

The Tiddley Times

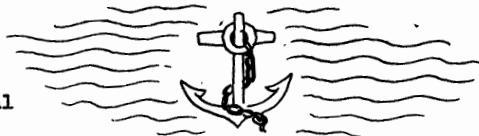
*Havis W.M.
W. 697*

THE W.R.C.N.S. MAGAZINE • APR. MAY- 1944



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Editorial



When I travelled I saw many things and I understand more than I can express."

These words from Ecclesiasticus describe aptly my reaction to my recent trip to the United Kingdom. To travel from Scapa Flow to Portsmouth on the eve of the greatest combined operation of all time was a unique and never to be forgotten experience.

The Women's Royal Naval Service do an infinite variety of work. In most shore establishments they seemed predominant.

They have a proud spirit, a spirit born perhaps in those dark days of the summer of 1940. Then everyone must have realized that the individual counted for nothing, and only by fortitude and the united effort of the people could Britain survive.

They have an excellent reputation, not only for their work but for their integrity.

Living in a country in war is vastly different from living in a country at war. One is inspired to accept the routine job, month after month in the same place, without advancement, if history is unfolding before one's eyes.

In Canada, thousands of miles from the scene of action it is difficult to assess our contribution. We must use our imaginations and appreciate that by working diligently we are helping the fighting efficiency of the Navy and bringing closer that day when ships of all nations may sail the seas "upon their lawful occasions"

Isabel Macneill

It is with great pleasure that we publish the above editorial by Lieut-Commander Isabel Macneill, W.R.C.N.S. As every Wren will know, Lieut-Commander Macneill has just returned from England and we are most grateful that she acceded to our request for a "word to the Wrens". Ed.



*Introducing our
COVER GIRL*

- Wren Rosemary Baker

The success that has greeted the launching of "The Tiddley Times" -- the magazine itself, its name, and its cover -- has rejoiced all those who have been concerned with its production.

Judging by the heart-warming letters we have received since the Feb.-March issue made its appearance, the idea of a paper for Wrens, by Wrens, was a good one. We had hoped that our little magazine would go well, we had all (see Masthead back of cover!) put a good deal of work and thought into it but, till now, we had never dared hope it would go so well, so quickly.

With our last issue, our fame spread right across Canada helped -- and we gratefully acknowledge it here and now -- by the C.P.I.(Canadian Press news Service) who spread the story of our "Cover girl" in almost every newspaper in Canada. The contest had been known to every Wren since our first issue came out, in December 1943. To most of you, however, the cover girl is unknown. Allow us to introduce her to you now.

Twenty one year old Rosemary Baker comes from Vancouver, B.C. and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lefevre Baker. Beside Rosemary, they have two sons. The elder one, Fred, in the R.C.A.F., receives his wings this month. The younger one, fifteen year old Brian, still goes to school, and is a proud member of a cadet corps. Both are pretty proud of their sister.

Rosemary joined the W. R. C. N. S. on February 14, 1943. For some time she travelled with the Canadian Naval Exhibition. Later she was drafted to H. M. C. S. "Stadacona", where she served for seven months. She is now at N.S.H.Q., working in the N.P.R. department.

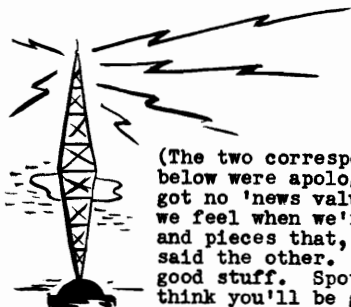
Wren Baker takes the fame that has suddenly become hers, in her stride. When people congratulate her, she smiles. When interviewed by the press, she explained that she had no idea why she had been chosen to sit to S/Lt. Whitmore for her portrait. WE, however, are going to tell you how it happened.

We were worrying about our cover, and Wren Ruth Tomlinson pranced in and listened to us. "Why", said Tomlinson, "Why don't we get Rosemary Baker to sit for the portrait? She's awfully good-looking, and is she photogenic!." We looked thoughtfully at Tommy, knowing that if she said Wren Baker was good looking, she was probably a raving beauty. In a flash -- that's the way we do things in T.T.T.-- we got on the phone and asked Lieutenant Currie, the Unit Officer, if she could be spared to sit for her portrait. It was an unusual request to make suddenly, but nothing phases Lieutenant Currie. "Okay", she said, briskly, "but make it snappy". And that's how it happened.

In the meantime, Mrs. Baker has written that she is besieged with congratulations from all and sundry. The first thing they knew about it -- Rosemary knows she's in the Silent Service all right -- was when the Ice man called out gleefully: "I see our Rosemary's made the front page!" Quick, like a rabbit, the Bakers grabbed the paper from the mat, and there, splashed across the front page, was Rosemary smiling up at them. When they got to the elevator, there was Norman, the elevator boy, grinning from ear to ear. "Gee!" Lookit! Rosemary!". They know the garbage man is going to be thrilled to bits. He has followed the children's careers with the greatest interest since they were no size at all.

So, the way things are now, Vancouver is delighted at the honour that has been paid to their Rosemary; the male section of the Navy is delighted with their new "pin-up" girl; the Wrens are delighted that the Navy is delighted; the staff of the Tiddley Times is delighted; and the editor figures we owe a lot of the credit for the general delight to Tomlinson. Thanks "Tommy".





HELLO CANADA.....
THIS IS
LONDON CALLING !.....

(The two correspondents who sent the material printed below were apologetic about it. "We know it ain't got no 'news value" said one, and "It's just the way we feel when we're thinking at night; kind of bits and pieces that, likely, won't be any good at all" said the other. We don't agree. We think this is good stuff. Spots of colour that make a picture we think you'll be glad to have.

Ed)

Well, we're here! That's not such a bright beginning. We know -- and you know -- that we have been here for some time now. All the same, we often find it hard to believe. Seems to us we're even more thrilled now than we were when we heard the news we were in the next draft! Gosh! London is wonderful, and the people are superb. They welcome you with open arms. Just to walk down a London street is a joy. "Hello Canada. Nice to have you here!" We mumble a thank you, say we think it's nice to be here. The truth is they'll never know just how thrilled we are, how great a privilege we feel it is to be allowed to be a part of London at this time. It's something we'll remember forever and forever.

The places there are to go! The things there are to see! In March we saw a sea of daffodils growing in the grass at Hampton Court. In April the incredibly deep blue bluebells round Queen Victoria's cottage. Flowers and London go together. Remember the pictures we used to see of London flower women? Well, they're here and how! It was the hardest thing to walk by them and not buy armfuls of flowers, roses and violets, and little "mixed bunches" of pansies. We are used to seeing them now, but they excite us just the same, and we sniff like mad as we go by.

The first Sunday we were here, the British Wrens took us off on a sight-seeing tour. We saw places we'd heard about and read about and seen pictures of but had never dared hope we'd ever really SEE with our own eyes. At the end of a wonderful day, one of us said to a British Wren that it had been simply marvellous seeing London, but that she was kind of sad that it was all over and she'd seen everything. The British Wren roared with laughter and we joined in. She said, as she wiped her eyes, that we hadn't even begun to scratch the surface yet.

A lot of us are members of the Churchill Club. Members in good standing, and are we proud of it! It's a tremendously nice club. We hear lectures by the world's most brilliant men and women. In the evening there are all kinds of entertainments going on. It's a club for civilians too. In one evening we have met practically every nationality there is and, believe us, it's stimulating! They say travel is the most educating thing. Well, Londoners don't have to travel to meet the people in the rest of the world, the rest of the world just comes to London!



Guess we aren't giving anything away when we mention that we have had some air raids lately. The other night some of us were remembering back to the first time we heard the warning siren go off. We hurled ourselves into our slacks, great coats, and tin hats, and flew to the Shelter below. Our speed astonished the British Wrens even more that it astonished us. Now we have learned to take the siren in our stride. It's just routine, and nobody gets the least bit excited. We are learning, Canada!

It's awfully queer travelling in the Blackout. It isn't so bad when we are on terra firma, but it does feel odd in the train. The curtains are all pulled down, and there is no light at all, which makes it hard to be sure you are getting off at the right place. The poor guards have so much to do that they're all over the place EXCEPT at the moment when you feel this is IT and should you get off! One night I was working late and came home alone AND without my torch. It was so dark when I got off the train, that I practically crawled on my hands and knees to find the position of the Quarters I thought I knew so well. I wasn't even sure I was in the right street. That was the night I promised myself I'd carry my torch forever after.

Goodness but we hated to see Lieut. Commander McNeill go! It was a bit like losing a precious part of Canada. She took a bit of us back with her. Remember how we used to rush for the mail at the P.O. in Wallis? "Oh BOY! Lookit my mail!" Remember? It meant an awful lot to us then, at least we, in our innocence, thought it did. We know now we didn't know what lack of mail meant. It means just about everything. Just the sight of a Canadian newspaper, a month old practically, sends us ga-ga. Guess that's why "The Tiddley Times" means an awful lot more to us than it can mean to you. SO, if you haven't time to write, send us T.T.T. and any other newspaper you have handy. We'd appreciate it !

Have any of you over there seen the ducks in St. James' Park? You never saw such adorable ducks in your life. Honestly they're as beautiful as swans. The little ones are so cute, they fall in the way we used to at dear old Conestoga, get into line and off they sail. We saw a befeater at the Tower the same afternoon and we told him how we'd loved the ducks. He said he did too, that he used to sail his boat there. He looked so stout and ruddy that it was hard to think of him as a little boy with his sailboat.

This weekend we went to stay with some English people. The visit was arranged by the Knights of Columbus, who do such a wonderful job for all the services. It was a lovely old house in the country and our hosts were perfectly charming. We discovered, on comparing notes afterwards, that one of the nicest of all the nice things we enjoyed was that we slept in a real bed! Shows you how comparative everything is. By the time we are ready to go back to civilian life we'll have really learned to appreciate the things we never gave a thought to before.

Canadian Wrens gathered at an informal supper in honour of Lieutenant-Commander Isabel Macneill early in February, just before she sailed home to Canada. The party was held at "Chester House" in London, a delightful club for service girls in London's Lancaster Gate, operated by the W.V.S. it opened its hospitable lounges and buffet rooms for the occasion and later on in the evening, the guest of honour recounted her travels and experiences during her six weeks' visit. Lt. Cdr. Macneill absorbed a great deal in her close study of the methods and procedure in the older sister service which will be applicable to the hundreds of Canadian Probationary Wrens who pass through H.M.C.S. "Conestoga" at Galt.



Of Cabbages and Kings



Canadian Wrens in London, England, are beginning to settle down. They are having to excuse themselves less often for being on the wrong side of a. steps, b. tube tunnels, c. sidewalks or d. escalators. They are having to excuse themselves less often for looking up in the air, and over and beyond, and bumping into people. The sights of London town are becoming more familiar.



They know that it costs thrupence to come from Porchester Square (where they live) down to Picadilly circus on a bus... and that from a shilling you should get back a ninepence. They know how to drop a coin -- the right coin, mind you-- into the automatic ticket sellers in the tubes, and pick up their change and their ticket from the slot.

They know that when the girl in the wicket says change at 'Ochway", or 'Oxway', that she really means 'Archway'.....but you mustn't repeat it after her with your hard Canadian 'r' in case she thinks you're being rude. After all, they said it that way first.

They know that they mustn't chatter in their usual voice in the tubes in the morning on the way to work. Canadian voices carry. And Englishmen like the privacy of silence with their morning paper---especially before 9.30 AM.



They know how hard it is to buy a good luncheon in London without queuing up behind sixty-five other hungry people.....they know how hard it is to buy a good luncheon even, and never mind the queue. They know the taste of powdered eggs, and powdered milk and ersatz meat and English coffee. They know the goodness of English bread, and English tea, and Yorkshire pudding, and Roast Beef on Sundays.

