

(17) DAVIS

The Tiddley Times

THE W.R.C.N.S. MAGAZINE ... DEC. - 1944

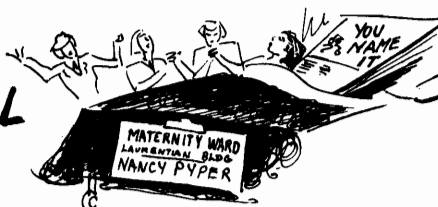


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Wren Frances Thornhill hoisting a Christmas Wreath on the Yard Arm at H.M.C.S. "Conestoga", Galt, Ont.

EDITORIAL



t this season of the year it is customary for editors to give their readers a resume of the year's outstanding events. Editors of internationally known magazines are probably working on the thing right this minute. Naturally, something of the kind will be expected of us.

Our contemporaries will, no doubt, specialize on the high-lights of the war. We, on the other hand, will not. There may be some among you unreasonable enough--we're almost six thousand strong, now, and we can't all be equally brilliant!----to inquire "Why not? Why can't the Tiddley have war highlights too?"

For these misguided people, we have an answer. In fact, we have three answers. They are, to wit: we haven't the time; we like to be different; we haven't the PAPER. We haven't the knowledge either, though, to an editor, that is purely incidental. So now, you know. All the same, you are going to have a summing-up. If the other international magazines do this as a regular Christmas feature, we can do it too. We shall tell you about the way we were born, recapitulate the highlights of our year of life.

It all began round the middle of November 1943. We were minding the Navy's business in our office, Room 416, the Laurentian Building. And, here we interpolate with something we have wanted to say for a long time. Please, here and now, accept an invitation to come and visit the Tiddley's staff the next time you visit Ottawa. Our entrance is round at the side. Pass up the Army on the main floor, the Department of Naval Information and Photography on the second floor, the R.C.A.F. on the third floor and, on the fourth, you'll reap your just reward. The flights of stairs in between each floor -- honesty has ever been our policy -- are double that of any ordinary building, and walking is the only means of locomotion. If you can make it round 1600 we'll manage a spot of tea and show you round.



Strikingly good-looking men of the three services, will be delighted to see you and we will be equally delighted to show you off. Now, back to where we were.

We were minding the Navy's business, then, when our telephone rang. It was the Director and she invited us over to her office at NSHQ. Perhaps "invited" isn't exactly the right word, but it looks right pretty so we'll let it go. We found her sitting at her desk and, right away, we noticed that her blue eyes had a faraway look in them. That, with her, is unusual. It went away so quickly when she saw us that, afterwards, we wondered if it had really been there at all, and whether we hadn't just imagined it. She smiled, indicated a chair, spoke:

"It would be nice if the Wrens had a magazine. A little paper which would give them news of their shipmates in the different establishments. Do you agree with the idea?"

Overwhelmed with relief that we were not to be hauled up as a defaulter after all, we relaxed, sat down, and replied that we thought it a very nice idea indeed. Many's the time, we said, we'd thought about our own old pals of Basic Training days. Funny thing, the way you meant to write and just never got around to doing it. You'd made such good friends, friends you wanted to keep in touch with, friends you'd remember always, and yet, somehow, you found time slipping by and..... It was then we noticed the Director was gazing intently at something. It was the watch on her wrist.

"Fine", she said. "I suggest three sheets like this one", and she handed us a long narrowish sheet known as a WGM. We took it, clearing our throat nervously.

"What, Ma'am", we said, "would the three sheets be for?" Her eyebrows lifted the fraction of an inch.

"For the Wren magazine! You're elected editor, but, remember, THREE sheets. There's a paper shortage and, of course, there'll be no money to spend on it."



The buzzer beside her desk buzzed. She lifted the telephone and, with a kind nod of dismissal, we were bowed out. We remember staggering back to our little eyrie, a block up the street, the long WGM sheet rustling in the cold November wind. Mechanically, we folded it in half and--stopped dead in our tracks.

Fortunately the traffic deflected itself in time. Maybe, in some strange, occult way, they knew we were an editor and, as such, couldn't be run down with impunity. Who knows? Anyway they stopped.

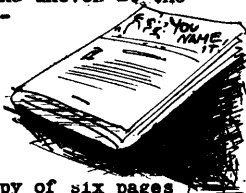
The reason we'd stopped was that the idea had suddenly gripped us. Gosh! this was a tremendous thing! Now everybody could write to everybody, and nobody would ever have to feel lost, or out-of-touch, or ashamed when they came across their old pals again. A Wren magazine would fix all that, yes Sir! Why, it would be an inspiration to the Wrens! Breathlessly we rushed back to our office with the great news.

En route to the top floor, we met two men from Naval Information. We told them. They seemed cold, not to say frigid. "You are in for an awful lot of work", said one, "believe me, I know." "Three sheets isn't much", said the other, slightly. We argued that the Wrens would be writing the stuff themselves, so where would the work come in? Likewise, three sheets, folded, made twelve! The men shook their heads pityingly. Just then, our two confreres came in. "Wonderful!" they said when they heard the news, "WONDERFUL!"

In no time, flat, we were working out the details. The polite scepticism we'd met had whetted our enthusiasm. We felt the spirit of adventure and, best of all, we hugged the knowledge that we were about to give our shipmates something they'd wanted--even if they hadn't known it--for a long time past. If difficulties came, who cared? Difficulties were made to be conquered! And that, fellow Wrens, is the way we were born, one year ago.

The little magazine we sent out soon after, bears little resemblance to the one every Wren knows today. During a recent visit to several Wren establishments we found, to our surprise, that very few of the Wrens we met had ever seen that first copy. Perhaps those who have, will bear with us while we tell those poor unfortunates what it was like then.

It lies in front of us as we write. A quaint, squarish little paper. The typing a little ragged and uneven at the edges. On the front page--it has no cover--is an editorial and, atop it, a little drawing balances the legend "YOU NAME IT!" The inside page contains a message from the Director. It says, in part: "We are launching this new literary venture. If you like her she will probably remain afloat....."



As we thumb through the slim little copy of six pages (both sides making the twelve) the things we read seem to have

happened an age ago. There is a story about our farewell party to Captain Isherwood, WRNS. It had taken place in Ottawa in September, 1943, and, though no longer "news", the Director felt that the Wrens across Canada would like to read of all that happened at such a time, in the first issue of their very own paper. We see proud mention of the fact that Vice Admiral Nelles, C.B., R.C.N., has entrusted himself to the hands of a Wren driver. WEDDING BELLS is here with four weddings (A change from the fifty-four listed in our recent anniversary number!) There is a piece about our well-loved Master-at-Arms, Phyllis Sanderson. For the first time since she joined the service at its inception, "Sandy" is off to "Stad." for a holiday.

