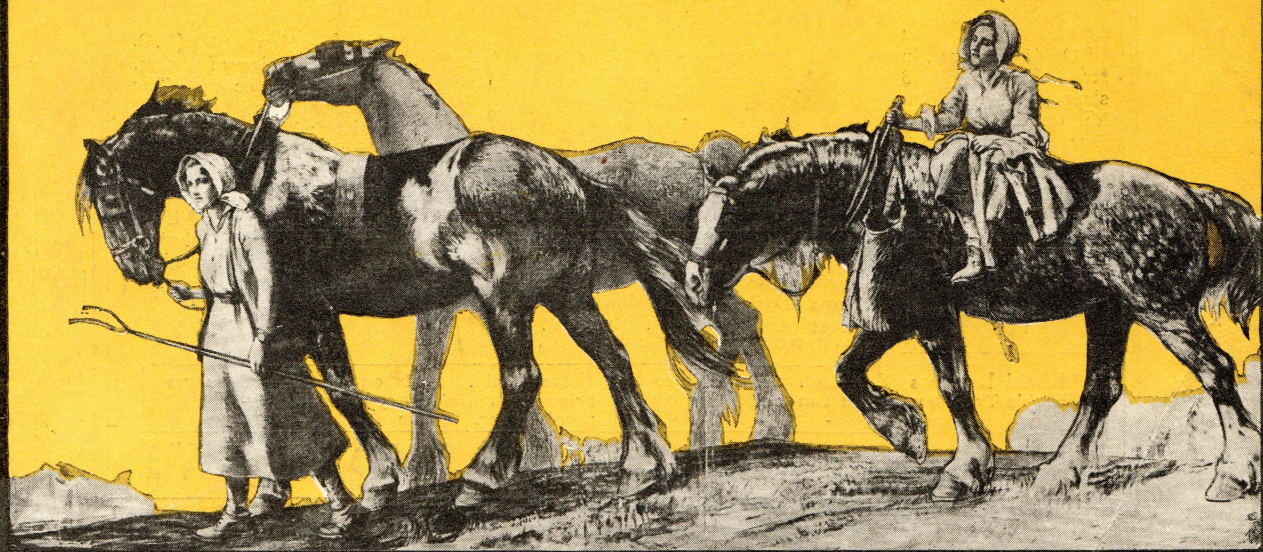


# The LANDSWOMAN

APRIL 1919  
No. 16 ❖ Vol. II

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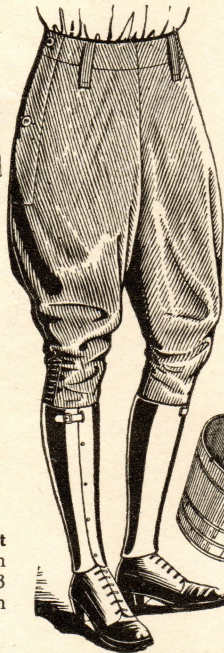


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# THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Army

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## Scraps of Nature



The Road Across the Common—by DAVID COX

SUCH is the title of a book of charming sketches by old Brandard, published in 1864. They are just little impressions and homely incidents of the country, which form part of the everyday life of land girls, and it may be interesting to many of you to know, how dear to the simple hearts of some of the early English painters in water colours, were these familiar little scenes.

Perhaps, because I am a landswoman, landscape in art always appeals to me much more than figure or portrait painting, or even the more exciting subject pictures. These are delightful to visit in a gallery or museum, but if I am to live with a picture for always, let it show me something that I never get tired of, just as I never tire of the trees, and the fields, and the everlasting hills. There is a drawing by Cotman that I love and that I would hate to

ex.: Photo by Mansell & Co

part with, and it represents nothing more interesting than the brow of a hill, with sheep grazing and the shepherd standing watching them in the wind. Perhaps I love it because it takes me with it on to the top of a hill, a high hill, where one is so near to God that there is nothing to do but just to be still and listen to His voice, as Michael Fairless puts it, "from the lap of Earth to look up into the face of God"—till all things seem possible.

But to come back to our Nature artists, and more particularly to those who were associated in some way with the love of Nature as we love her.

The first name that comes to my mind is that of John Glover, who was himself a follower of the plough, and who always enjoyed this form of life, even after he had become famous as an artist. His love of rural scenery was accompanied by a remark;





"Scraps of Nature"—BRANDARD.

able fondness for animals, but his peculiar fancy was for birds. He had that extraordinary and elusive power of taming them, and loved to make them his pets. So attached were they to him, that he could allow them to fly away to the woods, and they would always come back at his call whenever he pleased. A pupil of his tells how, when they were on a sketching expedition, camping out on the Welsh mountains, Glover one day left his tent to follow a young skylark, which he at length caught. He tamed it so completely that he let it fly away during the day, and it came to him for food, and every night it rested in a little covered basket. He also tamed a white water wagtail, a yellow wagtail and a titmouse, and they all slept in the same basket.

back of the cow in one of his large pictures; and a cattleman who called one day with a bull dog, had much ado to restrain the animal from an attack on a bull in another of these realistic paintings.

David Cox, who was always called by Turner Farmer Cox, has a certain wildness of imagination which delights in the solitary scenes of Nature, and a facility in tracing the general and familiar features of landscape. He is probably best known by his paintings and drawings of Welsh mountain scenery, and in almost every one of his pictures, as in our first illustration, he suggests an agricultural interest by introducing an old farmer or his wife trotting to or from market, basket on arm, and generally riding on a white horse. He is particularly fond of the back view of these figures in his landscapes, and he

This artist, who was afflicted with a club foot, was, in spite of this disadvantage, remarkably agile and daring, and many times he used to climb about the rocks in Dovedale and scramble up on to precipitous ledges where the most adventurous school-boy would hardly dare to go. Sometimes he would draw life-size pictures of cattle, and so real were they, that on one occasion his pet starling, being solitary, tried to escape from his room over the



Sheep

Sheep

"Scraps of Nature"—BRANDARD.



evidently believed that the farmer's life was a healthy one, for they are always fat and prosperous looking!

The drawings of Peter de Wint, whose clever sketch of cows and an old tree is seen on this page, are generally described in catalogues as landscapes or harvest scenes. His pictures of stretches of country almost always include a harvest field, either in the foreground or in the middle distance, and are just simple, homely scenes with which we land girls are thoroughly familiar.

Many of us have to put up with a great many hardships, which we should not willingly endure, but for the intense love of our work, and our joy in the delights of Nature; so that we shall sympathise fully with the troubles of many an artist, who, in order to follow the work which he loved, struggled with almost incredible difficulties.

John Varley, who was born in 1778, began the world with tattered clothes and shoes tied with string to keep them on. Yet nothing could damp the ardour of this man. As a boy he was placed with a law stationer, work which he hated, and one day, having expended his slender stock of money in paper and pencils, with the exception of three-halfpence, he set off on his first sketching excursion. His mother saw nothing of him for some days, when he returned, with sketches of Hampstead and Highgate, absolutely driven home by hunger. Later in life, when he was a more or less prosperous artist, he had a neat way of getting in the money from his

rich but forgetful patrons. "I send in a new bill," said the painter, "making a mistake in the amount of a guinea or two *against myself*," and the money comes in directly!

Another delightful old artist, Joshua Cristall, beloved by all who knew him, unable to afford paints and brushes, spent his scanty pocket money

when quite a small boy on Spanish liquorice, which he employed as a water colour to adorn the white-wash of his bedroom walls with spirited designs!

After all, what matter comfort and riches, so long as we are perfectly healthy and happy in that pursuit of life which most attracts us, and in which we can give of our best. I often think we land girls don't realise that "golden brown, superb health, that beautiful human sunshine tint," as Richard Jeffries calls it, is the true secret of our happiness on the land.

"Consider the glory of it," he says, "the life above this life to be obtained from constant presence with the sunshine and the stars. Nothing in Nature that I know, except the human face, ever attains this colour. Nothing like it is ever seen in the sky, either at dawn or sunset. Neither



Cows and an Old Tree.—PETER DE WINT.

is there any flower comparable to it, nor any gem. It is purely human, and it is only found on the human face which has felt the sunshine continually. These women from the fruit gardens had the golden brown in their faces, and their features were transfigured. There was that in their cheeks that all the wealth of London could not purchase—a superb health in their carriage princesses could not obtain." M.H.



## New Eyes and New Ears

By Edith Lyttelton

**Y**OUR ears must listen this month for the Cuckoo's song. If you are working in the south you may expect to hear it about the 14th of April, called in some places Cuckoo's Day. But if you live in the north you will hardly hear it before the end of the month.

The male birds arrive a few days before the females, perhaps to look out for lodgings after the winter, which has been spent in India, or some warm place. Very soon after they reach the British Islands they begin to try to sing, but only when the ladies arrive do they really break into the well-known call which makes our hearts leap the first time we hear it, because the cool, clear notes, associated though they are with the chilly days of early spring, speak to us of all the glory that is to come when the copses and the hedges will be covered with green, and the earth lets pale spring flowers poke up their heads, and the sap rises in the stems, and the sky pulses with new life, and we ourselves feel renewed and young.

And this spring of all springs in all times is the greatest. We have Peace and the promise of a better world.

Cuckoos are not easy to see, only to hear; they do not wander much from their haunts, they hop from twig to twig, and only now and then fly from one tree or wood to another.

About the time the eggs are being laid they walk on the ground, very clumsily because their legs are so short. You know, of course, that the cuckoos have the funny habit of depositing their eggs in the nests of other birds, all sorts of other birds. The eggs, which are small, are carried in the bill, which has a large gape, and so dropped gently into the other bird's nest. Cuckoos' eggs vary very much in colour, they are generally a kind of grey white or green and white, spotted and blotched with all sorts of browns and reds. They seem to drop the egg into the nest which has eggs to match: in fact they are very clever cheats. It is pathetic later in the year to see an enormous young cuckoo sit gaping alone in a nest, all the other birds having been pushed out, while the foster parents, perhaps a pair of wrens, exhaust themselves in the effort to satisfy him.

Mr. Hudson, the great writer about birds, says that though many small birds hate the cuckoo, and mob them as they fly, there is one, the meadow pipit, who follows them with affection.

"For the meadow pipit is like that person, usually a woman, whom we call a 'poor fool' because of a too tender heart, who is perhaps the mother of a great hulking brute of a son who gobbled up all he could get out of her, caring nothing whether she starved or not, and when it suited his pleasure went off and took no more thought of her—of the poor devoted fool waiting and pining for her darling's return. The pipit's memory is just as faithful; she remembers the big greedy son she fed and warmed with her little breast a year or two ago, who went away, goodness knows where, a long time back; and in every cuckoo that flies by she thinks she sees him again, and flies after him to tell him of her

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undying love and pride in his bigness and fine feathers and loud voice."

The Cuckoo's song gets "gradually out of tune" as the weeks go on, and after about two months, it goes altogether. Try and see a cuckoo, even if you can no longer hear one. It is about the size of a pigeon, and flies in rather a heavy, hesitating way. Its prevailing colour is a pale shaded ash, and its broad tail, which spreads a little, is spotted and fringed with white. About August the cuckoo goes away till the following year, when again his voice is heard in the land, and in the words of the old song, dating from the 13th century, we can again say:

Sumer is icumen in,

Lhude sing cucu!

## It was a Lover and his Lass

**I**T was a lover and his lass

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass;

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that life was but a flower!

