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The Tiddlen Times



THE W.R.C.N.S.
MAGAZINE
JULY-AUG.
1945



portrait by Lieut. Grant Macdonald RCNva.

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Honorary Commandant, W.R.C.N.S.,
whose "Victory" message to the Wrens appears on page 25.

Editorial



Thankfulness must be the keynote of the third birthday of the W.R.C.N.S. Predominantly there is thankfulness that the world has at last ceased its grim and terrible struggle on all fronts. But with the relief that this brings there is pride and gratitude that while it lasted we were permitted to share in bringing victory. For the rest of our lives we can treasure the experience which the navy has given us of playing a vital part, however small, in bringing to an end a period of death and destruction which threatened the existence of what we believe is best in civilization.

Service life was new to Canadian women, but they have proved their ability not only to accept it but to bring great credit to it. They in turn have profited immeasurably. Few of us will leave the service without widened horizons based on the training, the travel, the comradeship and teamwork which we have enjoyed in these three years of naval life.

As we turn our eyes hopefully to the future what should be our resolve? First, that there shall be no lowering of standards in the inevitable interval between the cessation of hostilities and final demobilization. It would be tragic if the reputation which the Wrens have so fully earned were tarnished because they could not or would not maintain it to the end. Secondly, let us resolve that service to our country will not cease with the laying aside of our uniform. The end of the war is only the beginning of the building for peace. It is a complicated and difficult task and requires the same loyalty and devotion on the part of all citizens as does the prosecution of a war. The dangers if we fail are no less real for being less obvious.

I can offer you no greater hope or challenge at this time than that the years of peace will find you serving Canada with the devotion and success that you have given her in time of war.

Adelaide Sinclair

DIRECTOR. W.R.C.N.S.

London Calling



ominion Day in London was celebrated July 1st plus one. All three services took part in a church parade from Wellington Barracks to Westminster Abbey. The Canadian High Commissioner, the Right Honorable Vincent Massey took the salute, along with high-ranking officers of the Navy, Army and Airforce. The King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth attended the Abbey Service, which was celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Roman Catholic Service was read by the Archbishop of Westminster.

The parade wasn't large, owing to the current fluid state of Canadian personnel in this country--here today and repatted tomorrow--but what they lacked in numbers they made up in smartness. Captain F. L. Houghton, CBE, Chief of the Canadian Naval Mission here, said he was very proud of his Naval squads. He knows, as do lots of you, that Wrens and Ratings in London haven't seen a parade square for many many long months. But a few sunny noon hours in Hyde Park fixed all that.

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In Brussels, the Canadian Navy Show, played to the troops as usual on Dominion Day. And after the show, ENSA, along with the RAF entertained at a party in the Hotel where the show is billeted. In the lounge, two floors above Brussels' main thoroughfare, Adolph Max, dancing, good music and wonderful refreshments comprised a Dominion Day fete in the true continental manner. And someone else did the performing for a change.

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For Wrens in H.M.C.S. "Niobe", on loan to the Royal Navy, it was just another day. They work Sundays and Mondays alike--and after all 1867 and Confederation doesn't mean a thing to the Royal Navy.

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Should anyone in London run out of conversation these days, there is always UNRRRA. And doesn't Leading Wren Dorothy Martin know it! Dorothy can keep you pop-eyed and gaping for fifteen minutes rattling off the kit she proposes to take with her to Germany.

Besides woollen knickers, a jack knife, and high boots, there are such tantalizing items as a canvas bathtub, a canvas bucket, enamel wash basin, folding camp bed and mess traps--tin cup, plate and knife, fork and spoon.

Wrens at C.O.P.C. enjoyed a picnic to Bowen Island sponsored by the Naval Canteen. Racing, swimming and baseball were enjoyed and large quantities of food consumed to make the day entirely successful.

With other Wrens across Canada, we are making plans for the celebration of our third anniversary. Wren Margaret Tedlie has been unanimously elected the new president of our recreation committee to replace L/W Kit Kinnaird and is busy with ideas for the occasion.

This is our anniversary issue and marks the end of three years for the W.R.C.N.S. The past year was a momentous one, bringing as it did an end to the war in Europe. We wonder if our donning navy blues hastened in any way V-E day. It is pretty hard to judge the victories on land, sea and air as having any connection with the common-place task designated to us at home. At any rate, the large majority of us feel "we wouldn't have missed it for the world" and think that at least those black stockings involved some form of sacrifice.



They're all Wrens. The bride is L/W Hazel Omond (nee Dickinson), on loan to the R.N. at Bletchley. Her maid is her sister, L/Wren Mae Dickinson from CNMO, London. Guests are--left to right, bottom row: Lt. M. Cameron, Wrens Joan Hopgood, Joyce Davidson, Theodora Shatz, Dorothy Sykes, Jean Tackaberry, Pat Stewart. Second row: Jacqueline Hale, Nancy Baker, Kay Samuels, Mollie Prince, Lt. Sheila Mappin. Standing, Louise Beck, the bride, her sister, and L/W Mary Greenaway.

which you do some fancy tanglefooting to keep out of harm's way. No necessities in view in the shops unless at a frightful price--but all the luxuries. Perfume in Paris. Lace in Brussels. Jewels in Amsterdam.

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Sub-Lieut. MacLean's wedding, a dual ceremony---civil and religious, was highlighted by a touching address from the Burgomaster at the Court House who spoke of what the Canadians had done for Holland, and how happy he was to be uniting two of them in marriage. The religious ceremony took place in the Signals Chapel at Appeldoorn, and the bride remarked how, afterwards, at the Mess Reception she had longed for a familiar feminine face and voice.

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From a plane.....the lush prosperous silken square laid out on this side of the Channel that make up the patchwork that is Old England.....and the shabbier, worn, uncared-for squares in the European quilt. From a plane also, the huge water-filled bomb craters that wink back up at you in the sunlight. Like jewels they adorn the countryside below on either side of the channel, obviously the last gesture of a desperate raider as he high-tailed it for home.....

Just between Ourselves



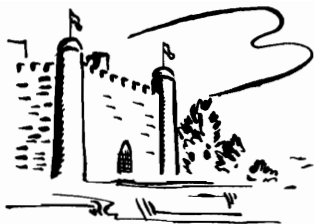
WE DO ENJOY YOUR VOICE.

P/O Georgina Murray, whose name has appeared on our Masthead for a long time as London correspondent, is attached to Naval Information, C.N.M.O. Prior to her enlistment, P/O Murray was Director for the Pacific region of the C.B.C. She has interviewed famous people from all arts and parts, and the C.B.C. considers her one of its outstanding artists.

The other day she received a letter from a Miss Jordan Hill. The card which accompanied it said that Miss Hill was an A.L.C.M., as well as being a gold medalist in Elocution. An extract from the letter follows:

"I do so much like your style and if you are not a regular Broadcaster in Canada, you certainly should be. When you return to start a career, please think it over. We do enjoy your voice."

That, from an Englishwoman to a Canadian, is real praise. Congratulations, Georgie.



Lang House

LANG HOUSE, H.M.C.S. NIOBE.

Dear Tiddley Times:

I notice that so many of the letters from Overseas describe our life on the Ship or in Quarters and I thought you might be interested in a "36" spent away from Niobe.

You will all remember Mary Anne Murray. We went up to the Trossacks last weekend, and wonder of wonders--it did not rain. When the sun shines over here, one takes an entirely new lease on life, and just expands with the joy of it all. We started our afternoon rowing. To begin with we rather startled the Trossacks Hotel by coming out in what we considered very modest shorts....then picking up our oars, we were given a boat that resembled a good-sized whaler. Lock Achray has a queer current and we experienced all its whims. Mary Anne started out, but gave over to me. I struggled for about an hour, and we saw the Loch from every angle as we gaily turned in circles, then Mary Anne took over for the last lap. I tell you this because at dinner a very old gentleman came over to our table and glaring at me said: "I am ashamed of you"..I thought it was the shorts episode, and then he added: "Letting that little girl do all the work." He had watched us depart and return and knew nothing of my intervening labours!

After dinner there is a general rendezvous at the bar and everything is run so very well that it is a case of cheer without inebriation. A really good dance gets under way, and the people over here are full of little ideas, gags, and trick dances, somewhat like our barn dances, but to me even more energetic. A great number of Americans go up to the Trossacks on leave and they liven things up with a BANG.

About midnight, twelve of us decided to go mountain climbing and picked out Ben Venue as our objective. We changed into walking togs, got sandwiches and started out. Someone had produced a concertina, and we danced down the country road, singing lustily, to the accompaniment of Baa-baa from the startled sheep.

Although we walked quite a distance we did not ascend very high. Instead we found a good spot to light a fire and one bright person tore down a wooden sign.. "Smoking Forbidden" (written in Italian) and used it for our firewood. We sang all the favorite songs including Bell Bottomed Trousers, which the Americans knew very well. Two of them were P.O.W.'s and two South Africans were also. It seemed rather

fine that we could all sit out there on the side of old Ben Venue and be so utterly carefree after what some of them must have gone through.

We returned to the Hotel about 3:30 A.M. to find Boots busy polishing a regiment of shoes, he obligingly made us a big pot of tea, and by the time we got to bed we voted it a most successful evening.

You would all love the Trossacks. It is rather like the Laurentians, only more rugged and immense. It is a perfect chain-work of Lochs (there is only one LAKE in Scotland) and in August the hills will be purple with heather. At present the rhododendrons make a gorgeous splash of colour. The bluebells are over, but wild foxgloves and roses are commencing and in some spots, where it is marshy, yellow iris are blooming.

We miss Canada for numerous reasons and when we return it will be with a distinct feeling of coming HOME, but we will always carry happy memories of the beauties of this country.

Yours sincerely,

Joyce Cuddon-Woodthorpe (Woodey).



Lindores



right at the beginning, before we say a word of Wren doings at Lindores, congratulations on the last Tiddley Times. We loved the cover and thoroughly enjoyed the whole issue.

Recent drafts to Canada have removed many of our crew. The lucky first draft went home on board the HMS "Puncher", first Canadian Wrens to cross the ocean service passage. Wrens from Langhouse, Lindores, London and Londonderry made up the group. The second lot jammed on board the Ile de France, a troopship packed with returning troops of all services.

On Canada's birthday, Cmdr. Mills WRCNS, Lieut. Dunlop and fifty Wrens from Langhouse and Lindores went on board HMCS "Gatineau" for a trip she was making down the Clyde. The sun shone, the Wrens were entered into the mysteries of a river class destroyer and everybody logged three hours sea-time.

A few days later on the 6th July, the CPO's Mess in HMCS "Ottawa" invited ten Wrens on board for dinner. Their hospitality was greatly appreciated. The men came to a dance at Lindores a few days later -- a gay evening all around.

Tennis and softball have had a July boom. A tennis team of eight played the British Wrens at Largs where we had a first-rate evening. The British Wrens served tea afterwards. When a clear day makes it possible, we'll be playing return matches.

Under the stern and unrelenting eye of Captain and Coach (L/W) Teddy Longpre (Stadacona papers please copy) the softball team is practising and playing. At the General Niobe Sports day, the American WAACS from Prestwick defeated us 14-11, our first game of the season. (The WAACS play in an American league of teams stationed all over the country.) The game was played through an ack-ack barrage thrown up by male hecklers. The visiting team had supper at Lindores and attended a dance at the "Y".

