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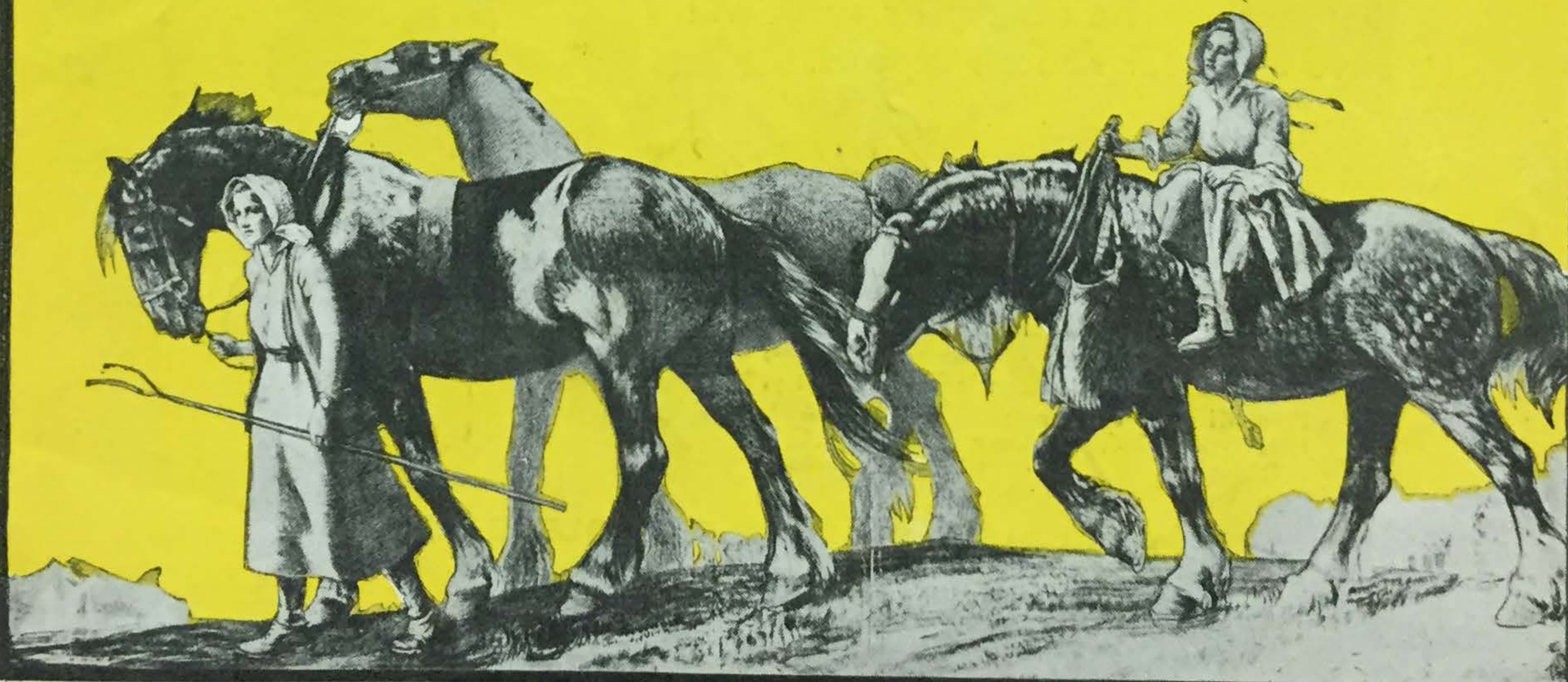
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Land Settlement for L.A.A.S.

LAND ARMY girls who intend to remain on the land after the demobilisation of the Land Army, and it is to be hoped there will be a great many, are no doubt beginning to think they would like to know "all about it."

Most members of the Land Army have heard by now that the Board of Agriculture has decided that the same advantages are to be given to the ex-Land Army girl as to the ex-soldier or sailor, both in the way of providing land and cottages and in making loans of capital where necessary for stocking and equipment.

The Bill at present before the House of Commons asking for these facilities has not yet been passed by Parliament and become an "Act of Parliament"—and until this has been done many of the details of the Land Settlement Scheme cannot be finally decided upon. Intending settlers should realise this and know that in a big scheme of this kind a certain



The Sower (from Millet's famous picture)

[Daily News.]

The future is in the hands of the woman;
What will she sow?

amount of waiting is inevitable, but they should also realise that the Board of Agriculture is doing all in its power to fulfil its promise to ex-service men and women *as quickly as possible*. We should all remember that the getting of really suitable land for small holdings, and the building of cottages is not an easy matter like going out to buy a new hat or a pair of boots!

Even after the land is found and bought it is not often possible to get possession of it for perhaps a year afterwards. Then, the cottages do not exist at present, they have yet to be built, and with the great shortage of building materials this cannot be done now so quickly as it might have been before the war.

All these difficulties, which naturally mean delay, must be got over before the actual settlement of the Land Army begins. In the meantime all those who like farm life and wish to remain in it permanently should decide *now* which of the three different ways suggested by the Board they wish to go in for. These are:—

(1) As a paid labourer with a cottage. The L.A.A.S. may continue to work as a paid labourer at a weekly wage for any farmer who is willing to engage her. If her work seems likely to be for any length of time in that particular place she may apply to the County Council for a cottage with a holding of an acre or two, for which she will pay rent in the ordinary way. Two friends might share a cottage holding and make some extra money in their spare time by the cultivation of the holding and the keeping of small livestock, or a pig. Any woman, or two women together, who decide that they would like to live in this way should have enough money to furnish the cottage and to buy equipment and stock for the holding. For this a sum of from £30-£40 at least would be required.

(2) As a worker on a Profit-Sharing Farm. Any suitable selected L.A.A.S. may join one of the Board's profit-sharing farms. On these farms the workers will earn the ordinary weekly local wage and *in addition* to their wages, at the end of the year, they will receive a share of the profits of the farm. The amount of profits earned will depend to a great extent on the amount of good work and energy put in by all the workers. Here again any worker or group of workers may apply for a cottage and garden which she or they can cultivate in their spare time. Probably those who do not wish for cottages will all live together in a hostel. If a cottage is applied for, the same amount of capital for furniture, etc., will be required as in No. 1, but for those who prefer to live in the hostel no capital will be required. On a Profit-Sharing Farm or Colony all workers will have the opportunity of earning more than on an ordinary farm, and it will be a good plan for women who have not enough experience and capital for a holding of their own, to start in this way, in order to gain experience and save some money to enable them later, in their turn, to have small holdings of their own.

(3) As Small Holders. Either as individual small holders under the County Councils or as members of one of the Board's Small Holding Co-operative Colonies. The size of the small holdings may vary from five to fifty acres according to the requirements and capital of the applicant. Each small

holding colony will be managed by a director who will be a practical agriculturalist, and who will be able to give to any settler expert advice and assistance as to the management of his or her holding. In addition to this expert advice it is hoped to arrange that all buying and selling required by the settlers shall be done through a co-operative society—so that all settlers shall be able to concentrate all their energies on producing every ounce of food they can for their own use and for sale.

For those who wish to become small holders working for themselves the minimum amount of capital required will be about £150. It must always be remembered that in addition to having capital for stock and equipment there is the furnishing of the cottage and the necessity for having a sum of money sufficient to cover the cost of living during the first year, when little or nothing can be expected from the holding.

For the present moment all that can be done is for each L.A.A.S. to decide what she wants to do and to let her County Organising Secretary know. After that the County Organiser, in conjunction with the Women's Committee, will see the applicants and go through their records while they have been in the Land Army. If the Committee is satisfied the Secretary will inform the Board of Agriculture, with whom will rest the final decision as to whether the applicant is suitable for admission to the Land Settlement Scheme. If this is so the applicant will be informed in due course when she can take up the form of settlement for which she has applied. Owing to the difficulties already mentioned, however, it will probably be a year before the bulk of the applicants can be arranged for, although a small number may be able to join one or other of the Profit-Sharing Colonies this year.

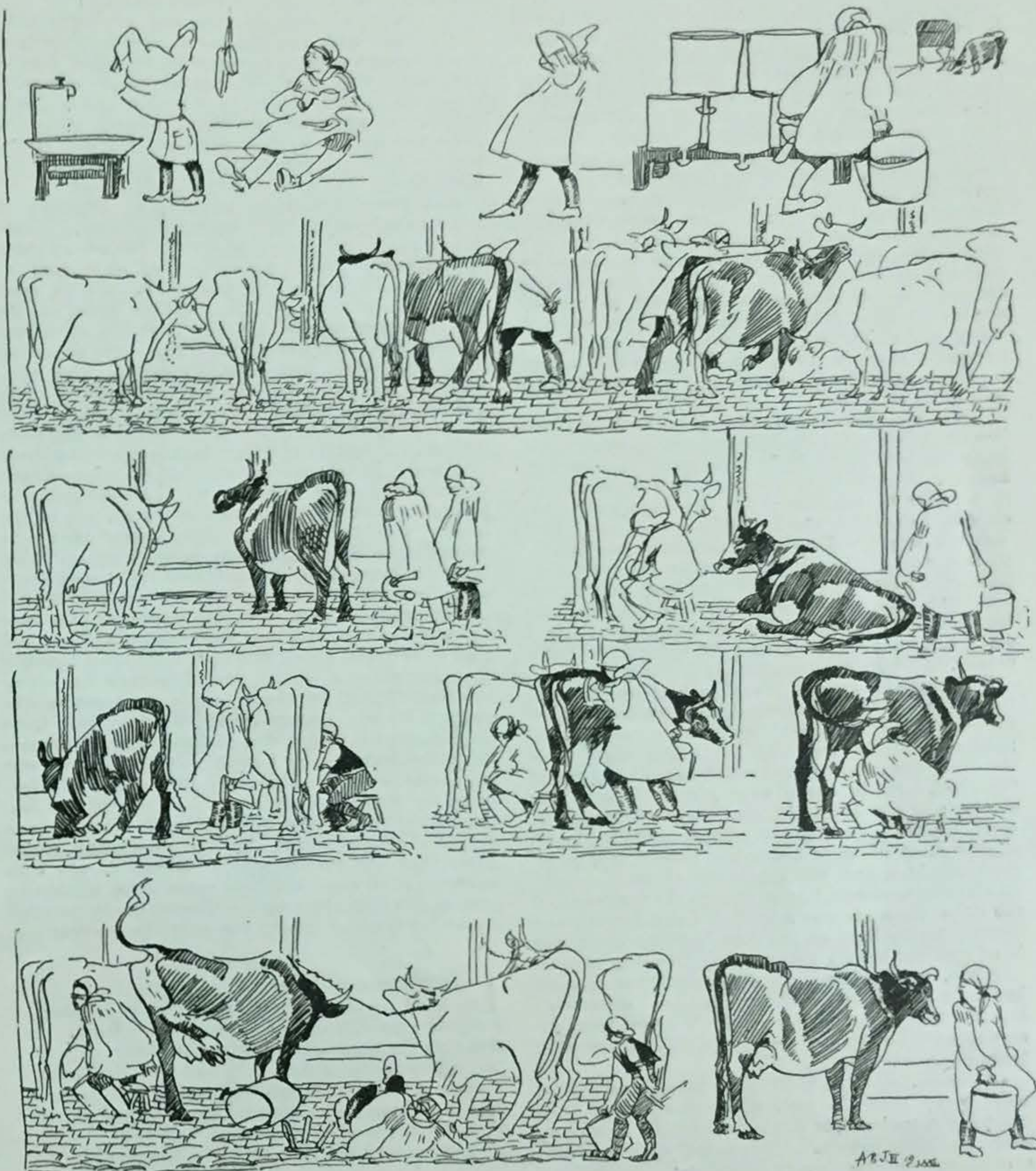
It is strongly to be urged that having decided which form of settlement is desired the L.A.A.S. should continue in her present work, until this can be arranged for her, should she be one of the selected applicants. Everyone will require as much skill and experience in all branches of farm work, especially in milking and stock work, as ever she can get; also she must save every penny so as to have a little nest-egg ready for the time when she starts out on her own.

Personally, I think there should be a happy, remunerative and useful life open to all women who wish to take up country life *seriously*, but they must be *very, very* experienced in all the manual processes required in farm work. If this waiting time can be intelligently used to gain this experience it will have been of great value to the settler when she comes to try her wings with her own money at stake! BERTHA M. BAYNE.

A tractor driver, who had arrived at the end of her field, lost her head and, instead of declutching, speeded up. The tractor vaulted the hedge and landed on the other side of the ditch. The only remark which the farmer made as he picked up the bewildered girl was: "Well, miss, you might finish one field before you start another."

Some wounded Tommies had been invited to the farmhouse to tea, where they had feasted on eggs and butter and cream and all sorts of pre war delicacies. The spokesman of the party, when the time came to go, shook hands with his hostess and said good-bye, adding: "And I should like to say, ma'am, that I should be proud to shake 'ands with the cow what laid that there cream."

The Joys of the Land Army



No. IV. Milking

Owlie

BY all the rules of poultry keeping, she ought never to have lived more than a day. She arrived late, long after the rest of the batch, with the wrong number of toes and one blind eye; and from the first she was hopelessly feeble. Somehow I never have the heart to kill the weaklings; even though they do not pay for the trouble of rearing, they at least provide a very human interest, because they need more nursing and personal attention than their stronger brothers and sisters. For the first two months of her existence she just existed—nothing more. She never flourished, and her perpetual depressed appearance with her drooping feathers earned for her the nickname of Owlie. As time went on, she picked up a bit, and one memorable day the report came up to the house that she was sitting in the nest. None of us thought she was capable of laying an egg, and, as we had always imagined that she was exceedingly sensitive about her many shortcomings and drawbacks, we suggested that she was probably *pretending* to lay, in order to keep up appearances and deceive her fellows in the run.

