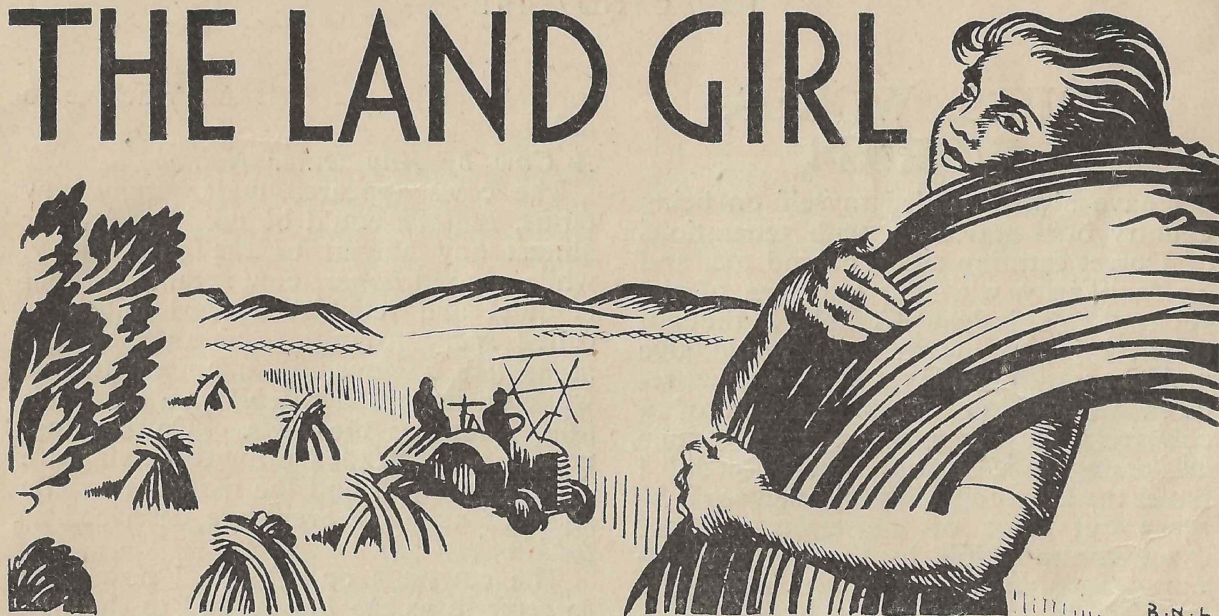


THE LAND GIRL



No. 7, Volume 4

OCTOBER, 1943

Price 3d.

ON TELLING STORIES

THE other day a story was sent to the LAND GIRL of an insulting remark about the British flag made by an Allied soldier stationed in this country and of the spirited action immediately taken by a member of the W.L.A. who was present. Further investigation failed to produce either an eye-witness or the gallant volunteer although the original report said that "the whole village had been lost in admiration of her conduct." It was so far lost, in fact, that it was never found.

This particular story has appeared all over the country and so have other stories told to the detriment of men who have left their own countries and come here to help fight this war. There are three curious features about all these stories. First, the same story is always attached to each Force and crops up in an area just before troops of that Force appear there. Second, it is usually based on some supposed national characteristic which makes it a double-edged weapon—of course it is true because we always knew the Blanks were like that and now we know it more than ever. And third, it is impossible to trace the source from which the story first came.

Stories are dangerous weapons. You don't believe your enemy when he boasts about his cleverness or tells you to distrust your friend and ally, but you do believe your neighbour when he tells you a story which has just the same effect. We are honest people and honestly believe the tales we repeat; that's what makes them so dangerous.

Good stories and jokes are a great help in the daily round and common task; it might be very beneficial to the war effort if everyone told one good story against himself or herself every week, or perhaps every month would do. But the old nursery criterion for repetition "Is it kind? is it true? is it necessary?" might be applied to stories about our Allies which put them in a bad light. They are probably untrue, certainly unkind, and most decidedly unnecessary—and very likely of enemy origin into the bargain.

M. A. P.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!

I have always prided myself on being country bred and born, with generations of Dorset farming stock behind me, and on familiarity with the language of the country. This last especially I thought (when I joined the W.L.A.) would give me a great advantage over a raw recruit, who didn't know one end of a cow from the other. But I got a rude awakening in Cornwall, not only did I have to learn an entirely new vocabulary but some of the terms were in exact contradiction to those I had always used, so that I made apparently hopeless mistakes, of which no greenhorn would be guilty.

Puzzle Corner

For instance with us the word *corn* was used for more or less any grain crop, down here *corn* is oats and oats only, and our machine for cutting corn was the *binder* or loosely the *reaper*, whilst the hay machine was a *mowing machine*. The Cornish terms are *binder* and *reaper* respectively. Some terms, however, were completely new and strange, therefore, less likely to get one into trouble.

Nearly all tools had different names—A dung fork became an *evil*, a pick (2 pronged) a *pike*, a claw a *digger*, a hamper basket a *mawn* and even rain water gutters became *launders*.

Our two wheeled putts are here termed *carts* whilst on the other hand, the Cornish *wagon* is a flat sideless affair which I should call a trolley. The ladder-like affairs at the ends for loading hay etc., and which I had always termed ladders, I now had to call the *riggers*. Harness, too was subject to alterations. A blind halter changed to a *bridle*, string harness became *fore-chains* and plough lines became *head lines*, and when sent to fetch a pair of *kitty bags* I found that I had to look for leggings.

In the course of work, many new words cropped up. Instead of spurring dung one went to *scud* dressing whilst to plant broccoli or potatoes was to *teal plant* or *teal taties*. To repair gaps in plant was *mending*, and to carry hay or corn is to *pull* hay or corn. The old familiar stooks or stitches of corn I now had to call *shocks*, and the base of the rick which I knew as the staddle was now the *seal*. Spars used for thatching changed to *broaches*, furrows to *vores*, and the dust

thrown out by the threshing machine to *ushing*.

A Cow by Any Other Name

The cows appeared under many new terms, *Bullock* could be used loosely for almost any animal of the cow family, while a good *honest* cow meant one that is quiet and reliable; a hard milker is called *spary* to milk, and an easy one *milks like a glove*. An animal that is weak on its legs is *rambling*; a cow with milk fever has the *reels*. Cows whose udders are distended prior to calving are *drawing for calf* and the more immediate signs of a happy event are described as *looking for calf*.

The cowstalls or shippon I now have to refer to as the *houses* and to the rick barken as the *mowhay*. A milk chum is a *can*, and corn, cake, meal etc., fed to the cows is *tub meat*.

Even the weather has got me bewildered at times. *Up country* we always say it is mild when it is warm and stuffy. Down here *mild* only means still, no wind up. *Private cold* means a still, cold sort of day. If it looks doubtful the weather is *tender* and may, later, *come in dirty*.

It seems probable that a great many of the Cornish expressions are derived from nautical language. In the good old Dorset style it is "Farmer White" and "Farmer Jones;" down here everybody is "Cap'n. So-and-So," and that marvelous collection of knots used for tying down a load and known as a *catspaw* is surely handed down from seafaring folk.

But it wasn't only in working hours that I was puzzled at first. Lunch or any snack meal is *croust* whilst to look ill is to look *wisht* or *slight*. A *douser* is a water diviner; a *clickey-handed* person is left handed; and a *clucky hen* is a broody hen. An ordinary ant I now have to call a *merillion* (query spelling?) and I am frequently told *They that can't schemie must louser!* (Those that can't use their brains must do hard work).

Tales from the West

If you have never heard a Cornishman, especially a West Cornishman, tell a yarn, you have missed an experience. From the silent reticence, the understatement, and the slow, quiet humour of Dorset, it is a long step to the lurid language of the extreme South-West. The pace gets faster and faster and the talk louder and louder, as the teller gets warmed up, with a plentiful supply of vivid metaphors and quaint sayings thrown in. Those metaphors are part and parcel of the local dialect. You

hear, of people being—*sick as a shag, white as a janard, thin as a greyhound, stupid as a wagon boss, crooked as a pig,* and a fast dog goes *like a trigger* whilst a lame cow *hops like a toad on a shovel.* Awkward horses are *camels* and our Captain *waves his feet about like a man playing a harp!*

One of the men was once telling me of various horses he had known, each one surpassing the last in speed and excitability, till he found no words adequate. From *Go like a train he would*, man, we proceeded to *like a swallow he was*, and so on to *Fast as an aeroplane* and *Just like a b--- thunderbolt!* My mind reels with the effort to grasp each new improvement on the last comparison.