On 22nd July, this visit was returned and the team from Lindores went to Prestwick. We arrived to see the Yanks dealing with the Scottish weather. Puddles from the rain lay all over the diamond. They dumped gasoline on the playing field, lit a match, the flames roared high and the field was dry! The dumping of a load of sand completed the job. Unfortunately all this effort was sent packing as rain poured down throughout the WAAC -- Wren game and the Yanks slid through the mud to a 9-0 victory.

The game was followed by a delightful buffet supper in the WAAC quarters, from which we went on to a "night-club" dance in the enlisted men's pavilion--floor-show, candle-lit table, Niobe dance band and all!

Late in July, the team played the Niobe Stokers. This hilarious match ended in a win for the Wrens, with a few co-operative fumbles by the stokers in the final inning.

Langhouse isn't quite the same now, most of the coders have been drafted to London. Lillian Sissons went home on the "Aquitania" (We have since learned that she was married on the 7th). Every happiness to you, Lil and Pat. What excitement the night we saw that ship sailing down the river on its way to Canada, and knowing that two of our girls were on it. "Look, there's the AQ, Lil's on it". "Come on up here on the steps". "Just think, by this time next week, they'll be in the Land of the Maple Leaf". "Good sailing". Then we saw the most fantastic of all the buzzes materialize when some of the girls went home on one of our "carriers".

The girls here are taking a keen interest in current events. With the assistance of Lieutenant Christie, we've organized our fireside chats--discussion groups--in Hut 10, the Canteen. They're good fun, and do put us on the qui-vive mentally. Education in Canada was the first subject to be discussed. -- Till next time--goodbye from us all





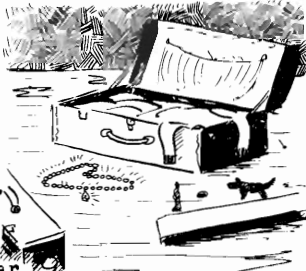
Dear London



ne evening, in the month of July, the Wrens at England's Lane were relaxing in their comfortable fo'c'sle. Dinner was over and they had planned a quiet night together. A large draft of Wrens would soon be sailing from England's Lane, St. Agnes Court and "Niobe". There was a little feeling of sadness in the quiet room.

Outside, the rain was falling with a gentle but steady persistence, as it had fallen for the greater part of June. Inside, all was cozy and warm. Gradually, those who were about to leave for home became distinguishable from those who were staying on. Those who were going were feverishly intent on two occupations. Writing overdue answers while they were still on this side, and laying out their British treasures for wrapping.

Nice treasures they were too. All kinds of things, all shapes and sizes. There were British Burberry's (never mind how they got them, these things can be done if you go the right way about it!) Fair Isle sweaters all hues of the rainbow, antique jewellery (there was no tax on antique stuff) and every kind of mascot toy so dear to the hearts of Wrens.



A Wren who sat reading by the window spoke in derogatory terms about the weather. "Of course", she said, to no one in particular, "this has been an unusually wet summer for England." There was a roar of laughter and then as it died down a young British Wren turned to a Wren from Ottawa and said: "What about that letter you had last week saying it had been raining practically all June and July?" "She's got you there, Chum", said a Wren from Toronto. "My mother says Toronto's had about one fine day in two months." The British Wren grinned. "Let that teach you not to talk slightly about our British weather", she said.

"Gosh", said a Wren who had finished her parcel wrapping. "I'm going to hate leaving London." There was silence for a moment and then, all at once, everyone began to talk. They spoke of their voyage over, of the submarines they'd missed and of the first glimpse of the London they had all come to love. Everyone began to remember our loud. Their last days were bringing the first clearly to their minds.

They would remember for as long as they lived, the kindness of the British people and the British Wrens. Every house in England had been open to them. They'd spent week-ends in the country houses of the great and with the ordinary everyday people who spent week-ends in Town. How their hosts had managed on their meagre rations was something of a miracle. Often they had taken little gifts from their parcels from Canada with them, and always their hosts had said how kind it was of them but that, really, they needed nothing, they had plenty. All the same, their joy when they saw things like packages of cheese, tins of peanut butter, canned chicken, sardines and chocolates, was something that made you want to cry.

"I think", said a Wren from Regina, "that the way the British people have made do with things has been a lesson to all of us. When I think of the food we put away in Canada, without ever thinking about it, I feel ashamed. The British housewives are simply wonderful. How they manage is beyond me." The others nodded in agreement. "I bet you", said a Wren from Edmonton, "our families are going to find us a lot easier to live with from now on.!"

Their first train ride! They'd remember it. It felt like being a part of toyland. The trains seemed so tiny that, at first, they'd looked at each other and laughed. Once they got inside, it was a different story. Boy! those English express trains were like lightning and all of them were fast.



Yes, and the countryside. Was it something! The rolling hills and the Downs, the little hamlets, the great cathedrals, the lush beauty of the English countryside, these would stay in their memory. They still felt the thrill of seeing so little bomb damage throughout their country jaunts. "Ha", they'd say to themselves with relish. "Ha! the big dopes missed these places!"

And St. Paul's. There was the miracle of miracles. Battle-scarred though it was, it stood a mighty symbol of the unbreakable spirit and courage that was Britain. Ruin lay all around it, but the great dome was there to greet them every new day. They remembered coming back to Town after being on leave and rushing to see if St. Paul's was still all right. Let's all go to St. Paul's and say a special goodbye.

Remember the girl Bus Conductors! Were THEY ever smart. They took everything in their stride and, as far as they were concerned Admirals were sixpence a dozen. They used to call us all "Luv", "Duck!" and "Dearie". It would be wonderful to have those double deckers in Canada.

Yes, and the directions for finding our way! Remember how when

we lost our bearings and asked someone where we were? That was the finisher! "Take the first turning on the right, cross the street, first left, third right, down the line, and you can't miss it." You can't, eh. Oh Boy!

Ah, but the Pubs! -- the darling Pubs. Like restaurants really. The little light snacks they served. In the village locals, everyone knew everyone else and it was like old home week. Remember the dart games? Every little pub had its dart board and were they wizards. They sure were. There were sanded floors and pewter mugs. People had their own special mug hanging there ready for them. Wish we had British Pubs in Canada.....

What about the street entertainers! The fun we had watching their antics. That's an idea to cheer up queue's. We ought to have them in Canada. Remember the way the crowds used to line up for miles on end? And the funny clothes the entertainers used to wear, anything to attract attention, and the battered hat that came round for the collection. They made money and they certainly earned every penny. Yes, and were those queued people patient. They've had six years of it, too.

V-E Day. It was as if the whole world had come to London for that day. Everyone was wearing ribbons of red, white and blue in their lapels, and hats. Remember the hat pedlars doing a roaring trade at five bob per hat, yes, and getting it, too! Gee! remember the floodlights on Big Ben and on Buckingham Palace. Remember how, suddenly, everyone went in one direction only -- Buckingham Palace. Yes, and do you remember how when the King and Queen came out there was a silence like everyone catching their breath and then, then a roar like nothing you'd ever heard in all your life before? You were crying and felt so ashamed and in trying to get your hankie out you looked sideways and everyone else was crying too, but they were happy tears and you knew no one minded, and it was all right, and it was over now, except for the war in the Pacific.

"Gee! I wonder will we get to the Pacific?" The nostalgic mood lifted in a blinding moment of wonder and then, a Wren from Saskatoon said: "I should worry about the Pacific. Let the kids who haven't been overseas have it. We've seen London."





Capt. Houghton's Song

Captain F.L.Houghton CBE, RCN, who has just returned to Canada to command HMCS "Warrior", one of Canada's two new "light Fleet" class aircraft carriers, has written a song to the Wrens. It is entitled - "SAILOR JILL", with musical accompaniment by Lt.D.Madgwick WRNCS, who wrote some of the words and music of the first Wren marching song.

Every Wren who went overseas will remember Capt.Houghton, who was Head of C.N.M.O. During his twenty-two months in England he won the hearts of the Wrens lock, stock and barrel. However difficult the days in bomb-blitzed Britain were, Capt. Houghton always had a smile and cheery word for his Wrens. He gave them responsible jobs to do and showed them how much he thought of the work they were doing. It was one of his proudest boasts that they never once let him down.

The Wrens who were with CNMO last Christmas will remember the wonderful party they were given and the star entertainer, Captain Houghton, conjurer par excellence. He did trick after trick and his line of "patter" convulsed them. He tied hard knots in a long rope -- invited the girls to feel them--and then, in the best Will Rogers tradition, he flung the rope out and, presto, not a knot!

He did incredible tricks with cards. He reproached a Wren for hoarding in wartime and, while she looked on in amazement, pulled a string of fat sausages from inside her jacket. He produced Joe Deadlight A/B, and the little chap outrivalled Bergen's McCarthy. Rigged out in spotless whites, he perched on the Captain's knee and took cracks at everyone, the Captain included. Yes, the Canadian Wrens in England thought their Captain was "tops". And now he has written us all a song, with a special plug for the Wrens of England's Lane.

Here's to the girls in Navy Blue,

The Wrens at England's Lane.

They're one of the Boughs of the Mighty Oak

That rules the Maging Main.

We know the nice girls all love Jack,

We sing it now and then.

But something else we know full well -

All Jack Tars love a Wren.

We're very fond of WAAF's and CWAC's

And Soldiers and Marines,

But what can beat a Tiddley Wren

In Navy Cap and Jeans?

CHORUS:

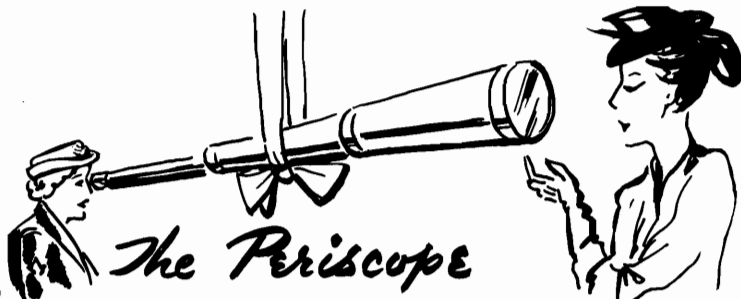
Come Hearts of Oak,
Your glasses fill -

And drink a toast

To Sailor Jill -

At England's Lane

On Haverstock Hill.



Dear Wrens,

One day, sooner or later, a signal saying: "DRAFTED FOR DISCHARGE" will have your name on the first line. When it reaches you, we want you to be ready for it. That is why the "Tiddley Times" is starting this new section, "The Periscope". In this column, we hope to be able to give you a broader view of things to do with your Rehabilitation plans.

People are different, situations are different, and circumstances play an important part. Some of you will be free to consider yourselves. Others will have to consider their parents. Many of you are married and will be starting a home. A vast number will be returning to jobs they left to join the service. Many of you will want to go to college or wish to learn a new trade. Still more, we know, will be undecided as to what they want to do.