But after a few days there was no mistake about it—Owlie was really laying eggs, and, in due course, being a well-bred Buff Orpington, she became broody. Broodies are not permitted on our farm, as we rear by machine; but it so happened that an odd half-dozen chicks hatched out, and, as it was not worth while to run the foster-mother for so few, one of the broodies was to be allowed to indulge her mother instinct. Four hens were in this condition, and it was a question of choosing the best mother. So they were all four shut up in a small scratching shed, with a tempting nest in one corner, in which reposed three china eggs.

The one who settled down the best was to have the chicks and Owlie surprised us all once again, for she was found the next morning in undisputed possession of the nest and the china eggs, while the other three hens wandered disconsolately round the shed. So to Owlie were given the six little chicks, and she became immediately the proudest, most beautiful, and most perfect mother—never allowing any of us to touch her babies, tasting all the food first, and clucking over them with such an air of importance, just as though she remembered the days when *she* was a perfect baby herself, and secretly trying hard all the time to forget about the blind eye and the six toes and the drooping wings!

When, one evening, we discovered two rats in her little run, we expected to find no babies left; but she still has six, and we don't know how she manages it, but the rats actually play games with them every evening.

Of course, all her chicks have names, and one, more perky than the rest, who will certainly turn out to be a cockerel, is always called Mr. Kimpson, after the local parson. Undoubtedly he conducts service in the run every evening; but, unfortunately, his vocation has not had the desired effect on his own morals, for, after his mother had laid her egg yesterday morning, Mr. Kimpson was discovered pecking at it as hard as he could go.

Where and how she learnt the training of children, I don't know; but it is certainly a fact

that Owlie chased Mr. Kimpson round and round the run until she had got him pinned in a corner, and she then deliberately boxed his ears!

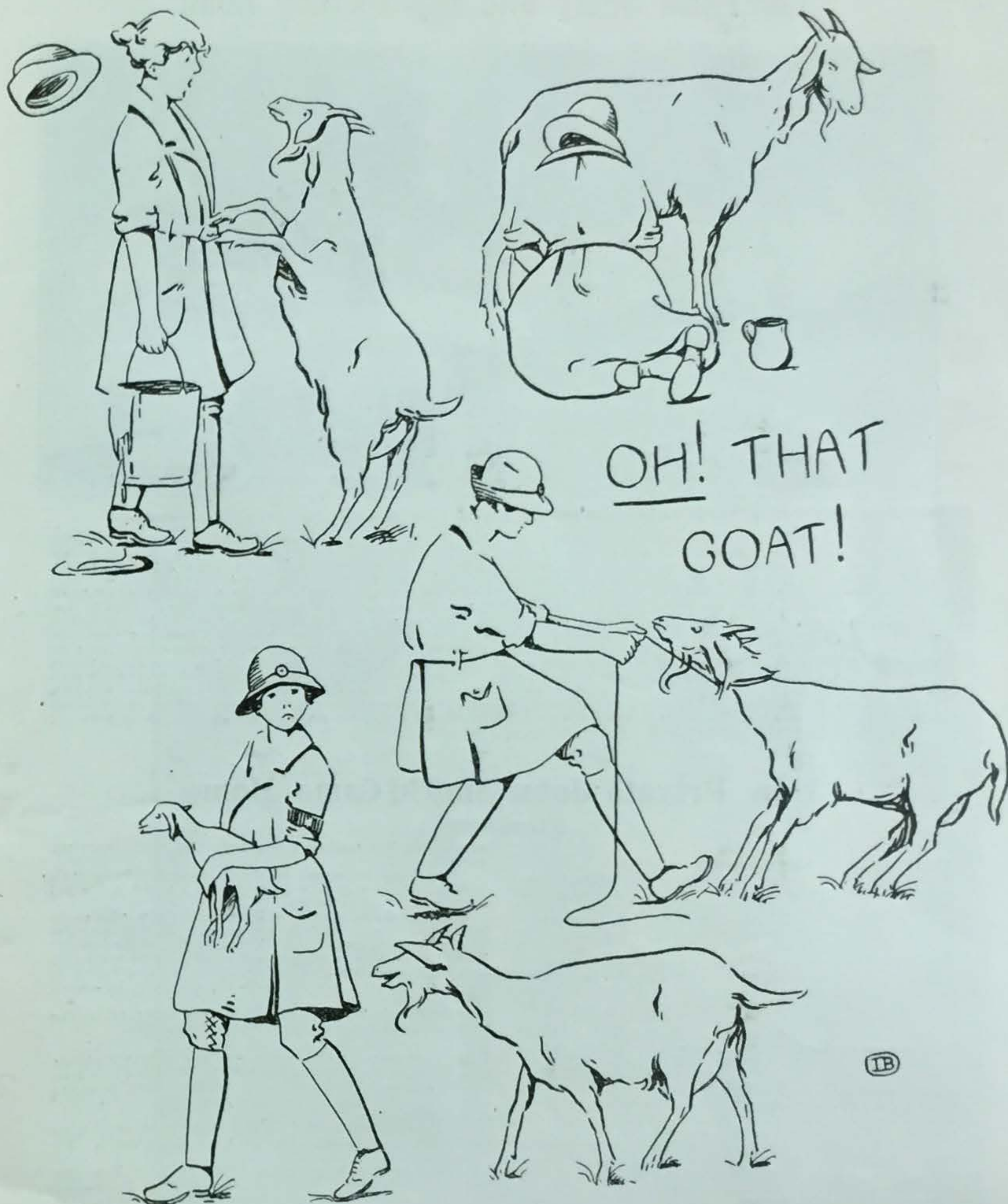
We name all our animals, and generally after our friends and acquaintances, which sometimes leads to awkward consequences, as when one of the cows, who was the namesake of a highly-respected unmarried lady, gave birth to two beautiful calves. It was really an awful moment when the news was broken suddenly to our mutual friends by the brief announcement, "Have you heard—Miss Brown has got twins!"

But the difficulty of christening chickens in their babyhood is the question of sex. Some years ago, one little chick in a batch of fifty was a cripple, and when the rest were sold at the day-old stage, he was left behind, and nursed by a small girl and boy in front of the fire for three weeks, till the next lot of babies hatched out. His little cripple legs were bound up in match splints, and regularly rubbed with camphorated oil, and by the time the new family arrived, he was feeling quite grown up, and spread his wings over them in the most approved motherly fashion. I call him "he," because he had been christened Billy, and answered to his name whenever feeding time came round. As he grew, he flourished, and still continued to be the pet of the family and to be called Billy, even when one morning we found *she* was responsible for two beautiful eggs. She told us about them with great pride, and the telling was in this wise. She was always ready to chat with you whenever you went down to the run, and long conversations she would hold sometimes, which generally ended in a friendly interchange of a choice bit of lettuce or young cabbage. But on the morning in question the greenstuff was ignored, the chatting still went on persistently, and it was obvious there was something the matter. So I went into the run, and was led across to the far corner by Billy, where she had made for herself a little nest, in which she had laid two lovely brown eggs, and not until she had been properly congratulated did the chattering cease. After that she reared several broods of her own babies, and always with the same little mothering care with which she had tended the newly-hatched chicks—when she herself was only three weeks old.

Content

I COULD not find the little maid Content,
So out I rushed; and sought her far and wide;
But not where Pleasure each new fancy tried,
Heading the maze of reeling merriment;
Nor where, with restless eyes and bow half beat,
Love in a brake of sweet-brier smiled and sighed;
Nor yet where Fame towered crowned and glorified,
Found I her face, nor wheresoe'er I went.
So homeward back I crawled like wounded bird,
When lo! Content sate spinning at my door:
And when I asked her where she was before—
"Here all the time," she said; "I never stirred.
Too eager in your search, you passed me o'er,
And, though I called, you neither saw nor heard."

ALFRED AUSTIN.
("Days of the Year.")



The Land Army and the Victory Loan



Land Army detachment in the Victory Loan Procession

IT was most certainly in the right order of things that the Land Army should lead that wonderful Joy Loan procession of 5,000 Home Service women which marched past Buckingham Palace and down the Mall into Trafalgar Square on June 28th. The procession was organised by the War Savings Committee, and consisted of Nurses, V.A.D.'s, political women of all shades of opinion, Women's Legion, Women Police, Women Clerks of the Army Pay Corps, the Records Office, and many other Government Departments, the Forage Corps, the Green Cross, etc., etc., and this great body of women was led by a small contingent of 60 L.A.A.S. Some of the girls carried baskets of vegetables and flowers, and everywhere along the route we were greeted with cheers and shouts of "Good old land girls—three cheers for the land girls"; while the bunches of young carrots in our baskets called forth enquiries on all sides as to where

was the boiled beef? Altogether it was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, and the following extract from a letter from Miss Hamilton, the head of the Women's Land Army of America, will give you some idea of how nice we really looked—

"I sail to-morrow, but before I go must tell you how proud I was of your Land girls this afternoon. They looked so nice, so trim and capable, and I love that way they have of looking one straight in the eye. And may I say again how very, very much impressed I am by your whole organisation, and what you have accomplished. We have so much to learn from you, and I can hardly wait till I get back to tell all our girls how much more capable yours are! But I do hope that there will grow up a real sympathy and understanding between our two Land Armies, and that we may be just another link between our two nations."

How Private John [Smith] Came Home

[Prize] Story

I.

PRIVATE JOHN SMITH was on his way home. He stood at the extreme point of the bows of the Channel steamer; so far forward was he that it seemed as if were he to take one more step he would be precipitated into the sea. It was a whim of his to stand there. "Just as near to Blighty as I can get; nearer than any of the other chaps," was his secret and rather shamefaced avowal.

Perhaps it was just as well that he had chosen so private a spot, for the tears were raining down Private John Smith's face so much that he no longer attempted to brush them away surreptitiously with his cuff or fore-finger. If they would come they would come—"let 'em bide!"

Such torrents of tears he had never before shed in his whole life, not even when, as an urchin, he was spanked by dad for cutting a hole in the parlour wall with the bread-knife; not even when he bade good-bye to Milly Price in August, 1914; not even—ah, me!—when, lying in the hospital at Lille, he had asked the gentle French sister if he must lose his leg, and she (it had been already amputated) had kissed his brow and murmured: "If the good God wills, *mon enfant*."

But now these were tears of joy, pure joy, for he was coming home! home!! home!!! All the air hummed with the magic word; the ripples whispered it against the ship's side, it sang in the rigging, it echoed ceaselessly in his heart and soul.

Home! Ah, it was all worth it—the years of horror, the weeks

of suffering, the maimed young body that would never run again.

"Why," and he snapped his fingers, sniffing violently, "I'd 'ave the 'ole bloomin' show all over again, I would, just to feel like this!" Sniff and sniffs.

What would Dad be doing at Hanstead just now, what would the mother be at? And the youngsters? He had told them by what train to expect him. Would they be at the station? Would Milly—then he glanced down at his crutch and a cold chill shook him from head to foot. True, she had written to say that *of course* it wouldn't make any difference, but—when she saw that?

His tears ceased flowing and he hobbled slowly aft, feeling suddenly engulfed in darkness and loneliness and cold.

II.

The boat arrived a little before time and so he was able to take an earlier train than he had anticipated, helped by a most capable and energetic girl-porter, at whom he stared in gaping amazement, relieving his feelings by an explosive "Gosh!" at regular intervals.

And now he is sitting in the train, being whirled away to his native shire and village. But his mood has changed. His thoughts are sad.

"Gosh! those women porters, how they ran! How they tackled that luggage! And that lady chauffeur I saw—and those W.A.A.C.'s! Milly was always so lively too and on the

go! She's in the 'L.A.A.S.' she wrote me, whatever that may mean. Let me see, it might be 'laundry,' or 'law,' or 'lamp-lighter,' or 'lieutenant'; something *chick*, you may be sure. I ain't got no bloomin' V.C. or D.S.M. to show her, only this 'ere (gulp) darned crutch, so p'raps she'll jest despise me" (gulp).

By now Private J. Smith's heart was in his boots—no, in his one boot, poor boy!—and his spirits gradually fell lower and lower until he actually began to dread the moment of his arrival.

"Only two more halts now," he almost groaned. "I don't suppose there'll be anyone to meet me; sure not, as I'm before time. Well, all the better; I'll stump them two miles home and be glad to be alone."

Oh, Private Smith! Was that *you* we saw on the boat?

"Merton!"

"Listmere!"

"Hanstead!"

White as a sheet and trembling like a leaf, Private Smith slowly rose as the train stopped, slung his kit-sack on to the platform and got out, no, got in rather, into somebody's arms, and then into somebody else's, and then it seemed as if about ten pairs of small arms were all about him at the same time.

"Gosh!" he wheezed, half-strangled.

"That'll do, that'll do, children!" bellowed a well-known, well-beloved voice, and, as the children reluctantly dropped off him one by one, he was quietly taken possession of, an arm to each, by Dad and Ma.

"Gosh!" was all that Private John could utter, and even that wasn't very distinct, owing to an absurdly trembling lip.

"We guessed you'd catch this train," said mother, as she gave him another hug, and laughed bravely up into his dear blue eyes: "Oh, Jack, at last!"

"Come on, now," bellowed the well-beloved voice, while its possessor tried to camouflage a sniff, and failed dismally.

John cast a furtive look round the little station, bright with flags and flowers, but failed to see what he wanted and dreaded at the same time.

Just as they passed out into the road, a band from somewhere near struck up: "See the conquering hero comes." John started and looked questioningly at his mother.

"They're just welcomin' home a hero, my dear," she said, with a little catch in her voice.

Her son turned and looked back into the station.

"But there was no one"—he began, but hadn't time to finish for his mother jerked him round.

The band was sweeping round the corner towards them. Behind it came an empty carriage, all bedecked with flowers and ribbons, and behind that marched a little group of—no, not boys—girls, then, women, but how strange! Breeches, and such jolly hats, and such brown faces!

They were led by their officer, who, as they marched by in single file, saluting him, placed a superb bunch of flowers in his hand, and in a few words welcomed him home to Hanstead.