All this conversation has an element of nonsense about it, an amusing sense of exaggeration. — To sum it all up "*What's a like en*" which conveys a great many shades of meaning which only come with familiarity, although the general idea is one of amused surprise.

But then I can always, at the risk of being thought *plum* (daft) retaliate with a bit of Dorset which puts any Cornishmen in the shade—"Thee cass'n zee sa well as could cass, and if 'oust coust'n!"

Cornwall.

N. Jesty, 71662.

CONVERSATION PIECE

"Well, all I can say is I wish I was a Wren or a Waaf, or even an At," said Jane, hurling her gumboots into a corner and herself into a chair at the supper table.

"What, just to get ten coupons to yourself for all the year?" asked Angela.

"Tisn't worth it," murmured Pat.

"But I'd get every blessed thing I ever wore, including undies," said Jane.

"To-day's great problem," announced Pat, "is, which do our girls like best—the vest of an At or a Land Army hat?"

"But why *should* we have to give up all these coupons for replacements of uniform?" asked Jane, attacking her meat ration as if it were the Board of Trade.

"Are you suggesting," queried Pat, "that a grateful Government ought to give us all our uniform, all our replacements *and* all our coupons?"

"Of course not, but we've got to have *some* clothes beside our uniform haven't we?"

"Undoubtedly," said Angela, "even our poor, deluded Authorities seem to have grasped that. Didn't you get 26 extra coupons when you joined up, as well as all your uniform without losing

any of your coupons for that year? That was so you could buy nice warm vests and what-not, very thoughtful I call it."

"Yes, but that was last year, what about this year?"

"This year, my poor child," replied Angela, "you will have your replacements which (they tell me) are worth about 38 coupons, and then you'll be left with at least 18 of your ordinary civilian ration, as well as the extra coupons we get for being what they call industrial workers, though I must say it seems a very odd description to me, I expect they mean industrious really," she added conscientiously cleaning out the potato dish.

"Hi, how can I eat more potatoes if you do that?" cried Pat.

"But why shouldn't we just send the coupons for each garment we want?" persisted Jane, "not a whole block when perhaps we shan't want some of the things at all."

"That is more sensible than some of your remarks," answered Angela. "I've sometimes thought that it could only have been your muscles which made the interviewers.....all right, all right, keep the party peaceful."

Pat neatly caught the piece of bread aimed at Angela's head and returned it to Jane saying gently "Remember our brave merchant sailors."

"You see," continued Angela, unmoved, "if we could just order what we wanted I don't see how they'd ever know what the needs of the Land Army would be. "You've got to arrange these things months and months ahead, anyway."

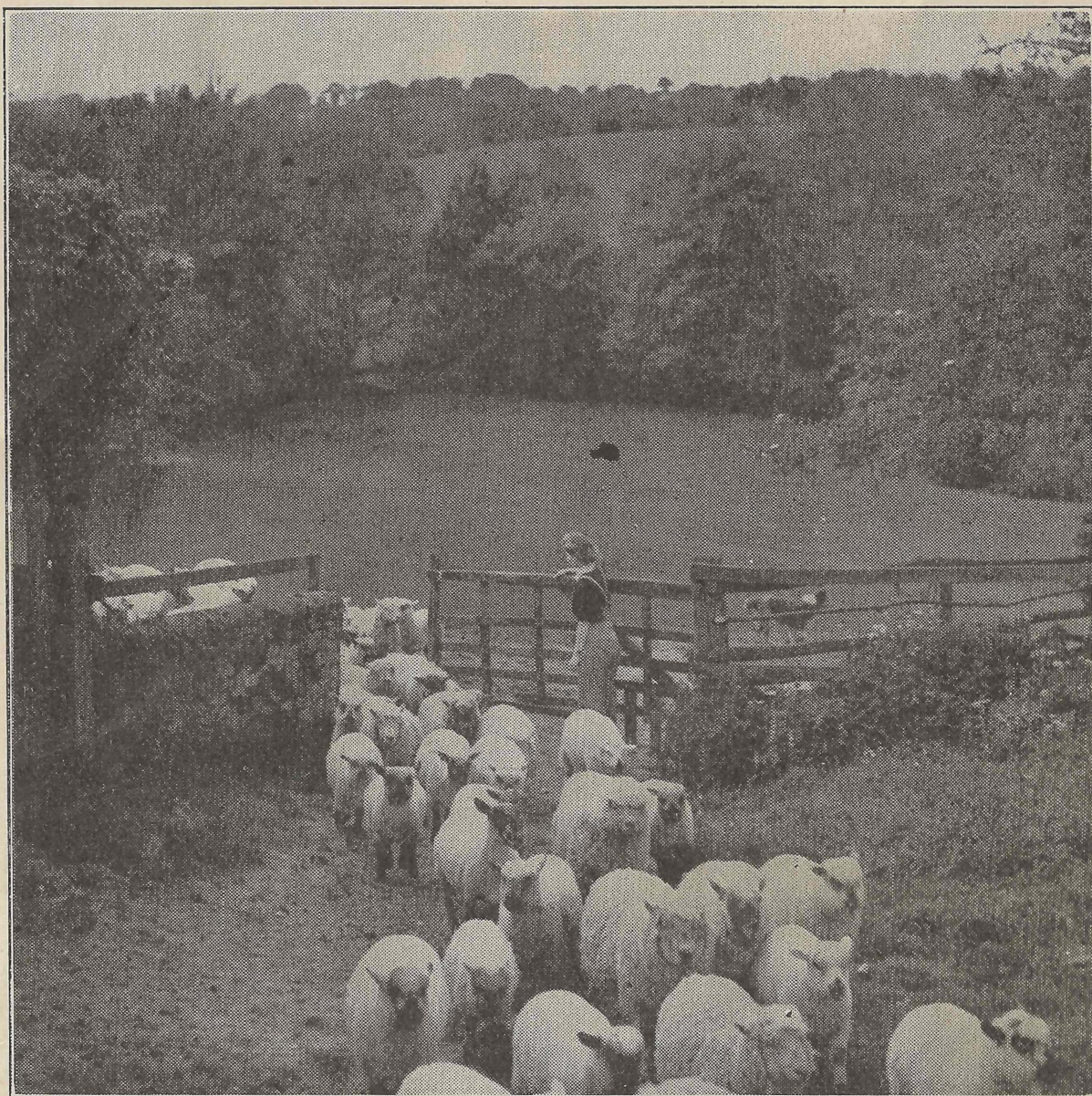
"Besides," Pat intervened, "we all know what girls are. What chance would a nice, warm pullover have against a frock to charm the troops? And I wonder what some of us would look like," she went on thoughtfully, "I've seen some pretty startling effects already, but if we could pick and choose our bits of new uniform we'd fairly make the scarecrows sit up. I shouldn't wonder if they started talking Basic English."

"And there're two other things," added Angela, "we get more clothes under the block surrender of coupons than if we handed over coupons per garment—and if we are careful and have had less than half our replacements we don't have to give up so many. It's not too bad, really, now is it, Jane; come on, own up?"

"I suppose not," grumbled Jane, "but I do *hate* having to give up coupons."

"Ah," said Pat, "there speaks the Voice of Universal Womanhood, to-day."

THE LAND GIRL



B. Dunhill, 36743 (Bucks), collects her flock.

(Photograph by Keystone Press.)

BROADCASTING

Following a revision of agricultural broadcasts, it has been decided to discontinue the present arrangements whereby the Women's Land Army has had assigned to it a monthly five minutes following the "Farming To-day" broadcast. Instead, any announcements which may be of general interest to members will be included as and when required in the special farming broadcast which throughout the winter will be on Thursday evenings at 7 p.m. In addition it is hoped to include from time to time talks by individual volunteers and to make reference to achievements of special merit which County Secretaries may report to Headquarters.

NEW FRIENDSHIPS

A member from each of the four women's services — W.R.N.S., A.T.S., W.A.A.F. and Land Army—stayed one night at Fareham Y.W.C.A. By a coincidence they were accommodated in the same room. From this chance meeting there sprang up a warm friendship. They are now corresponding with each other and are planning to pay a return visit to the Y.W.C.A.

OVERHEARD IN BUCKS

Lord Woolton at the Aylesbury Rally: "Why do some of them wear different hats from others?"

County Chairman: "It's all the same hat—but they wear it differently."

THE LAND GIRL

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

I wonder how many Land Army girls are as far off the beaten track as I am. The sheep farm on which I work is tucked away amid the wild and lovely Cardiganshire hills almost where the three Counties, Cardigan, Carmarthen and Brecknock meet; the nearest village lies ten miles away and is reached only by a precipitous mountain track on a hardy mountain pony (about two hours good going) or "shank's pony" an infinitely slower process.

