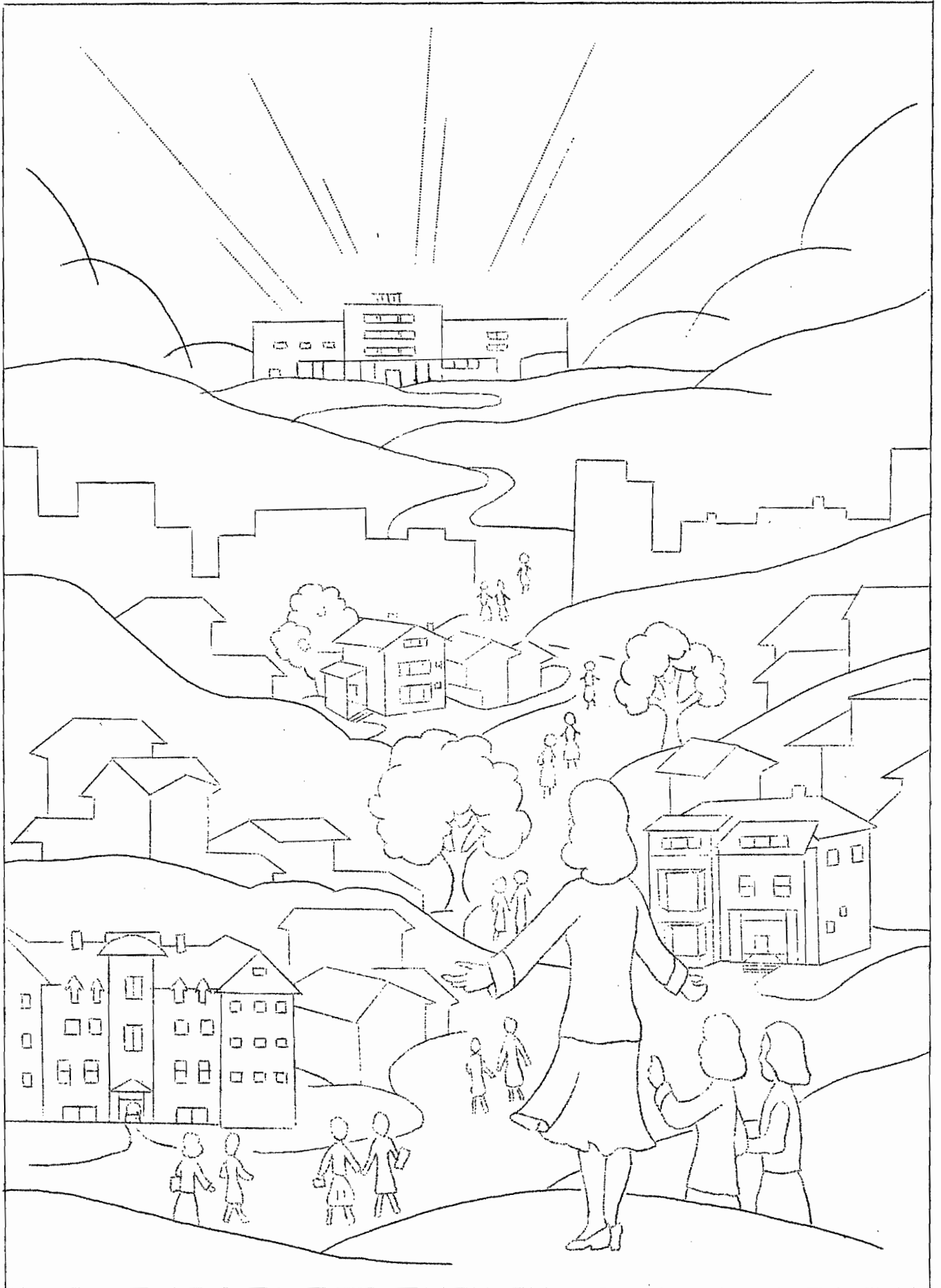


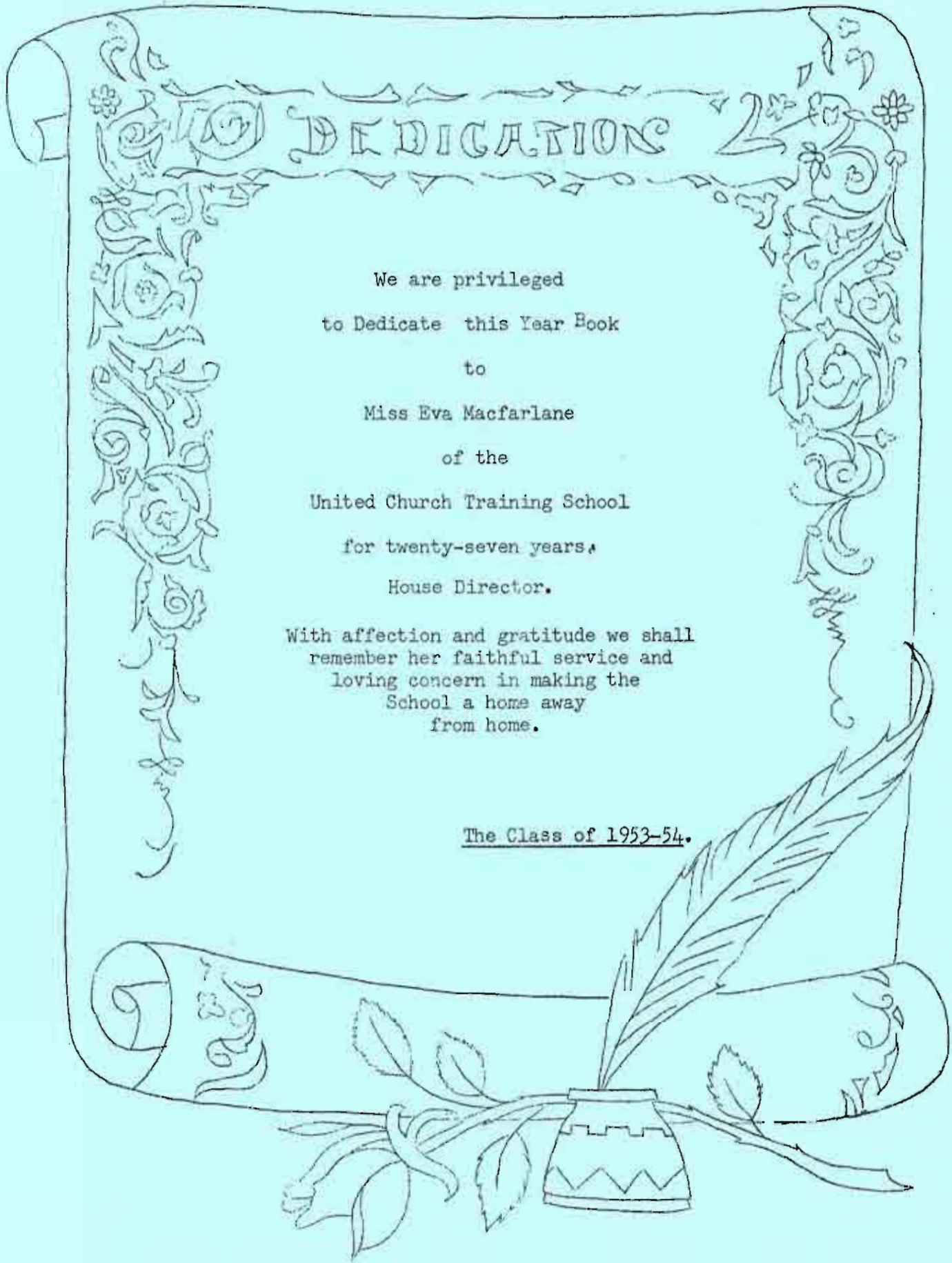


WANDERINGS

U.C.S.

1953-54



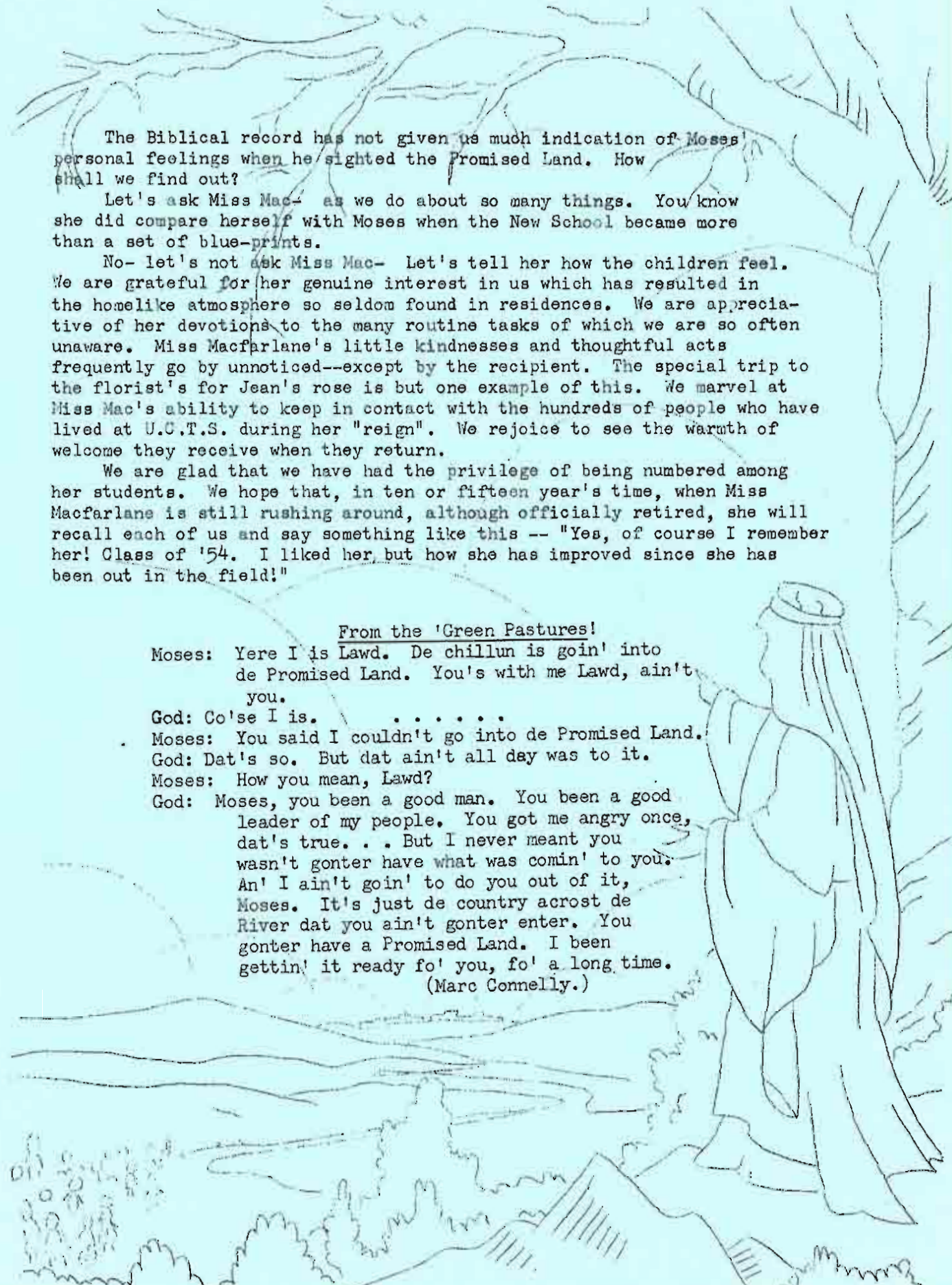


DEDICATION

We are privileged
to Dedicate this Year Book
to
Miss Eva Macfarlane
of the
United Church Training School
for twenty-seven years,
House Director.

With affection and gratitude we shall
remember her faithful service and
loving concern in making the
School a home away
from home.

The Class of 1953-54.



The Biblical record has not given us much indication of Moses' personal feelings when he sighted the Promised Land. How shall we find out?

Let's ask Miss Mac- as we do about so many things. You know she did compare herself with Moses when the New School became more than a set of blue-prints.

No- let's not ask Miss Mac- Let's tell her how the children feel. We are grateful for her genuine interest in us which has resulted in the homelike atmosphere so seldom found in residences. We are appreciative of her devotions to the many routine tasks of which we are so often unaware. Miss Macfarlane's little kindnesses and thoughtful acts frequently go by unnoticed--except by the recipient. The special trip to the florist's for Jean's rose is but one example of this. We marvel at Miss Mac's ability to keep in contact with the hundreds of people who have lived at U.C.T.S. during her "reign". We rejoice to see the warmth of welcome they receive when they return.

We are glad that we have had the privilege of being numbered among her students. We hope that, in ten or fifteen year's time, when Miss Macfarlane is still rushing around, although officially retired, she will recall each of us and say something like this -- "Yes, of course I remember her! Class of '54. I liked her but how she has improved since she has been out in the field!"

From the 'Green Pastures!

Moses: Yere I is Lawd. De chillun is goin' into de Promised Land. You's with me Lawd, ain't you.

God: Co'se I is.

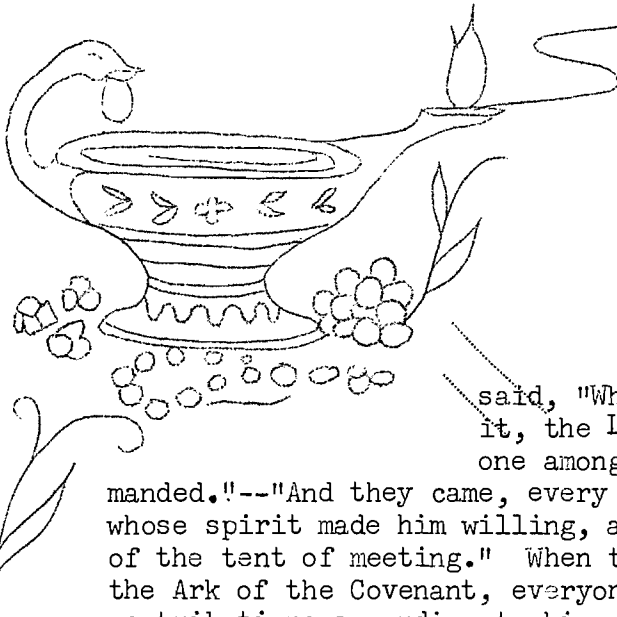
Moses: You said I couldn't go into de Promised Land.

God: Dat's so. But dat ain't all day was to it.

Moses: How you mean, Lawd?

God: Moses, you been a good man. You been a good leader of my people. You got me angry once, dat's true. . . . But I never meant you wasn't gonter have what was comin' to you. An' I ain't goin' to do you out of it, Moses. It's just de country acrost de River dat you ain't gonter enter. You gonter have a Promised Land. I been gettin' it ready fo' you, fo' a long time.

(Marc Connelly.)



There is a delightful account in the book of Exodus, chapter 35, concerning an incident which occurred shortly after the Children of Israel had escaped out of Egypt and were starting their long journey to the Promised Land. Under the guidance of Jehovah Moses realized that the Children of Israel needed a Tabernacle where they could worship, and which would represent His presence and guidance. Moses, therefore, made a speech. He

said, "Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, the Lord's offering.---And let every wise-hearted one among you come, and make all that the Lord commanded."--"And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up and every one whose spirit made him willing, and brought the Lord's offering, for the work of the tent of meeting." When the Children of Israel recognized the need for the Ark of the Covenant, everyone who was willing and wise-hearted brought contributions according to his ability, each from his own gifts and treasures. They gave with a sense of thankfulness for what God had done for them already, and with conviction as to what was necessary to the future. "And Moses gave commandment and they caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying, 'Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary.' So the people were restrained from bringing. For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much."

Because of the same willing, wise-hearted spirit we, too, are able to move towards another Promised Land. The women of the Church have brought their gifts of time, cooking, meal-serving, brick-selling, canvassing, organizing, giving, attending teas and speeches. Others in the Church, - men, C.G.I.T. groups, Young People's Unions, have brought their gifts of money and conviction. Graduates have brought their gifts of experience, speaking, preaching, suggestions, giving hard-earned money. Students have brought gifts of speaking, patience with distraught staff, stamp-licking, talking to dinner-guests, addressing envelopes. All these have brought so much that perhaps the time will come when they will be told they have brought enough and too much for the new School, - but not yet! To this spirit of willing, wise-hearted giving we who come so close to the Promised Land contribute, and are heirs.

In the journey in the wilderness of St. George Street and Bedford Road, as in the other wilderness so long ago, God seems to have led the long way around to the Promised Land, perhaps, as in the other case, in order to make us strong enough to meet new circumstances and new adversaries. She who leaves the Children of Israel right at the entrance to the Promised Land has contributed in so many ways, - not only in the last few years of campaigning, but during the whole long journey. She has planned and served an endless number of dinners to special guests, afternoon teas to some committees, coffee to others. She has always seen that the residences were homelike and friendly, with her characteristic touch of flowers or blooming plants. But even more, she has given of herself and her deep concern for each succeeding generation of Children of Israel. Without her experienced hand we cannot tell what form the milk and honey of the Promised Land will take, but we hope she will come and taste it with us!

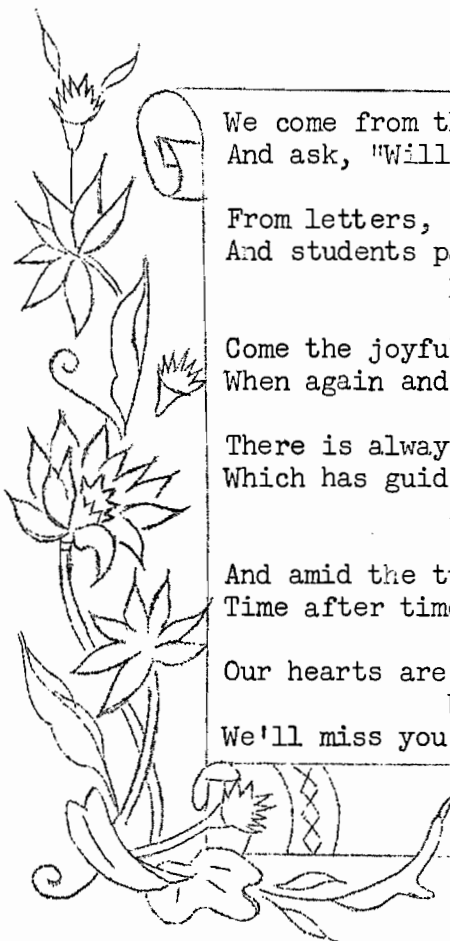
Parallels to the Bible carry so far and no farther. There seems no

parallel for one who leads almost, but not quite, up to the Promised Land, and then changes role and enters in a different guise, and, theoretically, at a more leisurely pace. While she was leading the way she too was bringing her gifts, -- gifts of memos, and memoranda, speeches, committee meetings, articles, telephone conversations, committee meetings, teaching classes, considering architect's plans, committee meetings, canned salmon for dinner, speeches. Under her leadership the location of the Promised Land was determined, the ground was taken from its occupants, strategy was outlined, wise plans and policies were made, and much was done to make the new Land fit for its new occupants, - and the new occupants fit for the Promised Land.