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time!

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.  
For love is crowned with the prime

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time;  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

SHAKESPEARE.

## World News

**T**HE Allies have now got to feed the Germans, as well as many other nations. This must be done: we cannot let several million people starve even if it is their own fault, and besides being the right thing to do, it is also the wisest. Germany has got to work for the world.

Did you read about the great new airship that England has built which can carry forty passengers? You may be able to visit one of the colonies in an airship before you are much older.

The Peace Conference is getting on, and the preliminary Peace may be signed before you read this. It has been a tremendous effort.

Our first cousins, the Americans, have been a great help. The British and the Americans come of the same stock, their blood is the same and they have the same thoughts fundamentally.

Don't forget Shakespeare Day, the 23rd of April, the day the Englishman was born who is known in every country in the world as one of the greatest poets who ever lived.



## Lambs' Tails



The shepherd 'he laughed, and he turns to  
the lambs,

"Look up now," says he, "and be proud  
of your dams."

"When the folk go by to church of a  
Sunday,

They'll talk of lambs' tails right on to the  
Monday."

And one of the lambs, he frisks full of glee,  
"If my tail makes a tale, well, I'm glad,"  
says he.

I SAID to our lambs, "Now then hold'ee  
quite still,  
Or the shepherd'll hurt ye, sure that he will."  
The lambs, how they scrawed and wriggled  
and wept,  
But the shepherd was firm and the tails  
were clept.

I hung the tails up on a bare hazel tree,  
The biggest "lambs' tails" that you ever  
did see,



ASD  
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## The Shire and Cart Horse\*

THE precise origin and the early history of the Shire horse is, as in most other breeds, of a somewhat obscure nature. Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, unquestionably played a very important part towards improving the cart horse during his life-time (1726-1793), and for this purpose he made repeated journeys over to Holland, in order to purchase a stamp of mare that he thought would give good results, after being served with the heavy black horses of the shires. The results of Mr. Bakewell's experiments proved eminently satisfactory, the produce being horses of a good and useful stamp, and as such were highly appreciated; there was a ready market for them. The introduction of a Flemish sire into the North Leicestershire and Derbyshire districts had, likewise, an important influence in determining the present breed of Shire horses. Derbyshire appears to have been the home of the best Shires, and to the Packington blind horse, and Weisman's Honest Tom—the latter a bay—most of our Shires owe their excellent qualities.

The Shire Horse Society, through the registration of pedigrees, and its annual show, etc., has been the medium through which this variety of horse has attained its present position amongst patrons of this useful heavy type of animal. For the heaviest class of horse haulage, the Shire has no superior.

**Date of Birth.**—The age of a cart horse dates from the first of May, therefore it is advantageous to have mares to foal as early in the season as possible.

**Points and Defects.**—Head. A well-formed head is indicative of good breeding, and judges attach importance to this region. Skin thin and muzzle with a tassel of hair, and not too fine. A Roman nose and a broad forehead are points of beauty in both the Shire and cart horse. The hair constituting the forelock ought to be long, and free from coarseness. The outline of the jaws should be distinct, and show no indication of puffiness. Eyes, large and full, free from vicious expression. Small or concealed eyes are objectionable. If purchasing a Shire or cart horse, the chief defects to be looked for in this region are: Swollen or indurated glands beneath the jaw or ears; defective sight; disease of the molar teeth; discharge of a chronic nature from the nostrils; scars at the angles of the cheek (evidence of a hard puller); and poll evil. These save one exception, are faults constituting unsoundness. Thickness of the skin upon the head and face, coarse head, and a head either too light or too heavy, are objectionable points. The same may be said of coarse hair beneath the jaw.

**Neck and Shoulders.**—Neck must be well-arched, wide, deep, and rather long. Many cart horses are very poorly developed in this region. A good crest—more especially in the Shire stallion—is a *sine qua non*. The hair of mane should be profuse, fine in texture, and long. When buying a cart horse, throw the hair of the mane over to the opposite side to see that there is no skin disease along the nape of the neck. Thick and broad withers, with deep, sloping shoulders, are essential in both Shire and cart horses. Judges are very keen on quality in this region. Badly formed shoulders predispose the animal to collar galls. If selecting a Shire horse examine the withers and shoulders very carefully for soreness, old or recent, and the withers for fistula, past or present. So many horses give a lot of trouble with their shoulders. Patches of white hair are indicative of old sores. Most sellers have very plausible tales to tell over such injuries. A wasted (so-called slipped) shoulder should condemn the animal. Shivering (a disease) is equally objectionable, and constitutes unsoundness. Many shivers are unable to back. The same remark applies to stringhalt.

**The Arms and Forearms** must be big in the bones and have well-developed muscles. Any sign of poor development at these parts is very detrimental. Width, depth, and proportionate length must be present. The forearms should be broad above, covered by thin skin, becoming square towards the junction of the knee. The only defects—from a veterinary point of view—likely to be found, may be swelling at the point of the elbow (capped elbows), or another form of swelling above, upon, or below the knee, which, if present, are bursal enlargements.

**Knees.**—Strong, broad, and square, free from loose or thick skin. There must be no stiffness at the knees. A reasonable amount of knee action is one of the qualifications of the Shire. Though the knee may be bleached, the animal's usefulness may not be interfered with in any way. From the backs of the knees, down the cannon to the fetlock, there ought to be an abundance of feather, fine in texture. As to other points where

the hair is long, any tendency towards coarseness of texture is objectionable.

**The Cannons and Pasterns.**—Judges of Shires and cart horses pay a great deal of attention to these regions, and if the animal does not come up to the standard of excellence here, it will not be in the prize list. As there are no muscles—or practically none—below the knees or hocks in the horse, it follows that little beyond skin, bone, and tendon should be felt, constituting the so-called "clean" legs. The cannon bones of the Shire ought to be short, broad, and flat from front to back. Thickening of back tendons, splints and swelling round the pastern joints are the chief causes of unsoundness in this region. Although a cart horse is liable to become lame through the pressure of a formed (or forming) splint, the latter has not the same significance as that upon a horse required for fast work. The intending buyer, if he finds such present, must exercise his own discretion in purchasing. Strictly speaking, it constitutes unsoundness, but the first named defect (sprung tendons) should condemn the animal outright. Pasterns to be broad and square, of moderate length, and of good slope. Any tendency towards short, upright pasterns is decidedly objectionable. It is a very common thing to see cart horses with badly-formed, ill-set pasterns, and defective action in front.

**Faults.**—Bony growths are very common in the region of the pasterns and fetlocks (ringbone), and interfere or destroy the animal's usefulness. One or both joints may be the seat of this diseased condition. Ringbone is particularly common in the fore limbs, so the buyer must be careful. It is a bad plan to breed from either a sire or a dam having ringbone. The same remark is equally applicable to bone spavin. Compare the pasterns for inequality.

**The Feet.**—It is a matter of common sense that any breed of horse, to do good service, must have well-formed and sound feet. Judges of cart horses will not look at a horse with badly-formed, ill-placed, or small feet, and rightly so, as they constitute the foundation stone of utility. The feet must be of proportionate size, have good sloping walls, and be well open at the heels, free from cracks (sand-crack) and brittleness, but composed of tough, elastic, horny tubes. The soles concave and the frog elastic and full. At the back and upper part of the coronet (hoof border) there are two elastic plates of cartilage, known as the "lateral cartilages," and it is these structures that are commonly diseased in heavy horses. This disease is "side-bone," and it is detrimental to the market value (not always utility) of the animal. The lameness that frequently arises is due to the pressure of these hardened cartilages upon the soft structures in juxtaposition to them. When pressed they will be found to have lost their normal elasticity. Pay particular attention to the feet when buying a horse. Sand-crack, false quarter, quitter, seedy toe, bruised coronet, flat soles (founder), canker, thrush, and corns, are the chief diseases met with in the feet of heavy horses.

**Back and Ribs.**—A short, strong back, well-rounded ribs, and deep girthing are excellencies.

**Loins.**—Broad and heavily muscled.

**Chest.**—Broad and deep.

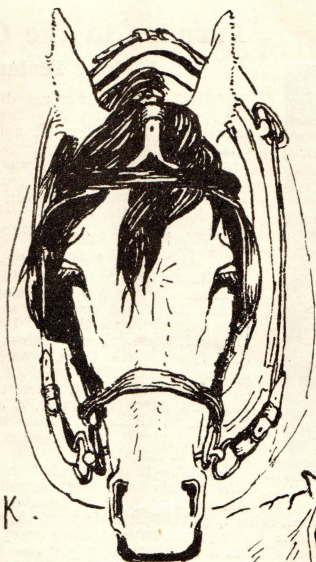
**Flanks.**—Deep and thick. Many cart horses are too much tucked up at the flanks.

**Croup and Thighs.**—Croup, full and round. First and second thighs big-boned and heavily clothed with muscle, ending in clean, strong hocks, free from bone-spavin, thoro-pin, or the so-called bog-spavin—i.e., a soft or puffy swelling of the hock. The cannons must be proportionate, clean, and well feathered down the back, with the same silky hair falling over the front and sides of the coronets, as in the fore limbs. Stringhalt (Scotch click) is one of the worst defects of the hind limbs, and naturally detracts from the pecuniary value of a horse. Shivering can often be found by backing the animal. Diseases of the feet are practically the same as the fore limbs. Roaring and broken wind destroy the value of any horse, and on no account should an animal having these defects be bought, unless the price is low.

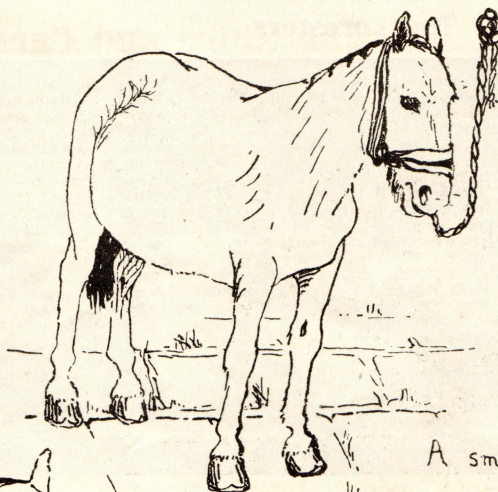
It is customary to examine cart horses for soundness of wind by putting them in harness and giving them a good load to draw up a stiff incline. In fairs, markets, and auctions, the usual method of testing the wind is to place the horse against a wall and threaten to strike it with a stick. "Grunting" is good evidence that it is not sound in its wind, though not a positive test as to such soundness, as some horses—both light and heavy—will grunt when threatened in the manner indicated.

\* Horses. By F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. Jarrold and Sons. By special permission.





Dick.



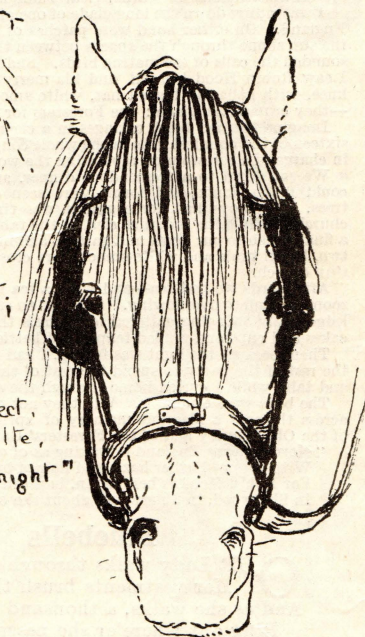
A small  
Customer -



Gilbert;  
"a  
very  
perfect,  
gentle,  
Knight"



Princess -



AT THE BLACKSMITH'S;  
STUDIES IN BOREDOM.