Private Smith looked up. "Milly! by Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Yes, Milly, *your* Milly," she whispered, and she gave the word, and the Land Army girls all formed up behind the empty carriage.

Then came the chief dignitaries of the village, the vicar, the lawyer, schoolmaster, etc. By one and all was Private John Smith most cordially welcomed home, and thanked and acclaimed till, as he said afterwards, he "fairly blushed with shame."

"Get in now, all of you!" commanded the vicar, and into that carriage did the whole family squeeze somehow, John in the place of honour, the band going ahead and playing him home, the Land Army girls marching behind, and behind them the whole population of Hanstead, and the adjacent territories of Merton, Listmere, and Bakewell.

"Mother," he stuttered later, "and I actually thought"—he could get no further, and she only squeezed his hand. So she never knew that he ever thought there would be no one to meet him at the station.

And that is how Private John Smith came home.

C. G. B. L.



Passing Buckingham Palace.

Pigs I Have Known

I.

ALL those who have made a speciality of pigs must agree that it is very difficult to remember that their charges are pigs, so greatly does a near acquaintance with those animals obliterate one's former traditional, even prejudiced, ideas of them. I remember once, in my earlier days of swine-keeping, yelling out: "O you PIG!!!" to a sow that had kicked a good slog of mud into her trough

occurred. Portly, self-conscious, she was sitting one day on her haunches, in a "when's-that-next-meal-coming-along" attitude, a fatuous smile upon her face, and with a look of low cunning in her small pink eyes which she had fixed upon me while turning her face a little to one side. Slyness personified! I stared at her in amazement, it was a revelation! "Why, you're just like a pig!" was my mental ejaculation.

"And that was Jezebel.

Ah, Jezebel! Now no more. . . ."

But why "Jezebel"? I can only quote in answer: "What that name might imply I shall not deny, but her smile, it was childlike and bland," also, "but for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain. . . ." Her early career was, in fact, but one long history of crime.

She fought all the other sows for the food, grabbing four times her proper share; she knocked over buckets and wheelbarrows, also Landworkers; she broke troughs, burst open gates and through hedges, jumped railings, and, worst of all, lay on her babies when they arrived and then proceeded to eat them up. The full list of her misdeeds would fill a book!

By women, girls and men she was equally detested, and even feared a little, I must admit. She was a great powerful brute, and though she never turned on me I have heard that she did so to others on more than one occasion, once, if history speaks truth, even putting to ignominious flight a huge man and a big, hulking youth, who both chose the better part of valour.

"To the butcher!" went forth the decree. I pleaded that she should be given another chance; so execution of sentence was deferred and she was brought up to the "Bungalows," nice, new, roomy styes, to see what effect change of environment would have upon her morals, or rather absence of morals.

Here, with a sty to herself, she lived alone and was fed alone, efforts being made to decrease her enormous size by severe rationing.

Oh, wonderful transformation! Jezebel became gradually meek and subdued, even gentle and affectionate, though she never lost her disgusting greediness; nay, she hurled herself upon the bucket even upon the very last day of her life. . . .

I became quite fond of this reformed character, and often caressed her, on the sly, for I was rather ashamed of my *volte face*, and feared to be twitted. Meanwhile I privately resolved that if she had a reasonable number of children in this next litter, and brought them all up, her name should be changed from "Jezebel" unto "Isabel"!

In due course she produced a fine family of twelve really lovely babies, so fat and jolly and strong, but since she flopped down upon one and squeezed the life out of it, "Jezebel" she remained until . . .

Curtain.

C. G. B. L.



Pigs at Bishop's Hall, Lamborne.

just at feeding time. Since then I have uttered similar but more forcible epithets with adjectival variations, often of lurid hue, at even worse "trough offences."

But to return to my point. It is strange how one forgets that a pig is a pig. The type is merged in the individual, so to speak, and is lost sight of, just as is the case with some human beings.

I have only once been struck by the likeness of a sow to a pig, to The Pig, I should say, the pig of illustrated fairy tales and nursery rhymes. She was a pink pig, splotted with greyish-black, and with very little hair upon her person. She always reminded me of our schoolroom blotting-paper as it appeared after the (daily) ink-pot casualty had

A Day in the Life of Two Fellers

By a Member of the Women's Forestry Corps

IN the teeth of a north-west gale my felling partner and I trudged to the woods with the thought of a hard day's work before us and at the end of it, brightening the horizon with its beacon light, the certainty of a splendid stodgy meal.

Felling had been hard and difficult the day before with only a gentle breeze—but to-day we were on the look-out for still greater hardships. Ours was a larch wood, bounded on three sides by paths and pasture lands across which forewomen, farmers and estate owners had written in large capital letters the words "NEVER, NEVER LAND." Neither of us would have risked felling across any one of these tempting-looking places, in spite of the fact that all the trees on the edge of the wood were, by their position and manner of growth, simply asking to go in their direction. Not quite such forbidden fruit was the path bounding the fourth side of the wood, but just beyond lay a small plantation of valuable undergrowth, to harm which would naturally be deemed an unpardonable sin both by our superiors and by us ourselves.

Under these conditions—against the natural lean of the trees and a wind tearing obliquely across our path—we started work. A feller has a good many tricks to which he can resort when the weather and things are up against him, and to-day we tried the plan of sawing the back of the tree first, driving the wedge and afterwards axeing out a good fall in the front. The last honourable duty fell to my partner, and I perforce had to watch proceedings as the fall grew bigger and bigger under the lightning strokes of her axe. Alas! before her work was completed the tree was caught and trapped by the wind, and whirled sideways with a crash into the middle of a hideous old oak, which with its outstretched and alluring arms, had been our bête noire for days past.

It was a firm "cuckoo," and no efforts of ours could dislodge it from its resting place. We endeavoured to bring it down by the superior weight of another tree felled across, which would have been successful under normal conditions; but the wind with its sudden bursts of violence was an unknown and variable quantity to us that day, and our efforts resulted in nothing more nor less than a second cuckoo fastened securely in the same arms of the same hideous old oak tree, and with our first larch for a close companion.

By this time however the wind was blowing more steadily than before—and by dint of careful calculations we were brave enough to start on the felling of a third larch: a much bigger fellow than its predecessors, intended to crash down on both the cuckoos and bring them to the ground. This tree being our last and only hope, we determined to do our utmost to pull the job through. But we knew we should have to keep our eyes skinned, as, although in a better position as regards the wind the tree was so tall that it would be likely to be caught and, without feeling the soothing influence of a well placed fall, be hurled to the ground long before its time. Indeed we felt it lifting as soon as our saw had got its teeth well in, and before we were a quarter of the way through ominous cracks and reports like the noise of a pistol made us feel as if we were fighting against heavy odds. Struggling with the desire to quicken our stroke we sawed steadily on, every now and then sounding one another as to the distance each had still to go by a yell, but never once daring to stop. What groans and cries were wrung from the very heart of that poor tree, tossed as it was

by the relentless wind and tortured by the teeth of our saw! The thought came to one of us that somewhere in the life of some far-off future existence there would be reserved a special place of torment for all mortals who on this earth had dared to take the life of a tree. Then in a second that awful thought seemed to have taken shape and form, and we seemed to be living in a world made up of all the noises you can think of and more besides let loose and running amok after being pent up for a thousand years.

First, then, was a sudden report like the bark of an anti-aircraft gun going off just beside you. Then, as we whisked the saw and ourselves away from danger, a quick rush through the air was followed by pandemonium most awe-inspiring and deafening. A larch tree always makes a great fuss and commotion when on its last journey, but when in crashing to earth it brings with it two other fellow trees and a few dozen stout oak branches: when



moreover it does this to the tune of a howling wind which is wreaking havoc of its own will with the whole wood: then it is that a mere mortal, if there be such in the near vicinity, begins wondering about things such as where he (or she) comes in, and what right he has to be there at all.

Of course my partner and I, being on piece work, had no time for soliloquizing. There were three trees before us ready to trim, and a great many more still standing which would have to be felled before we had earned our daily bread. But I must say that, by the time we had finished and were tramping back to our camp, with tired and hungry-looking faces, we both were convinced of this fact: that never before in the course of our forestry life had we so rightly and honourably merited a certain previously mentioned splendid stodgy meal, the thought of which was at that moment quickening our steps and cheering our weary souls.

The Distinguished Service Bar

Several L.A.A.S. have been awarded the D.S.B. Photographs and full details will appear in the September issue.

Sancho Panza's Proverbs

THERE is still sun on the wall.

It requires a long time to know anyone.

All sorrows are bearable if there is bread.

He who does not rise with the sun does not enjoy the day.

Everyone is as God made him, and very often worse.

Until death, all is life.

Praying to God and hammering away.

Weddings



Bristol

A UNIQUE and a befitting ceremony took place in Bristol on Peace Day, June 28th. The first Peace Wedding was also the first Land Army wedding in the city. Both bride and bridegroom wore the King's uniform; Miss Violet A'Court was not only enrolled under the Board of Agriculture, but was employed under the Home Office on the farm attached to a large institution, Leigh Court, Abbot's Leigh; whilst Pte. Harry Collins, of the Australian Imperial Force, has been serving since January 1915 and has suffered hardships as a prisoner of war employed behind the firing line. The Armistice, however, brought the happy young couple together, and in the autumn they hope to take up a farm in New South Wales.

The wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Hotwells, Bristol. The bride wore the uniform and badges of the Land Army, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, sent from Farleigh by Countess Cairns, of the Somerset Women's Agricultural Committee. She was followed by six Land Army girls from the farm and gardens of Leigh Court and Stoke Park Colony. A dozen other L.A. girls, wearing uniform and the G.S. ribbon, formed a choir. The hymns "O God of Bethel" and "O Perfect Love" were sung very heartily. Miss Archibald presided at the organ (which was blown by two girls) and played the Wedding March from *Lohengrin*. The guard of honour of eighteen comrades—marshalled by Mrs. Pernull, W.O., Somerset—awaited the bridal pair outside the church. They crossed hands to form an arch, and also showered red, white and blue petals (rose, seringa and larkspur), and the usual rainbow-symbols, an original touch being supplied by two or three land girls who scattered some oats.

Private and Mrs. Collins, escaping with some difficulty through the crowd, went off in a taxi to the Landworkers' Hut (kindly lent for the party by the Y.W.C.A.) in the garden of the Hostel, where tea was provided by friends. Those present to welcome the guests were Mrs. Fox (D.R., Women's Agricultural Committee), Mrs. Pernull and Miss Parker (W.O.), Mrs. Jeffery and Mrs. Clark (Y.W.C.A.), Miss Baron, and Miss Rotha Clay (Hon. Sec. of Landworkers' Club). The President of the Club, Mrs. Hiatt Baker, was unable to be present, but sent messages. Applause greeted a message in a letter from our invalid "old comrade," K. Dury, who congratulated the bride and added: "I hope there will soon be many more!"

The Hut was a bower of flowers—white wedding bells of campanula, roses, carnations, sweet peas, and masses of syringa,

looking like orange-blossom. The flags of Britain and Australia were linked together in the decorations, and even in miniature flags on the splendid wedding cake kindly provided by Mrs. Fox. On behalf of the Club, Miss Elsie Bolitho presented Mrs. Collins with a haversack for use on her voyage, and promised copies of the photographic groups taken that afternoon. After sundry congratulations and expressions of thankfulness for Peace, followed by cheers, we joined in merriment and music until the bridal party left at 5 o'clock, after the whole party, fifty in all, had joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Hearty good wishes will speed the happy couple to the farm-homestead in the "Land of Sunshine." None of those present at this Peace wedding will forget that on this joyful day there is forged yet another eternal link between the Homeland and that great Dominion where the famed "Anzac" sword shall now become the ploughshare—a mighty instrument of service. And to the hearts of women-comrades of the Great War—now sharers in world-wide Peace—who have worked and still work at home, Peace Day brings a realisation of thankfulness that they, too, have helped to win the Blessing of Peace.

Boston

ON June 4th we had such a pretty L.A. wedding in our county, at Fosdyke Church, Boston, the bride being Rose Parker, who came down potato picking last year and has stayed with us ever since, and the bridegroom Pte. G. A. Greenway, R.F.A.



Kitty Flintham and Gladys Houghton, both members of the L.A., were bridesmaids, and the bride was given away by Mrs. Shearsmith, Welfare Officer, as unfortunately it was too far for any relatives of the bride to come. Of course, we were all in L.A. uniform, and very proud to wear it.

After the ceremony we all packed into a gaily decorated cart (kindly lent by the farmer), thoroughly bent on enjoying ourselves, and rode down to the cottage where the bride has been billeted, and as we really hadn't room to squeeze the vicar, Mr. D. C. Holey, into the cart, much as we wanted to, he rode behind on his bike.

When we reached the cottage we had such a jolly meal and a beautiful cake, and you never heard such laughing and talking even for the L.A., who are noted for their cheerfulness.

About 50 fellow-workers were at the church, and strewed the pathway with buttercups and may, as the happy pair came from the church.

Unfortunately, the weather was most unkind, so the photographs we took have not come out well.

Hereford

THE little village of Byford, near the banks of the Wye, 8 miles above Hereford, was on Whit Monday the scene of a pretty wedding, the bride being a Land Girl employed by Lady Evelyn Cotterell on the Garnons Estate, the bridegroom being also in the employ of Sir John Cotterell.

The day was perfect, with fresh breeze tempering the heat of the sun and sweeping the vapour of the early morning into soft white cloud revealing depths of blue between.

The bride, in mufti, was dressed in a pretty shade of lavender grey with soft heliotrope on her hat, and her four attendant bridesmaids were in their smartest uniform with heliotrope ties.

The bride, who has adopted Hereford as her native place, was given away by the bridegroom's father.



