem to count. I mean when one remembers that there isn't really such a thing as time at all—"

"It's a question of vibrations," said Jerome Dallas in a voice that was, if possible, even more authoritative than that used by Gillian.

"Darlings, you're both wrong," shrilled young Tim Raymond's very young wife.

They were off—contradicting, defining, interrupting and disagreeing. The only thing about which they didn't disagree was in believing that ghosts were really there all the time, and that sensitive and intelligent people—by which they meant themselves, *not* the General, Mrs. Armitage or Sir Frederick—might, in certain conditions, become consciously aware of them.

Those conditions, Jerome Dallas shouted (in order to make himself heard) might very well be present to-night.

"It was on this very night, thirty years ago, that my father saw the thing," solemnly croaked Sir Frederick.

All unaware of following a carefully-prepared line already laid down for them, the young moderns suggested that they should sit in the hall that night and wait until the clock struck twelve. They added, kindly, that they wouldn't for the world keep their seniors up, and hoped they would all go to bed as usual.

The General, to whom this was particularly convenient, accordingly retired soon after eleven.

Mrs. Armitage (who had undertaken to produce, with red paint, a sinister gash across the front of the Georgian sailor's uncovered throat) went up even earlier.

Sir Frederick, with Machiavellian cunning, remained downstairs with a Service revolver ostentatiously laid across his knee.

"I'm not going to have any tricks," he said severely. "Naturally, I shan't fire, but I shall threaten to do so."

"Is it loaded?" asked Gillian Masters.

"Certainly," replied her host severely, but untruthfully.

As midnight approached, the party became strangely silent.

Mrs. Armitage, at two minutes to twelve, added considerably to the tension by suddenly reappearing in their midst, explaining in a hollow voice that she had felt strangely unable to sleep.

Her all-but-imperceptible nod at Sir Frederick passed unnoticed by the others.

The clock boomed out the first stroke of twelve.

Tim Raymond's upper lip was glistening with sweat. The girls had drawn close to one another, and young Dallas swallowed audibly. Sir Frederick, unmoved, shifted the revolver into his right hand.

All of them were looking up into the gallery above the stairs.

All of them saw the door swing open and a figure move stiffly and slowly across the gallery and begin to descend the right-hand curve of the staircase.

Five!

Six! boomed the clock.

The Georgian sailor was half-way down the stairs.

Seven!

Eight!

Nine!

A scarlet gash, gaping across the throat, was plain to see.

Sir Frederick sprang to his feet.

"Stop!" he commanded, and pointed the revolver.

Tim Raymond, in a strangled whisper, uttered a meaningless ejaculation.

"Wait!"

Eleven!

The Georgian sailor reached the bottom step.

Twelve!

A sudden shriek tore the silence—and another, and another.

"Look, look, *look!*" screamed Mrs. Armitage.

At the head of the left-hand curve of the staircase, a red gash across the throat, another Georgian sailor stood.

And he, also, descended. E. M. DELAFIELD.

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ASK US ANOTHER

Should Land Girls use make-up?

This can only be a matter for personal decision, but perhaps it is worth remembering that (a) make-up on the farm is much more conspicuous than in a town; (b) country people are much less used to make-up than town folk.

Is there a reasonable prospect of regular employment if I train in poultry-rearing only? Or should I include another branch of farm work? Which?

Owing to the shortage of feeding stuffs, the poultry industry has had to reduce its stocks drastically in recent months. The prospects of obtaining permanent employment are, therefore, less good than they were. We should not recommend a volunteer to train for poultry work only at present, but some instruction in poultry can be included in a training in general farm work. Alternatively, a knowledge of horticulture and poultry is a combination for which the Women's Land Army is occasionally asked by private employers.

Please tell me of a good text-book on vegetable gardening.

A good text-book on vegetable gardening is "Vegetable Growing," by Walter Brett, F.R.H.S., price 2s. 6d. (by post, 2s. 9d.), published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., of Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The same author has also written a reliable reference book, "The Home Gardening Encyclopædia," price 6s., published by the same firm.

B.B.C. Programmes

Our Changing Countryside: Tuesdays, 1.50 p.m.

- Oct. 22.—The Labourer as Farmer.
- " 29.—Planning the Farming Year.
- Nov. 5.—Fields and Crops.
- " 12.—Village sites, showing why villages were built where they are.

Increasing the Yield.

- Oct. 21.—Doing our Duty by the Land: B. A. Keen.
- " 28.—Work to do Now—in the Garden.
- Nov. 4.—Natural Fertility: B. A. Keen.
- " 11.—Manuring Garden and Allotment: C. F. Lawrance.

Farming To-day: Thursdays, 6.45 p.m. Weekly.

Talks on Poultry, Bees, Pigs, etc.: Saturdays, at 1.15 p.m.

Spitfire Fund

The following donations are gratefully acknowledged. The total reached by October 1st was £162 0s. 8d.