Our idea is this: If you have any Rehabilitation question you want answered, send it in to us. Address it: "The Tiddley Times, Attention of Room 3711, Naval Service Headquarters, Ottawa. If it requires an immediate reply, this will be sent through the Rehabilitation Officer in your own establishment. In any case---if space permits---we shall hope to print it here for, who knows?, it may be the very question some other Wren has been worrying about.

Here is one question and its answer:

Q. I am single and have a good job to return to, but my father was retired last year and he and mother will need financial help from me. My father's hobby is gardening, would I have any chance of qualifying for a Small Holding under the Veterans' Land Act?

A. Yes, -- Policy governing the Veterans' Land Act has now been broadened to include single women under certain circumstances. Talk it over with your Regional Director. Here are the statistics to date on the number of women who have qualified before a Board to receive Small Holdings: 3 married women--husbands either in the army or veterans; 3 widows--husbands killed in action; and 4 single women.

Only three of this number have as yet been settled on their Small Holding (and none of these are single) but the establishment of the principle is good news for the spinsters. It is now also within the realm of possibility that a Small Holding might be approved for setting up a tourist home.

Notes from "Newfie"



o the W.R.C.N.S. is three!



We've made a lot of history in those three years--and we've done a lot of growing.

It was the second W.R.C.N.S. birthday celebrated in Newfie--and the last. There was only a handful of Wrens here to celebrate the first birthday of the Wrens--and only a handful left for this one--less than one hundred.

That complement of more than 500 Wrens in Newfie--the largest Wren base outside Canada--just melted away in the hot summer sun, and it's just a matter of time before the rest of us go. Soon Newfoundland will be just a memory and a batch of snapshots of leaping waterfalls and jagged rocks to the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service.

In spite of good times--long hot summer days--cool ocean bathing--trips to sea--more dances than ever before--and from two to four organized picnics and trips to the country a week--most of the Wrens were glad to leave when the time came and the rest are looking forward to leaving.

HMCS Avalon is only a ghost ship now. The few who are left in the once thriving crowded base rattle around among the half empty buildings and "surplus" is the word most often heard. It's kind of lonely--being a wraith.

Some of the Wrens are getting discharges; many are being sent to the west coast, and the majority are labelled "Peregrine for disposal" which may mean anything.

Among the first to go were: Audrey Akers, Bea Adams, Violet Allen, Elizabeth Bauchop, June Beasley, D. Popesque, Margaret Bremner, Beatrice Buttress, Doris Cale, Eileen Church, Kathleen Cliff, Margaret Currie, Margaret Darby, Dorothy Davies, Jean Doyle, Corinne Gallant, Jessie Hair, Hazel Hawk, Mary Jacobson, Queenie Johnston, Billie McClarty, Orca McGrath, Mary Morgan, Jean Pottinger, Hazel Reynolds, Eleanor Sauer, Alva Smith, Annie Tennant, Wilma Thomas, Muriel Thompson, Elizabeth Thomson, Agnes Thornloe, Peggy Tinker, Rita Walsh, Rose Warren, Irene Weedmark, Betty Williams, Eleanor Wilson, Dorothy Wilson, Jean Wood, Dorothy Wyatt and Elspeth Weldon.

L/Wren Margaret Currie's draft marked the end of an era in Avalon. She was the first Wren rating on the base--and among the first draft to leave. Marg. Currie came here in June, 1943, when there were no Wren quarters and she had to live with the airforce girls. Her pork pie hat and navy blue suit were such a novelty that for a while she was mistaken for the Salvation Army. She was here to greet that first draft of 15 Wrens who arrived in time to help celebrate the first birthday of the W.R.C.N.S. And she saw Avalon develop into the largest base outside Canada.



Lt-Cdr. Marion Clark, who had been Unit officer here since August, 1944, left even before the first Wren draft. She has been given her discharge on medical grounds. Before she left, the Wrens at H.M.C.S. Avalon presented her with a hand-carved ivory dog-sled and team -- made in Labrador and, therefore, one of the articles which we are allowed to take out of the country. The fine farewell speech she had prepared dwindled down to two sentences and a sob as she told us she would always think of us as "her" Wrens.

Lieut. Mary Hilborn, who came here shortly before Lt-Cdr. Clark left, has taken over her duties as Unit Officer.

RECREATION

Softball: In the meantime, Avalon's Wren softball team has followed in the steps of last winter's basketball team--every game a win. So far they have played eight games against W-D's stationed at St. John's, Torbay and Gander.

Their trip to Gander was the high-spot in their softball career. Airmen and airwomen gave them a royal welcome. There was a special dance in their honor; picnics; speed-boat rides and even a "flip" back.

Members of the softball team are: May Quinlan, pitcher; Ruth Hayes, pitcher; Alice Ortnor, catcher; Doreen Laing, centre field; Jessie Watt, outfield; Irene Wilkie, third base; Olha Bodrug, right field; Alice Entwistle, outfield; Bunny Marsh, captain; Mickey Kenny, outfield; Gerry Hutchison, catcher; Hazel Friend, left field.

Rifle drill: Rifle drill is as popular as ever, and many of the 'pistol packin' mommas' are acquiring crests for those issue shorts, and even a spoon or two. Spoon winners are: Olive Cousins, Bunny Marsh, Jessie Watt, Maude Kean, Chrissie Smith, Lyn Anderson, Betty MacKellar, and Ruth Mitchell. -- In the expert class are Anderson and Marsh. Marksman badges have been presented to Jessie Watt, Bunny Marsh, Chrissie Smith, and Ruth Mitchell.

Bowling: Now that the YMCA has built a large new recreation cen-

tre here, bowling has crept into the limelight. Every Friday night the Wrens spend an hour or so pitching them down the alley. In a recent tournament among the Wren dormitories, Napanee copped the championship --credit goes to Ruth Poole, Rita Sweeney, Kay Taylor, Ellen McAvoy, and Jean Dornan.

Golf: Even at golf the Wrens have shown their prowess. In a recent field day at the local golf club, L/Wren Andrina Macfarlane and her partner came out in first place.

Picnics: Accent has been on picnics all summer long. Familiar sight is Bunny Marsh, list and pencil in hand, collecting names for another ship's picnic, or another picnic at Captain "D"'s rest camp. The rest camp, which was devoted almost entirely to relaxing sailors off sea-going ships up until this summer, has become a second Wren paradise---rifle range, archery, basketball, badminton, swimming, dancing, plenty of good food and lots of sunshine.

Private picnics of ten or more received special contributions from the St.John's Naval Canteen, as well as cooking utensils from the sports office. So private picnics, as well as organized affairs, have been popular all summer.

The Army, as well as the Air-force and the Navy has invited the Wrens to their picnics. Now a dozen Wrens boast Royal Canadian Artillery cushion tops--gained by defeating an equal number of civilian girls in a fight-to-the-death tug-o'-war. Evelyn Wagner and her partner won the three-legged race that same afternoon. Bunny Marsh won the 50-yard dash and Olha Bodrug came out first in the egg and spoon race. So the Wrens feel they upheld the honor of the Navy.



SEA GOING WRENS

Since the ships left in harbor are marking time just as we are, Avalon Wrens have been given even more opportunities than usual to go to sea. For the last two months, frigates and corvettes have been taking parties of about 20 Wrens out for a morning or an afternoon on the briny. So there's not a Wren left in Newfoundland who can't boast at least a few extra hours sea-time.

Once on board, Wrens clamber from bridge to engine-room. We were allowed to drop depth-charges and even tried our hand with a Bren gun. A gleaming white iceberg just off shore made a good target.

Some of the Wrens even took a turn at the wheel. Reports were not encouraging, however. At one point, the frigate H.M.C.S. Penetang

was furrowing along in so many different directions that finally the captain's irate voice came down the speaking tube:

"What in ----- is going on down there?"

The helmsman's meek voice came back:
"Wrens, sir."

The Wrens withdrew.

Since these ships were so short handed Wren signallers were signed on for the trip as part of the crew, rather than green on-lookers. The girls reported that they loved it--even if they were green on some of their off-shore signalling. They were used to giving the orders, not to taking them at a ship's lamp. The Wren signallers were: Margaret Little, Nina Marshall, Lynn Johnston, Maryann Wingate, Nancy McMurry, "Spike" Adolphe, Kay Gough, Kay Witty, and Betty O'Toole.



ADVANCEMENTS: To Chief Petty Officer: Henrietta Tackaberry. To Petty Officer: Bunny Marsh, Rena Fulton, Ruth Atwood, and Pat Quirn. To Leading Wren: Ann Paskaruk.

R.C.N. Hospital



We were all sorry to lose our former correspondent from here, L/W Ann McKillop, who went home on compassionate leave to Chilliwack, B.C. All of our best to you, Anni!

Would-be-civilians, awaiting final discharge papers--
L/Wrens Bodrug, Briese, Nadeau, Paterson--the lucky girls!

(If you should see "Pusser Pat", ask to see the beautiful platinum fox fur-piece she's toting back to "civvy" life from Newfie!)

Drafts, drafts! Off goes the first mass move of Newfie wrens to be "repatriated" from R.C.N.H. We can guarantee they all hated to go, but the prospect of leave is too much for anyone's resistance! Good old Stadacona had better brace herself for a boarding party, consisting of P.O's Peggy Rose and Elsie McGregor; L/Wrens E. Clarke, A. Taylor, M. Johnson, H. Nodder, P. MacFarlane, G. Moore, B. Stanway, D. McVittie, and L. Ferguson, Wrens B.J. Smith, A. Bertrand, F. Dupas, K. Greenway, E. Grundy, E. Manderson and D. Lovett.

So, the big question on everyone's mind here these days, is
"Where do we go from here?"



Saker Nest



Time is a strange element in our lives -- for some it is so long and others all too short, and celebrating our third Anniversary recalls to all of us unforgettable pleasures and experiences during our Navy career.

Remember the first overseas draft of Wrens? -- Where they got the pull we'll never know, but our excitement ran as high as theirs when they all arrived in 'Stad' awaiting the final word -- "Anchors Aweigh!" Then the buzz came -- New York needed us. Imagine our surprise when we found little notes in our station cards "Report to Drafting Officer" then to learn we had hit the jackpot. A parting salute still rings clear "Don't come back with the roof of your mouth sunburnt from gazing at Skyscrapers." We think we have recovered from that ailment but are still trying to overcome the warm welcome a New York summer heat can offer its visitors.

Culinary arts have been practiced considerably in our various "Pent Houses" in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Staten Island,---Christmas was the highlight when several of us had a real old-fashioned dinner --yes--gobbler and all the trimmings including homemade pudding and then with Bing Crosby singing Carols as only he can, our Canadian Christmas trees with lights and candles, gave it the final touch of hominess.

The stirring events of recent months, first in the passing of the late President Roosevelt, the long awaited V-E Day, the visit of General Eisenhower, who honoured us with a salute as we stood in a large group outside the office--the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth steaming up the Hudson River for the first time laden with returning service personnel, having given us a lasting picture of how one of the largest cities in the world reacts in time of sorrow and at the height of jubilation.

So with only a short while left to enjoy our neighbours' Port, we say 'Greetings' to the returning Wrens from overseas and Happy Birthday to the W.R.C.N.S. We'll be back with you soon.



Washington News



nce again 'tis Tiddley Time, and from across the border we send Happy Birthday wishes to our sisters in Navy blue. It won't be long now till the first Wrens are eligible for G.C.B.'s -- gawly!