## The Foresters



"Sherwood in the twilight. Is Robin Hood awake?  
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,  
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,  
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn."

THE first Sunday in March, clear sunlight, a windy sky, and I was riding down the long glade of one of the oldest forests of England. On either hand were patches of light and shadow, as the sun shone through the spaces between the trees. All around sounded the calls of the mating birds. Suddenly, straight ahead, I saw Robin Hood himself and his merry men, booted to the knee, with gallantly looped hat, white smock and green armlet—they crossed the glade: the Foresters for whom I was seeking.

Imagine two red brick cottages in a clearing of the wood and sixteen of the bonniest girls in the whole country living out there, in charge of a forewoman, replanting the woodland trees.

"We sat down to a tremendous dinner, and, almost before we could finish, khaki-clad forms were seen coming through the trees. The boys had come and it was time to get ready for church. While the orderlies cleared the table the rest of us gave a final polish to our boots and gaiters, and in ten minutes, two by two, khaki tunic and white smock were crossing the green to the tiny church.

Afterwards we had tea—and what a tea it was! The cottage room was full to overflowing. Girls sat on cupboard and window ledge, gaily swinging gaitered legs, while the boys passed round cakes and cups and refilled teapot and kettle.

Then, because the light was fading, I had to ride away, leaving the rest of the party to spend the rest of the evening with songs and talk, while I cycled home through the shadowy twilight.

The boys were Colonials. Will they not carry back with them across the seas a pleasant memory of springtime in the woods of the Old Country and of the Foresters' Gang.

"Merry, merry England is waking as of old,  
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold,  
For Robin Hood is here again, beneath the bursting spray,  
In Sherwood, in Sh erwood, about the break of day."

## Bluebells

OUR Lady walks through wooded dells,  
Her vestments brush the grasses,  
And as she walks, a thousand bells  
Ring out where'er she passes.

Our Lady's gown is all of blue,  
And now, where sunlight glances,  
In every wood she wandered through  
A host of bluebells dances.

When boughs are shaken by the breeze,  
'Mid sunlight slowly dying,  
I know, beneath those bending trees,  
Our Lady has been lying.

M. H. L.

## Farming in the Colonies

## I.—New Zealand

WHEN your Editor asked me to write something about New Zealand for this month's Magazine I could not help feeling that it ought to be done by someone whose knowledge of the country was more recent than mine, for it is many years now since I came to England. However, I am sure no one ever loved the country more than I do, so that must be my excuse for talking about it.

To begin with, I should like to tell you two things that New Zealand is not.

First.—It is *not* a little island lying close to the Australian coast, as so many people over here seem to think. It is as large as England, Scotland and Wales put together, and from North Cape, where oranges and melons flourish in the open air, to the south tip of Stewart Island, where the rivers and harbours freeze in winter, is as far as from London to Gibraltar, while it takes four days and nights in a steamer to get from Sydney to Auckland.

Second.—It is *not* inhabited by savages. The Maoris have their schools just as we do, and a number of them come on to our universities and colleges to take their degrees. It is astonishing what funny ideas many people have on these two points.

You will see that in a country where you can get such very different sorts of climate you will get also all kinds of farming. Sheep runs, dairy farms and fruit trees, are to be found on the plains of the South Island, where I have never been, and great quantities of grain are grown. Also, I believe that since I came to England they have begun to grow grapes for making wine.

Large Government creameries are established in many parts of the country, to which the farmers take their milk, and in which are made the New Zealand butter and cheese which most of us have eaten over here. Bee-keeping is gone in for a great deal in some districts, and many of you probably know what New Zealand honey is like. Dairy farming is undertaken largely by the smaller settlers, who start with a few cows and gradually increase the number of their herd. The children all take a share in the work, and I have known little fellows of eight and nine who milk regularly night and morning, doing the milking of six or seven cows with no help from an older person.

Up to the present I do not think women have been employed much for outdoor work, though the wives and daughters of the farmers all take their full share. One may say that there are always openings for women in household work, especially for those who are willing to go to the country districts; the pay is good and conditions generally pleasanter than in England. It must, however, be remembered that the great drawback to country life in all colonies is its loneliness. No girl who feels she must be able to go out to gossip to her friend in the evenings, or to the pictures once a week, should attempt to take up a country life overseas, where she will have to live perhaps many miles from any settlement and where her only regular chance of seeing anyone outside her own household would be once a week, when the little steamer brings letters and newspapers, and such things as have to be supplied from the outside world. A friend of mine has been living with her husband and two children in such a place for some years now, making a farm where no farms had been before; her only chance of any society is to ride 22 miles to a small mining township, or travel for a day and a half by the little steamer to Auckland for an occasional holiday. She likes the life, as I do myself, but there are many people who would be miserable in such circumstances, and any girl who is thinking of going out to the Colonies should first think very seriously about the disadvantages as well as the delights of the life she is contemplating. And remember that it is in the country districts that there should be room for us. The Dominions do not need more town workers, they have plenty of them of their own, and it is for people who can help in developing the country and in cultivating hitherto uncultivated lands that room can be found in New Zealand as elsewhere.

Anyone going out to this country, as to any other of the Dominions, should be as far as possible an all-round handy man. Remember on an up country farm you cannot run round and get the village carpenter, or plumber, or dressmaker, or laundress, or bootmaker, to do things for you, nor can you slip out and buy a loaf of bread or half a pound of butter when you need it.

You will have to make your clothes and wash them, and bread and butter will have to be made, too, before you can eat them.



## A Kent Yarn

THERE are some incidents and days in our early farming experience which will remain permanently in our memory; we shall never forget them, but we feel we should like to write them down and share them with others. The interest and joy of them to us land-workers are golden, though they may sound little to those in other spheres of work.

My "boss" has two farms, the home farm being all down to grass and the outlying farm partly grass and partly arable. When I first went there I worked exclusively on the home farm, but one fine summer morning, when the usual round of milking and feeding the stock was finished, I was told to go up to the other farm where "old Dan" the foreman would tell me what to do. I may say that the permanent staff at that time, besides the "boss," consisted solely of old Dan, the two farm boys, and myself. Old Dan met me in the yard as I arrived. "Take yer 'oe, we be going up 'mong they swedes," he said. I followed him past the farm buildings and out into the fields and could not suppress an exclamation of delight at the beauty of the scene in front of us. "Oh! Dan, what a lovely place!" "Aye," said old Dan, "it's good land; a bit banky, maybe, but 'twill grow anything. I've knowed it these fifty year, and you'll see 'ere a flower garden what can't be beat."

I did—for all the hedges were a mass of honeysuckle and sprays of pink and white dog roses, and at the hedge bottoms and up their grassy sides were clumps and drifts of tall and stately foxgloves. We stopped beside a particularly beautiful group of the latter, and I saw old Dan's naturally rather fierce expression entirely change to one of gentleness as he gazed. "Look at these 'ere," he said, after a little pause; "I be fond o' they. My! they do blow, an' keeps on blowing too."

A little further on we passed by a corner of the orchard where stood a group of sadly blighted plum trees. "Plums we 'ad last year, an' no mistake," said Dan, "but look at 'em this year; they be eat up wi' varmint!"

We climbed on up to the top of the turnip field, and old Dan set me to work at singling, or "slightingening," as they call it here. He had quite his own way of doing it too. "Yer see these 'ere" (the swedes); "well, yer take this 'ere" (the hoe) "an' slighten 'em like this 'ere." "This 'ere" (indicating a small weed which seemed to be coming up everywhere), "this 'ere's rubbidge, you may know the name on't, maybe, but I calls it rubbidge, that's good 'nough for me"—and he went off chuckling.

We were on the highest part of the field and I turned and looked behind for the first time, which was nearly my undoing, for I began to wonder if I should ever get any work done that morning; one could just have gazed and gazed at the beauty of it all regardless of time and space. The sloping field with the rows and rows of grey green turnip leaves, the flowery hedges and the fields of mowing grass at the bottom; then down below on the right the farm house and its picturesque deep roofed out-buildings, and the green field with the calves grazing. Then on my left a belt of trees ran down the side of the turnip field nearly to the bottom, just leaving a gap where I could see into a hopgarden, where some women sang as they worked at their tying. Beyond that, on the other side of the valley where the early morning haze still lingered, a great wood rose up to the blue sky, and straight in front of me were more fields with sheep grazing, then wooded hills melting into the distance. Just then a little breeze sprang up which rippled over the mowing grass and made it shimmer like silver.

I took a deep breath and turned resolutely to my turnips.

The two farm boys, distinguished by old Dan as "lad" and "boy" respectively, because of the twelve months or so difference in their ages, tried him greatly, and on some occasions his scoldings and admonishings could be heard for miles.

"Dan," I said one day, "your lungs are thoroughly sound, there's no getting away from that." "Yus," said old Dan grinning, "but I can't shout now like I could one time o' day."

I wondered vaguely what it could have been like then, since now his "Hoy!" brought us flying from the most remote corners of the farm!

One day in haymaking time the "boy" had forgotten something he had been told to bring up from the home farm; it was not the first time he had forgotten. Old Dan fairly stood and shouted at him for a few seconds, then he stopped suddenly and said very quietly, "Boy, you almost begin to try my patience!"

FORESTER.

## In Memoriam

TO those of us who knew and worked with Marjorie Keye her sudden death came as a terrible shock. A pretty girl, and only 19, she had been working on the land since early in 1916. On January 14th last, while in charge of a load of fodder, the horse she was riding bolted and she was thrown off, the wheel of the cart passing over her chest, killing her instantly, the whole terrible accident being witnessed by her brother, who happened to be passing at the time. She was laid to rest in the beautiful churchyard of her native village of Moulsee, Bucks, her funeral being attended by members of the Land Army, and many were the beautiful flowers sent. So we leave her, one who truly died in the service of her country, but it seems sad that she did not live to enjoy the peace which she, with others of her village, helped to win for England.

M. M. H.D.

## Possible Day in the Life of a Tractor Driver





## The Psychology of the Pig

THERE is no animal on the farm so intelligent, affectionate and clean as the pig, if these qualities are given free scope to develop.

Their intelligence is, I believe, generally admitted now. If it may be appraised in direct ratio to the artfulness which they sometimes evince, then pigs are intelligence itself! They have also a good memory and, if properly managed, almost anything can be done with them; which brings me to my second point, that of affection in the pig.

No animal—not even the cat and dog—responds more quickly to affection and kindness. The cat is, at best, but a selfish wight, and when not desirous of a stroking or milk will not trouble to come to you; and the dog, through centuries of petting and the influences of environment, has had the virtue of affection so inculcated into his being that he were a Hun indeed did he not respond more or less warmly!

But poor Mr. Pig! What has *his* history been? Bred and brought up in filth, abused and smacked and sworn at, misunderstood, subjected to insults, contempt and fear—what chance has he had to develop any of the gentler traits of character?

Make pets of your pigs! Scratch their ears and necks! Speak kindly and cheerily to them! After a few days they will lose all fear of you and come towards you in perfect confidence directly they hear your voice. It is worth the time and trouble, for no animals thrive if a prey to fear, and when it comes to disinfecting or examining a certain pig you will realise how greatly your path has been smoothed for you by the fact that Pig and you are friends!