To the willing, wise-hearted gifts of these two women we also are heirs. We are indeed part of a goodly company of people, here, throughout Canada, and across the seas, who have given of their possessions and their very selves. They, as of old, have given out of a thankful heart for all God has done for them, and for His Church, through the professional women who serve the Church. They have given out of conviction that God has yet greater work to be done in the future and the way must be prepared to do that work.

The class of 1953-54 will go down in history as the generation which came, at last, to the edge of the Promised Land. Some of them, like Miss Macfarlane, will stay behind except for occasional forays into the new territory, while others will enter to live there awhile. The class will be remembered for the particular gifts you have brought, - gifts of willing hearts and gay spirits, sincerity of purpose and deep concern for others, of laughter, and music even before breakfast! cooperation and responsibility, as well as essays, speeches, telephone duty, and assignments. You quite fittingly belong to the company of willing, wise-hearted people who have brought so much for the building of this new tabernacle of the Lord.

Harriet Christie



We come from that part of the wilderness where there's lots of activity too;
And ask, "Will you kindly bear with us while we attempt an "office-eye-view?"

From letters, stencils, minutes, and books to agendas, meetings and teas
And students pausing to call from their nooks, "Hello! Will you sign me out
please?";

Come the joyful, happy rewarding days and quite satisfying too,
When again and again our family portrays thoughtfulness in all that they do.

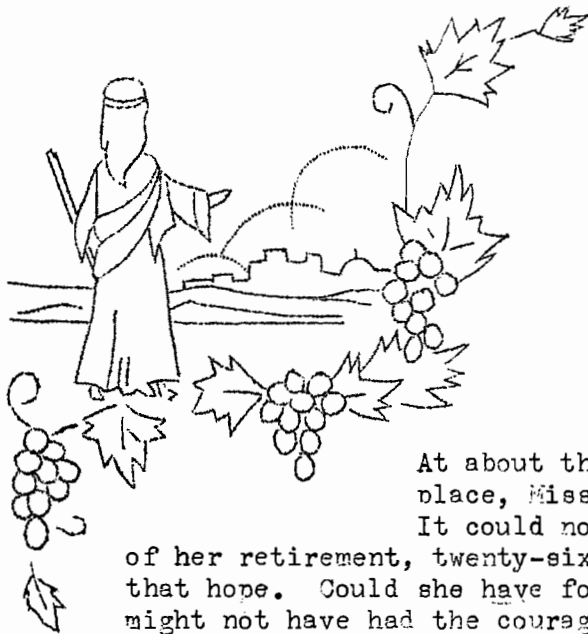
There is always a willing, helping hand even before our "S.O.S."
Which has guided our footsteps "through the sand" and made any "burden" weigh
less.

And amid the turmoil and rush of life, when all seemed upside down,
Time after time Miss Mac's good advice returned our feet to the ground.

Our hearts are filled with sadness and joy as we say, "Miss Mac, you've
been grand!

We'll miss you, but wish you heartfelt joy as we enter the Promised Land.

Bessie Lane



There is an interesting resolution in minutes of the Board of Management of the School, dated February 13, 1928, which reads: "It was moved by Dr. McLaughlin, seconded by Mr. Fitzpatrick, and agreed: that the Board of Management of the United Church Training School approve of the recommendation of its committee that the University and.... this Board bring to the attention of the Board of Regents...the hope that...the Board will give some consideration in making their future plans to the possible need of the Training School for location near the women's residences."

At about the same time as these consultations were taking place, Miss Eva Macfarlane joined the staff of the school. It could not have occurred to her that not until the time of her retirement, twenty-six years later, would she see the fulfilment of that hope. Could she have foreseen all the events of the years between she might not have had the courage to remain on the staff!! But at last she can rejoice in the new era opening before the School, an era for which she has done and given so much in preparation of the way. Her interest, her courage, her character and high standards have been recognized and appreciated with deep gratitude by now some hundreds of women whose work has taken them to the four corners of the earth. Indeed the fact of the new era is chiefly due to the quality of life and work of all those who, in past years, have been the school.

Bella Reid joined the staff two years after Miss Macfarlane, and these two women, with other loyal helpers, have worked together in a remarkable partnership for the comfort and welfare of the School. Devotion to duty is the hallmark of both these lives, and all who have been associated with them remember them with respect and affection.

Now a word to the Class of 1953-4: half of you are not to enter "the promised land"—for a little time at least. Surely, though, you will return for refresher courses; or to work for that new degree being offered by Victoria University; or as Board members of some Dominion Council of Church Women!" (Dare I express the hope that not too many will come in the last category?)

If the classes in succeeding generations achieve the high quality of life which has characterized the class of 1953-4, then from the promised land will flow rich resources to nourish the Church in this country and across the seas.

Jean M. Hutchinson





TMS

TORD OF JABOK

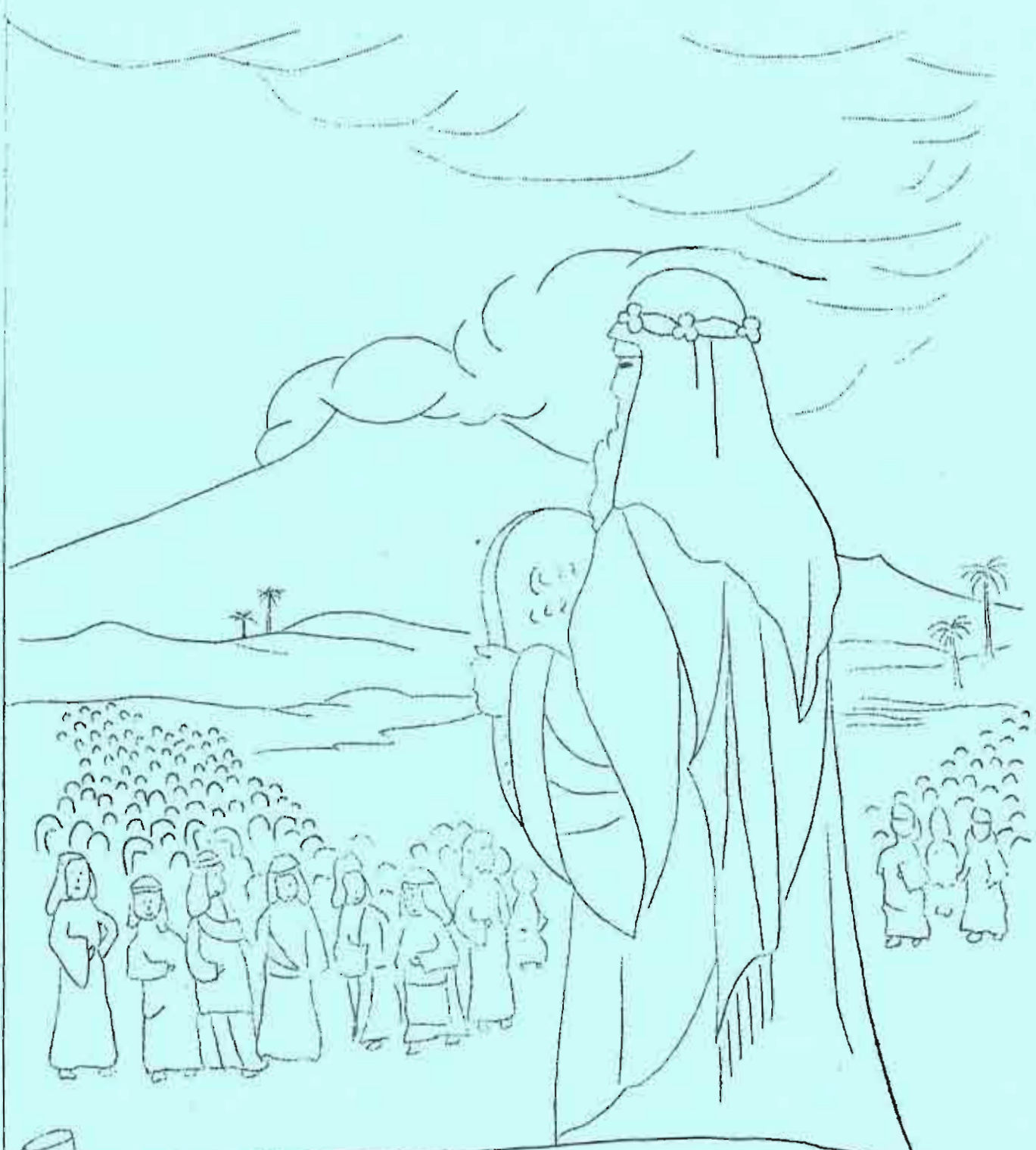
"There is an aspect of our prayer life that we can describe only as a kind of wrestling with the divine will for the mastery. To all of us come crises of struggle when through the long night there seems no relief. But we may comfort our hearts with the thought that in some mystic disguise it is the angel of God with whom we wrestle and that the weary hours of the night will end with the purple dawn when the shadows flee away."

This statement by F.C. Clarke will be read with understanding by any member of the U.C.T.S. community. Each one knows what it means to be caught in the midnight agony of the tussle that results when we are confronted by self-recognition and God's claims upon us. Some with tenacity of searching mind and struggling spirit have grappled with an angel who would begone with the threat of the dawn, just as Jacob's contester cried, "Let me go, for the day is breaking." And the tenacity has won the blessing - the benison of a knowledge of God's presence and a tiny glimpse of His great, great glory. The price is a crippling and a wounding of an old self, and the certainty that the angel will come again, as we win the right of wrestling with the Divine messenger. And with this inner baptismal cleansing we come into the community of the builders of the Kingdom.

And so through the years the vitality of the community flows on, the heritage of loyal hearts and dedicated minds carried in each group of fellow-students. A person who has been intimately a part of this continuity for more than a rich quarter century is Eva Macfarlane. She has been part and parcel of our heritage, spending herself in the obvious ways we all recognize, but giving the whole an undergirding and support that has meant details of time and thought which go into the framework that we take entirely for granted. For those of us who had our apprenticeship in the 'old school' up St. Clair way, her continued presence with the School has made us always look back on it as 'home'. A graduate of U. C.T.S. is always certain of warm welcome and personal interest when she comes back, be it for furlough or just a visit. What would we have done in our missions research this year if we had not had her memory of people and what they are doing now! On St. Patrick's Day it was my early lunch and as I munched away at the beautiful and tasty salad with its gay green jelly shamrock, I said, "This is a delicious meal!" "Yes," said Miss Macfarlane, "I thought it was a good idea. The students deserve a boost, and it's worth all the trouble." So there you have a philosophy which lifts the tedium of the preparation of three meals a day into the human focus of a real vocation. And because our House Director knows something of the struggle of the spirit as well as of the gaiety and graciousness of life, she has helped many of us over the rough places on the road and for all that she has meant to us and our fellows, may she too share richly in every benison of the spirit.

May God bless us all, and open to us new challenges and insights! May we be big enough for each time we come to the ford of the Jabok!

Katherine B. Lockman



Numbering of the Tribes

SECOND YEAR

MARGARET E. BROWN



From Triverton, that well known Ontario Metropolis to U.C.T.S. by way of Southampton and Leaside, where she taught school

Her constant correspondence

"Isn't that a bearcat !"

Christian Education in Lethbridge for the W.M.S.

How sweet and generous even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which man calls courtesy.

K. LOUISE COX.



Born in Morell, P.E.I. then moved to Charlottetown. Taught music after receiving L. of Music at McGill.

Passion for candy--

"Gosh !"

Way out west to Metropolitan Church, Edmonton

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

MRS. RUTH C. GLANVILLE,



Born in Hamilton, a graduate of McMaster. Worked in Y.W.C.A., R.C.A.F., and taught Physical Education in High Schools.

Can't you just hear her wash her face !

"Let's be positive."

Director of Christian Education in Robertson United Church, Edmonton.

"She who has most to do and is willing to work, will find the most time."

SARA E. HARRISON



Born in Moncton. Received her B.A. from Mount Allison and M.A. from U. of T. Taught school in Moncton, and Albert College, Belleville.

Remember those "peculiar" facial expressions

"Is there any spiritual value in it ."

"With the Deaconess Order in Montreal ."

"Good humour is goodness and wisdom combined."

SECOND YEAR

ENID M. HORNING



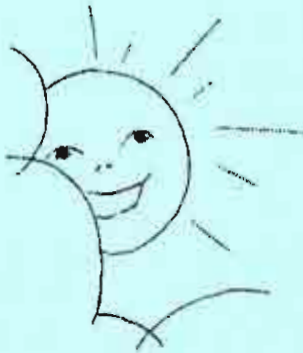
MRS. ESSIE B. JOHNSON

Her ain folk are in Scotland,
Through Hamilton Normal she came
McMaster is her Alma Mater
U.C.T.S. a step to fame.

Her Engineering ability !

"Well--"

Language study then teaching in Japan.
In things pertaining to enthusiasm no one is sane
who does not know to be insane on proper occasions



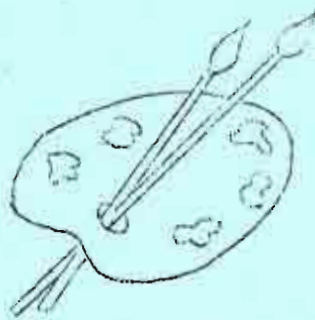
GLADYS E. JULIEN

Born in Yorkton, Sask. Attended Regina College and
graduated in matrimony.
Taught primary grades, led choirs and ate chocolates

Her head in Africa and her feet in Canada.

"Oh kid !"

"To you only God granted a heart ever new,
To all always open, to always true."



MARGARET L. KEE



Born in Wheatley, Ontario. Graduated from Western
University then taught High School

That parking problem--

Photography was her favorite pastime,
now it's wagsys

Christian Education?

A picture is a poem without words.

Born in Grande Mere, P.Q. moved to St. John N.B.
Graduated from Teacher's College in St. John.
Taught Elementary School

Who is the Erna Sack in Room ii?

"I think that's wonderful !"

Extension work in Prince Albert, Sask.

"No artist's work is so high, so noble, so good
so enduring, so important for all time as the
moulding of a child."

SECOND YEAR

MARGARET S.M. MARTIN



AUDREY P. M. McKIM



RUTH J. SCULAR



Our New Foundlander from Hickman's Harbor
After Teacher's Training at Memorial College
she taught elementary school.

Her study hideouts

"Oh-my-goodness"

Christian Education at Norway House

Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot
see the shadow.

Born in Toronto. Graduate from Ladies College,
Whitby and Victoria University.
Worked in the business world as a secretary.

We'll never forget her laugh—

"Blessings of you."

Christian Education in Toronto

A smile is a light in the window of the soul
Indicating the heart is home.

Born in Cuknife, Sask. Moved to North
Battleford, where she was
Employed as a clerk in the Royal Bank.

Any color as long as it's red

"Oh I don't know"

"The West"

A smile can be as lovely as a prayer
When there is love and understanding there.

No, for the zest of travel.
The wanderer's romance,
The joy of the unexpected,
The hope of the noble chance.
We have aired our feet with sandals,
We carry the pilgrim's load.
In the ranks of the Free Companions
We take to the open road.

Louis J. McMillan

SCHOLARSHIP

JULIA G. ANGUS



Born at Lynden, N.S. Trained at Prov. Normal, Truro
Employed for four years in Cambridge

The way she shows her agape !

GENISESEXODUSLEVITICUSNUMBERS--

Church extension in Edmonton.

Your innocence is on at such a ræckish angle,
It gives you quite an air of iniquity.

JOEN M. FREDERICK



Born in Windsor, attended Normal in London
Employed as a rural school marm

Cooling her soup--
mealtimes are so rushed !

"Spelled with an 'E' "

Robertson Memorial House, Winnipeg.

"I love wisdom more than she loves me."

JANE JOHNSTONE



From "The Island". Charlottetown is her town.
Received her B.A. at Dalhousie.

Leaving her shoes around--

"My soul"

Church extension in Toronto

A place above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

PAULINE TOPP



Hails from Brandon. Took teacher's training
at the Winnipeg Normal School.
Employed in McAuley for past two years

Her behaviour on a sleeping car.

"How do you get there?"

Chinese work in Vancouver

I like to work, it fascinates me.
I can sit back and look at it for hours.

NURSES

ETHEL M. CLINE



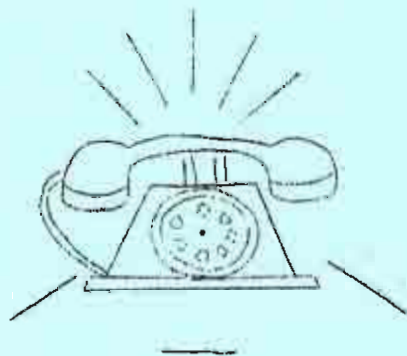
Born in Zelma Sask. Trained in St. Paul's School of Nursing, Saskatoon
Employed by Rosthern Union Hospital, Sask.

Renowned for her seven brothers !

Nursing at Eriksdale, Manitoba.

"The art of living is more like wrestling and dancing, in so far as it stands ready against the accidental and the unforeseen and not apt to fall.

NORMA M. M. DICK



Hails from Langley Prairie, B.C.
From U.B.C. she received her B.A. & B.S.N.
Trained at the Vancouver General Hospital.
Employed at T.G.H. for one year

Remember her laugh !

"It's fantastic !"

To teach at Archer Memorial Hospital
then on to Angola Africa

"And more than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care."

JEAN GALBRAITH



Born in Prince George at 59° below !
Trained in the Royal Jubilee, Victoria.
Employed by the Burnaby General Hospital

She's in love with the mountains.

"Hullo Enid"

She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed
a disposition,
She holds it a vice in her goodness not
to do more than she is requested.

GRACE T. GLENN



From Milestone, Sask. to Regina, where she
Graduated from Regina General. Later took
Public Health at U. of T.

"Will it be one year of two?"

"My word"

Changed over to the two year plan.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight
in all the paths of life.

NURSES

MARY K. MOON



Born in Grande Prairie, Alta., trained in Royal Alex. Edmonton
Employed- Medicine Hat General, and Alberta Red Cross
Sick Children's Hospital, Calgary.

That eyebrow !

As her dimples tacked her smile in place she enquired
"Anyone coming for a cup of coffee?"

To Portugal for language study then Angola, Africa

"Why should I disparage my parts by thinking?
None but dull rogues think."

CLARE E. MOORE



Born in the Stampede City and a graduate of the Calgary
General Hospital
Employed at the Central Alta. San. and Vancouver General

Losingspens.

"Oh you kids !"