Our old timers are slowly but surely leaving us, and by the time our birthday party rolls around, there will be many new faces on our staff. L/Wren Marie Bauer, Joan Stanger, Audrey Warburton, Mary Fisher and Irma Balfour are all about to step out onto Civvy street once more. Imagine! having to think about what clothes to wear instead of donning the always-in-vogue navy blue suit each morning! It's been swell knowing you gals and we hope to see you again in the years to come. Good luck, all of you.

A big welcome is on our mat for Lieut. Norma Hall who arrived on a wave of tropical (so the weatherman said) heat and rain. She is now our Unit Officer in place of Lieut. Freda MacEwen, who has gone to Chippawa. Before her departure, P.O. Joan Wilkie and L/Wrens Bobbie Driver and Louise Knox gave a delightful cocktail party in her honour at their newly acquired apartment. Those last three words are significant too, because while no one yet has had to pitch a tent outside the White House, finding a place to sling one's mick is indeed a task more suited to Sherlock Holmes' talents.

Early in June us'ns participated in a Salute to Allied Women. It was in connection with the American War Bond Drive, with Waves, Spars, Wacs, Marines and nurses taking part, as well as British Wrens and ATS and Canada's three services. It was a colourful parade and a musical one too, with half a dozen women's bands taking part. To represent our country the C.W.A.C. Pipe Band came to Washington and we couldn't help puffing with pride at the sight of our khaki-clad sisters. The skirl o' the pipes, slight waggle o' their skirts (no, not kilts) and their precision drill simply took our collective breath away.

We had a "hot" time in the Capitol on Dominion Day--uh huh, the mercury soared to 104'. That Sunday Lieut. MacEwen and some of the Wrens took a boat trip up the Potomac river to Mount Vernon to see the home of George Washington. Early American homes are quire quaint and what intrigued us most was the kitchen built separate from the house itself. Hardly practicable in our eyes, but no doubt servants were plentiful in those days.



The morning which saw the opening of the Ottawa Horse Races, Saturday, July 28th, turned out to be wet and three people were slightly disappointed. They were the Director, Captain Sinclair, O.B.E., and her staff, Lt.Cdr. Lex Graham and Lieut. Marian Dignan. They began to wonder if, after all, they shouldn't spend their one free afternoon at home, instead of standing in the rain looking at horses and getting wet. Later however, it began to clear, and they came to the conclusion that, as they had Naval Burberry's it would be a good idea to wear them. So, with no notion of what was to befall them, off they went to the races.

On their way, the Director warned the other two that it was highly probable that, should they bet, they would lose their money. It is a way she has, and a very good way, too. Don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed. Lieut. Dignan listened respectfully and nodded her head. She had been to the races many times, she had bet many times and never once, not once, had she won anything. Same with Captain Sinclair. She had attended races in Paris, Ireland, all over the place and never won a penny. Lt.Cdr. Graham quietly listened to them talk but, like Brer Rabbit, said nuffin. She had won and she had her own ideas.

They arrived on the scene too late to bet on the first race but not too late to pick a horse anyway. They each picked their horse and Lt.Cdr. Graham's came in first! This bit of luck -- that's what they called it then -- deeply impressed the Director and Lieut. Dignan. They went to the paddock and, imitating Lt.Cdr. Graham, leaned over the rails and examined the parading horses keenly. As the three of them were bending over, Lieut. Dignan whispered to the Director: "Do you know what we're looking for, Ma'am?" The Director shook her head and kept on looking. Finally Lt.Cdr. Graham came out of her trance and announced that "Bit of Gossip" was the horse to back.

The Director looked a little doubtful. Was that quite the right kind of a horse for Wren Officers to choose? Lt.Cdr. Graham nodded firmly. That was the one. They placed a little money on "Bit of Gossip" and went back to the enclosure to watch their money swelling itself before their eyes. Both Lt.Cdr. Graham and Lieut. Dignan had checked the colour of their jockey's jacket, that way you could spot your horse easily.

The cry "They're off" sounded and, in the excitement of the moment, they lost sight of their jockey. They were still searching frantically for him as the horses flashed by on the opposite side when above the roar of the crowd they heard the Director speaking. "There" she said clearly, with a merry note in her voice, "there's our horse." They turned to where she was pointing and there, right enough, he was. He was inside the gate. He hadn't started.

They all took it well but, in spite of the good sportsmanship displayed by the other two, poor Lt.Cdr. Graham felt that their confidence in her ability to pick them was badly shaken. They sauntered to the paddock. This time, they said, they would pick their own. They told Lt.Cdr. Graham that when the time for the Daily Double came round, she could pick the horses. Again they examined the horses from stem to stern, or wherever it is you examine horses, and made their choice.

Lieut. Dignan picked "Mariana". Her reason being that her name is Marian. The Director suggested to Lt.Cdr. Graham that she pick "Lexworth". She is known to her friends as "Lex". It would be the thing to do. Lt.Cdr. Graham looked at "Lexworth". "If ever", she said coldly, "I saw a horse that should be dragging a bread waggon, Lexworth is that horse." She chose another. The Director shrugged her shoulders and herself picked "Tiddley Sing". Why she picked it, we know, and we honour her for it.

Even now, we feel a little bitter that the other two hadn't the courage to pick "Tiddley Sing" likewise. The men of the Navy, we heard, were much more gallant. Captain A.M. Hope C.N.P., Captain J. Jeffrey, RCNVR, and Lieut. Morley Donaldson RCNVR practically placed their all on her. (Thank you, gentlemen.)

They went back to the enclosure again. Lt.Cdr. Graham won with her horse to the tune of \$18.55. Lieut. Dignan, who had placed \$2.00 on "Mariana", won \$4.80. The Director with "Tiddley Sing" on her hands, won nothing. So far as we know, "Tiddley Sing" won nothing for nobody and deeply sorry we are to have to admit it.

Time came for a bit of an interval before the event of the day, the Daily Double. The Director amiably suggested a spot of tea.

Lieut. Dignan agreed. Not so Lt.Cdr. Graham. She looked them straight between the eyes. "I", she said, and there was a slight rasp in her voice. "I am going back to the paddock". With a graceful smile the other two relinquished all thoughts of a cup of tea and accompanied her to the paddock.

How clear you are on this business of racing, we don't know. For those of you who, like ourselves, know nothing about it, the picking of the D. D. is quite a trick. You have to pick the horse that comes first in the third race and the fourth. Just to pick one is no good. It has to be the two first, one after another. Lt.Cdr. Graham, giving a good idea of what a first-class contortionist can do with his body, bent far over the paddock rails. She looked for flaws in those horses as a dentist looks for cavities in teeth. The other two watched her in silence. She picked the horses. No. 10 for the first race, No. 4 for the second", she said. The Director and Lieut. Dignan bowed.

They went back to the enclosure. No. 10 won. They remained calm. No. 4 won. Lt.Cdr. Graham smiled and bowed to them both as, with the merest suggestion of swagger in her gait (she comes from the Prairies) she went to collect the winnings. Between them they had expended the sum of two dollars on the D.D., sixty-five cents apiece. They collected \$195.00----\$65.10 apiece. They were the only women to win on the event.

As they walked, looking slightly dazed, to the race track exit, the Gateman surveyed them sympathetically. He had seen many lose in his time, and these were three nice looking ladies. Too bad.

"Did you lose everything, ladies?" he asked, kindly.

"No, indeed, thank you", said the Director, with a leer. "We won the Daily Double".





The Three-Year Olds



here are 45 of them---our proud three-year-old-Wrens. Members of that original class at Kingsmill House in August, 1942, they represent two-thirds of the 67 Probie Wrens in the very first group of recruits. Their ranks today range from Commander to Wren, they are scattered from Halifax to Vancouver and Newfie to London; their duties vary from cook to coder but they all have one great thing in common--- they're the Originals. Here they are.

M. A. A. Phyllis Sanderson, in Scotland; C.P.O. Margaret Docker going to Cornwallis; C.P.O. Helen Major in Halifax; C.P.O. Jean Ireland, Halifax; C.P.O. Jean Tackaberry in Newfie; P.O. Ada Peachy in Ottawa; P.O. Florence Ayres at Sydney; P.O. Mildred Armstrong at Ottawa; L/Wren Frances Liver in Montreal; L/Wren Beatrice Hill at Royal Roads, Wren Eleanor Parker in Halifax. If they were men they'd be wearing that good conduct stripe on their left sleeve today!

Officers from the first class still in uniform are Commander Isabel Macneill, O.B.E., at Halifax, Acting Commander Evelyn Mills in London, England; Lieut-Commander Helen MacDonald at Halifax; Lieut-Commander Alexandra Graham in Ottawa; Lieut-Cdr. Nora Allen at Esquimalt, Lieut-Cdr. Elizabeth Crozier at Halifax; Lieut-Cdr. Helen Ockenden at Cornwallis, Lieut-Cdr. Phyllis Holroyde Forster at Peregrine and Lieut-Cdr. Jessie Torrance at Ottawa.

In Ottawa are Lieutenants Kathleen Wayling Peacock, Mary Stevens, Frances Alley, E.J. McCallum, M. A. Mason, Hope Rutherford, Maxine Bissett, Suzanne Royal-Gagnon, Muriel Redmond and Elsie Bow.

In the United Kingdom are Lieutenants Edith Dobson, Janet Carruthers and Caroline Cate. At Halifax are Lieutenants Noreen Harper and Phoebe Morris. And the rest of the 45 are Lieutenants Evelyn Cross, at Royal Roads, Grace Brodie in Montreal, Marjorie Hazlewood in Vancouver, Sarah Aves at Quebec, Annie Innes in Victoria, Muriel Holmes at Vancouver, Adele Irving in Sydney, Marjorie Jordan at Toronto, Elizabeth Bannatyne at Quebec and Mary Tasker in St. Hyacinthe.

The rest of us are especially proud of them today.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
OTTAWA.

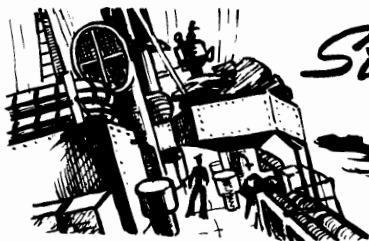
10th August, 1945.

I would like to send all WRENS my very best wishes and congratulations upon their "Victory" birthday. V.E. Day marked the glorious Victory in which they can truly feel they have had their definite share.

As their Honorary Commandant I am very proud of my WRENS and of the splendid way they have conducted themselves throughout their term of Service, and I am proud to wear their uniform. It is an added satisfaction to know that most WRENS were keen to continue their War Service till the "cease fire" sounded. May their training and experience as WRENS stand them in good stead now and throughout the years to come, is the earnest wish of

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Alice Mary". The signature is written in dark ink and includes a long horizontal flourish at the bottom.

Honorary Commandant, W.R.C.N.S.



Stadacona News



t seems that Wrens here at Stad have a knack for being in the midst of things whenever there's any excitement going on. By now the news of the second Halifax explosion is past history, but to the wrens at Stad it is an experience in their lives which will never be forgotten. And it has also been an event that has firmly fixed the Wrens in the Royal Canadian Navy as an indispensable group.