One cannot feel lonely on a farm with over 3,000 sheep and 20 mountain ponies—and what a sight in spring when the hills are dotted all over with snowy white lambs. These farms have to be self-supporting to a great extent and in summer we spend a good deal of time getting peat which has to be cut and dried and loaded ready for the winter as it is the only fuel used. There are the milking cows to be attended to and calves to rear and any spare time I have for recreation is spent watching the trout in the river or riding on a typical Welsh mountain pony called "Glasbach," in English "a little grey."

Three times a week the postman comes round on horseback, it's a sad day when he does not call; apart from the absence of letters our outgoing mail does not get posted until next time he turns up. We have no daily papers and owing to the difficulty of bringing up a wet battery on horseback we can tune in to the radio for the news only. Consequently any reading matter is voraciously devoured even if a few months old.

There is one big disadvantage—Welsh, of which I previously knew no word, is the spoken tongue of this isolated region; however, it is a grand healthy life amid glorious surroundings in the loveliest country in the world. I am proud to belong to the Women's Land Army and to know we are all helping to back up the boys fighting for us in far remoter parts of the globe.

Carms & Cards. E. Walters, 10475.

LAND ARMY CHRISTMAS CARD

In Aid Of Benevolent Fund

NOW ON SALE

at all County offices

PRICE SIXPENCE

"Bring back the Bells," A. P. Herbert.
(Methuen 4s.).

"Tales from Bective Bridge," Mary
Lairn. (Michael Joseph 8s. 6d.).

"The Signpost," E. Arnot Robertson.
(Cape 8s. 6d.).

Mr. A. P. Herbert dislikes brown bread, oil, speed-fiends, astrology, arm-chair strategists, railings, Irish neutrality, Churchill's critics, Americans who know what ought to be done about India, lipstick, people who tell us everything will be lovely after the war; whereas he thinks there is something to be said for the old, bus-drivers, nationalism, the Old School Tie, J. L. Garvin, Colonel Blimp, Warship Weeks, small shopkeepers, the Universe, and Britain, and he says it with eloquence, neatness and humour. In other words, his verses are a great relief since they express many things we should like to say but somehow feel that we ought not to. They are most refreshingly individual and one-sided. My own view has always been that Mr. Herbert ought to have been sent in cotton-wool to Canada at the beginning of the war so that we could be sure of preserving him to teach us to think independently again afterwards. The difficulty would have been to get Mr. Herbert into the cotton-wool. Besides we should have missed his voice in the mean time.

"My principles shall not be shed
I say I do not like brown bread.
I will attempt this awful thing
To save the sailors of the King.
* * * * *

But when we've put the Prussian
down,

The bread I eat will not be brown."

Meanwhile, it is consoling that we have at least the bells back already.

Tales from Bective Bridge and **The Signpost** are both about Ireland and the Irish. The **Tales** are purely Irish, little stories and sketches, beautifully written, about people who are half familiar and half strange to an English reader and about the odd things that happen to them. In **The Signpost** English and Irish meet in a Donegal village where an airman on leave brings his new-found love, hoping for an interval of peace and renewal. The younger villagers, on the other hand, are longing for the outer world with equal intensity, and the clash, though friendly, leads to drama. The Irish often object to being regarded as peculiarly poetic beings, but they are certainly a cause of poetry in others, and both these books, otherwise so different have poetic quality.

M. Jaeger.

TONGUES ACROSS THE SEA

I love the name "Roving Mike." It suggests tramps, vagabonds, and attractive wandering Irishmen; and though it proved to be a mobile microphone it was even more exciting to meet than the Irishman or the tramp.

We were recording at the B.B.C. for the weekly broadcast to America of the feature entitled "Answering You" in which a group of people in England speak directly to a group in the U.S.A. exchanging ideas and answering questions. This time the subject was to be "Changing Your Job," and we were to answer questions from a group of journalists in America, led by Alastair Cook.

I was there as a fourth-year member of the Women's Land Army, and actress before the war, the other speakers coming from jobs of many kinds as sharply contrasted to their former professions as mine. There was Stephen Spender the poet, now a fireman; the film star David Niven, now a soldier; a waitress, blitzed out of her London home and now a Windsor bus conductress; a Divinity student turned miner; a barmaid turned L.C.C. crossing sweeper; a hairdresser now aircraft factory worker; a Second Officer in the W.R.N.S. formerly journalist—and so on.

At lunch presided over by Mary Adams, the brilliant organiser of these Transatlantic talks, we made friends and got to know one another, so when the time came to go up to the studio, it was not a circle of strangers who nervously adjusted their earphones and composed themselves to meet the roving mike. This was carried from one to another at the bidding of Mrs. Adams who sat at the platform microphone.

Looking round the ring of speakers, so individual and coming from jobs so varied, I thought of the thousands they represented, men and women doing work they never dreamed of before the war, richer now for the trials, pleasures, friendships which would otherwise never have been known to them.

For this was a recurring theme throughout; that those who could return to their former professions would bring to them a wider understanding, a deeper humanity, absorbed from their war-time jobs however different. Poet, film star, Divinity student, all set on taking up their callings again and asked how their present work would affect them, finished with the same refrain:—"I shall be more human."

But the two who in my opinion represented most admirably the spirit of British war workers were Mrs Lucas and Mrs Sharp.

Mrs Lucas is obviously an ideal bus conductress and was probably a very good waitress, but I should say she is also a born broadcaster. Un-selfconscious, un-flustered, her replies were apt and full of personality. As she spoke one could picture her smilingly collecting her fares, chatting with the passengers, rescuing parcels and receiving tit-bits from the grateful owners. Both she and Mrs Sharp, the L.C.C. crossing sweeper and ex-barmaid who spoke next, had the Londoner's ready wit, a priceless asset in an unscripted broadcast.

Mrs Sharp, ("sparrow-starver," she confessed, was her official title) could not tell exactly why she had chosen to become a servant of the L.C.C. Public Cleansing Department, but now that she was sweeping the streets of Soho she thoroughly enjoyed the job. You got to know all sorts, even more than in the pubs, she said; and you wouldn't believe the things that people throw about or the amount of proposals of marriage that crossing sweepers have to put up with. But Mrs Sharp couldn't do with a lot of men about her: all she wanted was a little peace. As to the things people put in the bins supplied for pig food, it was past belief. Never again did she want to think of a pig, look at a pig, much less eat one—not after seeing what was inside those bins.

Meanwhile Mrs Adams was introducing, commenting, steering the conversation with a sure-light touch onto the course most likely to bring out the personality of each speaker. My turn came second, and her delightfully informal introduction put me immediately at my ease. "I have near me" she began "a pair of corduroy breeches and a bright green jersey." At once the Americans were laughing, curious, and I had a good innings, telling them all I could of the jobs which so many thousands of us have learnt to tackle and to enjoy, breathlessly trying to keep pace with a chorus of friendly questions which worked up to the climax:—"Is it ROMANTIC?" I assured them that though very romantic at times, it is often as un-romantic as it well could be;—mucking out the cow sheds for instance---But this was too much for Roving Mike and he hastily passed on.

Surrey.

R. de Bunsen. (29354).

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor,

Your leading article on Landladies is a nice tribute to the "Service Corps of the Force." My last landlady, in the Midlands, was a self-evacuee from blitzed Coventry, and for over a year she looked after my cousin and myself. Although unused to country ways, she was at heart a countrywoman, and, having at last returned to the town to look after her husband, she writes in her letters of longing to be in the country. Her small daughter, Diana, still calls her country abode "home;" by the time they left she was getting thoroughly farm-minded, pretending her toys were horses and going "cloughing" (or "clowing") with them in the yard of the cottage and I think my cousin, if she sees this, will join me in this tribute to our late Landlady, C. J. G. . . . Dorset (late Staffs). E. Crompton, 22055.

Dear Editor,

I read with great interest the article on the front page of September's magazine, regarding Landladies. I think it was a fitting tribute to those dear people who have made most of us part of the family and (to quote my own case) taught us to appreciate country conditions to the full. I am now moving back to my first billet, so am looking forward very much to being able to share the happiness and troubles of the household. E. Sussex. E. M. Houson, 70496.

Dear Editor,

As I began my second year as a member of the W.L.A., I received an air mail letter-card from a member of the R.A.F. who has been in the Middle East since October, 1940. This letter greatly encouraged me, and I feel it may have the same effect on my fellow workers, so I will quote it.

