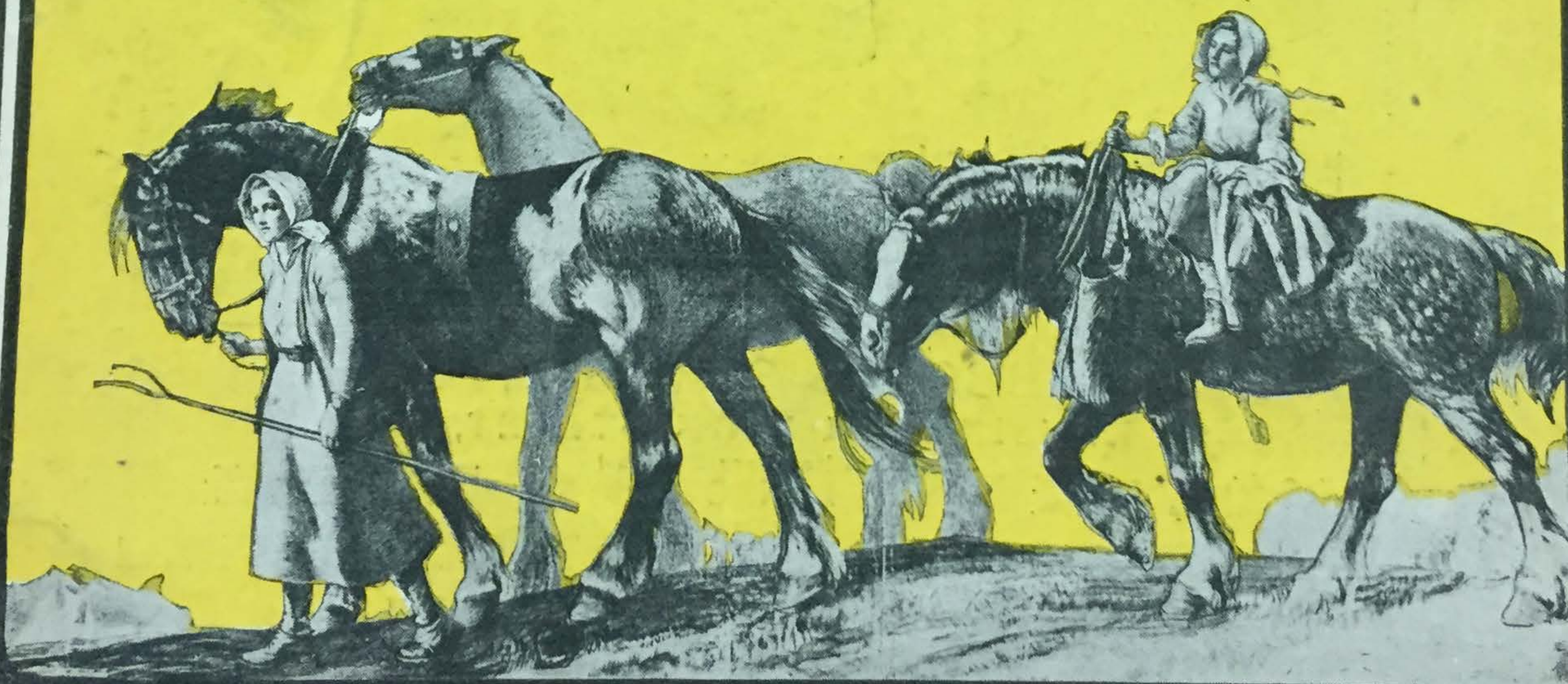


INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL HISTORY ECONOMICS
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

The LANDSWOMAN

MAY 1919
No. 17 ❖ Vol. II

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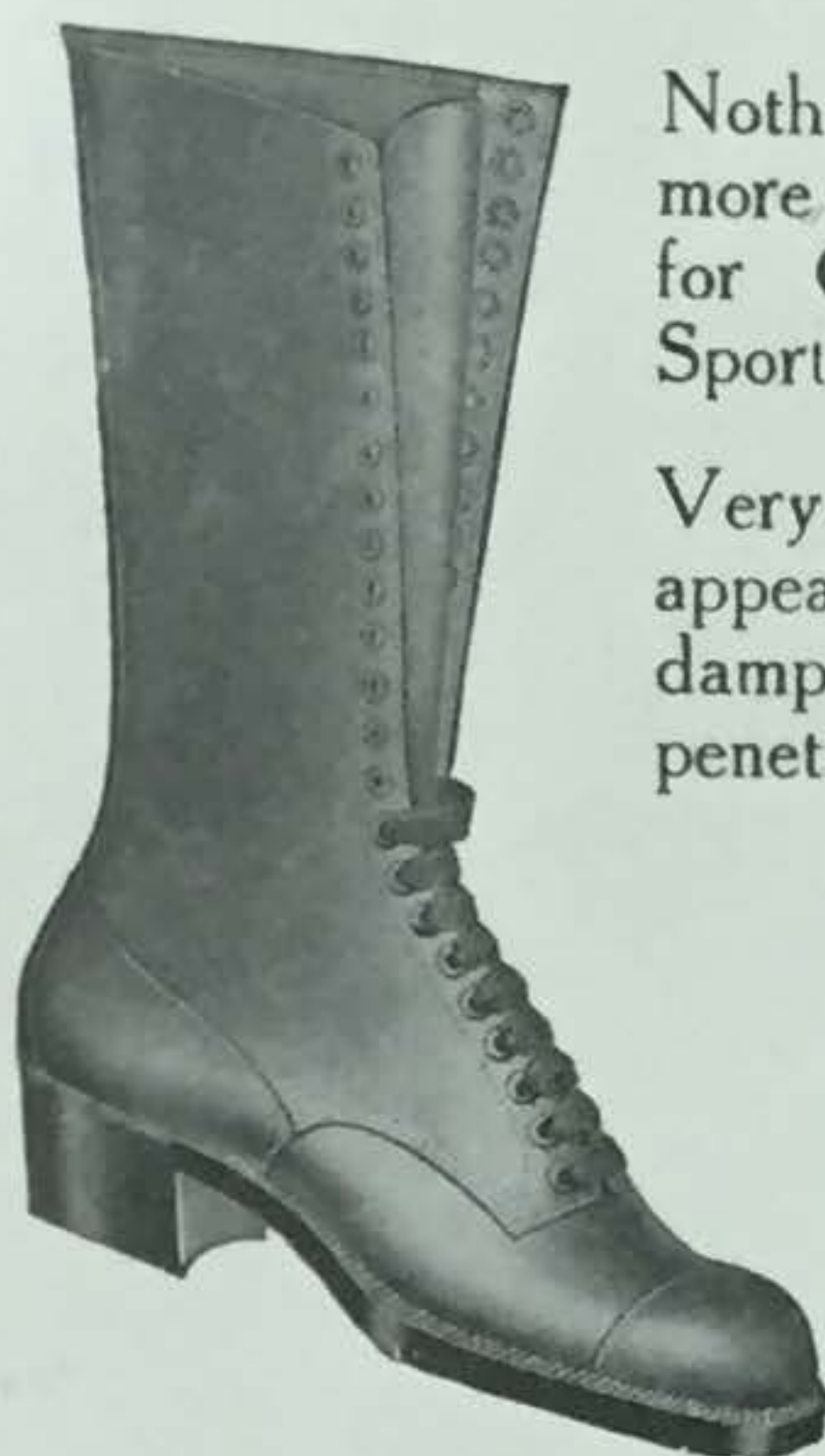
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Rural London



Trafalgar Square

From a sketch by C. E. Hughes.

THE Land girl who comes to London need never feel a complete stranger, for many of the names of the streets here will remind her of the country she has left.

Who could wish for anything more countrified than Cornhill, Rosemary Lane, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Bethnal Green, Coldbath Fields, Haymarket, or Milford Lane. These rural names recall the days, hundreds of years ago, when the City of London was surrounded by fields in which the citizens could take pleasant walks with their wives while their children clambered over Goodman's Style in Goodman's Fields, or, on rare occasions, went nutting on Nutting or Notting Hill. Those were the days when a windmill might be found in Windmill Street at the top of the Haymarket, and

again in Windmill Street, Finsbury, and when there was a water-mill in Milford Lane, Strand.

The Strand, our busiest London street, which nowadays is so crowded with people, that you almost have to fight your way along the footpath, was at one time the favourite site for the residences of the great nobles, and must have presented, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the appearance of a continuous line of palaces with gardens sloping down to the silvery Thames. Two of the best-known hotels in London, the Savoy and the Cecil, both in the Strand, stand on the ground where formerly stood the mansions of Peter de Savoy, uncle of the queen of Henry III., and Sir Robert Cecil, son of Lord Burleigh.

There is to-day a mysterious down hill tunnel in the Strand which is the entrance to Adelphi Arches. Few ordinary Londoners have explored it, and still fewer country folk, but if you follow it, it will lead you down to what was once part of the barge and halfpenny steamboat wharf, and to the spot where once stood the "Fox under the Hill" Tavern. Here, on the balcony, on Sunday mornings, the tradesmen used to meet, compare their bulldogs, and gossip. The tavern stood near Ivy Bridge, and up Ivy Bridge Lane, within the memory of some of the Covent Garden salesmen of to-day, porters used to stagger, laden with baskets of fruit and vegetables for the Market, from the boats unloading at the pier.

Covent Garden, where so much of the produce grown by Land girls is marketed, was originally, of course, Convent Garden. It was the garden belonging to the Abbot and monks of Westminster, and was one of those sanctuaries or precincts possessing the valuable privilege of freedom from arrest.

The Cornmarket, on Cornhill, adjoined the grass-market in Grasschurch or Gracechurch Street, and in Tothill Fields there was once a bear garden, while Mayfair, of course, recalls the annual fête or fair which was held by the side of the brook, which has given its name to Brook Street.

Shopping in those days must have been a simple business, as the different tradesmen lived in the street which bore their name. Thus you found your baker in Bread Street, your milkman in Milk Street, and so on to Fish Street, The Vintry, Leather Lane, Silver Street, Smithfield, etc. Competition in the different trades must surely have been keen, with all the dealers in the same trade, in such a limited area.

Most of the water supply of old London was undoubtedly derived from the Thames, the Holborn, or the Tyburn, but that some wells did exist is proved by the survival of the names of Clerkenwell or the priest's well, Bridewell, Holywell, Sadler's Wells, etc.

Camomile Street and Wormwood Street remind us of the herbs which grew in that strip of waste ground immediately within the old wall; and outside the wall, between Aldgate and Bishopsgate, there was an open ditch 200 feet broad, the name of which, Houndsditch, vividly suggests the unsavoury nature of its contents.

It is strange to recollect that only 140 years ago a man with a telescope used to station himself in Leicester Fields, which is now Leicester Square, and offer to passers-by, at the charge of one halfpenny, a peep at the heads of the Scotch rebels which adorned the spikes on Temple Bar.

How delightful it would be if Kensington, Brompton, Paddington, Dalston Islington, where the bailiff's daughter lived, Edmonton, the scene of John Gilpin's exciting ride, still remained the little country villages which they were in the days when a coach took three hours to run, or rather to flounder, from the village of

Paddington to London, and when Lord Hervey used to retire to his country house at Kensington when he was bored with the excitements of town.

And what fun it would be to watch the tournament on London Bridge, or perhaps from that balcony which was erected at the corner of Queen Street, so that the queens of England might enjoy the spectacle of the tourneys, which on special occasions were held in Cheapside.

But most of all, I long at this moment to go and gather primroses on Primrose Hill.



St. Martin's-in-the-Fields

From a sketch by C. E. Hughes.

A Message to the Land Army from Miss Talbot

I WANT all volunteers in the Land Army to know that their work is of as much value now as it ever has been. Let there be no doubt about that. When the armistice was signed, and we all rejoiced at the great change from war to peace, many of you thought your work on the land was over. This was quite natural, but I want to show you that it is not so really at all. Many of the men who used to do farm work have given their lives for their country, or have become disabled in its service. Others are still wanted for the Armies of Occupation. So there is a serious shortage of labour, and that at a time of year when the work must be done if the crops are to be secured, and the necessary food supplied both for man and beast.

We are all proud of the Land Army. You came out to help your country, and we know of the good work you have done and the pluck you have shown. Go on giving of your best—it is of real value, and is greatly needed. I hope, then, that those of you who have reached the end of your term of service will enrol for a further period.

Gertrude Talbot

Rural England in Cobbett's Day The Farm Labourer and Wages The Valley of the Avon

... In taking my leave of this beautiful vale, I have to express my deep shame, as an Englishman, at beholding the general *extreme poverty* of those who cause this vale to produce such quantities of food and raiment. This is, I verily believe it, the *worst used labouring people on the face of this earth*. Dogs and hogs and horses are treated with more civility; and as to food and lodging, how gladly would the labourers change with them!

... At Salisbury, the poor take by turns the making of fires at their houses to boil four or five tea kettles. What a winter life must those lead, whose turn it is not to make the fire! At Launceston in Cornwall a man, a tradesman too, told me that the people in general could not afford to have a fire in ordinary, and that he himself paid 3d. for boiling a leg of mutton at another man's fire!

Hertfordshire

The children are all along here—I mean the little children—locked out of doors, while the mothers and fathers are at work in the fields. I saw many little groups of this sort, and this is one advantage of having plenty of room on the outside of a house. I never saw the country children better clad, or look cleaner and fatter than they look here. ... In all the houses where I have been they use the roasted rye instead of coffee or tea, and I saw one gentleman who had sown a piece of rye (a grain not common in this part of the country) for the

express purpose. It costs about three farthings a pound, roasted and ground into powder. The pay of the labourers varies from 8s. to 12s. a week.

Eastern Tour

The wages for those who are employed on the land are, through all the counties that I have come, 12s. a week for married men, and less for single ones; but a large part of them are not even, at this season, employed on the land. The farmers, for want of means of profitable employment, suffer the men to fall upon the parish, and they are employed in digging and breaking stone for the roads. ... In walking out yesterday I saw three poor fellows digging stone for the roads, who told me that they never had anything but bread to eat and water to wash it down. One of them was a widower with three children, and his pay was 1s. 6d. a day; that is to say, about three pounds of bread a day each, for six days in the week; nothing for Sunday, and nothing for lodging, washing, clothing, candle-light, or fuel!

At about four miles from Petersfield we passed through a village called Rogate. Just before we came to it, I asked a man who was hedging on the side of the road how much he got a day. He said, 1s. 6d., and he told me that the allowed wages was 7d. a day for the man and a gallon loaf a week for the rest of his family; that is to say, one pound and two and a quarter ounces of bread for each of them, and nothing more! And this, observe, is one-third short of the bread allowance of gaols. If the man have full work, if he get his 1s. 6d. a day, the whole 9s. does not purchase a gallon loaf each for a wife and three children, and two gallon loaves for himself. In the gaols the convicted felons have a pound and a half each of bread a day to begin with; they have some meat, generally, and it has been found absolutely necessary to allow them meat when they worked at the treadmill.