They know the meaning of mail from home and the eternity the first batch takes in arriving. They know the meaning of anything from home --- a voice, a press dispatch, a Canadian bank branch.



They know the fraternity you feel about a shoulder badge marked "Canada" and the irresistible urge to say "How are you" to every Canadian you meet, as though you had known each other all your life. But they also know that you don't say "Hello" or "How are you", but grin your face off instead, because in England nice girls are reserved and very quiet, and you're apt to be misunderstood.

They know a lot of things they didn't know two weeks ago. They know that they want to go back to Canada some day, and settle down. They want little white houses with front porches and green lawns, and vegetable gardens, and children playing in the drive way. They want furnaces and fireplaces both. They want neat white kitchens and spanking square bathrooms and washing on Monday, and ironing on Tuesday and Ladies Aid on Wednesday.....

And oh yes, about the vegetable gardens.....strictly no brussels sprouts!



Gold Diggers

Helping H.M.C.S. Stadacona in its all-out enthusiastic support of the Victory Loan Campaign was a group of Wrens headed by Sub. Lt. Marjorie Belyea. The committee comprised Leading Wrens P. Huffman and B.F. Campbell; Wrens S.M. Dimock, R.E. Hewitson, M. Reinhart, B.A. Hoole, A.M. Pollard and Wren Griffiths.

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Niobe Newcomers

More Stadacona Wrens now ensconced in the U.K. are Phoebe Andrews, R.O. Cawdron, J. V. Conlin, E. P. Falle, Ruby Gibbon, Sheila Hillier, Barbara Lamount, Vida Laverne, V. MacPherson, Peggy Marshall, Audrey Nurse, Dorothy Read, Isabel Whitehead, Vi Pearson, Audrey Kerry, H. F. Henderson, H. E. Hall, M. S. Keefe, A. Y. Rennie, L. N. Yeo, D. A. Tudor, C. N. Griffon, Leading Wrens E. A. Nickell and M. C. MacDonald.

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American Arrivals.

During the past month Wren A. Ambrosie has left to work with the R. N. at H. M. S. Saker, New York. And now stationed at Washington are three more Stadacona Wrens, P.A. Wood, E. D. Massey and F. Godson.

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Ah Spring! Ah Sport!

The parade square in front of the Halifax Wrenery looks like the corner lot back home with Wrens and sailors, out playing "catch", "tick" and baseball. Many Wrens are out enjoying the spring weather, riding various Halifax steeds and borrowing golf clubs to burn up the local courses.

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Wren Tiddley and Wren Pusser

Three Wrens and several American tars stood side by side in a line-up at a Halifax canteen. Making tactical manoeuvres, the sailors asked two of the Wrens if they were in the navy? But yes! "Well why the different hats?" quoth the mariners. The third Wren pointed to the two Wrens and said, "This is tiddley and this is pusser". How do you do," said the boys politely, "what is your name?".

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Red Cross

A number of Wrens took part in the March Red Cross drive in Halifax, tagging with the civic committee in downtown theatres, and under the naval committee on ships docked in the port. The sailorettes grabbed the opportunity to get aboard ships and spent many interesting hours climbing up and down ladders, going from deck to deck. They were appreciative of the ships' hospitality and offers to take them on as crew. And the response of sailors and officers to the tagging was most generous.

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They love a parade!

Four platoons of Wrens marched smartly in the opening Victory Parade and took part in the official opening of the Sixth Victory Loan Campaign in Halifax. Sub. Lieutenants M. Briscoe, A. Curtis, F. Berry and M. Moore were in charge of the platoons. Much of the credit for the trim appearance and smart marching of the Wrens is due Lieut. A. Alvey, Wren Unit Officer, who spent week nights training the Wrens.

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Postings

Lieut. Jeannie Dunlop, who has been at Stadacona since the opening of the Wren Block is now unit officer at St. Hyacinthe. She is succeeded here by Sub. Lieut. Constance Ogilvy who previously heard all the woes and joys of the Wrens aspiring to and wearing the crossed flags.

Lieut. Kathleen Robson, formerly Staff Officer Wrens of the eastern command stationed at Stadacona, is now to have the interesting experience of taking a draft of Wrens to England. While overseas she will be seeing her twin sister Gertrude, who is a First Officer in the W. R. N. S.

Sub. Lieut. Freda Berry and Sub. Lieut. Fay Stansfield, who recently completed O.T.C. are now thoroughly ensconced at Stadacona. Sub. Lieut. Berry is H. M. C. Dockyard divisional officer and Sub. Lieut. Stansfield is assistant to the Unit Officer.

Sub. Lieut. Dorothy Woods, Sub. Lieut. Diana Spencer and Sub. Lieut. Margaret Buckley, who spent some time at Stadacona before going overseas are now in the U.K.

Nursing Sister Marie Louise Corriveau, well known as the Nursing Sister in charge of the Wrens at Cornwallis spent some time at Stad before she left for the U.K. The capable nursing sister was superintendent of the Dionne quint's nursery before joining the R.C.N.

Sub. Lieut. Warda Drummond who was in charge of the Current Events Group at Stad and showed some of her favorite motion picture shots to Wrens in the upper fo'c's'le, during her stay in Halifax, is now stationed at Fort Ramsay, Gaspe. To her, Stad Wrens send their greetings.

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Wrens and Champagne



As we attempt to beat the deadline, twenty five of our Wrens are excitedly looking forward to the launching of the second Canadian built destroyer at the Halifax Shipyards. Many of the girls have only seen a ship launched on the movie screen but there are several veterans who were on hand when the Micmac slid down the slipway here last year. The Wren will be part of the audience of ratings, P.O.s, chiefs, officers, shipyard workers and civilians who will witness the launching.

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Up Hooks

Congratulations to the latest group of Stadacona Wrens who proudly put their hooks up during March and early April. Among the new Leading Wrens are S.B.A. Mary Dennison, Messenger J. Fancy, Regulator Margaret Garvie, Gladys Hertzberg (G.D.), Regulator Elizabeth McInroy, Regulator Ada McKnight, Verna Stuttle (G.D.), Laundry Asst. Lena Thiessen.




The sun seems that much brighter
The sky is a beautiful blue
The Wrens are playing Archery
The boys are busy too.

The soft-ball bat is in action
Hark, to the ball as it zings
The Rec room window is "busted"
Spring has come to "Kings".

Lo Chum!

Here we are again. Sorry not to have sent anything in last month, but we were home on leave - oh yes, thanks, had a marvellous time, but it is grand to be back into harness again. The best part of going away is coming back.

Quite a few things still happen around here. We missed out on the St. Patrick's dance, but heard it was super, but, for real action and excitement give me a basketball game - that is, between the Wrens and the Navigators - was it fun!



the score? !!!! (don't be silly) we have real he-men here, but our kids put up a great fight. It was SO funny to see cute little Wren Mary Darechuk (about 5 ft.) tackle a bearded Navigator, (about 6') it was the height of something or other, - and we didn't mean to turn that into a pun (lowest form of humour) -- but Wren Peggy Brown was something to see--good old Brownie - there she was, blood-sweat, - but no tears, hugging the ball, backed up against the boards surrounded by "Kings" best, right knee up and hand outstretched ready to flatten all comers. We will not tell you the score! It was a friendly game - so there!!

We have P.O. Smith with us now. It's nice to have our "Smitty" around. Wren Maybelle Hill is going out to the west coast - she is so happy about that. Good luck Maybelle. We shall miss you. Smooth sailing.

The cooks and stewards have tried their exams for Leading Wrens. The results for the cooks are through, and all have passed and been confirmed. Congratulations girls! You certainly earned and deserved your promotions. L/W Dorothy Hay L/W Edith Randell, L/W Mavis Blampied, L/W Janet Milne, L/W Anne Walker, L/W Rose Boots ("Boots" to you), L/W Delphine Savoy, L/W Gladys Worthen, L/W Margaret Stralak, L/W Dorsen Wright and L/W Annie Gerrard.

The O.U.T.'s gave us a wonderful evening in the Signal School, decorated with the flags and navy colours, blue and white. It was a festive occasion - snappy orchestra, 'neverything. The jitterbug contest was something, Wren Osborne the winner, with a partner that really went to town. It wasn't "Off Caps" but "Off Coats" - what a show. Wheeee!

We were just in Cabin 10 - monkey shines or something going on, such gales of laughter. It seems L/W Jesse found one of the boys helping himself to a chicken's leg (right up to the hip) she said "Drop that, robber". The boy is French. He misunderstood and said "my name is Roger".

Lieutenant Glass has just given us a nice talk on sports, and it sounds as though we should all have a real good time by what is being planned for us - tennis, badminton, volley ball and archery (get your apples boys!).

Here's a story about a ladies' bridge part, salmon sandwiches, a dead cat and a \$20.00 "stomach pumping" bill.

This week it became the turn of a North Toronto miss to entertain her girl friends at bridge. After the card game as the guests talked totals, the hostess went to the kitchen for the refreshments. There she found her cat atop the table, nibbling on two salmon sandwiches. The two sandwiches were thrown out - so was the cat. The remaining sandwiches were eaten with relish by the guests. Then the hostess happened to go to the back door. On the back step was the cat - DEAD - all nine lives gone. The situation called for honesty and the hostess confessed to her guests what happened -- that the cat had died after eating salmon sandwiches.

Mustard solutions were mixed with salt. A doctor was called and he brought a stomach pump - went to work with it, submitted a bill for \$20.00 to the hostess and drove the pale patients home. The hostess was going to die, of that she was certain, but as she awaited the end with resignation there was a knock at the door. It was a neighbor. "I'm sorry", she said "to-night when I was driving my car out of the garage I ran over your cat. I didn't want to disturb you while your guests were here so I just put it on the porch".

Well, s'long folks.

Wren Rosie.

Introducing the Director -

Adelaide MacDonald never thought when she headed a college fraternity that some day she'd be the big chief of a wartime naval service. After all, her only sailing experience was the occasional dinghy trip on Lake Ontario. An admiral-relative in the time of Nelson fought the Napoleonic fleet. "But that contact was pretty remote," she admits with a smile. Today, as Mrs. Adelaide Sinclair - or officially, Commander Sinclair - she's the Director of the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service, the first Canadian to hold that post. Back of the appointment is a successful career in political science and plenty of executive training.

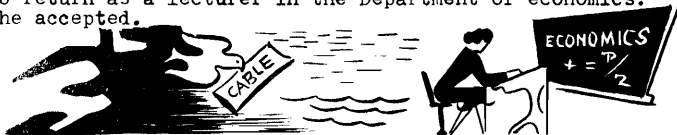
Born in Toronto, Mrs. Sinclair grew up during the last war, "which sobered some of us quite a bit." One of those sobering experiences came after she graduated from Haverall college. "My family said I couldn't go to the University until I had learned to cook. They said if I didn't learn then, I wouldn't learn later." So, as a girl of 17, she took a domestic science course. The next year - the summer of 1918 - "crammed with the six-months course" she moved down the Niagara peninsula to take a job as a cook in a girls' berry-picking camp. That was her first real experience in having a share in the direction of other women. Incidentally, they all gained weight.

With the prerequisite in cooking accomplished, the next step was the University of Toronto. There, Mrs. Sinclair majored in political science, graduating in 1920 with first class honours. That wasn't enough. She wanted graduate work, and plunged into a study of economic history. Then, armed with a fellowship, she took her M.A., acting in the meanwhile as assistant to the Dean of women at University college.

College stamped her as the executive type. She was vice-president of her class, president of the Women's Undergraduate association and on the executive of a dozen other groups. Active also in athletics, she was captain of the first intercollegiate hockey team. Memories of a championship game against McGill co-eds still are vivid.

"We won," Mrs. Sinclair reports. "I was goalkeeper. We had a wonderful defense, and besides the McGill girls didn't shoot very well. They scored no goals." The edge of the victory, however, was completely dulled when Toronto declared for all to hear: "You played better hockey, but the McGill women looked much smarter."

