

The *Elsa Lessard*
Tiddler Times



THE W.R.C.N.S.
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1945



Lieutenant Patricia Allan whose farewell poem appears on page 28 of this issue.

Editorial



Looking over old numbers of the Tiddley, we came across our New Year editorial for January, 1944. It is an interesting thing to look back on something written a whole year ago. It is also a little frightening.

Predictions are dangerous things at any time. In war time, they are a kind of madness to which we are all, more or less, prone. Newspaper columnists, newscasters and radio commentators, have prophesied many things, including the end of the war in 1944. Perhaps, by this time, we have learned to know that we do not know, that to guess is fruitless and that the right way to achieve the earliest possible victory is to conserve all our energies and thoughts on the job before us.

During the fateful week of D-Day--that never-to-be-forgotten 6th of June, 1944--Prime Minister Churchill, in a report to the House of Commons, said these words: "The battle which has now begun will grow constantly in scale and in intensity.....I shall not attempt to speculate on its course, but this I may say, that complete unity prevails."

His Majesty, the King, in an Empire-wide broadcast that same week, said: "After nearly five years of toil and suffering, we must renew that crusading impulse on which we entered the war and met its darkest hour."

Now, in the sixth year of war, we know that we can do without prophesy, but not without constant, all-out work. The WRCNS is now working at full strength. Working in the full realization that we have a long hard fight ahead. That the Navy's war in the Pacific may well be of long duration.

That we have reached our full complement of 6,000 strong means just this: that we are enabled to make still greater contribution toward victory than ever before. When the day of victory will dawn, we none of us know. We can only know one thing for certain. That we are in our service till that day arrives. In it to stay. The men of the Royal Canadian Navy are yearning for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home. What the Log of 1945 will show, we don't know. We only know that we, as Wrens, are in the fight to the end.

London



Tuesday, December 12th, was a royal day for Canadian Wrens at CNMO, London.....a dozen wrens lunched at the Churchill Club, of which they are members, to meet the Princess Royal, sister of the King, and Honorary Commandant in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Mrs. Randolph Churchill presented Her Highness to the guests, who chatted briefly with some of the Canadian Wrens later on as she met them during her tour of the Club.

The Duchess of Devonshire entertained at a tea dance at her London residence the same afternoon when twenty-five Canadian Wrens were bidden to attend, along with service men and women from all parts of the Empire. The native dress of East Indian Army Officers, and their wives, together with the badges and emblems of the other dominions and colonies, made the affair a colourful one. The guests were first presented to their Hostess, who is Chairman of the Victoria League, then proceeded upstairs to the ballroom for dancing and a buffet supper.

L/Wren Jennie Whitehead of Winnipeg, Man., had her first photographic assignment to Buckingham Palace. She accompanied Sub. Lt. Gordon Walker (SB), RCNVR, Naval Information Reporter, to the Investiture of Lt. Hal Lawrence, RCNVR, who received from the King the DSC.

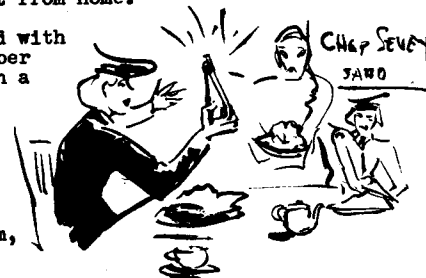


Handicrafts at "England's Lane" are the order of the day. Wrens are staying home these long dark evenings and making things like mad. Things like felt animals and tea cosies, and leather articles, and needlepoint, gloves and purses. This work is fostered by the Educational Authorities in conjunction with the Canadian Legion, and is along the line of the work being done with Canadian Naval personnel at the ports. Classes are held each Thursday at England's Lane, and Wrens from the other two London establishments, "St. Agnes Court" and "Princes Gardens" also attend.

L/Wren Kay Symonds, who fell ill some weeks ago, is improving slowly, but will spend the Yuletide season in the hospital at Watford, outside London. Hard-working, conscientious, always-the-same Kay, is sorely missed at St. Agnes Court, where for so many months she was senior rating in charge of the Canadian Wrens. Along with the Christmas box being packed for her amazement and amusement in the hospital, will go the fervent wishes of the "roaring third" draft for complete and speedy recovery to health.

Reunion parties featured the week before Christmas in London---at Albion Court on the 14th, the Third Draft celebrated with a dinner and carol sing-song. Pictures of four of the five brides from this draft, their bridesmaids, those who never made a meal aboard coming over, those who never missed one, those who never kept one down-----and general fun and games kept everyone busy until 1:30 when the entire 28 adjourned to barracks to clean up cabins for the visit of a WRNS official next day. This was more than a routine clean-up what with the Christmas Parcels that are arriving thick and fast from home.

The Second Draft celebrated with a Chinese dinner in Soho, December 15th, commemorating the occasion a year to the day previously when they embarked from Halifax. Bean sprouts and bamboo shoots and Egg Foo Yong and Chicken and Pork (or reasonable facsimiles of same) kept the gals busy until time to be thinking of the Underground to Chalk Farm, about ten p.m.



P.S. Chalk Farm is a stop on the London Underground, near where "England's Lane" is located.



Overseas News



he trip across was perfect. I think there was only about one wren who was sick for more than a day. I felt kind of funny the first afternoon but woke up the next morning feeling fine and continued to enjoy the trip from then on. We had officer's accommodations and were given the best service available.

The entertainment was good too. Dances, movies, and concerts arranged by each of the three services. The wrens gave a little number that seemed to go over well. They formed a quintet and were dressed in white middies with navy sailor collars and navy skirts. They really looked sweet and everyone thought it was a good idea for our summer uniform. They sang "Shine on Harvest Moon" and did a tap dance.

After we landed everything went fine and we're getting more established here now. We live in an old castle here, away back on the Clyde, miles from anywhere. I think we are getting liberty boats to Niobe but everything is sort of in the pioneer stage and there are many things like that which can't be attended to for a while. The scenery is simply beautiful. I'd love to send you some pictures if I could get them. A few of the girls have cameras so I'll try and do my best. We have lovely fire-places and plenty of heat. Our next step is to move out in tin huts as soon as we get them cleaned up. The meals are the best I've seen since I joined the Navy and there isn't much we have to do without so far. There is a little Scotch boy just four years old makes his home here too. He sounds so cute when he talks. I was relaxing by the crackling fire-place when he came along yesterday. I asked him where he lived and he answered "Over hame". I then asked him where his "hame" was and he pointed out the window and said "The wee house on the heel yonder". I had to laugh and he looked rather accusingly at me and



then at a wren washing windows and said "Aren't ye workin' Lass?" I felt taken aback by this since I had just finished scrubbing three flights of stairs but from the look I was getting decided I'd better explain my inactivity.

We all went down to Glasgow for a trip a couple of days ago. It's amazing the things they have to sell, but the catch is they all require coupons. The same thing applies to candies, which I regret very much because they have the biggest assortment of good quality chocolates and other confectionery you'd find anywhere in peace time. The street-cars and busses are all double deckers. They look so funny until you get used to them. One of the sailors who cooks for us is trying to straighten a wren out on English money without very promising results. We went in a truck to divisions at Niobe this morning. At the service, the boys in the band sang as well. By the way, your letter to "B" watch arrived before we left so we were able to read it together.....A very happy Christmas and a good New Year."

(Written in a letter to Lieutenant Basingthwaight, by Wren Audrey Miller, Markham, Ontario.)



When one thinks of all the suitcase laden Wrens who streamed off on leave from "Cornwallis" over Christmas and the New Year it seems hard to believe that every one of them returned safely....but they did, and the only casualty report--aside from the usual crop of the seasick and the broken-hearted--was Wren Webb's sprained ankle which will keep her off her feet for a few days. Everyone reports hectic trips, with people, people, people everywhere and much frenzied dashing from train to train, but home was at the end of the way and so it was fun!

Thanks to what we can only vaguely term "atmospheric conditions", many of the returning Christmas Leavers had to spend a day or so in Saint John where, for the first time, some of them stayed at the new Navy League Hostel there, thoroughly enjoying every minute. Others weren't quite so lucky and slept on two life preservers and a blanket, efficiently guarded by the shore patrol who stalked outside the door, turning blind eyes on curlers and face cream. It was all confusing, amusing and really "an experience".

Christmas in the Establishment was a whirl of gaiety which was well underway by 1600 on the 24th. Cabins were littered with tinselled paper and red ribbon, gay stickers kept attaching their gummy selves to everything and everyone --and there were parcels of food galore. After darkness fell the band made a slow tour of the blocks, singing Christmas carols as they went, under the lights which had been hung over all the doors.



then we danced until midnight under the flags and gay decorations which had turned the Drill Shed into a colourful dance hall.

The New Year was ushered in with just as much enthusiasm and fun. The Drill Shed dance was jammed with every matelot and wren available, and from energetic jitterbug to dreamy waltzer everyone had a grand and glorious time, wending their weary way home to bed in the wee sma' hours of the morning. 1945 really came to "Cornwallis" full of vim, vigour and vitality, and gave each one of us the feeling that perhaps in this, the sixth year of the war, the job could and would be done.

One morning, just before the start of the Christmas festivities, a whirlwind went sweeping through the Wren blocks..... it was Lieutenant Carruthers, on her last tour of inspection before she left us "for onward passage" to take up her new appointment as Unit Officer, London, England. We all know how very much she has longed to get back to England, and we wish her the very best of luck over there. London's gain is our loss, and she will be very much missed. No more little green car scuttling from block to block, no more skiing down the rather bare Nova Scotian hillsides--but perhaps there will be a spare cutter or two to remind her of the long afternoons tacking back and forth across the Annapolis Basin with the Seamanship School boat just a hair's breadth away.

8

With Lieutenant Carruthers went many of our original Wrens who had watched "Cornwallis" grow from peanut to pumpkin size--among them Stelle Norris, Ellen Olafson, the Campbell sisters, Thibodeau, Zimmer, Sykes, Burton, and Clements. With them were several of the M/T drivers--Wilson, MacKenzie and Barnsley--all well equipped with the woollies we understand are vitally connected with such duties, and one regulator, Leading Wren Symons. "Cornwallis", we find, is like the centre of the earth--everyone passes through some time or other, and by now, as they pass in and out, one becomes no less inured to the wrench of their going, but reconciled to the fact that they will probably be back!



Congratulations are in order for L/Wren S.B.A. MacKenzie who can now be seen enjoying the dignity of those crossed hooks on the left arm. We are filled with awe of her achievement when we think of all the exams she has had to pass, and most impressed. Hooks came as Christmas presents to many of the Wrens this year, and to them all--a salute. Brydges and Atkinson became Leading Wren Laundry Assistants, Cheshire is now a Leading Wren Signalwoman (VS) and Dorothy Smith was made a Leading Wren Coder (T/P). Bersteinsson was advanced to Leading Wren S/A (CA) in early December and Steeves was advanced to Leading Wren Cook (S) at the same time. We were glad to see the Campbell sisters, one of whom is now a Cameron, pick up their hooks at the same time, and we hope that the scottish relatives will be quite properly impressed with the flashing on the left arm.