... I saw the girls carrying home bean and wheat stubble for fuel!

Hants

The wages here and in Berkshire, about 8s. a week; but the farmers talk of lowering them.

Between Warminster and Westbury I saw thirty or more *digging* a great field of, I dare say, twelve acres ... it was the overseer of the parish who had set these men to dig up this field, previous to its being sown with wheat. In short, it was digging instead of ploughing. The men, I found upon enquiry, got 9d. a day for their work. ... If married, how are their miserable families to live on 4s. 6d. a week?

I met a man coming home from work. I asked how he *got on*. He said, very badly. I asked him what was the cause of it. He said the hard times. "What times?" said I; "was there ever a finer summer, a finer harvest, and is there not an *old* wheat rick in every farmyard?" "Ah," said he, "they make it bad for poor people for all that."

Rural Rides, 1821-1836.

LAND ARMY

Agriculture



No. 1—The Bridal Procession
No. 2—The Bride arriving at the Church
No. 3—Leaving the Church under an archway of hayrakes

From the Sunday Pictorial

Miss Nancy Edwards, L.A.A.S., of Nuneaton, was married on March 29th to Pte. P. A. Seccull, R.F.A., of Ashow. The journey to and from Ashow was made in a gaily decorated waggon drawn by a white horse.

WEDDINGS

Timber



Daily Sketch.

When Sapper Skinner and Miss Husler left the church at Burley, Hants, after their marriage they passed under an arch of hatchets, held by forestry girl colleagues of the bride.

The World's May-Queen

W HITHER away is the Spring to-day ?
To England, to England !
In France they heard the South Wind say,
" She's off on a quest for a Queen of May,
So she's over the hills and far away—
To England ! "

And why did she fly with her golden feet
To England, to England ?
In Italy, too, they heard the sweet
Roses whisper and flutter and beat,
" She's an old and a true, true love to greet—
In England ! "

A moon ago there came a cry
From England, from England.
Faintly, fondly it faltered nigh,
The throne of the Spring in the southern sky,
And it whispered " Come," and the world went
by,
And with one long loving, blissful sigh,
The Spring was away to England !

ALFRED NOYES.

—(Collected Poems, Blackwood & Sons.)



Dressing the Bride for the Wedding.

Byeways

WE all of us know the charm of highways—stretching their "white ribbons," as the French poet calls them—when we are in a car, or on the faithful push-bicycle that the war-time has brought to its own again. Then they are interesting and delightful, but to the wayfarer on foot they cannot compare in interest with the byeways. The town dweller who does not like stiles, and fears mud, had better keep to the highway, but the country lover will find many a charming stretch of lane and field on the byeways, and find them often shorter as well as more shady and less dusty than the "King's Highway." Many an old-time *via regia* is now left only as a byeway, since the exigencies of coach traffic caused the main road to take a more direct route from one town to another, leaving the villages and hamlets on either hand.

Our country byeways often mark the track of the roads by which our forefathers travelled in the days when no roads were "made" as we understand them, and pack-horses carried the merchandise that now we load on motor lorries or send in railway trucks behind the iron horse. Those who have studied the footpaths of a place, or have carefully traced the roads on the large ordnance map, will see this for themselves. When roads were never mended it did not matter how many tracks were kept in use, but when a road meant a yearly expenditure in stone and labour, a parish economised and made one way serve two hamlets, even when it meant a little going round. When bridges were few and far between, also, our forefathers used fords in places where we look askance at the depth of the stream, and old byeways will be found leading to the riverside in now apparently aimless fashion, but marking a former crossing place.

An interesting study might be made of the fieldways of a parish, especially in one made up of scattered hamlets and farms. In our own home country byeways abound. One fieldpath, for instance, is all that remains to tell of a now vanished hamlet, often mentioned in the parish registers. Another runs on the line of an almost forgotten Roman road, while several mark where an old lane once ran direct while men now go round by the better road.

Such a parish is rich in "Church roads," as the old people call them. One or two are roads still, but more are simply footpaths over the fields. They are the ways to the Parish Church from the outlying hamlets, and the old rolls of the Manor Court constantly mention them. The landowners seem to have been specially under the obligation to keep them in good order as to stiles and paths, and the bridges, called on the rolls "Church bridges," were an especial care.

Travellers in these modern days coming to our railway station, if they are wise, go in summer weather by the fields to the village. They choose that way because it is cool and shady, with views of brook and meadow and distant hills, and probably few know that after the first hundred yards from the station they are on the "Church road" along which for unknown generations the inhabitants of that side the parish have taken their way to their Parish Church.

Two miles away in another direction the ordnance map points out "Church bridge," and you think it is so called because it is near to a modern church, but the parish map shows that it is so called, not because men cross it now to church there, but because in the centuries before that church was built and that parish formed, men crossed on their way to the old mother church two miles away. Another "Church road" comes down a modern road, with wide bramble-grown margin, and the old, old people will tell you of a time when there was a well-kept footpath there, where the brambles toss themselves now, and that it was kept tidy and the bushes cut, because it was the "Church road." Alas, one house only remains where six once stood, and the need for the road to church has almost passed away.

When George Eliot in her book *Adam Bede* describes how the Poyser family went to church—the boys looking as like their father as a little elephant is like a big one—they probably went by the old "Church road" over the fields which the dwellers at the farm had used from time immemorial, just as George Eliot in her girlhood had seen in her Midland home.

If only these byeways could tell their history and what they have seen; of the babies carried to their christening; the bands of children trooping in their Sunday best, perhaps conning their Catechism on their way; the young folks loitering behind their elders, or "walking out" together as affianced lovers. Then the merry wedding procession, or the sad funeral train—all these the "Church roads" have seen; and often the succeeding parsons have passed along it with their message to their people. We feel that an idyll lies in these "byeways" different from the stirring history of the busy high road, and we long to know more and feel more the charm that our English byeways have for every thoughtful mind.

"Let townfolk sing the highways
By which the cyclists ride;
We rustics love the byeways
Along the meadows' side,
Through leafy nooks
Where babbling brooks
Towards the swift rivers glide.

"'Tis pleasant on the moorland
The heathery track to trace,
Or from some breezy foreland
The fresh sea-wind to face.
While down below
The high roads go
And motors try their pace.

"Far pleasanter the byeways
Where sweetest wild flowers grow
Than all the well-kept highways
That any tramp can know.
Dame Nature's books
Need quiet looks
Their storied lore to show.

"The stiles through leafy hedges,
The footpaths o'er the leas,
The plank-bridge by the sedges,
The ways among the trees,
They all are dear,
And year by year
They grow in power to please."

H. M. A.

Joey

JOEY was a wee baby and an orphan, and consequently he made a very strong appeal to my sympathies. When I heard his sad story my heart yearned towards him, and I determined to adopt him. I knew little or nothing about babies, but I reflected that there were those near who did, and they would no doubt lend a helping hand if need arose. So in due course I made application to the authorities, and the child was promptly handed over to my charge. He was naturally a little shy at first, but that soon wore off, especially at meal times!

Joey was not a bit greedy—oh, dear, no!—but he liked a lot, and he liked it often—in fact, I think he would have preferred a life made up entirely of feeding-bottles!

His manners, too, left something to be desired, but by dint of much patience and perseverance I at length managed to teach him the difference between the liquid one drank and the liquid one washed one's face in!

I soon came to the conclusion that Joey's parents must have been persons of low degree, for the child was possessed of the most perverted tastes. He actually preferred to take his siestas in the coal-hole, and I had taken such a lot of trouble over his nursery, too.

It really was a bit trying, especially on one or two occasions when I wished to show him off to visitors, and when, on my calling him, he would emerge from his hiding-place looking more like a nigger baby than a pure-bred English one!

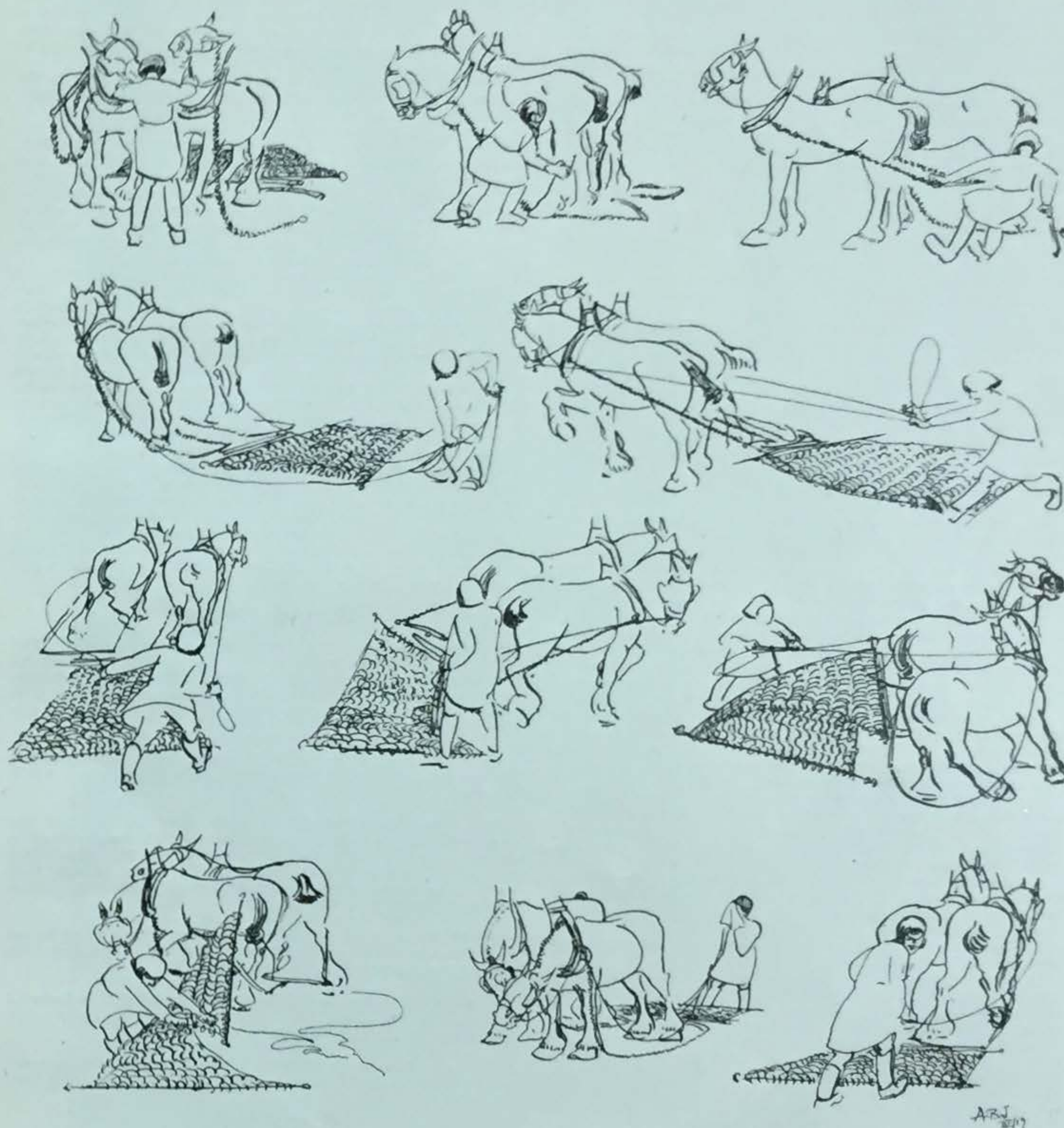
I have since been told that boys are all alike—they can't bear to be clean!—and Joey was no exception. But I soon gave up being unduly worried when I met him with grimy face and coat to match. After all, he was quite happy and contented, and the trusting look on his baby face and all his affectionate ways made up for everything.

It was only in the evening, when my day's work was done, that I could find time to really enjoy Joey. We filled a whole hour with revelry and fun—hide-and-seek, leap-frog, and such-like games we tackled with a will; but what pleased Joey most were races. And, my word, he could run! It took me all my time to keep up with him, and sometimes I had perforce to acknowledge defeat. We usually finished up with a jolly tug-of-war, and then I would take Joey on my knee, and in silence we would watch and enjoy the radiant sunsets. Ah! those were happy days. Alas! that they are no more! For there came a day when the awful truth was thrust upon me—Joey no longer cared for me. Worse than that, he completely ignored my existence, for he had found a new and all-absorbing interest in life—so vital that it blotted out all else, even the memory of all my loving care. If I called his name, he pretended not to have heard; if I tried to go near him, he would walk away. Hurt and indignant, I went and sat apart, and meditated long and sadly on the fickleness and ingratitude of mankind in general, and babies in particular.

Ah, well, Joey! You did not mean to break my heart. You are only a little lambkin, and when you discovered the way to nibble grass and chew your cud, the wonder of it just turned your silly little head for a while—that's all!

M. BARRETT, L.A.A.S.

The Joys of the Land Army



No. 3. Harrowing

L.A.A.S.

The Shorthorn*

THIS breed of cattle is not only the most universally distributed, but it is one that has attained a popularity second to none, both for the grazier and the dairyman. It is, in fact, almost impossible to put a Shorthorn in the wrong place, though it is not a breed of cattle that would thrive on the scanty pasturage of the Highlands in the same manner that hill cattle will do.

The advantages of the Shorthorn are, that it combines a large frame for beef and a well-developed lacteal system, both of which features have been produced through years of selection, in the mating of stock. As to how this variety of cattle originated there is nothing of a reliable nature to show, as it is not until towards the end of the seventeenth century that there is any evidence of the breed.

Gervase Markham, writing in 1695 of the breed of cattle in Yorkshire and Lancashire, says: "They are generally all black of colour, and they whose blackness is purest, and their hairs like velvet, white with black tips; they are of stately shape, big, round, and well huddled together, in every member, short-jointed, and most comely to the eye."

The district of Holderness appears to have been early associated with the Shorthorn, and the cattle of the counties of Durham, Yorkshire, and Northumberland must have played a significant part in the making of the breed. There is no variety of cattle that has received so much attention from breeders as the Shorthorn, and there is not the slightest doubt that the wonderful improvements which have taken place within, say, this last thirty or forty years are mainly due to the enthusiastic manner in which its principal breeders have endeavoured to carry out their ideas as to what an ideal Shorthorn should be like.

It is of interest to note that this "improved" breed of cattle began to come into prominence during Mr. Bakewell's life, during the time that Charles Colling visited him in 1783. About that time short-horned cattle were known as the Teeswater breed, also as Durhams.

According to accounts, the brothers Colling, through the request of Mr. Culley, visited Bakewell, and brought his principles for the improvement of stock back with them. Such improvements, briefly stated, consisted of early maturity, moderate size, and symmetry.