W.M.S. hospital in Bonnyville, Alberta.

"It's better to wear out than to rust out."

JEAN E. SHEPPARD



Born in Peterboro, Grad of Peterboro General
Employed at Fergus after P.H.N. at U. of T.

Her "impediment" (Prof. MacMullen's prize abandon pupil)

"Oh boy !"

Nursing and Christian Education at Alberni, B.C.

The children, the children, are not in their beds,
They've travelled to faraway places--
They're free in the field with hats of their heads
And idiot grins on their faces.

HELEN I. STOCKTON



Born in Ayr Ontario. Graduate of Western Hospital
Employed- as a Clinical Supervisor at Western, after
a P.G. at U. of T.

"No I won't say it !"

"At this point"

Will be teaching in Angola, Africa

Her life was gentle and the elements
So mix'd in her that
Nature might stand up
And say to all the world
This was a woman.

FIRST YEAR

E. RUTH BEWELL



LOIS BOAST

A graduate from the University of Manitoba
Worked at the Sask. Hospital in Weyburn and
at the Y.W.C.A. in St. Thomas.

Reminiscing about Weyburn, right?

"Have you got everything, Lois?"

There's not a minute of our lives that
should stretch without some pleasure.



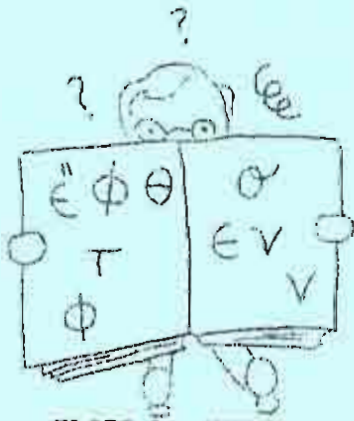
WINNIFRED M. BRIDGES

Born in Richmond, Quebec. Graduated from
Montreal General Hospital, and Bishop's College.
Practiced her linguistic and nursing abilities
with the V.O.N. in Montreal.

When philosophising she stimulates, and
When she's thinking she's in oblivion.

"Good eh?" (breathlessly)

Enthusiasm is the height of man,
It is the passing from the human to the divine.



ELSIE P. BUNNER

Was born in Edmonton, but claims Cedar Grove
as her home. Received a B.Sc. in Chemistry
from U. of A. and P.G. study in U. of M.
Employed as Chemist in Winnipeg General and
Dominion Food and Drug Dept.

"Anyone want a lift?"

Emmanuel for two years.

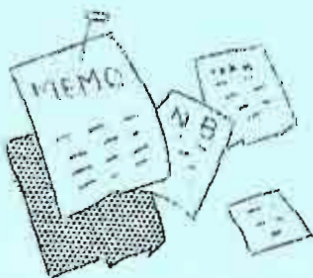
But for my own part, it was all Greek to me.

Migrated to Ontario from the U.S.A.
Took teachers' training in Toronto,
later practicing her art in Brindale and Timmins.

Frequently seen writing notes to herself

"Oh!!!"

Happiness is like sunshine:
It is made up of very little beams.



FIRST YEAR

A. MARGARET CREIGHTON

A prairie flower from Luseland Sask. before moving to Sardis B.C. Graduated from Vancouver Normal School.



Peculiarity- The gal with a paddy green toque intended for a Christmas gift for a six year old niece.

Busy cultivating a new and refined 'favorite expression' (see next year's year book)

Future- Next year's President!

A song will outlive all sermons in the memory.

JOAN CALDWELL

Another islander, but this time Vancouver Attended Vancouver Normal School and taught in her home town, Nanaimo.

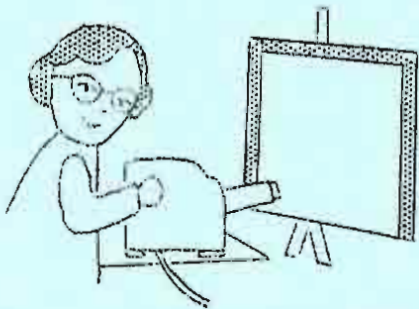


Her Scottish accent

"Are you ready? Well hurry !"

Modesty seldom resides a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

MRS. MARJORIE L. HANNAH



A Hamiltonian by birth. Took business training, did office work and then succumbed to matrimony.

All those Visual aids !

"Are you having fun?"

"Others may have a greater work
But you have your work to do
And no one in all God's heritage
Can do it as well as you.

GLORIA M. KILPATRICK



Another Maritimer from Amherst , who took secretarial training from the sisters at St. Charles Commercial School, before joining our sisterhood she added a cheerful note to an office staff.

Here's the girl with the Toni curl.

"Well, look !"

Such joy it is to hear her sing,
We fall in love with everything.

FIRST YEAR

AUDREY D. LAWRENCE



Began her career in Montreal
Was educated at Macdonald College,
School for teachers, then added a touch of
"red" to the Montreal Teaching Staff.

Her 'anxiety states' !

"You won't believe this but—"

She speaketh not, and yet there lies
a conversation in her eyes.

MARY ELLEN NETTLE



A Torontonion who graduated from Victoria Univ. last year.
This lucky lassie has already spent two summers on a
mission field in Quebec.

When things go wrong, it's -- "Oh Boulder !"

Famous as the "weaver" at the Danforth Hobby Show.

Candidate for the new Christian Education course.

My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night,
But oh, my foes, an' oh, my friends--
It gives a lovely light !

ALICE M.A. PHILLIP



"Paddy" comes from Vancouver, B.C.
After five months at the Skidgate Mission
she was a lay minister at Probisher, Sask.

Takes her afternoon tea, with or without
the saucer.

"Hello sunshine"

Honest labour bears a lovely face.

A. MARION POPE



Trained at Toronto Western and took
Public Health at the U. of T.
Since then she has been in the V.O.N.
at Brampton

Miss Efficiency plus..

"Golly!—"

Whatever is worth doing at all,
is worth doing well.

LENORE P. SHARPE



One of the alumni of Toronto Normal School, also of Toronto Bible College.

Writing letters to the West.

"Any mail for me?"

A minister's wife— in Africa perhaps.

She's one to laugh and talk and weep, but
best of all she likes to sleep.

OVERSEAS STUDENTS

WIN . GOODWIN



Received her M.A. from Indore Christian College.
At present she is studying for her B.S.W.

A different sari for every day.

"Glorious is India."

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

YUNG CHUNG KIM



Born in Hamheung, North Korea. She graduated from Ewha Woman's University, Seoul, just before the war. At present she is studying at the Graduate School U. of T. Dept. of History.

"Stick the neck out."

University teacher in Korea.

And that smile like sunshine darts
Into many sunless hearts.

DR. KEE HYUN KIM



Graduate from Woman's Medical College, Seoul. Served with Dr. Murray in the Dept. of Pediatrics of Severance Medical College before coming to Canada.

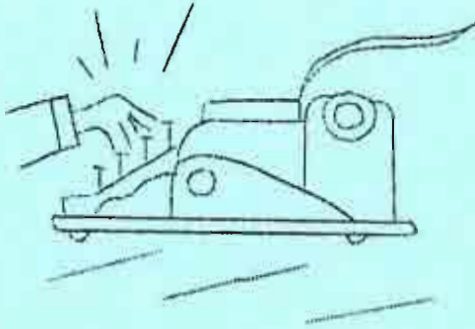
After curing the ills of the children at Sick Children's Hospital she will return to Korea where she will continue her work.

Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but a force to withstand.

OVERSEAS STUDENTS

YUNG SOOK KIM

Received her early education in North Korea
Graduated from the Dept. of Social Work, Ewha.



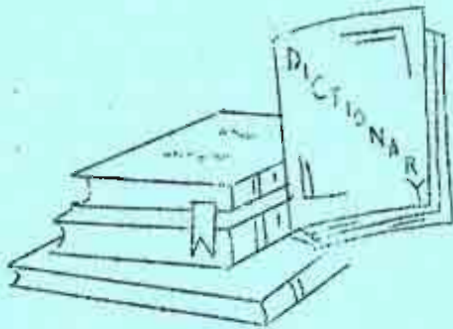
Promptness?

"I gotta work, I gotta work."

Returning to Ewha, where she will do further
practical work and some teaching.

A springy motion, in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flush'd her spirit.

PO HI PAK



Came to us in October from Korea. Since
graduation from Ewha she has been working
with orphaned children in Korea.

Studying and doing Social Work
assignments by the light of the silvery moon.

Family welfare and teaching in Korea.

Me thought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !

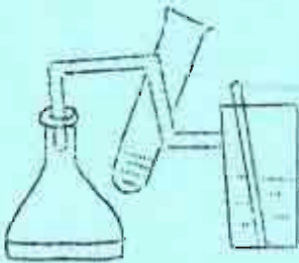
MI HEY RYU

W.M.S. scholarship student from Korea, taking
P.G. study in P.H. Nutrition, School of Hygiene.

Favorite commodity-- Midnight oil

Favorite co-workers-- The rodents

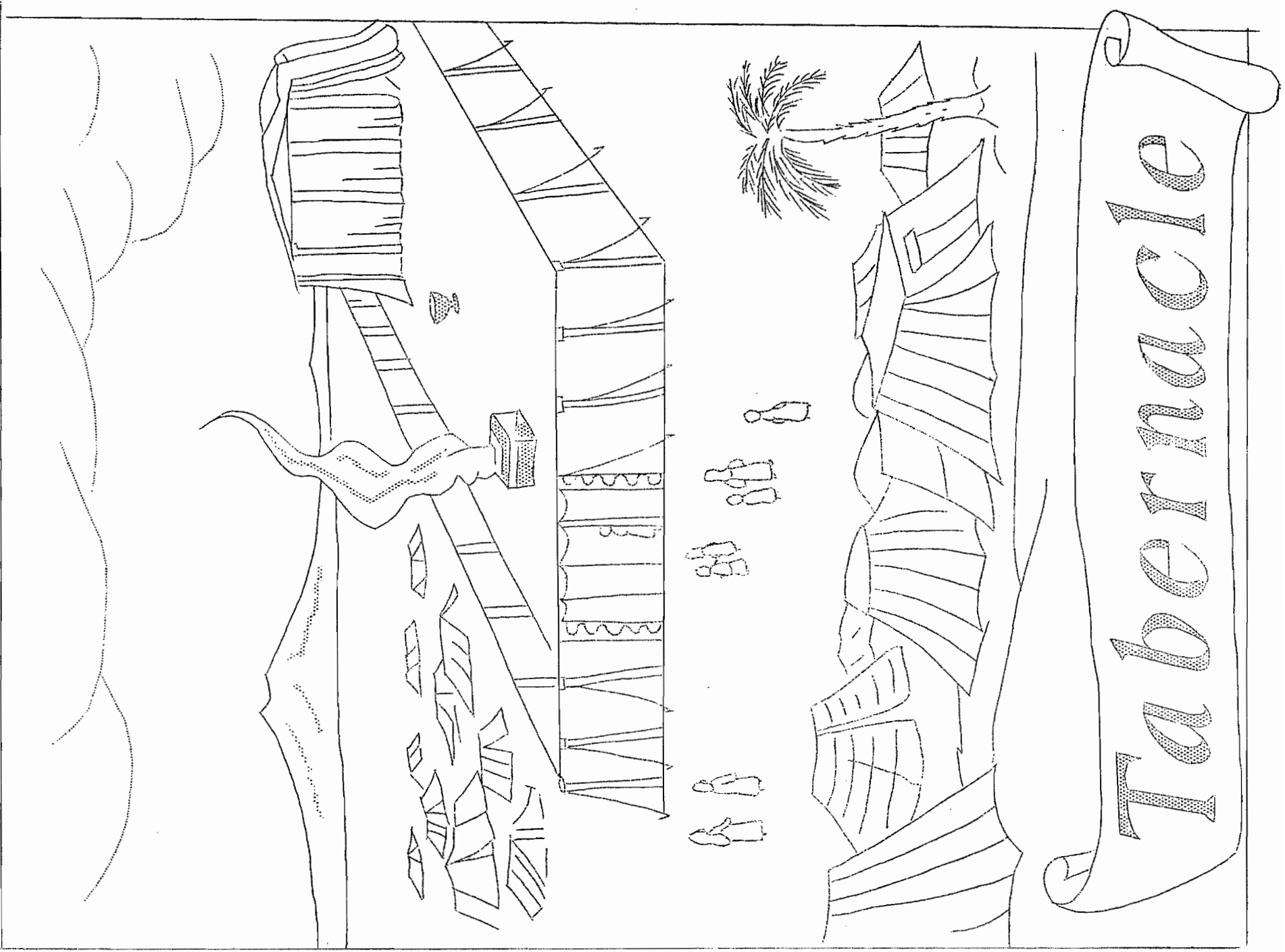
To drepriseme golden orb of song
Into our deep, dear silence.



I sing the song of a new dawn waking,
A new wind shaking the children of men.
I say the hearts that are nigh to breaking
Shall leap with gladness and live again.

Sing, O sing of a new world waking,
Sing of creation just begun
Lad is the earth when morn is breaking
Man is facing the rising sun.

Angela Morgan



Tabernacle

To write in retrospect of the happenings of a school year is not an easy task, lest one be swept away by thoughts which might become too sentimental or even meaningless.

"But if in your thoughts you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the other seasons. And let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing."
(The Prophet.)

This year book reflects in part the "seasons" of our school life together -- our seasons of gaiety and laughter, of sorrow and tribulation, of contemplation and seriousness, of concentration and hard work, of friendship and fellowship. Each one has had its various "moods" and we have been grateful for the understanding and kindness of the "elements" around us assisting when either calm or the gentle breeze of action was needed.

We are unable to put into words many of our deepest thoughts of the past and I will not attempt to crowd upon you any of my thoughts. We know, however, that as the seasons continue, our thoughts become sifted in the winds of time and that the best and the deepest are the ones that remain with us. The friendships we have formed as we have worked, played and worshipped together; the deepened insight in our understanding of our Christian faith and of preparation for carrying the good news to others -- surely these will be of the best and the deepest. If so, the past will be a remembrance of things that will lead to a future that can be faced with longing and with great expectations.

It would not be right to finish this without a special and most sincere word of gratitude to all the staff of U.C.T.S. Our debt to the household staff cannot be expressed adequately and we have appreciated their faithfulness and patience more than we can say. Especially, we would like to express to Bella Reid our best wishes as she completes twenty-five years of devoted service to the School. May there be many years of happiness ahead of her!

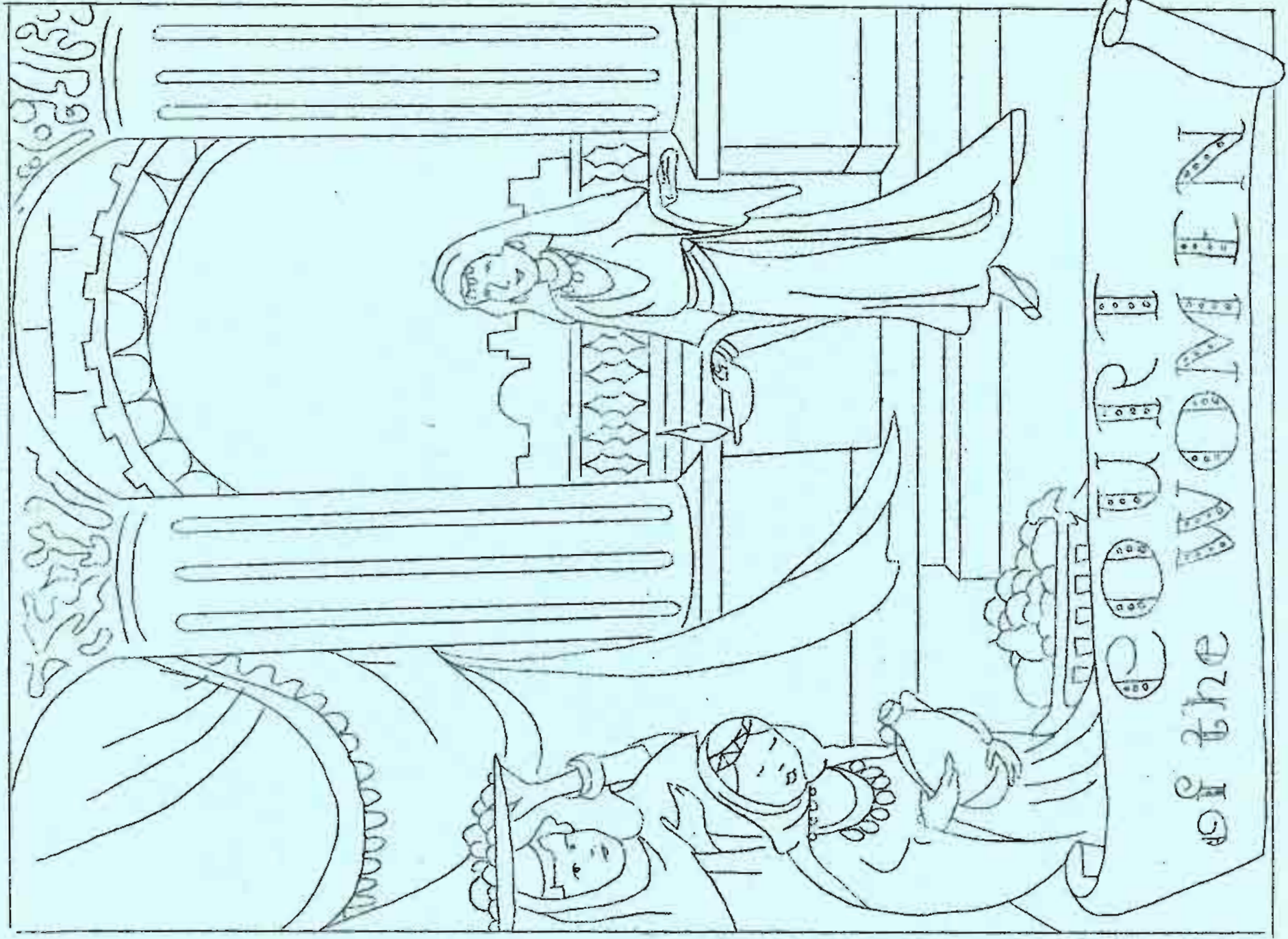
To Miss Macfarlane, I add only this, that "our second home" was made so, we know, by your "blood, sweat and tears" and may your well-earned rest be one of real joy and comfort to you, Miss Mac!

Miss Christie, Mrs. Hutchinson and Dr. Hockin -- our sincere thanks for everything you are constantly doing and bearing for us. If the words from "The Prophet" are true that "work is love made visible", I am sure that we have been witnessing such a spirit.