We feel that this issue of Cornwallis Clippings is perhaps a wee bit on the short side and doesn't cover all the many interesting events which have taken place since we last went to press--but we hope that you will excuse us. That five days leave you know--so much turkey and stuff 'n things--and we feel that--perhaps--you will just excuse us if we curl up--right--here-----and have forty winks.

9

Ballad

I know you won't believe it, I can hardly grasp it yet -
But I got it from young Nelson, who commands an old corvette.
He was on the Western Local, beating down from Newfie John,
When, according to his story, he felt "something coming on."
It wasn't indigestion and it wasn't mal de mer
But he knew beyond a question there was crisis with
him there.



The night was black as charcoal, he could
scarcely see the dim
Shape that was the starboard lookout, just
below the bridge's rim.
"Keep your eyes skinned, Smith," he ordered,
but the lookout's answer came,
"Keep your own eyes skinned, you blackguard--
and it's Nelson is my name.
A hundred years I've slept in peace, unbothered
by my kin --
But rest there's none when louts like you let
family blood run thin.

There was a sort of greenish light 'round Admiral
Nelson's face
And Wavy Navy Nelson felt a little out of place,
But he gulped his Adam's apple and he muttered,
"Ah, Milord
It's a proud day for this old corvette
with two of us aboard.
If things I've done displease you, you
have only got to say,
And, my honour as a Nelson, they'll be
quickly squared away."

The single eye was on him; it was
filled with angry fire,
"There've been Nelsons who've
annoyed me but, young man, you've
touched my ire
In a way that makes me shudder--yet I'll take you at your word--
You can rid my mind of all the ugly rumors that I've heard.
Simply ditch that Wren you convoy, and my soul will lose its hurt;
There was never decent seaman chose a shipmate in a skirt!

"Ah, the times are out of tune, lad--
we could better stand defeat
Than to call on silly women to sustain
the British Fleet.
I can hear the loud guffawing of our
bitter ancient foes
As we pipe our long-haired ratings and
our pearly-teethed P.O's.
Faith, our Naval pride's in tatters and
our spirit pale and spent
Now our powder comes in compacts and our
waves are permanent.



"But at least we'll have no Nelson all this
nonsense to condone,
And I hold you to your given word. You leave that Wren alone!"

Poor V.R. Nelson blanched at that; he felt his senses swing
Between the one who had his word, the one who had his ring.
He was a man of little guile, this hardy prairie youth,
And so, with nothing else to do, he blurted out the truth.
He cried, "If I've a Wren in tow it's you must take the blame.
She didn't give me any hope until she heard my name.

"You may talk of our traditions and the old esprit de corps.
Well, we didn't know their meaning till the Wrens got in the war.
Sure, we tried to do our duty and succeeded here and there
But it took the jaunty girls in blue to do it with an air.
Men like me have learned the Navy words as we have plugged along
But the tars from Conestoga were the first to learn the song.

"You've my word, Sir, and I'll keep it, but--" the V.R. blinked
his eyes
As he found the starboard lookout peering at him in surprise.
"You were speaking, Sir?" asked Smith, A.B.. Young Nelson shook
his head.
"The winds and rigging whisper things on nights like this." he
said.

So Smith, A.B. resumed his watch, but muttered, "Sure as hell
Someone was talking to himself. I heard him growl 'All's well!'"

By Lieutenant-Commander F. B. Watt, RCNVR



Stadacona



CHRISTMAS REHASH While the Stadacona news sat in an Army office, (through no fault of the Navy, we must add), the Tiddley Times went madly to press without Yuletide news of its Stad. Wrens. Most briefly the news for last issue was: the departure of Lieut. Commander A.A. Alvey, Unit Officer, to Ottawa, which was marked by a party in the upper fo'c'sle by staff officers, for the Wrens, during which Doris Stutt presented the skipper with some brand new luggage and best wishes for bon voyage; at a dinner in the P.O.'s mess a presentation of a sterling smoking set was made, and at a cocktail party at Lorne Terrace, the former captain was presented with a sterling engraved tray by her many blue-braided friends in these parts.

Wrens welcomed the new unit officer, Lieut. Commander Helen Macdonald, well known to many as former XO at Conestoga and later head of O.T.C.

The baseball team bid farewell to Evelyn Abbott and P.O. Rose with a dinner in the Wren block in late November. Lieut. M. Belyea and Lieut. Commander Alvey were among the guests.

Christmas at Stad. was merry and bright with something doing throughout ye Yuletide: a house party the Tuesday previous to Christmas in the lower fo'c'sle for Wrens and their friends, a carol service in the upper fo'c'sle and a pyjama party on Christmas Eve with Santa distributing presents from the tree and on Christmas Day dinner was served by the Wren officers. After Christmas naval personnel and their friends were guests at a three-night Christmas party in the Rec. building.

Activities have gone into a state of relapse after the conclusion of New Year's leaves and the best news of the month was that pay day would be a bit earlier than usual. Evidences of generous Santas are everywhere throughout the Wrennery with Wrens sporting new pyjamas, swish housecoats, cosy slippers and ambling into the mess daily with the fruitful results of raids on their family larders.



CROSSED HOOKS Five new additions to the P.O.'s mess are Ada McKnight, Marion Metcalfe, Muriel B. Pollock, C.A. Hawke and Winnifred Groombridge. Congratulations to all and particularly to Winnie, the first Wren writer at Stad. to be rated a P.O. All writers beam in the reflected glory of her shiny brass buttons.

NEGATIVE LIBERTY BOATS for a number of Stad Wrens who started the year off with shiny new hooks on their great coats. The new killicks are: Margaret Robertson, Mary Mahoney, Betty Seifert, Mary O'Byrne, Alison Chandler, Julia Charles, Dorothy MacGregor, Mary Quinn, Josephine Allison, Anna Leroux, Helen Sutherland, Evangeline Gillis, Marion Hynford, Mary Clare Seitz, Joan Stanley, Ida Westells, Constance Evans, Helen Mowat, Dorothy Davidson, Bessie Hill, Dorothy Hammett, Margaret Jennings, Merine Lehtinen, Clairra Davis, Mildred Corliss, Elizabeth Mawford, Clara Davis, Vera Smith, E.M. Eagers, H.F. Barnett, Beatrice Evans, Kathleen Glover, Margaret, Highley, Dorothy Bangham and Isobel Cairns.

HOCKEY-PLAYERS Out to uphold the Wrens in the Halifax service league and games against girls' teams in neighboring towns is the Stad. hockey team, comprised of fifteen lithe damsels from Stadacona and a few players from Peregrine. Stad members are M. C. Brown, Barbara Hughes, Kay Mackie, Vera Milling, Lilian Paxton, Bunny Macdonald, Jean Thompson, Pearl Culham, Tess Boudreau, Teddy Longpre, Donna Lamb, G. Crimes, Nellie Holmes, Jackie Lemelin and Winnifred Hermanson. Lieut. Belyea is manager of the team again this winter and coaches are Ldg.N/P J. Lanno and Ldg.N/P H. Farrell.

HOOPSTERS Coached by Chief Buck Berry, well-known athlete of Victoria the Wrens basketball team has started its winter series of games with other service teams. Arrangements are being made to play other teams in the province. Comprising the team are V.E. Hewitt, N. Ford, J. Connelly, M. Webster, R. E. Radford, A. Chowne, Lois Freeze, L. Washer, Freda Clare and A. Pringle.

RACKETEERS A good number of Wrens make up 50 feminine members of the R.C.N. Badminton Club of HMCS Stadacona, open to wrens, ratings, nursing sisters and all officers. Refreshments, lots of games, and a membership of 50-odd males help make Thursday nights interesting for the Wrens who belong. The club is arranging tournament games and hopes to play matches with local clubs in the Spring.

MORE TO NIOBE Bright notes have been drifting in from their nissen huts in Scotland to the cabinmates they left behind at Stad. from the Wrens who left



on the last Niobe draft. The gals are F.A. Garland, J.C. Hall, G.L. Doleman, Mary C. Ross, Isabel Poliski, F.J. Pamenter, F.M. Nelson, M.J. Foster and Alma Wilkinson.

POSTINGS Welcome to Lieut. M. B. Assheton-Smith, a Conestoga old-timer, Sub.Lieut. Helen Gould from Gaspe, Sub. Lieut. V.E. Hooker, who spent January at Stad. and to four newcomers from O.T.C., Sub. Lieutenants, I.A. Worthington, Eva Norton, Ruth McCullough, Emily Gagne, and J.T. Bowman, and to two returnees, Sub.Lieut. Annie McKay and Sub.Lieut. Jean Douglass. During the month Lieut. Mary Stephens left for Bytown.

TWO AND A HALF STRIPES Congratulations and best wishes of all Wrens go to two new Halifax Lieutenant Commanders, P.E. Holroyde and A.E. Crozier. They celebrated their new half stripes with a party for their friends at Lorne Terrace early in the New Year.

CONVIVIAL COOKS While cooks slaved at Christmas and New Year's the rest of the Navy made merry. As a gesture of appreciation for their agile ways with sugar and spice, a party for all cooks and stewards in Halifax is being held February 16 in the Stadacona gym. There is nothing Chief Petty Officer Cook Docker loves better than a party and she has been spending the past few weeks making Valentine decorations for the walls and tables. The Navy orchestra will supply dance music for all the wren cooks and stewards from Kings, Peregrine and Stadacona and all cooks and stewards from the Halifax shore bases and ships in ports.



SEA-GOING TYPE With fifteen years service afloat, Wren laundry assistant Ann Bazaluk can challenge many sailors in this port to sea time. Before joining the navy she was a stewardess aboard passenger ships on the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence. She has been at Stadacona since August, 1943, except for a trip to Galt to take her basic training in December, 1943. Wrens take their tricorne's off to this salty Wren.

GUNNERS Wrens in Halifax have an opportunity to do many important and interesting jobs throughout the many naval offices in Stadacona and the dockyard. Among the most interesting jobs are the only three gunnery Wrens of the R.C.N. in Canada, who operate a spotting table in the gunnery training centre in this base. Hardened gunnery ratings are now used to the Wrens in their hallowed gunnery building and are grimly proud, in the best gunnery manner, of their Wrens. The little girls with the important jobs are "Loopy" Hearn, Margaret McKay and Donna Lamb.

Protector



serenades they say went out with Romeo and Juliet, but not so at Protector for on the morning of December 25th we were awakened by the strains of "Silent Night" and upon investigation found the band standing outside the Wren Block playing Carols. "What a nice gesture", we thought for Christmas away from home, whether we admit it or not, brings about a certain feeling of sadness, and the thought that the boys were trying in their own small way to cheer us up was certainly gratifying. For dinner the ratings were guests of the officers in the New Cafeteria and taking stock of the comments afterwards we decided everything was just as a Christmas dinner should be. No account of our festivities would be complete without mentioning the Wren's Dance in the Recreation Hall Christmas Night. Under the capable direction of L/Wren Snelson the hall was decorated in traditional red, green and silver; music was supplied by Protector's Orchestra, a gallant crew who have been kind to us for many months. A corsage was presented to each girl and from then on it was a matter of having yourself a time.

