

Back Up the Woman's Land Army

By ELENE FOSTER

If You Cannot Sow Seed, Sow Dollars

THE Woman's Land Army of America has won its spurs. It is no longer an experiment, but a permanent organization which will unquestionably play an important part in the winning of the war.

For the first time this army is "bringing in its sheaves." Not only the tangible products of its season's work in full corncribs and vegetable bins, but a good crop of other things as well, such as health and happiness and the wider experience and knowledge and training which will make for the even greater success of the movement another year.

The Woman's Land Army went into the fields in the spring hampered by three serious handicaps—lack of physical training for this particular kind of work, ignorance of the work itself and an almost universal prejudice among its employers against women as farm laborers. The summer's work has practically overcome two of these difficulties: the women of the Land Army have proved that after a few weeks of exercise the unused muscles have developed so that they are able to perform all but the most strenuous types of farm work, and under the careful instruction of the farmers for whom they have worked they have become skilled laborers in almost every branch of field and farm work. But the third difficulty, strangely enough, has not been so easily conquered and there still remain doubting Thomases dwelling in white-shingled farmhouses within twenty miles of New York City who in spite of everything still maintain that the only place for a woman on a farm is in the flower garden or the kitchen!

The Dying Struggles Of Prejudice

In the course of a day spent with one of the units of the Woman's Land Army I talked with half a dozen of the farmers who are employing these women, and while they disagreed as to just which kinds of work the women do best they all agreed on one point—the conscientiousness and care with which the women perform any tasks allotted to them.

"A man will drop his hoe when the 12 o'clock whistle blows," one farmer told me, "but one of these gals 'll allus finish her row afore she quits. I've watched 'em purty careful, an' I've found if they're five minutes late in the mornin' they make it up at night. I don't have to watch 'em either, same's I do the men. I kin go inter the barn an' be gone all the afternoon an' come back an' find they've been workin' stiddy all the time I've been away. And they're mighty intelligent, too—tell 'em once why a thing is done so and so, and they see it an' they never forget it, whereas I'd have to tell it to a man a dozen times."

"Then you approve of women as farm helpers?" I said.

"No, I can't say as I do," he replied. "I like 'em as women, but I'll be darned if I can git used to seein' 'em in breeches workin' in my cornfield. I shall always hold that a woman's place is in the kitchen, war or no war, though I will say that I don't know what in thunder I'd 'a' done this summer without 'em."

So, you see, ancient prejudice dies hard, but one needn't worry about the attitude of these "standpaters." By another year they will simply be forced to employ women laborers, willy-nilly, for with this new man-power bill going into effect the great burden of the farm work for the coming year is bound to fall on the women. And judging by what has been accomplished by the advance guard of the Woman's Land Army, we need have no fear for the harvest of 1919.

At the offices of the Woman's Land Army they will show you scores of letters written, unsolicited, by farmers who have employed women workers. One man says:

"It has been my business for many years to employ men, so I know whereof I speak when I say that I would rather have the girls than the same number of men, any day; they work steadily from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5. They smoke not, neither do they chew, but are continually 'on the job.' Even though they are not as strong as men, they are more faithful workers and accomplish more in a day than the ordinary man. I always doubted the ability of women to take the place of men in farm work and I was afraid to hire them, but did so in May and have had seventeen of them all summer, and to say I am won over is expressing it too lightly."

Another says: "As you know, I have used the women in various kinds of work—binding wheat and rye, haying, stacking, weeding, etc.—and one day they handled a team hauling rye and wheat sheaves. Their work has been eminently satisfactory. They do not watch the clock or run, but if a piece of work is undone at quitting time they have the interest that makes them stay and finish—something that a man laborer seldom does."

The women who stand before you today holding their sheaves for your inspection have not shirked any kind of drudgery, from repairing the roads to pulling the weeds from a mangel-wurzel field (which is the greatest bugbear of all).

Money for Motors. Camps and Training

And now the future of the Woman's Land Army of America is in your hands. These splendid, sun-browned women are putting it "up to you." Will you help to put the organization firmly on its feet, just as you have helped the other war relief organizations, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A. and all the rest?