"I do not know very much about the Land Army, but I do know that it isn't an easy life, and that there is no smart uniform, etc., as in the Women's Services, nor is there any glamour attached to your work. But I think that you might like to know that out here whenever the subject of the A.T.S. or W.A.A.F. or any of the Women's Services is mentioned—and they are mentioned quite often—there is always someone who raises the point of the Land Army and everyone has a word of praise for the grand job you are doing. So that, when at times the work does seem to get you down, when you are absolutely tired out, wet and cold, and you just don't care what

happens, if it's any encouragement to you, think that thousands of miles away, there are people who really do appreciate the work you are doing."

Salop.

V. Bottom, 85555.

Dear Editor,

One hot summer afternoon six girls unloading props at a country station, were startled to see a blazing railway truck approach the station. The train pulled up just outside and the girls immediately ran to the fire buckets and carried them to the truck. The engine was then uncoupled and taken forward, and our six heroines ran to and fro from the engine to the truck carrying water until the fire was under control. The passengers in an adjacent train were excited witnesses of the spectacle of six barelegged maidens dashing up and down, quite unconscious of the fact that their hair was still adorned with flowers gathered at lunch-time, panting, hot and dirty from the heat of the fire and the run.

A few days later these members of the Timber Corps were very gratified to receive a letter of thanks and appreciation from the District Superintendent of the railway.

Betty McQueen, W.T.C.

Dear Editor,

As a Warden I would like to explain how girls living in hostels can make life much more pleasant for themselves, their friends, and staffs of the hostels.

We Wardens try to maintain a high standard of food, health, tidiness and cleanliness but we cannot succeed without *your help*. Living in a community with little accommodation for mufti means that each volunteer must bring only essential personal belongings. If everyone did this there would be ample room for all, but **SOME DON'T**, so drawers overflow, cupboards bulge alarmingly and the conscientious ones don't get a fair deal!

May I appeal to every volunteer living in a hostel to do her best to keep it tidy and pleasant for all to live in? I should like to say how helpful we have always found our hostel committees, who have taken so much interest and shown so much enthusiasm.

Worcs.

E. M. Gerstley.

B. Puzey, 1453, Dorset, set two break-back mouse-traps on a line of early peas: next day she found two large snails in the traps, neatly caught by the backs of their necks.

THE LAND GIRL



"I can't help it, my cherry stones said so!"

Drawing by G. Carlton Smith, 14331 (Herts).

WELL DONE, WILTSHIRE.

Wiltshire Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs have published a very interesting booklet giving the programmes of 21 clubs with a membership of 1,200. There are lectures and talks on every sort of subject, Brains Trust, public speaking contests, dances, visits to farms, competitions, debates, demonstrations and films. There can't be a dull moment for young farmers in Wiltshire. It is very nice to know that the following members of the W.L.A. are all club secretaries—Miss Nash (Amesbury), Miss Rennett (Calne), Miss Hibberd (Devizes), Miss Claughan (Marlborough) and Miss Whiteman (Warminster). Miss White was formerly secretary of Dauntsey's School branch and is now on the Advisory Committee.

AND WORCESTERSHIRE

The "Land Girls of Eardington House" write that Miss Andrew, 40492, and Miss Williamson, 40881, have been Chairman and Secretary respectively of Lindridge Y.F.C. since it was formed in October, 1942.

They ask if this is a record?

COMPETITION

The long winter evenings will shortly be here. Perhaps some of them might be occupied with a view to winning one or all of the following competitions for which prizes will be awarded next Spring.

1. A literary effort—e.g. diary, poem, story (short or serial), essay or article.
2. An artistic effort—e.g. painting, cartoon, series of flower or bird paintings.
3. A practical effort—e.g. handicrafts, knitting, sewing, embroidery, carpentry.

There will be prizes for the best in each category and also for any entry which reaches a sufficiently high standard. You can enter for all the categories and need not limit yourselves to the examples given above in each category.

Particulars as to sending in entries will be given in a later issue.

Six new volunteers engaged by the Monmouthshire W.A.C. picked 8 tons (160 one-cwt. bags) of potatoes during their first day on the land. Can any county beat this record?

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A UNIFORM OFFICER

The day was a marvellous one, and on my way to work I whistled, feeling happy and competent to tackle any problem Land Girls could set for me, and, believe me, they know how to do that.

Gradually the whistling died away, as I settled down to my post. Of course, there's always the blue-pencil idiot who writes, "I'm sending my breeches back as they don't fit," leaving the unfortunate Uniform Officer to guess whether they're too big, too small, too wide or too narrow; and the dear creature who sends you a parcel with no name and address inside. The new recruits are the most urgent problem. I must make up their record cards, see what sizes of uniform they require, pack it up in a kitbag (and by the way, have you ever realised how hard kitbags are on one's nails?), label it and have it taken away. Sounds easy, doesn't it? By the time you've done four of these you're more than ready for a breather, but a recruit appears to see about changing her uniform. "It's my hat, Miss, it won't stay on my head—see?" I look at the broad sweep of hair rising several inches above her forehead and am not surprised. I hand her a hat a few sizes larger which she immediately folds to suit herself, turning the crown in all round. Patiently, I explain it must be worn straight, only to be met with the sight of the said hat perched at a ridiculous angle on top of the waves. Hopefully she looks round for a mirror, and finding none, calmly asks me if it suits her. Then she decides that, after all, it is not *quite* what she wants and could I get her one a "teeny bit smaller-like." Grimly now, I hand her the hat and silently watch the same manoeuvres as before—(I could have saved my breath). By now I feel like a shop assistant and begin to wonder if I ought to be saying "This one suits you *perfectly*, Moddom!" From the little murmurs of joy I gather that she is now satisfied and off she goes—the hat at a jaunty angle, and I am left with the feeling that as soon as she's out of sight, she'll either stick a feather in it or put a chin strap on it.

I return to my kitbags, but am soon interrupted again. This time it appears to be two "Cow-girls" in bright coloured shirts, flowing ties, and checked jackets, the rest being uniform, completed by the Land Army hat worn suspended on the shoulder by a leather strap around the throat. I wasn't surprised to hear it

was "Belts, please." I *nearly* asked them if they wanted the kind with holsters or just plain Land Army. While getting the belts I popped in to tell the Chief of the things one sees when one hasn't a camera. Oddly enough, the Chief can't like Westerns, for like Queen Victoria, "she was not amused," and from what I could hear afterwards, I'll wager those two were wishing they *had* horses.

Dinner hour is a welcome break, for "Uniform" is manual work, as well as book-keeping and there are many parcels to be packed during each day.

When I return I find the railway man has called, taken my kitbags and in their place has left me two sacks and three boxes of varying sizes. "Somebody's returned uniform; hope to goodness it's been washed and cleaned." Here let me tell you who may be reading this that only too often is uniform returned to me in a dirty condition, obviously just as you took it off—you never even washed the mud off your boots! So gingerly I unpack the sacks, putting the soiled things in a heap for the laundry or cleaners, wondering audibly "Why on earth do they wear their shoes until they're past mending, and what does she think I'm going to do with such torn dungarees?" Having muttered myself quiet, I return to the office to see what the afternoon post has brought forth. These prove to be all favours. "Please can I change my oilskin for a mac?" or "Do you think I could have another pair of shoes, I can't wear boots." Another one "Can I buy a second-hand greatcoat?" I write letters to all these explaining the reason I have sent them oilskins, or boots, adding advice on oiling, and the use of dubbin, which I fear goes in one ear and out at the other. The last letter is for a pair of second-hand shoes, size 3. Vainly I rummage through my second-hand stock, but no size 3 is forthcoming. "Bust her, anyway, why can't she put a sock in size 4, and fancy a Land Girl with size 3 feet" (My own being respectable 5½.) I drop her a p.c., suggesting she "puts a sock in it," and put down my pen. Six o'clock and I'm weary—who'd be a Uniform Officer, anyway, thankless job! Just then the Chief looks in and says cheerfully, "I've just had the railway company on the phone, and there's a container full of uniform arriving for you at 8.30 a.m. . . . There *are* compensations, however, and when recently I saw a parade of Land Girls in our "Wings for Victory" week, I felt a thrill of pride to think that I had dressed them all.

"A Small Depot."

NIGHTMARE

How often I've read "*Broken-hearted she tried to lose herself in her work. She worked feverishly all day and returned home at night almost too exhausted to sleep.*" I'm not broken-hearted but for three nights now I've tumbled into bed almost too exhausted to sleep.

You see, we're in the middle of our Corn Harvest. A fortnight ago we cut, shocked and carried our wheat and that was mere child's-play compared with these last three days.