There is news from Washington. The Wrens there are very proud that they can now show their American sisters a Wren magazine. C.O.R.D. is all excited about their lovely new quarters at 142, Crescent Road, No. 1, under the supervision of Sub-Lieut. Cross, with a complement of just 65 Wrens, managed to turn over \$200.00 to aid "four good causes." There's news from overseas, too, one page. We see that our Wrens over there are happy. In between work, they find time to "Dance with the Fleet Air Arm". We read how moved they were when they attended Westminster Abbey. We find that, here in Canada, we had no "special Christmas leave" in 1943, and that we kept our chins up and concentrated on a tremendous Christmas Ship's Concert at HMCS "Bytown" and made money for the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Auxiliary. The back page, bristling with a great variety of question marks, is devoted to begging you all for a name.



That was our first issue and, proud as we are of our Tiddley today, that is the time in her whole year of life which we shall remember best. We see that we have left ourselves no room for the year's Highlights we promised you but, after all, it doesn't matter. You all know them, for it was you who made them.

Yes, the Tiddley has grown a very great deal since that first day when, unknown and un-named, she tremblingly set sail for all Wren ports of call. Grown in size and in assurance. She has been praised highly by men and women who know. From a shy, diffident little creature with a circulation of 750, she has become a sturdy up-and-coming youngster-----sometimes, grave, but, for the most part, she has been a happy child and that, in itself, has been a good thing.

Looking back is a nostalgic business, but it's good for the soul. We've had our troubles bringing her up, more, perhaps, than you will ever know! Indeed, there was a time when we wondered if she would continue to live! But, now that she is established, that is forgotten. Maybe the New Year would be a good time for us to make plans to keep our little Tiddley good and human and true, as well as happy. With growth comes expansion, mental as well as physical. The Tiddley can now only grow in quality, not in quantity. Her pages are prescribed to fifty, no more. Maybe we can do more with that fifty in the year that lies ahead. What do you think? In the meantime, a Happy, Happy Christmas and God bless you, one and all.



hey tell me this is a Christmas Issue....and I've been sitting here trying to dream up a tinsel and candle-lit atmosphere when who walks in with the First Christmas parcel of the year but L/W Lois Breen! Such cooperation!

About the only thing Christmassy that I can think of at the moment is the decided Christmas Carol flavour of my particular office.... which I'm sure hasn't changed since Bob Cratchett sat on his stool, pushing a pen over his account books. Sometimes I wish I had his comforter....we have already a modern version of the fireplace, only it burns oil and smells like Saturday night on the tenth line. There's an oil dump in the cellar, and in just a moment L/W Breen will stop oggling her be-ribboned packages, and whip down with her little tin can, for a fill-up. That's one thing about a writer G.D., says Breen, you also do a very good job as a stoker. Keep the home fires burning, as we say!

Another thing that's helping my train of thought no end is the fact that a notice has lately been pinned to the board concerning Christmas shopping, and a half day for each Wren in order that she may carry on with same. This would be just dandy if there were anything you could buy 1) in a Wren's price range 2) without coupons 3) without customs duty being levied on receiving end and 4) that's patriotic.

Last Christmas, there were only a comparative handful of Canadian Wrens in London, so fun and games in Central Registry

at Number 10, could include everybody. There was holly and mistletoe, marshmallows, chocolates, raisins, fruit cake, free cigarettes and other refreshments. The Captain did sleight of hand tricks on top of somebody's desk, everybody had Christmas presents, a lovely Christmas Tree cast its warm and glowey light over the scene, everyone arrived early, with mug, (meaning tea mug), and stayed the day. Central Registry was never so popular.

Christmas 1944 is another thing. The Canadian Navy in London is now five times 1943 size....there are outposts in three spots along the Haymarket, housing various branches of the Navy....as well as at Leith House, where the Fleet Mail Office is in residence. But in whatever manner it is accomplished, we'll be with you in spirit, Canada.

I am told on very good authority that Christmas hasn't been the same in the United Kingdom during the war years, that many people have sausages and the ordinary meal of any other day, on this occasion. Trees, and lights and holly are not for the man-on-the-street, nor yet for the man on the flagstoned terrace. This year, however, they promise fowl, and some relaxation in the rationing for the festive season. And so, the Services to whom this doesn't apply, are extremely lucky.... and veteran Canadian Wrens in London can vouch for this. Nothing was too much trouble last year. The festive spirit which held England's Lane, the First Wren Residence in London, left nothing to be desired.

But on the first of November, Canada, the very day after Hallowe'en, it's a little difficult to anticipate....whatever would we do without the Breen's of Owen Sound.



Word has just come through that officers and ratings on the staff of C.N.M.O. will foregather for a Christmas Party, probably on the Eve of the great day, which will take the form of a Uniformed Dance. More of this anon.

Many Canadian Wrens on duty in London enjoyed the fruits of eighteen months service, when advancements were announced last week. Wrens who shall now be called "Leading" are as follows:

From Wren to Petty Officer Wren:
Davidson, M.J.

From Wren to Leading Wren: Alberty, D.M., Breen, M.L., Cada, E.B., Davie, D.F., Green, L.V., Hall, H.E., Hatfield H., Healy, M.L., Heidt, O.J.C., Henderson, H.F., Hill, D., Higgs, O.B., Joy, S.C.G., Martin, D.C., Melville, E.C., Moffat, N.J., Nickell, E.A., Pearson, V.W., Pyper, M.C., Robertson, E.E.M., Robertson, M., Smith, S.M., Swinson, M.I., Thompson, D.F., Tootell, M.

Another pre-Christmas wedding to report on the staff of C.N.M.O.-Leading Wren Dorothy Thompson (late of HMCS Discovery) to A/B Norman Powell, who is on the staff of Special Services, and posted to Portsmouth. Dorothy will be attended by Wren Verona Skelton (also late of HMCS Discovery), and best man will be L/S Bob Smith of Cloverdale, B.C. Both bride and groom are from the Pacific Coast...she from Victoria and he from Vancouver ...but both met in London. This is the first C.N.M.O. Navy wedding that didn't have its roots in the soil of Canada, and the fourth Wren bride from the third draft to the United Kingdom.