England has a land army of 300,000 women, and without their aid agriculture in the British Isles would be practically at a standstill. We have no need to send out a call for recruits for our land army. There are hundreds of patriotic women all over the country eagerly waiting to take over the work, but money is needed to finance the en-



Photos by Edmund Rickert

The Song of the Woman's Land Army

How do y' do, Mr. Farmer, how do y' do?
Is there anything we can do for you?
We'll do the best we can, stand by you like a man.
How do y' do, Mr. Farmer, how do y' do?

terprise, to put it on its feet, so that its efficiency will not be hampered by conditions such as it has struggled under during the last summer. There are forty camps of the land army in New York State this year, and there must be two hundred by next spring. Six hundred thousand dollars is needed to establish these camps, to furnish them with proper equipment, to buy motor trucks to carry the women to and from their work—in short, to put each and every camp on a firm financial basis.

The officers of the Woman's Land Army have under serious consideration, too, a course of from four to six weeks'

intensive training for the workers to fit them for their real labor in the fields. This plan was carried out in England and proved of infinite value, for when a woman went into the fields after this instruction she went as a trained worker, with nothing to learn save the individual methods of her employer.

The training school for unit leaders at Wellesley has been so successful that others are planned for different parts of the country, and money is needed to finance these.

Up to date the Woman's Land Army has made no public appeal for funds; it has worked out its own salvation, so to speak, but the time has come when it must make its plans on a much broader scale for the coming year. It has passed through the experimental stage of its career, it has proved its worth, it is a vital war-time necessity and it is asking for your support and cooperation.

How a Land Army Lives

Our Woman's Land Army was patterned in the main after that of Eng-

land. The women are sent out in units of from ten to forty workers, under the direction of a camp or unit leader or supervisor, who runs the housekeeping, makes the business arrangements with the farmers and acts as official chaperon to the women of the unit.

During the season the various units have been housed in unused farmhouses or barns, which have been given them rent free, or they have lived in tents. Furniture for the camp was loaned by various people in the neighborhood (and a heterogeneous collection it was), and if it was necessary to buy any part of the equipment some philanthropic person was found who would give the necessary amount for this purpose. The best of these camps was none too comfortable, for the houses are usually without modern conveniences. The lack of bathrooms has been a great trial to the workers, coming in tired and hot from a hard day's work in the fields, but they have cheerfully borne this hardship and got along as best they could. In one camp the girls put on Annette Kellermann suits, and standing on the lawn threw buckets of ice cold water from the well over one another as a substitute for the usual shower.

A Letter From the Staten Island Unit

For a vivid picture of life in a land army camp and its buoyant spirit, this letter seems worth quoting in full:

Dear Lad: This isn't like any other camp for man, woman or child. It is at times the jolliest, but always the most strenuous, ever. Rise 5:30; tumble downstairs in the dark for a hose pipe shower; overalls on; breakfast with a cafeteria rush; bed-making; grab a lunch; jump into the Ford with ten to twenty others whom a natty little chauffette delivers at several farms within a radius of six miles by 7:30; hoe, weed, plant or gather and carry bushels of luscious tomatoes, until the noon whistle blows; lunch under the trees with perhaps a few minutes' nap in the long grass; then farm work with the farmer and his boys till the long Ford comes with our driver in Fifth Avenue togs to take us home again. Can you beat it, the Woman's Land Army Plattsburg Camp?

But wait; more yet. At home, there is a rush for the porcelain tubs and hot baths, a rush for the laundry tubs to put underclothes and overalls to soak. Dinner at 6, dishes washed, lunches for next day packed, and assignments made of next day's work. A spin down to the beach for a salt-water swim, a coolish ride home with the girls hanging on anywhere the Ford offers a foothold and singing as lustily as if they had loafed all day.

You see, it is a course in many things besides agriculture, and the camp is a democracy, and cosmopolitan at that. Across the furrows at her weeding a little Russian tells of her recent voyage to America. Further in among the celery beds a French girl and an Irish girl exchange consolation for the lover and the husband who recently started "over there." College girls, important in their senior years, and women weary of degrees and world travel, wisdom or teaching, come here and take the kink out of tired nerves by straining their flabby muscles a bit. There are violinists in

Be One of a Million to Finance This Army

the camp, and singers, too, that the world will yet hear from. Talk about the degeneration of American women! You would not believe a word of it if you saw these jolly, brown, wholesome girls. They do one more good even than the fresh air and sunshine and work itself, for they put one in love with life. The war is not talked of, though it lies deep in the hearts of these sweethearts and sisters who are trying to do their bit to increase the country's food supply.

The 9 o'clock bell has rung, "Lights out!" Five-thirty will be here as soon as I touch my bed!