I will leave it to Chapter Eight of the classic by A.A. Milne, "Winnie the Pooh," to express some of my feelings. Christopher Robin gives a party for his friend, Pooh because Pooh saved Piglet from the flood. Will all of you kindly become "Poohs" and I will put myself in the position of Piglet. Christopher Robin may be a personification of the spirit of love which prompted the party. And may the spirit of love always be a part of us as each season encircles all the other seasons of our lives.

Ruth C. Glanville

Class President.



SOCIETY
of the
WOMEN



TWO OLD BEDFORDITES GET TOGETHER

"Isn't this tremendous! Just think of being back at the school after fifty years! The girls are still living in the 'new residence.' It surely is a wonderful place, but it can't compare with 25 Bedford. How I loved that place!"

"Have you a picture of Bedford, I've almost forgotten what it looks like?"

"I think I have one in my album. Let's see--oh, yes, here it is. Doesn't that bring back memories?"

"Here is the new school, in the winter of '53-54. Remember when we picked out our rooms among those bare girders? That was before it got its new name. It sure is different from the other two houses, what with elevators and fire-escapes. Remember the fire-escape ropes which hung at the third floor windows at Bedford?"

"Yes, it was lucky that we didn't have a fire. Of course, we would have known if there had been one, because the place would have been warm for a change. What fun we had with that furnace! Just look at that picture of Ruth Scouler stoking it at the forbidden hour, midnight!"

"Turn over the page, and let's see the rest."

"Oh, remember this night -- we had all gone for a long walk up round Casa Loma after the WMS Tea at the School of Missions, and were greeted at the door by Mother Superior Julia, with her long black robes and her candle. The fun we had taking this picture of Sister Hockin kneeling in penitence at the Mother Superior's feet."

"Who are all these sleepy-looking people, bundled up in the alley way, with their blankets? That must have been the cold January morning we had fire drill at the crack of dawn."

"There's our Wynn counting every head as it stumbles out. What joker would take a picture at that hour of the morning?"

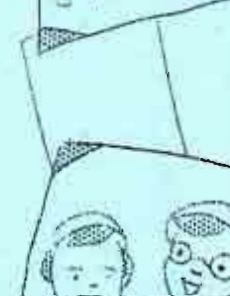
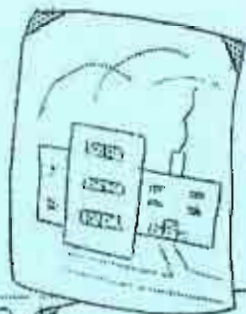
"Why, here's the Sisterhood—I had forgotten about them -- but no wonder. It seems that they soon forgot their solemn vows of celibacy too. Perhaps they were allowed too many dispensations."

"It seems to me that they had a scriptural basis for their order....something in Isaiah! Turn..."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Isaiah 2:22, 'Turn away from man..' It didn't seem to have much connection with their motto, 'E.B.C.....Educate the Boys Campaign.'"

"It was quite a group. Most of them were Bedfordites.... Marg. Brown, as Mother Superior, Lou Cox, Ruth Scouler and Ruth Glanville. Sara Harrison of St. George, as self appointed supervisor of the Mother Superior looks as if she is imparting the necessary S.V. (Spiritual Value) to the order."

"Remember how those of us who had not reached 'the age of discretion' stood in awe of them. They had great influence



upon the piety of the community—that is until this picture came to light. Such goings on! and in long underwear at that! After this episode their edict forbidding all laughter during Lent didn't meet with much success. Neither did the Papal Bull succeed in keeping the wolves from the door -- even their door."

"Wasn't there some question as to whether these edicts were even issued by the Sisterhood?"

"My goodness! here's a picture taken at snack. Looks like the kids are having a sing-song. I'll bet Lou was playing that "Squibb...what was that! Oh, yes, I know, 'Scuid-jiggin' ground'."

"Not all snacks were as tame as that one. Remember the boxing matches...with 'Agape' Angus and 'Clinger' Cline as our chief contenders? Sometimes they fought in pin-curls and housecoats and sometimes in red flannel tights."

"Look at this one. This must have been Monday night. Jean is practising her abandonment for public speaking in the morning."

"This is another taken in the Common Room....Grace, Norma, Elsie and Marg. Creighton desperately weaving, trying to make the deadline. I don't know how they could ever have finished on time, if they hadn't the co-operation of the Emmanuel boys. It is so hard to work until two in the morning by oneself."

"Does this picture belong here? It looks definitely pre-union. Those costumes look authentically Methodist. Oh, yes, I recognize them now....Grace, Ethel and Jean as the Wesleyans."

"Here's one of our conscientious nurses on the job. Remember the pre-Christmas back rubs the Seniors underwent just before going to bed? Marion certainly has the touch!"

"Yes, and speaking of beds--look at this one! Remember the week-end that the hi-jinks were performed all over the house--switching of drawers and apple-pie beds. Even our Don was under suspicion--until we realized that her bed had suffered as well. Diplomas were even awarded to those who showed the most proficiency."

"Look at that! The girls finally became ladies and put hats on. Of course one always wears a hat to tea. And what a tea that was! 'The First Toronto Showing of the Bedford Retarded Artist's Guild.' Look at the dress Marg. Brown has on. It is too bad they didn't have enough material to finish the top half. O well, she did have a hat on!"

"Is that a cigarette she has? Wasn't she a member of the Sisterhood?"

"Look at the paintings in the background! Let's see if I can find mine?"

"And here is Elizabeth. I can practically hear her ringing the rising bell now. Gosh, it takes one back to the good old days, doesn't it?"

FEBRUARY THIRTIETH, 1954,

Shhh----there's someone at the door.

Quiet! come in--don't say a word

You really actually might be heard.

It's Doc Hockin's birthday, didn't you know?

She's the one that told us so.

The cake with a candle is in the kitchen,

And the class are certainly all an itchin

For everything to begin.

My goodness! There goes the din,

Coffee andcocos and pop-corn included--

This is the way our King John is saluted.

But Agape Angus and Clinger Cline,
Boxed it out till the Ref. yelled "Time."

The seconds were busy with towel and water,

The onlookers laughed, and holl ered, "Swat her!"

Joer's recitation was quite a success,

(She's only discovered the theology's a mess.)

Louise's music was more than clashing,

The whole party was fun --

in fact it was smashing!



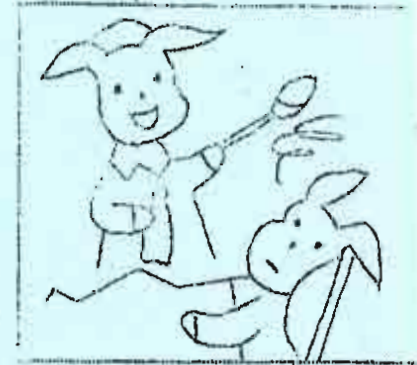


ST. GEORGE



LIFE AT 214? Where on earth do you begin? Well, since there wouldn't be any life if we didn't get up, let's start with that. Life at "214" began each

morning with the loud and industrious clanging of a bell - rung by Bella (and that's no pun). Now any feeling we might have had toward that bell had nothing whatsoever to do with our feeling toward Bella - which will always be one of deep affection and gratitude for her many good natured services rendered to us. But when that bell rang at 7.15 in the morning our feelings toward it were not particularly affectionate or grateful. However, it redeemed itself by summoning us to our delicious meals carefully planned by Miss Mac and excellently cooked by Mrs. Birt. Thoughts of those meals will make our mouths water for years to come.



We'll never forget those wonderful get togethers in the common room at snack-time each night, especially on Sunday night in Miss Christie's room with her readings from Don Camilla or Mary Poppins. Some nights were made rather special - like when Miss Mac, clad in her highland housecoat, would join us or someone would receive a box of cooking from home. Will you ever forget the boxing match between Enid and Gloria? Or the wonderful Lenten devotionals we had?

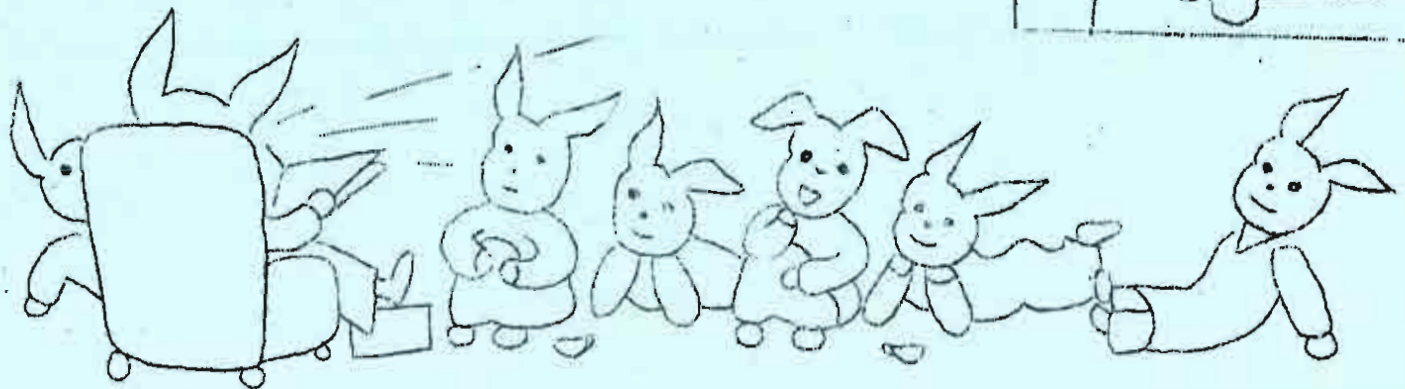


Our St. George library was the scene of many a memorable incident. Of course, most of the time was spent studying, but you know the saying, "all work and no play---". Like the night during Christmas exam plugging when Loie treated us all to carrots. Bugs Bunny had nothing on us! Or the nights when some of the more studious, like Mi Heh, were summoned to the window by snow-throwers who had forgotten their keys.



The laundry was perhaps the room where the heaviest manual labor was carried on. Every Saturday would find us, with elbows deep in suds, scrubbing, ironing and discussing deep and significant issues - or just plain gabbing.

The infirmary was a room that fortunately claimed only a few of us. That was due largely to our excellent staff



of nurses, who, if you sniffed, sneezed or groaned, rushed you to bed and gave you strict orders to stay there - or else. But just try to get a nurse to bed!

Every room in St. George seems to recall certain significant memories. Remember all the studying you accomplished in the office on phone duty? Or the clatter and banging that went on in the pantry washing dishes after dinner every night?

The dining room seems to have been a room in which many things happened besides eating and talking. Will you ever forget Dr. Hockin's news bulletins or Brother Juniper? Or the day we entertained the three boys from Emmanuel? And, oh yes, let's not forget the Alumnae or Christmas dinners.

We could go on forever naming things that made life at "214" so wonderful and so memorable. However, perhaps sometime someone in her spare time will write a book about it. If she does there will certainly be a very special place reserved for Bessie, our office secretary. Bessie helped keep all of us straight in many matters, but probably the thing she enjoyed most was reminding us to sign out for meals and then trying to keep the list straight.

Certainly a very important chapter in a book on "214" life would be Sunday teas, at which we all learned how to look like ladies while holding a salad plate in one hand, a roll in the other, and at the same time balancing a tea cup on our knee. It was really quite a trick and no doubt will prove invaluable in the future.

They say too much reminiscing isn't good for people, but before we stop, where have you heard this conversation, St. Georgers,



"One?" "One."
"Two?" "Two."
 "Oh."
 'Nuff said?



One night per week, a strange hush settles over our houses. Could this be an evening of quiet meditation? No. Just Recreational Leadership for the Juniors and quiet bliss for the seniors. The Juniors gallop over to OCE for one hour of how to lead games; how

to pick games to pieces; how to pick us to pieces. The surprising fact is--- we come out at the end of an hour refreshed in spirit, a little bumped or bruised in body but with the net theories patted smartly into their proper place by our excellent instructress, Miss Phyllis Haslam. You just can't get away with old ways of forming teams. Forget some equipment? Then you had better find a hole to crawl into. Just to make us feel right at home, we also are introduced to "problem" children and leaders and every kind of problem we are apt to encounter when we are far away from UCTS and a crowd of excited children are clamoring for a game. Miss Haslam thinks of everything.

Swimming comes next, ending with a brisk shampoo and shower. Then the bliss of the seniors is broken. The Juniors are home again.

Tuesday is also exercise day for the seniors. For them, it is badminton at Trinity United Church. Coach Glanville reports that there has been a marked improvement in all concerned.

This completes our formal recreation. Informal recreation is held at all hours in the Billiard Room!



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

"The meeting will now come to order!" With gavel in hand, our President, Ruth Glanville, guided the Executive and the Committees through the intricacies of student government.

In the evaluation of student government at the end of the term there was unanimous agreement that its function had been successfully fulfilled.

We hereby move a vote of thanks to our President - Mrs. G., our Secretary, Lois Boast and our "keeper of the Treasure," Audrey McKim.



THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY '54



What do we do at it? Does everyone have to go? Are the staff going to be there? I don't know anything about theology. . . Such were some of the questions and statements to be heard within the precincts of U.C.T.S. prior to the first meeting of the Theological Society. At the end of the evening these questions had been answered but many more had been raised concerning the topic of the evening, "The Doctrine of the Church and its practical witness in the world today." Dr. Johnston, the special guest for the evening contributed to the raising of these questions, to the increasing of our knowledge and to pointing the way in which we might gain more.

The second event of the theological year combined business with pleasure to an even greater extent when in January we were invited by the Women's Leadership Training School of MacMaster University to spend an evening in discussion with them. The tour of the campus, dinner in the Refectory and the opportunity to visit some of the rooms in their residence helped us to become personally acquainted with their staff and students. The evening's discussion made possible a greater knowledge and understanding of the work of the Baptist Church at home and overseas and to present that of our Church to them.

The last meeting, at Bedford Road, was on the "Roman Catholic Doctrine of the Church" and the practical discussion of Protestant-Roman Catholic relationships was thought-provoking. The presence of Dr. Line and Dr. Leslie was much appreciated.



At the end of the year one of the most burning questions of the committee, as yet unanswered, is, "How can we heat the cocoa for refreshments, so that it will be ready at the right time and not be scorched without someone missing part of the meeting?"



The Culture Committee has kept the class posted about coming events in Toronto—Symphony concerts in Massey Hall, operas at the Royal Alex, and outstanding artists.

A program of varied entertainment was sponsored by the Committee on Nov. 15 in Bedford House Common Room. Hymn singing led by Marion Pope and Jean Sheppard, solos by Gloria Kilpatrick and "Shobah" Goodwin, duet by Po Hi Pak and Margaret Crieghton, piano selections by Louise Cox and Essie Johnson and readings by Dr. Hockin were enjoyed.

At Staff-Student Hour on Feb. 25, Miss Doris McCarthy showed us slides of paintings done by Canadian artists and interpreted them to us in an informal way.

Here's our hat off to Dr. Hockin!! As busy students with little time to delve into the daily papers we were becoming terribly ignorant of the happenings of our "jet-propelled world" until Thursday noon-hours became World Events Time. Above the soft clatter of dishes and busy knives and forks, Dr. Hockin summarized the news of the week. Special articles were brought to our attention and frequently letters from friends overseas were read. Sometimes a news quiz enlivened the discussion. For our deepened awareness of world situations, thanks Dr. Hockin!

Two social problems opened up new horizons for us this year. After our party at the Mercer Reformatory we had Miss Phyllis Haslam, Sec. of the Elizabeth Fry Society speak to us on prison work. Then in the spring, as a result of the Unemployment situation in Toronto and elsewhere, we were fortunate in having Miss Esther Highfield, Deaconess at Carlton United Church, explain this situation to us and to tell us in detail what steps were being taken to meet present and future needs.

In February, Miss Mariel Jacobson was in Toronto and dropped in for a visit. She spoke of world situations and attitudes, especially as they pertained to the U.S.A. Hope she drops by again next year!



Music keeps a shop in Fairyland and over the door swings a sign which reads something like this:

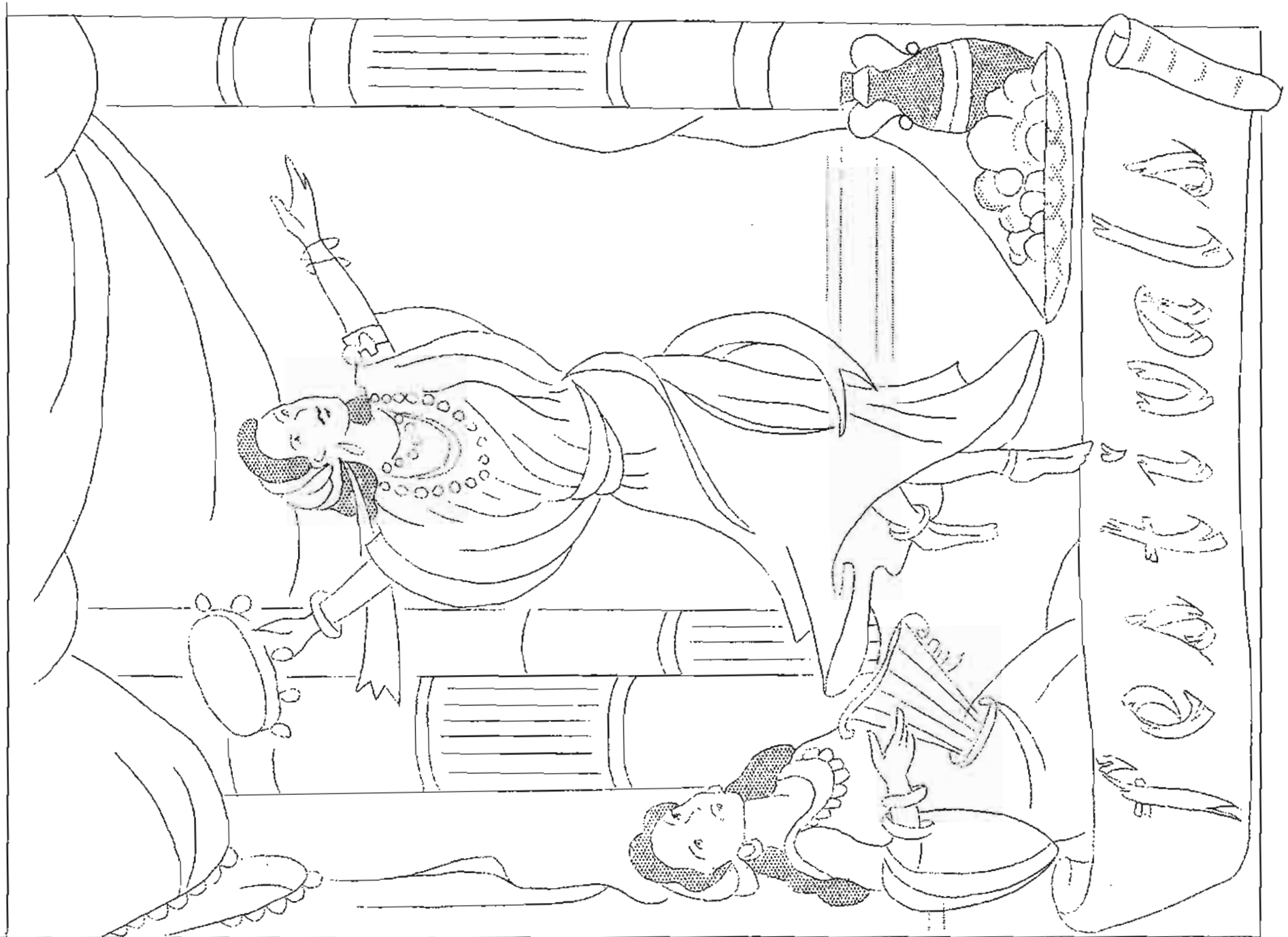
"The House of the White Magic,
Twinkles, shimmers and thrills fresh hourly.
Choice gossamers of baby laughter,
Veri-colored wings for all occasions,
Moods in every shade.
Parties for dancing hearts especially arranged.
All goods packed in star-dust."