★ SCOTTISH SCENE ★

Forty Canadian Wrens at Greenock, Scotland, plan to be at home one of these evenings soon to welcome to their beautiful new quarters, "Lindores", neighbours and friends with whom they work along the banks of the Clyde. As writers and MTs have become adjusted to their new surroundings, and their new R.N. jobs, the household staff at "Lindores" has been busy too. A quick pre-Christmas look last week-end revealed twinkling brass, marble scrubbed to alabaster whiteness, floors polished, mirrors shining, and everything just practically ready.

"Lindores", some of you probably don't know, is one of the stately homes of this part of Scotland. It belonged to a Scottish shipbuilder, and overlooks the shipyards and docks and all the comings and going of this great ship-building port. Its spacious gardens are cared for by the original gardener who lives in the lodge at the gates, but otherwise it's been Wren quarters since the outbreak of war. The English Wrens handed it over to their Canadian sisters (beds made up...meal ready...everything!) on the day of their arrival in the United Kingdom the middle of October.



It's a magnificent home with inner courtyards, tower rooms, Italian marble fireplaces, great reception halls and other rooms. An old salt of nine overseas months was heard to remark that the man who built it must surely have been a student of American household tastes. Central heating, and bathrooms scattered hither and yon with complete abandon, more than indicate such a trend!

But to contrast with this modern luxury, a glimpse of the cooking stove in the kitchen with its quaint tile finish, and general fire-place appearance, and a further look into the laundry rooms and the huge bricked-in 'copper' which adorns one of them, quickly recalls to mind the old country, and the charm and quaintness of customs which too many of us are familiar only through books.



As if "Lindores" were not enough, the Canadian Navy is busy at alterations for "Langhouse", a castle, about five miles from HMCS Niobe, which will accommodate two hundred Canadian Wrens.

The Wrens at H.M.C.S. NIOBE



It is thought you might like some news from the first Canadian Wrens in Scotland--we are known as the Niobe draft of Wrens but apart from being fed and paid by Niobe we are really quite independent as we are living in a lovely old house beside the British Wrens and are all on loan to the Royal Navy and consequently working with them.

It is really like old home week having so many of the "First Comers" into the Wrens all together and we are still catching up on news of the different bases from each other. The draft is mostly MTs and writers but we are lucky in having P.O. Ridout as our R.P.O. and P.O. Hall and Wren Marshall as our cooks. Wrens Williams, McKenna, and Allan are our stewards and Wren Shed is our S.B.A.

The writers have come from various bases in Canada and among them are Wrens Cuddon-Woodthorpe, Robinson and Murray from Ottawa, Wren Perry from C.O.N.D., Wren Westcott from Cornwallis and Wren Ratchford from Stadacona.

The MTs perhaps have come from further afield as we have Wrens Holden, Wilson and Chaldecott from the west coast, Wrens

Jeffery and Miller and L/W Saylor from Ottawa, Wrens Schreiber, Qua and L/W Ellis and Mackay from Cornwallis, and our American representative L/W Trees who has been in Washington for two years. L/W Walsh a librarian and Wren Wardrop, a censor, who have been over here for some time are also living with us. They are working at Niobe.

Our trip across was quite an event, being the first for many of the girls who proved themselves good sailors, while some of the old timers took to their bunks! The trip was livened by the presence of the Navy Show and we enjoyed meeting them all and hearing about their different experiences. We were very glad to have P.O. Death as their R.P.O. along.



Of course no ocean voyage is complete without its shipboard romances and we had several which I am glad to say are progressing very favourably (no names mentioned).

We are enjoying Greenock immensely and everyone has been so kind to us that we are now planning a house-warming party to return some of their hospitality. Nearly every night there is an invitation to an entertainment of some sort and the trouble is trying to make our late leaves spin out.

Several of the girls have been fortunate in seeing brothers, fiancées or other members of their families since coming over and those of us who haven't been away yet are planning where we will go when we get some leave. We were very pleased the first week-end we were here to have a visit from Sub. Lieut. Sprenger and Wren Morgan who have been over here for a while. They gave us lots of interesting and helpful information.

We are enjoying the experiences of being over here thoroughly and are looking forward to having more Canadian Wrens coming to join us soon.

Wren Mary Lee Pyke

LONDONDERRY



he highlight of Christmas festivities in 'Derry is probably the Christmas Night Dance, given for R.N. and R.C.N. officers and ratings on the base and in ships, for which Wrens dress in civilian clothes---the only day in the year'. The party which affords a Christmas Tree, food and other refreshments carries on from eight in the evening until one in the morning,

and follows an afternoon spent in various ships saying Merry Christmas to friends on board.

All shops and places of entertainment are closed and Midnight Mass on the Eve of Christmas is said in the R.N. chapel on quayside for W.R.N.S. and Naval Personnel. Wren quarters are decorated, huge tables groan with flowers, fruit and tempting Christmas fare, and although most Wrens will have Christmas dinner in H.M. or H.M.C. Ships, or with friends in the town, those who stay in quarters will be waited on by officers in the traditional fashion.

Christmas Day last year in 'Derry, the American forces gave a Christmas Party for Londonderry's orphans, and on Boxing Day they invited all W.R.N.S. personnel to dinner, a concert and a movie. Someone described the American Hospital last Christmas Day, saying Santa Claus was a Nursing Sister who delivered the goods via a bike....the quaint old walled city, plus a blanket of snow, would be quite attractive and old worldish, even without these added attractions....you know, Church bells, chimes, jaunting cars.....



At any rate, everyone of the following Wrens is looking forward to the festive season.....and incidentally, the Canadian cities mentioned after their names indicates where they were stationed last Yuletide:

Lieut. Cathie Baker (Censor Officer) Halifax; Helen Best (Censor), Cornwallis; Mary Dehler (Censor) Victoria, B.C.; Anna Corriveau (Postal Clerk), London, England; Dorothy Bauman (Postal Clerk) Ottawa; Norma Hambly (Postal Clerk) London, England; Edna Evans (Postal Clerk) London, England; Ruth Church (Librarian) Shelburne; Monica Hodges (Librarian) Toronto (York); Dorothy Smith (Writer), Vancouver (on leave); Dorothy Oakes (Writer) Halifax; Carrie Skillikorn (Writer) Ottawa; Helen Wilkie (Writer) Toronto (York); Helen Webb, (Writer), Toronto (COND).



It was a Merry Christmas issue--that first one--in December 1943, even if it didn't reach everybody 'till January, the first of a long line of issue which didn't get out on schedule. There were Christmas wishes and wreaths and bells all through the skimpy little twelve-page baby, a nameless child at that.