- HEADQUARTERS AT BALCOMBE: £100—Lady Denman; £6 7s.—Office Staff.
- THE LAND GIRL—£5.
- BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: 10s.—Good.
- CORNWALL: 2s.—Garland.
- DENBIGH: 5s.—Sutcliffe.
- ESSEX: £1—Elsner.
- GLOUCESTERSHIRE: 11s.—Hostler.
- HAMPSHIRE: 5s.—Wyvill.
- ISLE OF WIGHT: 10s. 6d.—Ingles; 10s.—Baring, Hume, Barber; 2s. 6d.—Fiske. Total—£2 3s.
- HUNTINGDONSHIRE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ISLE OF ELY—£10 13s. 7d. from Somersham, per Mrs. Warner; £2—Meredith-Jones; £1—Frowd, Frowd, Gingell, Warde; 10s.—Gray, Frowd, Durell, Robinson, Salmons, Jackson, Stables; 5s.—Busbridge, Turk, Turk, Underwood, Fear, Rhodes, Warde, Fisher, Claxton, Stroud; under 5s.—Russell, Oatley, Falls, Stockwell, Wagner, Jones, Hedley, Franklin, Whettem, Rhoades, Finch, Gorvin, Flowers-Greensill, Fromant, Sedwell, Priestley, Bidwell, Carter, Bower, Henson, King, Tye, Hold, Leney, Elsmore, Crabb, Gostelow, Stokes, Cattell, Howell, Warner, Roberts, Keogh, Berry, Donald, Leyden, Moore, Farquhar, Bradshaw, Brown, Chapman, Cheetham, Hammond, Tucker, Farrington, Manley, Criswell, Casburn. Total—£27 4s.
- KENT: 10s.—Warrick, Solly; 6s. 2d.—Smyth; 5s.—Harper. Total—£1 11s. 2d.
- MIDDLESEX: 2s. 6d.—Harris.
- MONMOUTH: 10s.—Simpson-Hayward; 2s. 6d.—Hodkinson. Total—12s. 6d.
- NORFOLK: 10s.—Harvey; 4s.—Emms. Total—14s.
- NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: 10s.—Vokes.
- NORTHUMBERLAND: £1 1s.—Pollard.
- EAST SUFFOLK: 10s.—Cooper.
- SURREY: 5 gns.—Heaton, Robertson; £1—Hill; 1s. 6d.—Dawson. Total—£11 11s. 6d.
- WILTSHIRE: 5s.—Hylton.
- YORKSHIRE, NORT RIDING: £1—Raikes; 10s.—Wilkins. Total—£1 10s.
- SCOTLAND: 6s.—Moncrieff.

PELWEAR

CHURCH GATE
LEICESTER

MAKERS OF THE LAND
ARMY WINDCHEATER

Shade card and price list on application



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In these days of strict economy it is wise to use Femina Wools. Women are fortunate to have at their disposal a range of knitting wools which combine the latest trends of fashion with excellent wearing qualities, and at a very reasonable price. The varied and wide choice of smart colours is, of course, supported by Khaki, Navy, and Air Force Blue.

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The Sports Jumper above is from Leaflet No. 331

IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY WRITE TO BAIRNS-
WEAR LIMITED, DEPT. C.162, PERRY ROAD
NOTTINGHAM

TO THE W.L.A.—YES, ALL OF THEM!

SIGNPOSTS have disappeared completely, and any Land Girl wishing to find her way about the county in which she is meantime domiciled, will have to ask questions—where does this road lead to? How will I get to such a place? When this habit of asking questions is developed, nay, while it is still developing, how about trying the question, "Is there any Young Farmers' Club in this district?" Then "Where does it meet? Who is the secretary? Who is the Chairman? When is the next meeting? Do you think I would be allowed to join, and what is the subscription?" In some cases you may have to ask, "Why is there not a club?" And if so, don't be put off. You will not require to ask what are the advantages of a club if you read through this article, or at least we hope not.

What are you going to do during the long winter evenings? No, don't misunderstand the question. It's not an invitation—but what are you going to do? No doubt there will be letters to write, diaries to keep, clothes to mend and rest to take. Some will be knitting, some reading, some sitting and thinking, while others just sit. But that is no reason for delay in joining your local Young Farmers' Club. The clubs are kept going, under the many difficulties which have brought you to the land, by a band of youthful people interested in the welfare of the greatest single industry. They are kept going for the sole purpose of making the lot of the farmer and his helpers a happier one now and in the years that lie ahead. The young people forming a club have but that in common, for, speaking generally, there may be in the club a group of members from very different walks of life. They attend meetings where lectures—or preferably talks—are given on modern agricultural methods. Other meetings are entirely arranged by the members themselves—the members giving talks, having debates and discussions, etc. This sort of meeting provides ample scope

for members interested enough to learn more about their own jobs. I can quite understand a talk on reminiscences from a W.L.A. member of the jobs (if any) she had before farming. It might be difficult at the start, but why let that bother you? The tractor wasn't easily started nor the cow easily milked the first time you tried—but you tried again didn't you? Well, the Young Farmers' Clubs will provide ground for you in a different sphere, and please don't under-estimate its value. If you get up to speak in a meeting with the material unprepared you fail, but these clubs give you an aiming point, and you make your preparations with an object in view. You listen to the lectures to increase your interest in the land, for by knowing more of the whys and wherefores you are making your work more interesting.