Mr. Thomas Booth began to breed Shorthorns before 1790, whereas Mr. Thomas Bates entered on a twenty-one years' lease of the Halton Cattle farm in 1800. Mr. Booth, apparently, relied chiefly on the male influence when he started his herd, and he purchased stock from Messrs. Colling just in the same manner that Mr. Bates did.

Both Messrs. Booth and Bates established many leading tribes, and as early as 1810 Mr. Bates refused a thousand guineas for a Shorthorn cow called "Duchess," which he purchased at Mr. Charles Colling's sale in 1810. Colonel Townley was another early breeder of repute, and he purchased stock from several sources, but especially from Colling, Booth, and Bates. Sir Charles Knightley, of Fawsley, also began breeding Shorthorns about the year 1826, and he established a herd of Shorthorns of the highest merit. Mr. Bates's herd was dispersed in the year 1850, and subsequently most extraordinary prices were, and still are, paid for Shorthorn cattle of fashionable breeding.

In Scotland the Shorthorn has always been a prime favourite, and there are numerous celebrated breeders of these cattle in that country. Pioneers of the breed in Scotland were General Simpson and Mr. William Robinson, both of whom purchased bulls from Messrs. Colling in 1790.

A name that stands pre-eminent in the history of the Scottish Shorthorn is that of Mr. Cruickshank, Mr. Amos Cruickshank having spent nearly sixty years of his life in Shorthorn breeding. Captain Barclay of Ury, Mr. Marr of Uppermill, and Mr. Duthie of Collynie, are prominent names in connection with the improved Shorthorn of Scotland.

In Scotland, the Shorthorn has become one of the principal breeds, though it is questionable whether, as a beef-producing animal, it equals the Aberdeen Angus, though for general purposes it is certainly better than the last-named breed. Some remarkable prices have recently been paid for Shorthorns at the sales of Scottish breeders, some of these prices being quite phenomenal. A breeder's reputation has to be built upon the show-yard before any attempt can be made towards the realisation of high prices. Once such reputation has been earned there would appear to be very little necessity for continued showing.

Shorthorn cattle are in great demand, and large numbers of pedigree animals are annually exported to Continental and Colonial buyers; in fact, it is a breed of cattle which is most keenly sought after by all classes of purchasers, but the best of these have been from Argentine, where the breed has become well established. From 1903 to 1906, 103 pedigree Shorthorns were exported from Great Britain to South America.

* *Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs.* By F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. Jarrold & Sons. By special permission.

For crossing with other cattle, the Shorthorn has certainly no equal, and this is one reason why there is such a great demand for the breed. Shorthorns vary in their colour, some being pure white, others red, but dun is the most general colour. In Lincolnshire a breed of red Shorthorns exists, but is by no means confined to that county. Too much attention need not be paid to colour, providing that the animal is meritorious in other respects. There are some Shorthorn breeders who are prejudiced against white, and perhaps rightly so, as butchers are never very keen on buying white cattle, believing them to be more subject to tuberculosis. Some of the best Shorthorn cattle have been white, and if the latter be crossed with the red, a brilliant admixture of the two colours usually results.

A Shorthorn bull should be short in the head, broad in the forehead, full in the eyes, with the nostrils full and prominent. The horns ought to be short, slightly curved, and the hair at the base of the horn, as well as on the forehead, should be soft and furry. Neck broad and muscular; shoulders deep and fine; brisket prominent and well let down; the back, the loins, and the quarters should be short and straight, it being a most important matter for a Shorthorn to be level from before to behind—that is, from the withers to the set on of the tail. The animal must be well-ribbed up, especially towards the loins and the hips, both of which must be wide and level. The fore limbs should be short, and broad in the forearms, especially so in a bull.

A lengthy frame and general squareness throughout are requisite points in the beauty of a Shorthorn; in fact, these animals have been bred up to such a high degree of perfection that, when handled, they give the so-called "fine and mellow touch." The general build of the cow is similar to that of a bull, only she is lighter throughout, a remark that is applicable to almost every other breed of cattle. She should exhibit correct Shorthorn character, and have a well-shaped and capacious udder and very prominent milk veins. The best milkers are usually inclined to be spare in flesh—in fact it is almost impossible for a cow to carry much beef and yet yield a large quantity of milk.

The average weight for a steer at three years old is from ninety stone, of eight pounds carcass. Being a hardy variety, Shorthorns should be kept in open as much as possible; in fact, the more cattle are kept out of doors the less one will hear of tuberculosis. Continued inbreeding and close confinement in ill-lighted cattle houses is a most pernicious practice, and one that cannot be too strongly discouraged and condemned, more particularly so with cattle that are required for the dairy and stock purposes.

World News

WE have had a narrow escape from a great disaster. The miners and the transport and the railway workers all threatened to go out on strike together. But the Government got them to meet and discuss their grievances, and now it is hoped that gradually a better spirit will grow up between employer and employed.

The Peace is not signed yet. We cannot help being impatient, but we must remember how difficult it is to reshape a whole continent.

The French have suffered so much from the greed of the Germans that it is said they want to seize German territory in compensation. But the Allies must be firm that they will not do wrong because Germany did wrong, though they must see to it that France has every possible reparation. Reparation, not revenge, is the aim.

The Y.M.C.A. have got a great scheme. They want to set up a Triangle hut in every village in England. And they wish to send round concerts and plays and lectures.

It really is true that ex-service women are going to be included in the Land Settlement Bill. The Land Army was mentioned separately by name in Parliament.

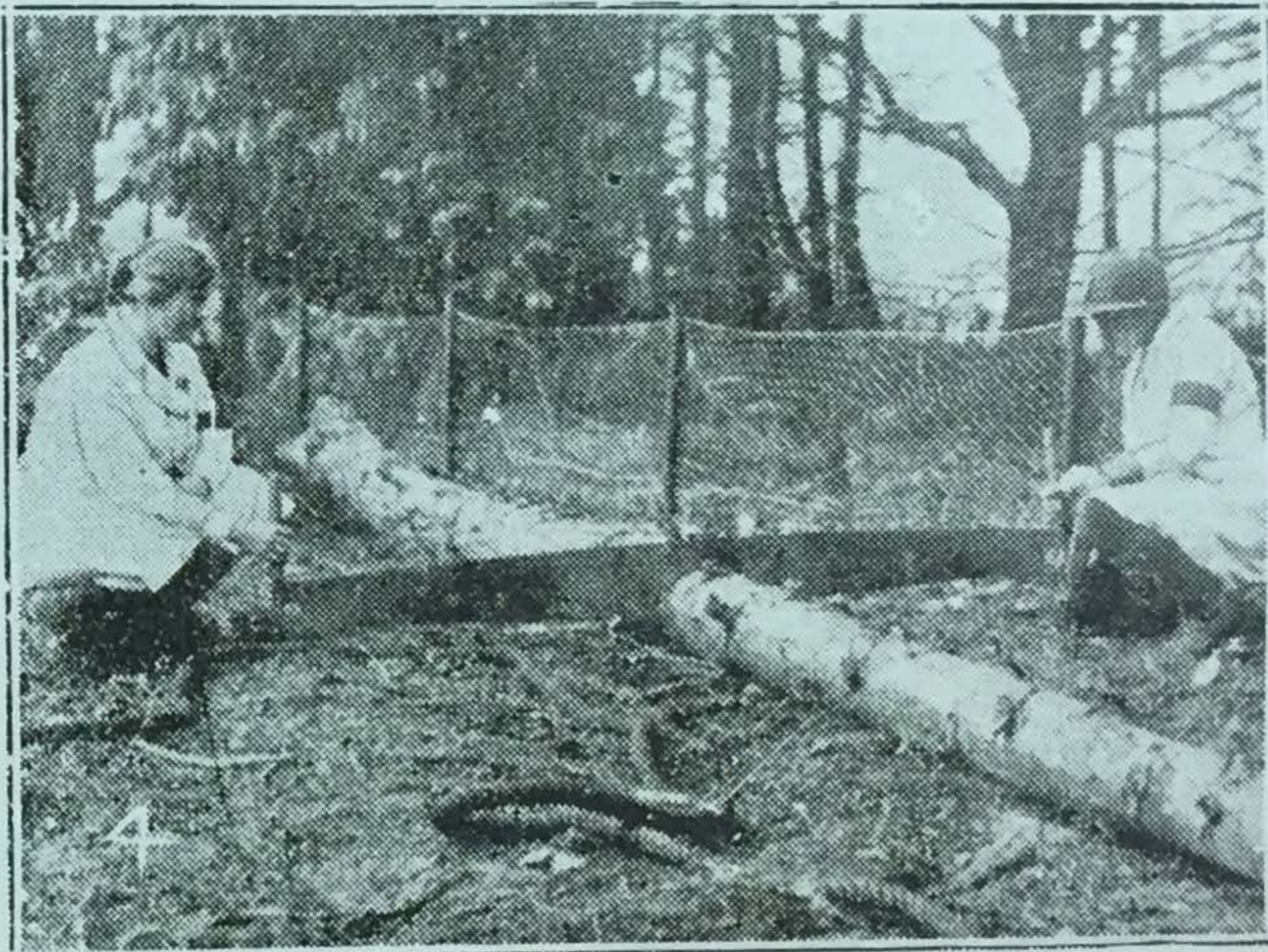
Hundreds of men are volunteering to go out to join the small British force in North Russia. They wish to go and help their comrades.

Knowledge

MEN say they know many things;
But lo! they have taken wings—
The arts and sciences,
And a thousand appliances.
The wind that blows
Is all that anybody knows.

H. D. THOREAU.

Forestry in East Suffolk



East Anglian Daily Times.

COMPETITION

Needlework

First Prize, £3.—Elsie Gilliatt, Lindsey, Lincolnshire, embroidered linen baby's frock.

Crochet Prize, 10/-.—R. Hutton, Warwickshire, strip of fine crochet for cloth.

Consolation Prizes, 5/- each.—W. W. Sampson, Dorset, tray cloth; Lily Harrison, Devon, tray cloth with G.S. Ribbon design in crochet; C. Gorton, West Riding, Yorks, camisole; R. Wills and M. Dodgson, Devon, baby's coat and cap.

Highly Commended.—F. Axton, Kent, tray cloth; D. Watkinson, Notts, camisole; D. Wilkinson, (late) East Suffolk, towel with knitted lace edge; E. Greenfield, Surrey, crochet afternoon cloth; R. Rolfe, West Suffolk, Land Army mascots; M. A. Cook, Gloucester, child's frock; L. M. Bain, Dorset, camisole; S. M. D'Arcy Evans, East Kent, child's frock; S. M. Palk, Dorset, embroidered handkerchief and knitted dolls' clothes; A. Raphael, Glamorgan, crochet lace.

Commended.—M. Smith, Lincs, tray cloth; — Fröhlich, Lincs, crochet; D. Raper, D.S.B., North Riding, Yorks, camisoles; S. M. Carr, Merioneth, camisole; C. M. Roe, Hunts, table centre; M. Howard, Hunts, camisole; H. M. Howell, Denbighshire, camisole; E. Phillips, Denbighshire, tea cosy; L. M. Saunt, Dorset, embroidery; M. Cornwall, Herts, baby's bonnet; B. Shirley, East Kent, satin roses.

Drawing

First Prize, £1.—L. Saunt, Dorset, water-colour drawing, dog's head.

Second Prize, 10/-.—M. E. Long, Hants, pen and ink drawing, shepherd and shepherdess.

Highly Commended.—J. Shipp, D.S.B., West Kent; Buntly Daniel, Lancs; R. Anden, Derby; — Young, E. Sussex; M. Harrison, Glamorgan; P. Pease, East Riding, Yorks; R. Harrison, East Kent; G. J. Dawson, Herefordshire; S. M. Palk, Dorset; J. Gartside, Surrey.

Commended.—D. Howes, Cambs; P. H. Allen, Monmouth; L. Worswick, Leicestershire; A. E. Hedges, Isle of Wight.

Essay

First Prize, £1.—"Carloff," East Sussex.

Second Prize, 10/-.—B. E. Jeffries, Isle of Wight.

Highly Commended.—M. A. Geden, Leicester; C. V. Mitchell, Staffs; M. Woolnorth, Bucks; "Pip," Cumberland; A. Farr, West Sussex.

Commended.—G. M. Salter, Bucks; L. E. Thompson, Woking.

Poetry.

First Prize, £1.—E. Deane, Hants.

Second Prize, 10/-.—Peggy Bellson, Bucks.

Highly Commended.—L. E. Garwood; G. M. Salter, Bucks; Bodge, D. Leechman, Bedford; M. Heward, Cheshire; E. G. Durley, East Kent.

Commended.—"Pip," Cumberland; L. M. Child, Lancs; M. Robeson, Wilts; L. Worswick.

Everybody's Prize, £3

Won by D. Leechman, Bedford.

ESSAY

First Prize: The Night Visitor

IS there anyone who has never woken up at midnight with the sense of something happening? It is a fairly common experience, and yet when it happened to me a short time ago it seemed unnatural.

It was a dark night with no moon, and yet as I lay in my bed the sky seemed to be like silver, though the small room was of unfathomable blackness.

I listened. All was very quiet save for an occasional soft shiver which seemed to pass through the house. You could not call it wind, for it had no breath. I felt uneasy. Was I ill? Was someone else in need of me? What was happening?

Then I felt the presence. It was near me; it was about me; something unutterably calm, yet no human presence. The relief was great, yet I felt still a faint kind of curiosity.

In the stillness of the night the clock struck one. The sound was small, yet clear and of a significance. Had this great presence its touch upon everything near me? I felt curiously elated.

With a start I raised myself in bed, but, coming back to everyday life, I quite suddenly felt cold, and so pulled the bedclothes round about me, and with hardly another thought of my mysterious friend went off to sleep.

The morning was fine when I awoke, but from my bed I could only see the sky—a curious soft grey. It was early, but something drove me out of bed to look out of the window. With a rush all the old feeling of the night came back to me. The presence had not left me—my mysterious friend was everywhere—had come to stay—the snow!

Second Prize:
When the
Swallows Came

IT was a glorious day. Warm and no wind going, and the sky was misty blue. It seemed as though it were of the palest blue, with a veil of grey mist in front of it, and yet the air was so clear. I was in a hollow, unearthing a mangel rick. That in itself is a thing of joy, a riot of gorgeous colourings.

The ground was stretching upwards in a curve till it seemed almost as though I were in the bottom of a bowl.

