

RECORD CROP CROWNS FARMERS' WAR DRIVE.

Is No. 1090...11...8...1941.
Title: The Texans.
Track: Pride Of The West.

Lines: Stagg.
Voice: Do.

Nature's war effort is an example to all; the harvest is plentiful even beyond expectation. Coming south from the bonny banks of Loch Lomond, whether you take the high or low road, the waving corn gladdens the eye from Scotland to the English Channel. Even the South Downs - grassland for the last 25 years - are now clad in the golden splendour of a bounteous year. More clearly than at any time in the last half-century, Britain to-day knows that her greatest wealth is her soil - the good earth which abundantly rewards good husbandry.

In the Fen district the first thousand acres of an ambitious, reclamation scheme have made their contribution to the additional four-million acres cultivated since the war began. Floods, 26 years ago, ended previous drainage efforts, but last year the Ministry of Agriculture began clearing bushes, repairing ditches and cutting a hundred miles of new ones, as the first step towards bringing the land under the plough.

Robert Hudson, Minister of Agriculture rode the footplate of the happily named light railway which they've rescued from decay to serve the Fenland farms. This district has the Minister, and the war to thank for setting it on the road to permanent prosperity.

On the South Downs on eight square miles of land which has lain fallow for a quarter of a century, soldiers were lent to the small army of harvesters, and troops and civilians, men and women, set out to reap their part of perhaps the greatest harvest Britain has ever known. Forty thousand tractors, up and down the country, are now aiding agriculture, and every day that passes the 45-million people of this country depend less and less on imported food.

Beside their piled arms, and in sight of the Channel over which, this time last year, we expected invasion, the soldiers are getting in the corn and flax - harvest of five-thousand acres of the South Downs, which would have yielded nothing but grass but for the war.

Nature has come to our help at a time when we needed her as never before. The landgirl has filled the place of men who have joined up. To the efforts of all who cultivate the soil, the country owes a great debt. Every new acre helps to nullify the Nazi onslaught in the Atlantic. Encouragement and inspiration come from England's golden, pleasant land.