So on to New Year's. Drill Halls are usually forbidding looking places, conjuring up horrible pictures of "About Turn, Left Wheel", but Friday, December 29th, the one at Protector resembled the Waldorf Astoria more than anything else. The event was the Ship's Company New Year's Dance, a real gala affair with fellas and gals coming from every direction. The Navy Orchestra again provided the music and after we'd "Waltzed with our Willies" till the wee small hours decided we'd had a wonderful time.



We must take off our hats to the mess committee--they discovered there was no way for Ratings to welcome the New Year so immediately got their heads together and on Monday at 0005 the Recreation Hall was again in a state of celebration. After dancing till 3 A.M., lunching in the mess, and making merry with an assortment of streamers, hats and horns, the party broke up and all agreed '45 had been welcomed in the proper spirit. ---- Here's to '45: may it be a Victoribus Year.

Daisy Mae and L'il Abner paid us a visit recently, yes and in real Dogpatch style, too. Mammy and Pappy Yokum were there, Hairless Joe and all the rest with music by the Kick-a-poo Joy Juices. It's a Sadie Hawkins Party we're describing, an event which caused plenty of excitement on the Base. About 8 P.M. there were a lot of shaky Wrens for it was their duty to call for each man and escort him to the dance. It was particularly trying for a few shy ones but Tommy Weedon and June Conrick took the bull by the horns and went to town. Here's a smart idea for any of you who decide to call on your best beau. First of all procure a Wheel Barrow from the Bos'n



Stores, be sure it is a sturdy one, you'll need it--then decorate it in Red and Green -- the headlights will consist of two red candles. Now with your taxi you're off to a good start. That is exactly what they did. We wish you could have seen them staggering down the road pushing two handsome sailors in their conveyance. Each boy was presented with a sweet smelling arrangement of carrots, turnips, onions and anything else that happened to be around and each proudly

wore his corsage on his lapel. In fact, they all carried out their part of being "ladies for an evening" beautifully. -- They're good sports.

We have lost our R.P.O.--she is going to be an Officer -- When we next see her we'll be able to say, "Greetings Ma'am". (Sub.Lieutenant Riddel to you).

At present we are all wrapped up in badminton, skating and shooting. Recently the "Bendwell Sisters" inaugurated a "Reduce your Hips" class led by our Unit Officer, Sub.Lieut. Berry and Ldg.Reg.Wren Hawkins. It's lots of fun gals, slightly agonizing for a day or two afterwards but a good idea, don't you think?



St. Hyacinthe



When the north wind comes howling down across our parade square and pursuing its shadow around every cranny and nook, when the snow squeaks underfoot and the ears and legs begin to bite and nip, it's time to hibernate. Nothing daunted--our ski enthusiasts bedeck themselves in suitable togs and enjoy the thrill of a week-end in the Laurentians.

Supposedly non-existent flying boots and gumboots have made their appearance on every hand.

As a complement to our white fairy-land world, lovely weddings have been taking place on board these past months as a culmination of romances blossoming on the Base. We wish all bright hopes and deep faith in their future happiness. To those with diamonds newly acquired and weddings near at hand we say--every joy be yours.

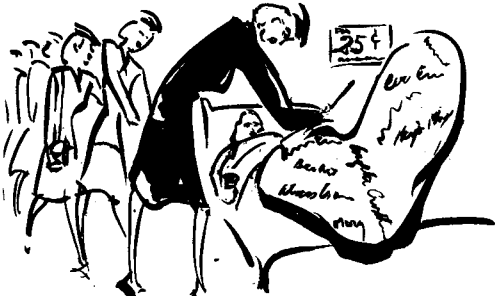
A Saturday night is a perfectly good excuse for a dance and very bright ones are the weekly organized parties we have on board with our supreme band members on hand.

Among the lassies wearing newly acquired hooks, we find Kathleen Tanner, Irene Gwilliam, Florence Randall, Ellen Nugent, Joe Calvert and Ethel Jaggard.

L/W Peacock was rated a Regulating Petty Officer this January and delighted we all are--this is fruits of something or other --Stadacona prepare yourselves, Mabe is arriving!

We are very fortunate and glad to welcome new crew members such as L/W Joan Pollack, librarian transferred from Newfy. Lieut. Padgett now in charge of our well-stocked library is carrying on with L/W Doris Gladman from Stadacona while Joan recuperates from a nasty siege of pneumonia. We also have L/W Margaret Bell and L/W Constance Linder exchanging posts, good luck to Connie at Chippawa. L/W Dennison and Wren Vaux are newly acquired experts as S.B.A. Radiologist and Sick Bay attendant. Wrens Adeline Love, Betty Rendall and L/W S.B.A. Fetterley are three more of the envied clan to be stationed in Niobe. Keep the flag of St. Hyacinthe flying girls.

Wren Tel. S.O. Shirley McEwen's "Twenty-five Cents and Autograph" Cast Fund purchased for the library many best sellers and mechanical books. Shirley turned a mishap when it was necessary for her to wear a caste on her leg because of injuries to her foot. She charged twenty-five cents when willing persons scribbled their cognomens on the moulded plaster of paris. This novel idea caught fire and the total receipts amounted to twenty dollars.



As much as we hate post mortems there is a slight matter of our first competition game with the C.W.A.C.'s from Long Point, Montreal. We played a keenly contested game on our newly varnished Drill Shed Floor. Our coach, an enthusiastic hooper himself, vows we shall be a menace to all and sundry with our practice schedules down to a system. We are looking forward to future games.

Groans and grunts foretell the beginning of the Badminton season which has taken hold with enthusiasm.

H.R.H. Princess Alice and His Excellency the Governor General have come and gone. This visit of our Honorary Commandant was all too short. There was no time for an address to the Wrens but Princess Alice did inspect our classrooms and took a keen interest in the work and the goal the girls are striving toward.

She was a most attractive figure as she stood in the Drill shed during afternoon Divisions while His Excellency spoke to the entire Ship's Company; a woman of poise and feminine grace wearing the uniform of our W.R.C.N.S. We all noticed with delight the four-buckled "glamour" galoshes Her Royal Highness had been fitted with at Conestoga nearly two years ago. It was noted that the pochette worn was the old canvass type, so the Wrens had the delightful honour of purchasing and presenting a new leather one before the Royal Party left the Ship. The inspection of our Wrens' Block was a highlight of the visit. We fair had the place sparkling after a vigorous morning of sweeping and polishing.

The striking of the Governor General's flag late Tuesday the 17th with its gold crown and lion on royal blue, signified the closing of a memorable occasion.

Iberville House



Happy New Year to all Wrens everywhere!

We Montreal Wrens are just managing to get back to normal after the season's festivities. Our celebrations started with a decorating bee a week or so before Christmas. The big department stores in town were generous with materials and with these we were able to make our Recreation Hall and fo'c'sle look very festive. These decorations together with those donated by the "Y" War Services and our own canteen fund turned the great open spaces of Iberville House into a colorful spot. Leading Wren Walsh was in charge of this transformation.

On the Sunday evening a week before Christmas we held open House to which we invited our civilian friends. We entertained them with a carol sing-song led by a choir of about twenty voices. The Christmas story was read by Leading Wren I. Dombroski and the choir was lead by Leading Wren Cunliffe. During the program solos were sung by Wrens Phillips, McMonagle and a duet by Wrens Westbye and H. Martin. After the carol program the visitors were shown over the ship and then refreshments were served in the Recreation Hall. Great interest was shown in our quarters by the visitors and we were proud to show them off.



The following Wednesday night a pyjama party at which we had a Christmas tree with presents for everyone provided a lot of fun. The epic struggle between Lieutenant Alvey, a welcome visitor, and Wren Bryan over the last chair in Musical Chairs brought cheers from everyone.

We had our own Christmas dinner on Sunday with a small number of our Wrens left on board to enjoy it. The mess hall and especially the table looked very gay, and full justice was done to the dinner prepared by Leading Wren Randell and Wren Boughner and served by Lieutenants Brodie, Cooper and Alvey and Sub-Lieutenant Shortt. There was literally everything from soup to nuts.

On Christmas Day we were invited to have dinner at HMCS "Donnacona" with the ratings there. There was another noble spread. Statistics show a gain in avoirdupois of Five pounds per Wren for all those rash enough to stay on board for the festive season. The citizens of Montreal were generous with their invitations for dinners and parties but unfortunately few were left to accept them.

On New Year's Eve the place was deserted as everyone sought their celebrations elsewhere. Now we are all down to work again and anticipating the visit of H.R.H. Princess Alice, who will soon make her first inspection of our quarters.

Recently made Killicks are D. Walsh, K. Cudlip, E. Widders, M. Walker, M. Belbin. Congratulations girls!

This is 30 for this time. Goodbye for now.

H.M.C.S. Montcalm + Chaleur



ello Everybody, and a Happy New Year.

Christmas Day seems a long way off now, but the memory lingers on! The I.O.D.E. House played Santa Claus to us and every Wren who was too far from home to take this year's special five days leave, had a right merry Christmas Day.

The decorations were lovely, pine cones, icicles, and gay coloured lights adorned a huge tree. The Christmas dinner was prepared by Miss Jeanne Tessier, our super-cook at I.O.D.E. House. We had every possible trimming with it and the Plum pudding gushed with goodness in a huge flaming platter.

By the time New Year's day came around, most of our Wrens were back. We had arranged to have a candle-light dinner at the Chateau Frontenac. Among our visiting guests, at that time, were Wren Shirley Willis and Wren MacConnell from H.M.C.S. Coverdale!

We were sorry to say goodbye to L/Wren Retta Matte, Recruiting Writer who, for several months past, has been stationed at "Montcalm". We hope she will be equally happy in her new ship, H.M.C.S. "Donnacona".

Our latest arrival is Wren S.B.O. Gloria Zimmerman, drafted from "Conestoga".

With the gay festive season behind us, we are back at work again. A lot of us are taking French lessons in our spare time. We figure it's a good idea as the language still prevails in old Quebec! Our Tuesday night classes in sewing, knitting, crochet, and hooked-rug making.

This is all from us now, till next time, Salutations!

Conestoga



o bring you up to date, here's a summary of Christmas and New Year's festivities at Galt. H.M.C.S. CONESTOGA was hostess to 250 at "The Highlands" the week before Christmas and the party was a great success as dances are in this usually male-less community.

Long after the excited foot-sore Wrens had said goodnight to their guests the Officer-of-the-Day reported that a Flight of R.C.A.F. (not W.D.'s) was advancing up the snowy hill--grounded by bus trouble. Equal to the emergency, blankets, and mattresses were provided and for the second time in history the gym became a dormitory (the first time was the great scarlet fever epidemic of '43). At 0600 breakfast was served and our guests departed.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all the Wren officers, assisted by some sympathetic ship's company were setting up the gym for the Christmas Party. By 0100 all was ready but the food. Next day some two hundred and sixty Wrens, after the traditional garland hoisting ceremony, proceeded to the gym for dinner and the Christmas tree--Stoker P/O Washington ably acted as Santa Claus.