Part of the ground was freshly ploughed, and part was green with young wheat, with yet another strip in grass. But just opposite me was a strip of copse, not very wide but reaching to the top. There were some pines at the bottom, and everywhere was a carpet of primroses, anemones or wind-flowers, and bluebells. It seemed an ordinary spring day, and yet there was some indefinable thing in the air. Though there was no wind yet, the pines were whispering, and the bluebells and the wind-flowers were nodding excitedly as though something were going to happen. The pigeons were cooing in hushed tones, as though they were afraid to break the spell which hung over everything. Then suddenly, as though they came from another world, over the rim of the bowl they appeared—the first of the swallows, as though acting as scouts, swooping, twisting and turning, darting hither and thither, and yet the main body of them still going straight on, their graceful movements so exquisite, the



Drawing—First Prize—L. SAUNT, L.A.A.S.

RESULTS

pleasure of watching them was almost pain. It made me think of a fleet of battleships moving so surely and regularly across the sky, with the scouts keeping the way clear. Then the sun came out as though to salute them. The swallows passed over the other rim, the sun went in again, and I regretfully turned to the mangel rick to find a lesser pleasure in the colours there.

Poems

First Prize: The Gates of the Soul

I REFUSE the diet of worry
You offer me every day;
I fix my thoughts on the Godhead
And spurn the feet of clay.

I refuse to feed my mind
On the tiny things that pinch—
I have the sun on a crocus
And the song of a finch.

EMMELINE DEANE.

Second Price: Waiting

YOU have not come. All day I've listened;
And at night
Methought I heard you in the scurrying wind.
You have not come. Though the dewdrops glistened
In the dawn
I could not see the glory of the new-born day,
I could not see the brightness of the sun.

You have not come. The weary hours pass by
So slowly,
I can do nought but think of you.
You have not come. And now, as the hours pass by,
I know
You cannot come. And I must face once more
The long, long night, and weary, hopeless dawn.

M. G. B.

New Eyes and New Ears

By Edith Lyttelton.

HAVE you seen the swallows yet?—"White-throated heralds of the coming May."

This description by a poet is not very accurate, because a swallow's throat is not white, though he has a white breast, and if you watch him in flight you will see flashes of white when his blue-black body wheels and turns. You can tell a swallow from a house martin by the long feathers at each side of his tail, but the birds are like each other in colour and in size. It is wonderful to think of the great journeys made by these lovely creatures: flying here from Arabia, Asia Minor, Persia, India, and Africa. I remember once seeing a row of them upon some telegraph wires in British East Africa early in the year; strangely familiar they looked among all the other birds and beasts, which could never be met with under English skies. I tried to tell them how happy it made me to see them, and I said "au revoir till spring in England!"

The swallows will build almost anywhere under a roof or on any projecting masonry. You can see them after rain gathering soft mud from the roads in their bills. They mix the mud with grass and straw and work it into the walls of their nests, which are beautifully built and lined with dry grass and feathers. The nests are always planned with a convenient opening, so that the swallows can fly in and out easily. If you can be still for a time close to a swallow's nest you will see a great deal of their family life, for they are not at all shy or afraid of human beings. The father feed the mother, when she is sitting, very carefully—by the way, most people agree that the swallows pair for life—and when the young birds are hatched the parents both work hard to bring insects and poke them down the throats of the babies. You will hear a great deal of excited chipper going on; then the father or the mother swoops in, judging their distance in

a marvellous way considering the pace at which they come. The young birds are taught good habits: if you watch you will see a little tail poked out of the nest every now and then—for a purpose. In this way the nest is kept clean and sweet, but I wonder how the mother teaches the little ones to be so careful.

People often hardly realise that a swallow can sing both loud and sweet, when in flight and also at rest. Some of the notes are rather harsh and chattering, but others are beautiful, and it is delightful to hear the song from far away, coming nearer and nearer as the swallow approaches.

People used to think that the swallows hid themselves and went to sleep in the winter, but we know now that they fly away to another summer. Sometimes you can see a torpid swallow quite late in the year. A few stay behind, perhaps, to look after a late brood of young ones, for the swallows have at least two families in the year. They are said sometimes to desert their young ones when the time comes to go, if the young birds are not yet fully grown.

Hudson tells a wonderful story about two martins who struggled to get their young ones out of the nest late in October. I wish I could give the whole experience, but it is too long. He says: "Assuredly the young would be abandoned, and that very shortly; the weather was rough and cold and food becoming scarcer each day, and for a month or six weeks the impulse to fly south, the 'mighty breath' which is a powerful language, felt not heard, instructs the fowls of heaven, must have been worrying the brains of those two overworked little martins." The poor small parents worked on and on till at last on November 1st they flew away and in the nest were found two full-grown dead young martins. Hudson goes on: "More observation is wanted, but the case described inclines me to think that so long as the young continue alive and able to emit their hungry cry the parental instinct in the old birds remains dominant and



Drawing—Second Prize—M. E. LONG, L.A.A.S.

holds the migratory impulse in check or abeyance; that only when the insistent cry ceases and the young birds grow old the release comes, and the 'mighty breath' blows upon and bears them away southward irresistibly as a ball of thistledown carried by the air."

Give a welcome to the swallows when they come, they will help you in your work, for they kill many of the insects which might destroy the crops you have helped to sow; watch their magical flight and send your thoughts with them up into the blue sky, down over the meadows, glancing across the water.

Let your spirit listen to "swallow flights of song that dip their wings in tears and fly away."

Appreciation of "The Landswoman"

This is not confined to L.A.A.S. A Village Registrar writes "The magazine is an unfailing joy to me from beginning to end; and even a puppy dog devoured the April number from cover to cover."



THE following incident happened the day following the presentation of the Good Service Ribbons:

Fanny was naturally very proud to be wearing the well-earned badge, which was pinned in the correct style on to the sleeve of her tunic. Whilst feeding the cows this particular evening she was just about to offer a tempting meal to one, when to Fanny's great surprise the animal suddenly took a preference to the highly coloured ribbon and devoured the whole of it, including the safety pin attached. It was, of course, a great trouble to Fanny to lose the badge in that extraordinary manner—whether the cow is troubled likewise is doubtful! The change of diet has not yet proved fatal!

The End of a Perfect Day

FANNY was a Land-girl,
Had served her country well;
In smocks and knickerbockers
Was voted quite a swell.

Her armlet bore a diamond,
The round green badge her hat;
But still she was not satisfied,
And wished to add to that.

So from her work came Fanny
One day to town and bustle,
To receive her G.S. Ribbon
From the Duchess of Newcastle.

It was a thing of beauty,
This badge of green and gold,
A trophy to be proud of,
And treasure when grown old.

So back into the cowshed
She brought her treasure rare,
To show it to the cowman
And all her dumb friends there.

But, oh, alas! old Brindle,
This thing of gold and green
Mistook for a spring buttercup,
And never more 'twas seen.

By a L.A.A.S.

Harrods Farm Outfits

SPECIAL OFFERS!

These Garments are excellently made from strong reliable materials and are cut fully to allow of ample freedom. Those who secure them at these Special Prices will have ample reason for delight with their purchase.

COAT AND BREECHES

as sketch at right (F.O. 416) in strong Bedford cord, drab shade.

Usual Price 49/6

Special Price **39/6**



COAT (F.O. 412) at left,
¾ length, broad ribbed, heavy
Corduroy. Fawn shade. 38 or
40 in. Usually 55/6
Special Price **42/-**

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Usual Price 37/6
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KHAKI LEGGINGS
(F.O. 406) in Showerproof
Double Twill, bound Tan
Leatherette.
Usual Price 10/9
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LONDON SW 1



Some of the entries for the Drawing Competition.

Good Service Badges

THE presentation of Good Service Badges and of a Distinguished Service Bar took place in Nottingham on March 19th. Although a wet day with snow showers at intervals, over a hundred girls were present.

We met in the Women's Club and played games, danced, and generally amused ourselves until it was time to go to the Exchange.

Marching two abreast, we were preceded by a splendid Scouts' band, and in spite of the weather, the pavements were crowded with interested spectators waving and encouraging us as we went.

Arriving at the Exchange, we had half an hour in which to arrange ourselves beneath the raised platform before the Duchess of Newcastle, Mrs. Lyttelton, the Mayor, Mrs. Sherbrooke (chairwoman), and Miss New (organising secretary) arrived.

After a short speech by the Mayor, in which he expressed his appreciation of the work done by the L.A.A.S. of the county, Mrs. Lyttelton, amid loud cheers, presented the Distinguished Service Bar to Kitty Botting. We are very proud of her, and regard her decoration as a great honour to the county.

Mrs. Lyttelton then spoke to us, emphasising the necessity for the continuance of our work, and pointing out the importance of our being the last of the Women's War Services to be demobilised.

The Duchess of Newcastle then addressed us, and presented the Good Service Ribbons. After votes of thanks, we marched back to the club, where we found a most excellent tea provided for us by the Executive Committee.

When we had eaten as many buns and cakes and drunk as much tea as even a land girl can want, Mrs. Sherbrooke told us how proud she was of the Nottinghamshire girls, and the hall rang with cheers for her and Miss New, of whom we are all so fond, and who has always shown us so much kindness.

The day ended with more "ragging," and we at length dispersed, feeling very happy after an eventful day, and cheered up and encouraged to "Carry on."

By a L.A.A.S.

Nottingham

C. Abbot, E. Ainscough, E. Allsopp, D. Ancliffe, R. Baguley, B. Ball, F. J. Breedon, N. B. Bellamy, A. G. Bellamy, A. Birkes, B. Biddles, E. Blount, K. Botting, A. Bradley, M. Brammer, G. Bright, D. Bryer, N. Bryer, N. Burnell, H. Castle, R. Chambers, F. Clapham, F. Chappell, M. Cheetham, V. Christie, A. Clayton, E. M. Cooper, B. Cox, D. Clarke, Edith Davis, W. Dean, K. Douglas, G. Ellerby, H. Farrell, M. Fenton, P. Fergusson, Mrs. A. Fisher, E. Fowler, D. Fairbrother, G. Gent, K. Gibbs, R. Gilbert, L. Guest, A. M. Hall, E. A. G. Hall, Ellen Hall, Lily Hardwick, P. M. Harker, J. M. Harker, Faith Hart, R. Hood, N. Horrigan, F. Huckerby, D. Hughes, R. Hunt, L. H. Hutt, M. Henson, E. Higgins, G. Ingham, M. Jacobs, I. Jervis, K. Jones, M. Knee, L. Kulght, C. Knight, E. Reaney, H. Lee, E. Loman, A. Lowe, E. Lowe, M. Lamming, E. Leach, L. Maslin, Mrs. R. Marsden, H. Mather, M. Metcalf, M. Middup, E. A. Moss, V. Newey, M. Newman, E. Owen, V. Pascoe, M. Poxon, A. Proffitt, G. Pratt, K. Pratt, T. Richardson, Mrs. Richmond, M. Robertson, D. Rowland, F. Salisbury, E. Shipstone, D. M. Smith, Gladys Smith, Mrs. M. Smith, S. Smith, E. M. Simmonds, H. Simpson, C. Spears, M. Stapleton, M. J. Stevenson, A. Southern, E. E. Turner, I. Talbot, E. Talbot, E. Thompson, L. Tyers, W. M. Timms, G. Unwin, M. Vessey, E. Walters, A. Watkinson, D. V. Watkinson, J. Watkinson, Mrs. F. Watson, M. Watts, A. Webb, N. Webster, M. Wheatley, M. A. Wheldon, R. White, G. Wiggington, M. Youngman, N. Davis, D. Garland, R. Golding, H. M. Joyce, E. Whiteley.

Breconshire and Radnorshire

Amy Lloyd, Mrs. Hughes, Annie Pritchard, Louisa Price, Mary Allsopp, Joyce Farmer, Kate Griffiths, Miss Dawson, Miss Hall, Miss Coleman, Lena Williams, Gladys Davies, Eileen Talmage, Beatrice Jones, Lily Amos, Lily Aldridge, Dorothy Saunders, Florence Perry, Ann Slade, Bertha Cobb, Dorothy Pocock, Edith Fairweather, Nelly Lockwood, Mary Pawson, Winnie Brown, May Nye, Alice Gunning, Sarah Hughes, Eileen Sandys Thomas, Olwen Duncan, Nelly Blount, Rose Young, Lillian Trafford, Lily Lovett, Pansy Aldridge, Margaret Mathews, Madge Sier, Margaret Williams, Mary Crook, Edith Powell, Beatrice Barnard, Kate Hanford, Maud Brown, Rache Metcalf, Nessie Lee, Elsie Styant, Lucy Hudson, Mary Crompton, Mary Hemmings, Daisy Hemmings, Mrs. Rump, Nora Cole Hamilton, F. Lewis, Lorna Davis, Lillian Officer, Edith Walker, Lizzie Kinsey, Mary Jones, Mary Williams, Annie Morgan, Kate Clark, Mary Haines.

Northants

C. Filby, M. A. Green, A. Jacklin, D. E. Brown, V. Norman, F. Warner, L. E. Bowd, B. M. Bowd, K. Hoggs, D. Marshall, B. Hunt, G. Gibson, D. O'Kill, D. Newman, R. Frost, D. Norman, L. Wilson.

Somerset

E. Siddall, M. Fey, A. Frost, G. Leyden, L. Battams, R. Dyke, O. Flook, M. Bath.

Cambridge

— Jermy, W. Salisbury, Mrs. Salor, — Rolph.

Cheshire

Nellie Hardman, A. Caldwell, M. Pike, E. Barrett, K. Hughes, B. Brown, Nellie Hope.

Yorkshire (West Riding)

F. Wooding, A. Memmott, A. E. Schofield, C. Gorton, O. Armitage, M. Riley, M. Wellans, E. Moorhouse, C. M. Butterfield, Emily Shepherd, H. Hopkinson, E. Shepherd, G. Fish, G. Wason.

Norfolk

A. M. Lawes, I. Frankland, D. Boothby, E. Alexander, R. Gibbs, M. Robinson, E. B. Curtis, M. Adcock, G. Bacon, A. Claxton, C. Carr, N. Brighton, E. A. Harrop, D. Barnard, G. Killingworth, L. Cousins, M. Hudson, M. Shipley, V. C. Walters, E. Ingram, M. Nye, H. Tuthill, G. Curtis, M. Durrant, F. Miller, E. Robinson, P. Athey, H. Barnes, R. A. Barnes, C. Bright, E. J. Cooper, Mrs. Dodman, B. English, M. Falcon, bridge, C. M. Glasspool, M. E. Male, F. Medlar, A. Money, A. Yaxley, M. Yaxley, — Bagleton, E. M. V. Sago, G. A. Smart, L. L. Alcock, M. Bright, D. C. Baker, E. M. Bales, M. L. Bennett, R. Codling, N. Parke, E. Powley, J. Parker.