While the majority of the girls were quickly evacuated to safer areas following the first big blast, a number of girls quietly and bravely stuck to their posts throughout the whole night. It would be hard to single out any one or two as the real number will never be known. However, three wrens in particular, who worked all night in their office in the Administration building at Stad, keeping the lines open and putting through endless calls, have the sincere thanks of their officers as well as the rest of the base. Now, even more than before, the wrens are proud to say, "We are the girls in navy blue."

Most catastrophes have their funny side, the explosion being no exception. As the wrens at Stad were in a dangerous area, the block was evacuated quickly--hence, very few girls were in rig-of-the-day. They were seen in everything from pyjamas and pin-curls to bathing suits and play shoes---rare garbs for a wren to wear ashore. The Gorsebrook W.D. station was where the girls finally spent the night and part of the next day. The W.D.'s hospitality couldn't have been excelled and the wrens won't forget the grand breakfast served to them and the way the W.D's put themselves out to make the girls comfortable.

BLUE BRAID

The main point of interest in this realm seems to be the question of annual leave---and isn't it the burning question with all of us? Lieut. Commander Helen MacDonald, the wren Unit Officer at Stad, returned recently from three weeks annual leave. Her leave must have done her "a world of good" judging from the tan she's sporting.

Lieut. Ogilvie, the assistant Unit Officer, left not long ago on her leave, after a tonsillectomy. Lieut. Phoebe Morris is taking her place while she is away.

Lieut. Stratton has also left on her annual leave in a jubilant frame of mind. And who would blame her? Her husband has returned

from overseas after nearly five years service with the Canadian Army. During her absence, Sub-Lieut. Joan McMaster is acting divisional officer for division three.

Lieut. Johnson is temporarily at H.M.C.S. York following which she will take her leave.

NEGATIVE LIBERTY BOATS

Latest wrens to boast shiny new hooks are Leading Wrens Evelyn Ashenhurst, Mary Allen, Gladys Cada, Mary Conaty, Irene Erickson, Nancy Hann, Kay Mathews, Margaret Benn, Rhoda Byford, Donna Lamb, Mildred Deschamps, Leona Schroeder, Lillian Thibault and Judith Whitaker.

CROSSED HOOKS

Four leading wrens who now wear crossed hooks are: Petty Officers Julia Atherton, Bernice Baycroft, Eva Black, Joan Guntrip, Margaret Uens, Stella Cottrell, Mary Felker and Bessie MacMillan. Also confirmed in rank as a Chief Petty Officer is Chief Petty Officer Helen Major.

IN THE FIELD OF SPORTS AND RECREATION

The Stad Wrens' Softball team has really been doing itself proud this season. Under the able coaching of "Cappy" Caplin it has won eight of the nine league games it has played, which ties the girls with the Dartmouth W.D's.

Early morning risers are the Wrens and P.T. instructors who give and take P.T. classes three times a week at the early hour of 0630. The girls roll out of bed and ascend to the roof of the Wren block, where they stretch and bend for a good hour. Marvelous for the figure!

War Canoe paddlers at the MicMac Club over in Dartmouth, have made four trips on the Dartmouth Lakes. Their first competition is to be held on the first of August.

Warm, summer days are bound to bring picnics to mind. And already nine of them have been enjoyed. With the appetizing, man-sized lunches packed up in the galley, the girls agree, "Picnics are good-o."



Mixed swimming at the pool in the recreation building has proved popular, and nearly fifty wrens turn out daily to attend swimming and diving classes, or to get just cooled off.

The six Wren Drummers who have been playing for our weekly Wren route marches, have made history! They are now playing with the best Naval Band there is, which is to say, the Band of HMCS "Stadacona". Their names are: Glenys Anstiss, Toronto; Marilyn Dymond, Strathroy; Helen Proudfoot, Toronto; Jean Franklin, Attwood, Ontario; Gwen Sparks, Rochester New York, and Pauline Adams, Vancouver, B.C.

Stadacona's Bandmaster, Commissioned Technical Officer James Downey, RCNVR, Toronto, is delighted with the innovation. "It's a queer thing," he told us with a smile. "Ordinarily it takes several minutes to get the band on the parade ground. Now they comes flying!"

One day, when our Drummers were working on a spot of harmony, they heard that a parade of defaulters were about to do an hour's march for their sins. They figured this would be a good time to do their good deed for the day and, before the defaulters knew what had hit them, they found themselves headed by six drumming Wrens!

Captain K. F. Adams, R.C.N., Commanding Officer HMCS Stadacona, heard about it. A few days later he listened to the Wrens as they went off on their Monday route march. In the morning, he called Lieut.-Cdr. Helen MacDonald, WRNCS, our Unit Officer, and suggested that the Wrens become a part of the ship's band. Now, as a matter of course, they take part in the daily Evening Quarters and in Sunday Divisions. We are very proud of them and prouder still that our Captain considered them good enough to be in the Stadacona Band.

Dances are held every Friday evening in the Recreation hall, and with the slick navy band, a very good crowd turns out. At least three hundred wrens attend the dances -- as well as helping out with the checking and canteen work.

Climaxed by a delicious "ki", each of the seven divisions participated in a highly successful undertaking -- namely, the Ship's Concert which was held on July 25th in the Wrens' upper fo'c'sle.





Shelburne



Discharge -- that golden word seems to be the keynote of our Wren life at Shelburne right now. We said goodbye early in July to our first demobilized member, Coder Irene Belliveau. Since then Coders Rothnie, MacKenzie and Anstruther have left the SDO, while S.A. Winnie Callas, WRA's Corbett and Novak, Writer Hodgerson, Messenger Yvette Aochon and SBO's Joyce Gilbert and Luella Ulliyot have returned to "civvy" street.

As if it wasn't bad enough saying goodbye to all these girls who have been part of Shelburne for so long, it almost broke our hearts to lose Captain C.D. Donald, RCN, our beloved N.O.I.C. to Givenchy. We did put on a pretty good show at the final march past in his honour, if we may say so, with two Wren divisions stepping out, but we all had trouble with our eyes when the band played "Auld Lang Syne". Capt. F.G. Hart, RCN, our new N.O.I.C. hails all the way from "Burrard" and we hope he will like it here.

We had several distinguished visitors in the persons of Commander Isabel Macneill, O.B.E., WACNS, who paid us an informal visit in the Recreation Hall, and Lt-Cdr. Torrance, our own Wren Rehabilitation Officer, whom we also met in the Rec. Hall when she gave us a very interesting talk on the opportunities for us on discharge. C.-in-C, Vice-Admiral G.C. Jones inspected the Wren Block and Mess on his recent sojourn here and we all feel quite proud of the compliments that he paid them.

There's a lot of pretty nice form displayed on the town baseball diamond these evenings when the Wren team, under the able management of Wren Ruth Clare, meets the Town Girls team. The winnings seem to be fairly evenly divided and in spite of the odd sprained finger, our gals really put on a good show.

By way of a real treat we were given an opportunity of going to sea. The first group, comprised of two Wren officers and forty-two Wrens, were aboard HMCS "Sussexvale" on her gun-trials and after being nearly deafened by the 4-inch guns and thoroughly shaken by the depth charges we felt we had really become "salty". Then twenty-five Wrens went out on engine trials on HMCS "Montreal" and were given a wonderful 7-hour trip. If there's a certain lilt in our Navy stride now, you'll understand, of course--just old tars, but yes!!

To our old friends who have been drafted--L/W Kay Kolenich to Peregrine, L/W Forgie to Hochelaga and L/W Joyce Baker and Wren SBA Gwen Cottle to Stad, we say goodbye and good luck; and for our many new additions the welcome mat is all polished up. They've come from

all over--"Kings" have given us L/W I.Hilton (deg.), Writer M.Hyslop, SBA Stirling and WRA Cornfield, and from Stad we greet L/W SBO Rhodes, Wren Coders H. Caldwell and Trepanier, SBO Cook, Messwoman Brimicombe and T.Ts Miller and Grant. While from Avalon and Bytown respectively have come L/W (Writer) Walsh and Writer Fielder. A travelled Wren has arrived via Peregrine from Niobe in the person of Writer Shepherd, while also from "Pretty-grin" we welcome L/W Schacter (late of Avalon) and WRA M.S. Russell. Quite a new batch of Wren-birds, we hope you'll like our seaside resort, girls.

Just to prove that a hook is a highly fashionable decoration we have two new ones--congratulations to L/W Una Miklos and L/W D.Olliff.

Whitehead Wrens



their location is one of the best-kept secrets of this war, these Wrens at Deming W/T Station -- even the Transportation Officer at Stad doesn't know how to get there. But the sixteen Wrens stationed there and the Officer-in-Charge, Lt. Frances Mills, don't really mind being so isolated. Matter of fact, they're proud of it.

Proud too, of the record their station has made in the battle of the North Atlantic, though the story will probably never be released. And proud of the boys who ran the station, and are still on the job as technicians and mechanics.

They have their own life and they don't miss much. They can even whip up a romance and a wedding in June--as witness the nuptials of Wren Joan Lancaster to Telegrapher Bob Duncan, right there on the station in the bridal month!

"Mom" Blenda Campbell, formerly at Stad, is their cook, and they wouldn't have another if you paid them. L/Wren Joyce Edwards is SBA, canteen assistant and general handyman; L/Wren Pat MacDougall is down as "Special Duties" and they certainly are--she's a Diesel mechanic. The telegraphers are L/Wrens Ivy Richards, Brenda Reid, Joan Barberis Nancy Burke, Marion Ellis and Audrey Peach, and Wrens Marguerite Guest Maxwell Wallace, Mary Taylor, Winnifred McKague, Lillian Suess and Dorothy Leggett.

Right hand men at the station are P.O. Frank Lewis, P.O. Art Baldwin, Tel. Bob Duncan and Stoker-Mechanic Glenn Collins. C.P.O. Dave Harkness and P.O. R.J. Rattrey have been on temporary duty at Deming this summer and added a lot to the morale.

Don't think they don't have visitors--even Admiral Jones dropped in one day for lunch. And the job they're doing is well known in secret places, where it counts most.



Montcalm & Chaleur II

Quebec Unit was recently afforded the opportunity of inspecting an L.S.T., when the Commanding Officer of the 3508 issued us an invitation to a supper party. We found the crew an Imperial mixture and were completely bewildered by lightning conversations in a dozen dialects of English! It was a grand evening and we hope we are asked again.

Summer in Quebec is wonderful, there are so many lovely places to visit. We visited the ancient and historic Ile d'Orleans and were smart enough to time our visit to coincide with the Strawberry season at its best. Lieut. Aves, our Unit Officer, generously lent us the key to her cottage at Lac St. Joseph, a tiny lake nestled in the Laurentian mountains, and we spent a perfect day, swimming and relaxing on a broad sandy beach.

Dorothy Stevens and Helen Moxley are back from a week-end on the Quebec-Saguenay Cruise. They say it was one of the best holidays they have ever had. The ship makes little stops all along the way and the passengers get a good chance to see the little French Canadian villages dotted all round.