I admit that it is a little difficult to clean out sties with one pig using your leg as a scratching post and another trying to swallow your toe-cap, but these trivial drawbacks are quite eclipsed by the advantages that accrue.

It is a pleasant sight to see some youngsters scampering towards you when you call them, with mamma following at a more leisurely pace. They run between your legs, climb your gaiters, nibble at your tunic—they literally radiate happiness and well-being!

As for cleanliness, if pigs are given a fair chance from their birth, and are kept in decent conditions always, the instinct for cleanliness, which is latent in every animal, will do the rest. They will keep one corner of their sty as a "latrine," and will rarely, if ever, foul their bedding.

Some farmers would perhaps pooh-poo this little study of pig-nature and call it women's sentimentality, but I am convinced that what is needed in the care of all live stock is the sturdy common sense of men combined with the intuition, sympathy and gift of imagination that women as a whole possess in such a high degree.

C. G. B. L.



Mollie on the Land

## The Farmyard on Strike

To the tune of "When Johnny comes marching home."

THE farmyard pets are out on strike,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The farmyard pets are out on strike,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The pigs that squeak, the lambs that bleat,  
Horses with dainty and clumsy feet,  
How can we work when there's nothing to eat?  
So we're all going out on strike!

When the squealing pig peeps round the sty,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

When the squealing pig peeps round the sty,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

What a fuss he'll make and demand to know  
"Am I expected to get fat and grow?"  
Because if I am, my answer is *No*,  
When piggy peeps round the sty.

When the old lame cow limps through the gate,  
Like this, like this,

When the old lame cow limps through the gate,  
Like this, like this,

She'll give a groan, and then a yawn.  
"Instead of a cow why wasn't I born  
A snail, a beetle, or an ear of corn?"  
When the cow limps through the gate.

When the cockerels and hens skip through the hedge,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

When the cockerels and hens skip through the hedge,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Like human beings they'll live and learn  
There's nothing substantial in air and germ—  
Oh, for the sight of a nice fat worm,  
When the chickens skip through the hedge.

The farmyard pets are out on strike,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The farmyard pets are out on strike,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Old Farmer Jenkins can stamp and rave,  
The breath in his body he might as well save,  
For we do not intend to be quiet or behave,  
Now that we're out on strike.

B. E. B.

## Landswoman Exchange Column.

For sale, four pairs breeches, summer and winter; two pairs high-legged black and brown boots, Abbott's make, size 4. All secondhand, but in good condition.—Box 2, THE LANDSWOMAN, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.  
Service boots, high-legged, size 4½. New.—E. R. Pentner-stones, Fairlawn Road, Lytham.



The Land on Mollie



## Dung Heaps and the Preservation of Farmyard Manure\*

FARMYARD manure, whether it is to be used in spring or in autumn, should always be carefully kept. At present, owing to a shortage of artificials, the need for this care is all the greater.

**SPRING MANURING.**—In northern districts of high rainfall, spring manuring is the general practice. There most of the dung is employed on the root shift, the greater part of one season's "make" being applied to the drills in spring. During frosty weather most of the dung is carted to the field where it will be required and heaped in "middens." Sometimes short dung is scattered on to the stubbles in autumn direct, and ploughed in; this is generally the small proportion which has been left over from the previous spring, after the root land has been manured, and, although it is recognised as being less efficient than longer dung applied in spring, its use in autumn reduces the pressure of work in the following spring and is justified on that account. This manure will either have been left in the yards or heaped in the fields somewhere handy for the stubbles.

**AUTUMN MANURING.**—In southern districts it is the custom to apply the greater part of the manure in autumn and winter, in preparation for wheat, roots or potatoes. The dung in this case consists mainly of what has been made in the yards in the previous winter; consequently the interval between the making and the application, and therefore the opportunities for waste, are greater than in the northern practice. The dung is, if there is room, sometimes left lying in the yards till it is required after harvest, then carted out and spread on the land and ploughed in at once. On farms where there are covered or partly covered yards this is probably the best plan, provided the manure is prevented from becoming dry. There is no great difficulty in ploughing in such manure.

But to save time in the busy autumn months and to get the dung shorter, the yards are often emptied during frosty weather in late winter or in slack times in summer, and the manure heaped somewhere handy either in the "seeds" field intended for wheat or potatoes or in readiness for the stubbles. In either case the manure is afterwards spread broadcast and then ploughed in.

**DISADVANTAGE OF "SHORT" DUNG.**—There is no doubt that "short muck" is easier to handle, but it must be remembered that such material is the result of fermentation, and fermentation means loss of plant-food. Much of the bulky material wastes away and is lost; the residue is less able to retain the liquid, and this also tends to disappear.

**CARE IN PREVENTING LOSS FROM MANURE.**—Whether the northern plan of applying manure in spring or the southern plan of applying it in autumn be followed, it is most important that when dung-hills are made in the field or anywhere else there should be as little loss as possible. The art of making a dung-heap seems in great measure to have been lost, and the once common and efficient "cart-over" or "draw" heap is now seldom seen.

**MAKING A DUNG HEAP.**—*Bottom of Heap.*—If the breadth decided upon is 15 ft., the first cartloads should be dumped in a row across the whole breadth; these loads should not be spread out thinly. The second lot of loads are laid in the next row across the breadth, and so on, the carts always passing over the loads previously laid down until the proposed length is reached. Thus the bottom is built.

*Following Layers.*—The next layer is formed in the same way, only each load after being dumped is well spread out, and the middle of the heap is kept slightly higher than the ends; the carts thus pass up an incline at one end and down at the other, till the whole is well trodden and compacted by the carts and horses.

*Finishing Off.*—When the dung-hill has reached the required height the thin sloping end and any loose dung along the sides should be thrown on top and trampled down, and the whole top then brought to a gentle ridge. It should be covered with a layer of earth, about 6 inches thick, and with straw-matched hurdles if these are available; but it is wasteful merely to cover loose dung—it should first be firm and solid. The object of making the heap firm is to prevent air getting in and causing fermentation. Just as, with fire, too much air wastes coal, so, with a manure heap, too much air wastes plant-food.

### SIMPLE RULES FOR DEALING WITH MANURE.

1. Until it is wanted for use leave it where practicable under the beasts, if possible in a well-covered yard.
2. Never throw it out in loose heaps.
3. Move it about as little as possible. If it has to be moved, store it once for all in a solid heap as near as possible to the place where it is to be used, and shelter it from rain.
4. After broaching the heap, waste no time in ploughing the dung in. Don't leave manure lying about in small heaps.
5. Try to avoid keeping manure during the summer—it is hotter then, and heat means waste.
6. Keep all the liquid in it: don't let it drain away. If it must drain away, let it drain into a properly constructed liquid manure tank.
7. Remember that the two things that spoil manure most are air and rain, so keep it well protected from both.

\*Board of Agriculture Leaflet.

## Land Army Fair at Oxford



Marching to the Fair at Oxford.

A LAND Army Fair has a delightful sound, and led one to expect great things, and it is a wonderful tribute to the splendid way in which the whole of the proceedings were organised by Miss Fawcett and her helpers that in spite of great expectations no one was in the least disappointed.

To begin with, the weather, after a week of pouring rain, was glorious, and the Oxford Town Hall, gaily decked with flowers, with pretty little stalls dotted about, and full of a happy mixture of land girls and visitors all interested in the success of the Fair, was a most cheering sight.

Live-stock played a prominent part in the opening ceremony, and I have seldom heard a better-timed impromptu, for in the middle of Mrs. Morrell's speech a Buff Orpington cock, who was adorning the farm produce stall, showed his approval of her remark, "Miss Talbot has come down to-day to crown our efforts with success," by promptly raising a lusty crow. So delighted was he with his own efforts, that he continued to crow at intervals—not always convenient ones—during Miss Talbot's speech, and not even curtains spread over his coop had the least effect in damping his cheerful spirit. Miss Talbot, who had a really hearty reception, made a most interesting speech about the past and future work of the Women's War Agricultural Committees and of the Land Army, and she assured her audience that so great was the demand for labour at this present time that 5,000 new recruits were to be added to the existing army.

Concerts of various descriptions, which were in full swing during the afternoon and evening, were much appreciated by everybody, and special mention must be made of the really excellent performance of the pierrot troupe. These six Land Army girls, all from Drayton Hostel, dressed in attractive pierrot costumes of old rose and black, delighted the audience with a variety programme which included songs, step dances and choruses. Such a successful performance must have meant a great deal of hard work, and the pierrots are to be congratulated on the real talent which called for such cheery applause.

The stalls, which were laden with articles mostly contributed by the Land girls themselves, sold out very quickly, but the first to be cleared was the farm produce stall, which was besieged by eager butter hunters. The rush baskets at the basket stall were particularly attractive and very reasonable in price. The financial result, £130, was the most certain evidence that the Land Army Fair was a success, and it is hoped that other counties may follow Oxford's example.

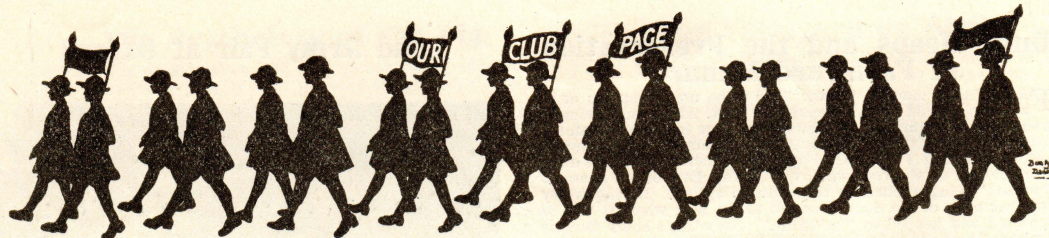
## The M.P.'s

THEY were seated round the hut stove, one cold night, talking. The conversation had veered from the war to military policemen, and from military policemen to the Land Army. "I say," said one man, "do they have M.P.'s in the Land Army?" "Oh, yes!" said another. "I've seen them. Next time you see any, look for those with the green armlets with red crowns on. They're the M.P.'s." "That's wrong, Bob," said the boy; "they get those for 240 hours' service. There aren't any M.P.'s at all in the Land Army." Bob was sure he was right, but the boy was even more positive that Bob was wrong. At last: "Well, boy, since you seem to know so much about it, I bow to your superior knowledge," said Bob. The other fellows chuckled. "Well, Bob," they informed him, "considering that the boy's girl is in the Land Army he ought to know a little about it."

The above is quite true, for, you see, "the Boy" happens to be my boy.

"DOBBS," L.A.A.S.





DEAR GIRLS,—April is here once again, and I could write an endless letter to you with nothing but the spring to write about. I could fill pages with the most delightful little verses of all verses ever written by all poets—because they were inspired by the song of the spring which is universal.

We all feel it, certainly every land girl does, and just as the trees are all bursting into bud and the birds are all bursting into song, in one grand chorus of praise to the Creator of our glorious world, so those of us, down all the ages, who have been poets pour forth our bursting feelings in verse. Those of us who are not poets just store them up in our hearts against the autumn of life.

In the oldest known book to most of us [Solomon sang of the spring thus:—

“For, lo! the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth—  
The time of the singing of birds is come.”

April, the first soft month in England, after the rude March winds, made Browning, away in the far warmer climate of Italy, say:—

“Oh, to be in England now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England sees some morning unaware  
That the lowest bough and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings in the orchard bough  
In England now.”