We had a grand field of oats and then the rains came. Gradually, before it was ripened the entire field bowed its head as if in shame, until it was flat. At 6 p.m. on Monday evening the tractor and binder rattled into the farmyard, and full of high spirits, Marjorie and I followed it into the field. The tractor driver's comment on seeing the field was, "I've seen worse, but not much."

Nothing daunted, we took our places alongside the binder. The Boss was riding the binder, Marjorie was to pull the sheaves out and I was to see the corn mounted the platform in truly regimental style.

We knew our feet would ache somewhat, but what we didn't realise was how our arms and heads and hearts would ache. I guess we stopped a dozen times during the first round, pulling back the corn that was clogging the rollers and fixing the gadget that ties the oats into sheaves. Try as I would I couldn't make the cut corn enter the binder in orderly fashion. The heads faced north, south, east and west, with the result that the sheaves were all shapes and sizes.

At 8.45 p.m. we decided to call it a day as the dew was beginning to lie. The sun had been intense, and with parched throats and dry tongues we made our weary way back to the farm. That first night the sheets felt beautifully cool, but just as soon as I closed my eyes so I'd see those wretched oats tumbling over one another in their hurry to get into the binder and be bound.

Tuesday morning found the two of us still following that relentless binder round and round the field. After two or three rounds the corn was so unruly that we decided it was necessary to cut it only one way. About 10.30 a.m. the heat from the sun was really terrific and we were mighty glad to see a jug of lemonade brought into the field.

We worked on steadily until lunch-time and by then it was possible to see the square of corn still waiting to be cut, growing less and less.

We actually finished this field—five acres—at 2.30 p.m.; then tractor and binder, plus personnel, moved to another field where dredge corn was waiting to be cut. Our dredge consisted of oats, barley and peas. This field was only a little better than the previous one, the main difference being that we were able to cut right round this field. It was 8 p.m. when, once more footsore and weary, we made our way back to the farm.

On Wednesday we "saved" those wretched oats. I was in charge of one waggon, making the loads, whilst Marjorie pitched up to me. Up they came, the most miserable assortment of sheaves I've ever had to deal with. It is a wonder to me that none of the waggon-loads collapsed.

That night there were sheaves to the left of me, sheaves to the right of me, sheaves behind, sheaves in front, sheaves, sheaves, sheaves . . .

Cornwall.

M. Peel, 72331.

THE BY-BY-AT OF HOW-TIRED-I-AM

With apologies to Omar Khayam.

Wake! for the cattle by the farmyard gate
Are plainly saying that they cannot wait.
And lo, the Land Girl with her stool and pail,
Starts on her week of milking. Don't be late.
Think, in this battered Caravanserai,
Where we learn keeping pigs and making hay
How Land Girl after Land Girl took her course,
Blistered her hands and feet and went her way.

Alike for those who for their work prepare
And those who dye their nails and "perm" their hair
The farmer from the "Pig and Whistle" cries:
"Employing girls is neither right nor fair."
At length myself with clumping boots shall pass
Among the girls star-scattered on the grass
To take my place with those who form a queue
And one by one receive a railway pass.
Thatsa Nuff.

Coming next month—

"Think about Murder,"

by E. M. Delafield.

THE LAND GIRL

HEADQUARTERS' NOTES

Income Tax and the Land Army

In the March issue of the **Land Girl** the liability of members of the Land Army for payment of Income Tax was explained in these notes. At that time it was understood that every member of the Land Army would be assessed for Income Tax on her *gross* weekly earnings. Now it is clear that, where an employer provides his worker with board and lodging—either in his own house or in a billet for which he makes himself responsible—and makes a deduction from wages to cover costs (at county rates or less), then the worker is only assessed for the tax upon her *cash* wage.

Those members of the Land Army who are now paying Income Tax, perhaps for the first time, should remember that quite a large part of the tax we pay is really no more than a war-time loan to our country which will be repaid after the war. In fact we are taking part in a compulsory savings scheme! A first Income Tax assessment notice is not always correct. The Income Tax authorities may not be in possession of all the information they need to assess a Land Army member correctly. If you belong to an agricultural Trade Union, you can get help from that Union in checking your liability for Income Tax. If not you should take your assessment notice to the Income Tax office from which you received it and get the figures clearly explained to you so that you may be sure you are not being asked to pay more than is your due.

When a Gumboot Leaks

If you are a Land Girl who has been given gumboots as part of your uniform issue and if those gumboots begin to leak, or to tear or to wear very thin, report this at once to your Local Representative or by letter to your County Office. The Land Army will then collect away the boots for repair or for salvage and you will be given another sound pair in their place.

Inez Jenkins.

It is regretted that there was a reference in the September **LAND GIRL** which may have led our readers to believe that the W.L.A. card printed by the Penguin Co. is the one being sold in aid of the Benevolent Fund.

The two cards are *quite distinct*—the **Benevolent Fund card can only be obtained from Land Army County Offices.**

THRESHING HINTS

Many of you who are working on private farms will be called upon some time this winter to help with threshing. The following hints are worth remembering:-

DON'T get in the way of running machinery. If you have to make or help to make any adjustments to the threshing machine, see that the main driving-belt is disconnected.

DON'T pass underneath the main driving-belt.

DON'T stand too close to the mouth of the drum when cutting bonds. A slip may mean a serious accident.

DON'T attempt to pull a sheaf of corn out from the mouth of the drum which you may have let fall uncut. Your own limbs are of more value than the sheaf.

DON'T attempt to help sweep up the table of the machine with the drum cover open; the feeder closes up.

DON'T stand in the way of the engine or machine when they are shunting, but keep well clear. This particularly applies in frosty weather.

DON'T smoke in the farm or stack-yard, or strike matches.

DO find out from the skilled hands with whom you will be working how to do a job with least muscular effort. This will save you a lot of unnecessary work.

USED SUMP OIL IS NEVER WASTE OIL. About half of it is needed for general use and for lubrication of farm machinery, the rest can be re-refined and find its way back into industry.

Volunteers in charge of tractors are asked to take out an empty tin with them when the oil, after 60 hours' running, is due to be changed. **DON'T TIP IT INTO THE DITCH OR ONTO THE GROUND.**

FROM SCOTLAND

She was a land girl and he a farmer's boy of pre-war vintage. So when she picked up the metal object, spat on it, and shouted "A horse-shoe." before tossing it over her left shoulder, he was amazed.

Telling his friends later, he said: "She ups wi' the shoe an' tells me straight away it's a horse's. A couldna say if it wis horse, mare, foal, or pony. Bit that's eddication fur ye!"

The new cover design is the work of Miss B. Ladler, 44054 (Middlesex).

A NEW LONDON HOSTEL

A hostel for women war workers has been opened under the auspices of the W.V.S. at 89, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. The hostel is five minutes' walk from Waterloo Station and on the 76 bus route. By special arrangement a bed is reserved at the hostel for a member of the Land Army up to twelve hours beforehand and additional accommodation can be booked if available. The charge is 1s. 6d. a night per bed and meals are obtainable in the canteen at any hour at very moderate prices. As with all accommodation in London, it is advisable to make reservations as far ahead as possible, but Land Army members are always welcome if only for a meal and a rest on their way through.

M. Dimond, 8885, suggests:—"When wearing my gum boots I find that in spite of wearing slipper socks my stockings are continually going into holes, so I have now got a strip of woollen material about a yard long and put tapes one end. Then I wind this over my stocking by binding over the ankle, heel and under the instep, and so tie it in place; I have been wearing this for a month now, and so far have had no holes at all in my stockings."

WANTED. Brown riding or jodhpur boots, also boots and skates, size $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$. Blades, Wheelwrights Cottage, Little Leigh, Northwich, Cheshire.

FOR SALE. Natural merino wool hand-woven full-length coat, swagger style, medium size, winter weight, fully lined, almost new. Any offers? 15452, c/o Editor.

W.L.A. CHRISTMAS CARDS

are now ready
4/6 per doz. 48/- per Gross
Postage paid.

W.L.A. DIARIES

Compact size for the hand-bag or pocket, containing usual diary matter, bound in green calf leather and gold blocked with crest on front.

3/3 each. 37/- per Doz.

W.L.A. STATIONERY

3/6 per box. Postage paid
Place your orders now, as supplies are limited.

PENQUIN SUPPLY CO.

Quality House, Wood Street,
MANCHESTER, 3

SCOTTISH NOTES

ABERDEENSHIRE—Huntly & Garioch.—L.G.s in the district took part in a Civil Defence Church Parade on the National Day of Prayer.

ANGUS.—A dance organised by members of the W.L.A. at Barns of Craig raised over £9 for the W. and B. Fund.