Isle of Wight

The District Representative of East Wight (Mrs. Perrott) arranged a very successful social at the Town Hall, Ryde, on March 29th, when 21 members of the Land Army received the coveted Good Service Ribbon from the hands of Mrs. Coode, pioneer of women's land work in the Island. Dr. Tugwell (chairman of the W.W.A.C.) and Mrs. Coode gave excellent addresses, after which dancing and games were much enjoyed. Mrs. Dudgeon, the indefatigable Group Leader, was one of the recipients. Twelve workers in other districts have received the Good Service Ribbon.

Winners of Good Service Ribbons.

Mrs. L. Bridle, L. Brooker, Mrs. M. Dudgeon, Mrs. Guy, K. Guy, E. M. Guy, K. Haire, Mrs. Mitchell, K. Munns, E. Munns, E. Reason, F. Rogers, M. B. M. Smith, A. Stewart, K. Stretch, E. Scott, Mrs. Thornton, M. Tarpey, A. White, M. Wheatley, N. Wavell.

Cornwall

E. Adams, A. Z. Banbury, L. Burleigh, D. Butcher, E. M. Carlyon, F. Carlyon, M. Collett, V. Coombes, E. Comerford, S. J. Dewings, C. Eva, J. Ellis, M. I. Elliott, E. M. Hancock, F. R. Harris, E. M. Hosking, L. Hooper, J. A. Hoskin, N. Husband, — Langmaid, P. G. Marshall, A. Morcum, F. M. Nicholas, J. Perryman, C. A. Peters, A. Scown, A. J. Salisbury, G. Simmonds, M. Sobey, M. Smith, E. W. Spry, M. Stutton, R. Tregenza, G. Trethowen, E. Varcoe, M. B. Verran, F. M. Verran, B. A. Vinson.

Denbighshire

J. M. Bailey, A. M. Barker, A. Bramwell, Lillian Byker, Dora Cave, Elsie Davies, Gwen Davies, Louie Davies, S. J. Davies, Violet Davies, Jennie Evans, Nellie Foley, M. Fairfield, Rachel Gaffey, M. Godwin, M. E. Gregory, M. E. Griffith, Mary Hall, Julia Harnott, Lucy Hill, May Holden, Roberta Hughes, Marion Hunt, J. Hurrell, A. Jackson, G. Jamieson, G. Johnson, A. G. Jones, Delta Jones, Dilys Jones, Elizabeth Kearney, Ella Lee, B. Miller, Eveleen Morris, G. H. Moxon, E. Nicholson, N. Nicholson, Annie North, S. Northwood, Elizabeth Owen, Edith Phillips, Lavinia Phillips, Laura Price, Winnie Richards, Dorothy Roberts, Hilda Roberts, Lily Roberts, Gwen Rogers, Ellen Rowlands, B. M. Simpson, May Stokes, Annie Swain, F. M. Swann, J. C. Swann, Bridget Walsh, Blodwen Williams, Hannah Williams, M. L. Williams, Myfanwy Williams.

Northumberland

Isa Nesbit, Janet Sabourn, Coral Caird, Mary Dobson, Mary Graham, Dora Richardson, Jessie Clapperton, Phyllis Hogg, Dorothy Scott, Gertrude Harwood, Margaret Clelland, Marjorie Brown, Winifred Wilson, Jenny Hetherington, Jean Henney, Aida Farrar, Maria Grieves, Winnie Stanley, Edith Marley, Hilda Tully, Marion Crompton.

Wiltshire

Betty Arlett, K. M. Bailey, Beatrice Windo.

North Riding, Yorkshire

H. Arnison, A. Blythman, L. Beaumont, M. Cadman, F. Ferguson, F. Guy, E. Hartley, J. Johnson, M. Keers, M. Lock, J. McCrystal, M. Scott, P. Thompson, R. Whitlock, M. Woodhall.

Hampshire

E. Arthur, L. Andrews, N. Adams, S. Armstrong, A. Bird, O. Bailey, E. Bond, A. Butler, E. Benham, E. Boltho, M. Bailey, A. Balchin, D. Barrett, I. Blake, A. Burgess, E. Burgess, N. Bond, D. Boxall, E. Bragg, H. Brunton, K. Carter, K. Challis, F. Cooper, Mrs. M. Crocker, S. Carter, F. Clark, E. Crisp, L. Coleman, R. Clark, E. Cox, E. Cowdery, M. Digby, H. Daniels, R. Ditam, D. Davis, M. Deverell, F. E. Downer, G. Dowdell, D. Ecton, D. Ellis, E. Englefield, G. Francis, M. Ford, A. Fudge, V. Foster, M. Gibbons, F. Gregory, E. Guile, F. Gardiner, J. Grant, S. Hulcoop, M. Hulcoop, H. Harrison, L. Hutchins, G. Houghton, L. House, L. Johnson, K. Jeffery, E. Jones, E. Johnson, M. Jones, E. Johnstone, B. Ings, E. Irwin, I. Kent, M. Kirby, L. Knight, H. Knight, E. J. Knight, H. Knight, B. Lawes, V. Lawes, M. Langdon, E. Litchfield, I. Langman, L. Lock, G. Loveless, E. Lucas, M. Marsh, G. Mintrum, D. Mist, E. Offer, Mrs. Osman, M. Over, M. Owen, O. Paluter, M. Palmer, E. Parker, M. Pearson, D. Petty, L. Petty, E. Pond, A. Pope, H. Potter, A. Quennell, C. Rake, A. Ransom, M. Rainey, A. Reeve, A. Reeves, A. Rogers, E. Rush, D. Sankey, I. Scoore, B. Shier, L. Sins, I. Tancock, K. Thorne, A. Taylor, K. Waterman, M. Webb, E. Wigmore, C. Williams, G. Williams, C. Willment, A. Wingham, R. Windsor, C. Yielding.

Isle of Ely

M. Russell, F. Mundy, B. Green, L. Godfrey, L. Midwinter, L. Smith, C. Slade, L. Harper.

Carnarvonshire

Mrs. Gertrude Thompson, Mrs. Margaret Geck, Gwen Pritchard, Mary Davies, Jennie Roberts, Hannah Hughes, Nellie Hughes, Jessie Thomas, Martha Thomas, M. J. Jones, Katie Perkins, Florence Herridge, Hannah Owen, Minnie Jones, A. J. Owen, S. J. Greene, Kate Thomas, L. M. Moore, Mrs. Dorothy Owen, Cissie Cassidy, Hilda Roberts, Elizabeth Kench, Amelia Jones, Lily Thomas, Mary Edwards, Mrs. Walker, Lillian Webb, Edith Stocker, Cecilia Moran, Eva Carrick, Polly Allen, Meta Wharton, Annie Billingham.

Ash, Wrotham, Kent.

ON Friday, March 14th, we had a splendid party in Ash Parish Room. The village registrar and other ladies kindly made delicious cakes and other magnificent fare for our tea.

I must mention the nature of the party. It was held in honour of the Women's Land Army girls now working in Ash. Old scholars from Ash School now engaged in agricultural work, were invited, and many ladies honoured us by being present.

It was a delightful party of smiling lads and lasses who sat to partake of the bounteous tea. After everybody had satisfied their wants the room was prepared for games.

"Musical chairs" provided excellent sport, and breathless excitement ensued when only two persons were left to fight for one chair. "Blind man's buff" was another sporting feature and proved very amusing. Other games of various natures were played, all of which contributed to the making of a jolly evening, and when we ended a joyous time every guest was full of admiration for the charming time so splendidly enjoyed.

Our warmest thanks go out to everyone who so kindly helped to provide our party, and our deepest gratitude will be long felt as we look back with admiration on the self-denial and kind thoughts of those who were so happy doing all in their power for our pleasure.

Hampshire

ON January 12th Mrs. Chute gave a Land Army party at the Owyne to all L.A.A.s in the Basingstoke district, including the girls at the Hill House W.L.A. Training Centre. There were forty-one girls present. Some of them bicycled and some came in carts kindly lent by their farmers, the first party arriving just after 2.30.

They were welcomed by Mrs. Chute, Miss Waller, the Welfare Superior, Miss Wolmer White, who had supervised the training of most of the girls present when they were at Hill House; also Miss Rawstone, who assisted her part of last summer. The girls were shown over the house, including the beautiful chapel, and some of the old and interesting rooms, which they enjoyed very much.

At 4.45 they had a splendid tea in the dining room, where the tables looked charming, decorated with flowers and crackers.

The girls then sang songs, carols from the Christmas LANDSWOMAN (a copy of which had been given to each girl), and recited, Miss Woodward and Miss Webb, aided by a dummy horse, gave a most amusing sketch.

Somewhat later in the month similar parties were given by Mrs. Rawstone at Roche Court, for the girls in the Fareham District, and by Miss Woolmer White, at Southleigh Park, for the girls in the Havant district, and were much appreciated.

Draper's Ladies' FIELD BOOT For Land Workers

25/- Carriage Paid.

We have a special permit from the Director of Raw Materials to continue the manufacture of our well-known ladies' "Field" Boot with its high uppers—made originally for farmers' wives and daughters—and to sell them to women who are engaged in national work on the land.

Further, to those who have never seen this famous model we make the following special offer. Simply send us your full name and address and we will send a sample boot for your personal inspection and fitting, on four days' free approval.

SEND NO MONEY until you have seen the boot for yourself, then, and only then, if you are satisfied remit the 25/- and the fellow boot will be sent at once. On the other hand, return the boot to us carefully packed and be free from obligation.

This popular model for country wear has withstood the most severe test in the hardest weather, and is universally recognised as the finest "bad weather" hard wearing boot obtainable. At our "All British" FACTORY price you will make a distinct gain in both money and quality.



Single Sample
Boot sent on
Free Approval
for Four days.

Carriage
Paid to
your door

25/-

SPECIFICATION

Stock No. 1236.

The uppers are of a magnificent quality of hide—smooth, stout, and exceedingly pliable. Its durability is extraordinary, and the stitching and workmanship throughout are of equally high grade. The "leg" is high cut as illustrated, there is a watertight bellows tongue reaching above lace holes, leather lined quarter, carefully machine-stitched and well reinforced—enabling it to resist heavy strain. "Field cut" pattern, with adjustable straps as illustrated. The soles and heels are of extra stout solid leather of the very best quality, nailed flush with steel slugs, which enormously increases the "life" of the sole.

Stocked in all usual Ladies' sizes, full fitting only.
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Illustrated Catalogue Free on receipt of a post card.

ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.

(Dept. L-W) "All-British" Works, Northampton.

A Hill-Top Farm

A. Mary Aglionby

I HAVE not worked consecutively on the same farm—I must plead to being something of a rolling stone. Though it gathers no moss, the rolling stone gleams certain other things, in the shape of varied experiences, and the opportunity of comparing methods in different farms and counties, which its mossy and infinitely more worthy and dutiful brethren miss.

I left one farm rather hurriedly, though, I feel bound to add, I gave notice, and then went as a "temporary" to a small farm badly in need of help for the hay harvest. It is of my experiences in this little out-of-the-way corner of Herefordshire that I propose to write, and I think there are not many such isolated and ungetatable spots in this England of to-day. Beyond the hoot of the motor, for the simple reason that there is no road, not even a cart track, and hence no need to shoe the farm horses, this little farm stands 500 feet above sea level, just below the crest of a long ridge of hills, from which one sees east to the Malvern Hills, sweeping round south by the Cotswolds to the entire range of the Black Mountains, west; truly, a magnificent view, hard to equal, and impossible to beat, in England. I can divulge no more as to its whereabouts; wild horses would not drag from me its name, for, now the war is over—well, one has one's dreams, and one does not want to find a kind of hill-top Margate!

My arrival was not a thing I shall easily forget. I travel wisely now, and arrive *with* my bath, having had sufficient experience of bathing in a couple of washing basins, or the one and only wash-tub of the household, with a suspicion of the remains of dinner floating on the bath water, to solve the problem by bringing my bath with me. During my journey it becomes converted into a box, wherein I pack the few, very few, things which the land worker really needs. On this occasion my bath was perched jauntily in the front of the float, and Jerry stowed away under the seat, while I set off later on my bicycle, carrying about me various belongings which I had forgotten to pack, or to which the bath refused admittance.

I reached the village and enquired the way to my farm. "Straight up the hill," I was told, and up I started. It was a grind. The road was bad, and the day hot, and I found myself making a mental note of in future selecting a farm at the bottom of the hill rather than the top. At each turning to right or left I enquired the way, hoping possibly I might have mounted high enough up the hill, but each time was met with the same curt "straight on up the hill." At last I came to a gate across the road, and beyond, a cottage. After which the road ended abruptly. I knocked at the door and enquired for the farm. "Straight on up the hill" came the now familiar formula. "But," I queried, "where's the road? It seems to stop here!"

"There be no road," was the cheerful response. "You keep straight up the hill, you can't miss it when you get there. There's no one else lives up there."

So there, up among the bracken and the boulders, beyond that dim line of fir trees, I was to spend the next two months! What an adventure! I lifted my bicycle bodily over a small ravine and began the most strenuous half hour of my life.

I soon wished that I had not forgotten to pack so many things, or indeed, that I had not remembered that I had forgotten them. My oilskin, Jerry's brush, some precious dog biscuits, a bundle of laundry, my Panama hat—they all added weight. I staggered on, now hauling the bicycle over grassy hummocks, now hoisting it up boulders, then pushing, and plodding slowly, with frequent rests and pauses. "Good heavens!" I thought, "have they ever seen a bicycle in this benighted spot, and do they ever come down off their hill, when it means this, before they can get home?"

I was making for the line of fir trees. At the side was a gate. I pushed through. I had arrived! Here was my farm. A field of mangolds, which I came to know only too well, stretched up to the crest of the hill on my right; on the left, twenty miles away, across a landscape dotted with farmsteads, orchards, hayfields, and white ribbons of roads, the Malvern Hills. The wind blew fresh and sweet, and as I looked I forgot the last half hour. Not many minutes later I was making my introductions in the farm-house kitchen.

The family were having tea, the last meal proper of the day, my jovial farmer at the head of the table, the boys, Maggie, the little sister, and Amy, "the girl who came in to help," seated round, and "Ma'am" busy between table and stove, replenishing empty plates pushed towards her with fried potatoes, filling up cups, cutting and buttering slabs of bread, having a watchful eye on the sugar basin and jam jar, and generally keeping the pot boiling in more senses than one.

Such a scraping of chairs and hob-nail boots, as room was made for me at the table, and an ominous silence took the place

of the lively chatter that superseded my arrival, while four curious pairs of eyes apparently devoured my every movement. It was Ma'am who took charge of the situation, and set the ball rolling once more.

"There, now," she said, briskly, "you'll be hungry after that climb, I'll warrant! Mind the bacon to your head, miss. I've a bit of tater hot for you on the stove—Maggie, don't stare, child, Johnny, take your elbows off the table. Pass your Dad's cup, Jonathan— Well, miss, you'll find this a bit different from London town; they do say that be where you come from!"