The meetings are not held too often—once a fortnight or so, and they may be punctuated here and there by social meetings and dances. They will provide you with more material for letters and your diary—and you will still have time for your reading, knitting, sewing, and so on.

The paper controller, your magazine editor, would put on too many restrictions to allow a full explanation of why and how this works out, so what are you going to do this winter? Will you join a Young Farmers' Club and see for yourself? I think you should.

R. M. CHAMBERS,
(Org. Sec., Scottish N.F.Y.F.C.).

The head office addresses of the Young Farmers' Club National Organisations are:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.—National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, Oaklings, Canon's Close, Radlett, Herts.

SCOTLAND.—Scottish Association of Young Farmers' Clubs, Academy Building, Rose Terrace, Perth.

THE GUINEA LAND BOOT

Sheep skin lined, wood soles, rubber covered, light and waterproof. Shoes (black or brown), felt lined, 15/- pair (state size), all post free.

LEATHER GLOVES

Strong, pliable for land work, 2/6 post free.

COLLARD, "KERISVENE," TOLLGATE AVENUE
EARLSWOOD, SURREY

A recruit wrote to the County office, "I am willing to do any kind of farm work. I should like to work with the cow if possible."

Any entrant for the New Cover Competition who wants her entry returned should send a request, with stamp, to the Editor before November 1st.

Magazine Distribution

East Suffolk has 149 enrolled volunteers, and 83 now working who have been placed in employment since the outbreak of war. It sells 106 magazines—a very remarkable record.

Having boasted, somewhat rashly, to the Editor of the high percentage—compared with the number of W.L.A. volunteers—of magazines sold in this county, I have been asked to give some explanation of what we believe to be the reasons for our success in this direction. We were greatly helped in the first place by a most generous offer on the part of our chairman, Lady Cranworth, to present a copy of THE LAND GIRL to every volunteer at that time in training or in employment in this county. This gave our circulation an excellent send-off, which the merits of the magazine have since maintained.

After April a News Sheet, to be sent monthly to every volunteer in training or in employment, was inaugurated by the County Office. As THE LAND GIRL is quite often mentioned in this, it has acted to some extent as a medium for advertisement. We have W.L.A. representatives in most of our villages, and many of these take the magazine, as, of course, do our Committee members. Like Hampshire, we have always kept a small stock of extra magazines in the office to be pressed into the hands of new volunteers and others, accompanied by a glowing account of its interest, usefulness and entertainment value. Also one of the routine questions asked at all official visits is, "Is your copy of THE LAND GIRL turning up all right?" If the answer is, "I don't take it," a little gentle persuasion almost always elicits an order, and sometimes even cash on the spot. Finally, the chief reason for our, always comparative, success in salesmanship lies without any doubt in the excellency of the magazine itself.

D. TALBOT.

(*Magazine Representative, E. Suffolk*).

Correspondence

DEAR MADAM,

If you start a correspondence corner, will you please insert my name and address. I hope you do, as I am pretty lonely up here, and would love to correspond with some other members.

With best wishes for the success of the magazine, which I always enjoy.

Yours faithfully,

DORIS F. WAINWRIGHT.
W.L.A. 6329.

39 Inglewood Crescent, Orton
Road, Carlisle, Cumberland.

DEAR SIR,

We were interested to see your reference to "The Call of the Land," by Nona Hermon-Hodge, which we publish, printed on page 8 of the August issue of THE LAND GIRL. As, however, the paragraph does not make it clear that this book is still in print and readily available, we should be grateful if you would publish this letter so that your readers may realise that they can easily obtain the book, price 5s., from any bookseller.

Yours faithfully,

George Allen & Unwin Ltd.,
PHILIP UNWIN.

40 Museum Street, W.C.1.

DEAR MADAM,

I should like to say how much I appreciate THE LAND GIRL. My farmer also enjoys reading it. Then I take them home for the family to read.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET FARR.

P.S.—I am saving my LAND GIRLS, and propose to have them bound in book form at the end of the war. Bishop's Farm, Claverham,
Nr. Yatton, Somerset.

Uniform

NOW that the colder weather is approaching, one's thoughts naturally turn to the problem of how to keep warm when working. Endless layers of clothing do not really achieve their object, but an extra woolly or a windcheater does help to keep out the chill; and undoubtedly it is very useful to have a change of uniform for wet weather.

The August number of THE LAND GIRL told members how windcheaters and black leather ankle boots could be purchased from Balcombe, but it may not be generally realised that county offices have supplies of second-hand uniform for sale at very reasonable prices. Any volunteer who may wish to add to her regulation outfit should make enquiries from her county secretary, as stocks of second-hand clothing naturally vary from time to time. All second-hand uniform has, of course, been cleaned or laundered, and the prices charged are in proportion to the amount of wear and tear the garment has had. Armlets are the only item of Land Army uniform which may not be duplicated. Lost armlets can, however, be replaced at a cost of sixpence.