About twenty of us met weekly to develop our voices. Our choir was under the very capable direction of Miss Anne Ward, general secretary of the W.M.S.

The main events in which the Choir participated were the Christmas Musicale at Emmanuel College, a worship service at Fred Victor Mission, and a Social Hour at Queen Street United Church as guests of the Y.P.U.

Whether or not the Choir members become better singers during the year is debatable, but we are certain that Miss Ward succeeded in convincing us that "We must open our mouths WIDE, and enunciate clearly."



FESTIVAL OF SPORT



Our annual fall picnic took place at Bolton Camp on Sept. 26. It was a perfect autumn day with the sun shining brightly and all of nature decked out in a multiplicity of colour. We travelled to the camp by chartered bus, singing our way along in true UCTS style. When we arrived at Bolton, those on cooking duty busied themselves around the "stove" while others went off to explore the camp. We were soon returning hopefully to the cooking site and it wasn't long before we were all enjoying our lunch. We had an unexpected four-legged guest who was very eager to share our hamburgers and doughnuts. It seemed that no one could resist the drooling mouth of our canine friend.

The feature of the afternoon was an exciting ball game between the Easterners and the Westerners. Hidden talents were displayed by several of our classmates but it has been suggested that a course in "Fundamentals of Softball" be added to the curriculum for next term. The Easterners came through with a triumphant victory due to the star playing of such professionals as Lawrence, Kee, and Martin.

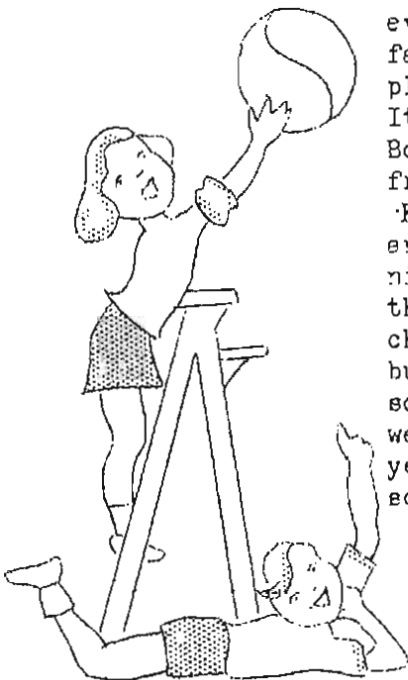
The hours had gone by so quickly that we could hardly believe that it was time to climb aboard the bus to return home. Our picnic was over but the memory of that autumn day spent in the lovely surroundings of Bolton Camp will linger with us for many a year.

★ ★ ★

Amid laughter, music, and thickly falling snow, the girls of UCTS played hostesses to the Emmanuel boys at a skating party at High Park rink on the night of Jan. 30th. Although not all managed to remain upright there were no casualties serious enough to prevent the enjoyment of square dancing at Bedford House after a lunch of doughnuts and coffee. The climax of the evening was a hilarious game of "inchy-pinchy", at the end of which Lois Boest could well have asked, "Is my face red?" Win Goodwin's remark after her first skating experience sums up what we all felt about it when she said, "This is a night I shall never forget!"

★ ★ ★

"This is your evening sportscastr, reporting events of interest in the sportsworld. Well, fans, the Basketball game of the year was played today in the Emmanuel College Gymnasium. It was a thrill-packed game between the UCTS Bouncing Bruisers and the Dribbling Droolers from Emmanuel. Sharp-Shooter "Sharpé" and "Killer" Kilpatrick were outstanding for the Bruisers and at one point during the game Referee Cunningham had to rescue one of the Dribblers from the grasp of Kilpatrick. Step-ladders, crutches, and enthusiastic fans aided the Bruisers, but the Dribblers were in top form. We are sorry we can't give you the final score but we haven't received the official tally as yet. We'll broadcast it over our network as soon as possible. Tune in again, fans!"



★ ★ ★

YULE PARTY



There was rustling and buetling
 And all through the house,
 There were creatures a-stirring
 But nd one wee mouse.
 There was ruetling of taffets,
 Swishes of lace,
 And out stepped the Bedford gals,
 Smiles on each face.
 'Twas the Friday before Christmas,
 (Holidays, that is,)
 And the season said, "Party Time",
 We all said, "Gee whizz!"
 But it hardly seems possible
 Christmas is here,
 Let's keep to tradition
 And fill all with good cheer.



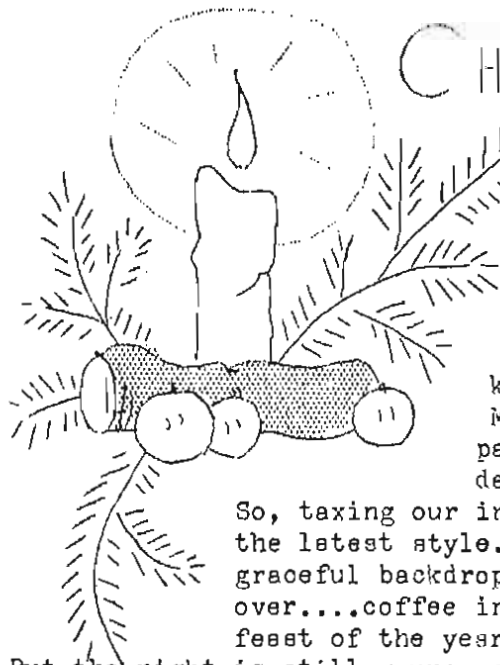
There was muffled laughter
 Coming in from the street,
 A ringing of door-bell,
 A scraping of feet.
 The St. Georgites had arrived,
 The fun was beginning,
 'Twas time that the other guests
 Should be arriving.
 There goes the doorbell--
 "Ah ha, there they are,"
 They smile as they enter,
 And eyes roam afar
 To glance at the trimmings--
 The candles and bows,
 The fragrance of svergreen
 Tickle the toes, (Let slone the nose.)



With Sara as mistress of ceremonies prin,
 (Wait till guests see her in action!)
 I'll guarantee their opinions
 Changed more than a fraction!!
 The fun is beginning
 In true Training School style,
 The mad antics of all
 Bring forth a big smile.
 There are singing and laughter
 And mixing and noise,
 Why! even professors
 Lose most of their poise!
 Prof. McLean made a dandy chef,
 Lealie thumped on his chest,
 While Prof. Guthrie
 Peeld off his vest.
 Lunch time was a high-light
 With lote of cute things,
 Ruetlingtrays all around
 Till everyone sings



The high praises of waitrese,
 The cook and Miss Mac.
 (When it was over,
 Oh dear and slack!
 We finished the food,
 Much to Miss Christie's chagrin.
 We won't do it agsin,
 We'll be better than we bin!)
 Then round the piano
 Gathered all.
 'Twas a lovely party,
 And out in the hall,
 Weary Bedfordites elowly
 Ascended the etairs.
 We tumbled to bed,
 Without any aids,
 Soon all through the house,
 Not a creature was stirring,
 Not even that mouse



CHRISTMAS DINNER AND PARTY

It is six o'clock on Friday, December 18, and an air of expectancy pervades "214". A doorbell rings, heels are heard descending the stairway.....there's a swish of long skirts and the sitting room is transformed into a rainbow palace. The Annual Christmas Dinner and Party has begun. There is a gay procession into the dining room where laid before us is a feast fit for kings, expertly prepared and attractively served as only Miss MacFarlane and her staff can do. But first, a parcel of colored paper beside each plate reveals that hat designing has replaced singing as the price for our meal.

So, taxing our ingenuity to the maximum, we soon bedeck our neighbor in the latest style. Hats off to Mr. Eadie for his exotic blue bonnet with graceful backdrop which was charmingly modelled by our principal. Dinner over....coffee in the common room provides the finishing touch to the feast of the year.

But the night is still young, so gathering up our skirts we scurry over to Bedford where our guests are awaiting. Ruth Scouler, the mistress of ceremonies has waved her magic wand, turning back the clock of time so that we find ourselves reliving our infancy. Bottles, nipples, bibs, four cherubs, and an 'Imbibing Contest' from which Eric Reid emerges as 'chief imbibier.' In the words of Dr. Leslie, he proved himself "no mean sucker."

But even magic can't make time stand still and now 'School Daze' are upon us. Do you know that your left arm is the one you don't write with when you are right handed? You do, then-- "Jump Jim Crow, Jump Jim Crow, Turn a little circle and away you go."
--are the instructions of our favourite teacher, Mrs. Glanville.

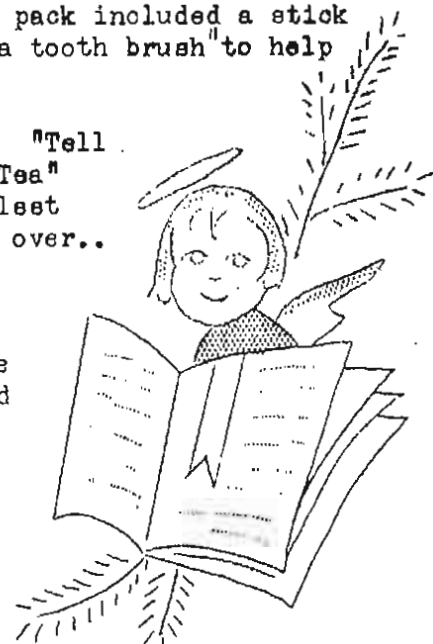
Again the clock moves forward and we've become teen-agers winking our way to fame. "Have I lost the art, Is it my glasses or are the girls just being coy?" are the questions from the frustrated winker. "Sacha-sacha-sa-bo-bo" a new code? Not quite, just Korea's version of "Follow the Leader," Emmanuel style. But now we're adults and life is serious, life is earnest. A gold medal to Joen Frederick for successfully matching such phrases as 'used up' with objects like 'umbrella'.

There is great rejoicing when Santa (Marg. Brown) and Mrs. Santa (Lois Boast) arrive with a "Big Red India Rubber Ball" for Friendless King John (Dr. Hockin) whose sad tale is narrated by Miss Bessie Lane. Other gifts in the pack included a stick of bubble gum for "the most expert person in her field", and a tooth brush "to help Dr. Leslie clean up Toronto."

Time rolls on and second childhood is upon us. Our plea "Tell us a story" is answered by Miss Christie with "Shepherds for Tea" and Mrs. Hutchinson with her traditional telling of "The Littlest Angel". Carol singing....lunch...and we think the evening is over..

But no, a Bunny hop is recommended by Emmanuel to limber up our creaking joints. So...right, left, right, left, forward (up!) back (ouch!) around the room. Though St. George retired early for its much needed beauty sleep, it was rumored that Bedford House tripped the light fantastic (to the lively tunes of our own Lou) till the wee small hours of the morning when the guests were forcibly ejected and doors locked.

Another Christmas Party had come and gone !





As we all know, the art of "teasing" is a very important part of the training of future church workers. To sip daintily from a tea-cup while balancing a serviette, a salad plate and perhaps a roll on one's lap is indeed an accomplishment. (No, Gladys, we don't usually eat our salad off the rug!)

On furloughs to come, when the Class of '54 meet to reminisce over days gone by, I'm sure we'll all remember the day we were formally introduced to the staff of Emmanuel College. Prof. Johnston did his best to remember our names and then tried to attach each name to a face. We'll talk about the evening we were entertained by the Toronto Conference Branch of the W.M.S. at the School of Missions and the Sunday afternoon that we sang hymns with members of the Deaconess Order of Toronto at Bloor Street Church. The tea held in honour of our retiring principal, Mrs. Hutchison, will be recalled and maybe some of the class will remember the song composed for "Mrs. Hutch" and dedicated to her. We'll remember another tea at the School of Missions when we were introduced to the Dominion Board of the W.M.S. Then there was the supper at Runnymede Church to which we were invited by Toronto West Presbyterial of the W.M.S. (that was when Miss Christie suggested that a station-wagon might be a wise investment for the School so that everyone would arrive at the same time.) 'Tis good to remember the pleasant times spent together over our tea-cups, for "students will come and students will go, but teas go on forever!"

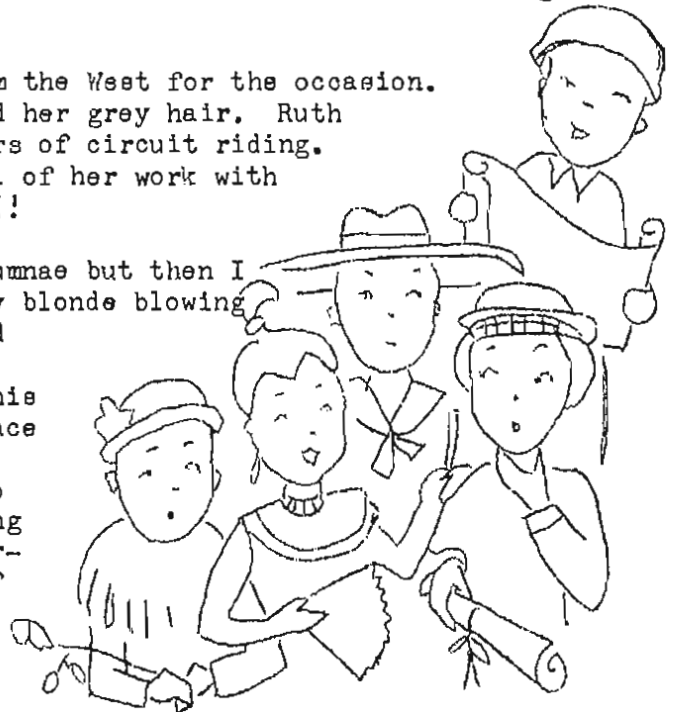
* * * * *

I don't spend all my time down at 214 St. George (STEWART'S MY NAME) but when I heard Miss Christie announce that the Alumnae were expected for dinner I decided in the twang of a harp that I'd be there too. I changed into my best ethereal suit and floated down to the Dining Room at 214. There was the usual silence when I entered (it's the only place I'm treated with respect nowadays) and since there were no empty chairs I perched myself on the chandelier. It thrilled me to the bottom of my soul (that's all I have left, you know) to see those dear girls back again after to many years.

Little Margie Martin hadn't changed except for a few grey hairs. She's enjoying her work with the Indians. Essie Johnson looked grand -- and her experiences in Africa! Why, I almost lost my balance I was so excited! Ruth Glanville, Enid and Sara hardly looked a day older than when they graduated. Keeping up with the styles, too. Oh! those hats! But I was surprised at Audrey. Her red hat seemed a bit daring for one in her position.

Ruth Scoular and Marg. Brown rode in from the West for the occasion. Marg. looked charming in black--it suited her grey hair. Ruth looked a bit tottery after all those years of circuit riding. Louise had some thrilling stories to tell of her work with the Eskimos. Her fur hat was home grown!!

I thought I had accounted for all the Alumnae but then I remembered Marg. Kee. There was a flashy blonde blowing smoke rings up around my face and I heard whispers of "the fallen angel." My halo almost tipped off when I realized that this was Marg. I knew the West was a wild place but I hadn't expected anything like this. My evening was ruined. The shock was too much for my seraphic being. Straightening my halo, I drifted out through the Conservatory, back to the spiritual solitude of my celestial home."



"MERCER"

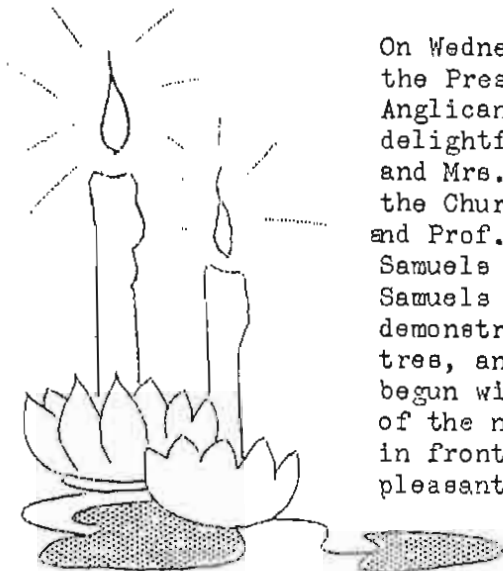
"Mercer" was the mysterious item on the agenda of the Class Meeting. A party for the girls at the Mercer Training School..did we have time? Could we make time? Choices must be made..are we too busy? Some things must just be left out! One meeting, several telephone calls, and a few amendments to the amendments, later the decision was in the affirmative. The machinery for organizing the Party was set in motion.



It was a Wednesday night. We arrived at Mercer about seven o'clock. Our guests and hostesses, about eighty in all, came into the gymnasium shortly after our arrival.

The programme opened with a short get-acquainted game and relay. Vocal and piano solos were rendered by talented representatives from Mercer. A "drama" and an orchestral number were presented by talented (?) representatives from U.C.T.S. Our Lou and Essie performed admirably, as is their custom, in duet style. Square dancing was next on the program, and we all enjoyed it so thoroughly that more was in order. Ruth Glanville led us patiently and wisely through all the intricacies. Essie led us in a short enthusiastic sing-song, and by the time refreshments were served, there was a happy feeling of enjoyable friendship. The evening closed with Worship led by Marjorie Hannah, and included Margaret Creighton's singing of "The Lord's Prayer."

It was a memorable evening. We remember the little elderly lady who told us that we had cured her arthritis. "I don't know what you girls did to me," she said, panting through a square dance, "but I couldn't do this before....my arthritis was so bad...now it's all gone!" We remember how they tried to squeeze every last minute of enjoyment out of the evening. At nine o'clock it was time for them to go back to their rooms and for us to get back to our essays. We remember the question in our hearts, under all the fun and enjoyment....."Why?" We couldn't help but wonder..."How can we be used to help?" "What should the church be doing?"