The ceremony was performed in the picturesque old church by the Vicar of Byford, recently returned from the front. The wedding party left the vestry to the time-honoured strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and formed a picturesque procession as they passed through the gates and under the stately trees to the house of the bridegroom's father, which is also situated on the Garnons Estate. Here many friends and well-wishers, including the Welfare Officer and a party of friends interested in the Land Army, who had motored out for the occasion, passed under a floral arch through a gay little garden into the house, where the festive board had been spread by the kind hostess. The bride cut the cake and healths were drunk.

West Sussex



A GREAT event among the Land Girls of West Sussex—a real Land Army wedding. The state of excitement at the hostel was intense. White-smocked figures buzzing around like a swarm of bees, all busy decorating or preparing for the feast. The farm wagons, drawn by Shire horses, looked most picturesque with arches made of hay rakes and festooned with rambling roses and greenery; and the girls drove to church in fine style. The bride, Miss Mary Gabb—who is the hostel orderly—was given away by Miss Gribble, our instructress and hostess at the hostel, the bridegroom being Private Grivett, of the Royal Field Artillery, who was actually in the retreat from Mons and also fought at Ypres and on the Somme. The bride is remaining on in the Land Army, and later on the couple hope to take up a small holding, perhaps a fruit farm, as an ex-soldier and ex-Land Army girl. Canon Livett, father of our Organising Secretary, honoured the young couple by coming himself to perform the ceremony, and gave them a most charming little address.

Just as the bridal procession was going to start up the church, a great diversion was caused by Laddie, the bob-tailed sheep dog, who wished to take a prominent part and had to be forcibly restrained. A guard of honour was formed outside the porch, and the bridal pair passed under arches of crossed hay rakes, greeted by a burst of cheering. After a delightful wedding breakfast in the hostel meadow, Miss Blair drove the young couple off in her car, escorted by Mrs. White. So we trust that the honeymoon should indeed fare well, started under the auspices of two Welfare Officers. Good luck to our little bride, and God bless them both!

Flints Girls' Club

A CLUB under the G.F.S. and the Girls' Guild has been opened in Mold to which L.A.A.S. are admitted free. It is open every evening for music, singing and games, and the girls attend well. One L.A.A.S. has been walking 8 miles after her day's work to dance and sing with the liveliest. In the winter every member will have to join a "useful" class if she wishes to join the "dancing class." Classes in plain needlework, embroidery, knitting and crochet will start with the autumn session in September.

The L.A.A.S.'s say they feel much more at home now they know where to go when they have a free evening, and where they can generally see their Welfare Officer.



DEAR GIRLS,—I went down this month to the Land Army fête in West Sussex, and I must just tell you about it before we go on with our usual letter. This fête was organised by some delightful members of the Women's War Agricultural Committee, to raise money for the upkeep of a permanent hostel in West Sussex, which is to continue after the demobilisation of the Land Army—whenever that comes. So many of the girls in this county intend to stay on the land permanently, that they have been making great plans amongst themselves to get together an Association, which will enable them to keep in touch with each other in much the same way as they do now under the organisation of the Women's Land Army. You will remember that I wrote to tell you, some time ago, that we are all busy up at Headquarters making plans for the future of those of you who want to stay at your work, and as soon as all the arrangements are complete they will be announced in THE LANDSWOMAN.

Well, to return to our West Sussex girls. They had met together and discussed all the possibilities of such a scheme, and they felt that what they wanted most was a permanent hostel in their county to which they could always go when they needed help or were out of employment. So keen were they on this part of their scheme, that they even went so far as to fix the sum which they were prepared to pay out of their weekly wage towards the upkeep of such a hostel, and also suggested that they should all subscribe one shilling a week towards a Thrift Fund. The scheme has been approved by the County Committee, who showed their wish to co-operate by arranging this wonderful fête, which would help to raise money for the initial expenses of the hostel, although it is hoped that after a little while the hostel will become self-supporting.

The fête was the most glorious affair, and took place in the grounds of Horsham Park, which were very kindly lent by Mrs. Hirst. Mrs. Harvey and other members of the Committee were responsible for the arrangements, and they were splendid. Marquees and tents were erected all round the lawns. There was, of course, a Land Army stall, with all the goods contributed by L.A.A.S. The dairy produce tent was the most popular, because prize butter was to be bought there; but the lucky dip, toy stall, baskets, conjuror, palmist, fruit and flowers, duck-pond, hoop-la, and cocoanut shies attracted crowds of people—all keen to enjoy themselves. You would have laughed to see the efforts of the girls to win the Land Army Cocoanut Shy Competition. Lord Winterton opened the proceedings, and said all sorts of nice things about the way in which the L.A.A.S. had helped to win the war; and altogether the afternoon was a tremendous success. I hear just as we are going to press that the amount realised was nearly £300, and that the Land Army stall alone took £32!

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—Once again, as always, your letters to me are so much more interesting than mine to you, that I really must find room for a few of them. B. S., a very old friend of THE LANDSWOMAN in East Kent, who is one of those lucky girls on horseback whose portraits appear on this page, writes:—

"Now the blossom has all gone, and instead finely and plenteously formed fruit and pretty birds' nests and young ones (they come so very near to us we can almost touch them). I think I told you we were on a fruit farm, and the farmer and family are all so very nice to us. It makes such a great difference to the girls, if only the farmers themselves would realise it. We had our Welfare Officer to see us the other day—first time I have spoken to her: she is awfully nice, and is making arrangements for us to have a swimming club at Ramsgate. We

are quite looking forward to it. It is just glorious in this district—of course, packed with visitors. Bathing has been in full swing for some weeks now, and the nigger concert party are here, but, best of all, there is a delightful band; lots of swagger people: quite a lot of different fashions for us to study, for when we get demobilised, though I hope I shall never, while I have health and strength, leave the Land Army."

F. G. says:—

"We have started haymaking to-day, so I expect we shall be having a busy time now. But I do love the summer work on the land. We have 29 of the dearest milking cows, and twice I have milked 22 at one milking. I should love you to see a calf which was born last Saturday. It belongs to a heifer, and is the weeniest one I've ever seen. It is no bigger than a dog terrier. Don't you sometimes wish you lived in the country, where you can see Nature unfolding herself, instead of in a city? I know now that I could never return to indoor life, for it is so lovely to be in the open all day long."

Here is an interesting letter:—

"In the Southern Provinces of Nigeria most, if not all, of the work is done by women of all ages. They work harder than any white woman for longer hours and for no pay. Household slaves and chief's many wives work side by side, and there is very little grumbling. Yam planting is hard work, and should poor results be obtained the poor woman planter is the culprit, not lack of rain or poor earth! Agricultural gardening is now properly taught in all the Government schools, and boys and girls are being taught the value of manures, deep digging, orderly planting and rotation of crops. Each school has its garden, and the better the garden the higher the grant. A great many West Indian masters have been sent across, and they have brought new seeds and plants with them.

"One school grew nearly enough arrowroot to supply native and European hospitals in Calabar. With the good gardening taught, the whole Colony is improving and producing more each year. They have no grand workmanlike uniform, but work in a loin cloth or string of beads! It is funny to see the older mothers



Off for a Gallop. East Kent

working with their babies tied on their backs. The babies get so used to the bobbing up and down that they sleep through it all. When the gardens, or farms as they are called, have food for sale the women tramp, single file, for miles to the nearest market carrying their wares on their heads in large saucer-shaped baskets covered with a banana leaf. They never have a change of occupation; they go on farming from childhood to old age."

A Herts girl writes:—

"When I was a child I often wished I could live the life of a gipsy. I thought it must be lovely to live in a caravan, and wander all over the country. I remember once going for a day's outing into the country from my Sunday school, and when the time came to gather us together ready to be put into the train for home I was missing; I had wandered away, hoping that the gipsies would find me, and take me to live with them always in the country. I remember feeling very disappointed when my teacher found me."

"I love to watch the sun sinking over the hills, and the long bright day dying slowly, to hear the soft whispering of the wind, and to see the trees bow gracefully in answer, and in the distance hear the church bells ringing out God's praises. I always feel I want to send a message to the angels where the skylark soars high in the heavens."

And don't you envy this girl, who is entitled to shoot at Bisley?

"We are quite a party of girls here at Brighthelm, there are four of us, and till a week ago there were five. That is the biggest number I have been near. We all of us work on different farms, but we meet at the Girls' Club, which is a very jolly affair. Then three of us belong to the Rifle Club, and Rose (Miss Rayner) is by far the best shot. The captain of the club offered to let the girls shoot for the Donegal Medal, so we did, and I got nervous, and my firing was worse than usual. Rose got the medal, and now she is entitled to shoot at Bisley. Wouldn't it be grand if she would go? But she says she isn't going. I am glad she did get it, because she really is best. I am the most envied of the girls here, because I always get THE LANDSWOMAN the first, and we all look forward to getting it. What a countryside address you have? Do you know how I picture it? A big field, with outcrops of stone peeping up everywhere. Towards one end a big grove starts, with a murmuring brook running through it, and the whole set in the midst of a heath, with bushes, rather stunted, and looking quite black at a distance. I don't suppose really it is anything like it, for the London, S.E., quite spoils the picture. Still, it's rather fun to guess a place by its name."

And isn't this refreshing from an American reader?—

"The May number of THE LANDSWOMAN is so delightful, so full of the spirit of what working on the land has meant to me, that I must express my feelings to you and the splendid womanhood whose voices are heard through your columns. It is a great joy to know that women are responding spiritually from their contact with the soil and that their souls are expanding as their bodies develop by dear old Mother Nature's severe treatment. Each number of THE LANDSWOMAN expresses this spirit in one way or another, and the two prize essays are charming. It thrills me to the soul to think of the womanhood of the future whose foundation for health, strength and a higher way of thinking had its inspiration from the Women's Land Army."

"When the Armistice was signed the Southern California Division of the Land Army practically went out of existence, but some of the girls have remained in their positions as they felt that they could never be contented to work indoors again. We sent out over fourteen hundred girls. The picture of our first unit appeared in the February LANDSWOMAN. They dried apricots, picked tomatoes, walnuts, almonds, picked and packed lemons and oranges, peaches and grapes, hoed beans, drove tractors and worked in dairies."

"We felt very proud of the courageous way 'they tackled the job,' bearing all sorts of disagreeable conditions with a fortitude equal to their English sisters, and though we shall not go on with the work in California I am sure that they will all say that they are broader-minded and better women for their experience of working on the land."

It is splendid to know that our Land Army work has just the same effect on the spirit of our American sisters, and that the joy of the great out-of-doors fills their hearts to overflowing just as it does ours.

Miss M. Bailey, Reed's Farm, Empshott, near Liss, Hants, is feeling lonely, and would like to correspond with other L.A.A.S.

THE SEWING CLUB—Our baskets about which I told you in July are becoming very popular, and for the moment it is as much as we can do to keep pace with our orders. I am still wanting to know of any of you who can make the actual baskets, as the hostel where they are being made is not able to keep us supplied. They must be made of the soft Norfolk rush, and I will willingly send one as a pattern to any L.A.A.S. who is able to make them. The handwork of the Land Army seems to be appreciated everywhere. I have been examining this last month the very pretty woven ties and hatbands made by the Cumberland girls, and I was delighted with them. The Organising Secretary in that county tells me that they have so many orders that they cannot undertake any fresh ones till October, and that the Comforts Fund in Cumberland, which gets 1½d. out of every shilling made in this way, has benefited to the extent of £3. That will show you what a lot of pocket-money they are earning up there—in their spare time.

A photograph of our Sewing Club baskets will appear in the

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September number. Many counties are now making the fruits, but up to the present Warwickshire makes them the best.

SHOPPING CLUB.—I hope those readers of THE LANDSWOMAN who are not members of the Land Army, and therefore not entitled to free advertisements in the Exchange Column, will make real use of the small advertisements page. This page



has been started entirely for their convenience, and I happen to know that those who have already made known their wants in its columns have received a large number of replies. It is intended for the advertisement of small things for sale, poultry, eggs, vegetables, fruit, books, seeds, appliances for sale or exchange, and for situations vacant and required. The charge is a very small one in order that all our readers may take advantage of this offer.

I notice that Kodak, Ltd., have not put the price of cameras in their advertisement. I understand that their cheapest is now 10s., and if any of you are unable to obtain them locally I shall be very pleased to shop them for you in town.

COMPETITIONS.—Three prizes will be given for the best harvest photographs; so those of you who have Kodaks please show what you can do.

Three prizes will also be given for essays on "Harvest"—not more than 500 words in length. All entries to reach this office not later than September 10th.

PEACE.—A great many of you would like very much to have marched in the Peace Procession on July 19th, and I was kept very busy that week writing to tell you that the London procession was purely a naval and military one, and as no civilians were included it was obvious that the Land Army could not take part. From the country places, however, all over England, comes the news that the L.A.A.S. have been asked to march in local processions, and are to be very much in evidence in the general celebrations and rejoicings. In fact, in one village in Hampshire, they recognised so surely that the Land Army is largely responsible for the peace, that two L.A.A.S. were called upon to ring the Peace Bells. In Dorset a L.A.A.S. was asked by the rector to help with the planting of an oak tree in the village churchyard to commemorate Peace; and a jolly farmer in Surrey, who employs 20 L.A.A.S., brought them all up to London in a motor lorry at 2 a.m. on Peace Day, drove them round to see the decorations, and got them safely home again, long before the crowd arrived and made getting about impossible.

But we must remember that although the declaration of peace means that the war is over, and that fighting is at an end, it does not by any means bring an end to the need for food production. There are thousands less agricultural labourers than there were before the war, and our help is still needed, more especially in connection with the milk supply. So our orders for the moment are to carry on just as splendidly as ever. As women we all know that an adequate milk supply is of the utmost importance to our babies, and that is why it is so essentially *our* job to see to it that they shall not go short of milk because of a lack of milkers. The war has given women the opportunity to prove that they are in their right place as milkers, and we hope that they will always stay there.