ARYSHIRE (South).—Ayr Hostel recently celebrated its first birthday and to mark the occasion a dance was arranged by the residents, who invited members of the A.E.C. as well as of the W.L.A. Sub-Committee to take part in the fun. There was a birthday cake complete with replica of the W.L.A. badge; it was carried in by the Hostel Leader through an arch of L.G.s, and later cut with due ceremony by the Warden, Miss Hastie. Miss Wilson (Y.W.C.A.) gave a short address and read telegrams of good wishes, and Mrs. Ganley, local W.L.A. representative, presented G.S. badges in addition to proposing votes of thanks.

BANFFSHIRE.—Janet McArthur, Annie Rumbles, and Maud Reid ran a very successful dance and thereby raised £9 for the W. and B. Fund.

DUMBARTON & RENFREW.—At its first meeting of the new session the Paisley Club had as its speaker Miss Broadfoot of the West of Scotland College of Agriculture, whose subject was "Weeds and Diseases." Next time Nancy Smith is going to talk about the Queen's tea party, which she was privileged to attend.

FIFE (West).—Mrs. Veitch, local W.L.A. representative, arranged an excellent concert in Cowdenbeath, which raised over £52 for the W. and B. Fund.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.—A little W.L.A. Club with less than a dozen members has four enterprising office-bearers—Jessie M. McNeillie (President), M. McTaggart (Vice-President), Verba Stubly (Treasurer) and M. B. Hogg (Secretary). They got together and ran a dance for the W. and B. Fund, and not content with the very handsome proceeds, £25, they organised a raffle, with the result that they were able to hand over £50, and that brings the Stewartry up to third place for all districts in Scotland and top for the per head contributions to the Fund.

LANARK (North).—G.S. Badges were presented by Mrs. J. Anderson at a splendid concert in the Central Halls, Glasgow, organised by Jessie Hogg in aid of the W. and B. Fund.

MIDLOTHIAN.—Pat O'Brien helped by other girls in the district ran a dance in Mid Calder as a result of which she was able to hand in just over £30.

MORAY.—Before the harvest was started L.G.s, helped by their employers and friends, ran a series of functions in aid of the W. and B. Fund. The first was a dance in the little country school at Balnacovie and the next a similar event at Inchberry, the War Charities Association acting as hosts in both cases. Then there was a concert at Birnie, presided over by a local farmer who knows all about the L.A., having had its members as trainees and employees since the beginning of the war. Finally, a dance in Elgin, at which, as at the previous functions, Miss Brown presented G.S. badges and spoke about the W.L.A. and its W. and B. Fund. As a result of these entertainments over £66 has been handed over to the Fund.

SELKIRK.—Mrs. Meade sends £6 to the W. and B. Fund, the proceeds of a dance organised at Clovenfords by Mrs. Woods, W.L.A. 3608.

WEST LOTHIAN.—It was good of the girls at Foxhall Hostel to draw on their Piano Fund to help the W. and B. Fund.

WANTED. Brown leather riding boots, good condition, size 6. Crabbe, 58, Council Estate, Sedgfield, Durham.

County News

BEDS.—With an exceptionally dry season the harvest has been early and heavy and the W. L.A. have put in a splendid amount of overtime. We welcome many girls from the North, 180 arrived immediately before the ban on recruiting. Two new Hostels were opened in record time to accommodate them: Cople House which will eventually house 97 girls, and Ravensden House which has a full complement of 30 already. Houghton Conquest is also now full with 94. The girls at our Hostel at Hulcote Moors will not easily forget their midnight adventures last month, when one of our airmen returning from night operations baled out in an adjoining field and knocked them up at 1.40 a.m. He was slightly injured and when the girls came down they found him standing in the hall with his parachute still trailing behind him. He was given hot drinks, treated for shock and generally fêted by the whole Hostel until 4 a.m. when the R.A.F. collected him after the Warden had telephoned Headquarters. He still writes to the Warden and the girls and they in return have sent him a signed group photograph. Excellent weather attracted large crowds to our Gymkhana at Elstow on Sept. the 11th, arranged by Mrs. Graham and the County Office. All the side shows were manned by L.G's., three Hostels having organised their own stalls. Cups were kindly given by W.A.C., J. Bramwell Graham, Esq., Mrs. Mills, Alan Wood, Esq., R. Dent Esq., and we were honoured by the presence of the Lord Lieutenant, Col. Part. A dance was held in the evening, we hope to send Miss Bower £150 for our Benevolent Fund.

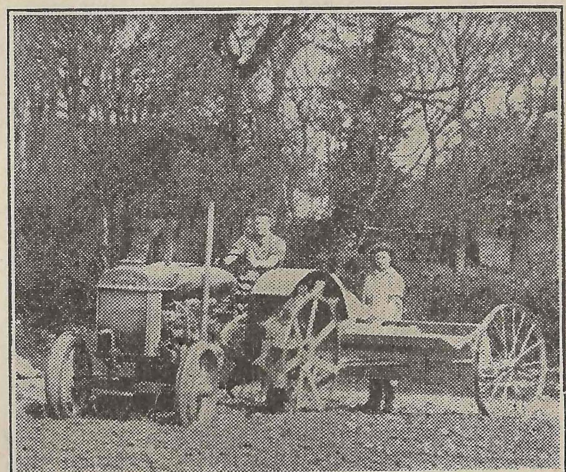
BUCKS.—The first club to be opened in the county during the year will hold its opening night on Oct. 5th at the Guild Room, The Lee, Bucks, with a membership of 27 girls. Before the end of the month 8 other clubs will be open, two in the Chesham district, and others in Bourne End, Chalfont St. Giles, Gerrards Cross, Stokenchurch and Buckingham. This will not, however, be the total number of clubs in formation, as all isolated areas in the county are being carefully investigated and it is hoped to organise centres and clubs wherever they are needed. The girls who are starting the club in Buckingham raised £15 towards the initial expenses by holding a dance, and several whist drives are being organised to raise funds for some of the other clubs. Another new hostel has been opened at Mount Farm, Farnham Common and there are now 24 hostels, the last five having been equipped and organised since the beginning of July. They are proving very busy centres in the educational and recreational life of volunteers, and concerts and lectures are held constantly in them, to which girls in private employment in the surrounding area are invited. The Amersham District Committee have sent a letter of appreciation for the work done by pool members of the W.L.A. in hoeing roots under the very difficult conditions of the Chiltern hill land. They felt that this had been tackled in a very workmanlike manner.

CHESHIRE.—Volunteers in the Barnston area spent an enjoyable Saturday evening at the Woodcroft, by invitation of Mrs. Hill. An interesting feature of the evening was the description by each volunteer of the way in which she collected money for the Benevolent Fund. Miss Cornelius was selected to present the total amount to the Duke of Norfolk on October 7th, at Stockport. Miss Manley discussed L.A. matters with the volunteers and Miss Roskilly gave an account of the visit to Buckingham Palace. A new club has been formed at Nantwich and will meet a very real need in that area. Clubs which have closed for the summer are now starting their winter activities. Members are still being asked to assist at parades. Volunteers in the Bramhall area were very pleased to be invited to meet representatives of the Indian Army. Macclesfield Club arranged a most successful dance and, as a result, sent a substantial donation towards the Benevolent

Fund. In August, we were very proud to welcome Mrs. Jenkins to Chester when she attended meetings of the Committee and District Representatives. In the evening Mrs. Jenkins visited Daresbury Hostel. Sir Frederick Hindle (Regional Commissioner, Ministry of Health) and Lady Hindle have also paid visits to Hostels in the county, and have complimented us on the conditions in hostels and the way in which they are run. This is really a compliment to our Wardens and their assistants who take so much trouble to make the hostels comfortable and homelike for the volunteers. Great interest is being shown in the correspondence courses, and in the proficiency tests to be held early in the New Year.

CORNWALL.—Many volunteers are being transferred from their work in gangs to threshing. Many of the "old hands" are being asked for by the same threshing proprietors for whom they worked last year—a good sign, which shows that the girls know how to tackle this important and very strenuous job, not one to be undertaken by the faint-hearted. Many other volunteers are working with potato spinners, 12 girls to a team, one of whom drives the lorry which takes the gang to their various places of employment. Hostels have again been active in arranging dances which have proved profitable to the Benevolent Fund. Barn Lane Hostel Bodmin, raised £30 lately and Moorgrove Hostel £24. We have now a total of seven W.L.A. hostels; the latest, "Pencubitt," was opened recently at Liskeard. Health lectures are being given to hostels by a lecturer from the Central Council of Health Education. We are reviving a certain number of old clubs and starting new ones, and hope that during the winter members will tackle some of the educational schemes which the County Office have in mind. Congratulations to Mrs. Broad and the Misses Blee, Buckley and Gray, who attained full marks at a Pest-Extermination Test held recently at Pelynt Hostel. Kit inspections on competitive lines at hostels in West Cornwall have proved useful in keeping untidy volunteers up to scratch!