Still unchristened, but with a personality all its own by January the offspring had grown to 20 pages and international reputation, with messages from Superintendent Carpenter, the Naval Minister, Lord Sempill, Captain Isherwood, and the first batch of overseas news. Halifax signalled for hundreds more copies.

Christened and coloured, The Tiddley Times bloomed forth with a combined February-March issue, with its own cover girl design by Sub-Lieut. John Whitmore of the Art Section. Lieut. Pat Allen contributed the first in a series of Wren poems which have been so very good they'll be published in a booklet soon. There were 35 pages, more and more adorable little sketches, news from everywhere, including New York--the latest glamor draft. Incidentally, the name contest was won by a mere man--Lieut. J. K. Snyder who promised to spend his \$5 prize entertaining a Wren. Halifax asked for more copies.

Fat and prosperous with 50 pages, the April-May magazine began with a message from Conestoga's captain, on her return from overseas, marked the Stad Wren's anniversary, moved the St. Hy Wrens again thru the mud! Special wedding news (plus the 22 in the Wedding Bells section) included that tiny messenger's, Lorraine Ashe, to Pte. M. Doyle, in London, England, with Vice-Admiral Nelles and enough gold braid to sink a ship. (Halifax asked for more copies).

June-July brought 40 weddings! And when Lady Kingsmill presented a portrait of Canada's first R.C.N. Admiral to Kingsmill House, the picture of the presentation became the inside cover of The Tiddley. Pictures from Niobe, pictures from Newfie--the discovery that real photographs could be used in the Wren magazine was put to good use. News poured in from every establishment, no matter how small, and Halifax asked for more copies.

Then the Anniversary Number in August-September brought forth a brand new cover, reminiscent of the changes in hats for Wrens in the past two years! Pictures of Lord Keyes, Admiral

of the Fleet, congratulating Bytown Wrens at their Anniversary Ball, and Vice-Admiral G. C. Jones congratulating our Director on the good work done by his Wrens, vied with Grant Macdonald's sketch of three WRCNS gals in that issue. There were 54 weddings! And it was Commander Macneill, O.B.E. by then. Birthday messages came from Princess Alice, our Director, Naval chiefs, and all the other Canadian services, as well as our sisters in the WRNS overseas. At every Wren establishment there were big "doins" to celebrate those two candles on the Wren cake. (Halifax asked for more copies!)

Another new cover, this time by Lieut. Gordon Stranks of the Art Section brought out the October-November issue, with pictures from 'Derry, and Greenock and the "Portrait of a Wren" by Marion Long. Overseas news is a big chapter now! Stad news is a big chapter--news from every establishment was bigger and better. How to cut and squeeze and compress it all into fifty pages? Headaches for the editors, and 3,000 copies for the Wrens.

And now it's December again, and there are still paper shortages, copy deadlines, and lots of news. But above all, this magazine is a year old, it goes places and it says things to Wrens in more than fifty naval establishments, bases and divisions, throughout Canada, in New York and Washington, in Newfoundland, in Ireland, Scotland, England-----and this month it says: A Merry, Merry Christmas! God bless and bring you home again soon!



There are Christmas roses in the Wrens, too--ask any of the WRCNS from Moreby House, Esquimalt. When the girls moved in to the old "Coach and Horses Inn" out there last year, they spent many precious hours building a garden. It was a labor of love and one of the nicest touches we think, is at the officers' entrance.

Here there are two rosebushes, one on either side of the doorway. One bush is named for "Dorothy Isherwood", and the other is called "Adelaide Sinclair". And they're two of the finest types anywhere! The fame of their blossoms is already international and known on at least three continents--in fact, where'er Wrens walk.

WRENDITION OF MY MEDICAL

Now in order to join as a Wren
You are sent out in batches of ten
To the ship they call York
To be jabbed with a fork,
And have blood siphoned out with a pen!

As you boldly approach the big gate,
And fervently hope you're not late -
The sentry on duty
Makes cracks on one's beauty,
And with bayonet asks you to wait.

When successfully past ev'ry guard
You enquire of a 'boot' in the yard
The way to the sanctum,
And after you've thanktum
Ascend to a door and knock hard.

They receive you with glee unsuppressed
And with colours and charts your eyes test;
You write out your Hist'ry -
(Add no fiction or myst'ry)
And then into a sheet you get dressed.

The doctor and nurse are both nice
And make you breathe in and out twice;
They look at your feet
To see if they're neat,
While you follow each word of advice.

Then there's only just one small thing more
You must bend down and jump from the floor
I leapt with such feeling
I near touched the ceiling -
Which with mirth caused the M.O. to roar!

Now I thought after this that was all
And started to walk down the hall,
But the nurse dragged me back
With a, "You're off the track -
You must next pay the dentist a call".





Ah bliss, oh what rapture undreamed....
 I sat 'twixt' ten ratings and beamed,
 While waiting in line,
 For the turn to be mine,
 And the hours crept by so it seemed.

(hours and hours)

But at last with a sardonic grin
 The dentist said sweetly "Come in".
 His assistant with truth,
 Wrote what showed in each tooth
 (Now I know that my mouth's full of tin!)



As I hurried to make my way by
 The corridor filled with a sigh -
 For the line had increased
 To a mile at least,
 And midst whistles I stared at the sky!



Yet the worst was now still to come,
 For I don't mind a prick in the thumb,
 But six jabs in a vein
 Occasion some pain,
 And the thought of it made me quite numb.



However, my luck was not bad -
 He stuck me first try, - I was glad,
 I donated a fraction,
 Without much distraction
 And would never have known that I had.



Then to Christie Street for an X-ray
 Which ends the exam in a day,
 They look at each lung
 But not at your tongue
 And if you pass that you're O.K.!



Mary Clarkson

COVERDALE



he Christmas spirit hit Coverdale in the middle of November--around the 25th to be exact. It was the packing off of parcels for the boys "over there" that set the spark. (You know our Cabins here are all named after a ship and for those ships that are accessible we are having such fun doing up parcels). Then the snow came--lovely soft fleecy snow. It didn't last long, but it came often, and inspired us all to visit the gaily decorated Moncton stores to shop for the folks at home. The gay spirit that prevailed made us wishfully imagine we were in our own home town.

The majority of us are staying "aboard ship" this Christmas and carrying on with duty as usual. A very few lucky ones will have leave, but for the remainder, the good things in store will amply make up for any loss. The typical Christmas dinner is already planned, and the plum puddings, fruit cakes and cranberry sauce were made weeks ago. Everyone had a hand in these preparations. S.A.'s, regulators, and even our jolly old Scotsman stoker, "Mac" McKarnan turned out to be one of the better nut crackers! ! !