I suppose it is because we are all so full of joy, and perhaps more still that we, at last, after four years, have the right to be glad, that all the flowers seem so extra joyous and free this year. The roses everywhere are blossoming just as though they can't help bursting into bloom. Even the little town and suburban gardens are masses of colour, as if they, like us, feel they *must* share their happiness with every passer-by. It reminds me of Alfred Austin's lines:—

"Then, all at once, the land laughed into bloom,
Feeling its alien fetters were undone;

Rushed into frolic ecstasies: the plume
The courtly lilac tosses i' the sun,
Laburnum tassels dripping faint perfume,
White thorn, pink blossoms, showed, not one by one,
But all in rival pomp and joint array,
Blent with green leaves as long delayed as they."

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

The Editor is glad to receive contributions to the Magazine in the form of articles, stories, drawings or photographs, which will be paid for at the usual rates.

The Flag: What I am

By Franklin K. Lane

I AM not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counsellor and clerk.

I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of to-morrow.

I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

I am what you make me, nothing more.

I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of colour, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making.

From "The Ladies' Home Journal."

A Night-Rain in Summer

OPEN the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair,
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark! the burthen, swift and prone!
And how the odorous limes are blown!
Stormy Love's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for gentle sleeps.

Not a blink shall burn to-night
In my chamber, of sordid light;
Nought will I have, not a window-pane,
'Twixt me and the air and the great good rain,
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies;
And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;
And I will sleep, with all things blest,
In the pure earth-shadow of natural rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

An Experiment in the Rearing of Calves on Whey and Meals*

OWING to the lack of separated milk the rearing of calves on the cheese-making farm presents greater difficulties than is the case on the butter-making farm. The only by-product arising from cheese-making is the whey, which is commonly regarded as too deficient in nutritive matters, especially albuminoids, to serve as a satisfactory basis for calf-rearing, and is consequently usually given to pigs.

Whey has indeed been used for calves to some extent in cheese-making districts, either as a drink for calves on grass or, as in some parts of Cheshire, in the form of the "fleetings" which rise to the surface when the whey is heated (cf. Leaflet No. 142 or Food Production Leaflet No. 14). Very little published information on the subject is available, however, and it was thought desirable therefore, in view of the considerable extension of cheese-making during the past two years, that further experimental work should be carried out without delay. Arrangements were accordingly made by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries in the spring of 1918 for a comprehensive test to be made, the results of which are summarised in the present report. The Board is specially indebted to the authorities of University College, Reading, for the facilities provided for the experiment, and to Mr. S. Pennington, F.R.C.V.S., whose expert supervision contributed so materially to its success.

In deciding upon the supplementary foods to be fed along with the whey, consideration was given primarily to the differences in composition between whole milk and whey which, on the average, may be taken to be as indicated below:

	Composition of One Gallon.	
	Whole Milk.	Whey.
	lb.	lb.
Water	9.00	9.55
Fat40	.04
Albuminoids35	.09
Sugar49	.52
Mineral Salts (Ash) ..	.08	.07

It will be seen from these figures that, compared with whole milk, whey is chiefly deficient in fat and albuminoids, and that, in order to bring up the feeding value of one gallon of whey to that of one gallon of whole milk, an addition of .36 lb. (say $\frac{1}{3}$ lb.) of fat (or oil), and .26 lb. (say $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.) of albuminoids is necessary.

The deficiency of the whey in mineral salts (or ash), though apparently trivial in amount, is nevertheless important, since it falls mainly upon the phosphate of lime, which is so important for bone formation.

The ideal "cheese substitute" for use along with whey would thus appear to be a material or mixture rich in oil, albuminoids and phosphates. The material must be concentrated and highly digestible in order that too great a bulk of it may not be necessary to supply the requisite amounts of oil and albuminoids. In devising the mixture for these experiments the aim kept in view was to obtain a mixture, such that 1 lb. added to 1 gallon of whey would give a food approximately equal in nutritive value to that of 1 gallon of whole milk. In selecting the materials for the mixture attention was confined to those which might be regarded as generally available for calf-rearing purposes, only one material (cod-liver meal) that could not be so described being for a time included in the tests.

Of single feeding-stuffs that approximate closely to the requirements outlined above, only one is generally available—viz., linseed, 1 lb. of which supplies 0.35 lb. of oil and 0.23 lb. of albuminoids.

A second material to which attention was directed as likely to be useful was cod-liver meal, the dried residue from the manufacture of high-quality cod-liver oil. An analysis of this material showed no less than 44.1 per cent. of oil and 36.5 per cent. of albuminoids, so that, although supplies of the meal would not warrant any recommendation of its general use, it was thought desirable that, in view of the known virtues of cod-liver oil, some test of its merits for calf rearing should be made.

Apart from these materials it did not appear practicable to supply the whole deficiency of oil ($\frac{1}{3}$ lb.) in the form of oil, and consequently for other "cheese substitutes" recourse was had to mixtures which would supply the deficiency partly in the

form of oil and partly in the form of starch or other carbohydrates. If the nutritive values of the milk and whey be expressed in terms of the equivalent weights of starch, the deficiency in nutritive value of 1 gallon of whey as compared with 1 gallon of milk is equivalent to practically 1 lb. starch. Hence these mixtures were so devised that 1 lb. would supply roughly $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. albuminoids and 1 lb. starch equivalent, the latter requirement necessitating the inclusion in each case of a proportion of material rich in oil (linseed).

In order to ensure an adequate supply of phosphate of lime and at the same time to counteract partly any possible detrimental tendency of the acidity of the whey it was decided to add to the ration in every case a small quantity of precipitated bone flour.

The "cheese substitutes" eventually decided upon for test were as follows:

- (1) Cod-liver meal.
- (2) Fish meal, 1 part; linseed meal, 2 parts.
- (3) Coconut meal, 1 part; linseed meal, 1 part.
- (4) * Bean meal, 5 parts; linseed cake meal, 4 parts.
- (5) Cod-liver meal, 3 parts; fish meal, 1 part; oatmeal, 3 parts.
- (6) Linseed meal, 3 parts; linseed cake meal, 2 parts.
- (7) Cod-liver meal, 3 parts; bean meal, 3 parts; fish meal, 1 part.

It was thought desirable, before proceeding to the experiment proper, that some information should be obtained as to the dietetic properties and general suitability of these mixtures, with a view to the elimination or modification of any that might prove unsuitable. For the purpose of this preliminary qualitative trial 8 calves, each a few days old, were obtained on March 16th to 19th, 1918, and, after about a fortnight's feeding with whole milk, were put on diets of whey and the above mixtures, one calf being used for each mixture. The eighth calf was given Mixture No. 4 fed along with scalded whey. The substitution of whey for milk was in all cases effected gradually in the course of fourteen days, at the end of which time each calf was receiving daily 1 gallon of whey and 1 lb. of the meal. With the one exception indicated, the whey was warmed simply to about blood-heat for feeding. Whey was received from the dairy every evening, and the acidity of each consignment was determined before feeding throughout the experiment. Apart from a few hot periods the acidity of the whey as received was usually from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, rising to $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 degrees by the following morning.

In addition to the meal mixture, each calf received daily about $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of precipitated bone phosphate stirred into the whey. Occasional cases of "blowing" were successfully dealt with by adding a little precipitated chalk to the whey. The meals were at first mixed with the whey, but as it was found on trial that the calves quickly became accustomed to consuming them in the dry form, this mode of feeding was subsequently adopted. Mixture No. 2 proved exceptional in this respect, and was only consumed satisfactorily when fed along with the whey.

It was soon found that Meal No. 1 (cod-liver meal alone) was quite unpalatable to the calf, and therefore after a few days its use was abandoned and a new mixture (No. 8) of cod-liver meal (3 parts), fish meal (1 part), and finely ground oats (3 parts) was substituted. This mixture differs from No. 5 only in that ground whole oats replace oatmeal.

Contrary to expectations no digestive trouble was experienced with any of the mixtures, so that after a fortnight's trial on the full whey and meal diet it was thought safe to proceed to experiment on a more extensive scale.

Accordingly, on May 2nd, the calves, then about seven weeks old, were divided into two lots of four, one lot (Lot I.) being subsequently fed on Mixture No. 6, and the other lot (Lot II.) on Mixture No. 7, modified by substituting linseed meal for cod-liver meal.†

It will be noted that the individual calves in these lots had not been similarly treated in the preceding period, but their progress had been so uniform that no serious exception could be taken to their being grouped as indicated.

On the same day 16 new heifer calves were obtained, each about three days old. These were fed on whole milk until they had attained an average of two weeks, and were then grouped into four lots, of as nearly uniform character as possible in weight and appearance. For the subsequent feeding of these lots Mixtures No. 2, 3, 4 and 8 were used.

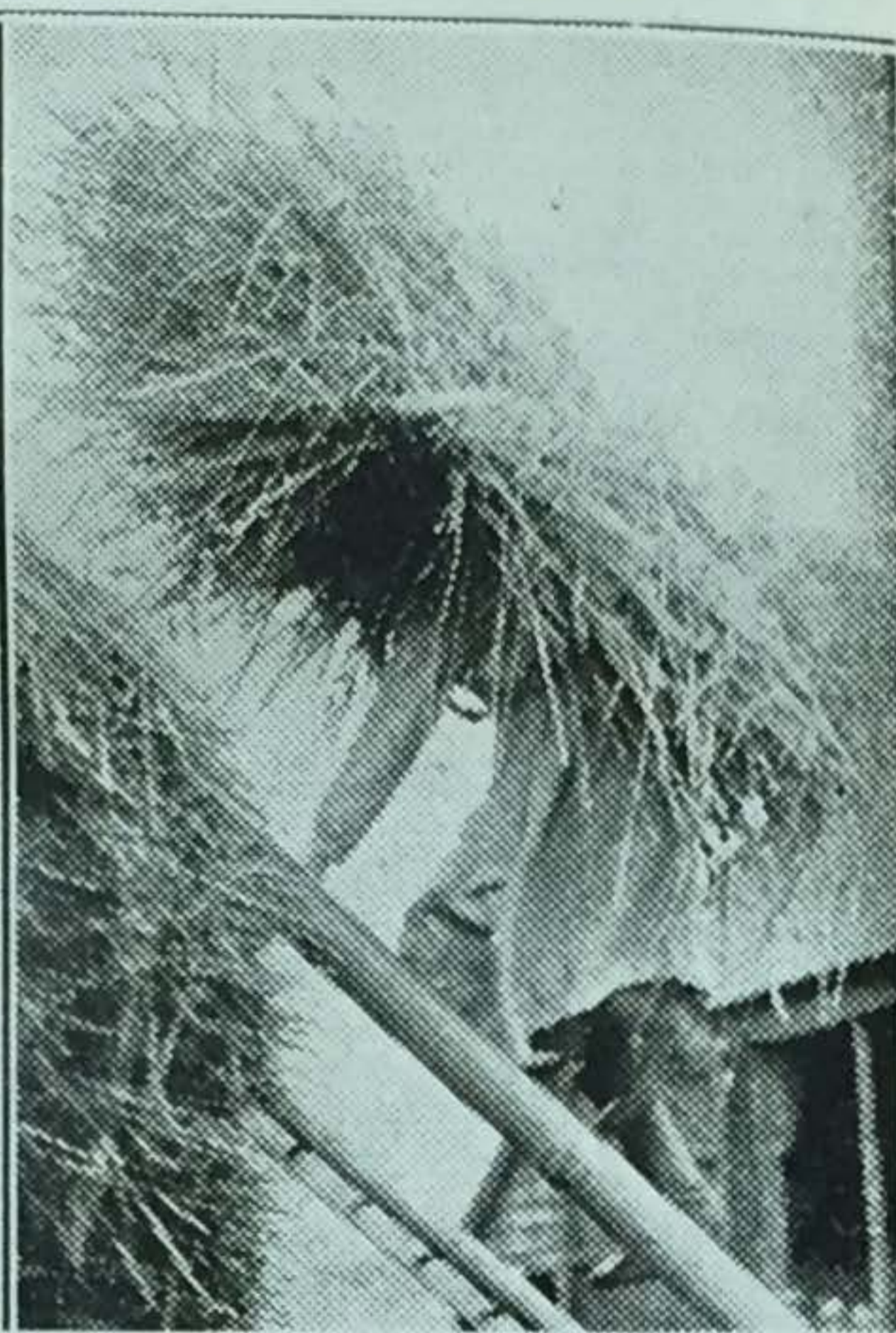
* Mixture as used with good results (fed with water) in experiments at the Midland Agricultural and Dairy College.

† The use of cod-liver meal in this mixture and in No. 5 was abandoned at this stage in view of the very small supplies.

Thatching

WHEN our organising secretary first suggested that I should join a thatching class I thought it rather a wild idea, especially as the war was supposed to be practically over and the men returning to their own work. Nevertheless, I decided at once that I should like to join the class, and would do so if I could be spared from the farm. I thought it would be quite a change, and a bit of a lark, if nothing else, whereas I said to myself, "It may come in useful some time, and one can never learn too much." You may be sure I got no encouragement from the men folk, who laughed and said that, of course, thatching was essentially man's work, and very hard at that. Well, the day came when we all landed in Framlingham, where we were making our headquarters, and where we were met at the station by the very kind registrar of the district who piloted us to our billets, and who, during our fortnight's stay in the town, never failed to take an interest in us and our work, and who cheered us by arranging pleasant evenings, etc.

The next morning saw us all assembled punctually at 8.0 in the stack-yard, with our very able and patient trainer, who was to initiate us into the secrets of thatching. Then



Thatching Test in Suffolk

Suffolk Advertiser

commenced the cutting of straw, and the shaking and wetting, and making into what is called a "straw bed," after which came the pulling of the straw, and the gaveling, and putting into yokes, then the knack of lifting these yokes quickly and easily on to one's back had to be learnt, and next, of course, taking the yoke up the ladder and depositing it in a certain way on to the stack and fixing it there.

After that the real thatching began, and it was most interesting to watch our trainer very quickly and deftly lay on the straw, demonstrating all the time, and trying to teach us that the object of thatching was to keep the wet out of the stack.