From Toronto, the next move was to England, where she continued post-graduate work at the London School of economics. One of her professors was Harold Laski, while guiding influence came from Sir William Beveridge, the head of the school. "I spent a couple of summers on the continent," she recalls, "not having a definite idea of what I was going to do, until I received a cable from Canada." The University of Toronto had asked her to return as a lecturer in the Department of economics. She accepted.



For three years, from 1927, it was a professional career. Then she married Donald B. Sinclair, a Toronto barrister, and took on the role of housewife. Teaching, however, was not out completely. Twice a week, Mrs. Sinclair returned to the job of lecturer and spoke to members of the Y.W.C.A. on current events. With her husband's death in 1938, she devoted more time to executive work on several Toronto welfare agencies.

Her greatest training for her present job, she says, came from her presidency of the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity, which has a membership of more than 27,000 women in Canada and the United States. Travelling throughout the Dominion and the States, Mrs. Sinclair saw the problems of discipline and coordination involved in an organization that was split into many units. To some extent, she says, those same problems must be met in the Wrens.

In 1942 she gave up fraternity executive duties to concentrate on her work as chairman of the Central volunteer bureau in Toronto, which directs women in voluntary efforts, and later as chairman of the Women's Salvage committee. Her background in economics crept up again, and she moved to Ottawa to join the Wartime Prices and Trade board. In that job, she was responsible for keeping the board informed of economic controls in other countries, principally the United States. "When you see what others have done in price control," she comments, "it makes you realize what an excellent job we've done in Canada."

In March of last year, Mrs. Sinclair joined the Wrens. England had sent over three officers in May, 1942, to help Canada organize a women's division of the Navy, but with the groundwork laid, their mission was completed. A successor to Captain Dorothy Isherwood, W.R.N.S., was needed. Mrs. Sinclair, who had spent four months in England studying methods used there, was named as director of the Wrens, the first Canadian to receive such an appointment.

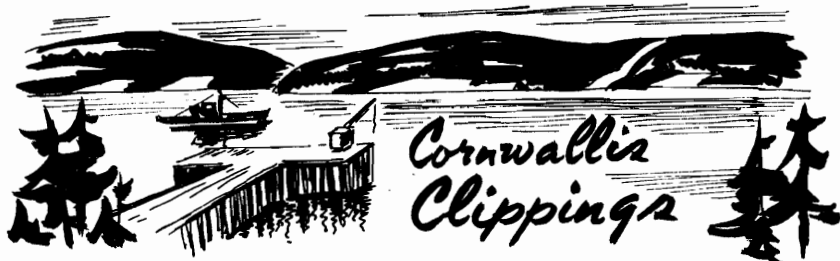


Today, sitting behind a desk in the new Naval Headquarters in Ottawa, Mrs. Sinclair is handling her job with skill that comes from long dealings with women's groups. She has none of the hard-bitten mannerisms you might associate with the work. Her cheery expression helps her along inestimably.

"We exist solely to replace men for duties at sea," she says. Today, more than 45,000 Canadian Wrens are relieving seamen for more arduous duties. Some are overseas, while 1,000 are in Halifax where they come in close contact with day-to-day naval actions. There is no shortage of girls for clerical and technical duties. There is, however, a shortage of stewards, cooks and laundresses.

Mrs. Sinclair's training in teaching still is being felt. She's mapping, in addition to her administrative work, educational courses for her Wrens. "We want them to leave the service with a full knowledge of world affairs and their responsibility as citizens."

At one time, gardening was her chief hobby. Now there's no time for that. When the war's over and her job is done she'll relax again with a rake and hoe.



I think we can safely say that spring has really come back to Cornwallis, for apart from hearing the robins singing away in the morning, and the bunches of May flowers the girls are bringing in from their walks, we have Marian Jengkinson and Leading Wren Joan Warren practically battling over which one got the best sun-burn last week-end.

Yes, I said "Leading Wren" Warren back there, and I meant it. Both Warren and "Pug" Hunter received their "hooks" this month as Motor Transport Drivers, Irene Stephen is now a Leading Regulating Wren, and Joan Jackson and Violet Slaven are both Leading Cooks. We are pleased to see them getting on so well and the Leading Wren table filling up. It looked pretty bare for a while, but if our Cornwallis Wrens keep on getting promoted the way they have been we'll soon be needing a whole L/W section.

We were glad to hear that Wrens Margaret Hughes and Diana Pope, and Petty Officer Christie were all successful in passing their courses at O.T.C., and wish them all the luck in the world in their new positions.

We miss all our graduates of Cornwallis and are always extremely interested in their letters, and we want particularly to say hello to the girls who are serving Overseas and in the United States. You will be glad to know, Tootell and Lindsay and Sproule, that the Gunnery School had reached its quota in the Victory Loan Drive by noon of the first day, and are now busy making sure that everyone else does.

However they needn't worry much about the Wrens as we have reached our quota of \$17500.00 and from all reports will go well over the top.

We are happy this month to welcome Leading Regulating Wren Church who has come down to us from Stadacona and hope she will enjoy being with us in Cornwallis.

This also applies to the "Jeep" Wrens who have started to arrive down here in considerable numbers again. We are glad to see you and hope that when you leave Cornwallis, your memories will be happy ones. A special welcome goes to our first class of S.B.A.'s who arrived here the 17th of April to start on their four month's course.

We were all sorry to have to say good-bye to Lieutenant Languedoc last month. Lieutenant Languedoc had been with us from the start, first as Unit Officer, and later as Training Officer and we more or less felt that she was a part of Cornwallis. However we are glad to have Lieutenant Shaughnessy here now, and count ourselves fortunate to be able to enjoy her beautiful singing.

Sports -



Hiking: With the jovial Petty Officer Chase-Casgrain at the head, hiking is fast becoming a most popular sport, and well it might, with all the lovely spots there are around here to hike to.

Rifle Club: We believe you will shortly be hearing great things of our Cornwallis Rifle Club for under the capable leadership of Wren Judy Garland inter-divisional meets have taken place, and some of the girls have proved to be really crack shots, scoring as high as 45 out of a possible 50.

Badminton: The long awaited Badminton Tournament has been played with the following results:

Joan Warren and Pearl Milne--winners in "A" tournament
Kay Hopkins and Mary McMillan--runners-up.

Margaret Moses and Betty Irle--winners in "B" tournament
Gladys Leatherdale and Doroty Smith--runners up.

That seems to wind things up for this month. We'll be seeing you again in thirty-one days. Cheerio 'till then.

Cornwallis Chatter

We were delighted with the second issue of the Wren paper, with all its news from across the Big Pond and throughout Canada. Down here we continue to expand, in space, personnel and personality! (New mess, please note.) We are now firmly ensconced in two of our three magnificent new blocks.

An addition to our long line of sports is rifle shooting; once a week enthusiastic "shots" gather at the range and fire away at the targets, and sometimes at the walls, under the capable and patient direction of a gunnery "jack". Some beginners get bull's eyes right at the start, and of course can't wait to try again.

There has been quite a crop of new killicks at Cornwallis. The following have been advanced to Leading Wren:

Mable Purdy and Eleanor Deal, (P/C); Gwen Ellis, (M/T); Margaret Johnson and Florence Paterson, (S.B.A.); Jessie Sweet, (S/A); Nola Cameron, (Hairdressing); Sylvia Slimon and Madge Farmer, (Regulators); and Florrie Grundy and Margaret Kearns, (Laundry Assistants).

D.W. Mountain, M.B. Sproul, and D.M. Phillips were drafted to B.A.M.R. (Washington), M. Tootell, A.B. Lindsay and O. Heidt overseas; and D.H. Lovell is on loan to the R.N. at "Burrard".

We were very sorry to lose our R.P.O., Norma Christie, who left to take her O.T.C. She will be greatly missed; perhaps she will be around later with that fancy blue stripe.

More about sports.....Basketball is getting under way, our hockey experts continue to shoot the puck around alternately on ice and slush. Pearl Milne, Joan Warren, Pug Hunter, Irene Wilkie and "Red" Paroline head a right strong team. The badminton courts are filled on "Wren" evenings.



Up in the hills (and there are some good ones) there is far more snow than most people at the base realize, and it has lasted fairly consistently. Two W.R.C.N.S. ski fiends have been seen to drop everything at 1700 daily and rush out to ski until dark, attending to the inner woman when they could no longer see.

The Wren Rockettes, rechristened the "Curvettes", have returned from a highly successful weekend entertaining the Fleet Air Arm, Army and Air Force in Yarmouth with their glamorous chorus routine. The line-up includes Clair Kilgour, Ruth Westcott, Doris Senior, Peggy Meyer, Isabelle Greig, Kay Tanner, Joyce Graham, Betty Mallory, Mary-Grace Pitfield, Muriel Lewis, Ruth Anderson, Grace Spargo, and Peggy Harcourt. There were at it again for two nights back at Cornwallis, and are preparing for another tour in the near future.

News of Wren Advancements

Those new hooks will be looking as though they had always been there by the time their owners read this issue, but congratulations are extended anyway, to the Wrens who qualified professionally for their advancement in rating.

Putting up hooks nowadays really means achievement, with those examinations to be passed in addition to recommendations, and if you listen hard, you can hear three loud cheers echoing from this office.

Most recent list forwarded from R.C.N. Depot is as follows: Advanced to the rating of Petty Officer are switchboard operator D.A. Cade, now stationed at H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" and Officers' Cook A.W. Peachy stationed at R.C.N. College, Royal Roads, B.C.

Acting Petty Officers announced are Wren Coder R.G. Healey at St. Hyacinthe; Officers' Cook E. Maurice at R.C.N. College, Royal Roads; Postal Clerk J. Mitchell at H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" and Regulator K.S. Death stationed at H.M.C.S. "Conestoga".



Advanced to Leading Wrens are the following: Sick Berth Attendant E.M. Arbutnot; Ship's Cook E. Randall; Officers' Cook C. Carter all of H.M.C.S. "Kings"; Sick Berth Attendant E. Decker at H.M.C.S. "York"; Wardroom Attendant A.M. King and Regulator S. Slimon stationed at H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis"; Ship's Cook C. Vaughan at H.M.C.S. "Hochelaga"; Plotters D.E. Hutton and J.L. Baker from "Avalon"; Officers' Cook G. Bugg, Regulator B.S. Jones, Plotter C. H. Otton all stationed at H.M.C.S. "Bytown"; C.H. Bancroft, Special Duty, H.M.C.S. "Hochelaga"; Regulators L.G. Sellars, P. Huffman, H. Smith, M. Heatley; Sick Berth Attendant C. Hawke and Switchboard Operator F. Burgess all of H.M.C.S. "Stadacona". Plotter R. Boyd at H.M.C.S. "Givenchy"; Officers' Cook W. M. Dunlop, R.C.N. College, Royal Roads, B.C.; Regulator L.F.A. Tait at St. Hyacinthe; Tailoress M. McKean, Regulator M.E. Boylen, and Hairdresser L. Sage stationed at H.M.C.S. "Conestoga"; and Plotters D.S. Thomson; and M.P. Thompson at H.M.C.S. "Burrard".

Those advanced to Acting Leading Wren include Regulators D.M. Willcock and M.E. Miller, Postal Clerks A. Kier and E. Williams all of H.M.C.S. "Conestoga"; Librarian K. Ardagh stationed at H.M.C.S. "Fort Ramsay"; Writer F.M. Hardern Stationed at H.M.C.S. "Chippawa" and Ship's Cook M.H. Waterman at the R.C.N. College, Royal Roads, B.C.



Protector" Wrens say "Hello again". Much has happened since the last issue of the Tiddley Times. Our new recreation hall, which was just getting under way, is now in full swing. New furniture, donated by the Y.M.C.A. along with some lovely new rugs, have made our recreation hall the most comfortable spot on the base. An industrious group of Wrens sandpapered and painted the wooden chairs under the direction of our quarters officer, Sub. Lieutenant Bacon. The chairs have been painted all colours of the rainbow, from bright red to a delicate apple green, and they have brightened the room up immensely.