I started a few reminiscences of my native spot, and the family still hung on my words in almost embarrassing concentration. I then mentioned that I had been working since the spring on Mr. S.'s farm, some five miles away. The effect was instantaneous. I was peppered with questions.

"Be they milkin' that heifer what they pumped in oxygen to?" enquired the eldest boy, an overgrown youth of seventeen whom I found was "cowman."

"Oh, yes," I replied; "she is giving a gallon and half a day."

"There be a turrible lot o' squitch in that field they be drillin' swedes in," quoth the younger boy wisely. He was aged fourteen, and carried on his youthful shoulders the responsibilities of the job of waggoner. Even my "boss" could not forbear to ask tentatively:

"They do say as S. lost fifty pounds on they strawberries of his'n, after that last tempest?"

By the end of the meal I felt that the ice was broken and, for my part, was quite content at the prospect of working and living in this little self-contained and self-reliant community.

The family evinced much consternation that I had brought my bicycle up to the farm.

"There now!" said Ma'am, "I should 'a told you. No one ever brings their bicycles up here. We keeps them with Mrs. Stokes, first house at the bottom of the hill. My! but that must have been a job!"

I shall always regard it myself as one of the feats of my life, but could have wished they had told me before instead of afterwards, of Mrs. Stokes's amiability in the matter of housing bicycles.

As far as I could make out, all the male members of the household seemed to answer to the name of John, or one of its variations. Even the collie was Jack. I appealed to Ma'am for enlightenment.

"What are the boys' names?" I asked. "I think I am getting rather mixed up with them."

"He be Jonathan," she answered, nodding to the slouching figure of her eldest, "and he be John, the littlest."

"And what's your husband's name, then?"

"Oh, he be John, too," she replied, with some surprise.

"But surely you get them muddled sometimes?"

"Why no. You see, Jonathan, he be Jonathan, and John, be Johnnie, and then John, he always knows when I be speakin' to him. His father was John, and his grandfather. A kind of family name, you see, miss. No, there's no trouble about their names."

On the third day after my arrival, the farmer fell ill with rheumatic fever, his sixth attack, and that left John, Jonathan, and myself to cope with the working of a hundred-acre farm at the busy season of the year, the clover ripe for cutting, six acres to be broken up and prepared for swede drilling, the dirtiest crop of mangolds it has ever been my misfortune to work on, besides the care of all the stock, including six cows in milk, and young calves to suckle.

Strange to say, there was no garden at the farm; they depend on the generosity of their neighbours at the bottom of the hill for garden produce and were seldom wanting. But the serious point was the lack of fruit; no orchard, and hence no cider. Cider is the curse of the West country farmer; if you cannot provide cider you cannot get a man to work for you. For this reason the hill top farm had been without regular hired labour for many a long day, and they were glad to apply to the Women's Land Army for extra help for the busy season.

John was a wonderfully capable little waggoner for his years. He was a farmer to the backbone and cheerfully toiled early and late for sheer love of the work.

"I think us can get a bout in afore you goes to milk, if us tackles up now," he would say, laying his spoon down the moment he had finished dinner. It was useless to plead with John for ten minutes easy for digestive purposes.

"Aye, but the work won't bide, however," he would say, in that whimsical, old fashioned manner of his that I loved to hear. Jonathan, on the other hand, was beginning to kick against the pricks.

"I be gettin' fair fed oop with this old hill," he would grumble, kicking off his boots and lying back in the easy chair in the chimney corner.

The brothers, therefore, did not always see eye to eye in matters, and without the restraining influence of their paternal

relative their disagreements of opinion more often than not ended in active measures.

However, with much advice and caution from the sick room, we carried on as best we could. The six acres for swedes was scuffled and harrowed, the dreadful patch of weeds and mangolds gradually assumed a more hopeful appearance, and then one day Bert arrived. Bert was a young gentleman of leisure. He was understood to have made a small fortune out of mole-trapping the previous winter, and put in a little work now and then as the spirit moved him. He agreed to come for a week or two to help us, and with his advent my anxieties increased. As it was, I played, with indifferent success, the rôle of mediator between John and Jonathan. The addition of Bert taxed my capabilities to breaking point. I must admit that Bert had provocation. When the brothers held together he was faced by circumstances to obey orders, and the most menial tasks fell to his lot. But when, as was more often the case, the brothers fell out, Bert diplomatically sided with the strongest party, and stepped into the shoes (and job) of the beaten antagonist, whereupon all the tact and flattery of the mediator was needed to prevent the third party from "downing tools" and going home to sulk.

Meantime, Ma'am carried on bravely at home. Her man to nurse day and night, cooking, washing, baking, churning, all the farm-house routine was kept going, and Ma'am's kindly eyes never failed to smile, and her brisk cheerfulness never diminished. Her eagerness to make me comfortable was almost touching. The white table-cloth appeared on the table at every meal, and, from the naive and outspoken comment of the family, more dishes and plates, etc., were used at meals than had ever been the case before.

"Tisn't what you be used to," Ma'am would apologise; "but we be clean and honest folk."

My daily cold bath was a never failing source of wonder to the household, as I took my bucket up over night. I remember the first time I diffidently asked Ma'am if a little hot water would be possible.

"To be sure," she answered. "You shall have every kettle on the fire, miss, and," she added, as an afterthought, "if you wouldn't mind when you be quite finished, just popping the water outside the door, and Maggie can have a hot bath too."

Of course I complied, and, on the morrow, Maggie, with shining countenance and alry pride, announced that she had had "a hot bath all over!" After that Maggie's and my hot baths always synchronised!

Warwickshire—Presentation of Good Conduct Badges to the Land Army Girls

MRS. THROCKMORTON was "at home" for the above presentation in the Town Hall, Alcester (with the kind permission of the High Bailiff). Lady Ernle, wife of the President of the Board of Agriculture, presented the badges.

Mrs. Throckmorton introduced Lady Ernle, and said:

"Lady Ernle, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I had hoped that Lady Ilkeston, the Chairman of our Warwickshire Woman's War Agricultural Committee, and Miss Surr, the organising secretary, would have been able to have been present to-day, but unfortunately there is an efficiency test in Warwick, which it was absolutely necessary that they should attend.

"We are very fortunate in having Lady Ernle with us. No one, of course, has been more interested in Agriculture than Lord Ernle, whose connection with it began long before the war. During the war his efforts have been untiring.

"Lady Ernle, naturally, has shared Lord Ernle's interest, but, as well as this, she has been for years deeply interested in all Women's Movements; therefore the combination in the Woman's Agricultural Committee appeals particularly to her, and makes it very appropriate that she should present these badges to-day to those who have earned them so splendidly.

"I shall now ask Lady Ernle to address you and afterwards to present the badges."

Lady Ernle said it always gave her great pleasure to talk to the girls of the Land Army, because when she looked back to the dark days of 1917, when they were near the terrible form of defeat which starvation would have brought upon us—when the Germans were sinking our ships day by day, when the War Office was, of necessity, taking thousands of young men from the land, she knew that the President of the Board of Agriculture would never forget how gallantly the Girls of the Land Army had come to the front and faced hardships, shocking weather and small wages, and she had no hesitation in saying that these girls had helped to save the Empire, and as they were part of the fighting force, so she looked upon them as part of the Army of Occupation now. The men could not be brought back till their task was done, and until then the girls were wanted as much as ever, to plough and sow and lift the crops. Lady Ernle also said she had heard from Headquarters how much the work of the Women's Land Army was appreciated, and she wished to tell them that a special clause would be introduced into the new Bill for putting soldiers on the land, giving the women the same facilities for acquiring land as the soldiers will be given.

Lady Ernle then said a few words on the necessity for taking themselves and their work seriously, and pointed out how discipline led to efficiency, and how their comfortable and becoming uniform helped to keep them together, and how the fact of their working together and under due supervision had no doubt raised the status of women workers on the land all over the country.

Lady Ernle presented the badges.

A vote of thanks to Lady Ernle was proposed by the Rev. A. Chapman, and seconded by Mrs. Riddell.

The following are the names of the Land Army Girls who for their good work received badges:

Misses E. Kirby, Marie Evans, Ellen Franklin, Ida Harper, Lillian Horne-man, Ruth Hutton, D. M. Irons, F. R. Perry, Alice Sharpe, Florence Jones.

YOUR 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.		TUBES.
Dunlop Roadster		
B.E.	16/3	5/9
W.O.	15/-	
Warwick Roadster		
B.E.	13/3	4/6
W.O.	12/-	

Dunlop "Midget" Outfits 9d. each.
Dunlop "Long" Outfits 10d. each.

Dunlop





DEAR GIRLS.—Competitions has been the keynote of all the excitement this month. There were hundreds of entries, and the work of acknowledging them and tabulating them and generally looking after them has kept the office busy.

On the afternoon when the judging committee was to meet and decide the prizewinners, the office was cleared of all its dusty old papers and was turned into a delightful exhibition of needlework and drawings. The bowls of real Devonshire Land Army daffodils which adorned the tables encouraged the London sun to shine through the windows, till Spring herself seemed to walk into the room. The committee of judges consisted of the Director, the Deputy Director, all heads of sections of the Headquarters staff and representatives of the London Press. I told you it would be difficult to choose, and it was, and I, who knew the particular difficulties which each competitor had had to overcome, found it more difficult than the others to make up my mind which entry most deserved the prize. The needlework was particularly good, and we were all filled with admiration at the delightful results which had been achieved by hands roughened with land work, and eyes working by lamp or candlelight.

We found it impossible to judge the needlework and crochet together, so it was decided to give a separate prize for crochet, and several consolation prizes to some of the entries which were so good that they could not possibly be left out. I have long ago ceased to marvel at the literary talent of the Land Army, but the essays and poetry sent in this time were better than ever, and I hope to print in some future issue several of them which did not gain prizes.

The little Land Army mascots sent by Rose Rolfe amused everybody, and I never saw anything neater than the undressed one, which Rose thoughtfully included in the family, just to show me how they were made. They were sent as a free gift to the Editor, and in any case I am afraid Rose would not have got many of them back, as they were coveted by lots of people, including the representative of *The Times* newspaper.

Everyone fell in love, too, with the little baby's coat and cap, knitted by R. Wills and M. Dodgson, which are to be returned as quickly as possible, as they are destined for the shepherd's new baby! All the needlework is now packed up and sent home, and I was very sorry to part with some of the things made by our wonderful girls, under conditions not of the easiest.

SHOPPING CLUB.—I should like to draw the special attention of all girls interested in poultry to that wonderfully informative book of Mr. Powell Owen's—*Poultry Keeping on Money-Making Lines*. Since the war started I have been busy on other things, but before that I spent a great deal of my time amongst my hens and their chicks; and while I was reading this book the other day all the old interest revived, and I sent hurried postcards in all directions to try and get hold of some chicks and ducklings before the season is too late. When I get back to my poultry runs Mr. Owen's book will live in my pocket. Don't forget that the advertisements in *THE LANDSWOMAN* are always carefully chosen with a view to their usefulness from the land girl's point of view. I know how much you make use of them, and I often tell our advertisers how invaluable to an isolated land girl is the advertisement of the very article which she wants, and cannot get at the village general shop. Of course I am here to go and buy anything for you, but I am sure that your orders will always receive immediate attention if you remind the advertiser that you are a reader of *THE LANDSWOMAN*.

We have been busy shopping this month all sorts of things, which we have sent in all sorts of directions, and I am never so happy as when I am doing landswoman shopping, provided I am successful in getting what you want. L. U. is going to be married some day soon, and is busy getting her trousseau together, so patterns of undies have been in great demand. B. P., a very great friend of mine, was distressed because her new brown boots were so stained. I suggested washing them, and she tells me that they now look just like new.

SEWING CLUB.—Everyone is making jumpers nowadays, and by the kindness of *Home Chat* we are able to reproduce this month a charming design with full instructions how to make it.

Required: No. 6 needles (two pairs, but you will only actually need three needles). About one pound 4-ply fingering, for medium sized figure, bust 36 inches. This is quite a loose jumper, so it will fit practically any figure.

Cast on 120 stitches. Knit 25 rows of 2 purl, 2 plain. Then knit 18 inches of plain knitting, always slipping the first stitch to make the edges even.

Divide these stitches equally on to two needles, and go on knitting those on one needle only.

Increase the first row (not neck end) 1 stitch every fourth row till you have added 8 stitches, always increasing on the last stitch but one. After this, cast on 60 stitches—this is the beginning of the sleeve—knit 2 plain rows, then decrease neck end 1 stitch every sixth row 8 times. Knit 2 plain rows.

Then do the other side in the same manner.

Join up the two sides, casting on 2 stitches in the middle. You will need to use three needles here, as there are too many stitches to go comfortably on two. Then knit 52 plain rows right across.

This finishes the sleeves.

Cast off the sleeves (60 stitches each side), and continue the back, decreasing either side 1 stitch every fourth row 8 times. Continue the back till it is as long as the front, finishing off with 25 rows of 2 purl, 2 plain.

For the cuffs, pick up 42 stitches from the end of the sleeves, and knit 2 purl, 2 plain for just as long as you like. If you want the cuffs to turn back, you must make them at least 6 inches.

Then join the whole thing up.

I have crocheted four rows of coloured wool all round the neck of mine, as it was rather too low, and have covered a small wooden ball with the wool, too. This looks so pretty, and very professional, and makes such a nice finish. If you haven't a wooden ball, make a hard one of paper and wind a little wool round to keep the paper together.

The belt is merely a narrow strip of plain knitting, and can be as long as you want it.

If for a small person, or if you knit loosely, you may not need quite so many stitches, and six stitches may be enough to increase and decrease instead of eight.

The little diagram shows you what the jumper should look like after the knitting is finished, and before the sides are joined up.

If you are knitting with SPORTS wool, which is thicker than 4-ply fingering, and easier to obtain, you will require 1½ lb. of wool, but will only need to cast on 100 stitches for small size, and 110 for medium-sized figure, and only 56 stitches for the sleeves.

For imitation silk jerseys, 120 stitches should be cast on, and real silk only 110 stitches are necessary for the straight jumper.



The Collar.



COMPETITIONS.—Several readers of THE LANDSWOMAN, Land Army girls themselves, have recently sent contributions towards the prize fund, and it is due to their generosity that we have been able to give consolation prizes, etc., for the needlework competition.

This month a farmer has offered a prize of one guinea to the land worker who has been on one farm for the longest period on May 1st, 1919. This farmer realises that the girl who is most useful on a farm is the one who settles down and really helps the cause of food production by remaining in one place instead of moving about. Competitors, who need not have been L.A.A.S. all the time they have been on the land, but must be members of the Land Army on May 1st, 1919, should send their names to the Organising Secretary in the county in which they are working, together with the date on which they took up their present employment.