On New Year's Eve at 2230 a Ship's concert was held. It is agreed that the highlight of the evening was the officers' play, written by Lieutenant Youle and based on that classic 'Enry's 'Alo'. The officers looked very smart in their halos and although little attention was paid to the script the play was amusing if not histrionic.

After the concert a toast was drunk to the New Year, around the Ship's Bell which was struck by our youngest officer, Probationary Payr, Sub-Lieutenant Snider.



Then came another H.M.C.S. "CONESTOGA" tradition--the Officers' Call at 0045, 1st January, 1945--and the Officers fell in for a spot of drill---In fact everyone fell in for drill for a few days readying for the highlight of the New Year-----

Portraits stepped down from the wardroom walls and came to life on board the good ship "Conestoga" Sunday, January 7, 1945, when Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, and Commander Adelaide Sinclair O.B.E., were both here. There was plenty of snow, and plenty of shovelling for 150 Probie Wrens, but it was worth it, they declared, after their formal rating-up took place in the drill shed with the Honorary Commandant and the Director of the W.R.C.N.S. both present!

Ninety-six ship's company formed the Royal Guard of Honour for the Princess, who arrived at 1100 and was welcomed by Commander Macneill, O.B.E. with Lieutenant Benson and Sub-Lieutenant Christie as Officers of the Guard. After inspection by the Royal party, the Princess was piped aboard by six chosen "pipers": L/W P.S. Timmins and Wrens Dove, Tibbs, Gorman, Ecclestone and King. The bugler, L/W Daphne Purvey was on hand to sound "General Salute" when the royal car arrived and conducted the Princess on Commodore's rounds of the ship.

From the beauty parlour to the stokehold, nothing escaped the interested glances of the Honorary Commandant, who stopped to chat with Wrens in every office and section of the establishment. She was very impressed by the intricate bookkeeping being done in the ship's office, by the versatility of L/W Sage who handles the beauty parlour and the attractive new library with the greatest of ease, by the spick and span galley, cabins and fo'c'sles, and by the happy appearance of the Wrens in Sick Bay, all dressed up in their blue pyjamas.

After luncheon in the wardroom, Princess Alice, her lady in waiting, Miss Alice Grenfell, and the Director watched with pride together with a large number of friends and relatives, as 150 Probationary Wrens were rated-up in an impressive ceremony in the drill shed. But the climax of the day came not then, nor during the march-past on the parade ground when the Princess took the salute, but at Evening Quarters. Formed up in a hollow square,



with their colour party, bugler and drummers, the Wrens went through the beautiful naval tradition of the sunset service; the Quartermaster sounded the "Still", and Conestoga's ensign was lowered once again.

Princess Alice was particularly pleased by the Ship's Musicals in the auditorium afterwards, when Lieutenant-Commander Ockenden at the piano, and Leading Wren Mercia Tibbs with her violin, led a picked and practiced Wren choir in a concert which could be described as nothing short of amazingly good. It was a charming finish for a wonderful day. C. O. Conestoga was very proud of her Wrens.

Cataraqui

Greetings Wrens! Here we are settling down to the business of 1945 after enjoying a happy holiday season.

We welcome to our little group this month Wren Supply Assistant Ruth McElhenny, who came here from "York". She seems happy about being in "Cataraqui" and has even gone so far as to say that she likes our city. Three cheers!

Wren Enid Pedersen is on annual leave at present and, unless she got side-tracked along the way, we expect she is in New York City now. Oh well, maybe the rest of us will have a chance to visit this popular leave spot soon.

We would like to report that monthly dances are held in this Ship and we notice that some of our Wrens compete very favourably with the civilian girls, who also attend, in the sailors' affections. Of course we won't mention names at this time but we shall keep you posted on developments.

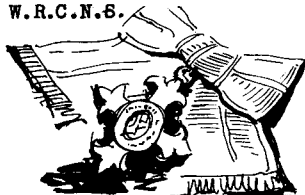
Our sincere sympathy is extended to Wren Kay Keogh whose young brother passed away recently, and to Ldg. Wren Helen Dafnas on the recent death of her father--Dafnas also had a brother killed in action in Italy last Fall while serving with the Canadian Army.

That's all for now. Be seeing you next issue.

HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YEAR 1945 HONOURS LIST:

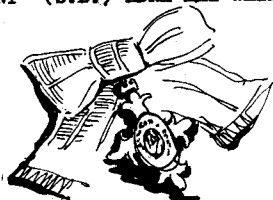
CITATIONS

OFFICER OF THE MOST EXCELLENT ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: O.B.E. - COMMANDER ADELAIDE HELEN GRANT SINCLAIR, O.B.E., W.R.C.N.S.



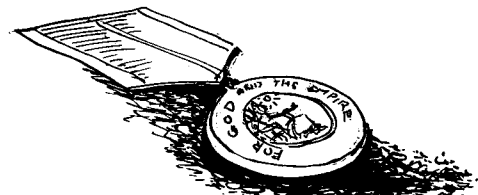
Commander Sinclair has shown untiring zeal, and outstanding ability, tact and judgment in organizing the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service into a most efficient and well-disciplined unit.

MEMBER OF THE SAID MOST EXCELLENT ORDER: M.B.E.
LIEUTENANT (S.B.) EDNA MAY WHINNEY, M.B.E., WRCNS



With the Commanding Officer, Reserve Divisions from the taking over of Wren recruiting, until her appointment overseas, Lieutenant Whinney was untiring in her efforts, and by her personality, tactfulness, patience and perseverance was instrumental in organizing and maintaining the recruiting of personnel for the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service in a most efficient and exemplary manner.

BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL: B.E.M.



ACTING CHIEF PETTY OFFICER (W.R.A.) AGNES FRAME, B.E.M., W.R.C.N.S.

As Senior Steward of an Officers' Training Establishment, Chief Petty Officer Wren Frame has at all times displayed unflinching cheerfulness, tact and devotion to duty, thereby setting an excellent example to her subordinates.

and

PETTY OFFICER MARGARET JOAN DAVIDSON, B.E.M., WRCNS

This Wren was in the first draft of the W.R.C.N.S. to go overseas in September, 1943, for duty with the Senior Canadian Naval Officer, London. She was assigned to the position of receptionist, transportation and accommodation clerk in the office of the Staff Officer (Personnel) to which office several hundred Officers and Ratings report every month. Her tact, cheerfulness, efficiency and devotion to duty have been outstanding for a rating of her rate, and have contributed in no small degree to the convenience, welfare and comfort of Canadian Naval personnel visiting London on duty and on leave.





Commander Adelaide Sinclair, O.B.E., W.R.C.N.S.



Lieutenant (S.B.) Edna
May Whinney, M.B.E.,
W.R.C.N.S.

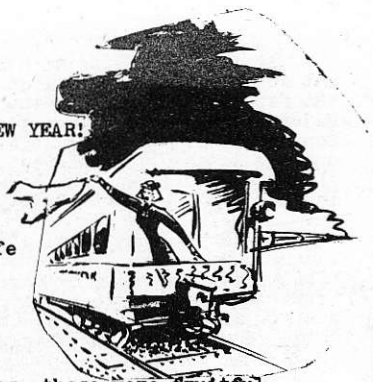


Acting Chief Petty Officer
(W.R.A.) Agnes Frame,
B.E.M., W.R.C.N.S.



Petty Officer Margaret
Joan Davidson, B.E.M.,
W.R.C.N.S.

AU REVOIR AND A GLAD NEW YEAR!



This is a New Year message
to Canadian Wrens-
My fond farewell to service life
and friends
Such as I never dared
To hope for
In a war-torn world as this,
Where all has changed
From peacetime changelessness!

..... Yes, those were fruitful,
Busy years -
And yet, today,
I can look back with confidence and say
We must continue
With a smile
For those we've watched
And waited for
So long a while!

..... And thus I bid goodbye
To happy months
Where Naval duties
Played a greater part -
I'll make no promise, then,
Except to go my way
Vowing there'll always be a corner
Of my home and heart
For any wandering Wren!

Patricia Allan.
Poem No. 7 - Wren Poetry Series.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

In our February-March issue, 1944, we published the first of a series of verses by Lieutenant Patricia Allan, W.R.C.N.S. Now, one year later, we publish her last.

It was written in the midst of getting ready to sail for England, where she will be married "some-time in 1945" to Major James Ogilvie Rae, of the Royal Indian Army Service Corps.

It is interesting to note that Miss Allan and Major Rae met in China and, since 1936, have been divided by two wars. The first, in 1937, when the Japanese occupied Shanghai and Major Rae was unable to return. The second time happened in September, 1939, when Miss Allan was about to sail for England and war was declared and her furlough cancelled. Now, at last, they have the joyful anticipation of meeting and marrying during Major Rae's sixty-one days' leave in the United Kingdom.

Readers of the Tiddley will miss these verses which have become a favourite feature of our magazine. Lieutenant Allan assures us that she will miss writing them. In her farewell letter she asks us to tell you that c/o The North British Mercantile Insurance Company, Calcutta, India, will always find them. Bon voyage, our thanks and good luck to them both!



FENN - ROYCROFT: Wren Bernice Margaret Roycroft to Ldg.Smn. Gordon Fenn in Digby, N.S., on December 22, 1944.

GASKELL - SULLIVAN: Sub-Lieut. Margaret Sullivan to Lieut. Eric Gaskell in Montreal on December 27, 1944.

CLARK - KERR: Lieut. Marion Elizabeth Kerr to Lieut. Lorne Davis Clark RCNVR in St. John's Nfld., on December 9, 1944.

MEREDITH - MUIR: Wren Elizabeth A. Muir to Lieut. Thomas Watson Meredith in Vancouver, B.C., on December 28, 1944.

JOHNSTON - MOULDS: L/Wren^{M.E.F.} Queenie R. Moulds to Pte. Wm. J. Johnston in Preston, Ont., on December 15, 1944.

SMITH - FITZPATRICK: Wren Katherine Fitzpatrick to Smn. P.O. Ivan Ronald Smith, RCNVR in Halifax on December 2, 1944.

SCHLOTTER - FISCHER: Wren Josephine V. Fischer to L/Sto. Joseph P. Schlotter in Halifax on October, 1944.

WALKER - THIESSEN: L/Wren Lena Thiesen to P.O. Douglas H. Walker RCNVR, in Halifax, on December 2, 1944.

WRETHAM - PERRY: L/Wren M. E. Perry to Ldg.Sto. F.J.Wretham RCNVR at Toronto, Dec. 19, 1944.

MOSS - DOWNER: Wren Joyce Downer to Ldg.Sto. Ed. Moss, RCNVR, at Halifax, 30 December, 1944.

LANDALE-- MUNRO: Wren Jean N. Munro to Sto.1 H. H. Landale, RCNVR, at Halifax, Dec. 16, 1944.

AROUL - ANDERSON: Wren Florence Anderson to P. H. Arould, at Timmins, 25 December, 1944.

YURKE - FIELD: L/W V.E. Field to Ldg.N/P A. Yurke at St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., 26 Dec. 1944.

HINCH - HARRISON: L/W Joan Susan Harrison to T.E. Hinch, at Halifax, December 29, 1944.