Pull-on Trousers

There are at Balcombe a certain number of long navy blue trousers, with elastic at the waist and ankles, made of a thick cotton stockinette material similar to that which is used for the windcheaters.

Like the windcheaters, these garments are excellent for wearing on cold windy days. The price of the trousers is 8s. per pair, post free. Any volunteer wishing to buy a pair of trousers, windcheater (8s. 6d. post free), or a pair of black leather ankle boots (14s. post free) must first obtain an order form from her county secretary and send it with the money direct to Balcombe. The goods will then be sent direct to the purchaser.

K. DOMAN.

A farmer asked his new Land Girl what breed of cows she had milked in her last job. She said she had no idea. The farmer suggested they might have been "Shorthorns." "Oh no," was the answer, "they *all* had *long* horns!"

NOTES FROM SCOTLAND



Miss Amarys Laird, with one of her charges.

In last month's issue one of the questions asked in the "Ask Us Another" Section was: "Do Scottish Land Girls wear the kilt?" By way of demonstrating the infallibility of the magazine oracle here is a photograph of one of us in work-a-day garb—dungarees, Wellingtons, and a' that. It is of Miss Amarys Laird, No. 751, who enrolled in August, 1939, and, in the words of the advertisement for a truly Scottish product, "is still going strong." Not only has she taken her porcine charges to her bosom literally—as per photograph—but she can also wax lyrical about them on paper, as the following article by her shows:

In Praise of Pigs.

What pleasanter job could one have than to be a pig man, if only for a week? After you have laboured in the fields for months, planting the unheeding potato, sowing crops, and thinning turnips, weeding carrots and beans, which are unappreciative of your every attention—to become a pig man and know that but for you your charges would die! To be greeted in the morning with deafening screams of appreciation from a hundred hungry pigs. To lean meditatively on the edge of a sty and scratch the head of a vast bulk of motherhood and enquire after her scampering brood of ten in your spare moments, and learn from her answering grunt that they are all doing nicely, but she thinks one of them really be-

longs to the family next door, and she has given him a sharp bite to teach him where he belongs.

What does it matter if every one of your garments reek of pig? It's a warm, homely smell, and after a bit your family hardly notices that you belong to a different species.

The psychology of the very young pig is not very far removed from that of the young child. Take the case of Albert and Emily, who escaped from their outside nursery by burrowing under the wire netting and trotted down the piggery to come and find out from me how their rations were mixed. I chased them back and they rushed helter and skelter back to the shadow of their maternal wing, shouting "It wasn't me, look, I'm having my tea." I set to and repaired their escape hole by battening it down with large stones, and when I had done, looked up and discovered the whole family standing in a row regarding my efforts with pop-eyed interest. I knew by the look in their faces that as soon as my back was turned they would all make a concerted attack on these stones, so I went into the middle of the nursery and made a loud noise, and a lot of fuss in their feeding trough, and sure enough, as I went away, I saw them busy trying to discover what I'd been up to, and the fence was forgotten!

But the pig man came back from his holiday and I went to the harvest, built carts, and led horses and filled my fingers with pricks. It is just finished, and there has hardly been a drop of rain to interrupt it, but plenty of wind to blow up the sheaves on the windward side of the cart, and make you use plenty of good, expressive farm language.

And now we're back to the time of year when most of us began our farming career at the beginning of the war, and we'll start the round again. The potato gathering and those — turnips!

More about the Auxiliary Force.

Well done the girls in the Ross-shire hostels at Portmahomack and Hill of Fearn, by whose efforts the local Comforts Fund has benefited to something like £10! They held a concert at Portmahomack on Friday, 20th September, in co-operation with some of the male student land workers in the district, and a very good show it was. As was befitting the temporary occupation of the organisers, the programme had a decidedly agricultural bias, and great ingenuity was displayed in the contrivance of props, a raid being made on the hostel equipment for the purpose. A stirring Hebridean song had for its background a sea of blue blanket with a tossing galley in the shape of an outsize clothes basket! There was hearty community singing, and sketches in which much play was made on the trials of a Land Girl's life, the kicking cow, the stubborn pig, the thistles and the thorns, and by no means least, the popular conception of the grumpy, grumbling farmer. The attendance was good, and very appropriately the chair was taken by Mrs. Ross, Portmahomack, the Good Fairy of Ross-shire's Land Girls.

Mr. Leslie, who is attached to the County Agricultural Executive Committee, as liaison officer, moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Ross and the artistes, and, in doing so, stressed the tremendous value of the work which the girls were doing, stating that he knew of farms where, but for them, the labour situation at harvest time would have been very serious.

M. M. M.

COUNTY NEWS

CHESHIRE.—Four members of the Cheshire W.L.A. have been married this month. One wedding took place while the bride was training at Reaseheath. She has since obtained employment in Warwickshire.

We extend to these members our sincere wishes for their future happiness.

The Y.W.C.A. has offered honorary membership to Land Army volunteers in the neighbourhood of Altrincham, Birkenhead and Macclesfield, and members will be welcome at these centres at any time.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.—The last month has been a period of breathless activity, in the office at least, chiefly due to an influx of forestry workers. At the present time 59 out of 136 on the register are employed in forestry, 18 of them being timber measurers. Most of our 36 newcomers are from the north-east and appreciate two things: (a) a night's sleep, (b) the scenery—most of the forestry work is in the heart of the Lake District.