We who live and work in England appreciate that delightfully unexpected discovery of the first tiny leaf, and we understood too the changing moods of April described by William Watson:—

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter,  
Then the moment after  
Weep thy girlish tears.  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears.  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But the moment after  
Weep thy golden tears.”

The April flowers, of course, come in for their share of the poet's praise, and old Robert Herrick, born as long ago as 1591, sings:—

“Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon.  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the last day  
Has run  
But to the evensong,  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.”

Even the simple little daisies, speckling with white the green carpet of the downs, inspired Bliss Carmen to write:—

“Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune  
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,  
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,  
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,  
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;  
And all of their saying was, ‘Earth, it is well!’  
And all of their dancing was, ‘Life, thou art good!’”

Of course there are people to whom the April song of spring makes no appeal, and to all such I should like to send that delightful little verse of Frances Cornford's:—

“O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
Missing so much and so much?  
O fat white woman whom nobody loves,  
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves

When the grass is soft as the breast of doves

And shivering-sweet to the touch?

O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,

Missing so much and so much.”

And we need all the inspiration which the spring can give us, for there is every indication as we go to press, that our best work will be wanted all this year until after the harvest; and indeed that we are to add another 5,000 to our Army to help to grow food for ourselves and our Allies. I always like to think that the Land Army never was connected in any way with the destructive side of the war. Our work was always constructive, building up, helping to make things grow, and it is good to know that it has been so far successful that we are still required to carry on, when nearly all other war-work is finished.

**CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.**—The letters this month are, of course, full of spring. Enid Coggin, who wrote some charming little verses in the April, 1918, issue, writes:—“For three months there has been a promise in the air, a strange, sweet fragrance has pervaded everything; the days have been lengthen-



The Mower.—BRANDARD.



ing out, and the brighter mornings and evenings are filled with delicious twitterings. But now the cuckoo has arrived and announces with no uncertain note that spring is actually here. With the cuckoo comes an irresistible holiday feeling and a wild desire to shake off the trammels of every-day existence—in short, spring madness. With Francis Thomson we cry:—

"And let the earth be drunken and carouse,  
For, lo I into her house  
Spring is come home, with her world-wandering feet."

Rose Bennett (near Liverpool) is just in love with the life and her work. "My only hope is that the end of these happy days will never come, for I think I would die of a broken heart if I had to give it all up. The weather is no trouble to me, for I love the rain as I do the sun, and this little verse keeps me in good spirits always:—

"It's easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows along like a song,  
But the L.A.A.S. worth while  
Is the one who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."

Margaret Robinson writes to tell me about her bullocks, "who went to market last week, and were some of the fattest at Norwich and Walsham. They made a profit of £15 on each bullock. One was so fat that on the way to N. Walsham he lay down, and in the end, as he absolutely refused to walk any farther, they had to get a cart for him."

Surrey girls, with the help of Miss Walkley, gave a most successful entertainment to the wounded Tommies. Songs and dances on a stage decorated with forest scenery in the form of shrubs and bracken, boisterous games and a flourishing refreshment department all helped to make the evening a great success, and it is difficult to say who enjoyed themselves the most, the Tommies or the Land Girls. Miss Walkley will be pleased to hand on the programme to anyone wishing to do the same sort of thing.

I want to thank the L.A.A.S. who sent to me, on St. Patrick's Day, a root of four-leafed shamrock "for luck."

**SEWING CLUB.**—A report comes from Nottingham that they have started a rest room there, which is tremendously appreciated by the girls. "We are initiating a Clothing Club, and a number of girls have bought garments that we have in stock, the stockings at 2s. per pair being greatly in demand. We have also made a start with a second-hand store, as we find that many girls have very insufficient underclothing, and we propose to have a cutting-out evening the first Saturday in the month, when any garments requisitioned by any girl will be cut out. We have been successful in obtaining the loan of a sewing machine, which has already been of great use to us."

Sewing is in full swing everywhere, and patterns of nighties, camisoles, skirts and jumper blouses have been sent all over the place. Some delightful things are beginning to come in for the Needlework Competition as I write, and I can see that the Judging Committee is going to have a very difficult job in awarding that £3 prize. If any of you would like to sell the articles which you have made, and will give me some idea of the price you want for them, I will endeavour to dispose of them for you. Otherwise all articles will be returned.

**SHOPPING CLUB.**—All sorts of materials for the sewing jobs and for the needlework competition have been purchased this month—and thick stockings, ribbon, lace, pink lawn, knitting wool are only a few of the shopping jobs undertaken by the Editor.

Messrs. Harrods, who always advertise such splendid land clothes, are having a spring sale, and any of you who require anything of that sort would be wise to take advantage of their generous offer in this issue.

Mr. Powell Owen has sent me a copy of his most useful book, *Positively Keeping on Money-making Lines*, a review of which will appear in our next number.

**COMPETITIONS.**—The judging of the competitions set in the February number is going to be a tremendous undertaking, and some of you will have to offer to take in the Editor for a rest cure after the strain is over, and the awards announced in the May issue!

This month I am going to offer a prize of One Guinea for the best pressed specimen of wild flowers—grasses or ferns—which must be accompanied by a description of the habits of the plant, where and how it grows, its colours, seasons, and how it forms its seed. Entries must reach the Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, not later than May 10th.

We are going to have a series of articles on the characteristics of different breeds of cattle, the first of which, on Shire horses, appears in this issue. If any of you would like to hear more about any particular breed of horse, cow, sheep, pig, or even hen, will you let me know, and we will do our best to give you, in the pages of *THE LANDSWOMAN*, all the information you require.—Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

## Some Recipes from "Our Vegetable Plot"

### SOUFFE POTATOES.

A NEW and delicious way of cooking potatoes is to grease a fireproof or shallow dish. Slice some raw potatoes on the plate, cutting them very thin. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, moisten with a little milk, and dust with grated cheese, if available. If there is no cheese, a spoonful or so of beaten egg is excellent. Bake in a hot oven and the potato will puff and crisp up in a fascinating way.

### BROWN STEW.

Cut up a variety of vegetables (carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions). Add haricot beans soaked overnight. Dissolve a soup tablet in a pint of water and pour over vegetables. Cook in saucepan till tender. Small suet dumplings may be added.

### LEEK PIE.

Boil some good-sized leeks till tender. Cut up and place in pie-dish. Add two well beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Cover with crust made with half potatoes and half flour. Bake.

### MOCK ROAST BEEF.

Take 3 potatoes, 2 small onions, some spinach, 2 carrots, and a small turnip. Steam all together till quite cooked, chop up. Stir into chopped vegetables a teaspoonful of new milk, let cool and then place in pie dish, adding yolk of egg. Stir well in, sprinkle grated cheese on top, and then a cupful of breadcrumbs. Bake until brown.

### LEMON MARMALADE.

Two lb. sliced carrots, 2 lb. sugar, 6 lemons,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt, 4 quarts water. Peel lemons very thin, take away some of pith, slice, and remove pips. Boil the ingredients 3 hours (or more) till soft. Make 7 lb. marmalade.



To the Editor of THE LANDSWOMAN.

Norggerdon Dairy,

Askerswell, Dorchester, Dorset.

DEAR SIR,—Have enclosed a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Dawe and their two warworkers at Eggerdon Dairy, where forty cows are kept, and Cheddar cheese made and a lot of pigs fattened. One of the workers has been here about twelve months, and the other nine months. It is very gratifying indeed to find how these girls have stuck to dairying, considering they come from town life to the country.—Yours truly,

W. E. DAWE.



# Freemans Custard

## WITH STEWED RHUBARB

Rhubarb, either "forced" or garden grown, always provides a welcome and a health-giving dish. Add to it Freemans Custard, and you have a delightful, nourishing sweet for luncheon, dinner or supper.

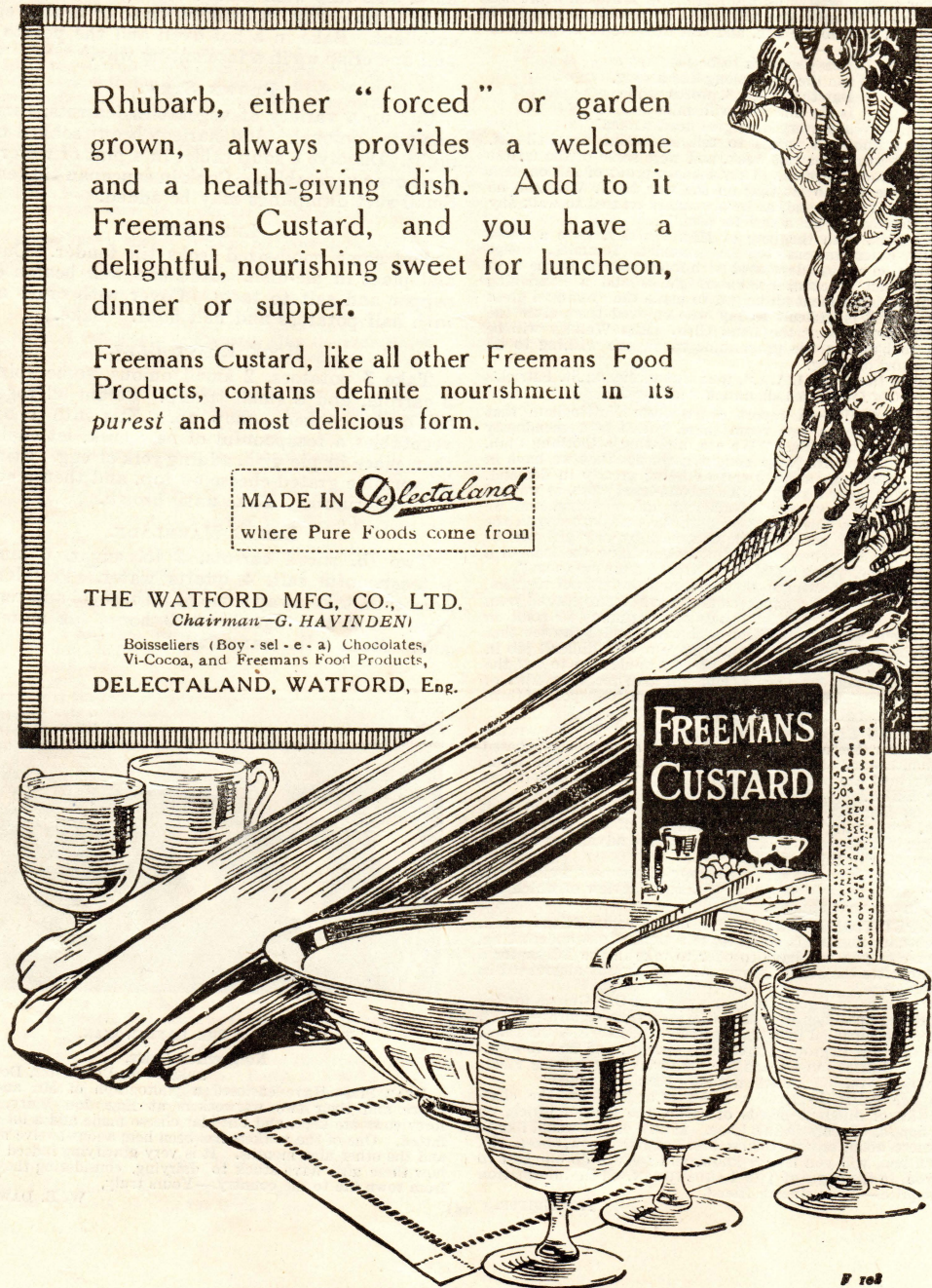
Freemans Custard, like all other Freemans Food Products, contains definite nourishment in its purest and most delicious form.