VILLEMERG - LOFTUS: Wren Ada E. Loftus to Gnr. B.I. Villemerg R.C.A. at Dartmouth, N.S., on January 9, 1945.

DUCKWORTH - NIXON: L/W Janet E. Nixon to Ldg.Wtr. R.C.Duckworth at Halifax, December 16, 1944.

CANTELON - GAIRDNER: L/Wren Norma Jane Gairdner to Capt. J.D.Cantelon at Pt.Hope, Ont.

LEMAISTRE - DIMOCK: L/Wren S. M.Dimock to Lieut.J.LeMaistre in Toronto, 22 December, 1944.

BROWN - HAGGARTY: Wren Edna F. Haggarty to Sgt.J.A.Brown RCAF at Halifax, Jan. 13, 1945.

SPROUL - TINDAL: Wren Lois G. Tindal to S.P.O. Wm. R. Sproul RCNVR at Halifax, Jan. 5, 1945.

ANDERSON - McDOWELL: L/Wren E. McDowell to AC1 Wm.R.Anderson RCAF at Halifax, Dec. 25, 1944.

FORSEY - SNOOK: Wren Marietta Snook to A/B G.T.Forsey RN, at Halifax, 16 December, 1944.

BROOKS - WHALEN: L/W Dora Whalen to Ldg.Sto. Wm.E.Brooks, RCNVR, at Halifax, 9 December, 1944.

STEWART - MARTIN: Wren Edith W. Martin to Geoffrey J. Stewart at Victoria B.C., 12 January, 1945.

FORSTER - HOLROYDE: A/Lt.Cdr. Phyllis Holroyde to A/Lt.Cdr. E. Forster, RCNVR, at Halifax, February 6, 1945.

CREWE - FREDERICK: Wren B."Freddy" Frederick to L/Tel.Ernest Crewe at Prince Rupert, December, 1944.

BOAM - HENRICKSON: Wren Daisy Henrickson to A/B Jack Boam at Prince Rupert, December, 1944.

WINLAW - ELDER: Wren Marie Elder to Tel.T.O. Jack Winlaw at Prince Rupert, January, 1945.

ANDERSON - HAY: Wren Elizabeth Hay to Lieut. A. H. Anderson at Islington, Ont., 28 Dec. 1944.

PAYNE - SHUTTLEWORTH: L/W F.B. Shuttleworth to S/Lt. K.B.Payne RCNVR at Halifax, 6 Jan. 1945.

MANSSELL - CROUSE: L/W Madge Crouse to A/B A.M. Manssell, RCNVR at Halifax, 15 December, 1944.

GRAHAM - FILMAN: Wren Phyllis M. Filman to J.A. Graham RCNVR at London, Ont., 7 Dec. 1944.

CUMMING - FORBES: L/W Margaret Forbes to P/O J.A. Cumming RCNVR at Halifax, 30 November, 1944.

STUBBINGTON - PECK: L/W Doris I. Peck to Pte. H.F. Stubbington, RCNVR at Halifax, 16 Dec. 1944.

LANE - COLMAN: Wren Bertha I. Colman to Sto.1(M) John M.Lane at Victoria, 16 November, 1944.

MACKENZIE - BARKER: S/Lt. Jean A.Barker to Lt. C. J. MacKenzie RCNVR at Toronto, 6 Jan. 1945.

GIBB - SHOEBOBOTTOM: L/Wren S. Shoebottom to Yeoman of Sig. G. C. Gibb, RCNVR, Jan. 30, 1945.

NASH - JUDGE: Wren Mary Judge to F/O Ray Nash R.A.F. at Lincoln, (England) recently.

ARMSTRONG - LITT: Wren Evelyn C. Litt to LAC P.F. Armstrong at Victoria, 19 December, 1944.

ENGLESON - STEWART: Wren Grace E.Stewart to A/B James Engleson at Vancouver, 12 January, 1945.

COLLINGS - JAMIESON: L/W E. Jamieson to Coder George Collings RCNVR, at South Porcupine, Ont.

HAMBLIN - SEXTON: Wren Jean Sexton to Ldg.Tel. Jack Hamblin RCNVR at Ottawa, 6 Jan. 1945.

WARNER - ARCHIBALD: Wren Evelyn Archibald to T/O Tel.Jack Warner RCNVR, at St.Hyacinthe, 19 Jan. '45

HOWARD - MacPHERSON: Wren Joan MacPherson to Chief Yeoman Howard RCNVR, at Springhill, N.S.

CALLAHAN - KEEGAN: Wren Doris Keegan to A/B Clifford Callahan RCNVR, at Ottawa, 16 Dec. 1944.

MESTON - CAMPBELL: L/Wren Margaret Campbell to P/O Sto.Arthur Meston at Windsor, Ont.

WICKS - BEGG: Wren Betty Wicks to T/O Tel. J.W.Wicks RCNVR, at St. Hyacinthe, P.Q. Dec. 1, 1944.

WATERS - BROWN: Wren Beatrice Brown to Spr. Wm. Maurice Waters in Halifax, N. S.

ROBERTSON - MAHONEY: Wren Viola G.Mahoney to A/B Peter A. C. Robertson, RCNVR, in Halifax, 9 December, 1944.

PHILLIPS-WATTS - CROYDEN: Wren Josephine F. Croyden to P/O Donovan Phillips-Watts RCNVR in Toronto, 16 November, 1944.

MACMILLAN - PEAT: P/O Margaret Peat to L/Sto.(M) Lorne A. MacMillan RCNVR, in Halifax, 29 September, 1944.

ARMSTRONG - HOLMES: Wren M. M. Holmes to F/O R. A. Armstrong RCAF, in Halifax, 25 Nov. 1944.

ECCLES - PAUL: Wren Marguerite J. Paul to Tel.T/O.George B. Eccles, RCNVR, in Ottawa, on November 8th, 1944.

McKAY - PECK: L/Wren Barbara M. Peck to Cpl.Jack H. McKay RCAF in Halifax, 22 June, 1944. (Only now received by us).

FERGUSON - STEACY: Wren Joan E. Steacy to Lieut. John M. Ferguson RCNVR, at Halifax, 22 November, 1944.

SEARS - TWYNN: Wren Joan L. Twynn to A/B Robert R. Sears, at Halifax, 11 November, 1944.

CARTER - HATFIELD: L/Wren Hilda J. Hatfield to Lieut. Owen F. Carter RCNVR at London (England), December 9, 1944.

BOXER - BAKER: Wren Nancy I. Baker to S/Lt. Richard John Boxer RCNVR, in Toronto on 25 November, 1944.



H.M.C.S. "BYTOWN"
presents
W A K E Y - W A K E Y !
A Musical Revue

Produced by Roy Wolvin
Directed by David Dick
Sets by Grant Macdonald
Dances by Helen Priest



OVERTURE YORK BAND

And that, dear Wrens, is what tops the long three page programme of the BYTOWN show. The Revue--we were at a rehearsal yesterday and we know--is one of the very best, of its kind, we have seen. There are over 50 actors in the cast. There are topical songs; ballet dances; Jive extravaganzas; plays ranging from a touching drama entitled "Home Sweet Salt", to plays so macabre that the Grand Guignol could learn how to really thrill and chill.

The Producer of the show, Petty Officer Roy Wolvin, RCNVR, would probably loathe being called a second Neel Coward but how else to describe a man of the theatre who is also a librettist, a man who turns out words, music, opera and plays with equal excellence and equal facility?

The show is one no one can afford to miss. It will be the treat of the Season. The tickets for service personnel are only twenty-five cents on Wednesday evening, 14th March. It will run for three more nights, the tickets then will sell at the regular price: 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.50. It is our advice to you that you get your tickets NOW.

O.T.C.

The last class of Cadet Wrens, listed below, who have all successfully passed the O.T.C.:

Daniels, Ella; Dombroski, Irene W.; Emery, Charlotte E.; Harcourt, Anne; Harmon, Burdette W.; Heaney, Joyce M.; Hess, Virginia A.; James, Margaret L.; Peirson, Arabell; Pudney, Moyra Evelyn J.; Riddel, Joy C.; Smith, Marion W.; Taylor, Elizabeth D.; Williamson, Jean E.; Roche, Violet E.; Warden, Ruth Millicent.

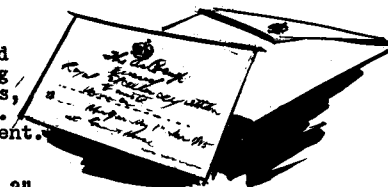


"Are you going to be in Ottawa for New Year's? If so, would you like to spend the day at Government House?"..... Startled silence.

"You see, Princess Alice....Honorary Commandant....eight Wrens.....New Year's Day.....Would you like to go?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am.....!" - the telephone clicked.

A few days later a big square envelope, with a golden crown on the back and containing an engraved invitation was delivered to Leading Wrens Margaret McCallum, M. Henders, H.M. Hair, Janet Shea, and Wrens S. S.Gale, S.Gracey, H.M.Law, and M.Lent.



Excitement ran high: "Do we curtsy or salute?" "Which foot....?" "What do we call them?" "My Tiddley's at the cleaners!" "Hope the library has an Emily Post!" "Sub-Lieutenant McCauley says bring ski clothes."

January First, 1150: Clutching skis, skates, and ski togs, we were picked up at our respective quarters by a panel truck, were given a 20-minute work-out pushing it out of a snow drift, and were on our way.

1310: The gates of the estate! We strained to catch our first glimpse of Government House over the vast snow-covered lawns and through the avenue of trees--a massive square stone front with the flag flying over top and a shield and crest over the doorway. Driving under the portico, the door was opened by a furred doorman, and we trooped into the immense hall.

A Naval Aide-de-Camp welcomed us, ticked off our names, and we were led downstairs to take off our coats. Returning upstairs we were conducted up the half dozen white marble steps carpeted in blue...past the huge oil painting of Queen Mary...through a broad red-toned ante room banked with growing poinsettias...down a red carpeted hall to a recreation room where 16 Australian and Canadian airmen and eight W-D's already were playing pool, chinese checkers and cards.

It was there that we met the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, each of us giving our names as we curtsied to her Highness and shook hands with His Excellency. Awe-stricken silence and stiff-backed fright crumpled and melted. Why, they were human! We actually felt at ease.

1330: Dinner.

A typical New Year's Day dinner at home, had it not been for the profusion of footmen, butlers and waiters in stiff shirt fronts, short jackets, and swallow tail coats with gold buttons, the lovely silver with the crown engraved on it, and the huge silver urns: vegetable soup, turkey, sausage, dressing, roast potatoes, peas, carrots, gravy, cranberry sauce, a plum pudding which was ignited before we helped ourselves and brandy butter to eat with it, cheese of all kinds, crackers, celery, fruit, wine to toast the King, and a demitasse of coffee. Crackers were pulled and fingers burned. Gay paper hats tipped rakishly, His Excellency outdoing the others by wearing his sideways.



Borrowed skis, ski togs, snow shoes and toboggans all got a work-out during the afternoon as the girls and a few of the men took to the snow-covered estate for some outdoor sport. Most of the airmen preferred to stay indoors where the weather was warmer.