Lieut.-Cdr. (VR) and Lieut. (WRCNS) Curry have been holidaying at Tadoussac prior to their discharge. L/W Fay Oliver recently became engaged to F.O. Murray Brown of Kelowna B.C. Murray stopped off at Quebec for a few days en route home for discharge after two years in India. L/Wren Shirley Smith has just returned from leave in Kamloops, B.C., and Wren Gloria Zimmerman is spending her leave in the New Brunswick woods -- the only way to her place is by canoe! Even the lights of Quebec ought to look bright after that!

We are not very strong on organized sports here, but each Wren chooses her own. Wren Phyllis Cameron won a sterling silver compact and spoon at a local Badminton Club; Gladys Sleigh and Brenda Morley are active members of a Tennis Club; Fay Oliver is undisputed Ping-Pong Queen.

Our weekly sewing classes, sponsored by the Provincial Government have stopped for the summer months. We learned a lot and turned out an immense number of articles. Mlle. Bois, our splendid instructress, was presented with a Doulton brooch in token of our sincere appreciation.

Till next time. Goodbye from us both.

Coverdale Calling



ello! again from sunny Coverdale, where the Wrens look like Indians in their deep coats of tan, and where names like Carr and Kidick give way to more fitting ones of Hiawatha and Minnehaha.

The only cloud across our bright sky during the last month has been the exodus of a large number of our girls for discharge or further training. Those on courses we may see again in our ranks, but those discharged we greatly miss, and we wish them all the best on their return to civilian life. Among the latter was C.P.O. Tel. Irene Carter, who was recently awarded the British Empire Medal. For Chief we give three loud cheers!!! We can think of no one more deserving of recognition for services rendered.

Very recently we said good-bye to our popular regulator, Shirley Willis, who is Coverdale's loss, but Peregrine's gain. Not long ago we gave a party for our "Friend of the Family", Tel. Tommie Hayes. He left us, supposedly for parts unknown, but turned up the next day with a big grin and "Here I am again!" Tommie has been with us for over two years, and it is great to have him "home to stay" once more. Four new Coders (T/T) have just come to us from Stadacona -- Reynolds, Hermanson, Rousay and Stogell, and another well-liked "rating", newly introduced, is "Sparks of Coverdale", Lieut. Stinson's Irish Terrier. Since his arrival, newspapers, knitting, and bedroom slippers have been disappearing at a surprising rate --to be found later in a very chewed-up condition!

On 11th July, Wrens and Ratings helped our popular C.O., Lieut. Stinson, to celebrate her first wedding anniversary. The evening started off with a rousing game of scrub-baseball and finished with a jitterbug and waltzing contest. The mess was candle-lit, with roses flanking the three-tiered, white and blue cake, with one tiny candle in the centre of the ship's wheel on top. After fresh strawberry sundaes -- dancing till midnight wound up a perfect evening. There is an ugly rumour that our favorite officer is to be drafted. Although this may be to Ma'am's good, we, the entire ship's company will miss her deeply.



Week-end hiking trips have become very popular, and some of the girls have explored the country as far as P.E.I. You should hear them

raving of wonderful days spent in "The Garden of the Gulf". Badminton and volleyball, out of doors, came into their own with the levelling of a new court by our eight super-seamen. This area, marked by a low picket fence, with gay, brightly painted deckchairs, is now affectionately known as "The Park".

Now that the haying season is here, many of our girls have been out helping the farmers. It is doubtful just how much help they have been, but there is no question at all about the blisters, sunburns and back-aches that go with this "Good Neighbour Policy"!



Bikes, very useful here, are working overtime lately. Why? -- the swimming hole, of course! This is really a small spring-fed lake with good scope for swimming and diving, just a mile down the road. A wiener roast on our own pond was a great success -- with some talk of adding frogs' legs to the already ample menu!

The month closed with the peal of wedding bells, when our own Eileen Fox became Mrs. Paddy Logan, marrying an R.A.F. lad from Belfast. It was the sort of roses-and-white-satin wedding that every Wren dreams about. For the reception which followed, our fo'c'sle was lovely with masses of delphinium and cornflowers.

We'll be back again next issue with more news from our hilltop home, -- until then, this is Coverdale signing off, with greetings to Wrens everywhere.



Here you see Mrs. Cunningham. She used to be Jo. Gadsby, Staff Assistant on this magazine. Now she's Staff Assistant to Lieut. Len Cunningham, RCE. Just back from Niobe, where she was stationed at Greenock on loan to the R.N., Jo scarcely took time to breath before whipping out to Chilliwack, B. C., to be married there on July 23rd. Now she's back at HMCS Peregrine, hoping for one of those dream drafts to the West Coast. Good luck, and all our best wishes, Jo.

Bytown / Bylines



great big handshake and a royal welcome to the gals back from Overseas. Hello Gladys Agla, Jenny and Isabel Whitehead, Marg. Dunning, Doreen Hampton and Milly Brewer. (She had a handsome husband waiting for her who thinks the WRCNS is a wonderful service). The gals said they weren't hungry when they arrived but when they went down to the galley they didn't say "No" to watermelon.

Also welcome and make yourself at home to Hank Robertson (another smart FMO gal), Hartwell, Muriel Thompson (Hya Tommy, how does it feel to be back among your friends?), Kilbourne, Akers, Sampson (She is a wow with a thermometer), Dobson, Lalumiere (Good to see you back), Waddington, Wallis and L/Wren Owens, our new hairdresser.

Discharges and drafts (ho hum!) are coming through thick and fastkeeping Nursing Sister Dolan, Lt-Cdr. Templin and their staff very busy. Poor Esther Garlick was so excited when she heard of her discharge that she put her hand through the fo'c'sle door. Esther, you should be more careful.

It is a thrill working in regulating or the Unit Office these days---telegrams pouring in saying "Meet me at the station--I'm back home in Canada--have leave--you get same--I love you--signed (Soldier, Sailor, or Airman)." Then there is a steady stream of excited Wrens filing into the Unit Office to pour out their life history--"and Ma'am if it were only possible to get my leave starting today then I could meet HIM at the station, etc."

A word about our ball team. The best softball game of the season so far was played at Uplands. It was really a tough game and the Navy lost to the Air Force 4-3. MacKee (the rooter who never misses a game) really looks after her bairns, carrying wee bags of oranges and lemons to quench the players thirst. Babs Braben, who is a V.G. pitcher is in Sick Bay for a few days. Get well Babs--we all miss you around. This has been a successful season for the girls and they stand third in the league. By the end of the season we hope to see you first in the play-offs. Best of luck to Betty Holmes, Muriel Watson, Mary McTaggart, Ann Pedersen, Mary Neilson, Debby Archbold, Babs Braben, Marg. Currie, Joyce Harris, Max Laesser, Helen Doubrough, and Win Allen. And a thank you to their coach, Lieut. Beaudre.

From the sport to the Artistic: Lieut. Alan Beddow, one of Canada's foremost artists, takes out sketching parties every Sunday and

he gives the wrens individual instruction! They pack up a lunch in the morning and set off happy as larks -- sometimes they go boating and sketch water scenes. We have seen some of their work and it is really good. Phyl Peters, the star pupil, is doing some wonderful work and it is predicted she will go far.



The girls are all going swimming these days--the Navy supplies transportation every Sunday and the spot is usually Black Rapids.

Yellow cards and buttons have been given to: Dorothy Armstrong, Olive Warden, Marg. McCallum, Ann Harvey, E. Dugal, Jean Whitelaw, Wilda Maynard, Norma Perry, Eileen Galbraith and Phyl Lasky. And new Leading Wrens with green cards are: Mary Neilly, Willie Watts, Ellen Walsh, Verda Ullman, Mary Scandrett, Ruth Smith, Dora Hamilton, Alice Staniforth, Marg. Green, Margaret Forsythe (nee Northrup) and Muriel Jones. (Good old Cabin 21.) Our

new C.P.O. is Elsie August, Hollerith Operator. Congratulations all!

We welcome back Lt-Cdr. Currie, our Unit Officer. Nice leaves to Lieut. Baines and Lieut. Shaughnessy. (We have drafted Audrey O'Brien the postal clerk to discharge, so now L/Wren Luck won't have any difficulty when she wants R.P.O. Byam).

Now we come to goodbyes to all who have gone to new ships and to those who have gone on discharge. Goodbye L/Wrens Judy Price, Pat Elliott, Rachele Woodburn, Betty-Lue McLaughlin, Molly Bird, Rita Kew, Betty Graves, Penny Pennington, Lil Riding, Helen Rutherford, Paddy Paddon, Marge McIntyre, P.O. Laskey, Joyce Simons, M. Craven, Rosamond Mills, E. Fultz, Clairoux, K. Owen, Irma Waara, Ruth Boyd, Joan Clarke, Lois Hartlin, Mary McLean, J. Finlayson, Win Banwell and A. Longworth.

Goodbye and fare you well to Wrens: Pearson, Dot Scattergood, E. Irvine, Dot Walsh, Shirley Leggett, Marika Maubach, Gerrard, Hazel Campbell, Dorothy Hamfel, F. McCall, M. Wingate, Helen Black, June Weaver, Emily Cooke, Alix Lewis, Joan Parker, Janet Woodley, D. Owen, K. David, Nancy Marlowe, E. Oates, Edna Wight, Evelyn Jackson, S. Sturges, Yolande Chabot, Fran Weldon, Hadwen, Fran Fryday, Fran Williams, Mary Wright, Georgia Bickle, Joan Duncan, P. Sequin, Evelyn Finch, P. Boylen, Esther Garlick, McGrimmon, McClafferty, Mimi Garneau, Pat Hemming, Jean Alexander, Dorothy King, Barb Studdy, Hilda Wilkinson, Donna Woodside, E. Wickham, Jean Hutchison and Marie Fontaine. -- To all these we wave our hand in a fond cheerio. The best of luck wherever you go.

Carleton



anfare of trumpets, please! We are proud to announce that Judy Peetz is tearing around Ottawa in that staff car as a Petty Officer now and Patricia Lill has changed her round rig for a tricorn and sewn on those bras buttons too. The following girls are fitted out with hooks off their port bows: L/Wrens Sylvia Brown, Nancy Campbell, Audrey Freeman, and Pat Hodgins.

And off the port bow of the Barrack Block is the cosy little canteen of H.M.C.S. "Carleton", where many of our Wrens and sailors wend their ways once a week for a gay dance together. L/Wren Binks Barber has had a bit to do with all this, of course, but she doesn't want her name mentioned. Petty Officer Janet Milne has managed to see that Dagwood sandwiches and coffee are available for all. At the last dance, Binks' birthday, all the boys and girls of Ship's Company presented her with a beautiful big bouquet of flowers and with an easel, as the girl is proving to be quite a portrait artist.

Awaiting completion are two portraits of our popular divisional officers: Lieut. Anne Shaughnessy and Sub-Lieut. Eleanor Little. The latter is also our Quarters Officer, having taken over from Lieut. H. M. Sewell. Our former Q.O. has donned the khaki uniform of the CWAC. We expect Ma'am to go places in the Army but we're sorry to lose her!

Others who have left us are: L/Wren Bessie Mayo to Captor II, L/Wren A. Green to Givenchy, Wren May Isenor to Burrard, Wren Edith Stewart to Naden, R.P.O. Beth McInroy to Prince Rupert, Wren Dot Lanktree to Avalon, Wren Kay Flanagan to Cornwallis, and L/Wrens Emily Fultz and Peggy Simpson, and Wrens Lillian Setter and Irene Zirk to Stadacona.

