

the story of wooler hostel

# the Monica Lowrey ROOM



Monica Lowrey (née Conway) and Norah Robinson (née Reed).

"I was in the Land Army for just three years. I worked at Barmoor Red House for most of that time. Coming from Wallsend, a town lass, I didn't bargain on the jobs that I had to do. It was hard work and I cried every weekend I went home, but my Dad said "You made your bed...", so I was made to come back to Wooler.

The steward took me under his wing. Going into the stables to bed out the horses and into the hemmels to feed the bullocks terrified me, I'm only 4 ft 11 ins. But after some time I did come to terms with my fears. Winter was the worst time when you were in the fields topping and tailing the turnips. Your finger ends nearly dropping off with the frost.

Then you had to keep the men going when we were threshing; a heavy job and the men used to say "Blooming Land Army!", if you weren't fast enough The mice used to run wild and I was scared stiff. Apart from that I did get to love it. That's because I met Jim and got to go home less.

The hostel in Wooler was quite good. You used to have to have a bath two at a time to save water. I didn't like that, being modest, so evaded that. The food was very good and wholesome and you were ready for that. Dances at the Archibold Hall were the highlight at the end of the week!"



Monica Lowrey, back row, second from the left



Ratting: counting the catch