1700: High Tea downstairs with the staff.

Then we were free to roam through the house and admire the pictures of the Royal Family of the last several generations... the ballroom and its 20-foot Christmas tree...the Chinese room and its rare rugs...even the green houses, the gorgeous carnations, and the tropical plants that needed only a hissing snake to give the real torrid zone atmosphere.

1900: A cold supper, buffet style, in "The Tent Room".

The evening closed with dancing on the smooth-as-glass floor in the ballroom. Princess Alice in a clinging gray dinner dress and the Earl of Athlone in dinner jacket danced and enjoyed life with the rest of us...and just before twelve the coldly practical panel truck called for the Wrens who had played Cinderella for a day.

Now nothing remains but four slightly bent cigarettes with blue crowns on them, two blue match folders bearing the Government House Crest...one white paper hat, one beige plastic camel, one green and red favour left over from dinner...two post card views of the house, donated by Princess Alice when we told her we'd used two films taking pictures in the snow.....and memories.

Newfie



Rowin' in a dory on the banks of Newfoundland,
Rowin' in a dory with a codfish in your hand,
I'm as happy as a clam,
Singin' "How're ye gettin' an",
Oh it's lovely rowin' in a dory.

A lot of water has passed over our rubber boots since you heard from us last--also a little snow, some fog and even a little sunshine. If this is winter in Newfie we certainly can't complain.

We have been a busy bunch of Wrens since well before Christmas. Our celebrations started about December 9th when the Unit Officer Lieut. Marion Kerr was married to Lieut. Lorne Clark RCNVR in the Cathedral in St. John's. There wasn't room in that large edifice for one more Wren--and every one of them happy. Happier still when they saw layers of a huge wedding cake being carried into the Wren block--how many Wrens went to sleep that night with a piece of Wedding cake under their pillows, we'll never know.



Then came Christmas--and what a Christmas! For many of the Avalon Wrens it was their first Christmas away from home, but I don't think they really minded. The actual day was prefaced with the usual questions --"Will the mail get through?" "Will I get my parcel from home?" and most important of all, "Will we have turkey for Christmas dinner?" Everyone's prayers were answered, we got the mail, we got the parcels and we GOT the turkey. It was a close call but someone in Canada came through--thank you very much, it was just what we wanted.

Then came that week between Christmas and New Year which is often pretty deadly--but not in Newfie. The celebrations went right on. One was particularly good--the Chiefs and P.O.'s of the American Coast Guard invited 40 Wrens and 4 Wren Officers down to Argentina. What a party, a second Christmas, with dances, parties and turkey dinners--as a good-will gesture it has never been surpassed....and won't be until we go again.

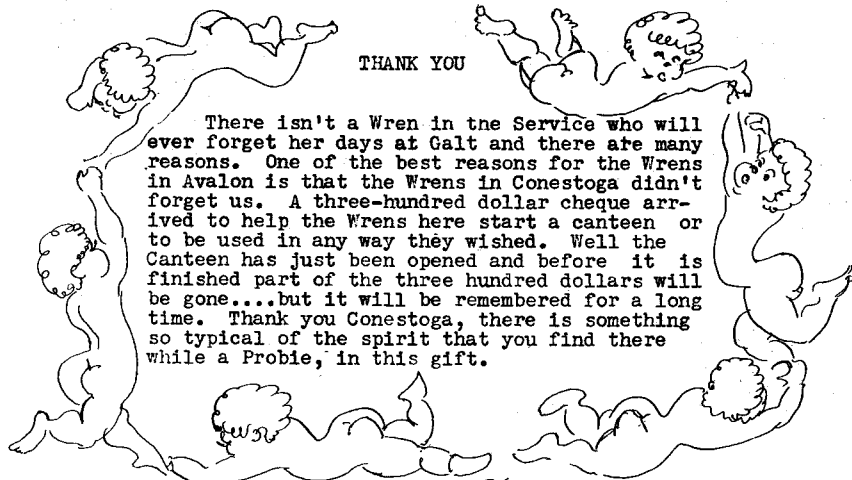
Finally New Year's Eve and New Year's Day arrived, more parties and dances and fun for the Wrens, sobered a little by everyone's thoughts being far away--hoping that this year would bring them all home again--and even more than that, bring others home who are having a far worse time of it than we will ever know.

So on into 1945. May it be the best year yet for all of usfrom all the Wrens in Avalon to all other Wrens--A Very Happy New Year!

NEWFIE GOOFS -- Just so that you won't think that we do nothing but go on parties in Newfie, here are some of the other things that the Wrens in Avalon are doing in their spare moments.

First of all there are exams--and many Wrens are seen these days with their noses buried deep in an arithmetic book or a BR something-or-other. As well as these service studies, we have large numbers of Wrens taking other extra-mural courses. When they get tired studying they relax at the very popular Music Group or rush off for a quick game of badminton.

We had hopes of a hockey team but the weather man can't make up his mind whether we should play or not so we just compromised and got a basketball team together and, having played several exhibition games, got down to business the other night in the League by beating the W.D.'s from Torbay by a score of 21 - 9. We don't want to start boasting but so far we have beaten all the League teams in exhibition games--could be that if the team sticks together and practices hard enough we might make it.



Hello, fellow-Wrens! The New Year has rocketed three of our numbers, here in Washington, clear to the skies among "fluffy pink and white clouds"(so they tell us). These three returned from leave engaged. Montrealers, Audrey Porter and Kay McCormack, have attached themselves exclusively to repeat Army and Airforce respectively, while our Saskatchewan Wren, Evelyn Latrace, has found romance in these United States and received her ring in the glamour setting of Florida--U.S. Navy.

For the first time at NMCS crossed hooks and brass buttons are being worn....and the Wren to be congratulated is Joan Wilkie. About the same time as "Jim" gave Audrey Porter the ring, Naval Service Headquarters granted her Leading Wren. Hmm, nice!!

The entire staff responded energetically to a suggestion for a skating party with successful results. Some of our officers hadn't been on skates for years but soon they were tearing around the ice like "demons". The horror kids of the rink turned out to be two of our very own Wrens, Irma Balfour and Eunice Connolly, who frequent the Ice Palace for their share of chills and spills.

Thinking back over the Christmas season, we began our celebrating by spending the money, generously sent by HMCS "Conestoga", on a party to entertain our American acquaintances. Singing, Canadian movies and supper made up the program for the evening.

J. Wilkie, P. Wood and M. Bauer volunteered to form part of a colour guard of the United Nations at a Christmas celebration for the sailors and marines at the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory. Some one slipped up somewhere for our Wrens were the only gals for miles (so they report) and for their part on the program they were each given a shaving kit! This doesn't sound like Washington to us!



Lieut. Marion O'Toole took seven of us to Philadelphia for a week-end to view a large British ship. More than ever, our hats are off to our brothers-in-arms, who are able to, first of all, know their way around without a map, and secondly, for scrambling so easily down gangways, into tiny gun turrets, up to lookout towers and so on. We endeavoured to keep up, but squeezing through hatches a la greatcoat was something to behold. After a most enlightening tour from stem to stern, boiler room to crow's nest, we were served the traditional "coop o' tay". Sunday was spent sight-seeing--the home of Betsy Ross, the Liberty Bell and the Planetarium where they turned out the lights and, lo and behold, the solar system!!

The Association of American University Women is forming an Allied Service Women's Group which meets on one Sunday of every month and affords interesting lectures by much travelled women and an opportunity to meet service women from Britain, America, France and the Netherlands.



Saker Nest

Soon after a most delightful tea, arranged by our beloved hostess at the Lady Halifax Club, Christmas Eve found a gathering of the Wrens at a beautiful home in Gramercy Park where we had the fun of decorating their big tree. At noon on Christmas we all returned for a lovely dinner and to enjoy seeing what Santa had left. Were we surprised when we found he had left us each a cosmetic gift too!

The visit of Admiral Sir James F. Somerville to our Club one evening was most interesting, especially when he made it possible for all of us to visit "HMS Nelson". The inspection was carried out in 'quick time' due to rough weather and made us all wonder what would beckon a man to sea life when he had to live through a winter of it! We appreciate their jobs now.

Our most recent gathering was a sherry party as a farewell to Second Officer Ling who is returning home shortly and to greet our new officer-in-charge, Second Officer Crosse. L/Wren Jean Woods is our first break in the Canadian ranks here and we are going to miss her a lot.

With several of us studying special courses and exam time looming on the horizon, the weeks fly by. We have enjoyed some skating at Madison Square but all feel our corner rinks at home can never be equalled. Sonja Henie is the current attraction and we are all anxious to see her performance. Happy New Year shipmates everywhere!

"Kings"

Christmas and New Year celebrations are well behind us --but the "King's" Wrens go on record as saying they had a marvellous holiday season.

We're wondering if Kings is turning into a Manning Pool--due to the Drafting blitz that has hit us. Former Kingsites will be interested in knowing that to "Niobe" have gone, Wrens Lillian Williams, Writer, W.R.A.'s Martha Brendt, Kay Leamy, Abbie Finn, and Martin, M.T.D., plus L/Wren Caroline Grant (Librarian); to "Avalon"--L/W Laura Whittle and Mary Jacobson, Cooks (O); W.R.A.'s--L/W Briers, L/W Neill, L/W Allen, L/W Embury, Ruth Poole, Jean Opinko, Mary Martin, Margaret Lee, Norah Holmes, Rosalie Churchill, Audrey Gray, Gladys Stevens, and Sara Hobbs--and not so far afield, to "Shelburne"--Elsie Russell, Mary Whiteway, Lorraine Pigeon, and Helen Cahill.



The smell of paint has been very evident in the Wren's Quarters of late. The Petty Officers (numbering eight with the recent advancement of Ruth Bunting) now sport a cabin done in palest green--very feminine looking, and most attractive. The Recreation Room came in for its share of attention too. In addition to being newly "painted out", it now sports a Coffee Bar, complete with Silex Coffee makers--which will feature soon, we hope, "Non-Pusser" Coffee!

All of King's personnel turn out these nights to skate on our rink to the strains of well-loved waltzes, piped outdoors via our P.A. system. Unfortunately, the rink is also the Mecca of all the small fry in the neighborhood, who dart about with utter disregard for life or limb (their's or others') drumming up business for our

Sick Bay Tiffies. S.B.A.'s Carruthers and Campbell have laid in an extensive stock of bandages and liniment!

Speaking of Sick Bay--they're turning out sun-tanned Wrens by appointment....with the help of their Ultra-Violet Ray Lamp. Over-anxious Wrens who hoped to achieve beauty overnight disregarded the cautious warnings of the S.B.A.'s "in that they did stay submerged for more than 20 seconds"--and a crop of peeling noses and flaming cheeks resulted. All fooling aside, we all feel that the Sun-Ray treatments do help to build up the strength of many Wrens who get very little of the all-too-infrequent N.S. sunshine.

A mixed-entertainment committee has recently been formed, comprised of Wrens and Ratings--and minutes of the first few meetings show that future days at Kings will be anything but dull. The boys and girls have already sponsored one highly successful January dance--and a Valentine dance is already planned. Convalescent patients in Sick Bay these days may be seen cutting out hearts (assorted sizes) and Cupid's arrows. Goodbye for now!