Guest nights have been started in our mess hall. And thereby hangs a tale. There was one, and only one, lone sailor at the first guest night. Able to invite their friends two nights a week, the girls were a bit shy about availing themselves of the opportunity. The first guest got a full round of applause from the assembled company. But his bravery in facing such terrible odds had results. The next guest night there were more than ten sailors as guests of the Wrens. We firmly expect that soon the rush to sign the list will be terrific.



Something new and different in the line of dances is coming up--our next dance is to be an army one. The various army units stationed near us have been most generous with their hospitality, and the Wrens are inviting them to a dance in the hope of persuading them that the navy wasn't such a bad branch of the service to join after all.

The Mess Committee is composed of the following Wrens:

Marcella Jackson,	Writer, (C),	from Kingston, Ont.
I. R. Healey,	S. B. A.	" Ottawa, Ont.
P.O. Mary Hummell	Writer, (C),	" Morrisburg, Ont.
Lois Harvey	Writer, (P),	" Minnedosa, Man.
Marguerite Gray	Writer	" Quebec, P.Q.
Alma Taylor	W. R. A.	" Winnipeg, Man.
Lois Edwards	S. A.	" Didsbury, Alta.
Barbara Davy,	Cook	" Winnipeg, Man.
Jean Braithwaite	Q.A.	" Weyburn, Sask.

Sunshine and blue sky heralded the coming of the Director whose visit was enjoyed by all the Protector Wrens. We were very glad to have the opportunity of seeing Commander Sinclair in person, and of hearing her address us. Inspection of the Wren unit in the Drill Hall was followed by a march past, which afforded the opportunity for Protector's excellent band to make its first public appearance this spring. "Moans" about drill have been part of winter routine but the result of hard work evinced itself on this occasion and the many compliments received on the smart appearance of the girls were justly deserved.

Acting Petty Officer Mary Hummell, one of the most widely known and best loved Wrens in our service quailed (internally we trust) before a recent O.S.B. In due course, she is to become one of the W.R.C.N.S. executive officers. Congratulations, "Hummy".

"Protector" recently was saddened by the sudden death of one of our Wrens. Wren Olive LePape of Montreal was severely injured in a street car accident while home on leave, and died shortly afterward in the hospital there. Her death is the first that has occurred in the W.R.C.N.S. on active service. Olive will be greatly missed by all of us, and especially by the Wrens who worked with her in the laundry, her close friends.

"Oh Pioneers"

Shelburne was a small pin-point on the map of Nova Scotia until the advent of the Wrens late last fall. Now the print is just a little blacker since we have come to spread the Gospel and H.M.C.S. Shelburne has come to be a name to reckon with.

The Wrens are a growing concern here. A vanguard of one arrived on October 16th, and we have been increasing on an average of one a week ever since. We are now the large number of twenty-nine and feel that we are rather unique. Can any other ship boast of a crew of Wrens who have lived with the army, rolled their beds at 6.30 every morning, and then moved to the Naval Base and lived with the R.C.N. Band first before sailing on to quarters taken over from the R.C.A.F.?

The first naval quarters were directly below the musical organization and we were the recipients, willy-nilly, of many and varied concerts. We not infrequently heard the strains of a hymn for Sunday divisions, the crash of the cymbal in the lusty Overture to Zampa and the jive of Shoo Shoo Baby, all intermingled or at least coming from the four corners of the dorm. The Unit Officer's quarters were below the band's practise room.

Twenty-nine Wrens and one officer rattle about a bit in the new quarters but the empty cabins are just waiting to be filled and the recreational rooms, two in a separate building next door, will soon be opened.

The mode of transportation is original and varied. A trip to town - which offers nothing more than a cup of coffee with occasionally a piece of the local dish of cranberry pie - may be a jaunt along a very rocky road, a flying trip in a jeep, a somewhat darkened view of life in a black maria, fifteen minutes sea-time on a Liberty boat, or even a lift in the garbage truck. We have become quite familiar with the oxen in the district and have great misgivings about ever being able to ride nonchalantly in a tramcar again.

Work over for the day, Wrens may take a choice of a movie, a good book, a game of badminton, an evening bent over the washtubs, popular Ship's Company dances with the best dance band east of Vancouver. All this - with skating weather permitting - and no cover charge. Is it little wonder that the Wrens cry "So little time"?

H. M. C. S. "Shelburne"

(H.M.C.S. "Shelburne"'s second contribution came just before the deadline. See how they've grown! Nice going, old Salts!)

In a very short space of time the Wrens of H.M.C.S. "Shelburne" have seen and executed many changes. First, we have grown mightily--we are now 41 and more and more categories are represented each week. S.B.O.'s, S.B.A.'s are the newest additions.

Not very long ago we were suddenly moved from our dorm underneath the Band to be elegantly housed in the erstwhile air force officers' quarters in very attractive rooms, each with a view of a very beautiful harbour. The ladies' auxiliary presented us with \$50.00 which we lost little time in spending on curtains, china, and other articles dear to the hearts of most girls.

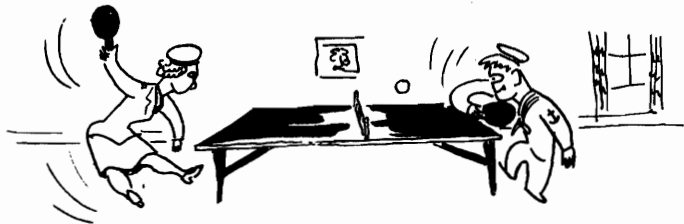
Our special pride and joy is a delightful recreation hall next door to our quarters where we may bring our escorts to play ping-pong, dance, or for coffee after the show made in the little galley off the sitting room. We also throw parties every second Wednesday for different divisions--the cooks were our first guests, then we entertained the painters at an afternoon coffee party, and last week thirty stokers found a home away from home in our demesne.

Leading Wren Florence Cassidy was our first Wren to leave Shelburne, and has gone to O.T.C. in Ottawa. Leading Wren Daisy Willcock arrived from Galt last week to take her place as Regulator.

Leading Wren Willcock is from Calgary. Another Leading Wren --Bertha M. Smith--came from Galt the end of April. Her home is Rock Forest, Quebec. Two others who arrived with her were Wren Elsie Mae Moyle and Wren Ruth Robson Mitchell, both of Winnipeg.

The Wrens took part in their first parade on May 1st in honor of the Victory Loan. Being close in the wake of the band, the Wrens kept step and marched for all of a half an hour and then the parade was over. A popular street dance followed.

This is all for now, but there'll be a lot more next time. All of us here are awfully glad we have our very own paper at long last. Good luck to The Tiddley Times!



WAITING FOR YOUR CALL-UP

"When are you leaving for Galt?
(Or is it Guelph?)"
How can I answer this question? -
I don't even know myself!

I signed all the papers
Months ago,
And had all my hair cut short;
And searched for hours
For "Closed-At-The-Knees"
That everyone says can't be bought!

My Suitcase is packed
And ready;
I've given my hats away;
And blithely gave notice
To leave my job -
Yet, here I sit
Day after day,
Waiting and watching for mail-time,
Aching and longing to know
So how can you wonder
I hate those who ask:
"And when do you think you will go?"



S/Lt. Patricia Allan

With H.M.C.S. "Montcalm"

In old Quebec where winter sports prevail, curling has become a mighty popular sport. We here have an ardent and keen competitor who has to her credit many trophies, our Recruiting Officer, Sub. Lieut. S. Aves, an expert curler. We wish her all success in her future contests.

Bright and early, looking as fresh as a daisy, Wren Anita Currier returned to her duties after spending her two weeks' leave in Halifax, N.S.

Wrens Emily Cooke, and Fay Bolte, two W/T'S from St. Hyacinthe spent a most enjoyable week-end at the I.O.D.E. house.

In our recruiting office, Wren Retta Matte is busy as a bee - seems many of Quebec's fair daughters will soon don the navy blues.

The Red Cross rally here got under way with a good start, Sub. Lieut. Aves was round at an early hour collecting our contributions. The Montcalm Wrens are also keeping busy knitting for the Navy League.

Wren Mary Dorion spent nine days in the hospital, nothing very serious, is now back on duty sound as a bell again.

We want to welcome Lt. Betty Fess, formerly of "Bytown" who was recently appointed to H.M.C.S. "Chaleur".

The 13th O.T.C.



Despite the fact that they were jinxed from the start, the 23 members of the 13th O.T.C., who began their course at Ottawa on March 13th and even had 13 green-strippers in the group, made a good job of it and all of them finished on the right side.

The 19 Cadet Wrens were happy to welcome two W.R.N.S. Third Officers to the Course; Frances Agar Hartley from Washington and Betty Noone from New York. And two of the grandest serving officers in the W.R.C.N.S. took the course with them, putting up a second well-deserved stripe at the end of the month; Lieutenants Jessie Torrance and Frances Parker.

The 19 new Probationary Sub-Lieutenants and their new appointments are: N.B. Christie, (Ottawa), J.E. Foster, and H.M. Cuttle (Quebec), E.L. Peacock, (Ottawa), N.C. Hall, H.C. Oates, C.H. Buck and W.G. Lyons, Conestoga; M.G. Harrison, (Stadacona); N.G. Hutchinson, (Yarmouth); D.N. Pope, F. Elliott, M.M. Dignan, E.E. MacDermott, M.D. Dempsey, M.E. Fraser, (Ottawa); S.E. Salkeld, (Quebec), M.W. Creelman, (Avalon), M.E. Hughes, (Givenchy).

St. Hyacinthe Scoops

"I must go down to the seas again,
To the lonely sea and the sky,
But all I get is an earthbound ship
Stuck in the MUD of "ST. HY!"
(apologies to Masefield.)



The MUD being the subject on everyone's lips at the moment, not to mention on everyone's boots! We challenge Stadacona, Cornwallis or Prince Rupert to produce anything as sticky, as slippery or as completely exasperating as our special brand. The Wrens 'manoeuvres' as they try to pick a safe path across the sea of mud have to be seen to be appreciated. We are fast becoming adept at 'walking the plank'. So would you if one slip meant disaster! Springtime in St. Hy. means boom-time for the cleaners. Jungle swamps could hold no unknown terrors now, for when we get really caught by the mud it calls for all the fighting spirit of the Navy to extricate ourselves from its clutches. When someone tells us we must go to the building across the road we murmur, "What! Away over there!" with mental pictures of never returning and being listed among the missing.

Our permanent staff welcomes several new arrivals: Leading Wren Alma Carmichael from Stadacona who has joined our S.B.O.'s, Wrens Ruth Dickson and Mavis Barwick who are C.B.C.'s from Cornwallis and two new Moving Picture Projectionists, Wrens Kay Tanner and Irene Gwilliam also from Cornwallis.

Acting on the theory a fair exchange is no robbery Wren Isobel Stirling, Librarian, has exchanged places with Wren Arabell Peirson, who is now at Stadacona. Incidentally our new Library is really something. With its chesterfields, easy chairs, new drapes and general "comfy" atmosphere, it promises to become one of the most popular spots for Ratings and Wrens alike.

Another popular spot with everyone is the Projection Hall where first rate films are now being shown for the small sum of one thin dime, in preference to the rather dated films we were enjoying "gratis".

Under the able direction of Leading Wren Metcalfe the Canteen was gay with Shamrocks and all the traditional trimmings for the St. Patrick's Day dance. A grand crowd and definitely a good time was had by all.

At the K of C Hut in town on March 28th a Variety Show, written, directed and presented by Wrens and Ratings really went over with a bang. Much credit is due to these entertainers who have spent so much of their free time preparing this show for us.

P/Sub-Lt. Mary C. Dawson who was a Wren pioneer in St. Hy. for six months is now a member of the Schoolmasters Staff instructing Wren Telegraphists.