The splendid response to the February competition has made me realise more than ever that THE LANDSWOMAN is certainly the link which binds us all together. We are all members of a great big family working for our common mother England in every part of the country, and we so seldom see each other that it almost seems at times to some of us as if we are quite alone, with no one to care whether we work well or not. But once a month we meet round the family table of THE LANDSWOMAN, and tell each other all that we have done during the past four weeks, and wish each other luck for our next month's work.

No matter where we are working, Cumberland or Cornwall, Durham, Denbigh or Devon, once a month we are all reading the same little paper with its yellow cover, perhaps hunting feverishly through the G.S. Ribbon lists to see if our name is there, or longing for the day when our photograph shall appear in THE LANDSWOMAN portrait gallery. So you see how important it is that every land girl should be a regular subscriber to the Magazine, so that she may not be absent from our delightful monthly parties or leave a gap in the perfect circle of our LANDSWOMAN readers.

What splendid looking girls our land girls are. At various Rallies lately the majority have been over 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and a photograph of a Lancashire group won a £5 prize offered by the *Weekly Telegraph* for groups of War Workers!

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

Exchange Column

Second-hand khaki overcoat wanted, medium size. Willing to pay 25s. to 30s.—E. Rowe, c/o Organising Secretary, Crescent House, Bury St. Edmund's.

Zambrene cavalry coat: absolutely waterproof. Used for five months by Welfare Officer. Medium size. £3.—Miss Johnston, St. Christopher's College, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Will anyone who does fancy needlework communicate with Miss Ulrech Deardley, Harewood, Leeds?

Second-hand lady's bicycle wanted.—Write D. Goodall, Skidmore Farm, Lee, Romsey.

Miss Palk, St. Andrew's, Bridport, will sell any article in knittings. Stockings a speciality. Hand-painting on any fabric and parchment lamp and candle shades. Beadwork in latest novelties. Motifs and hair bands. Prices on application.

Landworker seeks a partner—educated woman, about 30, preferred—to start in small way on the land. Must be keen, energetic, experienced. Labour expenses and profits shared equally.—B. L., 9, Prospect Place, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Wanted.—Cheap second-hand furniture for landworker's cottage containing one bedroom and kitchen. Also deck chairs, gardening and carpentering tools in good condition.—Miss L., Gallops Farm, Plumpton, Sussex.

For Sale.—New side-saddle riding habit. Navy blue, rain-proof, well cut. Height, 5 ft. 9 in. Five guineas. Also four unworn cotton nightdresses, same size, hand-made. On approval.—Miss L., Gallops Farm, Plumpton, Sussex.

Isabel Browne, Park Lane, Earls Colne, Essex, would be glad to correspond with any girl who can give her hints on soft cheese making.



At Lincoln on April 2nd Good Service Ribbons were presented to 81 L.A.A.S. in the Y.W.C.A. room by Mrs. Hicks, the wife of the Bishop of Lincoln. Mrs. Quirk and Mrs. Hughes addressed the girls, who afterwards marched down to the restaurant, where a splendid luncheon was served. In the afternoon they attended a free cinema performance, and ended a perfect day with tea at the Lincoln Headquarters.

FOR 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 5 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.

YOUNG Housemaid wanted at once for Blackheath. Liberal wages and outings; uniform provided; four in family; three maids and gardener kept.—Hughes, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.

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

GREAT BARGAIN—For Sale, new khaki Bedford Cord tunic and breeches, 50/-; puttees 9/- extra; strong boots, size 7.—B. G., Briggens, Ware.

ADVERTISER would like to try a new scheme for a Country House in Derbyshire. WANTED five keen, capable girls (ladies preferred), not necessarily trained, to run the Hall entirely; Cook Housekeeper, Parlourmaid, Housemaid, Kitchenmaid, Laundress. They would live in a seven-roomed house a few yards from Hall, with electric light and all conveniences. The farms and garden will be run by ladies too. One lady and two gentlemen in family. Valeting for all three required. Apply P.O.G., Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

WANTED to purchase, or lease, genuine Elizabethan or Tudor residence, with 5 to 10 acres of garden and orchard, and containing 5 reception rooms and 12 bedrooms. The house must stand on high ground with good views and be not more than 1½ miles from station, and within 1 hour's journey from town.—Hughes, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

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.

G.S. Ribbons

Bucks

E. Adams, L. Adams, A. Adkins, E. Aldous, G. Anderson, E. Avery, E. Bacon, F. Bayliss, D. Ball, F. Barnacle, E. Bates, E. Bedford, N. Berry, W. C. Berryman, E. Betteridge, A. Betts, E. Betts, Mrs. A. Bird, A. Bishop, D. Bissell, E. Biswell, E. Blake, A. Blowfield, K. Bonson, E. Booth, F. Botterill, N. Bowyer, I. Boyce, D. Brazil, B. Brooker, E. Brooks, A. M. Brown, K. Buckingham, K. Bull, C. Burrell, A. Basby, F. Butler, — Billson, M. Cannon, M. Carew, E. Cato, E. Catt, E. Chappell, F. Chapman, J. Chapman, M. Church, N. Claridge, D. Clayton, E. Clifford, E. Colyer, C. R. Cooper, D. Cooper, C. M. Cooper, A. M. Coulter, E. L. Coulton, F. Cousins, G. Covington, I. Cummings, V. Cuylitts, M. Dashper, A. W. Davidson, M. P. Davis, D. Dawson, D. D'Elboux, D. Dell, M. Demeyer, R. Demeyer, J. Devereux, A. Devine, A. Dillon, N. Downham, C. Douse, W. Druett, L. Drury, L. Edwards, G. Evans, M. K. Evans, E. Farley, F. Fielding, A. Flitney, L. Forrest, A. Fountain, Mrs. W. Gardiner, C. Gatesman, A. Gent, L. George, M. Gibbs, M. Gibson, F. Goodall, D. Green, E. Gregory, A. Griffen, E. Griffiths, R. Hale, B. Hales, M. Hall, P. Halsey, D. Harris, F. Haynes, D. Healey, E. Hewlitt, F. Hickson, G. Higgs, D. Hiscock, M. Hollands, B. Hoare, E. Hollis, N. Hollis, C. Holmes, M. Holyfield, Mrs. Holyfield, A. Howard, W. Humphries, Mrs. Hunter, V. Hutton, Mrs. Jess, E. Johnson, F. Jones, W. Jones, Mrs. Judge, L. Keely, V. Keely, F. Keen, L. Keen, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. King, A. Linel, K. Lively, J. Manson, E. Mason, W. A. Mead, N. Miller, L. Mooney, Mrs. K. Morris, G. Mothersole, E. Mothersole, I. Mortlock, A. Muir, D. Munckton, M. Musgrave, E. M. Nash, E. M. Nash, K. Nelson, L. Nix, A. O'Donoghue, L. Orhard, R. Oswick, S. Otley, L. Page, R. Payne, A. Pearce, F. Philpot, I. Pile, J. Pitcher, V. A. Pitney, A. Porter, Mrs. B. Pratt, K. Prime, G. Puddephat, M. Reynolds, R. Richardson, R. Rickard, G. Rickard, E. Rose, E. Ruskin, D. Sargent, H. Sheffield, Mrs. Simons, M. Small, D. Smith, M. Smith, E. Smith, Mildred Smith, W. Soper, Mrs. Sparks, E. Spillman, Mrs. Stallwood, M. Starkey, E. Stimpson, C. Stone, Mrs. Stowe, D. Street, B. Suckling, G. Thornton, B. Tipper, N. Tomlin, Mrs. Tongue, Mrs. Turner, M. Underwood, B. Uff, E. Waite, A. Walker, A. Waring, G. Warren, E. West, S. West, A. Weston, A. White, E. Wicks, K. Wilkins, L. Wilkins, G. Wilkins, F. Wilkinson, W. Wilkinson, A. Willard, K. Willett, B. Woodbridge, E. Woodgate, G. Woodley, M. Wollnoth, L. Wright, A. Yewen.

Tractor Girls.

B. Boyce, J. Butler, M. Cox, A. Dann, Mrs. Flint, L. Hewlitt, E. Horne, B. Jermyn, E. Jenkins, G. Jones, W. Ingle, V. Palmer, N. Pannell, W. Ridge, N. Robinson, — Salliss, K. Sprague, — Stanward, R. Till, L. Whitley, A. Wilford.
Released Girls who received Good Service Ribbons, March 22nd.
B. Adams, A. Ansell, D. Ashenden, L. Bloomfield, L. Bowler,

E. Bridger, E. Brooks, E. Buckingham, G. Copp, L. Croft, A. Dredge, H. Marcus, D. Hayman, D. Horlock, E. Howell, E. King, E. Mason, S. Newton, F. Peters, R. Price, J. Rand, I. Reed, E. Stokes, F. Surman, M. Titchener, M. Woodcock, E. Fenn, K. Hogarth.

E. Kent

Threshers (Forewomen).

Draper, B. Arnold, Peagram, Wedd, Webb, Stevens, G. B. Smith, K. Lindsay (D.S.B.), Waters, Blower, Salter, Storey, Anderson, M. Wall, Durley, Hudson, Mrs. Bailey, Fraser, L. Ardrey, M. Alexander, B. Dearden, Folbigg, N. Le Mar, Imms, Turner, Holmes, Franklin, Beal, Gubbins, Middleton, Rackham, Dawkins, Mrs. Glass, I. Ardrey, Lawrence, Chambers, K. Igglesden, Geary, Greene, Welham, Wade, Plaster, Stoten, L. Dearden, E. Brading, Osman.

Threshing Girls.

Willmott, Thomas, Stapleton, C. Arnold, Mutley, Tillotson, Beecroft, Evans, Shinkwin, Grant, Jeanes, Ashcroft, Holle, Howell, Nelson, Coker, V. Jones, Dagby, Harvey, Longman, Holness, Culling, Beales, Pitson, Abbot, Fitton, Chiffens, Briggs, Hawkins, Prattle, James, Cross, Meek, Hodgemann, J. Jones, R. O'Hara, Thundercliff, Hope, Lucas, Mayes, Knott, Barker, Marshall, Bishop, Collins, Russell, Sole, Hillier, Forrest, Masters, Mummery, Cornwall, A. Kennett, Baker, Handley, Barrett, Saunders, Simson, Goodwin, Dickerson, Rye, Lynch, Jordan, I. Smith, Knight, Millatt, Francis, Procter, Hart, Hall (S.S.R.), Roberts, G. White, Arthur, Hill, Scriven, Tucker, Stockdale, Foote, Lewis, D. Nunn, Power, Bradfield, Collard, Addison, Tester, Shelton, Poole, M. Thomas, Catterall, Mrs. Plant, Packer, Evans, Whincup, F. Osman.

Farm Girls.

Mrs. Cornelius, Mrs. Cork, E. Gepp, D. Whorlow, L. M. Collins, L. Woodhams, E. E. Holle, E. Holle, E. Holyer, A. Spencer, E. Pay, — Quedsted, D. Masters, E. Sharpe, M. Styles, K. Carey, M. Carey, W. Lane, V. Lucas, F. Bray, M. Payne, F. England, A. Packman, C. Benson, D. Wanstall, E. Roberts, V. Philpot, L. Gaylor, L. Cooper Smith, D. Bellars, E. M. May, W. Benham, N. Arnold, M. Griggs, D. Reeve, M. Butler, E. Gomme, G. McLeay, F. West, O. Carter, D. Fitzgerald, K. Maloney, E. Willis, C. Wise, C. Morris, E. E. Morris, A. Davies, N. Crawford, G. Mocket, M. Woodhams, — Nelson, Mrs. Helmore, L. Raines, — Fricker, D. Harwood, D. Barham, M. Simmonite, E. Bunting, R. Harrison, G. M. Smythe, A. E. Cooper, E. M. Dodd, K. G. Mitchell, M. King, M. Unwin, A. O'Connell, M. Lobb, F. Axton, M. Morgan, — Lawler, C. Knapman, K. Goldsmith, E. Foard, F. Deacon, E. Back, W. Marriot, — Kerney, H. Bennet, E. Breeds, — Fowle, — Apps, G. Williams, Mrs. Munday, — Fitt, D. M. Pearce, Mrs. Burton, S. West.

Tractor Drivers.

K. Bex, — Garnet (D.S.B.), — Orr, E. L. Greene, — Grand, — Corke, V. Chitty, M. Rope, — Worthington (D.S.B.), I. Gaston, — Howe.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

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

CHAPTER XVII.

CECILIA PLANS A PARTY.

THE Judge's words about human relationships sank deep into Cecilia's mind. She felt that he had gently pointed out to her where she failed to live up to his ideal, and it came to her with force how much she wanted to be all that he thought fine and womanly. He was right about the price she had to pay for her self-absorption. In the first place, she had shut herself up to escape people, and later she had shut herself in with a few chosen ones, saying, "Begone!" to all the world besides.

Her thoughts drifted back to the old days of the studios, the friendships lightly made there, and as lightly dropped again. They were days she hated to look back upon now, since the wonderful peace of Hillcrest had descended upon her; but the Judge had awakened her from her apathy and pointed out the way. In her anxiety to please him she sent her rebellious thoughts back to these old companions of hers, and their life in "the Quarter" as they called it. The whole motley crowd came trooping before her mind's eye. There was a girl named Sally Waterman, whom everybody loved and looked after. She had come up from the country to learn to paint, and for years, in spite of hardships, she had stuck to her brush, in her uninspired way, although all the painters in town told her it was useless, she could never paint. Poor, dogged little "Sally Waters," as they called her, what had become of her? Cecilia wondered.

Then there was a brilliant erratic creature named Nita Scarlotti, Italian born, a genius, and a foredoomed failure. When she was in the mood she painted wonderfully, but she worked only when stern necessity wielded a cudgel. She was a radical, a socialist, and a reformer. "What is is never right, and must be changed," was her motto. Unmoral she was, uncontrolled, and yet there was never a soul in the Quarter too low, too poor, too desperate for Scarlotti's pity and help. Once Sally Waters fell ill, and as usual had no money, so Scarlotti took her in, and worked like a slave to support her for months.

There was Hilda Fulstrom, the Norwegian girl who was becoming famous, and Nora Gallahan, with her merry Irish tongue. There was Arnold Gaines, the socialist journalist, and Jimmy Bronson, who modelled cleverly. Scarlotti had found him starving somewhere and brought him home to the Quarter, since when he had been her bond slave. There was Allwyn, sensitive, almost too fragile for this work-a-day world, trying to sell exquisite poem plays in a day of commercialised drama and sordid theatrical ideals. They all crowded back upon her, with their good points and their bad, and she remembered how ready their hands had been to give her a lift where a lift was needed.

Suddenly she had an inspiration. The day after she had begun her work at the Judge's house a cheque and a deposit book came to her, with a card from the Judge saying that if she would deposit the cheque at the bank the sum would be subject to her use. She had protested to the Judge without any effect, and as he would not take the things back, she had stuck them away in a jar on the mantelpiece and forgotten all about them. She was so used to discounting the need of money that the possession of this sum did not seem to interest her.