The rest of us are still sweltering in the heat of Ottawa. However, L/Wren Ruth Trivelt has designed a lightweight round rig which we would like her to take to the right people for acceptance. It is as sporty as ever--negative winter round rig under the buckram. Get it?

Speaking of sports, the following lucky girls are in receipt of miniature paddles autographed by H.R.H. Princess Alice, commemorating her inspection of the Boat Crews here in June: L/Wrens Vi. Pearson, Louise Huxham, and Elizabeth Campbell; Wrens Doreen Elder, Hazel Sherman, Bertha Mures, Virginia Henderson, Myra Kaufman, Kay Lardner, and Marjorie Spence. The two cox'ns, Petty Officer Pat Lill and L/W Audrey Freeman are having a hard time getting together to plot the

course for a race between their boat crews! Audrey has been in the hospital with a case of poison ivy and has had company in the persons of Petty Officer Milne and Wren Hazel Sherman.

We had an exciting baseball game too, when we won over the W.D.'s of Airforce Headquarters on their own grounds. It was tie and win, tie and lose, all through the game, but we finally came through with the score 13-10 in our favour. Hazel Wrecks did exceptionally well on second base--Hazel Sherman kept up her pitching reputation--and the rest of the team did their usual good work.

L/Wren Ilys Booker has been bustling around in her own inimitable way, in preparation for the Inter-service Track and Field Meet, and before we knew it, there was a practice jumping pit on the back lot, for the use of contestants.

Booker also obtained kind coaching from Lieut. M. E. Mason in the sport of archery. So far we haven't scored any Bull's Eyes but our girls pack such a mean wallop that no one has taken Daphne Purvey up on her offer to do the William Tell act over again. Anyway, as L/Wren Nancy Widdows says, "There aren't any apples!"



R.C.N. Photo by Petty Officer E. Jackson WRCNS.

WRENS AND THE HALIFAX BLAST: During the recent explosion of the Naval Magazine at Halifax, Wrens, as well as all civilians living in the north end of the city, were evacuated to safer zones. Some of the Wrens are shown above being evacuated in Navy trucks.



Royal Roads

July was ushered in with ceremonial dignity, an air of excitement and much "busy-ness" at Royal Roads, for on the fourth of July the Third class of Royal Canadian Naval Cadets graduated from the college. The cadets were inspected by Rear Admiral V. G. Brodeur, C.O.P.C., then followed the march past, the presentation of awards and an impressive graduation ceremony. After a splendid physical training display given by the cadets, the wrens served tea on the terrace for approximately eight hundred guests. During the evening, the college grounds were resplendent with colored lights and strains of "you want to dance" music were wafted from the Quarterdeck.

The sixth of July was very definitely "our day" with a party for ship's company. Friends and relatives were invited out to Royal Roads, arriving on a special bus just in time for a picnic lunch on the terrace and grounds. The afternoon was well taken up with sports of every kind: swimming, boating, softball, "eating watermelon", and walking the "greasy pole". After a short pause, just long enough for our lads and lasses to "tiddle up", a grand supper was served in the cadet block by caterers from Victoria. Soon after 2100 the orchestra was poised for action and couples began to drift out onto the ballroom floor--our quarterdeck. It was a wonderful day! Each one of us felt that we would like to thank personally, those who had made it possible, not forgetting the weatherman!

We gathered in our fo'c'sle on the twenty-first of July for a gay party with a sorrowful note. We were "bidding farewell" to Lieut. Gerrie. The evening began with a treasure hunt led by Ma'am, who shipped us through the castle, making rounds in record time. After several games, supper was served, Lieut. Gerrie presided at a huge chocolate cake which wished her "Good Luck", in large pink letters.

Happily for us, Colwood Convalescent Home is in the vicinity of Royal Roads. The patients have favored us several times with invitations to their Sunday afternoon picnics. Occasionally too the Colwood lads and our own ratings drop over for a picture show or "spot of jive" in the fo'c'sle. At this point we must mention our new combination radio and record player. It was purchased for us by special services and is a real joy to both classic lovers and "boogie woogie" fans. Thanks very much from each one of us.

Royal Roads has had several illustrious visitors recently. The French Ambassador and his party come to the College on the Twenty-

fifth of July, then on July the twenty-eighth, Admiral of the Fleet, Sir James Somerville, head of the British Admiralty Delegation in Washington, D.C., visited Royal Roads. He was accompanied by Captain A. W. Laybourne and Third Officer Maureen Stuart-Clark, W.R.N.S.

SPORTS

The weather has been beautiful, so we have enjoyed swimming in our "pond" and many of our wrens have acquired enviable suntans. As usual boating and cycling are very popular and two jolly "Wiener roasts" have been held on the beach. We still play the odd game of badminton and even soccer, though we usually leave the latter sport to the boys.

DRAFTS

Heading the draft list is our well-loved Lieut. Gerrie. We wish her all of the best as she takes up her new duties at "York".

We welcome Lieut. Cross from "York" and hope that she will be happy in our ship.

Wren Writer Helen Meagher left us to take up new duties at Naden and L/Wren Ferguson (Cook (O) has gone back to "Civvie Street". Good luck to you both!

Yes, we are thinking about the Wren's birthday and expect we shall have a party. It's just the season for a corn roast! However, at "going to press" time our plans are still rather hazy. We'll tell you all about it in our next letter. Till then, cheerio from Royal Roads.

Again we mourn the death of another Wren. On Saturday evening, July 28th, at the Ste. Anne Military Hospital, Montreal, Wren Ruth Floyd, 20-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Floyd, Cote, St. Paul, died after being in ill-health for some time.

Wren Floyd enlisted in October, 1942, and during her time in the service made a host of friends. Service honours were accorded at the funeral and the body was laid to rest in the Field of Honour, at Mount Royal Cemetery.



Discovery



It is more than this correspondent can do to keep track of personalities at H.M.C.S. Discovery, with the constantly changing personnel. One never knows what strange face will come down from the upper bunk in the morning. When you return from a '48' it is quite likely your locker has been taken over by one of the same strange faces who assumed you have been drafted. Arriving back from annual leave, you find you are slated to clean the cabin with a name posted as "Bungle". A search of the dorm reveals no one answering to that name and eventually, on checking with the regulating office, you find that "Bungle" has arrived and departed while you enjoyed leave, so you sweep the dorm by yourself, convinced that "Bungle" is a character you simply should not have missed and wonder if she is lost to you forever or if your paths will ever cross again.

We were particularly sorry to lose Wrens who have been here one or even two years. Those who shared with us the "Battle of Jericho", as we are inclined to call our former life at Jericho quarters. Although at Jericho we lived in a rather inadequate, depressing dwelling we nevertheless speak of our time there with affection and it holds a host of very happy memories.

First to leave during July was our Unit Officer, Lieut. Joyce Matthews, who is now at "Cornwallis". She was not allowed to depart without a proper send-off, so the Wrens arranged a buffet supper in the Hotel Georgia, which left nothing to be desired in the way of a fond farewell. As her going-away gift Lieut. Matthews received a pair of very lovely cut-glass vases.

Lieut. F. Stansfield filled the gap until our new unit officer, Lieut. Marjorie Hazelwood, arrived at the end of the month.

We were most unhappy to lose such good friends as P.O. Dorothy Grant and L/Wrens Janie Cantelon and Kay Cudlip, who received their discharges. L/Wren Kit Kinnaid has gone to Stad; while P.O. Dorothy Budge, L/Wrens Dorothy Darby, Louise Mattison, Bernice Moran, Olga Hollowady and Bernice Lloyd have departed for Ottawa. Newcomers included L/Wrens Hazell Bergstrom, Jessie Hair, Joan List and a swarm of lovely Writers, the travelling group who are working on a revision of the files.

The long-awaited Discovery tennis courts have become a reality.

Leading Wren Martin isn't leaving the Wrens all by herself. Among those already accepted for duty in Europe are L/Wren Mary Davies of Toronto and Llandinum, South Wales, and Wren Beth Chayko of Winnipeg. Only in the United Kingdom a short matter of months, Wren Chayko is looking forward to her new adventure. Other applications among London Wrens are pending.

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Another sign of the peace over here is the re-acquisitioning of property. "England's Lane", that showplace among Wren Establishments in London is going back to the nurses of the Charing Cross Hospital, who loaned it to the Wrens early in the war.

A big farewell Dance took place last week. Music was provided by a Royal Navy Orchestra.....the Wrens brought their friends, and among the distinguished guests were several Admirals, Dame Vera Laughton-Matthews, Director of the WRNS, and other high ranking officers of WRNS, Royal Navy and Royal Canadian Navy.

The England's Lane Canadian Wrens are moving to St. Agnes Court, home of the Third Draft since February 1944, and likewise home of the last two drafts to reach the United Kingdom.

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Two Officers, WRNS, and two Naval Information Wrens have been lucky enough to get to Europe this summer, though not the first Wrens there by any means. Long ago, Wrens in London knew that L/Wren Kay Barclay was in Ostend with the MTB's, and for the past six weeks Navy Show wrens have been playing to troops from Paris at their present engagement in Amsterdam.

First to go to Europe was P/O Georgina Murray with a radio assignment to Brussels. Next, the Unit Officer, Lieut. Janet Carruthers hopped off to Paris, there to tie up loose ends and see to personal belongings that were left hurriedly after June, 1940. The third visitor was Sub-Lieutenant Betty McGillicuddy on compassionate grounds to Holland.....to wit, to marry Captain Don MacLean, RCGS, from Almonte, Ontario And the fourth, L/Wren Lois Breen, Naval Information, also on assignment with the radio section, to Amsterdam.