We have plenty of farm workers, too, however, and we were recently cheered by a letter beginning, "I really ought to have written sooner to say how pleased we are with Miss — as a Land Army girl. She is just splendid, and we thank you very much indeed."

DORSET.—The milking training centre which started at Roke Farm, Bere Regis, in June, by kind permission of Mr. Jesty, has trained 16 W.L.A. recruits, who have been found suitable employment. Both farmers and workers speak with high praise of the instruction that was given by Miss D. Evans, the County Dairy Instructress, also member of the W.L.A. Dorset County Committee. For the present, owing to the demand for milkers having declined, the training of recruits at this centre has been suspended.

A gang of W.L.A. forestry workers are doing splendid service in the county. There has been a Y.W.C.A. Hostel opened for them to live at, which now accommodates 25 workers. The work in the forests has been especially arduous, owing to enemy attention. The W.L.A. workers have shown the greatest keenness to duty under severe conditions, and all have given most useful assistance to counteract the menace.

There have been 80 good conduct stripes awarded in Dorset for six months' service, and in the coming month of September the Chairman and County Committee look forward to issuing the awards for the first year's service.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—On September 11th the final contest of a series of four Agricultural "Bees" recently organised in the area by the County Dairy Instructress was held at the residence of Mrs. Lister, "Ac-trees," Berkeley. Two teams of five competed, and some 18 people were present. There were four rounds of questions, and the teams were very evenly matched, securing over 66 per cent each. At the end the Hon. Mrs. Bathurst made a speech and gave to every W.L.A. member of the "Bee" a copy of "The Farming Year," by Prof. Scott-Watson.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—Mrs. Pulvermacher gave a delightful social evening for the Land Army girls working in the Lea Valley tomato industry. These girls had also been entertained by the Women's Institute at Goffs Oak a few days before.

There is now quite a colony of our girls doing this work.

One member of our Committee has, with her daughter, been learning to thatch. They will be kept busy when the fact is known. One Hertfordshire girl at least knows how to handle a scythe. If some of our

members prove themselves adepts at hedging and ditching we shall indeed make our weight felt in agriculture!

HUNTINGDONSHIRE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND THE ISLE OF ELY.—The Spitfire Fund is going great guns here. We pride ourselves on being the first county to inaugurate the Fund, and everyone is contributing splendidly. We have started a Quarterly News Letter, and the first copy was sent last month to all Land Girls now working in the area. May we extend our welcome to all those who have come to us from other parts of the country. We sincerely hope they will be very happy with us.

About the middle of August applications from farmers, mostly for milkers and girls able to drive a car, began to arrive in great numbers. The delay in the post hampered the quick filling of these jobs, but difficulties were made to be overcome, and the girls arrived.

We hope to hold a Rally in the spring for the presentation of Good Service Half Diamonds, and from now on we are holding up all Half Diamonds as they become due, so that they may be presented at the Rally. Details have not yet been fixed, but we feel sure all Land Girls in the area will welcome the opportunity of meeting other volunteers and comparing notes!

The beet factories will be holding singling competitions in the spring, and we confidently hope there will be a class for Land Girls and that they will acquit themselves well.

A volunteer writes that "it has been grand working in the harvest fields." She also says: "I nearly had a fit when I first had to guide a trace horse. I never could remember which lead to pull!" Here's luck to her and her fellow volunteers. They are doing grand work.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—Dorothy Perkis, W.L.A. No. 22039, writes: "A Messerschmitt came down in our wheat field a few weeks ago. In these days of momentous happenings this seems quite an insignificant statement, but to us in this quiet piece of English countryside it came as a bolt from the blue and served to remind us of the horrors of war. It was seen to be in difficulties over the farm, and came down in one of the fields. One Land Girl, Betty Phillips, rushed over to the 'plane, and arrived at the same time as the soldier who came to arrest the pilot. The latter was uninjured and seemed quite unperturbed at finding himself in enemy hands. The 'plane was almost intact, and no damage was done to the wheat, which had already been cut and stacked up.

The point which struck us most was the quickness with which the Home Guard were on the scene; also the way in which the news travelled. Before we knew what was happening our quiet little farm had become quite famous, and streams of people came from all parts of the island to see the 'plane. Mr. Attrell, our employer, had the brilliant idea of making a collection for the Red Cross, and on the Sunday following Edna Jenkins, another Land Girl, volunteered to collect, and with the help of a schoolboy who had been working on the farm during his holidays, and two local ladies, £2 5s. 6d. was collected.

Since then the 'plane has been moved to Newport market-place, where it is on view, and donations are being received for a new Spitfire. So, although this Messerschmitt started its career with destruction as its one aim, it has ended up by doing more good than harm."