A day or two later the thrilling moment came when we were allowed to lay the straw on by ourselves, with our trainer pointing out our mistakes, etc. How we must have tried his patience, poor man!

Yet another day or two and we were allowed on the stack quite by ourselves, being narrowly watched all the time, let me tell you. I must say by the time our stacks were combed, bound, and clipped, we felt quite proud of them, and especially so when the different farmers complimented us on our work. In passing, I would like to mention how very kind the farmers and their wives were to us, and I can assure you we felt most grateful.

Last, but not least, came the eventful day of the test, when

some of us wished the earth would open and swallow us up, stacks, ladders, and all—when there seemed to be crowds of people watching and criticising our work and our every movement. Then the suspense (which we did not mind), while the judges reckoned up our points, and the surprises, and perhaps disappointments when Lady Cranworth called out the names of the prize winners.

We had a short address, and some encouraging advice from Lady Cranworth, and so ended a very pleasant and profitable fortnight.

We all had very comfortable billets, no doubt the result of forethought on the part of our very able organising secretary and the Registrar of Framlingham.

Our District Representative very kindly came over from Marlesford Hall to see us, and Captain Schreiber was so good as to present us all with snapshots of the class at work. The only thing we had to complain of was the weather, and it rained nearly every day little or much.

In conclusion, I should like to say that my opinion of thatching has quite changed since I have been taught how to do it. It is hard work, no doubt, but personally I found it no harder than some other kinds of farm work, and I'm very glad I joined the thatching class, and I feel sure all the other members of the class are of the same opinion as myself.

DAISY BROCK.

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THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

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

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CLIMAX.

IN the enforced intimacy of Scarlotti's tiny three rooms a new problem began to present itself to Cecilia in the relations of Scarlotti and Giron. It was obvious from the fervour with which Scarlotti worked that she was the financial head of the combination, while Giron was in hiding. The strange woman never worked except when necessity beat upon the studio door.

The fact that she had befriended Giron was nothing new or alarming, for there was almost always some pensioner upon her bounty, either men or girls. She worked for them as a mother would for her needy children if they needed food; and she fed them on her joyous optimism if they needed courage. To serve somebody, that was Scarlotti's dissipation, and she refused a word of thanks. So the situation itself was not unusual; and yet Cecilia felt that it had one alarming possibility—that Scarlotti might really love Giron. It was too hateful to think of the girl's fine worth being so desecrated. Cecilia loved and admired her too well not to give her a word of warning, and the chance was not long in coming.

It was the day that the case of the People *versus* Conrad was expected to go to the jury. Cecilia had been awake at dawn after a restless night, her thoughts hovering about the Judge. That this day would mark the end of a long strain for all of them she tried to comfort herself, to quiet a nervous terror that possessed her. Scarlotti seemed restless too; so they rose early and had their breakfast, tiptoeing about, not to awaken Giron, in the tiny room next to the kitchen.

Afterwards when Scarlotti sat at her work and Cecilia wandered about, too anxious to paint, Scarlotti looked up at her inquiringly.

"What is it, Cecilia?"

"Nervous, I suppose. Can't seem to settle down."

"Might as well tell me and get it off your mind."

"I shouldn't know where to begin, Scarlotti."

"You're in love, aren't you?"

"No, no, certainly not."

"Oh, yes, you are! I knew it the minute I saw your face the other night when you saw him."

"Saw him?"

"Yes, Mr. Graves, over at the coffee house."

Cecilia smiled gravely.

"You're wrong. It is not—"

"My dear, I know something about love myself, so you can't deceive me."

"You, Scarlotti? And you always boasted that your heart was a stone!"

"I was wrong. It is a red-hot ball of flame, and it will burn me up if I don't get some peace pretty soon."

"Is it somebody I know, Scarlotti?"

"It is Giron," she answered simply.

"Oh, no, Scarlotti! not Giron," Cecilia cried.

Scarlotti turned on her.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"He's such a miserable beast; he's not worthy of you."

"I don't care!"

"He has murder on his soul!"

"I don't care. I don't care what he is, or what he's done—I love him, and that's all there is to it."

"But I can't stand by and see you condemn yourself to this misery. Let me tell you what he has done."

The door opened and Giron came in, bowing. Cecilia turned away, as if to leave them.

"Go on with the list of charges. Pray, do not let me interrupt. Maybe I can add piquant details."

"You were listening?" Cecilia demanded.

"The walls are paper—why not?"

"I might have known your ear would be at the keyhole," she flung at him.

His face grew white, and he strode to Cecilia, his hands gripping and ungripping.

"How long do you imagine I am going to endure you, eh? Do you believe I am going to let you interfere with my plans—my life? But no! You get in my way, and you suffer! Why don't you stay in the country? Why do you come and hunt me out?"

All at once Giron's passion left him. His face twisted into a mockery of a smile. He looked at Cecilia and laughed. Then without a word he turned to where Scarlotti stood, took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately upon the mouth. "I love you! I love you!" he said to her, and she clung to him desperately.

He put her aside and went and took something from a chest of drawers, went into his room, and came out with his hat and gloves.

"Where are you going?" Cecilia asked him.

"Addio, Scarlotti mia," he said, ignoring the other.

The two women stood a moment facing one another.

"We must follow him! There's no telling what he may do."

"It's all your fault; you made him so furious."

"Never mind. We must get the police."

Scarlotti seized Cecilia by the arm. "You'll do nothing of the sort. You keep your hands off him, do you hear?"

Cecilia pushed her away and ran downstairs, and toward a car that would take her to the court house.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TRIAL.

IT was with the greatest difficulty that Cecilia and Scarlotti succeeded in getting into the court room, for it was crowded to suffocation when they arrived. So many interests of Capital and Labour, Trust and Union, were involved in the case that there were people enough to fill the room who were vitally interested, besides all the court hangers-on and curiosity-seekers who infest court rooms during murder trials.

Cecilia gave a hurried glance about as she sat down at the back of the room. Her heart beat fast at sight of Judge Carteret, and she searched his face eagerly for signs of recognition, but he had not noticed their entrance.

The people about her turned eager, interested, or bored faces toward the attorney for the defence, who was making his final summing up. She could not see Giron anywhere, and she asked Scarlotti in a whisper if she saw him. She tried to listen to the attorney, who was reaching his climax, but she could not. Her mind was whirling about one question—Where was Giron? What was he planning to do? She determined that if he came into the room she would warn Judge Carteret against him. She sat on the edge of her chair, straining every nerve.

Presently the Judge began to speak, and she tried to fix her attention on what he was saying, but she heard only his opening words:

"The Court instructs the jury, as a matter of law, that if they believe from the evidence in this case that the defendants, or any of them, conspired and agreed together, or with others, to overthrow the law by force, or to resist the officers of the law; and if they further believe, in pursuance of such conspiracy and induced by such advice and encouragement, that murder was committed, then all of such conspirators are guilty of murder, whether the person who perpetrated such murder be identified or not."

Maybe Giron was guilty of murder too, along with the others.

"If these defendants or any of them conspired together to excite the people, or classes of people, of the city of Crossroads to sedition, tumult, or riot, to the use of deadly weapons, and to take the life of other persons, as a means to carry out their designs and purposes; and if, in pursuance of such conspiracy and the furtherance of its objects, any of the persons so conspiring publicly by print or speech advised or encouraged the commission of murder, without designating time, place, or condition at which it should be done; and if in furtherance of the common object a shot was fired by a member of such conspiracy at the time when William Parker was killed, then such defendants as the jury believes from evidence beyond reasonable doubt to have been parties to this conspiracy are guilty of murder, whether present at the killing or not, and whether the identity of the person firing the shot be established or not."

During the Judge's instructions to the jury the faces of the men on trial whitened and grew taut, as if the screws were being tightened. The counsel for the defence looked grave.

The Judge's sonorous voice rolled on indefinitely, making only a blurred impression on Cecilia's mind. She was like one drowning, before the last sinking. The whole of her life flashed by her—sordid childhood, neglected girlhood, the blissful period

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at Hillcrest—it swept by like a panorama up to this final moment. She thought she had climbed away from her past and built herself a refuge, but she was mistaken. The past had risen up to claim her, to drag her down again, and she cried out in her heart that she would sink back without a protest if only these people whom she loved and who loved her might not come to harm through her.

After what seemed hours of agonised waiting the Judge closed his instructions to the jury, and they rose to go out, when the disturbance that Cecilia waited for came. After some colloquy with the doorkeeper, which attracted general attention, Giron sauntered in, with the strut of an actor who appreciates a good entrance. Cecilia sprang up, but Scarlotti pulled her back into her seat.

Giron stood easily facing the Judge and the jurymen, who stood by their chairs.

"Gentlemen of ze jury, I understan' one Gaston Giron ees wanted on zees trial. I am Giron."

(To be continued.)

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As I write this for the August LANDSWOMAN, those girls at Drayton St. Leonard are busy preparing for the wedding tomorrow of the first of the gang to be married—Betty Bennett, the shepherdess, who is marrying the carter's son, and who will live in a cottage on the old farm. Three others of the gang are also going to marry local men one day soon, and Mr. King has promised each a cottage home. I am sure that each reader of THE LANDSWOMAN will echo our very hearty good wishes to the bridal pairs.

Northants

E. Pestell, F. Warwick, A. Deveney, G. Croot, A. Day, R. Hedge, E. Wiggins, D. Hayes, D. Andrews, A. Cadd, D. Turner.

Dorset

List of girls who received the Good Service Ribbon, February 7th, 1919:—

H. Adams, E. L. Aldridge, N. Apps, E. Ashton, K. Austin, B. Bailey, A. Bale, I. Banter, L. Bate, D. Bone, M. Brennan, D. Britten, F. Braithwaite, E. N. Brown, V. M. Brown, L. M. Butt, W. Barcham, E. R. Carter, I. M. Cheverton, Mrs. Chislett, E. M. Churchill, M. Colthart, E. Cooper, F. Cosser, P. G. Cove, A. B. Cox, R. Cox, E. Cornford, E. Crockford, M. Curtis, V. Cripps, D. Dalley, R. Deane, M. de Gruchy, A. Dewfall, L. Diment, E. Dymond, A. Dyer, M. Dyson, Mrs. Drew, J. Dickens, A. A. Edwards, M. Edwards, E. R. Fanner, E. Flew, K. Flower, E. L. Francis, E. Frizzell, A. Fory, L. Grass, E. Gregory, Mrs. Green, A. Grinter, M. Hale, E. M. Hall, D. Hansford, Mrs. M. C. Harris, A. J. Harris, R. G. Harvey, C. L. Hartup, M. G. Hawkins, A. Himbury, E. Hurst, D. Hodder, M. Hodgson, G. Houghton, C. Hygate, N. Jeans, A. M. Johnstone, E. Joyce, M. Kent, I. King, H. Langley, B. Larcombe, E. Larcombe, L. Laws, G. Lawrence, E. Legge, V. M. Lloyd, S. C. Lloyd, M. Loder, M. B. Lovell, E. Loveridge, E. M. Mabbutt, J. Maidment, Mrs. Marks, A. Masters, C. Mattock, E. Mellor, L. Moutrie, E. McGrath, M. Mitchell, R. Morris, E. Murphy, A. L. Munday, E. Maslin, E. Neale, K. North, K. O'Donnell, V. M. Oatley, E. J. Parfitt, V. B. Parfitt, I. Perrot, E. Pilsworth, L. Pizey, C. Poore, L. Prior, M. Purkiss, F. Percy, C. Randall, B. Read, A. Reed, L. Rogers, D. Rose, F. E. Rose, M. Rose, E. Rowland, V. Sharpe, J. Saunt, E. N. Selby, Mrs. Sibley, B. E. Sharp, L. Simmons, L. Slade, R. Smith, M. Smith, B. Smith, K. Small, I. Spellor, G. Spicer, N. A. Stevens, M. Strachan, E. Sutton, E. Taylor, B. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, L. Teague, R. Tizzard, K. Tizzard, E. Tolley, F. Tooley, G. Tory, A. Tuck, A. M. Waite, M. Wakefield, M. Walther, N. Warren, J. Webster, F. Weeks, M. K. Weeks, V. Welch, W. L. Whitcher, E. M. White, K. Whitmore, M. J. Williams, V. M. Williams, B. E. Williams, M. C. Williams, G. Yarrow, A. C. Yeilding, R. Young, Mrs. Yulle.

Northumberland

Isabel Brewis, Oliver Coulthard, Mary Craze, Dorothy Dickinson, Kate Farquharson, Margaret Harrison, Francis Hillard, Edith Marden, Lizzie Ternent, Annie Thornhill, Mary Walker, Mary Wood, Alice Watson.

Isle of Ely

G.S. Ribbons awarded:—

E. Wollard, D. Newham, D. Marshall, D. O'Kill, G. Gibson, L. Smith, F. Mundy, G. Cooper, L. Castagnari, L. Harper, D. Marriage, C. Slade, Mrs. Gooch, Mrs. Coleman, Alice Mills, Violet Hunt, K. Heggs, D. Norman, M. Russell, F. Simmons, M. Green, F. Sandall, R. Cross, L. Wilson, K. Haigh.

Flintshire

M. Bretherton, C. Bretherton, Mrs. Bromley, D. Catherall, B. Chambers, R. Cox, E. Conolly, G. Crocombe, N. Davies, M. Davies, E. Davies, M. Davies, B. Dean, D. Dore, K. Donovan, K. Evans, C. Fazackerley, M. Fazackerley, J. Fletcher, E. Fletcher, H. Fuller, V. Geotz, W. Goode, H. Goll, E. Gratton, A. Harrison, M. Holmes, F. Hodgkinson, A. Holland, V. Hunt, M. Hughes, M. E. Jones, E. H. Jones, K. Jones, E. Jones, A. Jones, E. Johnson, G. Kepple, H. Lewis, B. Lewis, E. Leech, N. Lewis, W. McEvoy, B. Morris, J. A. Moss, E. G. Orr, L. Passey, C. Pembroke, M. Pierce, F. Probert, F. Reeves, E. Richards, F. Rock, D. O. Rogers, J. Roberts, S. Roberts, D. Shepherd, A. N. Siddall, A. I. Smith, F. Smale, N. Scott, M. Taylor, A. Thomas, M. Thomas, J. Williams, I. Wilson, V. Watts.



