

WRENS IN THEIR NESTS.

Don't look now, but something tells me we've got into a nest of Jenny Wrens, and it's opening time - eye opening time, because here comes bad news to tell them to show a leg.

"Where's that shaving water".

(Sit down in front, I can't see) So out of their hammocks they pop to set about their early morning duties. Maybe we'd better leave them there, while we look in to see how the cooks are getting on with breakfast.

"Yes, very succulent, very toothsome".

And that's what these Wren recruits, still in plain clothes, think about it. The training depot sees to it that the sailor-girls are proud to belong to the feminine side of the Senior Service. Once upon a time at this hour of the morning they were still in bed, but now, they're on parade.

One new recruit got a bit confused about the term 'dog watch', and brought her own dog but that was all straightened out in the classroom where, amongst other things, she and her companions learn the finer points of book keeping.

Another of the subjects is teleprinting. Well, as they all look pretty busy, let's leave them at it. They're doing grand work and deserve every bit of praise we can give them.