Our little "ship" will have wonderful decorations--all from the huge forest a mile or so away. If there's much snow, the boys are going to take toboggans and load 'em down with evergreen, bittersweet berry boughs, and fir trees--small ones for the cabins, large ones for the fo'c'sle and wardroom. The ratings will have lots of help from the Wrens because everyone wants to go along.



Our first Christmas present, and a most pleasant surprise, arrived in the form of a cheque from "Conestoga". Our grateful thanks to you one and all. The entertainment committee has already planned exciting ways to spend the generous gift. As we are having no guests for Christmas (to give the cooks a rest), there will be a dance and party (combined) the Thursday evening preceding the 25th. A gay time is anticipated--what with a buffet supper, novelties to enjoy, and a good orchestra. R.A.F. & F.A.A. personnel will be guests. Mistletoe???? Who said that!!!

The day before Xmas will be Sunday and the panel trucks will be taking loads of Wrens into Services in town. Christmas Eve will be a quiet one--one of worship and reminiscence, when ship's company gathers in the fo'c'sle around the big tree for a candle lighting service and carol singing. Later on, those who wish will attend Church ashore.

Christmas Day, for those of us who have never known a Navy one, should be fun. We are eagerly anticipating carrying out all the naval traditions of that great day.

Our rating C.O. will be Wren Marjorie McAllister (18) of Victoria, B.C.---and on Xmas morning--for those of us who aren't on watch--Imagine--a running breakfast till 1030----"serve yourself and like it" style! The aforementioned turkey dinner will take place in the evening--officers serving and with the L/W's helping to wash dishes! Would that Christmas came more than once a year!

Christmas night will find Ship's company once again in the fo'c'sle, around the tree, for the exchange of gifts, and it has been so arranged that everybody will receive one. After these proceedings, Lieut. Stinson will read from Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and then "Tiddley Ki" will close the evening.

Four of our little band will spend Christmas abroad this year--Wren Tel. Helen Leadbetter, L/W Kay Samuels, Wren Marie Fournier, and L/W Dora Clarke, who departed for the United Kingdom recently. We wish you, and all the Navy, God Speed, a very Merry Christmas, and sincerest wishes for the New Year. Pray it will be the one of final Victory!

H.M.C.S. "STAR"



We bade farewell to Lieut. Grant recently, our Wren Recruiting Officer and Unit Officer here at "STAR" since January, 1944, and we were very sorry to see her leave. However, as her time is now divided between "HUNTER" and "PREVOST" which is not so far away, we can still keep in touch with her. Lieut. Rich, from "CHIPPAWA" is taking over her duties, and her interest in all activities here at "STAR" has already made her one of ourselves.

Our three Probie Wrens, Lamping, Marsh and Stevens, left us to begin their basic training at Galt, after being pleasantly (we trust) detained at "STAR" for a few weeks.

There was keen interest in our basketball practices this month, and we hope to challenge someone at least by the first of the year. We have attended a number of programs at the Ship - The Lifebuoy Follies, the Whiz-Bank Review, and Mart Kenney with the Coca Cola Spotlight Band, which was the big event of the week. We were also fortunate enough to be given tickets to see the opera "Faust" last Wednesday afternoon, a treat we will long remember.

Our Christmas plans are mainly concerned with getting home for Christmas, but you may be sure that we who are on board for the big day will celebrate it in the right way.

CATARAQUI



Season's Greetings from "CATARAQUI" Wrens to the readers of the Tiddley Times (and we know that includes every Wren as well as a goodly number of our brother-tars-in-the-Service).

We are practically snowed under here at "CATARAQUI" and we are keeping our fingers crossed for a good old Canadian white Christmas. We can hardly wait to see the Christmas trees with their gay coloured lights and glittering balls and tinsel. And we are very happy about the five-day Christmas or New Year's leave which is being granted to us this year.

Wrens Kay Keogh, Dorothy Gallery, and Enid Pedersen will spend Christmas leave at their homes, and Wrens Helen Dafnas and Connie Mulholland will be gay butterflies for five days at New Year's.

One thing alone dampens our anticipation for Christmas and that is--we have just heard our Unit Officer, Lieut. Jean Eades, has been appointed to "BRUNSWICKER" as Recruiting and Unit Officer for the Maritimes. We consider we have been a very happy Unit under Lieut. Eades and we shall miss her--we hope she will miss us a teeny bit too,--and our best wishes go with her. We are looking forward to meeting Lieut. Sewell who will be commuting between "CARLETON" and "CATARAQUI".

Christmas is a season for happiness, joy, and peace in the hearts of men. May the "peace that passeth all understanding" reign supreme in 1945 and bring our boys and girls back from distant lands to happy homes again.



OUR GRATEFUL THANKS
TO

Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Honorary Commandant of the W.R.C.N.S., whose kind and gracious letter of congratulation on our Anniversary number, rejoiced our hearts. Her special words of praise for the exquisite drawings which topped the anniversary signals (appearing in that issue) were deeply appreciated by our Wren artist, Lieutenant M.E. Fax, WRNCS.

Vice-Admiral G. C. Jones, C.B., C.N.S., whose words: "The Tiddley? Very good. As neat and trim as a well-turned out Wren!" are engraved on our hearts!

The Canadian Press who, under the aegis of Miss Helen Bannerman, sent the story of the Tiddley Times "Cover Girl" across the length and breadth of Canada.


Lieut.-Commander Russell J. Bridge, RCNVR, R.C.N. Photo Section, at NSHQ, who greets our every S.O.S. with a smile, and has never once let us down. Also, W/O H.D. Drysdale, RCNVR., who has worked for us like a trojan.

George H. Carpenter, Esquire, Managing Editor of the Montreal "Gazette" who, having seen a copy of the Tiddley, wrote to us saying that it had done a very great deal to alter his inclination to worry about young girls being in the service. "You have", he said, "every reason to be proud of this magazine".

Lieut. Alan Beddoe, O.B.E., RCNVR, D.S.S. who, present at our birth, has remained one of our staunchest friends and helpers.

Mr. Dadson, of the Dadson-Merrill Press, who came to our aid in a time of need.

The gentlemen known to the Naval world, at large, as "The Graphic Section, Naval Art



Service, D.S.S.". To the Tiddley they are known as follows: Lieut. John Whitmore, RCNVR, who designed our first cover and did our early drawings; Lieut. Gordon Stranks, RCNVR, whose present intriguing drawings are a source of mingled joy and anguish to every Wren, and whose new cover made its appearance recently; Lieut. Harry Kelman, RCNVR, whose business acumen and driving force sees to it that the Tiddley gets grade one priority service, and to O/S Arthur Nelles, RCNVR, whose beautiful lettering adorns our pages.