Tuesday nights still find the "Discussion Group" in session. In conjunction with the radio program "Of Things to Come" presented by the Adult Education Society, we are finding them to be well worth while in planning for the "afterwards" and that better world we are all fighting for.

Our contratulations to Leading Wrens Ellen Voss, and Norah Farina who are proudly wearing those new gold hooks.



All the clever things that are being turned out of the Tailoress shop these days! With Wren Lorna Miller keeping an expert eye on them the girls are making house coats, aprons, shower slippers and even dresses in their spare time. Could it be Spring in the air that is giving everyone the urge to work with gay colours?

With the new Drill Shed completed and the Wrens sharing with the Ratings the new and very efficient Mess Hall, we feel our little community is rapidly becoming very complete. I wish you could see our neat little Chapel and the new Wrens' Quarters that will be ready for occupancy any day now. Already the Wrens are planning those special touches they will apply to really Permanent Quarters. After three moves -- each one better, we really feel we are getting places.

Visitors to St. Hy. recently included Lieutenant Crozier who appeared to be pleased with the efficiency of our Mess Staff; and Lieutenant Robson, Staff Officer, who spoke to us on Communications and the various places to be filled by the Wrens completing their courses at this important Training Centre. Her talk was most warmly received for in some fashion it made us feel less in the back wash and more in the main stream with all Wrens serving in Canada and overseas.

It was with great reluctance we saw one of our most popular Regulators, L/Wren Marion Metcalfe, off for Stadacona. The girls presented her with a pen and pencil set at a last little informal get-together. Good luck to a "Jolly Good Fellow". To Stadacona also goes Wren Evelyn Snelgrove, who has been on the Switchboard here since our Pioneer days.

We especially like the name that's been chosen for our Wren magazine, "THE TIDLEY TIMES". Please let us have as many copies as possible, and keep them coming! We need them.



oving day again for the Wrens! This time to our permanent new quarters, a double-decker. It took no time at all for Wren working parties to make the place ship-shape, and we are all as pleased as can be with the result.

Compliments flew up and down among the spectators lining both sides of Sherbrooke Street, when the St. Hy. Wrens paraded in Montreal for the Victory Loan - or are we slightly partial! The two platoons followed behind our won St. Hy. band; all of the girls returning to the base with glowing faces from the sun and wind-burn. It was a long, hot parade, but they loved it! Next day a group had to return to Montreal for a much sadder occasion, the first Wren funeral.

A new sports program has been drawn up, with a committee of Wrens to see that it works. Baseball practice on the parade ground



has already begun...a growing threat to the sailors' vigorously practising team. We have passed from an era of mud, into an era of dust here in St. Hy., but during the mud era something rather funny happened to Wren Veith. In the shower one day, Veith stepped into muck up to her ankles. But it wasn't mud, as she thought at first. It was cement just freshly poured!

Five Wren officers have completed their long and strenuous signal course. Sub. Lieuts. Cogden, Taylor, and Renwick. We wish these officers the best of luck and hope they will enjoy their work at their new stations.

Wren Russell, who with twelve others, qualified for a Leading Wren, has been retained by the Signal School as an instructor. Russell is one of the original W/T Wren class and has been stationed at No. 1. Wren Brown from "G" Class stays with us for Morse Pool instructing.

Wrens at divisions one morning has a hard time keeping their faces straight, when they heard the Padre's prayers drifting to them on waves of jive over the loud-speaker. Some odd sort of hook-up brought in the local radio station much to the amusement of all.

Romance and spring and all that sort of thing makes the headlines again. Wren Gooderham returned from leave with a glorious cluster of diamonds on her finger, excited, and awfully happy.

We are losing our Unit Officer, Sub. Lieut. Ogilvy, to Stadacona. Sub. Lieut. Ogilvy came to St. Hy. with the first group of Wrens to come on board, and has been with us ever since. We are sorry to lose her. Lieut. Dunlop, who came from Stad to us, is to take her place. May we continue to be a happy ship and work with our new Unit Officer with the same enthusiasm and will-to-win as in our pioneer days in St. Hy.



Bits you glean from here and there: That the Wrens have been at Stadacona for a year -- several of the originals looking wise and saying "back then" -- The P.O.'s mess celebrating said anniversary (Chief Docker was behind it all) with a lush cake boasting one candle -- Guests from the CWAC's and W.D.'s to get a peek at Navy life -- The modest informant, when on being asked if "terrific" was the word to apply to the Wren Hockey Team (the local paper bursts into amazed rapture over 'em too) said, very cautiously -- "No, we're very good!" They played their last game of the season, polishing off a W.D. team and chalking up a 3-1 score. Not forgetting the Basketball Team, they seem to breeze thither and yon, taking on our sister services and when last heard of they were toddling up to Liverpool.

Mustn't forget those Saturday night sessions in the lower foc's'le -- you simply bring you man (hopefully, I wonder now) and there's fun and games and dancing and lunch -- after all, must not let the traditional Saturday date die out -- and these parties seem to be proving very popular. And the L/W's had their monthly dinner with Lieut. Alvey and Lieut. Brodie as guests, looked very posh with the St. Patrick's theme in the decorations.

And just any old day at Stad -- Tonight I am going to stay in and wash my hair -- He's got a friend in -- the mail line-up at noon -- the canteen line-up at any time -- The lucky character with the parcel from home -- Hurry or we'll never make the Liberty Boat -- The view of the harbour from the mess -- The annex with its watch-keepers who work wierd hours -- And the snug little upper foc's'le with the record player ladling it out sweet and hot -- Telephone for ---- A hopeful will anyone be finished with an iron soon?

From Coast to Coast

Funny how you take people for granted till suddenly that long-awaited draft comes along and people like Wren Ruth Tomlinson leave for Stadacona. Then you realize that staff assistants for The Tiddley Times are not made--they're born. "Tommy" as she hated you to call her, one of Vancouver's best, had been in on this from long before the beginning, as Wren writer for the W.R.C.N.S. Public Relations Officer at headquarters and there wasn't much about Wrens she couldn't tell you.

Now she's learning about Wrens at "Stad" after more than a year at NSHQ. We miss her but she deserves that draft and we know she'll love it there.

H.M.C.S. Cartagui Reporting

With the arrival of two brand new "Immobile" Probationary Wrens, our number is now six Wrens and one Wren officer, making it possible for us to hold our own in this Active Training Ship. Prob. Wren Enid Pedersen from Gananoque and Prob. Wren Ada Godridge from Brockville are flitting hither and yon in their "civies" with the W.R.C.N.S. arm band denoting that they are part of our branch of the Service. They contemplate with longing the trim uniform of their sister Wrens and are anxiously awaiting the day of their departure to "CONESTOGA".

Wren Betty Sinclair is spending annual leave at her home in Vancouver and we shall have a story too when she comes back next week with the usual remarks about Vancouver weather having such an advantage over the good old Ontario days.

We are sorry to have to report that L/W O'Neill is still in Christie Street Hospital. We send her greetings and our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Our Wren's mess here is a thing of beauty and a joy to us. It is very pleasing to the eye with its blue rug, red, blue and cream leather furniture, and figured drapes. The working parties seem to fancy the comfortable chairs with handy magazines and reading lamps. Our sailors also fancy Sub. Lt. Eades' needle and black thread--we wonder, sometimes, what difficulty they run into.

Wren Margaret Dupre left us to join H.M.C.S. "BYTOWN". We wish her every success in her new job there.

That brings us up to date for this issue. Be seeing you next edition.

Holwood has it that —

H.M.C.S. "YORK" has begun a newspaper of its own, called "The Yorker". It promises to be a huge success. The first issue was published this month, featuring the paper's mascot "Butch", a Boston bulldog. Alongside the Bulldog is the caption "Butch's Bark Is Back Of Us". They have devoted a column to us too! It's called "The Wren House", and written by Blaire McKenzie, and its good. Congratulations!

L/W Annita Plummer is at home in St. John, New Brunswick, after a long illness. She has left Holwood permanently, we're afraid, and will await disposal at H.M.C.S. "STADACONA".

The Junior Auxiliary R.C.N.V.R. held a very successful tea and draw on the 18th March. Over 600 people attended, and the entire proceeds will go towards gifts, entertainment and supplies for members of His Majesty's Royal Canadian Navy.

On Monday nights the Wrens eat a hurried supper, and dash down to the bowling alleys. A number of girls are proving themselves worthy in this game. Monica Hodges and Irene Wylie often top 200. Meryl Draper scored 25- in her first game and 213 in the second one. This was Meryl's final game in Toronto, as she left for the east recently.

We were sorry to learn that Wren Mary Hodgkinson Rideaut is in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. This is not the best way to spend a long leave and a honeymoon.



A new method of avoiding Sunday morning Divisions was exploited lately. The P/O took her usual tour of the building to insure that all Wrens were on parade. She was amazed to find two girls in a clothes closet! To wind oneself around the hangers and shoe racks of a crowded closet requires more than the average amount of skill and adaptability. "Clothes Closet" Kate and "Hanger" Jones must be proud of their versatility.

L/W O'Neil is still at Christie Street Hospital but reports coming in are more favourable now. Wren Yvette Rochon is there too.

Black Lisle stockings have become rig of the day while on duty. After our previous freedom in this, the groaning and moaning is rather light. One would almost think we didn't know how to "beef".

We were sorry to say goodbye to Wrens Elizabeth Titus, that mental giant, and Kay Smith, queen of wit, this month. But when the Medical Intelligence Division moves to Ottawa, their stenographers do too.

Thursday night the fo'c'sle was crowded with Wrens, who said goodbye to Lt. Margaret Jess. P/O Olaveson presented her with a red plaid housecoat and advised her to wear it at her new station, where it may be cold. We were all sorry to see her go, we lost not only a Unit Officer of high standing, but a real friend.

We extend a warm welcome to Lt. Languedoc, who has come to take over the duties of Lt. Jess as Unit Officer. It's hoped she'll not find us too difficult to control and that she will like her work here.

The cooks in Toronto had their examination for leading rating this week. The definite results are not out as yet, but from the pleased look on the judges' faces there should be some high marks made. Wren Margaret Simpson was drafted and leaves the galley at Holwood to start work in the east. We'll miss her.


FLASH! All this talk about the authenticity of the Argentine Quintuplets is interesting enough BUT we, at Holwood, have our own Quintuplets. Yes MA'AM! Five husky kittens, and are they sweet. Rumour has it that the Navy Show wants them, well, we'll see.

Holwood's news was compiled by Wren Elizabeth MacLaine, L/W Russell being on leave. As a self-styled "pinch hitter", we think she has done a good job. Ed.

Cord Clippings



Thursday, 30th March, brought the second important visitor to the W.R.C.N.S. at Toronto. Early in the month our Director paid us an informal visit much enjoyed by the Wrens, and on the twenty-ninth there was much scrubbing and polishing both at Holwood and C.O.R.D. in preparation for our Honorary Commandant, the Princess Alice; (rumour had it that she might even look in dresser drawers.)



On the morning of her arrival, the Wrens at Crescent Road were up with the sparrows, and at 0930 trucks picked them up and took them to Queen's Park to form a Guard of Honour with the Holwood Wrens. This made ninety-six in all (the requisite number for a Royal Guard). Sub. Lieut. Harper was Officer-in-Charge and L/W Russell was the A.P.O. The band in attendance played sixteen bars of the National Anthem (it is only played in its entirety for the King himself) and Petty Officer Olaveson piped the Royal Guest aboard.

Her Royal Highness inspected the Wrens and made Rounds both at Holwood and in the Wrennery at C.O.R.D.

At Holwood the Vice-regal party was received by the Commanding Officer, Capt. J.J. Connolly, and Lieut. Languedoc, W.R.C.N.S. Unit Officer, also Lieut. Marion Baxter, and Sub. Lieut. Sheilah Florence. At C.O.R.D. by Capt. Earle, Lieut. Pinchin and Lt. Whinney, W.R.C.N.S.