MADE IN *Delectaland*  
where Pure Foods come from

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.  
Chairman—G. HAVINDEN

Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates,  
Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products,

DELECTALAND, WATFORD, Eng.





### Presentation of Good Service Ribbons at Northallerton

LEADEN skies and pouring rain did not damp the spirits of the 65 girls who assembled at Northallerton on Thursday, February 20th, to have their Good Service Ribbons presented to them by Lady Bell, D.B.E.

We assembled at The Coaches at 2.30 and marched through the sleepy town with martial tread, inspired by the music (?) of the Boy Scouts' band (or part of it), the Union Jack and our Landworkers' Banner bravely displayed at the head of the procession.

The Land Army Song opened the proceedings, and went with a hearty swing. Colonel l'Anson and the Rev. J. Kyle (both employers of women on their farms) spoke encouragingly and gratefully to the girls, and Lady Bell, D.B.E., presented the Ribbons. Special mention was made of two Landworkers—Nora Kenny and Doris Raper—who, in addition to the Good Service Ribbon, have each won the Distinguished Service Bar.

After the ceremony, Lady Bell entertained us all to tea, and it was good to see how the cakes melted away like snow in the sunshine.

Games, dancing and songs followed, Lady Bell playing the piano for us all the time, and not a dull moment was there, until we regretfully sang "Auld Lang Syne," and gave three cheers for Lady Bell, three for Miss Davies, and then three for ourselves.

N.R. LANDWORKER.

### Cockermouth Land Girls' Club

THE Cockermouth Land Girls' Club held its first serious meeting on February 20th. Miss Cooke was in the chair. After her opening remarks she asked the Treasurer to read the accounts. These were very interesting, 25s. worth of articles entirely made by hand by members of the Club having already been sold. The first instalment of 2s. 1d. was therefore ready to hand over to the Comforts Fund.

Among the articles to be sold are scarves, caps, baskets, hand-painted china, bags, and ferns in pots.

Routine business being over, Miss Andrews gave a short talk on "The Possibility of Keeping Cows on Small Holdings."

This caused a very lively discussion, and everybody profited considerably from each other's experiences.

Miss Hamlyn will give the next talk in a fortnight's time.

Supper then was served by the President and we enlivened the rest of the evening by trying the new gramophone which has been given to us, while some went on with their articles for the shop.

The Club evenings are proving most inspiring to all of us and we look forward to them with lively anticipation.

C. TANTAIN, Secretary.

### West Sussex

OUR New Year party was rather a belated one, being at the end of January, but none the less cheery for all that. We had a great rally of the land girls from all over West Sussex—about 140—outside Horsham station, where we formed up in procession, three abreast. Then, inspired by the accompaniment of the Town Band, marched through the town, giving the salute to Miss Talbot in the Carfax, where Lady Leonfield's car was drawn up for the procession to pass. At the King's Head Hall Miss Talbot gave the girls a most delightful address. They were quick to take up her points and quite lived up to the reputation she ascribed to the Land Army of being the most appreciative of audiences. They certainly know how to applaud!

Then came the presentation of Milking Certificates and Good Service Ribbons, also three prizes, presented by some members of the Executive Committee, followed by tea and dancing. We wound up with a hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne," in a huge circle with crossed hands, in real Scottish fashion.

### Wincanton

"COME in uniform, but bring comfortable shoes, as we hope to dance and play games." This was the ending to our D.R.'s invitation to a New Year's party given by the Wincanton Women's Institute.

Really good fun it was, beginning with musical chairs and ending with "Auld Lang Syne." Games, dancing, a play and a real pre-war supper and everyone very cheery, and we "never missed the men a bit." A Welsh lass, named Minnie Roberts, sang her national anthem beautifully.

### Llanwddyn

A MOST enjoyable evening was spent at the village school, Llanwddyn, under the auspices of the women land workers, assisted by Miss Lily Owen, Miss Bessie Lewis, Mr. R. A. Bryan, and others, the accompanist being Mrs. Bryan. Mr. Edward J. Colley, J.P., conducted the meeting in a humorous manner. The land girls gave a sketch, "Hannah Comes Round." Miss Lumley, the County Secretary, on behalf of the girls, thanked the Chairman and the friends at Llanwddyn for the kindness and interest they had shown in the Land Army workers. This was seconded by Miss E. G. Lewis, one of the girls, and supported by Mr. Parry, Colchester. The Vicar then proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, and Mr. Williams, schoolmaster, seconded. The training of the girls and the whole arrangements were carried out most successfully by Mrs. Evans, Vicarage, Miss R. Davies, the representative, being unable to be present owing to illness.

**Y**OUR bicycle is a good friend to you and it deserves every consideration. Good tyres are the first essential, so Dunlop tyres are the natural sequence.

Even the best of good tyres require occasional repair so it will pay you to have a Dunlop Midget or a Dunlop Long repair outfit.

#### COVERS.

##### Dunlop Roadster

B.E. 16/3

W.O. 15/-

##### Warwick Roadster

B.E. 13/3

W.O. 12/-

#### TUBES.

5/9

4/6

Dunlop "Midget" Outfits 9d. each.

Dunlop "Long" Outfits 10d. each.

*Dunlop*





**"Spring Cleaning Time"**

HOW the sunshine calls !  
And the wind, to come and play !  
While I, within four walls,  
May not obey.

Like a wistful colt,  
Captive in his narrow stall,  
Hears his merry mates at play,  
Their whinnying call !

All around the house  
Are golden crocuses ablow,  
A gallant army in the sun,  
Flaming hearts aglow.

Royal purple blooms  
Gather queenly in the shade ;  
With waiting-maids in mauve and white  
Daintily arrayed.

Musical the air  
With the bees' increasing song ;  
Myriad larks a-worshipping,  
Wind the trees among.

To my ears attuned,  
Farmyard sounds, familiar, dear,  
Tell of busy days begun  
On homesteads far and near.

Through the window comes  
The sweet, elusive scent of spring,  
Magic elixir, breeze-brewed  
From every fragrant thing.

From furrows rich, that lie  
Purple, the ridges shot with blue,  
As though the ploughshare left behind  
Some of its gleaming hue.

Surely in the hedge,  
Somewhere, violets must be out !  
Nestling in the woodlands brown,  
Primroses about.

How the sunshine calls !  
And the wind, to come and play !  
While I, within four walls,  
May not obey. "

R. A.

**Good Service Badge Presentation at Hereford**

WHAT talk there was between the Land Girls in Hereford when we knew that Good Service Badges were to be given those who had six months' good service to their credit, each of us wondering if we should receive one. Still more excitement and comparing together when our C.O.'s. had written to a few girls telling them the Badges were to be presented on February 7th and could they be present to receive theirs. At last the look-for day came, as most days do. It was fine but cold. What hurrying around to get the work done in time to be at the Shire Hall at 1.30.

Then the meeting of old friends and greeting new ones ; what a pleasure it is, and how happy we all feel as we meet by twos and threes and small companies. Once inside the Hall the bother it is to get into our order, with the 1917 girls first. At last we are ready, 130 of us, and Lady Evelyn Cotterell and the ladies of the committee with our C.O.'s. take their places on the platform.

Lady Evelyn Cotterell spoke a few words to us, and then presented the Badges, our C.O.'s. reading the names of the girls, and each saluted Lady Evelyn as the Badge was given.

Our first member has worked eighteen years on the land, and we gave her a good round of applause. A hearty vote of thanks and cheers were given for each of the ladies present, especially for Lady Evelyn, who had provided us with an excellent tea and a smart conjuring entertainment, which we all enjoyed very much.

Many of the girls had to rush back to work, others met again at our club in town for a quiet talk.

Six of us left town by train, singing songs all the way, and at each station we sang "Good-bye-ee," as first one and then another came to her destination. Two of us came to Tarrington, arriving about 9.5, and so ended our "Perfect Day." "ONE EYE."

The Editor apologises that in the March issue some of the Hereford hire names appeared in the N. Riding lists.

**West Kent's Demobilisation Outfits Scheme**

THERE is no doubt that when the demobilisation of the Land Army comes there will be quite a large number of girls who, having parted with their civilian clothes, will have no ordinary garments in which to seek for fresh employment.

To meet this difficulty a scheme has been started whereby every girl who has no civilian clothes is asked to save at least 1s. a week, which will be collected by her registrar.

The amount she saves will be credited to her account at the depot hostel where she will go on demobilisation, and she will receive the value in civilian clothes, less one-fifth which will be given to her as pocket money. Thus, if a girl saves 25s. she will receive 20s. value in clothes and 5s. in pocket money. This will ensure that she will have some money in her pocket when she leaves the depot as well as the necessary garments.

Every girl who has no "civies" is urged to take advantage of this scheme and to begin to save at once.

She can obtain a "Demobilisation Outfit" card by applying to her registrar.

**Good Service Ribbons**

DEVON COMMITTEE: GOOD SERVICE RIBBONS.—Misses' Bate-man, Beer, Bevis, Brown, Carter, Climo, Craycraft, Foale, Goff, Harrison, Head, Henderson, B. M. Holland, Mollie Horne, Horne, Hewitt, Howell, P. A. Janes, Johns, Kelly, Kirk, Lee, Lock, Lowdon, Mallett, Marchant, McLoughlin, Mitchell, Morris, Mugford, Moysey, Murphy, Northcott, Parker, Perry, Poole, Quick, Roach, Sayer, Sercombe, Slader, Snelling, Southcott, Stapleton, Stooke, Thomas, Todd, Trounce, Tucker, Tuckfield, Turner, Tyacke, Vickery, Warne, Ward, Woodgate, E. M. Willis, Woodman, and Young ; Mrs. Hockin and Mrs. May.

**Hereford**

Helen McKeay, Minnie Mason, Catherine Owen, Nellie Preece, Neta Powell, Mrs. Phillips, Lily Porter, Esme Roberts, Winifred Sperk, Classie Smith, Ellen Smith, Eliz. Simpson, Winifred Smith, Lily Springette, J. Stansfield, Mrs. State, Francis Trigg, Rose Taylor, Rose Walters, Edith Walters, Mary Watkins, Annie Wadsworth, Mrs. Williams, Eleanor Williams, Jennie Williams, Emmie Williams, Doris Williams, Mary Walker, E. M. Watkins.



An East Suffolk L.A.A.S. and Her Pets



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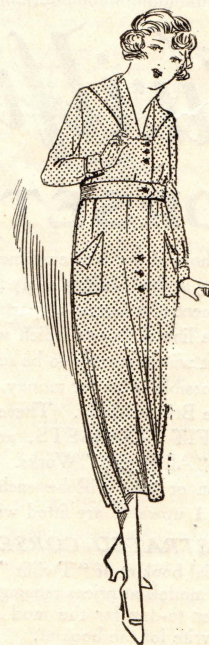


Well made Land Suit of  
Corduroy in mole colour  
only. In three sizes, S.W.,  
Medium, and Women's.