Help American Women To Feed the World

This hand-to-mouth method of equipping forty small camps while the movement was in the experimental stage was all very well, but two hundred large, well equipped camps must be established by next spring if the land army is to work efficiently and fill the places of the men who are at the front, and such amateurish methods are out of the question. And so the coming week will see the launching of another drive (don't look so disconsolate, you have had a long breathing space since the last one)—a drive for membership for the New York State Woman's Land Army. One million supporting members is the goal.

Membership is divided into four classes: \$1 a year makes one a "Tiller"; for \$5 a year one becomes a "Planter"; for \$25 a year one is a "Gleaner"; and for \$100 a year a "Harvester."

Mrs. Charles S. Whitman is the honorary chairman of the drive, and the active chairman is F. H. Bethell, first vice-president of the New York Telephone Company.

"The time has come when American women must feed the world," says Miss Sophie Carey, of the National Land Council of England, who has come over to help in this great drive.

Next Spring Will Be Too Late—Sow the Dollars Now

The money must be raised now, so that the farmer may know what labor he can depend upon for next spring and make his plans accordingly. Good camps, which will be permanent for at least the duration of the war, are a vital necessity for the housing of the workers. Think, by the way, what a godsend this land army movement must be to the overworked farmer's wife, who is relieved of the burden of feeding the farm helpers. Courses in training, both for the workers and for the unit leaders, must be held this winter—and it's up to you to back up this little army of clear-eyed, sun-tanned, loyal American women, who for the last five months have toiled unceasingly to help to feed the world! There isn't one of you but what can become a "Tiller"; nearly every one can be a "Planter"; many can, if they will, join the "Gleaners"; and quite a few can attain to the glory of being "Harvesters."

There is no need for me to tell you where to go to be a "Joiner." Something tells me that the officers of the Woman's Land Army will find a way to collect your fee this very week. Has it ready!

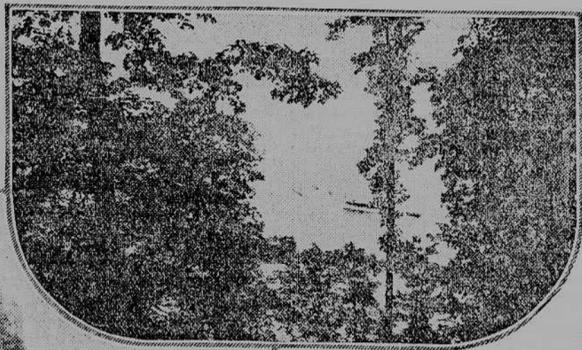
Walks for Gasless Sundays

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

Along the Old Tweed Road

YONKERS is very lucky to have Alpine directly across the Hudson. A ferryboat runs back and forth every hour in the open season, although it stops at 6 o'clock. I go to Yonkers by the Broadway subway to Van Cortlandt Park and then by surface to Getty Square, where all cars meet in a big chalk circle. One can get a transfer and after waiting a long time ride a little nearer the ferry, but I go down the hill to the left on my own two feet.

woods, high on the slope, over the Old Tweed Road. Every section of the lofty Palisades is



glimpse through the trees

Even the Guards Love This "Tumble of Rock"

The guards of Palisade Park are there to help you enjoy the place. They are a delightful variety. Even when they warn you off from building a fire under the branches of a delicate hemlock tree and tell you to move down further on the shore, they understand that you did it

from ignorance and not from malice against nature. You durst to speak to any of them and ask any questions you like without danger of being snubbed. One of them commented on the Garden of Rocks:

"Fifty years I lived 'round these parts and never appreciated what I was living in. Why, we used to sit in the grocery store evenings and groan because you couldn't build a city on a tumble of rocks. A tumble of rocks was what we called it."

"Then I got the job going up and down the shore to watch out for forest fires and to see that the admirers of nature didn't carry off all the little evergreens we planted. I went up and down in a motor boat and up and down on foot. Up and down in the sun and the rain, when it was hot and when it was cold, all times of the day and night. By and by I began to see those rocks! Fifty years I'd lived with them and never seen them. I don't believe I'll ever get tired of them. They are more wonderful every day. And I used to want to blast them out and build a city here!"

About four miles from Alpine we come to the state boundary line dividing New Jersey from New York. A few rods further on a trail leads up to the top. Miles further on up the river the park

again owns the shore land, but in between is private property.