P.O. Sykes, RCNVR, Central Duplicating, NSHQ, who not only does his level best to get us out on time, however great the pressure of other vitally necessary work may be, but sometimes stays up nights to "put us to bed". And Mr. A. Haynes, who looked after us when we were very very young indeed.

Lieut. Grant Macdonald, RCNVR, whose brilliant sketch of the three Wrens on the inside cover of our anniversary issue, has been commented on from coast to coast.


The faithful little band of Wrens who, on two occasions, spent their evenings sorting our 3,000 copies with their own tired hands.

Mr. H.T. Barnes, of N.D.A., NSHQ, who works like nobody's business to send us out at the first possible moment to hungry Wrens all over.

Wren Georgina Murray, WRCNS, whose spirited overseas material is a special feature to all, and who, though so far away, never fails to respect our deadline.

Chief Photographer Oliphant, Esquire, who nurses us and to L/Ph. Don Atkinson RCNVR, whose unerring eye sees we get the best.

And, speaking of gratitude, to the woman who rejoices with us when all goes well, corrects us, cleanly and quickly, when we err; lends a kind and understanding ear when we moan; and sets us on an even keel at all times--our Director, Commander Adelaide Sinclair!



Bytown Bylines




Seems there just aren't enough hours in the day and days in the week for the Wrens in Ottawa. They're busy all the time. If they aren't tooling a wallet for Joe, it's a purse for Mother, or perhaps weaving a scarf for Grandmama. But not only the hands are busy. Two or three nights a week one discovers little select groups scattered around the establishment--French and Spanish classes, discussion groups, and, if you one day discover an odd looking chair sculling around--it's because one of the interior decorating classmates has taken her work on early French furniture too seriously and the modern age is suffering.

The poor P.O's and L/W's come out in little convoys once a week to learn the fine art of the gunnery school technique. We do have our moments of fun except when the snow is deep and drill is cancelled. Then we are all unhappy. But now that the snow has arrived we enjoy skiing, skating, and pushing the panel trucks out of the ruts.



A WRCNS basketball team entered the inter-service league--and what a team! Even if they never win another game (and they do win) they look so good that we're mighty proud of them. Question: "How do you keep that girlish figure?" Answer: "How could you help but--with a slave driving coach like S/Lt. "Tip" Bertron? Just open your mouth for a breath of fresh air and you hear--"Twice around the court for you!"

Here's the line-up: L/W's J. Grant; W.J. Whiting; Wrens D. Elder, M. Laessor, M. Holmes, M. Neilson, D. Sullivan, M. Storey, B. Walker, M. Watson, R. Jackson, D. Langtree, and M. Mapp. On 29th November the opening game was played at HMCS "Carleton" vs No. 12 Co'y CWAC. The score--48-12 for Navy. Since then they've played two more games and chalked up two more wins--one over the W-D team from Rockliffe, and the other over No. 40 Co'y CWAC.

We had parades and more parades during November, but these have been set aside for the winter season and our Christmas festivities are well under way.

Our new Hobby Wing was opened officially 2nd December when we had a handicraft exhibit open to the public. Some very fine work came to light and certainly did credit to Mrs. Stavert, our congenial "Y" hostess, teacher, and friend. We hope to have another exhibit soon.

Out "Carleton" way, things are looking up. The "Fox-hole" now is a fo'c'sle almost completely furnished and the inmates now can relax in luxury. They even have a piano. Not only that, but there's a sewing machine as well, for that Tiddley Wren.

We send the best of luck to A.P. Gardner, B. Gerdung, R. Mullen, E. Clark, and D. El-Hatton, now of Niobe; and I. Gilman, "Avalon".

To the following Wrens, our congrats on their advancements during the past month: L/W E.E. Lumm to A/P.O. and the following Wrens to Leading Wren: I.L. LeBlau, J.E. Tottenham, S. Gracey, J.L. White, W.F. Stanley, W.A. Grimmett, M.J. Gilman, B. Knox, M.E. Squires, M.J. Finlayson, M.M. Gnadt, W.L.D. Boulard, H.H. Tuck, A.C. Taisey, D.L. McAuley, H.O. Rutherford, J.E. Batstone, M.J. Cowan, J.C. Edwards, E.H. McDowell, D.E. Sherrin, J. I. Burnstad, E.F. Wilson, E. L. Mayo, and I.M. Waara.



No. 1 STATION



e are really snowed in and have been for the past two days. It is quite a sight to see the girls all dressed up in slacks and duffel coats ploughing their way over the fields, braving the cold winds, snow and all kinds of weather. It usually takes them twenty minutes to get over yonder, but now it takes an hour. As soon as we get some moccasins, the girls are going to try their skill on snowshoes or even skis.

While we are handing out the bouquets, I think we should scatter a few to our two M.T. drivers, Lois Douglas and Mary Galbraith, for some splendid driving during our first terrific snow storm. The roads were very bad and although these girls have just come up from Galt and haven't had much experience in winter driving in these panel trucks, they have passed their first real test with flying colours. They had to break the trail from here to the highway through very heavy drifts and did a grand job. It took us an hour and thirty-five



minutes to make the fifteen miles last night, but we made it and got back safely too.

We have been praying for snow so our ski enthusiasts might have a gala time out at our cabin "Escape" at Meech Lake, but now the road is blocked and we can't get up there. However, we might be able to try it next week. Congratulations also to L/W Knisely who successfully passed the Cook's Leading Hands course this month.

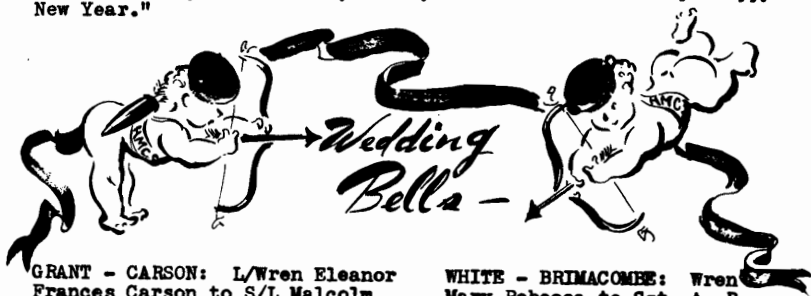
We are very sorry indeed to lose our officer, S/Lt. Norma Hall, who has done so much for this station in such a short time. We certainly hate to see her go, but wish her every success in her new posting. (destination yet unknown).