Coat reduced to ... 33/6  
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Practical Land Suit of  
Khaki Twill

Coat & Breeches  
reduced to ... 29/6  
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gings reduced to ... 7/6  
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reduced to ... 7/6



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BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

New Telephone No.: KENS. 5100.

Exceptionally good wearing  
Overalls, as sketch, in heavy  
quality cement cloth, well  
made. In Sage, Mauve, Brown,  
Navy, Vieux Rose, Buff, Cham-  
pagne and Butcher.  
Reduced to ... 15/6



**F**OR the benefit of our readers we are accepting Small Advertisements on this page at very reduced rates, and we trust that they will make full use of this opportunity, which we believe will prove advantageous to them. Almost anything may be advertised, and the minimum price will be 5/- for 4 lines (single column; about 40 words) and 1/6 per line additional. All advertisements are subject to the approval of the Editor, and are subject to refusal without assigning any reason.

Advertisements should be sent to the Advertising Office, "The Landswoman," Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Stamford Street, S.E., accompanied by Postal Order, before the 15th of the month for insertion in the next month's issue.

THE REGINA BUREAU, 55 & 56 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, has opened a department for getting Landswomen and Munition Workers suitable situations. If they will apply, if possible personally, or write, and address letters to Department 5, they will get careful attention.

LIVESTOCK-KEEPERS.—Books for Landswomen, by W. Powell-Owen F.B.S.A. (on Council and Executive of National Utility Poultry Society): Poultry-keeping on Money-making Lines, 3/11 (the book that has made history; 4th ed. since 1916); Duck-keeping ditto, 5/5; Pig-keeping, 3/11; Goat-keeping, 3/11; Rabbit-keeping, 5/6; Dog-keeping, 3/11; Poultry-keeping on Small Lines, 2/3; Poultry-farming as Career for Women, 10½d. Detailed express postal advice on anything and everything appertaining to poultry, ducks, pigs, goats, rabbits, or dogs, 2/6 per letter; postal advice (and tuition) as often as desired for 12 months, 2 guineas. Why not put your case in Powell-Owen's hands to-day? Books, post free, from Powell-Owen Bureau, 47a, High Street, Hampstead, London.

WANTED strong girl for garden and housework.—Briarbank Poultry Ranch, Twyford, Berks.

WANTED willing help for country house, family two. Cooking not required, good wages and outings.—Briarbank, Twyford, Reading.

"THE LAND" (2/-) & "THE LAND AFTER THE WAR" (1/-), by a well-known Land Surveyor. These extremely useful books show how to improve the land and pay good profits. No farmer should be without them. (By post together 6d.)—St. Catherine Press, Stamford Street, London.

TYPEWRITING. Carefully and correctly carried out. Very moderate charges. Confidential work a speciality. Highest recommendations.—"General Utility" Typewriting Office, 12, Vereker Road, Kensington, London, W.

# *Twilfit* Regd. **CORSETS**

DIRECT FROM  
THE  
"ALL BRITISH" WORKS,  
CARRIAGE  
PAID.

BRITISH MADE.  
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

**T**O those of our lady customers (especially lady Land-workers) who are living in the Country away from shopping facilities the news of the establishment of a Corset Department will undoubtedly be welcome. In choosing a line of corsets which would be worthy of the traditions of this business it was necessary to be sure of first-rate quality in combination with highest possible value for money. It was also essential that the line chosen should be British Made. These requirements are satisfied in the famous "TWILFIT" CORSETS, and these are now to be obtained direct from the "All British" Works. "Twilfit" Corsets are guaranteed to give satisfaction or they will be exchanged or money refunded. All models from 7/11 upwards are fitted with Spiral Unbreakable Hip Steels.

## ILLUSTRATED CORSET BOOKLET FREE.

Our special booklet of "Twilfit" Corsets contains illustrations of twelve models at prices ranging from 5/11 to 21/-. Send your order to-day for the model illustrated in this advertisement or write for the booklet.

CORSET DEPT.

**ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LD**

(Dept. L.W.) "All British" Works, NORTHAMPTON.

"TWILFIT"  
MODEL  
169  
Specially  
suitable for the  
Landswoman.

Price  
**8/11**  
per pair.  
Carriage Paid.





# THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS\*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE, Author of "Bambi," etc.

## CHAPTER XVI. ON THE BEACH.

**D**URING the week that followed, Cecilia made a valiant effort to treat Saxton Graves with some sort of friendliness, a fact which transported him to the seventh heaven, and deceived one onlooker at least, and that was Judge Carteret.

Several times he had come out on an early train, to get in a round of golf, and found Cecilia painting away on her high trestle, with Saxton lounging beneath her. The Judge recalled with a smile her words about "that man" who was not to step over the threshold of her sanctum on pain of death. To be sure Bobby usually made a third to the party, but the Judge did not think of that.

One afternoon he came out early and found the house empty, so he started off aimlessly towards the beach, to see if he could find traces of his guests. He came upon them there, Cecilia idly tossing pebbles into the water, with Saxton reading aloud to her. The Judge would have turned back, if Cecilia had not looked up at the moment and seen him there. Without a word of apology to Graves, poised in the midst of a poetical flight, she rose and ran toward the Judge, pleasure shining in her face.

"Oh, good! I'm so glad you've come," she cried, and drew him along with her. Saxton's delight in the interruption was somewhat disguised, but he managed a decent greeting to his host.

"Glad you got out so early. Going to play golf?" he inquired. "Thought some of it. I don't want to interrupt. Is this a literary party?" he replied.

"He's reading me some Irish poems. They're good, too. Here's a place all hollowed out for you in the sand. Shall we go on, or would you rather talk?"

"Go on, by all means. I would like to hear something that would take possession of my thoughts."

"Read him the 'Four Winds of Eirinn.'"

Saxton began again, and the Judge watched them closely. It was working, no doubt, that subtle "call of youth to youth" as he had named it to Cecilia. Graves loved the weird Celtic songs he was reading; he read them well, his mellow voice making them very effective.

For the first time Judge Carteret faced the fact, crowded out of his busy thoughts until now, that he had reached the turning-point, where mature, masterful manhood looks ahead one step into the peaceful meadows of middle age. The thought brought with it a hot surge of rebellion. It should not be; his work was only just begun, his pleasures all untasted; he must have time. He remembered Everyman's pleading with Death in the miracle play, his paltry childish reasons why Death should grant him grace, and he smiled at his own singular plight.

Life had sped by him, as the scenery runs by the engineer, who sits, hand on throttle, transporting people from one place to another. So Judge Carteret sat, alert and engrossed in transferring the portion of humanity about him to other and better places, conditions, and environments. He had forgotten Time, the enemy, so full his days had been; and now, all at once, something had struck him into self-consciousness. He wondered to himself what it was. The nascent love, the mating of two young people, surely that was a common enough spectacle. This girl, with her vividness, her frank friendliness, could it be that she had sent this clarion call to his senses?

He turned to look at her, and started at the intensity of her gaze, as if she went with him, step by step, in thought. He smiled at her, and her own smile flashed response.

"You aren't listening, either of you," complained Graves, looking up at the moment.

"I plead guilty," said the Judge. "My thoughts were dipping into strange waters, like those gulls out there."

Cecilia's eyes followed his gesture.

"Were they bitter waters, Judge Carteret?" she asked him.

Just then Bobby came running down the hill, waving his arms, Omar pell-mell behind him.

"I've been all over de world for you, Gwavey. Dere's a man wants you, an' nobody knowed where you wented, so I said I'd find you."

"A man? Rother man! Much obliged, old chap. Will you excuse me for a moment? I'll get rid of him and come right back. Coming up, Bobby?"

"No, Omar an' I are doin' to play in de water."

Saxton climbed up the hill out of sight, and Bobby kicked off his sandals, and he and Omar raced up and down the beach. The Judge and Cecilia watched them in silence for a few minutes.

"Aren't they refreshing? How all your animals do give you the feeling of the promisefulness of life!" he said to her. "We all go at it with the same vim, with never a thought, thank God, of all those that have gone before us, beaten their way through somehow, and gone into the Beyond."

"Something has happened to-day that makes you sad."

"I have lost something to-day, something very dear to me."

She leaned toward him quickly.

"You mean?"

"My youth."

"Your youth?"

"Yes. No doubt the world ceased to think of me as a young man years ago, but it has never come to me until to-day. It is your own point of view after all that makes you young or old."

"What made you think of it to-day?"

"I don't know; you, perhaps. You and Saxton, my dear young friends, your feeling for one another, the vista it suggests of a future full of things that have not come to me."

A slow blush dyed Cecilia's face and throat, and she sprang up, and ran down the beach to where Omar and Bobby splashed together. The Judge looked after her curiously, and wondered if he had offended her. After a bit she came back and without hesitation took up their interrupted talk where they had left it.

"You get the kind of things in life that you really want. You can't have all the things. It is like children in a toy-shop: one child knows what he wants the minute he sees it; another child wants everything he sees, or just what the child next him has."

"Suppose you never gave your own wants a thought, because you were so interested in what other children wanted?"

"It is hard for me to imagine that, my own impulses are so selfish and individual."

"That isn't true; you would give every atom of yourself to any cause that you espoused," he contradicted her.

"Oh, yes, that. I meant I'm selfish about my own inner life. I will not let other people and their wants interfere. I suppose if you had not come, you and the Barretts and Bobby, that after a while I should have been entirely shut in, with a high wall about me."

"I did not want people to like me, until I knew you all out here. I enjoyed myself more than I did other people."

"You did not want us to like you, nor did you want to like us; we all felt that."

"See what I might have shut myself off from."

"You have changed wonderfully in these few months. Do you realise it, Cecilia?"

"For the better, do you think, Judge Peter?"

"For the better, surely. You see, when you shut yourself up like that, you cut yourself off from the love of your fellows and their love of you. No one can afford to miss that out of life."

"I sit and gape at my own self these days. I'm even trying to be gentle, like Anne and Bobby, and not hurt people's feelings."

"It is a lovely trait, isn't it—gentleness?"

"I've always confounded it with weakness, I'm afraid."

"It goes more often with strength. Anne, for all her seeming gentle femininity, proved herself a rock of granite in the crisis that came to Richard and herself. Richard's was the nature to sink in disaster; but her strong arm held him up, and forced him to swim. See what a man she is making of him."

"Yes, she and you together."

"The credit is hers; she has loved him into being what God intended him to be. I've only helped wherever I saw a chance."

"Helped wherever I saw a chance—that is your motto, I think, Judge Peter."

"No, I miss many a chance, my dear, and that's the pity of it."

He looked away in silence for a while, and she felt the long flight of his thoughts, though she could not follow them. He came to himself with a start and half rose.

"Poor Saxton, it is too bad he's detained so long. I'll go and see if I can release him."

"He'll come presently. I never get a chance to talk to you now; he's always about."

The Judge patted her hand and laughed.

"He seems to be pretty much 'about' these days. I'm so glad that you've come to like each other."

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"Why?"  
"Because I'm fond of you both, and I'd like to see you happy."

"You mean you think that if I—married him—married Mr. Graves—that I'd be happy?"

"Why not, if you love each other?"

"But how could we love each other?"

"My dear girl, it's an accomplished fact in Saxton's case, and love begets love, they say."

"And you think I am that sort of person?"

"All sorts of persons, exceptional and mediocre, go down before the blind god, I'm told, and act according to his laws, which happen to be Nature's, and without any regard for their own predilections."