Climb the trail, strike the road and go north. The next mile is tiresome, but what's beyond is worth while. When the open season for motoring comes again you can escape a few of them if when you strike a crossroad (at Palisades) you turn to the right and then take the road to the left a short distance further on. This is the prettier of the two roads running north parallel to Sparkill.

A Million Dollar Ruin

At Sparkill ask your way to the railroad station. It is to the left. Cross the tracks, take road to the right and then to the left—you are looking for a cemetery. Cross the cemetery, pick up a path at the opposite corner—and you're on the Old Tweed Road.

A million dollars the famous "ring" sank in this road. It never was finished. Now it has grown so lovely with grass and shrubbery and arched trees that a million dollars seems a small price to pay for such charming decay. How beautiful is political corruption—when the grass has grown over it!

A practical mind immediately sets to

work on schemes for repairing the road-bed and finishing the job. I am told that the work was so rotten from the first stone that was laid that it is utterly worthless. Even the course chosen is not the best one. So, having dropped a tear for the cheated taxpayers, you and I go off to enjoy a million-dollar path from Sparkill to Nyack.

We pass high above Piermont and Grand View. Two roads run alongside of us lower down; the older one at the

water's edge and the other on an upper level.

At Nyack one bears to the right at one of the many cross streets, reaches the lowest road and keeps on to the ferry.

The wonderful wide stretch of river here is called the Tappan Zoo. Those of us who remember our Irving know it well. The sail across it at sunset is a matter of iridescence, soft grays, luminous whiteness and clear blues. Then Tarrytown and home by rail.



The Henry Hudson Drive from Englewood to Alpine is just as good for walking on a motorless Sunday



Along the Palisades

The Mercenary Charon At the Ferry

Regard with great suspicion the old mariner who sells ferry tickets at the entrance. He'll sell you a return ticket every time! That stolid deliberateness is a mask to his desperate design. It is as hard to get change back from him as from a flapper at a war charities benefit.

A Sunday which you will long remember—perhaps by blisters as well as by landscapes on memory's wall—is the one when you walk from Alpine to Nyack. The first part of the hike is along the Hudson. The second part is back in the

the very loveliest of them all! You'll have to choose your favorite spot with "Eny, meny, miny, moe." And it will come out different each time. North of Alpine the path runs along a little higher above the waterline. It winds over woody rises and dips into green walled dells and part of the way is through the rockiest rocks that ever crashed over the world in the glacial period. For some distance the path is built of large rocks laid flat side up. If you strike this bit about dusk in the fall when the ground is slippery as glass with fallen dried leaves you'll wish—well, you'll wish you hadn't said so casually. "Of course we can do another six miles before dark."

ITINERARY

- Broadway subway to Van Cortlandt Park, 5 cents.
- Van Cortlandt Park to YONKERS, by trolley, 5 cents.
- Walk down the hill to the left to the ferry.
- Yonkers to ALPINE, by ferry, one ticket, 10 cents.
- Alpine to STATE LINE, 4 miles. (Follow the shore path north from Alpine to a short distance beyond the state line. Climb the hill by the path to the road. Follow the road north to Sparkill. State line to Sparkill, 2 miles.)
- Sparkill to NYACK, by woods trail running over the old Tweed Road, 4 miles. (Sparkill is on the Erie Railroad. One can return from there to New York if feet and ambition fail. If not, start off again from the Sparkill railroad station, take the road crossing the track, going north. Turn to the right at the first road. This goes to the cemetery. Cross to the opposite corner and find a path. This road goes along the old Tweed Road to Nyack. At either PIERMONT or GRAND VIEW you can get a train back to New York.)
- Nyack to TARRYTOWN, by ferry, 15 cents.
- Tarrytown to NEW YORK, New York Central, 80 cents.

Health Hints From the Poets

"A sure cure for cold feet is to use them; walking is better than kicking." —Anonymous

A cure for melancholia—
"Sheen will tarnish honey clay,
And merry is only a mask of sad;
But, sober on a fund of joy,
The woods at heart are glad."
—Emerson

A prescription for insomnia—
"The lullaby of waters cool
Through apple boughs is softly blown,
And shaken from the rippling leaves
Sleep droppeth down!"
—Sage

On avoiding doctor's bills—
"Better to hunt in fields for health
unbought
Than see the doctor for a nauseous
drought.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to
mend."
—Dryden