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Interesting sidelights: Converted bombers, with tin seats strung along stanchions. Not destruction-bent this time though a brief glance out the windows at the huge bomb craters beneath helps for an impressive flash-back, and not much imagination required! Traffic on the Canadian side of the road, in





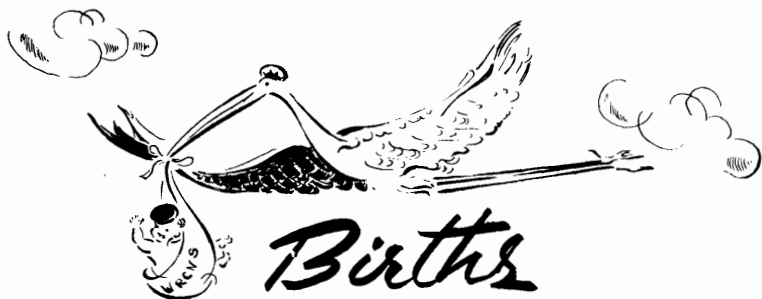
<u>THE BRIDE</u>	<u>THE GROOM</u>	<u>THE PLACE</u>	<u>THE DATE</u>
AMBROSIE A.	WILLIAMS D.S.	Brooklyn N.Y.	June 21
ANDERSON M.D.	JACKSON H.E. L/Tel. RCNVR	St. John's Nfld.	June 20
BAILEY J.B.	JARDINE E.W. SBA RCNVR	Sydney, N.S.	July 4
BAUGH-ALLEN R.F.	BELL W.J. S/Lt. FAA (RN)	Gananoque, Ont.	June 16
BELL M. L/W	HENDERSON R.L/Cook RCNVR	Shelburne, N.S.	May 25
BILL D.G. L/W	POPESCUE A.	---	June 8
BIRCH E.M.	DUNCAN D.J. Sto. RCNVR	Halifax	June 8
BLENUS B. L/W	BELL J. A/B	England	May
BATTINELL J.R.	YOUNG E.A. Tpr. A.P.C.	Toronto	Aug. 4
BROWN Edna	NEVILLE R.W. Sto. RCNVR	Guelph, Ont.	Apr. 28
BROWN M.E.	HENRY R.A.C. Lt. RCNVR	Montreal	Aug. 21
CAMERON J.M.	STEVENS D.E. A/B RCNVR	Halifax	June 22
CODE M.P. L/W	GREENAWAY K.E. F/Lt. RAF	London, Eng.	Apr. 28
COLE E.G.	BURGESS G.N. O/S RCNVR	Listowel, Ont.	May 5
COLE W.M.	HUTCHISON R.A. A/B RCNVR	Dryden, Ont.	June 15
COLLICUTT C.E.	BOWDEN R.C. A/B RCNVR	Sydney, N.S.	June 28
COOK Louisa	CRAIGMILE H.J.	Saskatoon	June 9
COUSINS R.E.	BOND F.B. Sto. RCNVR	---	July 2
COYLE M.D.	MCDONALD J.A. Sto. I RCNVR	Shelburne N.S.	May 4

<u>THE BRIDE</u>	<u>THE GROOM</u>	<u>THE PLACE</u>	<u>THE DATE</u>
CULHANE L.J.	ULLYOT H.G. Sig.	Kirkland Lake	May 12
DENNIS U.M.	MIKLOS L.M. Shpt. RCNVR	Shelburne N.S.	June 9
DICKINSON H. L/W	OMOND P.H. Pte.	---	July 18
DILLON G. L/W	VALE A.R. Tel. RCNVR	Halifax	July 3
DOLDEN B.W.	CROWELL L.S. Lt.	Saskatoon	May 24
DOYLE T.C. L/W	CARMICHAEL R.J. L/Cook VR	Charlottetown	June 19
DREW Vera	MOONEY RCNVR	Shelburne	recently
DUNCAN M.I. P.O.	WHITE R.W. P.O. RCN	Winnipeg	recently
DUNN M.	FREDERICK A.J. P.O.	Halifax	June 9
EDWARDS L.J. L/W	REYNOLDS N. RCNVR	---	June 20
ELCOMBE E.J.	PYKE A.F. S.A. RCNVR	Halifax	May 31
ELLIOTT M.I.	BOYES R.A. LAC RCAF	Vancouver	June 16
FETTERLY V. L/W	STRADER H.R. Tpr.	Greenock, Eng.	June 2
FIKE G.M. L/W	HOUSE J.H. L/S RCNVR	Vancouver	May 26
FORD E.J.	LEWIS O.D. P.O. RCAF	Vancouver	July 9
FORD T.E.	ETTINGER R.E.	Halifax	May 26
FOX Eileen	LOGAN "Paddy" RAF	Coverdale	July
GAYDON M.J. P.O.	FELKER J.R. L/SBA RCNVR	Hamilton	May 10
GIBSON L.E.	JONES I. L/S RCNVR	Halifax	May 26
GRIGG E. L/W	BERGIN K.J. Sgt.	Sydney N.S.	June 15
GROOMBRIDGE P.O.	ARMSTRONG R.E. P.O. RCN	Trenton, Ont.	June 19
GRANT D.M. L/W	ELFORD J.E. P.O. RCNR	Halifax	June 25
HAWES L.G. P.O.	LAUSSON J. P.O. RCNVR	Halifax	June 15
HENDERSON M.	WARD D.R. P.O. RCNVR	Sydney N.S.	June 28
HILL L.C.	CLARK M.W. A/B RCNVR	Halifax	June 29
HILL J.M.	BURTON D.R. A/B RCNVR	---	June 15

<u>THE BRIDE</u>	<u>THE GROOM</u>	<u>THE PLACE</u>	<u>THE DATE</u>
HOGG L.E. L/W	MCCLENSTOCK G.S. RCNVR	St. John's Nfld.	June 7
HOLMES H.J. L/W	STRONGITHAM E.G.	Toronto	May 26
HYDE Grace	JOHNSON G.A. LAC RCAF	Moncton N.B.	May 18
JAMIESON F.A.	MCCASKILL D.R. L/Tel. RCNVR	E. Baccaro N.S.	May 5
JONES G.E.	HOPPER J.S. Sig. T.O.	Montreal	May 22
JULIAN R.A.	ROY L.A. L/S RCNVR	Victoria	July 7
KELKKA M.E.	LENNOX R.F. Pte.	Vancouver	July 12
KELLY I.M.	KELLY C.G. Sto. RCNVR	Halifax	June 16
KIRKBRIDE J.S.	DOTY R.S.	Portland Oregon	June 25
KITSON B.	SCRYMGEOUR J.A. Lt. RCNVR	---	June 28
LALONDE Y.M.	LADOUCEUR H.J. P.O. RCNVR	---	May 28
LANCASTER J.E.	DUNCAN R. (Tel.)	Deming W/T Stn.	June 15
LATRACE E. L/W	MARGETON P. AMIC U.S.N.	Washington D.C.	Aug. 5
LAYCOCK B.	BOUTIN E.A. A/B RCNVR	Halifax	June 16
MACMILLAN M. L/W	WAINWRIGHT A. Pte.	Dartmouth N.S.	July 20
MAITHUS M. L/W	ANDERSON A.W. Sto. I	Washington D.C.	June 5
MATTHEWS W.M.	ARMSTRONG J.A. L/S	St. Catharines	June 9
MCALLISTER M.E.	ST. LAURENT G. Sto. RCNVR	Moncton N.B. ^{Ont.}	May 25
MCCONECHY L.G.	FRAMPTON W. L/Cdr. RCNVR	Regina	July 25
MCGILLICUDDY S/Lt.	MACLEAN D.H. Capt.	Appeldoorn Holland	recently
MCRAE Jean	HUTNAN M. RCNVR	Edmonton	June 30
MEDD D.	ESTERRE A.B. A/B	Digby N.S.	May 26
MORRIS H.L.	HUNT J.A. Pte.	Niagara Falls	June 14
MORRISON F.P.	CRAIG J.E. Tel. T.O. RCNVR	St. John's Nfld.	June 1
MORRISON O. H.	WISTEBA F. PFC U.S.A.	Ft. St. John B.C.	June 1
MURRAY J.I. L/W	HOULT J.H. L/S RCNVR	Verdun, Que.	May 12

<u>THE BRIDE</u>	<u>THE GROOM</u>	<u>THE PLACE</u>	<u>THE DATE</u>
MURRAY J.D.	HUNTER J.S. S/Lt.	Montreal	June 28
NORTHRUP M. L/W	FORSYTHE R. A/B R.C.N.	Ottawa	July 14
OAKLEY M.A.	GELINAS M. C.P.O. RCNVR	Ottawa	July 28
O'BYRNE M.F. L/W	THOMAS J.D.	Halifax	Jan. 22
OLSON A.M. L/W	HEAD C.A. L/S R.C.N.	Halifax	June 14
OWEN J.	BOYD M. SBA RCNVR	St.John's Nfld.	July 9
PALMER L.A.	MANLEY P.J. Sig.T.O. VR	Pictou N.S.	July 7
PEARSE P.M.	GOODIE J.T. A/B RCNVR	---	May 16
PORTER A. L/W	WARBURTON J.A. Lt. R.C.A.	Montreal	June 2
PRYZNYK O. L/W	CASSIDY G. G.	Estevan Sask.	May 5
REID M. M.	BEST W. A. Pte.	Hamilton	May 17
ROBERTSON A.A. PO	SATTERTHWAITE J. RCNVR	Vancouver	June 14
ROBINSON M.	ETWELL G.W. P.O. RCNVR	Halifax	June 22
ROBINSON V.E. L/W	CRANSWICK J. L/Wtr.RCNVR	Toronto	Aug. 4
ROSE H.C.	WOOLSEY F/O RCAF	Halifax	July 19
SEIFERT B.L. L/W	LONGARD K.F.	Halifax	July 13
SMITH A.M.	TODD N.W. P.O. RCNVR	Westbrook Ont.	May 21
SMITH B.R.	DAVIES O. L/Coder RCNVR	St.John's Nfld.	July 11
SMITH D.L.	HALPENNY A.S. Lt.	Toronto	June 29
SMITH E.M. L/W	PATERSON R.P. F/Lt.RCAF	Halifax	June 21
SMITH Evelyn	ASHENHURST W.H. P.O. VR	Halifax	June 1
SPENCE D.M.	MCDONALD A.J. P.O. R.C.N.	St.John's Nfld.	June 7
STANDING B.C.	ANDERSON J.M. Lt. RCNVR	Toronto	June 5
TAYLOR A.M.	CATTRAL D.M. A/B RCNVR	Ottawa	May 19
TODD Gwen	ROSS A. P.O. RCNVR	Woodstock Ont.	June 23
TOOTELL M. L/W	STEWART M.N. L/S RCNVR	Halifax	May 25

<u>THE BRIDE</u>	<u>THE GROOM</u>	<u>THE PLACE</u>	<u>THE DATE</u>
TOTTEN M.A.	CADRY J.J. RCNVR	St. John's Nfld.	July 12
TOWLOW B.J.	BEAUPRE C.T.	Winnipeg	May 29
TOMLINSON E. P.O.	WISMER L. Sgmn. RCNVR	Palmerston Ont.	recently
TURNER K. L/W	MADILL A. A/B	Stouffville	Aug. 2
WALSH P.M.	LORE S.J. L/Cook RCNVR	Sydney N.S.	June 19
WAVER M.	GROSS F.O. L/Sto. RCNVR	Halifax	July 7
WEISER C.S. L/W	WOLMAN A. F/Lt. RCAF	Toronto	June 5
WHEATLEY E.A. L/W	LAWRENCE W.H. P.O. RCNR	Washington D.C.	June 6
WILLIAMSON M.E. L/W	BEAZELY A.E. Sto. RCNVR	Toronto	June 9
WOODWARD J.	REID J.W. L/SA RCNVR	St. John's Nfld.	June 6
WOODWARD V.	ANDERSON J. A/B RCNVR	Digby N.S.	June 30
YOUNG C. L/W	TOMLINSON T.P. CPO RCNVR	Halifax	July 12
YOUNG R.M.	STERN S. R.H. L/S RCNVR	London Eng.	recently



Lieut. and Mrs. F. Norman Wilson) - - a daughter,
(nee Kitty Campbell of Quebec)) Susan Catherine.

Lieut. Connie Hemphill (nee Duddles) - - a son.

Lieut. Jean Bremner (nee Worden) - - a son.



INHERITORS OF A
PROUD TRADITION

WRENS

WOMEN'S ROYAL CANADIAN NAVAL SERVICE

MASTHEAD

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