Among those presented to H.R.H. the Princess Alice, were Sub. Lt. Doyle, Sub. Lt. Marjorie Jordan, P.R.O. Olaveson, L/W Josephine Barrington, Wren McDonald of Manitoba and Wren Mary Deitz.

The strong March winds last month blew some Toronto Wrens East and one to the West. Reg. L/W Barbara Jones and L/W Marjorie McIntyre lifted anchor for Bytown and Eleanor Rising came here. Also Cynthia Aitken (Wren Writer C.) left for Cronwallis, replaced by Helen Donnelly. Aileen Ford went to Discovery.

Recently the Venture Club of Toronto celebrated its first birthday by giving a party to the Holwood Wrens. These obliging guests brought their own refreshments and provided music and games. And on Sunday 26th March L/W Barrington entertained the C.O.R.D. Wrens at tea in her home in Lawrence Park. The girls didn't have to wait on themselves either; six very willing young men looked after all that, and those Wrens who were smart enough to outstay the others, each had an escort home. Rather a reversal of things; but this is war! And even men are rationed.

We're all glad the paper has been christened, and we like it's name. Hope we are down for more copies than we had last time! It would be nice if every Wren could have a copy. Do you think it could be arranged? Here's hoping!

Wrens at CORD spent a hilarious evening Wednesday, 26th April, when, aided and abetted by the graciously donated talents of Anna Russell and Jane Mallett, well-known Toronto stage and radio artists, we launched our first ship's concert. The results were startling, and have prompted this dissertation on such events which might prove helpful to other would-be producers:

For instance, don't be discouraged if your first attempts to round up talent leave you - and everyone else - cold. Wrens we find, are prone to procrastinate, but they have the happy faculty of rising to the occasion - say, 1930 of the evening of the performance - and gather momentum as the evening proceeds. The results are often astonishing. Don't be fooled by that quiet, self-effacing little Wren; she may be a veritable Bette Davis under that mild exterior.

The program was full of nice, vivid contrasts and ran the gamut from piano solos, tap-dancing and piano duets to pantomime choruses and hastily constructed skits. What the latter lacked in finesse, they made up for in freshness and originality. A serious (?) note was struck when the Dorothy Dix of the W.R.C.N.S. edified us all with a lecture entitled "How to deal with the opposite sex". A clever commentary with a local flavor was "Is it true?".

Taking part in the program were: Leading Wren Margaret Ellah, A/Ldg. Wren Josephine Barrington, Wrens Lola May, Norma Perry, Joan Maxwell-Smith, Helen Hudson, Doris Griffiths, Lorna Young, Jean Stewart, Fleanora Thornton, Mae Dickenson, Francis Peer, Betty Gibson and Helen Webb.

That this is a "war of movement" is realized when we cast an eye in the direction of the Cabin Allocations, 146 Crescent Road:



Patricia Cole and Josephine Barrington have taken themselves off to O.T.C. with our very best wishes.

Aileen Ford and Evelyn Hansen have "gone west"... to Discovery.

Betty McLean "chose" to go east....and now leaves her station card at the Regulating desk at "Stadacona".

Doris Griffiths is wide-eyed at the prospect of the West coast where her vantage point will be H.M.C.S. "Chatham"

Lilian Snazell is happy at the prospect of returning to Calgary.

Margaret Ellah's feelings are mixed about her most recent move to "Stadacona".

"Conestoga"

YOU SHOULD BE HERE NOW!

All of you have been Probies at Galt at one time or another - and I'm sure that you were never quite sure when you stopped being a P/W and changed into a Wren. Those days are over now, we have a very impressive "rating up" ceremony. If any of you happen to be around this way at the end of the month do come up to "Conestoga" and see what it means to become a Wren in the proper fashion.

Our last "rating up" was on the 29th of May - and a beautiful day it was. Galt was shining, and the ship too - both inside and out. At precisely 1000 Divisions were formed up in our new Drill Shed (Yes, we really have one!) and the Commanding Officer read prayers and we closed that part of our ceremony with "God Save the King".

Then it was - "Parade will move to the right in succession in Column of Route" - and the entire Ship's Company led by Jellicoe and Anson Divisions and followed by the four Training Divisions--Nelson, Beatty, Collingwood and Drake--marched out of the Drill Shed to the Parade Ground. Here the Trainees who were tiddley as they never had been before, advanced one division at a time and were inspected by Lt. Cdr. Macneill - and proud they were. I don't think I'm making any mistake when I say the "C.O." was extremely proud of her Wrens too.

Then came the big moment - the Master-at-Arms read from the Captain's Request Book - "These ratings request to be confirmed as Wrens, Ma'am" - and the Commanding Officer inquired of the Divisional Officer whether it was approved and as each officer stepped forward in turn to say "Approved Ma'am" you knew that she meant it, and you could almost feel the Wrens behind you pull their shoulders back in a very determined fashion and say to themselves - "And it is going to be nothing but approval for us from now on".

Then the march past with many proud parents scanning the ranks for "their" Wren. On the saluting base we had the Commanding Officer with Lt. Macdonald and Lt. Pyper, and after the "Eyes Right" the Divisions re-formed on the Parade Ground.

Normally this would have been the end of our ceremony but that day we had another very impressive and a very sad moment. We had received a signal that Col. Knox, the Secretary of the United States Navy, had died and were to lower the Ensign to Half-mast. As the Ensign came slowly down and the Last Post

was sounded with all officers standing smartly at the salute, I think every Wren was thinking of her sister Waves that Lt. Pyper had told us about - and realizing just what this would mean to them. Somehow, something like that brings us very close to our friends across the 'line'.

And finally with the "Parade - Dismiss", another 160 Wrens were ready to take their places beside the men in Navy Blue - perhaps take the place of one of those missing from the "Athabaskan".

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THE CAPTAIN RETURNS

You should have been at "Conestoga" about the 19th of April - the whole ship was in a "flap". The C.O. was returning from her overseas trip the next day. The members of the Ship's Company were excited, but you should have seen the Trainees and they had never even seen Lt. Cdr. Macneill!



Out on the parade ground were about six trainees with large baskets - that's right, pulling up the weeds - and we thought "picking okum" was out for the duration. I enquired timidly from one of these unfortunates just why they had been told off for that particular job,--the answer, "Because the C.O. is coming home tomorrow" She spoke as if she had known our captain and that it really was a home-coming.

April 20th dawned, and the sun was shining. At 1000 every Wren in the Establishment was out on the Parade Ground, and the Guard of Honour was formed up. Then it happened - every time a car drove past the front gate about 800 eyes waited to see if it would turn in - finally one did. You could feel the air full of excitement as it drove slowly up and came to a stop.

Then there she was, stepping out just as if she had been away for a week-end instead of exactly three months. And after her as she inspected the Guard of Honour came perhaps the happiest Wren of them all - "Trilby"!

Out on the Parade Ground we could hardly control ourselves - Would she inspect all the Divisions? Would we have to contain

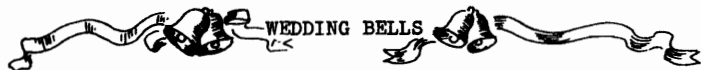
ourselves for that long time? No - not Lieut. Commander Macneill, "Break ranks and gather round the Quarterdeck" - It was then we could see that she really was tired but we hope happy to be back with us again.

With just a few words so typical of our Commanding Officer she said that she was happy to be back and full of new ideas for the Wrens - and that Conestoga was to go "Full speed ahead". The immediate result was perhaps the happiest - a Make and Mend for the afternoon! And three cheers for the Captain - each one of them well deserved. Just the Wrens way of saying "Welcome Home, Ma'am."

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WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED - ?????

The Drill Shed is finished - and a great tragedy has taken place....No Lieut. Shaughnessy. I think that some good Scot couldn't bear the thought and had the "Fighting Irishman" appointed to Cornwallis. (Never mind, Lieut. Shaughnessy - the drill shed is painted green!)



WEDDING BELLS

KENNEDY-McEVOY: Sub. Lt. Win-
ifred McEvoY to Sub. Lt. William
Campbell Kennedy, RCNVR, at St.
Anne's Church, Toronto, on 25th
March.

RIDEAUT-HODGKINSON: Wren Mary
Hodgkinson to P/O Ken Rideaut
at St. Aiden's Anglican Church,
Toronto, on 10th March

REYNOLDS-WRIGHT: Wren Bessie Wright
to Leading Writer Arthur Reynolds,
at St. Joseph's Anglican Church,
Toronto, on 11th March.

MILLS-MARGARSON: Wren Miriam
Margarson to Cpl. Randolph Mills,
R.C.A.F., in Vancouver, B. C.

CHAPMAN-LESLIE: Wren Margaret Les-
lie to Sgt. George Chapman, Can-
adian Fusiliers, in Vancouver.

DAMPSEY-BROWN: Wren Nancy A.
Brown to Lt. John Victor Dam-
psy, RCNVR at Christ Church
Cathedral, Vancouver, on 15th
April.

MACINTOSH-ALLEN: Wren Elizabeth
Agnes Allen to Lt. Alexander
John MacIntosh, RCNVR, at Cal-
gary, Alta, on 15th April.

DONDA-ROBERTS: Wren Patricia
Roberts to F.O. Zdenek Donda,
of Czechoslovakia, attached to
R.A.F. in Moncton, N.B., at RAF
Anglican Chapel, on 22nd March.

FREJD-ATTER: Wren Dorothy Atter
to Private Andrew Frejd, R.C.A.C.
in Vancouver, B.C.

HANNIGAN-KING: Wren Ruth Eliza-
beth King to Louis Francis
Hannigan, R.C.A.F. in Ottawa,
at No. 1 Station, H.M.C.S. "By-
town", on 27th March.

NEIL-ANDERSON: Wren Barbara Anderson to Petty Officer Richard Neil, RCNVR, in Vancouver, B. C.

BROOKE-STOUT: Wren Margaret Stout to Private "Buzz" Brooke, Canadian Army Overseas.

VANCE-ASTELL: Wren Ellen Christina Astell to Signalman Frederick C. Vance, RCN. The marriage performed by the Rev. J.S. Sherren, Naval Chaplain, on board a Royal Canadian Naval craft in the port of St. John, on 2nd March.

SMITH - ROBSON: Ldg. Wren Agnes Robson, Writer(C), Swansea, Ontario, to Lieut. (SB) Harold L. Smith, R.C.N.V.R., Sports Officer, Longbranch, Ontario at 3 o'clock, March 18th, 1944.

SHARPE - JACQUES: Wren Margaret Jacques of Stratford, Ont. to A.B. William Sharpe, R.C.N.V.R., Belleville, Ontario at Halifax, Friday April 21st.

BROWN - BROCK: Sub. Lieut. Eileen Brock of Rothesay, to Lieut. Cdr. George A. Brown, R.C.N.V.R. of Ottawa & Montreal on April 28th.

HURD-HICKEY: Wren Margaret Hickey to A.B. Seaman Charles Hurd, in Sidney, N.S.

CARSON - WARE, on April 8th, Wren Rena Wendolyn Ware to Petty Officer Harry Herbert Stanley Carson, in Woodstock, Ontario.

NORMAN - WILLIAMS: Wren Shirley Maxine Williams, Switchboard Operator of St. Thomas, Ontario, to Able Seaman Harry E. Norman, Toronto, at First St. Andrews Church, London, Ontario, on April 21st,

BAIRD - SECHER-SMITH: Wren Emily Secher-Smith to Pilot Officer P.D.A. Baird, R.A.F. at Moncton, N.B., 11th April.

LUND-HARRIS: P.O. Blanche Mary Harris, Toronto, Ont. to C.P.C. Alan Wilfred Lund, R.C.N.V.R., Toronto, Ontario.