EAST KENT.—Up to date 82 stripes for six months' service have been awarded to East Kent girls, and four for twelve months. The stripes are sent with a

personal letter of congratulation from Lady Cornwallis, except where it is possible to arrange a gathering where they can be presented. One or two small parties of this kind are being arranged now that the busy season is over, as it is thought inadvisable, owing to war conditions, to organise a general rally of all our girls, as was done in the spring.

The two girls who were bombed in their lodgings are progressing satisfactorily and showing a fine cheerful spirit.

WEST KENT.—The two crying needs in West Kent of late have been for hop pickers and helmets.

The farmers have been bombarding us with unavailing requests for gangs of girls to pick their hops, and the girls working in the "barrage areas" have been asking for "tin hats" to wear in the open fields. That the latter need is not unreasonable may be illustrated by the fact that one recruit lost all her clothes, uniform and mufti, owing to an incendiary bomb which fell outside her bedroom and set her billet alight; the only thing saved being her overall coat, which was strapped to her bicycle. Both requests have been partially met. We have been granted a limited supply of steel helmets to give to girls working in exposed districts, and, owing to the air-raids over London, some of the homeless Londoners, who had previously been unwilling to risk coming into Kent, have been accommodated in hoppers' huts on various farms, and are working in the hop gardens. So unexpectedly do things work out!

West Kent has awarded 27 Good Service Badges during September, in addition to 47 awarded earlier in the year, while five girls have gained their second "Half Diamond" for one year's satisfactory work.

LANCASHIRE.—Twenty-one Good Service Badges have been awarded in the county this month.

A volunteer working on a farm near Liverpool writes: "There is no doubt that the Land Army at S— are doing their bit. At first I did not think we could stick it for long, as the sheaves of wheat are very heavy, but we are still carrying on, and apart from aching arms and sore tummies, we turn up quite refreshed and again ready for the fray each morning. It's wonderful how that extra strength can be mustered in case of emergency, and we must get in that harvest."

In addition to her work on the farm, the writer of this letter, and several other Land Girls who are working on a farm close to a heavily-bombed area, are busy collecting money for the local "Spitfire" Fund. Two other Land Girls have each saved £10 out of their wages since they have been in the Land Army to buy National Savings Certificates. Congratulations! This is a splendid effort. We hope others will be inspired to do likewise.

Several Lancashire Land Girls are now hop-picking in Herefordshire. They are living under camp conditions, and seem to like it very much. Others are potato-picking in Lincolnshire.

In the north of the county two Land Girls are being employed by the I.C.I. to give silage demonstrations.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—Daisy Kemp, W.L.A. No. 16774, sends the following interesting account of a parade at Melton Mowbray:

"Thursday, September 5th, was a red letter day for we Leicestershire Land Girls in the Melton district, for it was our very first parade, and I for one was thrilled to be taking part. We were to begin the Agricultural Red Cross Sale by joining the Melton Young Farmers in a procession through the main streets of the town. The weather co-operated by being a brilliant sunny day.

"Carrying hay forks, rakes, buckets and milking



Leicester volunteers in the Melton parade.

stools, we marched through the streets, headed by pipers from a Scottish regiment, and a tractor driven by a Land Girl bringing up the rear. We collected from the bystanders as we went.

"Arriving at the Cattle Market, we joined the crowds in welcoming our late secretary, Miss Abbott, who opened the sale and started the ball rolling by selling a bouquet which had been presented to her. After lunch at the buffet, we all set to work by selling catalogues, raffle and competition tickets, till it was time to get back to the afternoon milking.

"So, leaving the sale still in progress, we went back to our work on the land, feeling we at least had lent a hand towards the £4,400 which was raised for the Red Cross."

LINCOLNSHIRE—KESTEVEN AND HOLLAND.—We now have 107 girls, including 24 foresters, as our permanent force, and number 182 strong in our Auxiliary Force, 132 in Kesteven coming from ten counties, and 50 in Holland coming from eight counties, thereby having 18 different counties represented. On Saturday, September 28th, our chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Hoos, gave us a very pleasant party in Grantham, and we were very lucky in having Lady Denman as our guest of honour. We assembled in the (empty) cattle market, a very appropriate meeting-place for the Land Army! and then marched with the noble assistance of the town band to the Guildhall, whereupon we played games, thereby getting to know other members in our area. We were then given a very good tea, after which speeches were made and Lady Denman presented 32 Good Service Badges, some of us receiving our second Half Diamond. A vote of thanks was given to Lady Denman, the Hon. Mrs. Hoos, and our secretaries, Mrs. Hill and Miss Smith, by Mrs. Wallace, and seconded by Mrs. Kennington. We then returned to our different farms, feeling very happy in having made new friends, and spurred to greater activities by cheering speeches given to us by several farmers.

OXFORDSHIRE.—The "Spitfire Fund" started the very day after the September magazine was delivered with a 5s. donation from a part-time Land Girl! This is a cause which must not be delayed for one moment. If the Land Army is to raise the necessary money quickly, each member must do her part, and do it now. It is a lovely idea! Oxfordshire Land Girls, please send in your donations to Mrs. Fry (the Magazine Representative), Agricultural Engineering Institute, Museum Road, Oxford. If you prefer to put by a sum each week or month, please give it to your representative, and she will send it in

periodically. All donations will be acknowledged in *THE LAND GIRL*, to save postage of receipts. But whatever you do, don't put off giving.