DENBIGH.—Last month we opened another Hostel, The Old Rectory, Marchweil. We wish to welcome girls from Northumberland. I am afraid, to start with they felt a very long way from home, but they are now settling down and we hope are happy with us. Three more Hostels are opening next month. I should like to take this opportunity of reminding all girls working on farms and gardens that they can always find a welcome at the Hostel nearest them, and that they are certainly included in the invitation to all entertainments and lectures. We will make every effort to make Hostel and Club activities known to them. The Clubs are getting into full swing again for the winter. The Hostels have already had a run of E.N.S.A. and we have



Spreading lime in Anglesey.

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H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester in Lancashire.

arranged educational lectures for the winter. These will include cooking, dressmaking, dramatic art and talks on careers. The Proficiency Tests are welcomed. We feel that it will lead to a greater efficiency and stimulate keenness and also a greater appreciation on the part of the employers. We hope to arrange lectures given by members of the W.A.E.C. Staff.

DERBYS.—now has 6 hostels, and at the end of August 571 girls were in employment. Committee members have again been most kind in entertaining the girls in their areas. The Benevolent Fund has received contributions from various sources, including the sum of £70 from Mr. William Needham, of Barlow; this money represents part of the takings at a well dressing and produce sale. Sally Rushby has raised £5 12s. by raffling, and the Alvaston Fields Hostel made £7 10s. by organising a dance.

DEVON.—Devon Y.F.'s Clubs recently held a weekend refresher course at Dartington Hall. Five places kindly allotted to the W.L.A. were allotted for, and the following were successful: D. R. Thompson, J. Campbell-Black, P. King, M. L. Tugwood, and C. R. Richardson. The weekend was a huge success, and the suggestion has been made that something similar is planned for the W.L.A. Miss P. George is Sec. of Woodbury Y.F.C., and it is hoped that more of our members will join in the activities of Y.F.C.'s. Evening programmes are being planned for hostels, and Saturday afternoon clubs, in big centres such as Exeter, Torquay, Newton Abbot, Plymouth, Barnstaple and Sidmouth. Any bright ideas will be gratefully received and considered. The Devon Welfare Fund amounts to £90 and several grants have been made to deserving cases. Hostels are being helped with loans to buy pianos. Rivorora Hostel, Bideford held a successful dance and raised over £42 for P.O.W. and £5 for the Welfare Fund. Cleve House, Exeter held a whist drive and dance helped by members of the Civil Defence Service. The Savings Group here is flourishing, thanks to the efforts of Miss Lugg, the Assistant-Warden, who has been awarded a certificate of honour by the Civic authorities. This hostel is also bringing up two pigs, which they have reared from a week old. Fairfield House, Honiton have had two socials, and have elected a House Committee. Lynham, Yelamton, helped to run a really marvellous gymkhana and sports, and raised over £200 for the Red Cross. They

have also held a social to return hospitality given to them by a nearby Admiralty camp. On Oct. 16th a big rally is being held in Exeter with a march and Harvest Thanksgiving service at the Cathedral, followed by tea at the British Restaurant.

DORSET.—Although when the time came we were rather sad to break away from our old office we feel we shall be much more comfortable and ready to cope with all emergencies in our more spacious premises. Further hostels have been opened at Pamphill and at Shapwick where the Rector arranged a Welcoming Dance. We have been fortunate in having further C.E.M.A. concerts. On the 11th September Lady Hardinge was "At Home" to L.G.s in her area. We had tea at Crichel House. This was preceded by a Farm Demonstration. Mr. Trehane (D.W.A.E.C.) talked to the girls and Miss D. Evans, B.Sc. (County Dairying Instructress), fired us with enthusiasm for milking. Later, we were entertained by the Wimborne W.L.A. Club's excellent performance of "Nine to Six," finishing up with a dance in the Village Hall, the proceeds of the whole day being given to the W.L.A. Benevolent Fund. The play was repeated with equal success on two subsequent occasions in Wimborne. We are delighted to welcome Mrs. Madison as a new committee member, but are very sorry to lose Miss Kennedy, who came to our rescue as Temporary County Organiser when Miss Colwell met with her accident from which we are glad to know she has recovered sufficiently to enable her to resume work with the W.L.A.

It is with deep regret we record the fatal accident to Joan Davis, W.L.A., 83313, who was with us in Dorset for a year and is greatly missed by her colleagues.

DURHAM.—Miss Batters' many friends will be sorry to hear of her resignation and will wish her every success in the work she hopes to take up after a well earned rest. We welcome very warmly Mrs. Heydeman who has been appointed Organising Secretary. On Farm Sunday officials of the W.A.E.C. marched with 300 volunteers from the Market Square, Durham to a Religious Service at Houghall where the Bishop of Jarrow gave the address. Sir Frank Nicholson was present and the N.F.U. were represented. The Girls looked very smart and did credit to the W.L.A. Our Hostels are filled to capacity and Elvet Club, Durham will open shortly. It is hoped to start a County News Letter which will

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be sent to each girl every third month. Fellow members will wish to extend their deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes of Sunderland whose daughter Margaret 123281 met her death in a road accident at Bicester where she had been transferred in June.

HANTS.—Our news this month goes to press just too soon to contain a report of our great Harvest Festival and Rally. At the moment all is set for the great day. One thousand girls will assemble for the march down the High Street. Mr. Colebooks has promised a decorated cart, a tractor and trailer with live stock, and a binder. Sparsholt Institute is bringing a trailer and the H.W.A.C. is providing a tractor and plough. The whole party will be led by the band of the Royal Marines, and one of the volunteers will carry the beautiful banner presented by our County Chairman, Miss White. After a short pause at the Guildhall for speeches the whole procession will move on to the Cathedral for the Thanksgiving Service at which the Bishop of Winchester will preach. We wish all the volunteers who come a happy and successful day. We welcome our new County Organiser, Miss Page, who joined the staff at the beginning of this month, and hope that she will be very happy in the work here. News comes from many W.L.A. Clubs of renewed activity, now that the harvest is over. A new club at Sutton Scotney raised £40 at a dance for the Benevolent Fund. Highclere had a delightful Harvest Lunch at the house of their local Representative, and Overton will be celebrating on Oct. 9th with a supper and E.N.S.A. concert.

HEREFORDS.—We welcome the 50 new volunteers from Cheshire and Lancs, who arrived in time for the harvest and are at Lyonshall and Bredenbury hostels. The Benevolent Fund prize scheme organised by the Vice-Chairman, Mrs. W. Smith, of Peterchurch, brought in £363 15s. Mrs. Smith's special prize of £1 to the volunteer selling the highest number of books was won by L. R. Edwards, who sold 80. J. Dent sold 64, E. M. Batchelor 41. A Grand Rally will be held on November 6th, in Hereford. Details will be sent to every volunteer later on, meanwhile—note the date.

HERTS.—Our most interesting event has been the opening of Oaklands Agricultural Institute as a training school for the W.L.A. volunteers. We originally intended to send 20 new volunteers here every month for training in general farm work. The closure on recruitment has altered our plans and we are now sending our more recent recruits to gang labour for one month's training. The lectures in the evening and the variety of work undertaken will, we hope, make field work more interesting. In addition to the 20 general farm work trainees, two trainee milkers enter the Institute each fortnight for a six week's training course. These trainees and those trained at Lower Woodside will, we hope, eventually satisfy the demand for milkers in the County. Mr. Hunter Smith, the Principal of Oaklands, and his staff are most enthusiastic over this work. We now have 32 hostels open in the County, the most recent being the Croft Walkern, Rowney Priory, Bennington House and Little Bursteads Farm. At the moment we are all busy preparing for the Rally at Oaklands on Oct. 9th. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, has kindly consented to attend and present the Milking Competition Cup and the Ploughing Competition Cup.