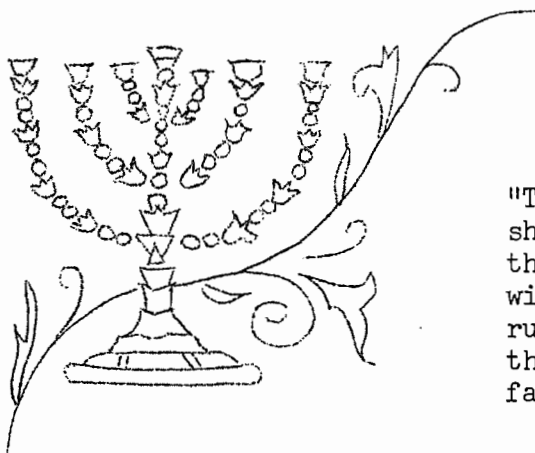


On Wednesday, February 3, 1954, the Staff and Students of the Presbyterian and U.C.T.S. were the guests of the Anglican Women's Training College for a stimulating and delightful evening. Mr. and Mrs. Samuels of India and Prof. and Mrs. McMullen were present--Mrs. Samuels speaking about the Church in India since 1947 and as it looks to the future, and Prof. McMullen sharing some of the poetry he loves. Mrs. Samuels later sang of a home-sick Indian maiden, and Mr. Samuels taught us a jolly song. We were fascinated by a demonstration of waxed flower candle holders for table centres, and other attractive decorations. The evening had begun with a tour of the building with special appreciation of the new wing. Lively singing and delicious refreshments in front of the glow of the open fireplace brought this pleasant evening to a close.





THE
HOLY OF HOLIENS



"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

Wait on the Lord. Worship Him in the beauty of holiness. Perhaps the part of school life least talked about and yet most meaningful to us is worship.

The mood was beautifully set during the first week of regular school program. Dr. Smith, beloved chairman and head of our Board, led us in the celebration of Holy Communion which indeed seemed like a "love-feast". Another memorable occasion of this sacrament was led at Christmas time by Dr. Johnston in Emmanuel College. How good it was to remember in this way that were it not for the death of Christ, we would never be celebrating His birth.

"Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee." Each school day, we gathered at eight-thirty for a brief chapel service. Never will we forget the leadership of Miss Christie and Dr. Hockin nor the times when each of us had the privilege of conducting the worship. Themes like: the Kingdom of God, the Fruits of the Spirit and Studies in the Psalms were used. So often we found that some word spoken, some hymn sung, or some emotion stirred was just what we needed for that particular day.

During the Lenten Season we had weekly study groups in each residence using the book, "I will build my Church." Also, during Lent, we met together each night for 'family devotions', using the Lenten devotional booklet, "The Fellowship of Prayer."

To many of us, the deepest experiences of all were those times when some particular problem or difficulty seemed almost too much to bear alone. Then with a close friend who was able and willing to share the burden, we would talk in the "Quiet Room". Often such conversation would bring us to the realization that "our help cometh from the Lord", and so in turning to Him we found in the experience of prayer a closer walk and a deeper consecration. Here too, we gained a wider understanding of human need and greater appreciation of our human apprenticeship.

Lord, temper with tranquility, my manifold activity, that I may do my work for thee with very great simplicity.

The Lord God is my Father, I do not envy the world's
 riches, glory, honor or position.
 The Lord is my Lighthouse, there is no darkness in my way.
 The Lord is my Castle of Refuge, I shall rest in peace.
 The Lord is my Rock and Sure Foundation, I shall not be moved.
 The Lord is Love, when I go on the wrong road He beats me
 with the whip of love.
 Though I wander in the rough desert, the Lord gives me an
 oasis of life, and I have no cause for worry.
 The Lord is my Armament, when I face great yawning cliffs and
 chasms, I will not be driven back.
 Since the Lord is merciful, He lifts me up when I fall down, and holds
 me securely.
 The Lord is my Shepherd, I will give Him thanks.
 He feeds me with the food of truth, and I will not be hungry.
 He gives me the water of life to drink,
 So that a fountain springs up in my heart forever.
 When I listen to the Lord's voice and follow Him, I have no anxiety
 and no one can hinder me.
 The road I follow is called "Eternal Life"
 The Lord is my true Love, Strength, Hope, and Joy forever.

Amen.

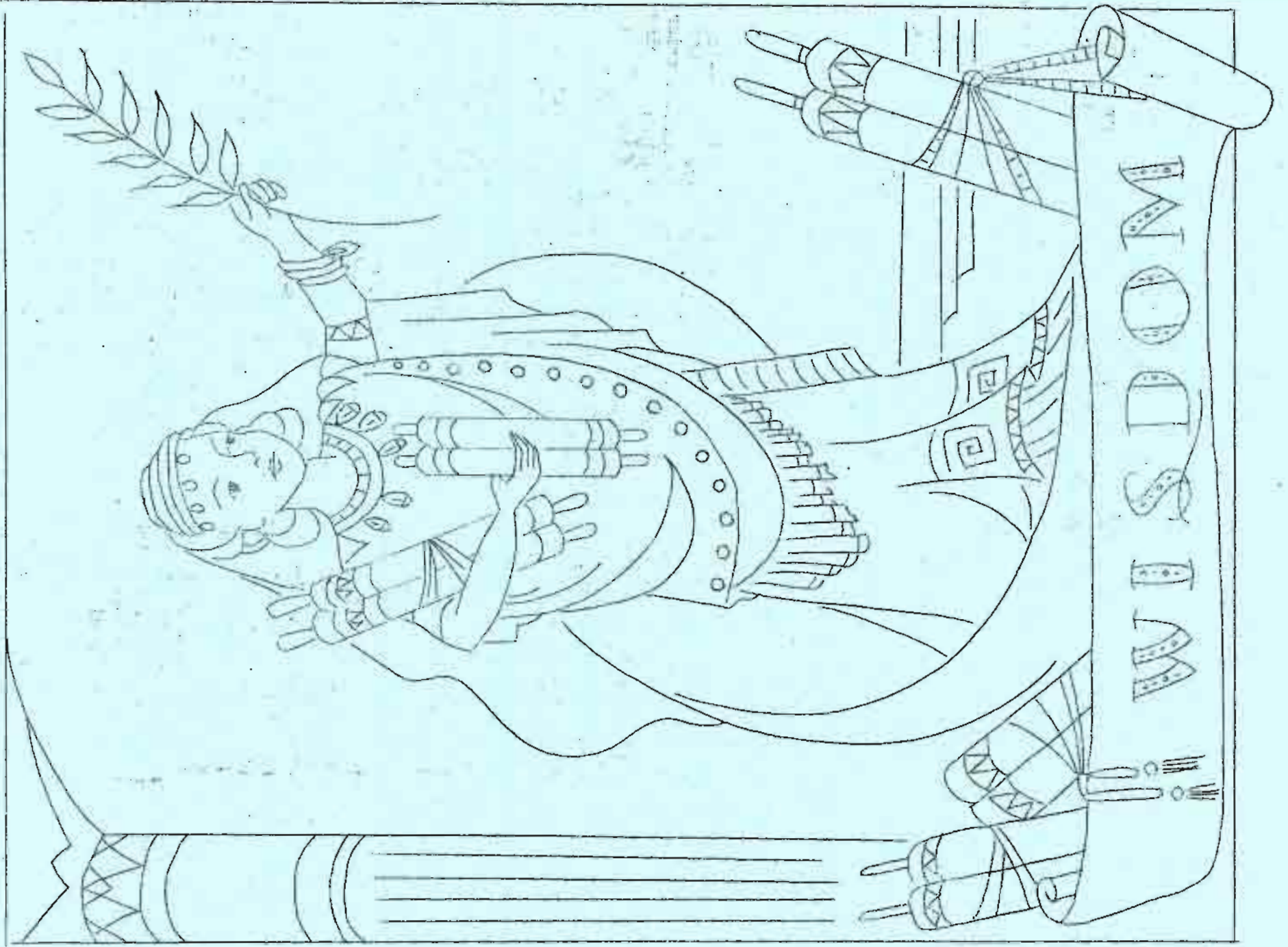
Peace and adventures; Labour and a light heart;
 A sense of vocation and a sense of humour;
 A mind girded but not tense; Alert but not anxious;
 Employed but not busy; Strenuous but well rested.

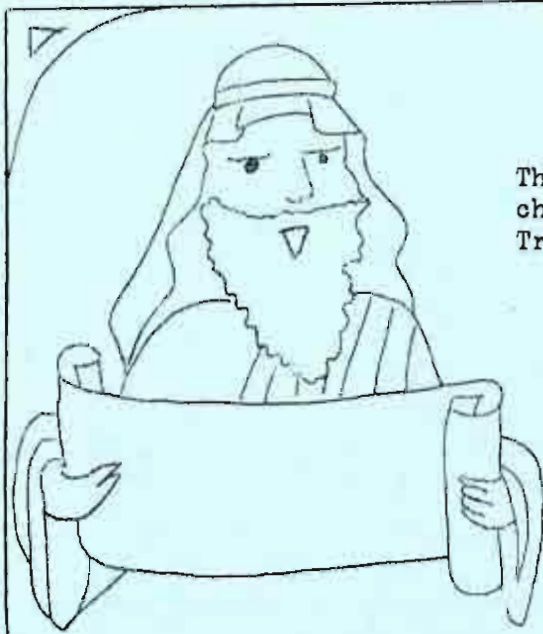
In a word--

Grace to you and peace from God, Our Father and the Lord
 Jesus Christ.

God, though this life is but a wraith,
 Although we know not what we use,
 Although we grope with little faith
 Give me the heart to fight,--and lose.
 Ever insurgent let me be,
 Make me more daring than devout;
 From sleek contentment keep me free,
 And fill me with a buoyant doubt.
 Open my eyes to visions girt
 With beauty and with wonder lit--
 ----But let me always see the dirt,
 And all that spawn and die in it.
 Open my ears to music; let
 Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums--
 But never let me dare forget
 The bitter battle of the slums.
 From compromise and things half done,
 Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride,
 And when at last, the fight is won,
 God, keep me still unsatisfied.

Louis Untermeyer





Hear ye! Hear ye! O women of Israel,
Ye who are bound by tradition, --
The lofty tradition of change -----

The year 1953-54 hath wrought her tradition of change within the portals of the United Church Training School.

The Senate of Victoria University hath announced the establishment of a bachelor's degree in Religious Education. And she who studieth for two years, avoideth the bachelors, and writeth a thesis will be duly rewarded with a B.R.E.

The chief priest among the children hath set aside an hour at sundown on Thursday for a special meeting of the tribes. At said times all heareth accounts of the priests who have gone to the remote corners of the earth for the propagation of the Gospel, addresses to keep the

the children abreast with the cultural and political world while in exile, and the complaints and problems that beareth heavily upon the minds of our "sistern."

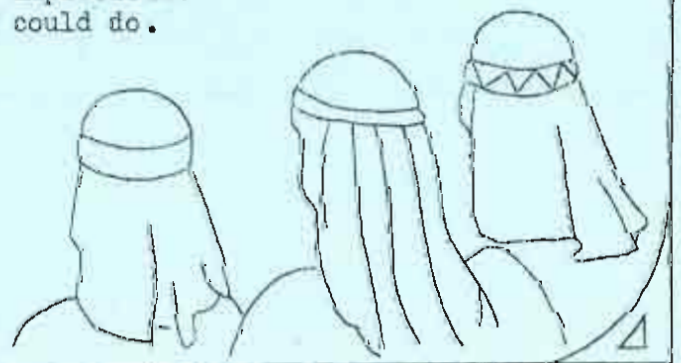
The Levite who taketh charge of studies among the children hath chosen six "holy" days on which their practical knowledge be increased in the realm of "labs" for instruction in the use of Christmas and Easter materials, group dynamics, teaching Scriptures to the young, and acquainting them with the week-day programme of the synagogue.

And the twelve who journey to the synagogue at Kingway-Lambton on the Seventh day of the week are learning by experimentation the function and the programme of the synagogue school. For six weeks they remain in one department to observe and teach the young ones, and to substitute for the chief superintendent in preparing the open session. And then they proceedeth to the next department to begin again in the six week cycle. After the school, over a meal prepared by the ladies of the synagogue, the benefits of the lesson, the effectiveness of the teaching techniques, and the manner in which it meeteth the needs of the young ones are discussed by the twelve, the deaconess, and the chief teachers alike.

And here endeth the changes in tradition at U.C.T.S. for 1953 - 1954.

* * * * *

Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible.
Doing what nobody else ever could do.



I CAME TO U.C.T.S.

Once upon a time there was a Young woman who had grown, happily and unhappily in normal fashion, past girlhood into a place of responsibility in life. She was highly regarded in her community for her work and for herself. But a desire was in her for something other, a desire at times vague, and at other times vivid and certain. And because of this desire she came, after fitting preliminaries, to the United Church Training School, that she might in the fullness of time go out therefrom to strive for the otherness she had felt impelling her.

She was interested in the school in a general fashion, and felt that the school should appreciate her, for she had been highly recommended; and indeed! it did welcome her - cheer her with friendliness and show her appreciation. But she found so many other folk of distinction, of experience, of fine mental calibre, that for a period she shrank back within herself and was amazed and disgusted at the meagre poverty she found within. This realization of her shabby self came not all at once, but the cumulative effect as the weeks went by. Yet, blessedly, there were warm friendships and small successes which kept her mind sane and healthy. At last, she knew that this coming to herself was good, that before she had not really looked within to see what she was really like. She'd been regarding herself as the dream woman of her girlhood anticipation.

Nor was all her time spent in thought. In truth the thoughts had to be squeezed into tiny cracks of the day, and the few moments at night before she slept the sleep of the weary. For there was much to do. Lectures; thrilling adventures and pedestrian into realms of knowledge under the guidance of keen well-equipped minds! Assignments and essays! Then more essays! An observation report! Another essay! Till she was almost distraught with unaccomplished tasks. But their doing meant self-discipline and increase of knowledge and understanding. She was busied in the life of the school with her mates, comradely gathering in the Common Room, a party or so, perhaps a trip into a far land with a creative artist home for a change and a rest. Music, books, artists and their pictures all came to be a more treasured heritage.

And so through the months she gained many things and learned much. Knowledge expanded to master new facts and to fold back the edges of old horizons. The Church which had had her youthful devotion, was seen to be a bigger, finer thing, a fellowship of all peoples, whose problems were as great as its field. She felt that her eyes which had been blind, were beginning to see, that the cloudiness of her spirit had begun to clear, that her outlook had widened, though it was still very narrow. The idea of community brought her new conceptions. She found tacit instruction in "the act of being part of the life of other people", so that she could appreciate an opposing viewpoint, or a difficulty not her own. She glimpsed the fundamental laws for the growth and development of personality as in herself and her friends of the school, whose common purpose meant real fellowship. She also found there were those she did not like, and knew herself to be daily falling short of her high vision and obligation.

But hope was hers because, perhaps once, an ugly attitude was transmuted into a thing of beauty, by effort, which was costly. Oh yes, she knew that being a Christian meant carrying a cross. Why, of-course! But it had never really come to her that the Cross which Jesus bore was hard and cruel and terrifically real. So this young woman had to realize and accept the relationships of this to herself - herself, for whom life had been a glory of delight and opportunity when compared to the truly great souls of our Christian faith. Difficulties would come, daily, insistent, unrelenting and she must be ready always and steadily with the flame of joy in her heart and her soul rooted in faith in God; whose ways were being revealed to her searching mind.

So it was that she grew inwardly, and the greatest sign of that growth was the vision of how imperfect was her character, and how tremendous was the task in which she coveted to share. So it was that she went forth, certain no more of herself, but sure of the power which is beyond and behind all things and beings; confident of God's divine purpose and that it was right for her to strive in her appointed field, to bring into actuality the community of which the United Church Training School had given her a vision.

(From the Yearbook of 1936-1937.)

The Great Flood.

Before I begin my talk on Abraham, some of us felt that last week the subject of the flood was not quite completed. You will no doubt recall that following Pauline's remarkably, enlightening, critical and exegetical commentary of the Biblical account of the flood, there arose a most important discussion on the devastating inundation of the western extremities of the North American Continent. This has caused much perplexity, consternation, confusion and frustration on the part of us red-blooded N.A. students of the U.C.T.S. who cannot understand how the story can be so self-contradictory.

The account began with the assertion that a righteous family took refuge on a raft and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that raft and it sank not, but it came to pass at the end of forty days, the waters had abated and the raft rested peacefully on the summit of the Grouse Mountain on the mainland.

Now "so far so good" but the rest of the story was entirely contradictory. The inspired historian having access to the most reliable traditions, went on to relate that the means of survival from this catastrophic deluge was not a raft but a big --- big, long CANOE! "And the rains descended, and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that canoe and it sank not. And at the end of one hundred and fifty days the waters abated and in the seventh month on the seventh day of the month, they threw out a great big anchor and it caught on the top of a big mountain on the coastal islands.

Well, try as we might, having taxed our theological minds to the utmost, we could not account for these very apparent discrepancies. Finally, like a bolt of lightning, there came to our poor human minds this great revelation of truth, "Here we have two accounts not contradictory but complementary, not from the same source but from two **DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT ANCIENT AUTHORITIES**, herein, henceforth and forevermore to be known and designated as the J. and P. accounts -- J. for Joblin and P. for P(h)ilip.



TEN COMMANDMENTS OF CHARM

- I. Thou Shalt Love Everything that is beautiful. Thou shalt be kind to all -- especially to those who are at the beginning and the end of life. Little children, the aged and the suffering shall all be a medium through which thou shalt express thy tenderness. For without tenderness a woman is like a flower without perfume, a bird without a song, a night without stars.
- II. Thou Shalt Speak Low, but clearly and distinctly. There is no charm in loud voices, and nothing beautiful was ever shouted.
- III. Thou Shalt Listen Intelligently, for to listen, though hard, is one way of becoming charming.
- IV. Thou Shalt Dress Well, but no charm by dress thou must appear simple.
- V. Thou Shalt be Perfectly Groomed for a homely girl with glossy hair, tidy clothes and soft make-up is infinitely more charming than the prettiest girl with crude make-up, dandruff on her shoulder, and a run in her stocking. To charm one must be spotless always and in all ways.
- VI. Thou Shalt Not be Awkward in gesture, posture, speech or manner, for awkwardness is the opposite of grace. Bodies that move beautifully move not in jerks, but in rhythms.
- VII. Thou Shalt not be Selfish and be called charming. Any woman who would charm must possess tact, and the ability to give and take.
- VIII. Thou Shalt not Paint Thy Face like a poster advertisement. A little painted girl maybe is charming, but a much painted woman is often a painful sight. Delicacy is charm.
- IX: Thou Shalt not Use Slang. Slang is the trade mark of those who do not or cannot think of gracious or suitable words to express their thought. It makes poor conversation.
- X. Thou Shalt Not Worry, fuss, fume, fret, or fidget, for all these are fatal to Charm. Have confidence in thyself, in others, in life. Think and then act.