"That makes love a common thing, doesn't it? Rank and file all affected in the same way; all the world simpering and cooing! Bah, I want none of it!"

"There's your deification of the individual again, Cecilia. Why not think of love as a great pure flood of water, in which all humanity may bathe and find refreshment? The waters of refreshment," he mused aloud, "like the pool of Bethesda, where the maimed in spirit, the crippled of soul, and the blind of heart may be revived!"

"Love is no such thing to me," she protested passionately. The Judge smiled at her and shook his head. "I thought the 'fraid lady was a creature of the past, but here she is again, afraid to face a reality of life, to share its biggest emotion with her kinsfolk, her blood brothers. She wants all this great world-force saved and sanctified for her one self."

"You make me feel so mean and little," she cried.

He put his hand over hers.

"No, no, not that: I only want you to open your eyes and see that it is in these human relationships, which you will not admit, that we are worthful and of import."

To his surprise she laid her cheek for a moment against his hand: but before he could speak Saxton hailed them from the hill-top and began to descend towards them.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.—The office of Headquarters, Women's Branch Board of Agriculture, has removed from 72, Victoria Street, to 48, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.

## 3 ESSENTIALS for LADIES WORKING ON THE LAND.



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### "PUMICE STONE SOAP"

For Removing Stains from the Skin,  
and thoroughly cleaning Dirty Hands.

Tablet, post free, 1/-

### "GLYMIEL JELLY"

FOR CHAPS

ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.

It softens and improves the Hands, Face  
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FIFTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE USE

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TEST for yourself the charm and comfort of

# "Viyella"

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## Good Service Ribbon Awards

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### Works Council at Bournville

THE firm of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., Bournville, who employ about 6,000 persons, have established Works Councils for both their men and women employees.

The Directors have recently agreed to the recommendation of the Councils to reduce the working week in the *Factory* from 48 hours to 44 hours.

A referendum of the workpeople has just been taken to decide how the shorter hours should be worked, three proposals being placed before them, viz.:

- (1) 6 day week of 8 hours per day (4 hours on Saturday).
- (2) 5 day week with the working day lengthened, but with a free Saturday.
- (3) One free Saturday in every four, with an adjustment of hours, which will make an average, spread over each period of 4 weeks, of 44 hours per week.

The method of the "alternative" vote was used, and No. 3 proposal was recommended for adoption, and will shortly be put into force.



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## Good Service Ribbons Monmouth

THE Ribbons for Good Service were awarded to members of the L.A.A.S. in Monmouthshire on Wednesday, February 19th. Out of the 90 women who had earned this reward for their work and good conduct, 85 came to Newport to be invested despite the heavy downpour of rain which greeted them when they turned out of their beds at an unusually early hour so that they might milk the cows and feed the stock before they started on their long tramp over muddy roads to the railway station; but dripping mackintoshes and muddy boots could in no degree damp their spirits, for they were to be decorated for serving their King and country in time of hardship and distress.

At 1.30 promptly they assembled at the office of the County Committee, the procession was formed, and, headed by Miss Clay, they marched to the County Hall, where, by the kind permission of the county authorities, the ceremony was held in the Council Chamber. The proceedings were opened by Alderman S. N. Jones, O.B.E., J.P., Chairman of the Men's War Agricultural Executive Committee, who presided.

He paid a warm tribute to the work done by the women and said that but for the Army at home there would have been no hope for the Army abroad. He was delighted to think that the women of Monmouthshire had done their work without shirking, and he added: "I may safely tell you that we, the members of the Education Committee, are out to help you in every way." In conclusion he said: "Remember that the only way to success is by perseverance, experience and character." "I trust and hope that you will have a bright and happy future."

Lady Mather Jackson then spoke a few words of congratulation and encouragement, urging the girls to continue their work in the future; that, although there might not be the opportunity of meeting often in the future, there would remain the satisfaction of knowing that they had all worked together faithfully and conscientiously, serving their country in her time of stress and strain.

Lady Jackson then proceeded to invest the girls and pinned the Ribbons on as they filed past, speaking a word of congratulation to each.

Lady Mather Jackson informed the meeting that His Majesty the King had conferred the honour of the C.B.E. on Miss Meriel Talbot, and a hearty vote of congratulation to her was passed.

The recipients of the Ribbons were afterwards entertained to a tea by the members of the Committee, at the Wrenford Hall, kindly lent by the Vicar of St. Paul's.

Miss Clay, E. Bland, Ena Sage, Olive Taylor, B. Bollen, Ada Lewis, Mabel Parsons, Agnes Herbert, K. Nelms, A. Turner, Miss Penton, Jessie Hale, Edith Williams, Gladys Lewis, Violet Stratton, Adonis Lundy, Elsie Davies, Margaret Swan, Norah Symmonds, Lillian Osborne, Florence Evans, Amy Phillips, Rose Phillips, J. Bayliss, Alberta Edwards, Beatrice Clarke, Gwen Edmunds, Violette Davies, Maggie Taylor, Margaret Grey, Ena Hodgiss, Louie Lloyd, Violet Morgan, K. M. Morgan, Ada Northwood, G. Ravenhill, Sybil Pitt, Lily Richards, G. Newcombe, J. Newcombe, N. Warner, L. Meatyard, E. Watkins, M. J. Webb, Jean Cunningham, Alberta Perry, Violet Davies, C. Redman, Elsie Perry, Hilda Stowe, Mrs. Baker, Rose Griffen, A. M. Lardener, Violet Davies, Cinderella Fortey, Doris Hill, Irene Lassman, Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Davies, Ethel Symmonds, Mrs. Llewellyn, Gwen Llewellyn, F. M. Lewis, Mrs. Prosser, Blodwen Symmonds, Eva Chilvers, Mrs. Peel, F. M. Waite, G. M. Lewis, E. M. Hughes, L. Baptree, Ellen Harris, Annie Bird, Beatrice E. Clark, Rose Carter, Ethel Grove, Nellie Coopy, Mary L. Phillips, Minnie Harris, Ethel Brown, Elsie Rees, Annie Smith, Gladys Harthy, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Bruton, Audrey Davies, Elizabeth Roberts.

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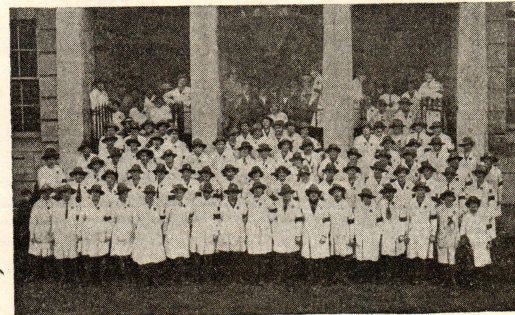
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### D.S.B.

The D.S.B. has been awarded to the Misses Worthington, Garrett, Lindsay, and Botting. Photos and full particulars will appear in the May number.

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## Our Post Bag

"Does an intimate knowledge of Nature tend to make her more attractive or otherwise?"

DEAR EDITOR,—If attraction lies in a certain sense of mystery, an intimate knowledge of Nature must necessarily tend to lessen our admiration and interest.

When we know more of "how it all works," although we still recognise the miracle, we lose something of the beauty.

To the man from the city, who knows little of Nature's workings, and who loves her, so to speak, as a spectator, the calf, lamb, or foal is a delight to be marvelled at. To the stockman, and those among whom it has been bred, it holds no wonder or particular beauty; it is merely a product of the farm, and part of the job.

The longer I live among country people the more convinced I become of their unresponsiveness to the beauty of the world in which they live. Their eyes rest almost entirely on the main chance. The following remarks are illustrative: "A glorious sunrise, eh, Joe?" "Ay, but it don't look like getting in the 'taters dry.'" "What a lovely little calf that is of Blue-bell's?" "E baint much good. Another bull, get 'im off to market Monday." And so on.

I have lived for eighteen months among people who are termed "sons of the soil," and for a similar period previously among those who would be called "sons of the city." I know to which class I should go for a fervent and sincere appreciation of the attractions of Nature.

Live with her, and you may love her; live apart from her, and you will worship her. My concession to the other point of view is, that if once you live with Nature you will never again wish to live apart, although your familiarity may have lost some of the mystery and charm that occasioned your earlier worship.

Yours, etc.,

DEAR EDITOR,—The following are my ideas on the subject of "Whether an intimate knowledge of Nature tends to make her more attractive or otherwise," as far as I can express them shortly:

I think there is a great deal to be said on both sides of this question.

If "an intimate knowledge of Nature" is taken to mean a knowledge of scientific botany, chemistry, etc., and such "book knowledge," I do not think that tends to an appreciation of Nature by the student, though these things are wonderful in their way. The appreciation or attraction may be there already, and study of such books may, in some cases, follow as a desire

to know more. But I do not believe that such study ever originally attracts anyone to Nature herself.

But if the phrase means a knowledge of Nature first-hand, from living in close contact with her and having one's eyes open, and comparing one's observations with the simply-recorded observations and explanations of others, I think the knowledge gained in this way does make Nature more attractive. It seems to me to be like a friend then. A friend, however beautiful to look at, could not really be a friend if you never got any further than looking at her from a distance, and perhaps did not even know her name. You need to get to know her, something of her character, and "little ways," and you then get to look at the beauty of features, or expression, or voice, with understanding, and appreciate it more, and begin to really love your friend. I think it is something the same with Nature. You are missing half the wonder and glory of her if you only look at her in ignorance, without perceiving. You are missing her Mind, which is God. When one finds out some of the very wonderful things in Nature, which are almost like fairy tales, such as the life history of the dragon-fly, or the way in which many plants are thought out and arranged for the attraction of special insects which pollinate them, it must surely tend to make her more attractive to anyone with an ounce of wonder or imagination. If one knows the names of wild flowers one meets with, and something of their grouping together in "families" or "clans," and perhaps something of their properties, and their characters from their likes and dislikes as regards situation and climate, it certainly does not detract from their wonder and beauty, and one hails them with the feeling of old friends when one meets with them again, and becomes quite excited over new ones. Anyone can gain this knowledge if they care to try, and then there will be interest and friends, as well as beauty, even in the "weeds" of a cornfield.

I think myself that in the majority of cases a lover of Nature is born, not made; that it is as much a gift as music. Thus a girl born and bred in a city may have a great love of Nature, and an appreciation of as much of it as comes her way, with perhaps no knowledge of any sort.

But taking "an intimate knowledge of Nature" in the way I have tried (though badly, I am afraid) to express shortly, my opinion is that it does tend to make her more attractive than otherwise. And if anything would ever propagate an attraction to Nature in a Land Girl who has not got it naturally, I think it would be THE LANDSWOMAN.

Yours sincerely, "THISTLE,"

L.A.A.S. & Group Leader.

[Discussion is invited on this subject, and I hope many of you will write to tell us what you think about it.—ED.]

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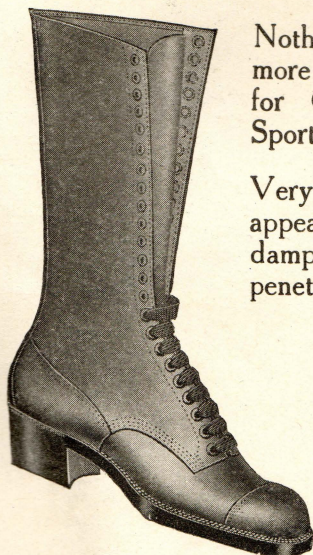


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Land and War Workers' Boots  
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