HOLLAND.—We welcome our Chairman, Mrs. R. T. Proctor and members of our County Committee, Mrs. E. Rose and Mrs. M. M. Leggott; also Miss Nora Bedford, County Organiser for S. Holland. Miss G. Griffin will remain our County Organiser for N. Holland. Five new Hostels have been opened—the latest being Leverton Hutment, Wrangle Hall and Wyberton Rectory—and we hope all the new members, will be

very happy. Congratulations to the Warden and girls at Dormer House on their first anniversary. They held a lovely birthday party on the 21st September. A mystery parcel was raffled for the Benevolent Fund and raised £2. The birthday cake with its one candle was a masterpiece. Holland L.A. has been well represented at Harvest Festival Services. At Spalding Wesleyan Chapel on Sunday, 18th Sept., the lesson was read by E. Marriott and E. Watson. Miss I. Whittle sang a solo "The Rugged Cross." Members of the W.L.A. took the collection and afterwards attended a social in the Chapel Hall. L.A. Members took part in the "Battle for Britain" Parade Service at Spalding Parish Church on Sunday 26th Sept. The Right Honourable Lord Brownlow, Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, was present and took the salute at the March Past. £5 of the collection is being allocated to the W.L.A. Benevolent Fund.

HUNTS, CAMBS & ELY.—On the 26th July, our Chairman, Lady Shepperson, toured the Hunts. farms run by the W.A.E.C. and employing L. G.'s Weybridge Lodge Farm has been entirely cultivated by girls from Woolley Rectory and the harvest this year proves beyond any doubt the grand job of work they have done. Others visited were Hardwicke and Stonehill Farms. Incidentally, the foreman of Hardwicke told Lady Shepperson that he would rather have L. G.'s than prisoners of war. High tribute has also been paid to the work being done by the L. A. by Capt. Duberley, the Chairman of the Hunts. W.A.E.C. L.G's at Wendy provided an item at Croydon Garden Fete on 18th September. These girls are also enthusiastic Fire fighters and hope to form a team to compete with other service teams. 21 Hostels are now running in the area and among the new ones opened are Gt. Gransden (50), Ely (56), Wendy (46). March has been increased to 46. Swynford Paddocks had its first birthday on 13th July and celebrated the occasion with a "live" ENSA show. Mrs. Ranscombe, the cook, made a beautiful cake which was iced and looked absolutely pre-war. L.A. dolls are doing their share to obtain money for the Benevolent Fund. Miss D. Sleight of Keyston (Hunts) raffled hers at a dance and the question was—"How long have I been in the Land Army?" Now that harvest is over, we are expecting large contributions for the Fund!

E. KENT.—Monthly meetings started again in September, and many of us enjoyed the delightful week of violin recitals given by Miss Eaton of the C.E.M.A. At Sittingbourne the Canterbury Youth Players gave to an appreciative audience the first of several performances they are kindly giving to our groups. Congratulations to Mrs. V. Kennedy, Miss J. Sayer and Miss A. A. Milne, who will be the first wearers of the new scarlet armbands. Also to the forewomen who have been confirmed in their appointments and we hope will soon receive their special badges.

W. KENT.—By the time this is in print we shall be in the middle of our special Harvest week for raising money for the Benevolent Fund. From Oct. 10th to Oct. 16th Kent is going all out to collect as much money as possible in every kind of way. There are to be dances and whist drives and entertainments run by the various W.L.A. Clubs. A big dance at Maidstone on Oct. 14th and a Pets Show at Maidstone Market; various kind friends among the farmers have offered gifts of fruit and livestock—including six sheep—to be auctioned for the benefit of the fund. Most of the Hostels are arranging money raising efforts and the girls are full of enthusiasm to make them a success. On Sunday 10th there will be a special Thanksgiving Services at Maidstone, Bromley, Sevenoaks and Rochester Cathedral when the L.A. members will parade in uniform. We are rather proud of Meopham Club which has done wonderfully well

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over War Savings. This is a small club, only 20 members, and they have saved £18 10s. in seven weeks! The response to our questionnaire to L.G.s on the subject of proficiency tests, Correspondence Courses and Post War employment has been very good. It is interesting to discover that a number of girls wish to continue with agricultural work after the War and of these what a comparatively large proportion would like to go abroad if opportunity arises.

LANCS.—We are pleased to see that our members are showing interest in the Y.F. Clubs and to hear that E. I. Laithwaite, 70789, has become Secretary of the Downham Club. A dance was held in the Institute, Coniston, in aid of the Benevolent Fund and we extend our congratulations to E. Major and those responsible for its great success in raising £13 10s. We also wish to thank D. Wall and E. Williams who organised an equally successful dance in Glazebury, raising £4 10s. E. Quayle and K. Croston are also to be congratulated on the success of their Raffles which raised £3 10s. and £2 5s. to aid the Fund. We still feel that some members have not yet become Fund conscious and hope that before very long this will be remedied. At the Wigan and District Horticultural Show in August, A. Wilson and B. Garret were in charge of a stall which was set up by the Haigh Hall Gardens as a W.L.A. demonstration. These two volunteers also put in solid work as door-keepers for the whole afternoon and evening and the organisers of the show expressed their indebtedness and thanks to them in the local press. Preston Club held a successful dance on Friday Sept. 17th. We should like to see more Lancashire Volunteers sending news, poems, articles, etc., for the Magazine. *(So should I.—Ed.)*

LEICS & R.—Rearsby Hostel was opened on August 30th and 40 girls are now living in this lovely country house. Manton House, Oakham, was opened on August 31st, and the girls from Hambleton Hostel went there to join ten new volunteers from Staffordshire. They are very fortunate to be living in such beautiful surroundings. Hambleton Hostel has now been filled by new volunteers from Derbyshire. L.G.s in the Melton Mowbray district have done splendidly for the Red Cross Agriculture Fund. £35 was made at a dance held by the Wycliffe House girls, and altogether £250 has been raised by the efforts of those in the district.

It is with regret that we have to announce the death of Beryl Lilley, a Land Girl from Loddington Hostel, who was knocked off her bicycle on her way back from work and died in hospital shortly afterwards.

WOMEN'S TIMBER CORPS

DIV. 5A.—There has been considerable enthusiasm throughout the Division this month for promoting dances in aid of the Benevolent Fund. Sudbury, Market Rasen and Stapleford led the way and the three efforts resulted in a total of £32. The most recent dance arranged in Nottingham was attended by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Some four to six hundred members and friends danced to the Rythm Swing Stars Band. The final result has not yet been announced but it is expected that the Fund will benefit to the extent of rather more than £50.

There have been a considerable number of transfers up and down the Division due to the stoppage of recruiting. It is hoped that all girls transferred are settling down and will appreciate the opportunity which has been given to them of enjoying "fresh woods and pastures new."

Members of the W.L.A. and W.T.C. who remember Linda Hibberd, of Nottingham, will be very sorry to hear of her tragic death on August 13th. She was killed when the lorry she was driving crashed into a level crossing in Lincolnshire.

County Returns

County	Ben.	F.	Total	Em- ployed
	£	s.	d.	
Yorks, N. & W.R.	496	14	0	4511
Kent	493	9	10	4334
Essex	553	4	6	3997
Herts	494	18	5	2369
Leics. 2043 } Rut. 310 }	432	4	10	2353
Hants	734	1	7	2309
E. Sussex ..	268	4	0	2268
Worcs.	690	18	4	2037
Bucks	907	16	4	1960
Northants ..	1253	2	1	1918
Somerset	258	5	9	1869
Warwickshire ..	1059	0	3	1782
Devon	440	1	3	1769
Norfolk	830	14	10	1657
W. Sussex ..	1015	3	9	1620
Cheshire	598	0	4	1546
Wilts	334	14	9	1543
Lancs	332	5	5	1538
Cornwall	150	3	10	1493
Glos.	869	13	0	1442
North'l'd ..	173	17	5	1442
Notts	260	14	8	1405
Hunts 334 } Cambs 572 } Ely 392 }	455	9	8	1298
Berks	798	9	11	1292
E. Suffolk ..	776	10	7	1213
Yorks, E.R. ..	60	1	0	1178
Oxon	391	2	5	1154
Cumbs. & West.	264	0	1	1059
Durham	149	3	5	1027
Kesteven	266	15	4	1020
Beds	268	8	5	965
Dorset	280	4	0	928
Staffs	177	11	9	845
Lindsey	443	10	1	810
Glam.	434	8	4	729
Monmouth	262	1	1	695
W. Suffolk ..	782	7	8	640
Holland	195	9	9	633
London & Middx.	561	3	10	623
Hereford	398	13	5	620
Flints	179	12	0	576
N. Wales	589	10	10	565
Derbyshire ..	231	8	5	564
Denbigh	250	3	0	542
Pembs.	106	4	0	460
I.O.W.	33	9	0	403
Cards & Carmes.	345	10	4	398
Brecs. & Rad. ..	115	12	5	334
Mont.	160	11	0	260
Timber Corps ..	251	14	7	4339
Surrey	1254	5	10	Not rec'd.
Salop	371	17	6	Not rec'd.

On Sept. 30th there were 75,900 volunteers in employment.

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