Four Weeks Old

Our "Mother"

"DORNT ye kna who Maither is? Why, she be our sow. Waal, 'twas last year it be, when we be zitting round the table, we 'eard the front door open, and in she walked. Aye, she walked raight through the 'all, 'ad a peep at we, hand she tried to get in she did. But we be too many for 'er, and we put 'er out quick. Nay, we dinna put 'er out; Maither turned and trotted down the passage to the larder door.

"Aye, we couldna pass 'er to stop 'er—she be fat; zo fat, as we say 'She ain't got na sides.' Doon went 'er snout into the bread crock and off she marches with misses's loaf. We dinna stop 'er, we just looked!! Waal, coom along, lass, and I'll show ye our Maither."

When I got to the sty I saw a great, big, enormous creature with fat cheeks and big drooping ears that hid nearly all her face.

Well, we just simply love Mother. And she has stolen two more loaves, and once she got her head into the chickens' corn bag, and you should just have seen the tug-of-war which ensued.

The people say we "cadle" her, but who could help doing it? In the summer she would lie in the sun on the lawn and let a little boy sit on her back; she is as gentle as a lamb.

One day two of us went out to cart hay, and when we got back, we found that poor Mother was surrounded by about eleven squirming, pinky, little brats, who had no business to have appeared so soon.

There was hurry and skurry immediately, for, lo! and behold! Mother was cross—actually cross!!

"No wonder," grunted Mother; "nobody has been near me. For Heaven's sake, look after these youngsters," and over she rolled on to the straw.

Now, we've nursed back her sweet temper she is looking after eleven ducky imps, who have nearly all got floppy ears.

Mother has been here ever since she was eight weeks old, and she has presented us with forty piglets:

First litter ..	9 pigs,	8 lived.
Second litter..	17 "	14 "
Third litter ..	14 "	11 "

Mother is a big, long, curly-coated Lincolnshire pedigree pig, and loved by everyone.

M. MARGARET MOORE.

P.S.—Mother was found one day last week helping herself to breakfast from the kitchen table.

Vegetable Entrées

By C. Herman Senn

SPINACH WITH POACHED EGGS.

TWO lb. spinach, 1 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, one tablespoonful cream, salt and pepper, 3 or 4 small poached eggs. Pick off the stalks and brown leaves and wash the spinach in several waters. Drain it, and put it in a stew-pan with just enough water to keep it from burning; add a teaspoonful of salt and very small piece of soda or a little moist sugar. When sufficiently cooked put the spinach into a colander and press the moisture from it; then rub through a wire sieve. Melt the butter in a stew-pan, add the flour and cook a little; put in the spinach and moisten with a little stock or gravy. Stir till it boils, turn down gas jets, and simmer for at least 10 minutes. Lastly, add the cream, and season to taste with pepper, salt and nutmeg, or Cayenne. Poach the eggs very carefully in water containing a little salt, and a small quantity of vinegar or lemon juice. Take up and trim the eggs. Dish up the spinach and place the eggs neatly on top of the spinach. Serve hot.

SPINACH SOUFFLES.

Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stew-pan, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour, and cook for a few minutes (stirring). Add a little stock or milk and stir over the fire until it resembles a smooth paste, then $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of cream; work again, and stir in 1 lb. of spinach purée.

Season sparingly to taste with salt, pepper and nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed, add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of grated cheese. Have ready some well-buttered china soufflé cases; sprinkle the inside with grated cheese, and fill them with the mixture. Sprinkle over the top of each a little grated cheese, mixed with a small quantity of fresh breadcrumbs. Place a few tiny bits of butter on top of each and bake in a very hot oven for 10 minutes. Dish up and serve to table immediately.

VEGETABLE MARROW AU GRATIN.

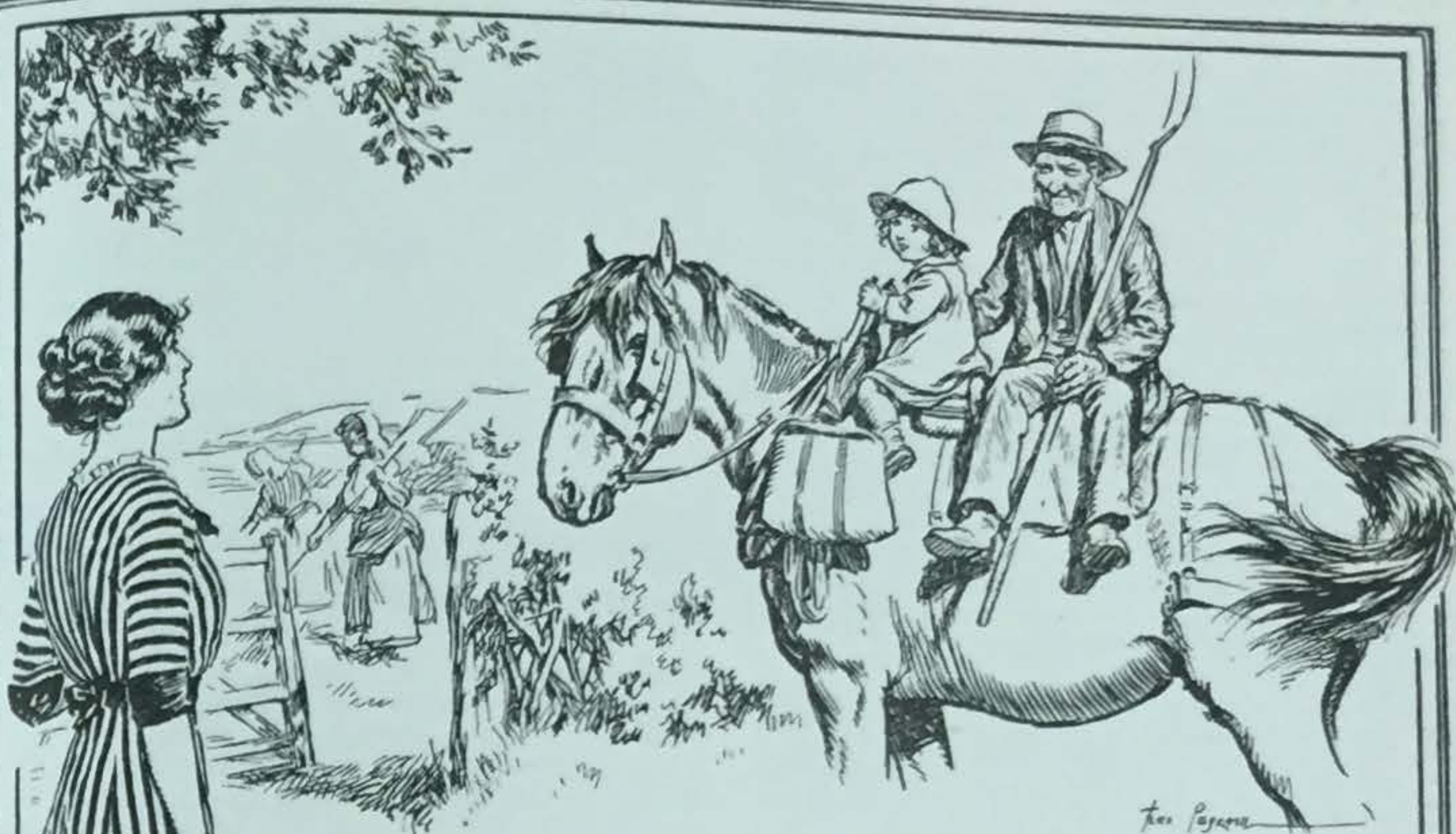
Prepare and cook in salted water 1 large or 2 small vegetable marrows. Rub a fireproof baking or gratin dish with a cut shallot, then butter it and place in it neatly the cooked marrow. Coat carefully with a rich, white sauce. Sprinkle over some grated cheese and breadcrumbs, also a little oiled butter. Put the dish in a hot oven for several minutes, long enough to brown the surface. Place the dish on another dish, covered with a folded napkin, and serve.

GREEN PEAS A LA VANTAISE.

Put a quart of young green peas (shelled) in a stew-pan with 2 small peeled spring or button onions and a cabbage lettuce



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tied up with string. Moisten with a gill of water and add 1 oz. of butter. Cover the pan and cook quickly until the peas are tender. Take out the onion and lettuce, cut the latter into very fine shreds and return to the peas after draining off the water. Season with salt and pepper and half a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Add a tablespoonful of butter mixed with a dessertspoonful of cornflour to the peas. Shake the pan well and reheat the peas; then dish up and serve.

STUFFED TOMATOES WITH RICE.

Select the required number, say, 6 to 8 even-sized and fairly ripe tomatoes; remove the stems and cut a small slice off the top of each tomato; or, better, still, insert a round pastecutter, and thus remove the top and centre part from each tomato. Carefully scoop out the pulp and put it in a stew-pan, with 1 oz. of butter. When quite hot put in about 2 oz. of boiled rice, season with salt and pepper, and mix with 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and 1 teaspoonful of Marmite. Fill the prepared tomatoes with this, sprinkle some breadcrumbs over the top of each, also a little oiled butter. Place them on a baking-sheet and bake in a fairly hot oven for about 20 minutes. Dish up neatly, garnish with parsley, and serve hot.

TOMATOES WITH MUSHROOMS.

Eight medium-size ripe, but firm, tomatoes, 12 preserved mushrooms or 6 large fresh cup mushrooms, 2 tablespoonfuls brown sauce, 1 teaspoonful Marmite, 2 oz. butter, 2 small shallots, 2 tablespoonfuls white breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful chopped parsley, seasoning and round of fried bread (croûtons). Remove the stalks from the tomatoes, wipe them with a cloth, carefully scoop out the pips and a portion of the pulp, taking great care not to break the sides of the tomatoes. Chop the mushrooms finely; when fresh ones are used wash and dry them first. Peel and chop the shallots, fry them a golden colour in 1 oz. of butter, then add the chopped mushrooms, breadcrumbs and parsley; mix well, moisten with the sauce and add the Marmite. Heat, season with pepper, salt and a pinch of Cayenne. Fill up the cavities of the tomatoes with this. Put a tiny bit of butter on top of the stuffing of each tomato. Range them in a well-buttered sauté-pan, and cook in a sharp oven for about ten minutes. Dress them on the prepared bread croûtons, which must be cut to the size of the tomatoes. Dish up, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley or watercress, and serve hot.

CUCUMBER A LA CREME.

Peel 2 large cucumbers as thinly as possible, split each in two lengthwise, and remove the seeds; then cut the pieces into cubes of even size. Cook them in salted water for about 15 minutes, take up and drain on a cloth or sieve. Put the cooked cucumber in a sauté-pan with 2 oz. of butter, season with salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg; add a good pinch of castor sugar, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of white sauce and a tablespoonful of cream and bring slowly to the boil. Shake the pan well during this process, and lastly add a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Dish up neatly and serve hot.

CARROTS A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.

Wash and scrape a bunch of young carrots, cut each lengthwise into quarters, and boil in salted water till tender. Drain and put them on a stew-pan with 1 oz. of butter; sauté them quickly over the fire, add 1 dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Shake the pan over the fire for some minutes. Season with salt, pepper and a pinch of castor sugar. Dish up and serve hot.

PARSNIPS WITH SAUCE.

Wash and scrape, or peel thinly, 3 or 4 parsnips; then cut them into slices or cubes and put them into fast-boiling water (salted). Cook for about 20 minutes; then pour off the water and drain the parsnips. Into a clean saucepan put 1 oz. of butter, and when melted add to it a similar quantity of flour. Cook this for a few minutes whilst stirring without browning and stir in gradually a pint of stock or water, together with half a pint of milk. Stir till it boils, and let simmer for about 15 minutes; then put in the partly-cooked parsnips. Allow the contents of the pan to cook gently until the parsnips are quite tender, stirring occasionally to prevent them from sticking to the pan or burning. Season to taste with salt, pepper or a grate of nutmeg. Before serving add a few drops of lemon juice and, if liked, a little cream. Put the parsnips and the sauce on a hot dish, sprinkle over a little finely-chopped parsley, and serve hot.

BAKED POTATOES WITH EGGS.

Cut 4 large hot baked potatoes in halves lengthwise, scoop out the soft part and put this through a sieve. Beat up two eggs in a basin. Season with salt and pepper, add a little melted butter and mix well with the potato purée; then fill the potatoes with this mixture. Sprinkle over a few breadcrumbs, grated cheese, and a few drops of melted butter over each, and brown in a hot oven. The mixture should be heaped loosely and piled up high in the potato cases. Dish up and serve hot.

MUSHROOM TARTLETS.

Stir 2 yolks of eggs into $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of hot mushroom purée flavoured with a teaspoonful of Marmite; whisk stiffly the whites of the eggs and mix carefully with the above. Season with salt, pepper and a pinch of Cayenne. Fill up some baked tartlet crusts with this preparation and bake in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes. Dish up and serve hot.

From "Meals without Meat."

Harvest

SING a song of harvest on the spring, growing spring,

With young green corn a-wave like anything;

While the little dancing shadows

Show the larks above the meadows,

And the farmer lifts his head to hear them sing.

Sing a song of harvest in the heat, summer heat,

With the sunshine idly drowsing down the street;

When the bees among the clover

Hum that haying time is over,

And the farmer hears the rustle of the wheat.

Sing a song of harvest in the fall, golden fall,

When the lads upon the wagons gaily call,

When the last great sheaf is carried,

From the meadows where we tarried,

Oh, the farmer loves that song the best of all.

MAY HEWARD.

