

CALL UP FOR A.T.S.

000552-5

Hundreds of the first girl conscripts this country has ever known, arrive with volunteers at a depot to be welcomed into the ranks of the A.T.S. After a meal the M.O. has a look to see where it's gone, and O'Kays their feet. A set of eating irons and a mug, and then an issue of two of everything, including shorts and smalls.

In less time than it takes to tell, the twenty ones and under have said goodbye to civvie clothes and are donning the uniform of the A.T.S. They're in the Army now.

Four weeks training will make a big difference. During an inspection by the Princess Royal, Controller Commandant, these girls do justice to the instruction they have received. Give 'em a hand; they're doing fine.