Washington News

The first edition of TIDDLEY TIMES with its new name was welcomed with great interest by the Wrens at the Canadian Joint Staff. No kiddin', it's wonderful to read about our Wren friends throughout Canada and elsewhere.

To catch up on a bit of news, there have been quite a few additions to our ship's company in the past couple of months. Evelyn Latrace and Joan Stanger came from Conestoga and Stad. respectively in February, and in March Betty Massey, Florence Godson and Pansy Wood left Halifax to join our happy throng. Our newest newcomer is Audrey Porter, formerly one of the live wires of Cornwallis.

Also to swell the ranks of W.R.C.N.S. personnel in Washington came seven of our girls to work for the R.N. To welcome them to the capital of these United States, all the newcomers were invited to meet us oldtimers at H.M.C.S. Tricorne (the home of three corny Wrens!) We yarned mostly about good old "boot camp" days, to use the U.S.N. expression for basic training, and rocked with laughter at the descriptive experiences of Frances Trees and Helen Burns at Conestoga. It also happened to be Burnsie's birthday that night, so we made her sing for her supper and she entertained us in fine style.

We were sorry to see Irma Balfour and Mary Fisher leave us last month, to take a course at St. Hy. All the best, Bal and Fish and we do hope you'll be down to see us again.

Our Unit Officer, Lieut. Connie Hemphill (formerly Duddles) received her promotion to that rank about a month ago. Lieut. Hemphill has decided to leave a bit of herself in the United States--she had her appendix removed in March, but showed true salty spirit by being back on her feet in three weeks.

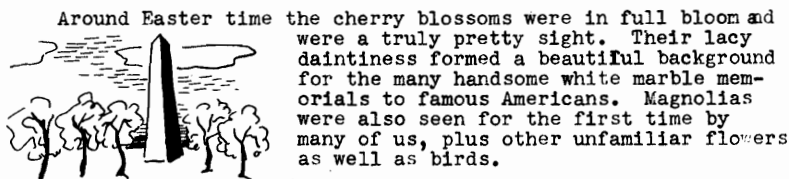
Lieut. Marion O'Toole also received her second stripe. She has made us very enthusiastic about a tennis club, with other British and Dominion services making up the membership. Some top-ranking tennis stars have offered to help the beginners and so it should prove fun. Throughout the winter there have been a few ice-skating parties for all the British services here. Frances Alley in particular will remember them because early in February she cracked her head on the ice and suffered a slight concussion. However, the U.S.N. doctors patched her up and she was soon back on the job.

Our most ardent sportswoman this winter was Eunice Connolly, ably upholding the Canadians' reputation as skaters; while she and Dorothy Webb vied for honours on the badminton court. In April we could take our choice of winter or summer sports, either skimming over the ice on skates or on the Potomac in a canoe.

One of the greatest thrills to all of us down here was a trip to a nearby U.S. port to see a Canadian corvette. For many of us it was our first time aboard a Canadian ship-of-war and won't forget it in a hurry. We saw her from stem to stern and were amazed to see how compact and self-sufficient such a tiny vessel could be.

After a most interesting "tour of inspection" we saw a super-duper hockey game between our team from H.M.C. Signal School and the U.S. Coast Guard "Cutters." It was a thriller with the score 4 to 2 in favour of the Yanks at the beginning of the third period. With only two minutes to go, a Canadian sailor scored. The spectators had scarcely stopped cheering when bango! another goal and the score was 4 all. Whoopee! However, as our boys had to hurry to catch a train, no overtime was played and the final result remained a tie.

It was really grand to see some Canadian sailors that day, as occasionally we do get homesick for the sight of those familiar uniforms. Of course, here in Washington we see service men from all the Allied countries, including the Chinese Air Force, Norwegian Navy and Brazilian Army. As well as all the other United Nations' representatives, we do see mostly Americans, and it is really interesting to speak to Waves, Spars, Marines and Vacs from all corners of the U.S.A. We are now becoming quite adept at understanding the U.S.N. lingo. For instance, their S.B.A.'s are called pharmacists mates, and our writers are yeomen to them.



Around Easter time the cherry blossoms were in full bloom and were a truly pretty sight. Their lacy daintiness formed a beautiful background for the many handsome white marble memorials to famous Americans. Magnolias were also seen for the first time by many of us, plus other unfamiliar flowers as well as birds.

I'm sure all the Wrens back home will be pleased to know that the majority of Americans think our uniforms the smartest ever. Until we put up our "Canada" badges we were taken for cadet nurses, Chinese nurses (after a late night?), train women and theatre ushers. However, now we are identified, people come up to us and admire our "Paul Revere" hats saying they are the most becoming they've seen, and our white collars and ties are the envy of all. It makes us feel on top of the world, and we are glad that our neighbours to the south are so favourably impressed.



Chatter from Chippawa

When everyone remarked recently on the extra tiddliness of "Chippawa's" always tidilly (?) Wrens, they may not have realized there were two good reasons for it in the form of two very charming and welcome visitors - Lieut.Cmdr. Doris Taylor and Lieut. E. Whinny - who recently spent a week-end in Winnipeg, and duly met all the Wrens in the Wrens' mess.

The dietetic expert of the Winnipeg Tribune, Katherine Middleton, gave a lecture in the Wrens' Mess recently on "Eating for Health and Beauty". It was a very interesting talk and all the Wrens are "keeping their eye out" to see the final results!

Good Friday found the entire Ship's Company including Wrens, marching to Holy Trinity Church to hear an excellent sermon by our Padre, the Rev. T. J. Findlay.

It is regretted that there will be no Wren basketball team for the present at any rate. With so small a number of girls, we were forced to withdraw because it was impossible to supply enough players and "subs" to conform to rules of the game. However, there is some consolation in the fact that a badminton court is really going to be made, and during the summer months we are to be allowed a swimming period each day, so we are keeping our fingers crossed.....hard.

The Navy Show returned to the city for a week's engagement and still seems to be "packing them in". A special matinee was held for personnel of H.M.C.S. "CHIPPAWA" and needless to say, the theatre was crowded. Those of us who had already seen it from four to fourteen times, enjoyed it again as much as those who had not seen it before. It was noted "You'll get used to it" still seems to be one of the more popular numbers.

An R. C.A.F. show, entitled "Swingtime" and featuring eight players - was presented aboard "Chippawa". Naval personnel never dreamed Chippawa's favorite P.O. "Pop" Mackay, would ever have such an effeminate object in that right hand pocket!

A/Ldg. Wren Hardern accompanied the Chippawa Band to the Weston Shops in connection with the Sixth Victory Bond Drive, and Wren Marian McCurdy represented the Wrens at the Victory Loan Rally held at the Parliament Buildings. Our Victory Loan Drive has gone over the top, and we feel we can be justly proud.

Thursday, April 27, the doors of Chippawa were thrown wide to all Naval personnel and escorts to attend a free dance on the parade deck. Music was supplied by a nine-piece R.C.A.F. orchestra and a large crowd attended. Wrens Lobb, Olsen, Bell, Grant, Caldwell, Ross and Hardern seem to have been the only Wrens 'free' to attend. The cast of the Navy Show also attended and a good time was had by all!

"Chippawa's" canteen has never seen such business and the Wrens' Mess has looked, at times, pretty full! Due to sickness at Galt, the current draft had to be delayed and P/Writers S. Hawkins, D. Lee, J. Whitelaw, and P/Regulator H. Tuck, came to "Chippawa" to slave for a week. In addition we have two new P/Cooks - Wrens Florence Ross and Evelyn Weidman, and three P/Stewards, Wrens Alice Oakes and Constance and Stella Smith. It is quite a new thing to see so many girls milling about and we are looking forward to welcoming more Cooks and Stewards into our midst in the near future. We hope, however, that they will be with us longer than the P/Writers because then we will have time to convince them that we aren't really screwballs after all, and if we are, well, blame it on the lives we lead!



Notes from London —

The Canadians at St. Agnes Court in London had a fairly undistinguished casualty to report last week. Leading Wren Ola Higgs came down with the measles! She was taken ill three weeks to the day of her arrival, and the other 27 Wrens in the latest Overseas draft examined each other suspiciously for the remainder of the week. The disease was in its lightest form, and the patient recovered quickly.


Biggest news for a long time has been the wedding of Leading Wren Lorraine Ashe to Private Michael John Doyle of the Forestry Corps. Stories which appeared in Canadian papers no more than justified the event. Lieut. Margaret Mackie, Unit Officer in charge of W.R.C.N.S. personnel overseas, was responsible for organizing everything, and with the help of the Knight of Columbus, the Canadian Legion--not to mention the Canadian Navy -- it will be a highlight in the life of the Doyles which will be pretty hard to beat. Imagine being a Wren bride, and the Admiral buying your bouquet. Imagine a beautiful old London church the long aisle the dim altar nave the booming organ and outside, afterwards, the children of the street and the passersby waving at you and calling good luck, and God bless you, and my, don't she look pretty, the little Canydjun!



Just to give you an idea of prices over here, we'll cite an item in Wren Ashe's trousseau. Believe it or not, Canadian Wrens didn't come to England to get married within three weeks, although I suppose you'd wonder. And therefore pretty negligees and so on were left behind. The latest draft decided that something along that line would be a suitable gift for Leading Wren Ashe -- so with Lieut. Mackie's coupons -- they bought her a pretty little nightie. Cost: 78 shillings. Which is almost four pounds, which is almost twenty dollars. It might have cost \$7.50 in Toronto, but I doubt it. Luxury tax is 100 percent which nearly explains the difference.

How time flies! The first Canadian Wrens to reach London are now reaping the reward of six months devotion to duty. Among those who have just returned, or who are just on their way to a spot of leave are Leading Wren Reta Clements, Special Services, who chose Cornwall for her holiday; Mabel Shufelt, F.M.O., went to Perstwick, Manchester; Lorna Green, F.M.O., went to St. Helens, Lanc.; Hilda Hatfield and Ellen Cada, both of F.M.O., spent a week in Edinburgh; Helen Weekes of Central Registry is up in Angus, Scotland; Jean Davidson, of S.O.P. is with Wren Weekes; and Doreen Davie, S.O.S.S. is holidaying at Cambridge.



 These are the Wrens from H.M.C.S. "UNICORN" reporting. We have been having heaps of excitement lately, it overwhelms us! Besides having practically our whole present Wren complement arriving at once, we have been having carnivals, dances and concerts to celebrate our moving into the new ship. Incidentally, everything here is now shipshape except the W.R.C.N.S. Mess, and we are still "scrounging" madly trying to scare up some furniture. Our hunt is proving very successful, and various organizations in the city are being most generous and co-operative. We will report further about our mess when it is in a more reportable condition.

On April 13th, we had a very special visitor, Lieutenant Edna Whinney from C.O.R.D. In her honour, Lieutenant Margaret Kidder held a tea in the Wardroom to which the W.D., C.W.A.C. officers and officer' wives were invited. Wrens Pat Richards and Margaret Ramsay served.

Just recently, the staff of Wrens here has come into its own. It now includes: Wren Writer Pat Richards, Wren S.B.A. "Dusty" Rhodes, Wren S.A. Margaret Ramsay, who came to us from "Yerk" and Wren Writer Irene Wilkie from "Cornwallis". Also in training as cooks and stewards are P/Wrens Joyce Ward, Victoria Niedjelski, and Anna Bohach. These girls are looking forward to their basic training at "Conestoga".

Well, that about winds up the news for now. You'll hear from us again. Incidentally, we think the "Tiddley Times" is great.

Notes from Moresby House Esquimalt



The west-coast Wrens made their first public appearance at the launching of one of Canada's new fighting ships which took place early this month at a nearby shipyard. H.R.H. Princess Juliana of the Netherlands christened the ship. She was very pleased to see the Wrens who flanked the gangway forming a guard of honour. The famed Esquimalt R.C.N. Band led the parade and the Wrens were very fortunate to be with them at their last appearance on the west coast.