May we at this time say 'hello' to our new officer, Lt. Merrill (whom we have not met as yet) and hope she will like our little ship.

We also wish to bid farewell to Wren Dorothy Hibbs, Supply Assistant who was drafted to "Peregrine" for onward passage. Best of luck, Dot.

Now that the festive season is just around the corner, the girls are busy packing parcels for outlying W/T Stations and for our one and only Wren, Leatherbarrow, who has been sent overseas from this Station.

We wish you all a very "Merry Christmas" and a very "Happy New Year."



GRANT - CARSON: L/Wren Eleanor Frances Carson to S/L Malcolm Edward Grant, RCAF, in Ottawa, on 16 September, 1944.

MEIER - MACKLEM: Wren J. H. Macklem to Cook Charlie William Meier, RCNVR, in Halifax on 6th October, 1944.

WHITE - BRIMACOMBE: Wren Mary Rebecca to Sgt. A. P. White in Burks Falls, Ont., on 12 August, 1944.

SMITH - WILLIAMS: L/Wren Jean E. Williams to P/O Wm. Smith RCNVR in Ottawa, Ont.

PINESTONE - LEE: Wren Lorna Mary Lee to O.S. (W/T) Gerald Arthur Finestone RCNVR in Armdale, N.S., on 6th October, 1944.

RICHARDSON - MACNEIL: Wren M. Catherine to S.P.O. Lennice P. Richardson RCNVR in Halifax on 29th September, 1944.

HERRINGTON - MITZEL: L/Wren Annie Mary Metzel to Ldg. Stc. Hubert Charles Herrington in Halifax, N.S., on 30th September, 1944.

ELLIS - MAXWELL-SMITH: Wren Joan Elfrida to A/M.M. Thomas Norman Ellis RCNVR in Toronto Ontario, on 22nd September, 1944.

HENDERSON - GOODWIN: Wren Elsie Marie to A/CPO Kenneth Francis Henderson RCNVR on 8th February, 1944.

DONDA - ROBERTS: Wren P.B. Roberts to F/O Zdenck Donda, RAF.

STEAD - WALLACE: Wren S. Wallace to Corporal John Stead, R.A.F., in Moncton, N.B., on 13th November, 1944.

WOODS - SINGLETON: Wren L. Ilene Singleton to P/O C.B. Woods, RCAF, in Calgary, Alta., 14 Oct. 1944.

BAINES - LECRAS: Hazel Grace (Wren) Lecras to P/Sub.Lt. Gordon Wm. Baines, RCNVR, in Montreal, Que., on 21st October, 1944.

FAIRNEY - ELLIOT: P/Pay Sub-Lt.K.T. Elliot to Lt.Cmdr.(E) Daniel Hugh Fairney at HMCS "Shelburne" on 3rd November, 1944.

THIBAUT - CRAWFORD: Wren L. M. Crawford to Ldg.Stc. B.A.Thibault, at Halifax on November 24, 1944.

MACNAMARA - WALLACE: Wren Mary M. Wallace to John William MacNamara, in Toronto, Ontario, on 30th September, 1944.

PRIDDLE- EVELY: Wren Beatrice Louise Evelyn to Harold Priddle in Sydney, N.S., on 5th October, 1944.

ROBINSON - DALES: Wren Norma Grace Dales to Alfred Stanley Robinson in Ottawa, on 2nd September, 1944.

BOYKO - EDDEN: Wren Victoria Lillian Edden to Ord. Smn. Alec Boyko in Montreal, P.Q., on 7th October, 1944.

SELBY - JACQUES: Wren Beatrice Mae Jacques to A/B Smn. Walter Arthur Selby in Westmount, Quebec, on 2nd October, 1944.

BAGG - WHITE: Wren Audrey Mary White to A/B Smn. Joseph Leo Bagg in Halifax, N.S., on 9th September, 1944.

BOASE - ELDER: L/Wren Elder to Aviation Pilot A. C. Boase, U.S.N., in New York, on 11th November, 1944.

CANN - DOUGLAS: Wren Barbara Mary Douglas to S/L W.F.N.Cann RCAF in Toronto, 28 Oct. 1944.

HOLLAND - SILVER: Wren M.E. Silver to Ord.Smn. C.W.Holland, RCNVR, at Toronto, 27 Oct. 1944.

MAUNDCOTE-CARTER - TEE: L/Wren Thelma Annie Tee to Ro/Officer Lionel Wilfred Maundcote-Carter, English Merchant Navy, at St. John's, Nfld. on 23 Nov. 1944.





"A Happy Christmas" Wren Margaret Northrup, Photographer, Vancouver, B.C., attached to HMCS "Bytown" is caught by P.O. Charles King, RCNVR, in the Library at Wallis House.



this is station N.M.C.S. Washington D.C. We will now give you a summary of the month's news.

On the home front we were very sorry to lose our Unit Officer Lieutenant Hemphill who is going to use the title of Mrs. now exclusively. However she has been replaced by the very able Lieut. MacEwen.

Overseas: L/Wren Frances Trees has sent back enthusiastic communiques about Scotland and the children that all talk with Scottish accents!

On the social front there was a wonderful party given by Lieut. Meikle to which all the Wrens were invited---Also a Wren party was given by L/Wrens May Cook and Dot Webb. It was a grand evening followed by a marvellous supper.

We are pleased to announce the addition to our ranks of one L/Wren Wilkie, late of Vancouver. Welcome Wren Wilkie.

In the sports section we would like to mention our Bowling League. There is great Esprit de corps from the Admiral (who is a very good bowler) to our newest addition.

It was with great pride that a group of Canadian Wrens took their place in the ceremony at the state funeral of Field Marshal Sir John Dill, supplementing the small numbers of British service people who paid tribute to their countryman. Sailors, Marines and Soldiers of the American forces lined the road and formed a semi-circle around the grave, marking America's respect for a great British soldier laid to rest on their soil. The flag covered casket was carried on a caisson drawn by six spirited white horses in true military tradition. Sailors, soldiers and airmen of the British and American services acted as pallbearers and high ranking officers of the various services as honorary pallbearers. The Guard of Honour was a precision squad of the Royal Marines. The entire ceremony was very impressive from the 19 gun salute to the point where representatives of the various Allied Nations saluted the grave, on which lay a single red rose placed there by Lady Dill.