Really Wild Birds and Animals

IN High Leicestershire very little game is preserved, partly due, I believe, to the fox-hunting, and also to its coldness. The vermin pests have a very good time, with no keepers to make a collection of them in their larders.

Needless to say, the most common of these pests here is the fox, and they are a very common sight even in daylight, and often walk in front of me, when I am on my way to work along the road, early in the morning.

Then the badgers have made huge excavations in the high banks in many places round here; but they are not so bold as the fox, and are rarely seen in the daytime, but hunt their prey at night. On moonlight nights the shepherds see them creep along the side of the slopes to the sheep fold, hoping, no doubt, to take some new-born lamb back to the young badgers in the bank. But as soon as they see, hear, or smell the shepherd they are off at a rate one would never expect from animals of their shape. The badgers can run along the side of a steep hill quite easily by reason of one of their front and one corresponding back leg being shorter than the legs on the other side. They can be most savage if cornered.

The weasel is very common here also, and they haunt the farmyards in many places, and suck the hens' eggs and kill the small chickens and ducklings. I have not seen any stoats here, but they are even more trouble in the farmyard than weasels.

As for rats, the village pump tells us of 3d. per tail offered by the Board of Agriculture; they abound everywhere.

The goshawk is the most common hawk here. I have watched one hovering in the air, almost still, and then flash down on some rabbit or mouse, striking his prey with those terrible claws and beak.

I have not seen the kestrel; evidently its bigger brother won't allow it.

The carrion crows every year make solitary nests in high trees, and many poor lambs are made blind by his cruel beak, and small birds, mice and frogs are carried away to the nest never to return.

As for the magpies, if one is superstitious one spends days bowing to them. I have seen as many as fifteen in one field at a time; in that case one could not bow to all, or even say, "One for sorrow, two for mirth, three for a wedding, four for a birth," more than twice! In the spring magpies hunt up and down the hedges, killing ruthlessly the young birds and smashing the eggs in the nests.

Owls there are, but I am not when they are abroad, but asleep in my bed, and deaf to their hoots.

M. A. GEDEN.

JANUARY, 1918

Several copies of this issue are still available.
Apply to the Editor.



Cheshire L.A.A.S.

Land Army Concert

Upton-on-Severn

ON Thursday, June 26th, a very successful entertainment was given at Upton-on-Severn by members of the Upton-on-Severn Land Army Club. There was a large audience who thoroughly appreciated the varied programme, many of the items being enthusiastically encored. Canon Edmondson took the chair and spoke very highly of the usefulness of the Land Army during the crisis through which the nation has passed and is passing. Mrs. Edmondson kindly gave the performers refreshments during the interval.

Much to the delight of the performers Miss Hamilton, the Organising Secretary, who had been away on leave, managed to get back just in time to be present.

The entertainment was organised by the Group Leader, Miss Riddell and the Welfare Officer, the success of the entertainment being mainly due to the excellent and patient training given by the Group Leader, to which the girls responded splendidly.

The financial result leaves a nice little nest-egg to be used for the club.

The programme was as follows:—

Part I: Piano solo, Miss Norah Lane; part song, "Sweet and Low," Misses R. Boon, D. Euridge, A. Weaver, E. Gunnell, T. Moon, F. Handley, M. Taylor; recitation, "The Glory of the Garden," Miss F. Handley; song, "Who's that a callin'?" Miss T. Moon; dance, "Sailor's Hornpipe," Miss D. Euridge; song, "Gin a body," Miss E. Caton; duologue, "The Village Gossip," characters, Mrs. Green (Miss F. Handley), Mrs. Cackle (Miss E. Gunnell).

Part II: Piano solo, Miss Doris Jakeman; recitation, "Ask Mamma," Miss R. Leversuch; dance, "Spring Song," Miss D. Euridge; song, "When the Great Red Dawn is Shining," Miss E. Caton; duologue, "Miss Priscilla's Cat," characters, Miss Priscilla (Miss Maude Taylor), Mary (Miss May Mansell); dance, Miss D. Euridge; duologue, "Shattered Nerves," characters, Mrs. Percy Sharpe (Miss E. Caton), Lady Flora (Miss R. Leversuch); song and chorus, "The Farmer's Boy," "Auld Lang Syne," "God Save the King."

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An Apology

THE Editor regrets exceedingly that in the January issue of THE LANDSWOMAN, owing to an incorrect report, a comment was made on the action of a land girl in Cumberland who was awarded the D.S.B., which has since been proved to have been quite unjustified.

At the annual show of the Herefordshire and Worcestershire Agricultural Society held in Hereford on Thursday, June 12th, Miss Helen McKay (L.A.A.S., Herefordshire) was awarded 1st prize for long ripening cheese and very highly commended for quick ripening cheese. Miss McKay is with Mrs. Jones, New House, Staunton-on-Wye, who speaks very highly of her. She was trained in Herefordshire last year.

Church Parade at Worcester Cathedral

ON Peace Thanksgiving Sunday we held a Church Parade of the Land Army in Worcester. Punctually at 10.15 over 60 Worcestershire L.A.A.S. paraded in the yard of the Shirehall, where we fell in behind the Comrades of the Great War with their band, and marched to the Cathedral to our allotted seats. There we took part in the beautiful service, and after this was over paraded again in the College Yard, and with the Comrades of the Great War and V.A.D.'s, etc., marched through the Edgar Gate and back to the Shirehall, where we disbanded after the band had played "God Save the King."

Onlookers stated that the marching of the Land Army was very creditable.

After dismissal we all assembled at the office, where we had refreshments before catching our various trains and buses back to do the Sunday milking.

I SAY, GIRLS!

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Lancs L.A.A.S.

Lancs L.A.A.S. Lead the Loan

ALL Land Girls have proved their patriotism by work. The Lancs L.A.A.S. refuse to be left out in the patriotic Joy Loan Campaign. They have decided to see how many War Loan Certificates the County can buy each month. Here they say, "What Lancashire does to-day, England does to-morrow." I wonder if it is true this time.

Horwich and Bolton Meeting

THE L.A.A.S. round Bolton and Horwich met on Peace Sunday and after tea went to the top of Rivington Pyke. There were many stories told of Lancashire ways and words. One girl from the North told how she spent half an hour hunting for bread to put in the bin when told to "Put t' cob intil tub," when she should have put the pony into the cart.

St. Helen's Club

ON June 28th all land girls were invited to the Inter-Allied Girls' Sports. They had tea at the Institute and later Miss Sutcliffe talked to them on Emigration and Work for L.A.A.S. after demobilisation.

A Lancashire Bird

AN original bird is hatching her brood by a river near Fleetwood. The bird has thought of a place not mentioned in the June article on Birds' Nesting Haunts. She has chosen a letter-box. The letters are posted on to her back. She gets up and pushes them to one side and continues to sit on her eggs. When the postman comes she never stirs, but lets him put his hand in and take the letters each day.

Hereford Land Army Concert

QUITE a successful entertainment was given in the Percival Hall, Hereford, by some Land Army girls of the neighbourhood and local friends, on Saturday, May 24th, in aid of the L.A.A.S. Comforts Fund, when a sum of £5 6s. 9d. was realised.

After the dress rehearsal, which was great fun, and having partaken of tea, provided for us by our kind librarian, all was in readiness and the programme opened at 7 p.m. with a playette in three acts, entitled "Matchmakers," which occupied us girls many happy Saturday evenings during the foregoing months, rehearsing for "The Day." It was the story of the love romance of a rather antique-looking boarding school mistress (your humble servant), which ended happily after many years of misunderstanding. After various songs and dances, with a screamingly amusing sketch entitled "The Two Miss Browns and the Mysterious Parcel," beautifully acted by two local ladies, the evening closed with a Land Army song, "God save the King," and three cheers for all kind friends.

L.A.A.S. DOROTHY M. HAYES.

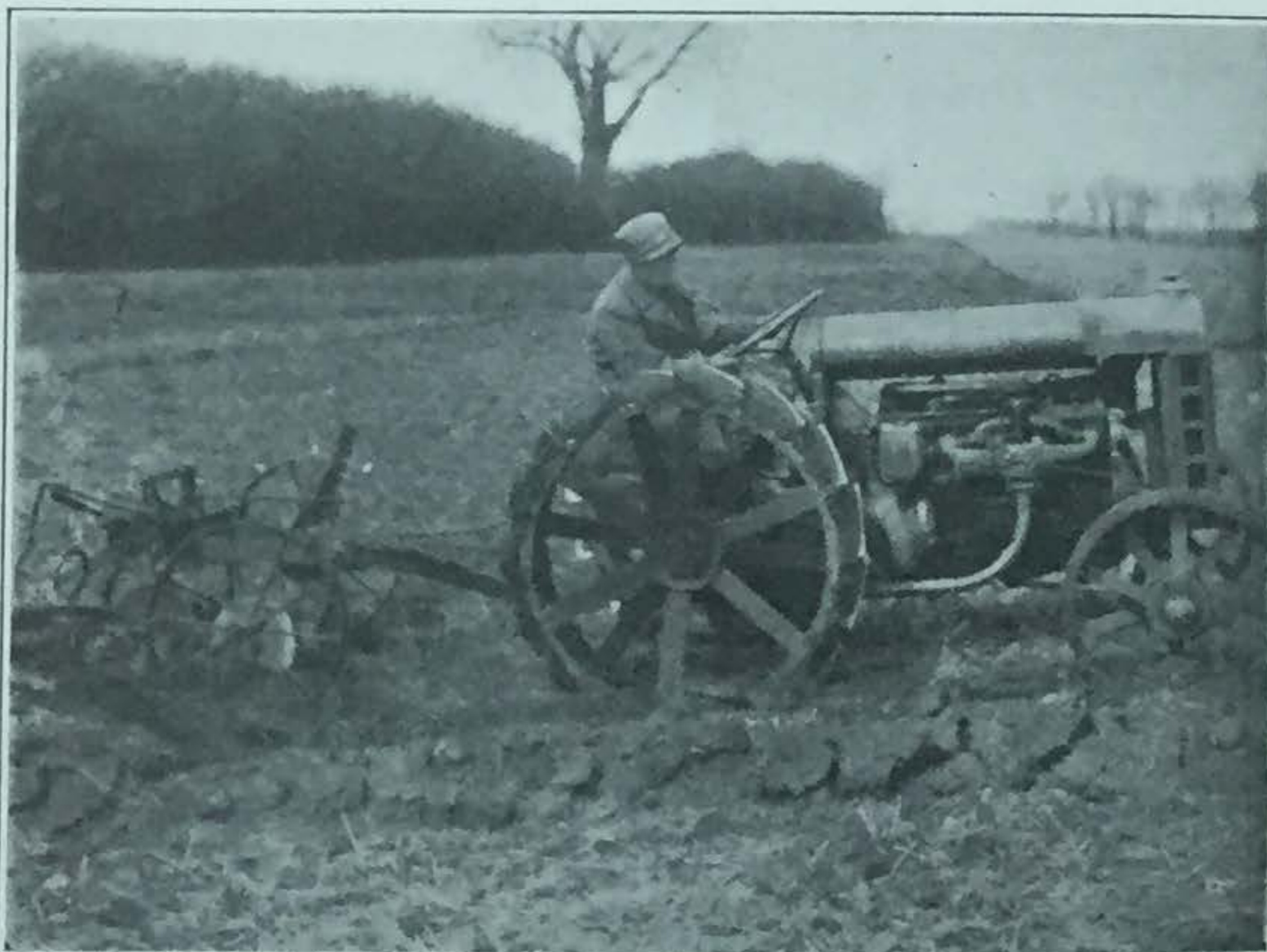
The Church Hut at Chilgrove

AN interesting ceremony took place on Saturday, June 21st, when Bishop Andrews went to Chilgrove, near Chichester, to dedicate the little church hut erected at the Girls' Timber Camp. Bright sunshine and blue sky welcomed his Lordship, and at 4 o'clock the girls formed a procession headed by one of the officers bearing the cross; the Bishop being in cope and mitre and accompanied by the Rev. R. G. Gillman, acting as chaplain.

They circled round the church outside singing the hymns "We love the place, O God," and "Jerusalem, my happy home." They then entered the church, where were a number of friends and officers from other Camps. After the hymn, "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven," and the Magnificat, the lesson was read, taken from the story of the Dedication of the Temple. The Bishop gave a short address, and after a few prayers he dedicated the church hut to the Glory of God and to the memory of St. Francis of Assisi. After the blessing the procession re-formed and left the church, and the rest of the people followed down to the Camp, where tea was provided for the visitors in the recreation and mess huts.

The money for erecting the little church and providing the furniture was collected in small sums and given by the Girls' Friendly Society, whose President, the Hon. Lady Cunliffe, came over to be present at the dedication. The wood was given by the Timber Supply Section and the brass cross, vases and lamp were the gifts of friends, as was the picture of St. Francis which hangs over the door.

The interior of the church hut came as a complete surprise to the girls, who had not been allowed in before the service, and very beautiful it looked, though very simple, with its soft blue hangings, crimson altar frontal, and the sanctuary lamp, with its red light perpetually burning, to remind all who enter of the abiding presence and love of God. After tea the guests dispersed, and the girls, who all looked extremely smart in their neat uniform with the green badges and ties, lined up and gave three ringing cheers for the Girls' Friendly Society and, saluting the Bishop, sent cheer upon cheer after him as he started on his drive back to Chichester.



A Rutland Tractor Driver

Landswoman Exchange Column

Two raincoats for sale, medium size, to the knee, lined, 10s.; unlined, 6s.; also nearly new pair long rubber boots to the knee, lined felt, size 6, 21s.—L. P. Salter, Reymerton Hall, Attleboro', Norfolk.

Wanted, farm overalls, medium or large. Open neck and closed front preferred.—C. V. M., Office of THE LANDSWOMAN.

NOTICE The subscription to "The Landswoman" for six months is 2/- post free. Orders may be sent to the Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath; or to the publishers, The St. Catherine Press, Stamford Street, S.E.1, or they may be handed to any bookseller.

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