This month has brought many invitations for Moresby House Wrens to attend parties and dances: W.D. and R.A.F. at Patricia Bay, the Army at Christopher Point and Signal Hill, and the E.R.A. dances were enjoyed by everyone. A ship's company dance at H.M.C.S. Givenchy included the Wrens.

We are making plans now for our second dance here and our guests will include those who have already entertained us.

West-coast Wrens were included in the current Officer Training Course and our congratulations go to them. The fortunate three are L/Wren Eleanor Peacock, L/Wren Norma Hall and Wren Margaret Creelman.

JERICHO JEN

We have recently welcomed to Jericho from Halifax, Wren Therese Guite (Coder) and Wren Rose Bodarnuk. Unfortunately, the latter has suffered a relapse from her long illness at Stadacona and is now in Shaughnessy Hospital; we all hope to see her soon completely recovered and back with us at Jericho.

And from Ottawa has come Leading Wren (Plotter) Jane Gairdner whose sister, Wren Peggy Gairdner, has been serving in the M/T section here for over a year.

On compassionate leave from the Navy show, we welcomed Wren Sheila Kidd who has joined our Canteen staff.

Jericho was sorry to say goodbye to Leading Wren Edith Wilkin when she left for duty at H.M.C.S. Royal Roads but was happy to welcome Margot Whalen as Regulating Leading Wren.

Two new "killicks" have been added to Jericho's ranks - Leading Wren Thompson and Leading Wren Thomson (confusing, isn't it?)

To their latest representative to O.T.C., Wren Grace Lyons, Jericho bids "Good Luck" and success in the future. And to ah ex Jericho-ite, Sub. Lt. "Tony" Barker, we offer our congratulations on her recent promotion to commissioned rank.

C.O P.C.'s S.D.O. is now flourishing under the feminine supervision of Sub. Lt.'s Lawson, O'Reilly and Gisborne who have replaced R.C.N.V.R. officers for sea duty. Sub. Lt. Gisborne was previously serving under this command as a plotter before taking her O.T.C. and St. Hyacinthe training.

Wren Nora Draper, (Coder), has left us. We all hope she is having a good time at H.M.C.S. Stadacona, and that she's still singing "Darling, je vous aime beaucoup!"

Replacing Lieut. D. Coupar, (SB) R.C.N.V.R., as Assistant Staff Officer (Y) is Lieut. M. Cameron, W.R.C.N.S., recently posted from H.M.C.S. Bytown.

Royal Roads

Sub. Lieut. Gerrie came aboard recently to take over the duties of Unit Officer from Sub. Lieut. Mitchell. Bytown, Kings and Stad Wrens who knew Sub. Lieut. Gerrie will agree with us when we chorus "Gals, she's the tops."

Two distinguished visitors from Ottawa, Lieut. Cdr. Mills and Lieut. Cdr. Taylor were welcomed with great gusto. We are always so glad to get news of you kippers in the east, particularly from Bytown, Kings and Stad where most of us hailed from.

By delving a little deeper into our pockets we can proudly say the Wrens here played a big part in putting the college over the top in the Sixth Victory Loan Drive. A fifty dollar war bond was raffled off and the lucky winner was Wren Iona Davis. Nine of our girls joined the Moresby House Wrens in rather an impressive Victory parade. The three women's services marched along Government Street in Victoria in one large platoon,--and very smart we looked too. After a short service during which we lent our feminine charms to the adornment of the Parliament Building steps, we retraced our steps and very conveniently were dismissed in front of a doughnut and coffee wagon.

.....Softball is popular amongst the Women's Services in Victoria these beautiful spring days. The Wrens have formed a four-team league: Moresby House, Naden, Givenchy and Royal Roads. We plan to have inter-league games and are also scheduled to play the C.W.A.C. and R.C.A.F. (W.D.). Officers and ratings of Royal Roads have also challenged us to a game. For further information read your local casualty lists.

? **D** ? REMEMBER WHEN?..... ?

By the end of June, more than half of the Wrens at Royal Roads will be sporting the Canadian Volunteer Service Ribbon. To the rest of you 1942 old salts we send a special hello, and do you remember when: Conestoga was Bytown, Division Two and our skipper was Chief Officer Isherwood of the W.R.N.S.?When Lieut. Cdr. MacNeill was 3/O. MacNeill and a combination of Divisional Officer and X.O.?.....and when we only had two or three small divisions? Golly how rapidly we thought the service was growing when the official numbers reached the four hundred mark. Lieut Alvey was our Chief then and Sub. Lieut. Florance, then known to us as "Flos" was the screwball of the clothing store. Lieut. Holroyde was the drafting officer and as the drafting office wasn't nearly as busy then as it undoubtedly is now due to the fact that the traffic only flowed one way, namely IN, she used to spend her spare time lecturing to us on the why's and wherefores of K.R. and A.I. Sub. Lieuts. Languedoc and Shaughnessy were our sick berth attendants and their motto was "kill or cure". One of the best cures was the buzz that a draft to Halifax was in the wind. If the gals planted that buzz in the ear of a moaning patient she was sure to make a miraculous recovery and was out of sick bay in no time flat.

Lieut. Carruthers was a killick in those days and an M.T. driver. Every morning after the ten o'clock run had been completed one could hear Carruthers swinging along the gangway of Nelson aft and singing "Praise the Lord and pass the Ammunition", at the top of her lungs. The canteen S.A. knew it was her cue to have a bottle of ice cold coca cola ready and waiting on the counter (only one straw please, the paper shortage you know.)

Sub. Lieut. Kennedy, then Leading Wren McEvoy, was our tireless P.T. instructor, entertainment committee, dance convenor and rooter. Lieut. McCallum then, as now, whisked about quarters arranging chairs, hanging curtains, ordering rugs and sampling soups. Our "Crushers" were Tasker, Jarvis, Jess, Morris, Treadgold, Curts and Duddles. They are all sporting blue stripes now and one has changed her name. Lt. Duddles is now Mrs. Hemphill and is stationed in Washington.

We had three regulating offices in those days (most confusing) one in Drake, one in Beatty and one in Nelson. As defaulters were few and far between (yes, we are bragging) out-going drafts something

of the future and liberty boats unheard of, the regulators were looked upon as, well, just a handy person to have around. They reminded us when our turn to dry the dishes came along, they reported the heads out of order and took us out on nice breezy little route marches. In fact Sub. Lieut. Curtis, then a leading wren, who did all but tuck us into bed at night was affectionately known in Beatty block as "Mother Robin".

And Sandy, well there is nothing we can say about Sandy that isn't already known. We were all called "Matilda" until she got to know us better and then we became "Old Timer". Yes, we had to "Nip to it" too and were inevitably caught looking for dimes in the grass when out at squad drill.

Ah yes, those were the days. Perhaps to you who did not know them, they sound a bit slap-happy. We can assure you they were not. Happy, yes, very happy. The service was new, the girls were keen and eager to learn. And they did learn, but they learnt the hard way--by experience. There were no courses then as you have now. Lectures yes--loads of them. But it was experience that taught the writer that a letter to a higher authority had to be submitted for approval, that taught the regulators "number eleven" was a punishment and not a shoe size, and the supply assistant that the Navy served gravy with pork and not applesauce. And so to you who have the advantage of such extensive courses and the pusser routine of the training establishment, take it from us, you are getting the very best and getting it from the cream of the crop.



ROYAL ROADS IS AN ISLAND PARADISE —

We Wrens stationed at the R.C.N. College, Royal Roads, think we're living in an Island Paradise. It's THE place to be.

Despite the perpetual balmy weather, we could tell when spring came wafting along with the breeze and tickled our noses. Out came the sun glasses, up rolled the sleeves and down went our black lisles as we stretched out on the roof of a secluded turret and basked in the glorious sun.

A few of the more energetic Wrens accepted the X.O.'s invitation to go sailing. Had a perfectly marvelous time even if it did take us longer to rig our little boat than we had to sail her. And somehow, we couldn't help wondering what the rest of you terra firma tars were doing on the eighteenth day of March.

SUGGESTION - The Wrens stationed at Royal Roads can boast of having an Italian Garden and a Japanese Garden to wander through during our leisure hours. It N.S.H.Q. would kindly provide us with a German Bierhaus we could truthfully say we had the Axis under foot!

ADVANCEMENTS - Congratulations to "Micky" Contois, Sarah McMinn, Margaret Middleton, Esther Zielsdorf, Gladys Davis, May Waterman, Lois Hawkhurst, Mary Gray, Ottlie Siewert and Lillian Fanjoy who have recently been made "Killicks".



The Beau Catchers' Ball held in the Wren's fo'c'sle at the R.C.N. College was a huge success. Large, luscious pink and white crepe paper bows and pink snapdragons formed the attractive decorations. The supper table was decorated with tall tapers of a delicate pink and a huge bowl of pink "snaps".

Our guests, a mixture of "Sea Bags", "Pongos" and "Pigeons" kept a lively pace to "Mares eat Oats and Does eat Oats" and only relaxed the pace when, all too soon, the orchestra struck up "The King".

A million thanks to our entertainment committee, Petty Officer Agnes Fletcher, Leading Wrens Eva Gifford and Margaret Middleton and Wren Pauline Archibald for their efforts.

Just Between Ourselves

Early in April, the Director visited "Stadacona" and, from all our spies spilled, the schedule she went through was terrific. One evening she spoke to 750 Wrens. The meeting was held in the Torpedo School. Having been in "Stad", we happened to know that the T. School was capable of holding just 450. Not being able to figure it out, and maths never having been our strong point, we gave it up. But it didn't give us up. Finally we sent a feverish signal--paid out of our own pocket, mind you--asking how come? The laconic answer made us feel pretty dumb. If we'd stopped to think, we'd have known right away, the answer was: "Lieutenant Alvey in charge".

To those who know the one and only "A.A.A." "Stadacona"'s Unit Officer, the thing is immediately understandable; to those who don't, here's hoping they WILL. They'll learn!

In the last issue, Wedding Bells section, the marriage of Lieutenant Helen Wates was listed. Knowing how interested you all are in matrimony, we thought we'd pass on a story about her arrival in Edmonton for the ceremony.

The wedding was timed for 10.30, on the morning of the 7th, the day she arrived. At precisely 10.35, Lieutenant Helen Burns was pacing up and down the length of the train, wondering feverishly whether she should take a chance and bribe the engine driver with all the cash she had on her, or just quietly sneak up behind him, bop him one and take the engine over herself (don't think she couldn't do it, either!)



Suddenly the train crawled into the station. Edmonton! She leaped to the train exit. It was piled up with luggage so that only by standing on tip-toe could she see over the top. As she stands five feet and seven inches, it must have been quite a mound. The sympathetic porter noticed her agony. "Dat's all right, lady" he said soothingly. "In just few minutes dis'll all be cleared away--" "I believe you", said she, right back at him. "But I was to have been married seven minutes ago. I want off NOW." The porter's eyes popped. "Lawd sakes, Missey! You figure you could climb over dis here baggage?". In one second flat, Lieutenant Almost Wates --who has climbed more famous mountains than you or I could shake a stick at--was over the top and out of sight.

The porter shook his head from side to side in an ecstasy of admiration. "Boy oh Boy!", he said feelingly, "de Navy ladies sure beats dem all. I figure I seen all de service ladies and de Navy ones beats 'em all. Yasuh! how she clumb!"

Remember Lieutenant Jack Snyder, R.C.N.V.R., the lad who christened us? Well, we got a letter from him just as we were going to press. He was en route for where you'd like to be en route for this minute. "Listen!" he adjured us, "will you PULEEZE be sure to save me a Tiddley. By the time I get back I bet you they'll all have gone, and I WANT one. I'm depending on you to salt one away for me. Good luck to the staff of the one and only Tiddley."

Good luck to you, Sir! ~~Your~~ copy of "The Tiddley Times" (we feel we should frown on the casual, if loving, way he mentions our name, even if he did create it!) will be waiting for you.



MASTHEAD

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