BE YOUR BEST SELF ALL THE TIME.

Read, study, digest and then Adopt these ten points of charm into your daily life. For charm will be yours if you do.

THE BUILDERS

A builder builded a temple
He wrought it with grace and skill
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to suit his will.
And men said as they saw its beauty
It shall never know decay !
Great is thy skill, oh builder
Thy fame shall endure for aye !

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts
None knew of her wondrous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.....

Gone is the builder's temple
Crumbled into the dust
Low lies each stately pillar
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages toll.
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

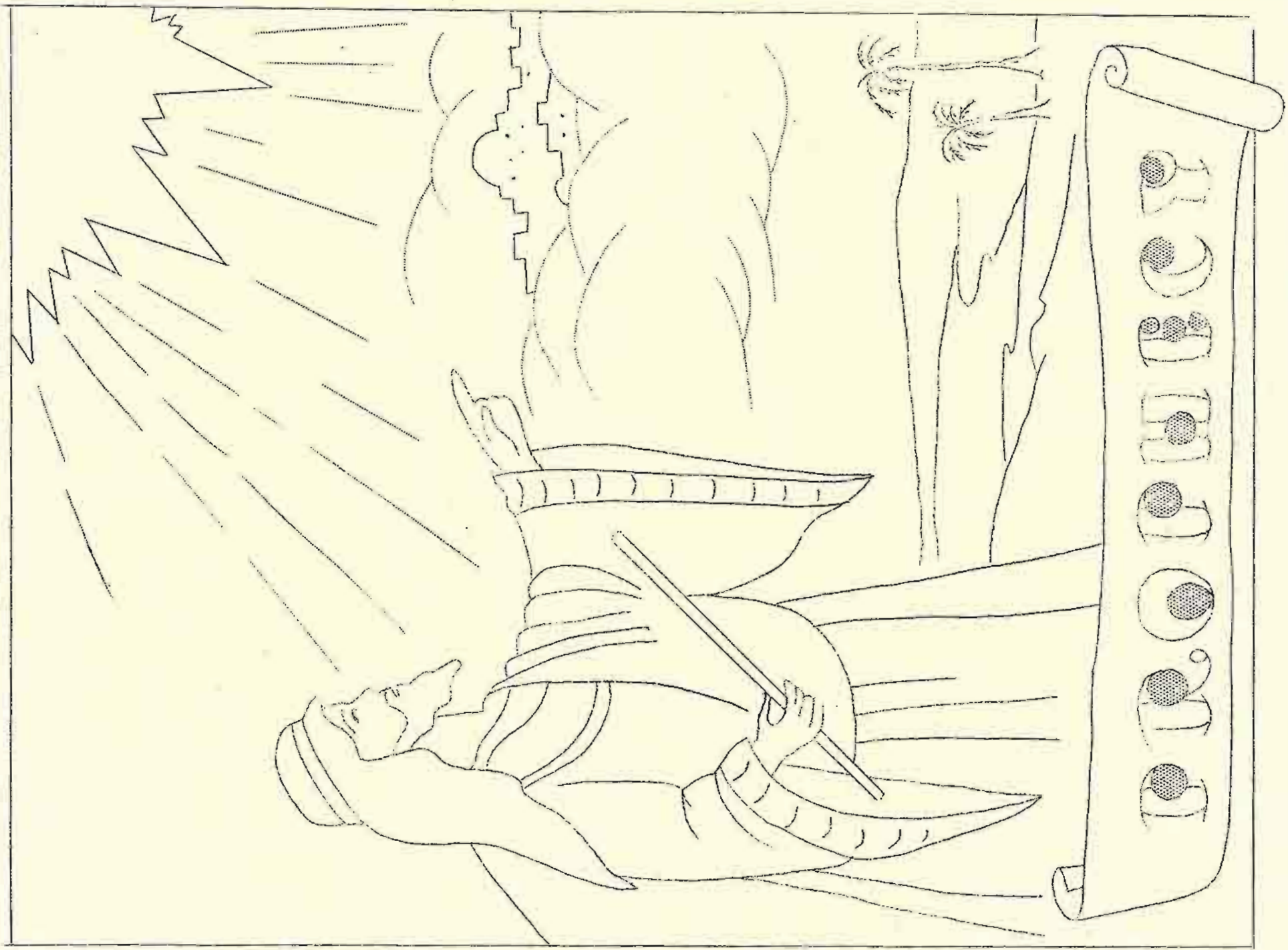
EDUCATION * IN PARABLE

A little child stood with me
Before the house of knowledge
Her face was radiant with interest
"Let me unlock the door" she urged
"Your hands would fumble-- cause delay
There is so much to see within
We must make haste" I said
Swiftly I unlocked the door
And turned to lead the child in,
The light had faded from her eyes
"I would rather play outside," she said.

I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day
And molded with my power and act
A young child's soft and yielding heart
I came again when years were gone
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore
And I could change it nevermore.

THE WAYFARER

Perceiving the pathway to truth,
Was struck with astonishment.
It was thickly grown with weeds.
"Ha" he said,
"I see that no one has passed here
In a long time."
Later he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.
"Well," he mumbled at last,
"Doubtless there are other paths."



Io, everyone that readeth, come ye to these pages, and he that hath some leisure time, come ye, open and read; yea, come read carefully, without money and without price.

Hear these words which have been spoken of you, concerning these days which are to come; hear, O ye readers, and give ear, ye faint of heart.

Behold one, MARGARET BROWN, who sitteth in the midst of a great multitude, in a far-off region; in her right hand is a writing implement, and in her left she clutcheth some paper. Her left hand knoweth what her right hand doeth, and she speaketh wisdom.

And it came to pass that I beheld a stage, high and lifted up; and the strains of Bach floated upon mine ears, and a roar from the multitude did acclaim LOUISE.

This is the word which was spoken concerning RUTH GLANVILLE, whom I beheld presiding over the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches "Come, now, let us reason together," thus spake Ruth.

In that day shall be seen SARA, working in an outer region called "Extension," and she speaketh of receiving an epistle from one who used to tell about the "big, brown, brawny arm."

Behold," thus spake SARA, "Behold ENID daughter of HORNING, engaged in discussion about The Relative Merits of Eschatology in the Light of Contemporary Events.

From nearby did speak an oracle in a strange tongue, and lo, it was a pronouncement, and there was a trumpet blown, and ESSIE was heard, speaking the Parable of the Copper Belt.

All this did I perceive and suddenly there was a mighty chorus, and all the land was filled with a cloud of colors. Then flew GLADYS from out of the cloud: and lo, in a twinkling of an eye there appeared a mighty work of art, and great was the rejoicing.

Ah, land of whirring wings, how much did I rejoice to hear the voice of MARGIE KEE, through the radio and television waves, saying, "Behold, walk wisely. . ." for hers had been a generation of Fallen Angels.

In that day, the waters of the northern lakes will be dried up, and all in that region shall be confounded - all, save one - and she doth walk uprightly, quietly, leading many. This was the word which came to me concerning MARGIE MARTIN.

Hark, an echo through the valleys, and a tumult from the mountains, and in the tumult sitteth one in meditation, and with books, in wisdom she prepareth for her study group. This is the word which came to me concerning AUDREY MCKIM.

Then did the tumult die away, and lo, a quiet voice, as that with the first sound of spring. "Harken," spake RUTH SCOLAR, "and comfort ye." And behold it was the frontier region.

The oracle concerning the valleys of Korea.

Behold, a trumpet signal, and then appeareth YONG SOOK KIM. She rusheth and she panteth. She speaketh words of social wisdom to a great multitude.

And in the vision appeareth KEE HYUN and she ministereth unto a multitude of children; and she leadeth me to YUNG CHUNG KIM in a Land of Learning, speaking words of Wisdom and of History.

But, lo, the foundations of the earth shake and the land is filled with smoke and I return to the Land of Extension. In the twinkling of an eye, there is a great multitude, and JANE sitteth in the midst of them, and behold, she hath a quizzical look. She questioneth them, "What thinkest thou of thinking?" Thus spake JANE.

And from the multitude did she receive an answer, "It hath great Spiritual Value." Thus spake JULIA.

In that same land, came word to me concerning JOEN, and behold another vision of PAULINE. They too, each leadeth a multitude, who seeketh to know truth. And they leadeth them out of the wilderness, out of a dry and thirsty land.

Word came to me concerning JEAN SHEPPARD and ETHEL CLINE, who ministereth wisely in the Northern regions of our land. And it came to me that they no longer "apple-pieth" beds, for lo, the beds vanisheth from sight when not in use.

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my readers: incline thine ear to hear yet more concerning these days which are to come.

The oracle concerning far-off lands, The earth trembles, and the seas roar and a vision appeareth, and voices speaketh many tongues. The coice of CLARE MOORE is heard, and she mumbleth as she

ministereth to the sick. "Those Year Book write-ups. . . in joy and with thanksgiving finisheth I them." Thus spake CLARE.

And lo, the voice of MARY MOON, as she singeth rare words of precious wisdom. And all are astonished and rejoice at her singing.

When speaketh NORMA DICK and HELEN STOCKTON; each one teacheth nurses how to nurse. Their quality endureth and is good.

On that day, I heard the voice of JEAN GALBRAITH as she ministrath to the sick in a far-off land. She did speak with joy the Parable of Patience for patients.

And lo, a mighty chorus soundeth, and they sing for joy, and a trumpet signal soundeth from the ends of the earth, and the children crosseth over into the Promised Land.



KING JOHN'S CHRISTMAS.

King John was not a good man --
He had his little ways.
And sometimes no one spoke to him
For days and days and days,
And men who came across him,
When walking in the town,
Gave him a supercilious stare,
Or passed with noses in the air --
And bad King John stood dumbly there,
Blushing beneath his crown.
King John was not a good man,
And no good friends had he.
He stayed in every afternoon . . .
But no one came to tea.
And, round about December,
The cards upon his shelf
Which wished him lots of Christmas
cheer,
And fortune in the coming year,
Were never from his near and dear.
But only from himself.
King John was not a good man,
Yet had his hopes and fears.
They'd given him no present now
For years and years and years.
But every year at Christmas,
While minstrels stood about,
Collecting tribute from the young
For all the songs they might have sung,
He stole away upstairs and hung
A hopeful stocking out.
King John was not a good man,
He lived his life aloof;
Alone he thought a message out
While climbing up the roof.
He wrote it down and propped it
Against the chimney stack:
"TO ALL AND SUNDRY --NEAR AND FAR--
F. CHRISTMAS IN PARTICULAR."
And signed it not "Johannes R."
But very humbly, "JACK."

"I want some crackers,
And I want some candy;
I think a box of chocolates
Would come in handy;
I don't mind oranges,
I do like nuts!
And I SHOULD like a pocket-knife
That really cuts.
And, oh! Father Christmas, if you love
me at all,
Bring me a big, red india-rubber ball!"
King John was not a good man--
He wrote this message out,
And gat him to his room again,
Descending by the spout.
And all that night he lay there,
A prey to hopes and fears.
"I think that's him a-coming now,"
(Anxiety bedewed his brow.)
"He'll bring one present, anyhow --
The first I've had for years."
"Forget about the crackers,
And forget about the candy;
I'm sure a box of chocolates
Would never come in handy;
I don't like oranges,
I don't want nuts,
And I HAVE got a pocket-knife
That almost cuts.
But oh! Father Christmas, if you love me
at all.
Bring me a big, red india-rubber ball!"
King John was not a good man --
Next morning when the sun
Rose up to tell a waiting world
That Christmas had begun,
And people seized their stockings,
And opened them with glee,
And crackers, toys and games appeared,
And lips with sticky sweets were smeared,
King John said grinly: "As I feared,
Nothing again for me!"

(Continued in Non-Canonical)



ANCIEN-JEAL ANCIENNAIT

ANOTHER SCREWTAPE LETTER:
with apologies to C. S. Lewis.



My dear Wormwood,

It seems to me that you are too worried over this latest development with your patient. It need not be as serious as you paint it. You say he has become very much interested in one of the Enemy's benevolent causes, that, in short, he is devoting so much energy to relieving post-war suffering that you are scarcely able to attract his attention. I do not belittle the danger, for it is one of the Enemy's more successful tactics to so absorb the interest and devotion of his would-be followers in selfless activity that they become immune to many of the crasser of our weapons. But we can be subtle too, and knowing your patient as you do, and having already developed in him certain selfish tendencies which are almost strong enough to be termed habits, you will be able I am sure, to redeem him to the glory of Our Father here below.

You must see to it that he meets early and constant discouragement. It will not be difficult for you to suggest to several of those from whom he would solicit contributions or service, plausible excuses, the logic of which will soon dampen your patient's ardour. Here are some suggestions. "I'm sick and tired of all this sob-stuff from Europe and Asia. Let's talk about something brighter!" Or "What's the sense of our trying to do anything. Let the Government do it! Besides what good are my dimes. They won't go far and I might as well enjoy them here." You know the line.

You see, my dear nephew, these humans, these hairless bipeds are really very fond of this thing called, Money, and as your patient bitterly realizes how little he can worm out of others, it will become clear that, if he is to make his pledges, he will have to dip into his own pocket. And that will make him unhappy, because as you have described him in other letters he likes to be praised for his generosity as long as it doesn't cost him anything. You may suggest to him that one should really not spend so much relief money so far away when people are starving in this very city -- not of-course to move him to help his neighbors, but as a useful rationalization for the moment. He will be able to turn the argument around when a plea is really made for the needy at home, without any help from you at all, pointing out all he has already done for overseas misery.

Even the Enemy recognizes money as one of the fortresses of our power, and actually it is very easy for the rich to enter the Kingdom Below, where is Our Father's abode and where our delight arises from the eternal tortures we are able to witness. Your patient has really never known much about poverty and it is his sort that we have the least trouble with. But humans who have the sensitivity or spirit that creative suffering sometimes brings are much more difficult to influence. The Enemy seems to have his way with them.

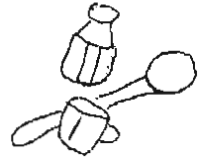
Be alert my dear Wormwood! You will be able to help your patient with many rationalizations about ways in which his money must be spent, how he really must have a new suit if he is to keep up with his crowd and make the desired impression of his girl-friend; -- how he actually has, after all, done his share, without giving any money at all -- you see what I mean! Also cultivate in him the habit of gluttony -- let him never pass a soda fountain without stopping for a soda or a coke. If you keep control of his wallet and his appetite, the Enemy will soon lose this weak hold that is at present causing you so many headaches. Take heart Wormwood! You will be successful in this just as your uncle and many of our family have been of late, witness the millions of miserable wretches throughout the world whose suffering linked with the selfishness of other millions is bringing daily joy to our great Father below.

Your affectionate uncle, Screwtape.



RECIPE FOR LIFE AT U.C.T.S.

- 1 cup of oil of gladness
for shortening
- 1 cup of patience
for sweetening.



Cream these together and add a full cup of the milk of human-kindness.

Whip up your energy into a froth. Add a few lectures and leaders, many books, and several studious young women.

Sift your motives, impulses and attitudes three times until no dark speck of self-centredness remains.

Add to this the very best grade of the leaven of God's love, a great deal of personal humility, much willingness, study and a clear purpose. Stir these gradually but evenly into the mixture.

Add 1 tsp. of the salt of fun,

1 tsp. flavouring of originality.

1 cup running over with laughter and song.

Pour into pans carefully greased with tact and diplomacy. Bake in a very warm atmosphere of fellowship, remove gently and dust with generous sprinklings of sleep.

This recipe may be stretched to serve from 40 to 60 young women and is usually rewarding.

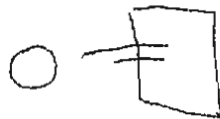
- the 'happy' ending to KING JOHN'S CHRISTMAS - continued from the Prophecy.

"I did want crackers,
And I did want candy;
I know a box of chocolates
Would come in handy;
I do love oranges,
I did want nuts.
I haven't got a pocket-knife --
Not one that cuts.
And oh! if Father Christmas had loved
me at all,
He would have brought a big, red india-
rubber ball!"

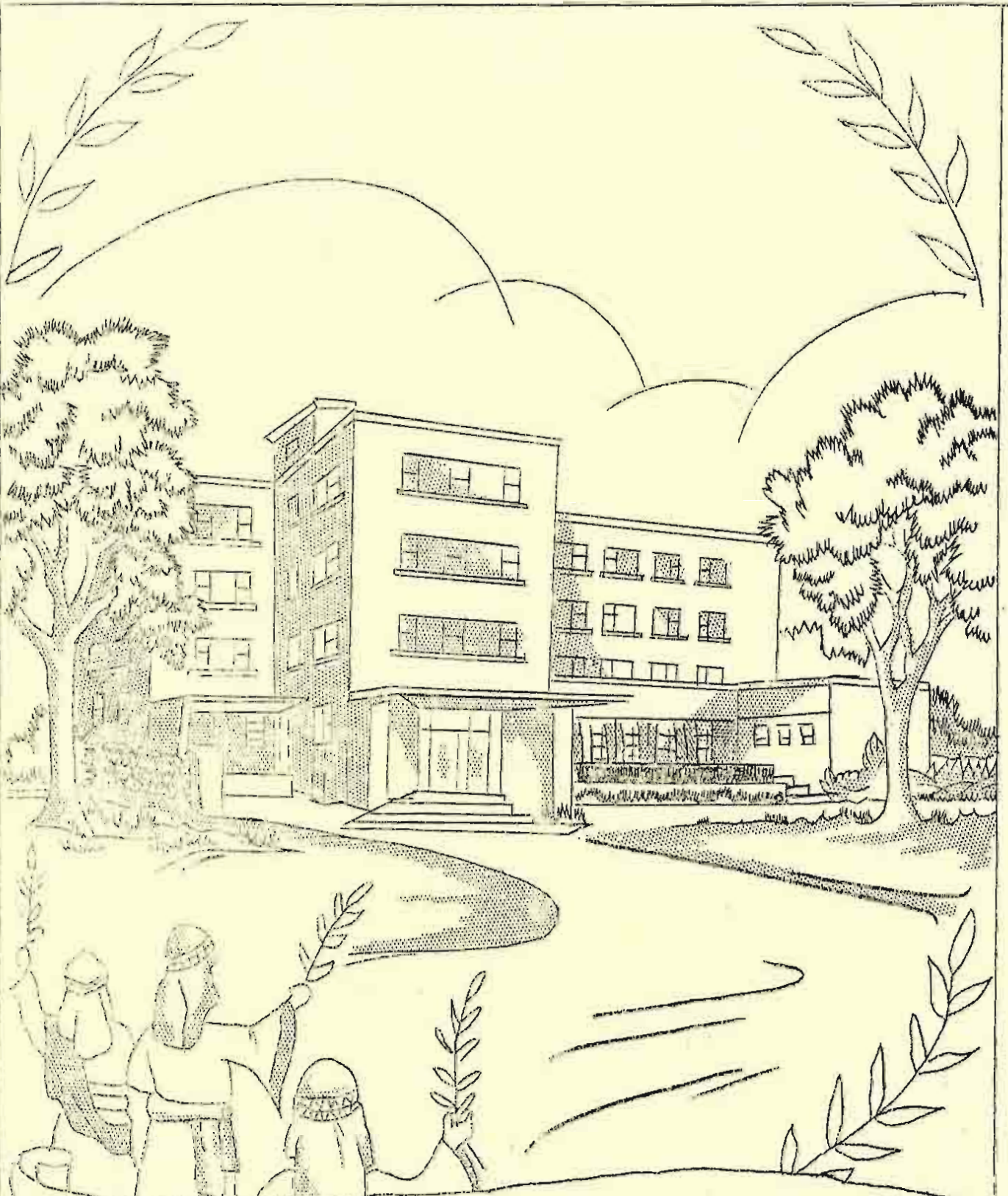


King John stood by the window,
And frowned to see below
The happy bands of boys and
girls
All playing in the snow.
Awhile he stood there watching,
And envying them all . . .