SHROPSHIRE.—Once again the demand for Women's Land Army volunteers in Shropshire is greater than our local supply. We attribute the renewed interest in Land Girls on the part of farmers to the additional ploughing undertaken by the county. In every case practically we want girls for milking and yard work, although we have had one application for a girl to act as under-horseman.

Social activities in the county are not being neglected, and several of our volunteers were recently invited to a dance organised by the Ellesmere Branch of the Shropshire Dairy Students' Association, as the guests of our local representative in that area. They all had a most enjoyable evening. Rumour has it that the Shifnal Hostel family is giving a dance early in October. The marriage season is also still in progress, and we hear that Miss McDade has become engaged to a young farmer whom she met while in training at the Midland Agricultural College.

We are exceedingly sorry to lose K. Harwood, W.L.A. No. 20685, and M. J. Winwood, W.L.A. No. 3173, from the Land Army, on their marriage. Both of them have done excellent service, and Miss Harwood's employer stated, when he came to engage another volunteer, that Miss Harwood had built the finest stack of baled oats he had ever seen in his life.

I think the Shropshire Land Girls would like to tell the Editor how very much they enjoy the magazine, which explains the fairly regular increase in our monthly order.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—We offer our congratulations to Miss Hawley-Edwards, who, after working as a member of the Land Army on the same farm since the war (in fact, she remained there after a peace-time training), has now been awarded a scholarship at the Somerset Farm Institute, Cannington, to learn dairy work. She looks like being a permanent convert to the land.

We lose volunteers for many reasons, but when it is due to matrimony we cannot grieve. This month we lose Miss Manchip and Miss Lovell, though we are delighted to find that Miss Wall is still continuing to work in Somerset after her marriage.

In the middle of September, when it appeared that the demand for workers was lessening, the Secretary started attendance on Saturdays at Taunton market. A local friend lent a small stand for use as an office, and several farmers stopped for a chat and several commented on their own satisfaction with recruits.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—Miss Hardy and Miss Couch, members of the County Executive, gave three enjoyable parties at Burton-on-Trent and Lichfield for the members of the Land Army in that area. Many girls accepted the invitation, and much enjoyed meeting each other and having a good gossip over their work, their employers, etc. They had tea and games and afterwards went to the cinema.

Extract from a volunteer's letter to the County Secretary: "I hope you are keeping fit and strong, despite all these air-raids. Every time a German plane comes over I say to myself, 'Alice, there's a big weed that wants uprooting before it ruins the crop.'"

SURREY.—"Eachway," the Surrey War Agricultural Committee's hostel for twenty auxiliary Land Army members, has now closed. During eight weeks 38 girls were employed at various local farms and at Tillhill, the War Agricultural Committee's own farm. The experiment seems to have been well worth making—transport was the main difficulty.



Girls—with Gilt. See Surrey News.

Over £2,600 was taken at the Surrey Red Cross Agricultural Fund Gift Sale, held in Guildford Market on September 11th. Members of the Surrey Women's Land Army collected £6 17s. 6d. to buy a pedigree large white gilt. This was auctioned for £7 9s. Land Girls also helped by selling catalogues and at the side-shows.

Congratulations to the Surrey member of the Women's Land Army who, Sparsholt tells us, is the best horticultural trainee they have ever had.

The life and work of Surrey Land Girls at Mr. Reakes's model dairy farm at Cobham has made propaganda for England in Turkey. The German propagandists are hard at work trying to undermine our friendship with that country, but every week Sir Wyndham Deedes broadcasts true pictures of English life and thought, and one of his latest talks has been about the fine work of English women on the land, illustrated by the Surrey girls at the model dairy farm which he visited.

EAST SUSSEX.—Owing to the evacuation of many coast towns in East Sussex, our work has presented many new difficulties. Nevertheless, we are glad to say our volunteers have "stayed put," even in the most vulnerable areas.

Hop-pickers being badly needed in the Bodiam district, and no billets available, an empty house was put at the disposal of our gang of pickers, and has been run under the personal supervision of Mrs. Carrington, our District Chairman. Despite unforeseen difficulties in the shape of an inadequate water supply and the frequent falling of German aeroplanes from the sky, a satisfactory job of work was carried out by our volunteers.

In spite of the steep rise in wages payable to the W.L.A. workers in this county from 28s. to 39s. per week, surprisingly few farmers have dismissed their girls. Following the practice of all farmers, who are allowed to grumble at everything, including the weather, many threats of dismissal have reached this office, but few have materialised.

We have now awarded 109 Good Service Badges.

We have now started a County News Letter, which will appear quarterly. In this letter we shall be able to give our workers news of purely local interest, and keep them in touch with Land Army matters within our own county.

East Sussex Land Army girls are encouraged to make friends with each other through their local representatives.

A Social Club for girls and women has been opened in Lewes, at which our members are very welcome. As Lewes is our county town and a popular shopping centre, this has proved a great joy. The fact that a hot bath is available at the club has been a definite convenience to those girls who are in cottage billets.