But here was a use for it; she would indorse the cheque according to the Judge's directions and send it to Scarlotti to use in the Quarter. For a moment her heart quite thrilled at the thought of what such a sum, in the hands of Scarlotti, would mean to the Quarter. Then it came over her that this was all flim-flam, an easy way to salve her conscience.

It was Sunday morning, and she went out on her doorstep and looked off over the water, and it flashed into her mind all at once what that view would mean to the Quarter, what it had meant to her a year ago. That was something she could give them. She could ask them all out to share with her the quiet loveliness of the country, and let them find something of the peace that had come to her.

She marched off to Hillcrest at once, where she found the Judge and Saxton deep in the Sunday papers. She outlined her scheme to them and they were enthusiastic. The Judge offered the house and grounds, and Saxton offered his entire resources, personal and otherwise, to make the proposed outing a success.

"It is splendid of you," he said, "and how they will enjoy it." "Don't get a wrong impression of it," Cecilia said. "If I had been really unselfish I would have thought of it long ago. I never bothered a thing about them until the Judge said something that opened my eyes."

"I said something?" the Judge inquired.

"Yes. You said that it was only in our human relationships that we were worthless or of import. If you hadn't said that, and if you hadn't given me all that money for the joy of doing your library walls, I should not have bothered my head about the Quarter. I should have forgotten how much they used to do for me."

The Judge laughed. "You are one of the most serious-minded people I ever met. Under some conditions you would have been a hide-bound Puritan."

"As it is I'm a Pagan!" she smiled back. "I'm going over to ask Anne and Bobby to help me. I'm obliged to you two."

"I'll come along," said Saxton.

"No, thanks, I don't want you," said Cecilia in reply.

The Judge had to smile at Saxton's rueful face. "Still she has her burrs, our Cecilia, but how she grows within! The field of her spirit lies rich and fallow; we must be careful what seeds we let fall there."

Saxton paced to and fro without replying, while the Judge forgot his paper and sat looking off into space.

Meanwhile Cecilia explained her idea to the Barretts, and they agreed gladly to help her. She was deeply touched at their ready friendliness; it gave her a new feeling of the dear place she held in their hearts. Her own clamped with a sort of terror at loosing the old turbulent elements of her life into this new one. Then she hated herself for her meanness. Here were these people ready to welcome the Quarter into their homes, and give hospitality to strangers, and she was niggardly of her friendship for her old companions.

"I'd like to tell you something about the Quarter and all of them, if you'd care to hear," Cecilia said, after they had talked over the plans.

"That's the idea; let's hear about our guests, so we can make them have a good time," Richard added.

They sat about on the porch, in the big chairs and hammocks, Cecilia in the midst, and in her swift, picturesque way she set them down in the midst of the Quarter. She sketched in its physical outline its narrow streets and high, old-fashioned buildings. It had been at one time a fashionable dwelling district, and the old houses and improvised flat buildings still retained a certain dingy elegance. She made her audience feel the humour, the tragedy, the farce, the sordidness, and the pathetic quality of the Quarter.

Then she marched the leading characters in, like people in a play; she told about their successes and their failures; the loves and hates that grew and died there. She made them thrill with the hand-to-hand conflict that went on there, in which the artist almost inevitably stood to lose, because existence with us is a practical thing, and we make little provision for those who would transcribe for us its beauty. When she finished there was a long, appreciative silence.

"That's great! I'm crazy to meet them; I want to help to make them have the time of their lives," said Saxton.

"They're awfully hot in their views—political views and all. I hope you won't be offended at them. You see, they hate people with money and leisure, and they aren't fair to them."

"Then they won't mind Omar and Bobby and me—we're poor enough to make a distinct hit."

"I want them to see how fair you all are; that's what I couldn't believe at first."

"What a pity that all God's creatures can't speak the same language, and understand one another better. Live and let live is such a fair agreement, and so few of us are so willing to subscribe to it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PICNIC.

THE gods were good to Cecilia, and August 24th, the day set for her party, was a rare late summer day. The guests were to arrive under Richard's direction on the ten-thirty, so that they might make a long day of it in the country. The station bus was to drive them to Hillcrest, and everything was arranged with care and comfort for their pleasure.

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When the ten-thirty pulled in, Richard appeared and helped off the ladies. Scarlotti first, and Nora and Hilda and Sally Waters, and then came Jimmy and Arnold Gaines and Allwyn and several others new to the Quarter since she left it. They fell upon her with abandon, as if they had seen her yesterday, with a childish delight in the frolic she had planned for them. When Cecilia had greeted them all, she introduced Saxton and Bobby, and ushered them all into the bus.

Scarlotti took Cecilia aside and explained that a friend whom she had expected to bring out with her had lost the train, and she would wait for the next one, and see if he came out on it. Cecilia promised to have the Judge's man drive over after the lost friend and hustled Scarlotti in with the others.

"We've missed you in the Quarter," said Arnold Gaines. "The cause is gaining ground—we are getting converts through the Trades Unions."

"That's good."

Arrived at Hillcrest, they swarmed about the Lodge, where Anne stood to receive them. She met each one with just the right greeting, and put them at their ease at once.

"Now, *mes amis*," said Cecilia, "we have not made any plans for you. The whole place is entirely at your disposal. Judge Carteret has said that we may go anywhere, and do what we please."

"Judge Carteret? Peter Carteret?" inquired Gaines.

"Yes, this is his place: the Barretts and I are his neighbours. It is through his kindness that I am able to have you out here," she added.

"You are hobnobbing with high society these days," said Scarlotti, and Cecilia flushed hotly.

"Judge Carteret isn't 'high society,' he is just one of us."

"One of us? Not on your life," said Gaines.

Anne and Richard and Mrs. O'Brien appeared, and announced that it was time to lay the table under the trees, so they all helped to get the luncheon spread. The others strolled in, a few at a time, and one o'clock found them sitting about eating like so many hungry bears.

Afterwards the men lounged on the grass smoking, and the talk turned to the Quarter, exhibits, awards, prizes, the newcomers in the schools; and they talked of Soul. "As if it were a breakfast food," so Richard said. Gaines got started on the Rights of the People, and finally, in spite of Cecilia's efforts, they got to the Crossroads murder, and the wrongs of Capital against Labour. They all believed Conrad to be a martyr, offering his life for the cause of Labour; and Gaines said that if he should be convicted of murder, Judge Carteret ought to be made to suffer for it.

"Judge Carteret doesn't convict him, the jury does that;

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and you can take my word for it, Judge Peter Carteret would do what he thought right if he had to pay for it a thousand times."

"I hear he's been offered ten thousand dollars by the Steel Trust to get the three men convicted, to give them a club to hold over the Unions."

"That's a lie—a false, wicked lie," Cecilia cried.

"Bravo!" Gaines said. "Our gracious hostess wishes to give the devil his due."

After that outburst the talk drifted to more impersonal subjects, and shortly Cecilia led them over to the big house to show them her studio and the murals. The discussion of the theme she had chosen, and her treatment of it, kept them busy for an hour or so, and then they broke into groups again, and wandered into the woods.

Cecilia expected the Judge to appear any moment, so she excused herself from joining them. She wished the Judge might be detained and not come. Now that she had heard her old friends talk she realised how useless it was to expect them to understand him. She remembered how unfair her own judgment of him had been a few months before. How big his impersonality seemed beside the little passionate fury of these others! He was a builder, they were only destroyers.

She ran over to the Lodge to speak to Mrs. O'Brien, and when she came back to the big house she went to the library a moment; and at the door she stopped, struck motionless by the sight that met her eyes. Scarlotti was on a couch, and leaning toward her was a man, evidently the belated friend. As they became conscious of Cecilia, he rose and faced her.

"You! Not you!" Cecilia whispered.

(To be continued.)

Bucks Rally and Presentation of Good Service Badges

INTERESTING and picturesque scenes were witnessed in the streets of Aylesbury on Saturday afternoon on the occasion of a rally in connection with the Bucks Women's Land Army. Over 200 of the landswomen who had been awarded badges for good service assembled from all parts of the county, and they presented a smart and businesslike appearance in their slouch hats, smocks and breeches. There was also a good muster of women tractor drivers in their serviceable khaki uniforms. Many of the girls were of splendid physique, and most of them looked the picture of health. They gathered in the afternoon at the Town Hall, where the badges they had earned were presented to them by the Lady Susan Trueman, in the absence of the Marquis of Lincolnshire.



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After the presentation of the ribbons Miss Talbot gave a stirring address to the girls, and Miss Pott and Lady Susan Trueman also spoke.

Rally at Canterbury

ON Saturday, March 15th, a most pleasing ceremony took place in the beautiful old dining hall of St. Augustine's College, when Miss Meriel Talbot, Director-General of the Women's Branch of the Food Production Department, presented three Distinguished Service Bars and 240 Good Service Ribbons to members of the Women's Land Army.

The day was one of the sunniest possible, and the girls, with their tanned faces and well-knit figures, so splendidly set off by the smart uniform of the Land Army, were the highest possible tribute to the healthful work they were engaged in.

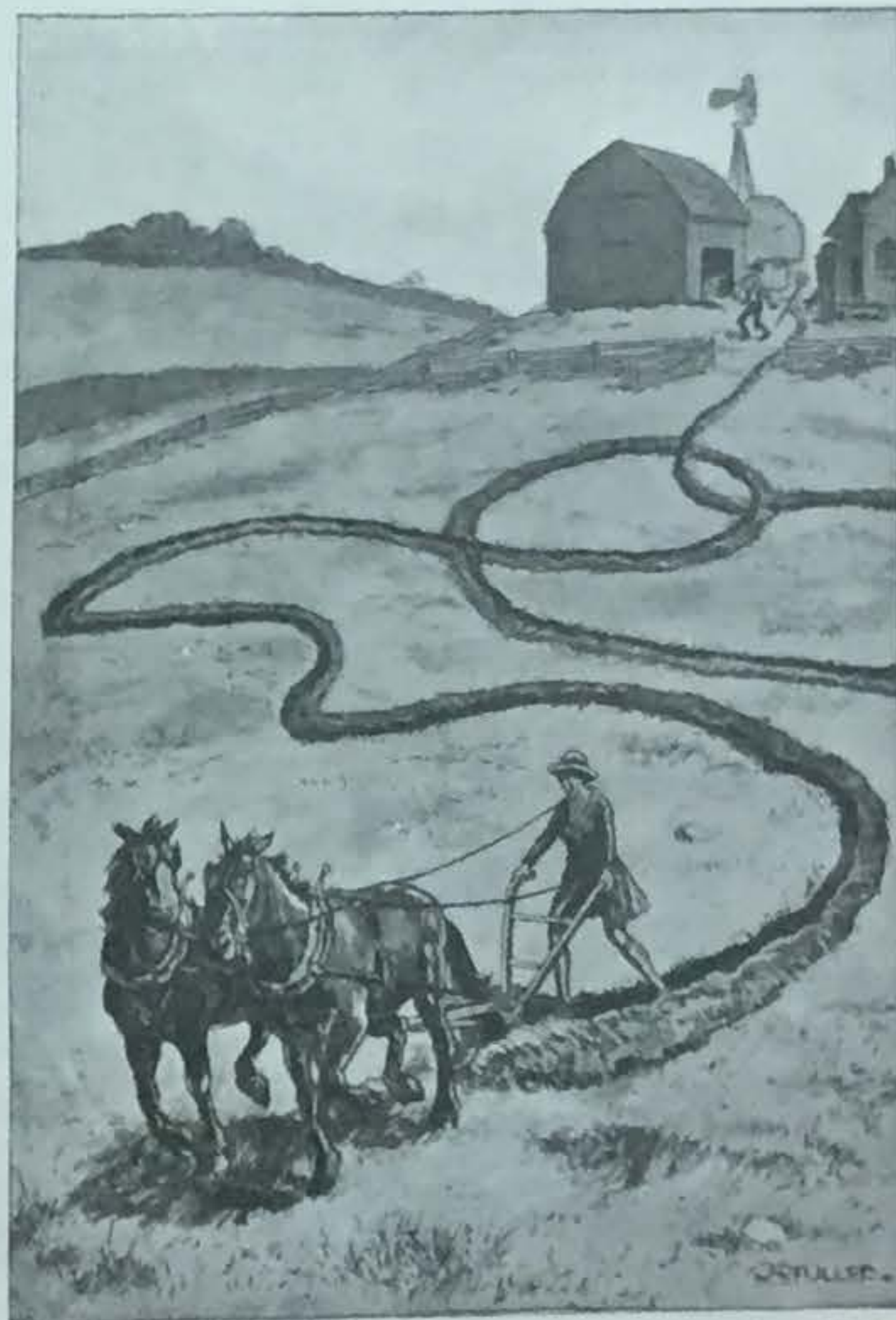
The Hon. Mrs. Rice, Chairman of the East Kent Women's War Agricultural Committee, presided.

Mrs. Rice, in introducing Miss Talbot, welcomed the girls to St. Augustine's, and spoke of the very important part they had taken in helping to win the war.

Miss Talbot, in a very able and interesting speech, said that at the beginning of the war women had had to contend with many difficulties, chiefly in trying to break down natural prejudices on the part of the farmers, but that now the Women's Land Army was one of the most famous bodies of people not only in England but in other countries as well. In London she had had interviews with and letters from Japanese, Americans, French and Italians. She had two little Japanese Ministers in her office the other day, and she only hoped they understood a little more of what she said to them than she understood of what they said to her. But these ministers were so greatly interested in the Women's Land Army that they had insisted on taking away a sample armlet and badge and any literature she had got, and in order to satisfy them as to what a Land Army woman looked like, she had summoned Mrs. Hughes, Editor of THE LANDSWOMAN, who was always in uniform.

Miss Talbot then presented Distinguished Service Bars to the Misses Worthington, Garnett and Kate Lindsay, and expressed the great pleasure it gave her to be able to present this high award to three East Kent girls.

On the conclusion of the presentation ceremony, votes of thanks to Miss Talbot, Mrs. Rice, and various helpers were proposed by the Rt. Hon. Lord Northbourne, Bishop Knight, Mr. Stephen Swinford and Mrs. Prentice, in all of which mention was made of the splendid work done by the Women's Land Army in East Kent.



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Miss KITTY BOTTING.—For exceptional courage in rescuing a fellow landworker from a boar which was attacking her. Botting held the boar down with a fork while Burnell got away, and she undoubtedly owes her life to Botting's presence of mind and courage.



Miss FLORRIE DOBSON.—Announced in March number.



Miss MARY GARNETT and Miss WINIFRED WORTHINGTON.—For splendid records in ploughing. Both these girls ploughed more acres with the use of less petrol than any man similarly employed.

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