Shellurnae

Perhaps our biggest item of news since we last wrote, was the opening of our own mess hall and galley in part of our Recreation Hall. We all feel very proud of our smart little mess with its cozy atmosphere, and the grand meals, served up by L/Wrens Georgie O'Donnell, Laura Henriksson and Wren Eunice Gagnon may be disastrous to our figures but we just love it.

Three new Regulating Wrens have arrived in the past three months: L/Wren Jean Tweed, L/Wren Margaret Garvie and L/Wren Grace Priestley. Of interest to us all was the rating up of R.P.O. Daisy Willcock, our one and only Petty Officer.

Even if it's a bit late, we'd like to tell you that maybe we started something when we held a Birthday Party for all our Wrens born in December. It was loads of fun and we enjoyed it as much as the recipients did.

Shortly after the New Year our family was split up as a group of S.B.A.'s and W.R.A.'s stuffed kit bags and suitcases one morning and moved to new quarters in what was once C.W.A.C. Barracks here. Walls were repainted and floors scraped to make an attractive Block for the girls.

Our little family has grown to be quite a large one and many of the old timers have new posts. We were sorry to bid farewell to L/Wren Goldie Harrad drafted to "Peregrine", L/Wren Everill Tanner and Wren Therese Guite to "Stadacona", and Wrens Millie Brewer and Louise Barton for Overseas service.

Westphal House



From all the Wrens at Westphal to all the Wrens everywhere, Greetings! and the compliments of the Season. Better late than never.

Sports are still playing a prominent part in our activities at Westphal and although our Bowling League Season is over we are continuing our Thursday night sessions at St. Paul's Recreation Hall with ping-pong, badminton, and basketball as a few of the attractions. Ice-skating has also become quite an interest among some of winter-loving Wrens, and on a Wednesday night they leave for the rink, enthusiasm written all over their faces. When they return, however, they are not quite so chipper! A sleigh ride party is next on our recreation bill of fare, so we're anticipating an exciting time.

To the Wrens who have left us for other parts of the Dominion and Overseas our very best wishes for your continued success and happiness go with you; and to the new additions of our happy family we welcome you and hope that your stay with us will be a long and happy one. We have several new "hookies" in our midst now too--Congratulations to you all and keep up the good work.

L/Wren Lucy Snow's third finger left hand is now handsomely decked with a lovely diamond. Flying Officer "Bill" Trow is the lucky man....Our very best wishes to you both.

Holwood Happenings



An overnight keenness for sports has developed amongst the Wrens at "York". They whip into shorts at lunch hour and bat a "bird" across the badminton courts, or play around with a basketball. Wrens Thelma Watters, Dot Sullivan, Lil Thomas, Beth Greenhalgh, and "Stevie" Stephenson are getting lots of training for the future Olympic Sports. Our basketball team has been putting up some real competition for the CWAC's and WD's. All our Inter-

Service games have been victorious so far, and it looks plenty tough for any challengers. We're proud of our basketball team!

Christie Street Hospital is getting more than its share of Wrens this month. Norma Duckworth, Marion Chalk-Newman, Lorraine Woodland, Laura Eagles, Flora McDonald, and Mary Glynnie are keeping the hospital lively.

Much handicraft progress has been made in the past two months. We've moved forward from the "change-purse" stage to much bigger projects. L/Wrens Decker and Shirley McNeill have tackled handbags, (in the \$15.00 price list, downtown) and Peggy Coates finished off a writing case with considerable dexterity. Kay Willisroft, Thelma Watters, Ruth Hawke and all the other enthusiastic Wrens are proud and pleased with their bedroom slippers, and never pass up an opportunity to show them off. Our blue-braided fans, Lieut. Dorothy Doyle and S/Lt. Maureen Kennedy are progressing cheerfully on suede draw-bags. We are all grateful to Capt. Hutchison. He has presented a new interest to us; we enjoy his wit, admire his skill, and attempt to copy his style.

L/Wren Helen Chrysler has left Holwood House and, by now, will be settling down to a winter in Winnipeg.

Congratulations are in order for P/O Phemia Gardiner and P/O Alice Dearling, who both received their "buttons" recently. To our satisfaction both sets of "Buttons" have been thoroughly initiated, and they can now consider themselves salty Petty Officers.



RATING UP -- A new glow pervades Wallis House these days. Launching out into the New Year with "Buttons" are Petty Officers Condy, Davis, Laing, Stuart and Shortt, and "up hooks" apply to: L/Wrens Anderson, Barber, Fath, Grundy, Hutchins, Manuel, Marshall, Sharp, Stanger, Trivett, and Watson.

EXAMS -- Latest buzz is that Reg. L/Wrens Muff, Hall and Tuck, successfully passed their R.P.O. examinations. Good going gals. May the same success attend all who sit the February tests.

PETAWAWA MEET -- An exciting coming event is the Inter-Service Sports Meet at Petawawa on the 17th and 18th of February. Six skiers, six skaters and eight bowlers from "Bytown" have entered. Bowling is being practiced assiduously, skating likewise and "SLALOM" practice on Dome Hill is the Sunday objective of others. All the Wren winners in the next issue.

42

BASKETBALL -- Our team goes on from strength to strength. The second half of the season is now under way. Scores so far are: Jan.10, WRENS 39 - No. 48 Coy.CWAC 1; Jan.17, WRENS 20 - Uplands 24; Jan.31, WRENS 32 - No. 12 Coy.CWAC 9. Keep it up Gals. and congratulations Coach "Tip" Bertram.

BYTOWN DANCE -- Eighty Wrens of Divisions 4 and 5 at Bytown supplied the beauty; 175 men of the three Services provided the chivalry; the RCMP orchestra provided the music, and the Active Service Club provided the setting for a most enjoyable party on the 8th of January. With a stag line of nearly 100 men, who could complain? Refreshments and arrangements were in the capable hands of P/O Brent and L/W Cuff, who did a splendid job, ably assisted by L/W Gree. Lieut. Crawford-Smith and Lieut. Tunks, our Divisional Officers, were on hand to help make the evening perfect.



Manned by Lieut. K. Peacock, WRCNS Division I, HMCS "Bytown", undertook the adoption of some salty orphans--namely the crew of HMCS "Snowberry", sending them little boxes and at Christmas a new stock of music records.

The boys in turn did their share. A picture of the crew was sent to "Bytown Division I" and the girls had their choice of correspondents. Letters are flitting back and forth and now when mail arrives, unhappy is the boy who doesn't receive a letter from one of the girls. To quote the Commanding Officer of the "Snowberry", J.A. Dunn, "The pen-pal idea is finding more followers every mail. It makes quite a difference because the general spirit seems to vary with the postman's load. Many thanks again to our official cheering section."

So you see there are ways and means of keeping the boys happy and Lieut. Peacock and her crew get many thanks for their thoughtfulness. This is just one example of the good work being done under the Divisional Officer system.

Chippawa



ousing cheers for the beautiful Christmas cover of the "Tiddley"! Our only regret is that HMCS "Chippawa" was not on time to be included in such a special number. Even now, our contribution is smaller than we would like, the reason being that our correspondent, L/Wren Edna Jones, is recuperating in Deer Lodge Hospital.

We have had quite a number of new Wrens since we last wrote: Mary L. Murphy, Clara Burke, R.P.O. Doris Robinson--now keeping correspondent Jones company in the hospital--L/Wren D. Gifford, S.A. Martin. J.P. Corbett is replacing Olive Ward, who has been lucky enough to be drafted to Washington, D.C. Margaret Bell has gone to St. Hyacinthe; P.O. Carter to Halifax, and Wren Joyce Plenderleith to Montreal.

By the time this edition of the "Tiddley" rolls off the press we will have had our Tally Ho! party. We'll tell you all about it later. All we know now is that our menu is going to be mouth-watering: Onion soup with cheese (French style); Baked Beans (Canadian style); Hot dogs and coffee (Wren style). The decor is definitely early French.



We are all thrilled with our Unit Officer, Lieut. M. Hazelwood. If there's anything to be got for the Wrens, she GETS it. Though she has only been with us a few months, we think she is "Tops".

Lieut. Adams, our S.S.O., has certainly made Wednesday afternoon popular. Come 3 o'clock, you can see Wrens, Ratings, and Officers, bowling, skating, swimming and playing badminton.

To-night is our regular once-a-month dance and, as usual, we'll have male and female personnel from the three services. Our own HMCS "Chippawa" dance band will supply the music and when we say that, we mean we are having the best music in Canada!

News from Nonsuch

Greetings from Nonsuch at the beginning of another year! We hope it will be the last one of war.

One of our favourites, Wren Ila Campbell was fortunate in receiving a much coveted Niobe draft. We miss you very much Ila and are hoping to see you over there some day in the not too distant future.

At a hockey game held recently, the Officers, Chiefs, Leading Hands and Wrens were defeated by the Seamen and Stokers, score 3-2.

The two hockey-playing wrens, Bella Ross and Ruth Kidd, played as one man replacing Lieut. McBurney. The opposing team politely stepped aside when the girls got near the puck. Since Bella's game is tennis, and Ruth takes to swimming, the spectators saw some amazing new plays. Needless to say, the Wrens didn't score any goals.

We have been stepping out a bit lately. Last week we all attended Richard Crooks performance. It left us feeling like bobby sockers with Sinatra. This week Zazu Pitts, in person, thrilled us with her Ramshackle Inn.

Royal Roads

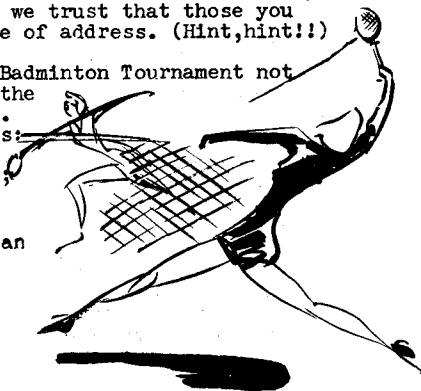


With the New Year came new faces. We have had quite a turn-over here since last you heard from us. Have waved au revoir to L/W Lucille M. Gannon and L/W Marybelle Gray who have gone to "Kings". L/W Pauline "Archie" Archibald and P.O. Romona "Parkie" Parkin have taken a cross country hop that ended up at Cornwallis. Wren Dot Campbell and L/W Shirley Savage are snowed in at "York" and Wrens Thelma Baker and Suzanne Jackson have joined the clan at Niobe. Caught in a draft too was L/W Jessie Stokes whose P.O. came through just two hours before she departed for Avalon. Congratulations Jessie!! Congratulations are also in order for Esther Elford and Thelma "Muggsy" McInnis, who are both carrying the added weight of a hook now.

Recent arrivals to our crow's nest atop the castle are P.O. Florence Ayres, L/W Anna Allan, L/W Esther Elford, Wrens Alice Sewell, Dorothy Lee, Joyce Raffle, Ivie Bourne, Violet Dougherty and Doris Davies--and back again, after a few months at "Givenchy" Wren Grace MacDonald. Welcome Gals and we trust that those you left behind will please note your change of address. (Hint, hint!!)