Six of our Wrens attended a rally marking the 50th Anniversary of the Y.W.C.A. at the Washington Cathedral. Girls representing every branch of the British, American and Canadian

services, girls from foreign lands dressed in native costume, and girls of the various group activities in the "Y" formed a procession behind the choir which wound through the aisles of the church amid the pews packed with people. During the service the girls sat in the chancel where they had the full benefits of the choral programme high-lighted by a solo by Dorothy Maynor. Everyone agreed that the service was extremely inspiring to womanhood all over the world. Lady Dill sponsored the rally and saw it through even though it occurred little more than a week after Sir John's death. She explained that it was one of the things he had asked her to carry on with. Those who attended the rehearsal were invited to Lady Dill's home for afternoon tea where they enjoyed the fellowship that only the "Y" affords.

We got the spirit and feeling of Christmas the other day when a gift in the form of a cheque was received from the Wrens at Galt. What is happening to it will be told in the next newscast.

We bring to a close our monthly newscast from station N.M.C.S. with a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

MONTCALM AND CHALEUR II



November has been a busy month for the Wrens here in Quebec. Starting with the opening of our new mess, the furniture and furnishings are something to be proud of and the comfy atmosphere of the place makes you think of your own home sweet home. Mess rules were discussed, L/W Cullis was elected president and Wren P. Cameron, secretary-treasurer. Our grateful thanks to our Unit Officer, Lieut. Aves, who gave her time and effort to make this possible.

One of our first visitors was Lieut. Scott whose lecture on post war plans and rehabilitation gave the Wrens some food for thought. Tea was served afterwards and Lieut. Scott graciously gave interviews which were greatly appreciated.

On November 24th, Lieutenant-Commander Graham, Staff Recruiting Officer greeted all Quebec Wrens. We were sorry her visit was so short, but hope she will come to Quebec again in the near future.


Wren Grace Hunter recently drafted here from C.O.N.D. is now resting comfortably in the hospital after an appendectomy; we are all looking forward to her return.

Wren Dorothy Gustin drafted from C.O.N.D. is now stationed here at Montcalm as Victualling Assistant. The latest arrivals to be posted at H.M.C.S. "Montcalm" are Wrens Shirley Smith and Betty Barnum both writers from H.M.C.S. "York".

The topic of the day is "leaves". From H.M.C.S. "Chaleur II" the following Wrens go on long leave: L/Wren Cullis, Wren Faye Oliver and Supply Wren Dorothy Stephens all headed for British Columbia; at H.M.C.S. "Montcalm" L/Wren Retta Matte is headed for Northern Ontario while Mary Dorion is Montreal bound.

We all take this opportunity to wish all Wrens everywhere the compliments of the season, a very very Merry Christmas and a wonderful 1945 which we all hope will bring peace.

JERICO JENNIES

 ur one big event was the wedding in November of our Unit Officer, Lieut. Jarvis. It took place in Christ Church Cathedral and was the first all Naval marriage in Vancouver. The lucky man is the Captain's Secretary Burrard, Pay Lieut. F.R. Matthews, RCNVR. A guard of honour of Wren Officers arrayed themselves at the church door, and the Wrens stood at the foot of the steps clutching in both hands a mean wad of confetti. When the bombardment began, the bride and groom broke into a run for the waiting car. The Reception was held at the Wren Officers' Quarters.



Lieut. Commander Mills paid us a visit and made a tour of inspection of all offices where the Wrens were working. We had an informal gathering, at which she chatted to us about demobilization, the general impression being left with us that the little Wrens will be fighting the Japs long after the Air Force, Army and sailors have re-established themselves on civvie street. On well, we're getting our third issue uniforms now, and we want a chance to use them.

A basketball team has been organized. The first game played against the CWAC's, we won with an overwhelming victory, Daisy Brazier being credited with much of our success. The next two games were not a repetition of the first, but our practices promise that we'll be coming up again soon.

L/Wren Bancroft set a record for fast moving when she passed the Board and two days later was on the train on her way to O.T.C. We're expecting her back here on completion of her course. Are you listening, Ma'am?

Our strength has been drawn upon for a number of social functions this month, ushering and passing tea biscuits. The Junior League gave us an invitation to attend the dress rehearsal of their Cabaret.

There have been a number of Drafts: L/Wren J. Baker to RCNH at HMCS Naden, L/Wren W.R.A.Davis to Bytown, L/Wren W.R.A.Hill to Royal Roads, L/Wren I.Pullen to Givenchy, Wren A.Sewell to Givenchy.

Arrivals: Wren J.Black, L/Wren E.Carson, L/Wren R.Gustafson, Wren B.MacGregor, Wren M.Osborne, Wren C.Smith. And we must add, Wren M/T Barbara Mitchell from HMCS Givenchy. She came here in August and has been growling in my ear ever since that her arrival hasn't been noted in The Tiddley Times. All Wrens please remember that Mitchell is very much with us at Jericho.

Promotions to Leading Wrens: E.Steel, S.Kidd, D.Disney and K. Spiers.

A WREN'S CHRISTMAS

At Christmas-time
You may be very far from home -
Your boy-friend still in India,
Or Greece, or France, or Rome;
Presents are scarce
And feel remote and strange,
When those you dearly love
Are far beyond your range.
- But there are compensations!
For a Wren aboard,
On watches or on duty
Reaps her own reward -
Surely the ship's worst "beefer"
Wouldn't have the nerve
To scorn
A Christmas dinner borne
By "Ma'ams" in caps and aprons,
And the will to serve!

Patricia Allen

Poem No. 6 in Wren Poetry Series.





Wren Kay Owen, of Calgary, did her shopping early and was ready for a very Merry Christmas, even though she didn't get leave from Bytown. Watch for her -- she's a new Wren cover girl.

MASTHEAD

This magazine is produced bi-monthly at Ottawa for members of the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service. Editor, Lieutenant Nancy Pyper; Associate Editor, Sub. Lieutenant Florence Whyard; Staff Assistants, Wrens Kelba Lent and Joy Hillhouse; Art Work, Graphic Section, Naval Art Service, D.S.S.; Multilithed and distributed by R.C.N. Photo Section, Duplicating Department and N.D.A. at N.S.H.Q.

Wren correspondents; London, Wren G. Murray; Niobe, Wren Mary Lee Pyke; Washington, Wren Audrey Porter; Coverdale, Wren F. Euler; Montcalm and Chaleur II, L/Wren Mary Dorion; Cataragui, Wren D.I. Gallery; Star, Wren Joan Sponagle; Bytown, Sub. Lieutenant F.L. McAuley; No. 1 Station, Wren Jessie Watt; Jericho Jennies, L/Wren N. Keefer Spiers.

Address all correspondence to Lieut. Nancy Pyper, Room 416, Laurentian Building, 80 Elgin Street, Ottawa, Ontario.