We have had quite an exciting time with air-raids. Several 'planes have come down around about, and practically every day we have two or three dog-fights. Shrapnel fell on one house and hens ran to pick up pieces that fell in the yard.

WEST SUSSEX.—All Land Girls in the county will be pleased to hear that Lady North is making a very good recovery after her accident, and will send her their good wishes for a complete return to health.

Several Land Girls have been exported during the past month as far afield as to Devonshire and Lincolnshire, and for such diverse jobs as gardening, dairy work, forestry and potato picking.

The War Agricultural Executive Committee is now employing three Land Girls on a farm which it has taken over. These three, who have just completed five weeks at Plumpton, are now adding to their experience in a most useful way, and are clearing and generally reclaiming the derelict land.

Town dwellers may think that Land Girls know very little of the dangers of war, but West Sussex is very proud of its volunteers near the coast and in the Chichester area, who work through constant air-raids, with their accompaniment of bombs and machine-gunnings, without apparently turning a hair.

The Horsham Club for Land Girls, which started with such enthusiasm, has found it too difficult to compete first with the claims of the harvest and the prolonged fine weather and now with the nightly air-raid, and so the weekly meetings are to be abandoned. In their place monthly gatherings are to be held, and Mrs. Rigg has most kindly offered to lead community singing at the first of these on October 18th.

One of our Committee members, after a year spent in organising the most active and largest area in the county, has retired to a secluded farm for a week's holiday. Here, in a conscientious desire to learn all sides of the work, she has tried her hand at everything, and is evidently a great success, for she writes in glowing terms that after five days she can milk six cows in an hour and a half, and is looking after a lamb with a feeding bottle, etc. Unfortunately, the charms of farm life have already prolonged the week to ten days, and we begin to feel that we shall lose a Committee member in order to gain a Land Girl.

YORKSHIRE—NORTH RIDING.—On Sunday, September 16th, the first tea party for W.L.A. members in the North Riding was held, when Mrs. R. Fife, a member of our Committee, very kindly invited all members in her area to Nunnington Hall. Twenty-six members came to the party and Lady (Guy) Graham, who is the Chairman of our Committee, spoke to the girls about the W.L.A., and asked them always to remember that they belonged to an army, and to work hard and keep up the standard of that army, although they had to work as individuals. During tea the chief conversation consisted of discussing with the next member how many cows she could milk, when they had finished harvest, and when sugar beet-pull-

ing would be starting! After tea various games were played in the garden, and everyone was very sorry when it was six o'clock and time to go home. We are very grateful to Mrs. Fife for being so kind as to invite the members and to give them such a splendid time—and such a splendid tea, in spite of rationing!

We are trying to obtain publicity for the W.L.A. amongst farmers' wives by members of our Committee speaking to W.I. meetings, and amongst farmers by having members in uniform helping at various silage demonstrations organised by the War Executive Agricultural Committee. At these demonstrations the Silage Officer very kindly points out to the farmers present how very useful W.L.A. members could be to farmers who decide to erect a Silo.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—Many groups of Auxiliaries have been working in Worcestershire this summer. Eighty of them have been camping in an old manor house at Charlton while hopping, picking Brussels sprouts and bagging onions. Twenty more from Birmingham University, working at a market garden at Dunnington, have now been removed by lorry—beds, baggage, stove and students—to pick hops at Knightwick, where they are camping in an old disused mill and have the River Teme to bathe in at their dining-room door-step. Another 23 have been working at Suckley, and seven hop-pickers shared an empty cottage at Keeling, while living in another cottage at Shelsey Beauchamp groups of Birmingham University students have been picking plums and apples. Any evening in early August, in the middle of Evesham, on the front lawn of a private garden, was to be seen a large marquee, and in it the 22 sleeping bodies of students from Bedford College who had been pulling stalks out of plums ready for jam-making all day. As a reward for good work they were put on to plum-picking as a change for the last week.

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County Employment Returns

COUNTY.	Number of volunteers now working, placed in employment since the outbreak of war.
Kent	550
Hampshire	427
Wiltshire	328
Gloucestershire	300
Surrey	298
East Sussex	264
Cheshire	263
Worcestershire	248
Somerset	240
West Suffolk	231
Berkshire	229
West Sussex	229
Warwickshire	214
Lancashire	200
South Wales	191
Essex	190
Oxfordshire	188
Devonshire	177
Norfolk	174
Northamptonshire	167
Shropshire	166
Dorsetshire	155
Hertfordshire	146
Staffordshire	143
Buckinghamshire	140
Leicestershire	137
Lindsey	129
Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Isle of Ely	128
Cumberland and Westmorland	122
Northumberland	116
Yorkshire, West Riding	112
Hereford	107
Holland and Kesteven	105
Yorkshire, North Riding	105
Monmouthshire	104
Cornwall	103
Nottinghamshire	103
East Suffolk	83
Derbyshire	81
Denbighshire	70
Flintshire	67
Isle of Wight	66
Bedfordshire	63

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