We had an Inter-Service (Women's) Badminton Tournament not long ago. A lot of fun and well worth the stiff limbs we had for three days after. The scores: WRNS "Royal Roads" - 4 games; RCAF (W.D.) "Patricia Bay" - 4 games; RCAF (W.D.) "Kildonian House" - 3 games; CWAC "Work Point Barracks" - 3 games; WRNS "Moresby House" - 2 games.

That seems to be all the news we can scrape together for this issue and so from the Gaba Gaba Girls Fraternity of the Royal Canadian Naval College-- the



gals who have turned the well-known "silent service" into just plain "service"--we bid you au revoir.

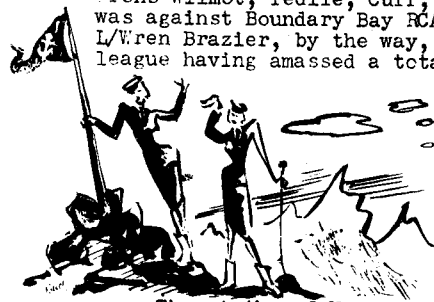
Jericho Jeannies



Leading Wren (Pug) Hunter, despatcher of the Jericho M/T Division, found the garage quarters brightened by five new arrivals fresh from training at Cornwallis when she arrived back from leave. The newcomers are Wrens June Cuff, Peggy Edwards, Ruby Evans, and the Short twins, Winona and Wilma, known respectively as Nonnie and Billie. For the first week the pretty twins had the guards at the gate going in circles. They could not figure out how a certain M/T Wren could be in so many places in so "short" (pardon the pun) a time. They were relieved to learn there were twins aboard.

Another new arrival was Jocelyn Scott who came to Jericho on January 21st from St. Hyacinthe.

The Wren's basketball team is making a very good showing in the Vancouver Inter-Service Basketball League, having won three of their last five games in the first half of the schedule. Under the fine coaching ability of Writer Don Carlisle of HMCS "Burrard" whose interest went as far as the purchasing of sweaters for his players, the girls are really going strong. Team members include L/Wrens Henry (Captain) Hunter, Brazier, Hutton, Kinnaird and Wrens Wilmot, Tedlie, Cuff, Short and Short. Their latest victory was against Boundary Bay RCAF W.D.'s, winning by a score of 26-12. L/Wren Brazier, by the way, is leading the scoring parade for the league having amassed a total of 72 points in 7 games.



L/Wrens Hunter and Hutton and Wrens Wilmot and Cora Smith tasted the perils and pleasures of mountain climbing one week-end this month and are willing to pass on the 'does' and 'don'ts' to anyone interested in this particular pastime. Their story makes good listening for anyone who would like to write the above-mentioned quartette.

The strike of Vancouver street car men did not interfere with the Wrens enjoying their evenings off. The M/T section ran a Wren express nightly which transported the girls downtown at 7 p.m. and had them safely back in quarters at midnight. Wren (Ozzie) Osborne did not lose any time as jive queen down at the United Service Centre.

Wren Doreen Tyacke, was welcomed back after undergoing an appendix operation at Shaughnessy Hospital but Jericho will miss Wren Spiers who is now laid up at the R.C.N. Hospital at Naden.

Letters were read with interest from Wrens Holden, Arsenault, Skelton, and Orser, who went overseas from this unit, containing expressions of thanks for Christmas parcels as well as interesting and entertaining accounts of their life across the pond.

Climbing up the ladder to Leading Wrens were Messwomen Mary Trodden, Pauline Mitzel, Gwen Middleton; classifiers, Olga Holowaty and Bernice Lloyd; writer, Doreen Tyacke, who appeared before the Captain for their rating up ceremony this month.

This about does it from Jericho this month, cheerio!

Givenchy

MORESBY HOUSE ONE

The Central Canteen Committee of HMCS "Givenchy" sponsored a gala dance at the Crystal Gardens where excellent music was provided in the upper ballroom by the RCN Orchestra and Lt. Rutherford's Orchestra provided the music on the lower deck. It was of particular interest to Wrens since our own Clare Lindsay provides the "hot licks" on the piano for the Givenchy Band.

Something very novel and thrilling was presented to us recently--an invitation from one of the ships to come on board for a show presented by the Ship's Company and a general tour of the ship, after which we enjoyed a lovely Tea. We reciprocated by inviting the lads to our quarters the following week to a show followed by dancing and supper.

It is impossible to list the in and out drafts since they have come through so fast, but we do miss the girls who have left and extend a hearty welcome to our newcomers. Our very best wishes go to R.P.O. Margaret "Jimmie" James and Peggy Harmon, Librarian, who have left for O.T.C. We sincerely hope that they will be back with us after receiving their new stripes.

Dan Cupid has been having a field day here. Kay McFerran, Gwen Lisson, Mary Young, Peggy Harmon, Pat Neilson, and Merle Took are heading for wedded bliss, proudly displaying gorgeous diamonds on the third-finger-left-hand.

TRADE WINDS FROM MORESBY TWO (ESQUIMALT)

Greetings to everybody from a newcomer to these pages! Although we exist formally as a subsidiary of Moresby One, we have an exuberant and rapidly developing personality of our own. "Staff House" (as we are also called) was opened the middle of September and has been gradually filling up with the overflow from "Moresby One" and new arrivals to Givenchy or Naden. We also house a sprinkling of Officers, Lieut. Briscoe, Asst. Unit Officer, Sub-Lieut. Peacock, who looks after our Quarters, Sub-Lieut. Hughes, Librarian, Lieut. Bruce and Lieut. Robinson, Special Branch, and a recent arrival, Pay Sub-Lieut. McLoughlin.

Seven of our Wrens received well-deserved and welcome hooks for Christmas: Wrens A.F. Cowie, Postal Clerk, Jean Kinnin, W/T, M. Timmins, writer, and four members of the photography staff Isabel Cox, M.L. McConnell, I.P. Newall, and F. Paterson.

Departures from our numbers include Dorothy Martin for Chippawa, Alice Sewell and Esther Elford for Royal Roads. Germaine Perry has arrived from Hochelaga and Kay Ardagh has had the unique distinction of being drafted from Fort Ramsay to Naden and back again within six weeks.

In the department of Drafts and Promotions--R.P.O. Margaret James has departed for O.T.C. Everyone will miss her, but we are all glad this well-deserved advancement has come her way.

Early in January a large group of Wrens had the good fortune to be invited on board a visiting ship for a concert put on by the Ship's Company, and a buffet supper afterwards. Everyone had a marvelous time, and even if the ship didn't actually put to sea, the girls felt that they were quite the old salts--since they were at least on board.

Flash! We were just about to weigh anchor and set sail for press when a signal came through that P.O. Jardine, W/T, has been rated as a C.P.O. She is the sixth Chief in the Wrens and the first on the Pacific Coast--a signal honour indeed. Congratulations from everybody, Chief Jardine!

A Peek at Prince Rupert



Don't tell us about the frozen north! For a while some of us thought that we were back in "Canada", instead of on our North Pacific Isle. However, despite the snow, and cold weather, the gentle scent of fish oil wafting from the jetties, soon brought us back to reality and Rupert. There has been so much excitement at Luskeag Manor, this past month, that most of we northern birdies are beginning to get that "I've been up for ever look" (watchkeepers will know what we mean).

Not only did we have Christmas and the New Year to celebrate but three completely Naval weddings. Our lovely fo'c'sle was made even more attractive by the fir boughs which our "brothers in arms" collected for us, and guards of honor and candlelight helped to make it all the more solemn and romantic.

Proud new "hookies" in our midst are Ldg. Sigs. Daphne Evans and Ethel Bennett; Ldg. Writers Jean A. Bastedo and Cisely Reid; Ldg. S.A. Rena Down.

The Manor is flooded with new arrivals lately too. During the past month or so we have welcomed, to our mirey midst, sixteen new sigs., namely, L/Wrens Daphne Evans and Ethel Bennett and Wrens Corrine Smith, Laurel Bell, Elizabeth "Biddy" Drew-Brook, Natalie Marten, Marjorie Mapp, Marion Smith, Nancy Marlow, Anne Rowland, Bernice Burley, Peggy Mathie, Mae Farrell, Elizabeth Wickham, Betty Roberts and Marion Roberts. York's loss and our gain is our new R.P.O. Eleanor Olaveson. Stadacona sent us Ldg. Messwoman A.F. Mirva; Conestoga--Messwoman Betty Cearley; Ottawa--Wren Cook Mary Gardner; Cornwallis--Ldg. SBO Frances Allen.

Drafts however, are few and far between: We were very sorry to lose RPO Linda Adams for she was one of the first Wrens ever to come to the manor. We hope that "Peregrine" will be good to her. Wren Writer Marjorie McKeag left us for Washington a few days ago and Wren Messenger Daisy Boam departed for "Protector". New Niobiettes, are Wren S.A. Lucy Cox, L/Wren Wtr. Doris Griffiths and Wren Messenger Julia Cartier--much envy and luck to all of them--Comparison of the goings and comings certainly shows just how completely the Wrens have taken over "Chatham".

Discovery

From "Discovery" we are glad to report of our overseas Wrens--although we are few in numbers compared to other ships we have a good representation in the Old Country. Letters have arrived from Wrens J. Doull and I. Clark, our two writers--also one from Wren O. Runyan S.B.A. A special word of tribute was whispered to us about you being very much missed by the hospital staff--Olive. Our greetings and best wishes to you all. Wren Vivian Crist has also left and by this time will have joined some of you in the Old Land. A letter reached us from Vivian written from the East Coast--so we are anxiously waiting news of her safe arrival overseas. Another good-bye we had to say was to Wren Joyce Whitney--Joyce has been drafted to "Queen". Last month three newcomers have come on board. Leading Wren M. Marshall from "Queen", Wren A. Gillespie from "Conestoga" and Wren Dorothy Murray from "Protector". Welcome girls to our happy Ship. Christmas is just a pleasant memory by now--we had a jolly time on board "Discovery" at our afternoon party with the Ship's Company. An entertaining programme was provided. The highlight of which was the magic and tricks displayed by our popular and congenial Padre Bailey. Later we girls had a get-together in our mess and each received a Christmas gift off our attractively decorated tree.

Before another publication of Tiddley Times we hope to have a glowing account of our newly formed shooting club. Lieutenant E. Fisher, our inimitable Unit Officer, and Wrens at "Discovery" are very enthusiastic in this new venture and hope to become so skilled in the art of shooting that we mean to join the opposite sex in hunting expeditions.



Had a pleasant visit and informal chat with Lieutenant Commander Graham of C.O.N.D., Toronto, recently.

Vancouver is all agog these days with the street car strike. The Navy has come to the rescue with station wagons and trucks, so it is a case of ---it takes a street car strike to make Vancouver folk feel akin.



Lieutenant Commander F. B. Watt, R.C.N.V.R., author of "Who Dare To Live" whose "Ballad", written especially for The Tiddley Times, appears on page 10.

MASTHEAD

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Discovery

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