When through the window big and red
There hurtled by his royal head,
And bounced and fell upon the bed,
An india-rubber ball!



AND OH! FATHER CHRISTMAS! MY BLESSINGS ON YOU FALL FOR BRINGING
HIM A BIG! RED! INDIA-RUBBER BALL!!



ALPHA and OMEGA

HISTORICAL STATEMENT - by Mrs. Hutchinson

Each of the two schools represented in the building now being erected on this site had several earlier homes. The Methodist National Training School opened at 28 McGill St. sixty years ago this coming autumn. It was later moved to Jarvis Street, to what is now known as Barbara House Club, and still later to 135 St. Clair Ave. West to a new building erected as the National Training School of the Deaconess Home. In 1897 the Presbyterian Missionary and Deaconess Training Home was established, first on Church Street, next at 74 Charles St. W., and finally at 60 Grosvenor, now the site of the new residence for nurses of the Women's College Hospital. At the time of Union when these two schools were merged it was understood that the property at 135 St. Clair would be sold and the school reestablished nearer the University.

So the plans and hopes and the gifts of many persons, and over these many years, commingle here to-day, as this new building begins to rise. Many were the obstacles to be overcome before those plans and hopes found fulfilment. In those first years following Union the need for women workers was greatly diminished for there were more ministers than churches. Ten years later, in the hungry thirties, church budgets were seriously cut and again the number of women needed was reduced. In the school files of 1938 there is a letter written to an applicant by the principal, then Miss Gertrude Rutherford, which reads thus: "I regret that I can give you no assurance that there will be a place for you in the full time work of our Church, but I have faith to believe that such a place will be found and I urge you to come in that faith and take the necessary training." She did come, and she has been engaged in significant work for the church ever since. But I tell of this by way of contrast with our present situation.

During the war the property at 135 was leased to the Department of National Defense as a barracks for the Canadian Women's Army Corps, and the residence at 214 St. George St. became "The School." It provided adequate accommodation until the last year of the war, when the numbers of women needed suddenly increased, and the number of women eager to enter the full time service of the church likewise increased. In the fall of 1945 the number seeking to enter the school were more than double its capacity, and a new house was purchased. During that school year also, the Blue Cross made an offer to purchase 135 St. Clair, which was accepted. For the ensuing three years fruitless efforts were made to find a new site, until, at the close of 1949 came the suggestion that such a site might be found on the University campus. Negotiations with the Board of Regents of Victoria University were then begun of which the happy issue brings us here to-day deeply grateful, now, for the lets and hindrances which prevented those earlier plans from finding fruition.

There were, of course, still a few obstacles to be overcome. One recalls so vividly that sunny afternoon in May when a small committee of the Board of the School met with Dr. Mooney of the Treasury Dept. and Mr. David Gibson of the Finance Board to discuss ways and means of finding the necessary money to erect a building. And I can hear Mr. Gibson say: "You must ask the women of the church to raise this money. Certainly the men will help, but the only way to get it is to have the women organize the campaign." We said: "But they have never had a national campaign." And he said: "They can; and tell them from me that they'll enjoy it."

And so the campaign is over and its minimum objective reached. The sum of \$643,000.00 is in hand, with pledged amounts coming in still. It now seems entirely probable that the costs of the land, the building and equipment, and of the campaign, can be met. Furthermore, there has been great satisfaction for many in this achievement, and blessing in ways too numerous to mention. And the reward for those who have shared in this whole effort of faith, - this effort which goes back, indeed over sixty years - will be seen again and again and continuously, in the future life and work of our Church.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

GIVEN BY MISS K. HARRIET CHRISTIE

AT HER INSTALLATION AS PRINCIPAL OF U.C.T.S.

APRIL 24, 1954

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Moderator, Honored guests, Members of the Board of Management, ladies and gentlemen:

No question more deeply concerns thinking Christians today than of the renewal of the Church, and rightly so. It is of some aspects of this question, and especially, of some ways in which women may contribute to that renewal, that I wish to speak.

Dr. Kathleen Bliss in her book "The Service and Status of women in the Churches," makes this statement: "The times when the Church regarded women as a lower species, doubtfully redeemable, or as ignorant and ineducable, are always the times when the church is dead in other matters - failing to evangelise, indifferent to human suffering. As soon as quickening life returns to the Church, or to some section within it, men and women are found working at the same enterprise and new attitudes begin to prevail."

The question of the relationship and place of men and women within the church has vexed Church people for generations, and will keep coming to the fore until it is resolved. Jesus released new attitudes and concepts into the world in this area, as in so many others, by His own attitudes. He treated both men and women as persons, equally sinners, and equally worthy in the sight of God. He therefore gave to women a new sense of freedom and responsibility, and to men a new respect for women and a new willingness to act towards both men and women according to his or her own merits. In the early days of the Church men and women took their place together in the work and witness and suffering of the followers of Jesus Christ, and both had their place in the leadership and service of the Church through the diaconate. The situation which pertained for the first few centuries of the church's history was lost and has never fully been reclaimed, although from time to time women have come forward to give courageous leadership or to take their place along with men in the work and witness of the Church.

The new factor released by Jesus, in His declaration that all persons are Children of God, has been part of the revolution which has shaken the world from time to time ever since, and which has again come to the fore in society. In recent years it has caused a deepening sense of partnership between husband and wife in the establishment and maintaining of a home and the bringing up of children. It has led women to take their place along side men in practically every phase of business and professional life. With the last war and the succeeding economic situation women, including married women, have for various reasons entered the field of employment in increasing numbers until, in 1950, 20% of the working population of Canada was women.

Whether or not we like this situation it is a fact, and part of the new age with which the Church must reckon. The potential good which grows out of necessity is that a new era of co-operation between men and women, rather than domination and submission (at least on the surface) is dawning. Ashley Montague in his book with the rather terrifying title "The Natural Superiority of Women" says, "I am convinced --- that good relations between the sexes are basic to the development of good human relations in all society" and again - To have co-operation between men and women means, "not only to confer survival benefits upon the co-operators but also to enlarge their capacity for living; it means the production of harmony, health, wealth, and happiness; it means to restore to human beings their ability to love and their ability to work -- their mental health; and it means an end to conflict on the interpersonal plane and eventually on the international plane."

This new situation touches all areas of life. It is influencing circumstances throughout the world, as indicated by the United Nation's Commission on the status of Women and its Declaration of Human Rights. And it owes its origin to Jesus Christ and His Church. It is rather surprising that the Church, to which this swiftly flowing stream of freedom and equally-shared responsibility owes its origin, is now perplexed about her own situation. Uneasiness and dissatisfaction regarding the place of women is indicated by the tremendous interest aroused all through the churches of the world by a casual enquiry prior to the first meeting of the World Council of Churches in 1948, and the establishment at Amsterdam of a Commission on the Life and Work of Women in the Church. The results of the enquiry - and the facts as each of us knows them reveals that the Church now lags far behind most fields in secular life at the point of the freedom and opportunity for women to take their place on a basis of equality and co-operation in the life and leadership of the Church. The question is not one of women demanding rights, but of the whole Church seeking to discover the ways in which all its resources may be used for the fulfilling of her true nature as the household of faith, the Body of Christ, and for the renewal of her life to face the urgent needs of the world around her.

The United Church of Canada has made greater progress than most churches in the World Council of Churches, and especially in the Western world, in making available to both men and women an equal place in all the courts and offices of the Church. It is incumbent upon women to make diligent and unselfconscious use of opportunities and responsibilities provided, and of both men and women to discover how much can be done together which tradition has had us do separately. Archbishop Temple's report on the Ministry of Women in The Church of England, published in U.S.A., 1944, "Modern Society will not be won to the Christian allegiance and drawn into the fellowship of the Church by the activities, however, heroic and devoted, of one sex alone. If, however, the Church officially is willing and able to provide openings of service, both paid and voluntary, for women as well as men, there is a more certain prospect of a revival in our time of allegiance to the Church and of effective witness by its membership in the world."

The day of fighting for rights and attempting to imitate men is gone. The demand of our day is co-operation, acceptance of responsibility and use of gifts and capacities within the Church as well as outside it. The need is to discover the essential contributions of men and of women and how these may be expressed in such a way that men and women may complement one another, each bringing his or her characteristics and training to the service of their Lord. Our particular concern this afternoon is in the area of the full-time professional service of the Church.

There should be, and always will be women as well as men in our Church who are called of God to be ministers of the Word and Sacraments. The fact that after 18 years of ordaining women only 30 have accepted this call seems to indicate that large numbers of women are not likely to flow into this part of the Church's ministry.

Increasingly as one examines the life and work of our own Church, and of the Church in other parts of the world, one sees emerging some elements which are essential to the revitalization of the Church which may more naturally be met by women, although not exclusively so by any means.

The whole question of education is very much to the fore at the present time, and the field of "Christian Education" bears re-examination at the same time. A few weeks ago I was talking with a Dutch woman who was asking about the United Church Training School and the work of women in our Church. When the words "Christian Education" were used she said, "What do you mean, Christian Education, I know the meaning of each word separately, but together I do not understand them. I thought people could not be educated to become Christian, but became such only by the Grace of God through the preaching of the Word of God." The reply was to the effect that her understanding was certainly the view of some schools of theological thinking, and most would agree that people become Christian by the Grace of God rather than just by the process of

education. Nevertheless in our country at least, especially young people, know so little of the Bible, the meaning of Christian terminology, the experience of worship, that preaching often falls on deaf ears because there is no background from which it may be heard and comprehended. One of the chief functions of Christian Education within the life and work of the Church anywhere in the world, is to educate people in the content and meaning of the Bible, in the Christian heritage in history and experience, and in the meaning and practise of worship. To this end the very best educational methods which are available should be used for so important a task. The fact that church participation is by individual decision means that this education must be done through voluntary association and these provide many occasions for personal and group participation in the process of learning. This means that there is opportunity to convey Christian content directly in relation to experience, and therefore to prepare, not only the mind, but also the will and spirit for the action of the Grace of God when it is mediated through preaching, or perhaps, through other media as well. This task of making known and vital to children and young people in particular, but also to adults, the content and truth which is the very foundation of the Christian Gospel, and of making it known in such a way that its relevance to moral conduct and to the very meaning and purpose of life is inescapable, is absolutely essential to the growth and effectiveness of the Christian community. Education and teaching have always been integral to the life of the Church but they have been taken far too much for granted. The time has come to seriously recognize what the future holds in store right here in Canada as well as overseas unless the Church with vigour strengthens her educational contribution by recognizing that the content to be taught, and the meaning of that content for the lives of persons and society, is far too precious to be treated casually. Rather, it calls for the best skill, training, and dedication available. Women, to whom so much of the teaching of the young in secular education has been entrusted, are both an actual and a potential source of leadership in this field. They may perform a very important part of the ministry of the Church by thus preparing the way for the descent of the Holy Spirit, and providing training in Christian living. Better still, two or more persons, representatives of both sexes, at work in a Church or region, one trained and skilled in the ministry of the Word and Sacraments with all that entails, the other equally well trained and skilled in ministering through informal methods of education and personal contacts, both working together for the total life and witness of the Church, does now, and can increasingly strengthen, deepen, and extend the work of the Church beyond all imagining.

The purpose of Christian Education is surely to use education in all the breadth of its methods, as a means to the end that people, men and women, boys and girls may be claimed by God as His own and may be caught up into the life of humble, obedient service to Jesus Christ whom they know as their Lord and Saviour. This takes place within the discipline and fellowship of the Church. Christian Education therefore must be done within the context of fellowship, with its very heart and program centred in fellowship. One of the much deplored characteristics of modern society is its impersonal nature, resulting in loneliness, isolation in the midst of crowds, and lack of real sense of belonging. The very nature of the Christian gospel, on the other hand, is the love of God for persons, and the experience of sonship with God and brotherhood one with another. One aspect of the renewal of the Church today is that she be her true self - a fellowship, the family of God, that she have, in practise as well as in theory, the kind of closely knit bonds of understanding and confidence in congregations and groups so that people find in the Church that when they belong to God, they also truly belong to one another.

But even more is involved in the development of Christian community than helping persons to have a sense of sharing in a personal relationship with God and Christ, and with their brothers and sisters in Christ. Fellowship is only real when it is grounded in belief in the dignity and sacramental nature of life itself, and helps people to find joy and responsible action in respect for human personality, working for the reconciliation of persons with God and with one another, and for the breaking down of all barriers that separate, whether personal, social, economic, or religious

Dr. Victor Murray, in his recent book based on a series of lectures given in Emmanuel College "Education into Religion" says, "Christianity also involves moral choice. -- The choice of 'either/or' has to be made by the Christian, and to refuse to make a choice or to be blind to the existence of alternatives is more than misunderstanding. It is a moral defect. -- If love is the characteristic of the Christian religion it must express itself in loving, that is to say, in personal relationships, in an attitude to society, in practical service to and concern for other people. The Gospel gives short shrift to those who ignore the brother for whom Christ died, or refuse to feed the hungry, clothe the naked or visit the prisoner." The students would be interested in knowing that Dr. Murray reiterates (several times that good manners are essential to the Christian in his expression of the dignity of life and respect for persons!)

A characteristic of women, whether by nature or by necessity, is concern for persons, the developing and maintaining of the kind of relationships which belong to the family, a sensitivity to what contributes to or detracts from the sense of being loved and wanted, of being responsible to a family group or community. With compassion and wisdom their capacities can serve the church through helping the groups, clubs, classes in the church to really be Christian communities where the members experience the meaning of the Love of God binding them together and to Him, and where they come to know that they are part of the whole church and are able to go forth to transform life, secure in the dependability of God and their church.

The re-vitalization of the Church includes also the extending of her fellowship and her influence beyond her own walls if society is to be claimed for Christ. Most ministers find that they are so involved in the heavy demands of an actual congregation or pastoral charge that they have little time left to reach out to those not now within the church. Laymen can do much of this, both by their own life and witness in their daily work, and by visiting. There is a place also for someone who represents the church, who has time and skill, and understanding, to visit in the homes of the community, to go out on tour into remote areas, and, by their very presence to be where people are in their daily life, interest and counsel, serve people and draw them into the fellowship of the Church. This task of going out to meet people where they are as well as serving those who come to the church, is one which bears exploring. It involves patience, imagination, freedom from some of the heavy demands which impinge upon time and energy, and it is being, and can be done increasingly by women whenever they serve the Church. Here again, women's ingenuity and natural interest in people can be trained to pioneer for the Church, and extend both her fellowship and her influence.

These are three contributions which I believe women have to bring to the service of their Master, - Christian Education in the sense of training in the knowledge, and understanding of the heritage and meaning of the Christian faith, education which is inseparable from the demands which the Christian gospel makes in terms of responsible moral action. To do this calls for sound training in Biblical, historical, and doctrinal background, plus philosophy and skill in the methods of education in informal, voluntary, individual and group situations.

Christian Education in the sense of giving training in the experience of fellowship grounded in the love of God - where people truly matter, - and know they do, - to God, and to one another. This calls for a deep understanding of the meaning and value of persons and personal relationships and the actual experience of sharing in a community where persons of different backgrounds and races are bound together in Christian love to share one another's joys and sorrows, and to know the disciplines and responsibilities and strength of the Christian Community.

These, I believe, are some of the gifts which women have to bring to the Church, which when joined together with the essential gifts of men, may help the Church to be more fully God's instrument for the salvation of the world. To this task of preparing women for these and other ways of serving their God and Master through His Church, I, and my colleagues who likewise have been called to serve, dedicate ourselves in humility of spirit and by His Grace

THUS SPAKE THE SCRIBES

What is that coming up out of the wilderness, like a column of smoke, perfumed with correction fluid and Gestetner ink and with all the fragrant odors of mimeographed stencils?

Behold, it is the book of the "Wanderings" of the daughters of U.C.T.S. 1953-54.

About it are the mighty women of the Yearbook Staff, all girt with typewriters and expert in corrections, each with her eraser at her thigh to guard against mistakes.

The "Chairman" led them, each Wednesday afternoon to Bedford House Library.

They made of it their sanctuary and from it they brought forth this collection of writings gathered from the tribe.

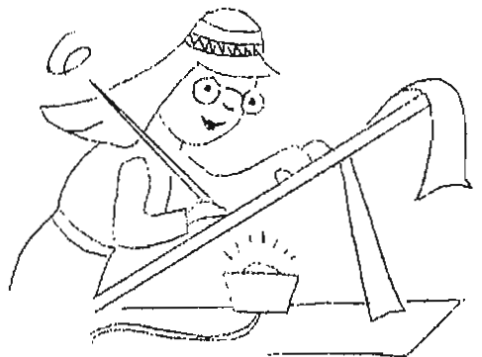
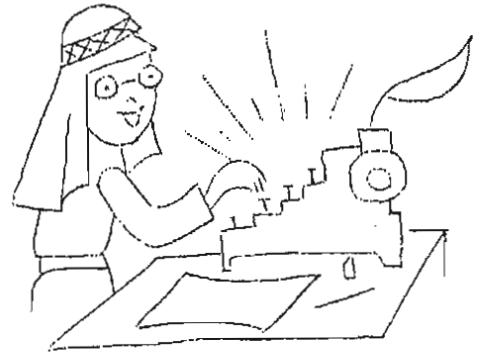
They toiled over these pages with mutterings and wailings; they labored unceasingly, but now they arise and come away.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the book of the "Wanderings" appears in the land.

It was lovingly wrought within by those on the staff and now they exalt and rejoice and give thanks to all the daughters of the tribe.

They extol those who, out of the fullness of their hearts, contributed of their time, talents and equipment, and when the heat of the desert was at its worst, didst provide manna for their refreshment.

The Scribes



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GOD

BLESS

YOU ALL