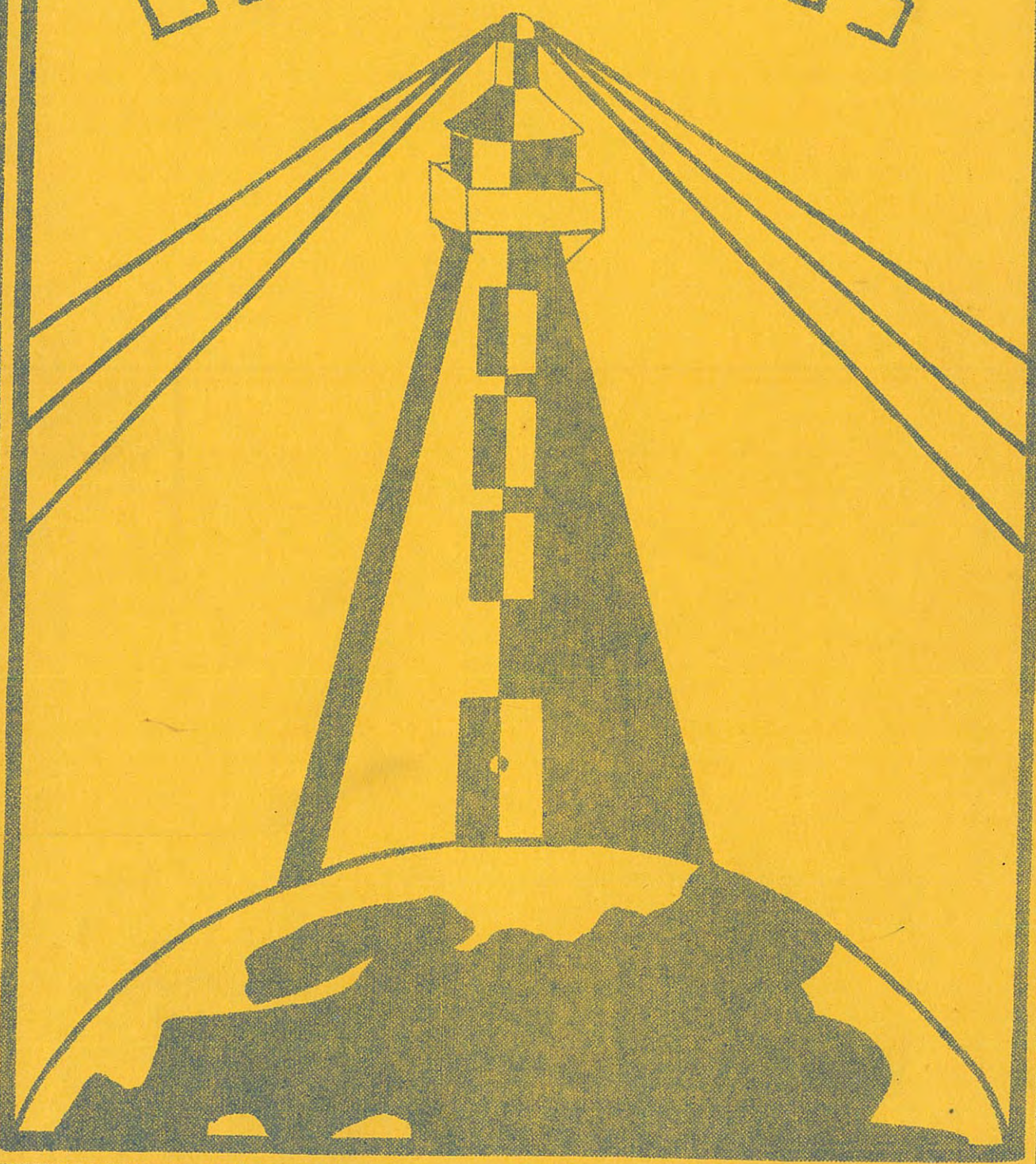


Mount 1009
Lorraine Roberts

BEACONE 55



EDITORIAL

According to one statistician, the average person spends at least thirteen years of his or her life talking. On a normal day, something like 18,000 words are likely to be used, roughly equivalent to a book of 54 pages. In a single year, one's words would fill 66 books - each containing 800 pages! If we were to look back over the year in terms of the books that we have written, we might find that our library would contain a great variety of titles. Some of them might be: Beefs, Words of Wisdom, Gossip, Words of Prayer and Praise, Theological Treatises. Out of the same lips have come - blessing and cursing.

James writes of this in his epistle: "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? My brethren, this ought not so to be. With the tongue, bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men." One moment we sing praises to God - and then find no contradiction in gossip or criticism that means the tearing down of another person.

The world today needs a positive message - and we as Christians must be equipped with a sure and evangelical word. May our lips be free from enslavement to the superficial, and the derogatory, to the end that they may be free to serve the Christ - in speaking His Word to others.

May our message be a BEACON in the darkness of the lives of those to whom we minister - that in all things we may glorify Him who has given us light and life in Jesus Christ.

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YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE

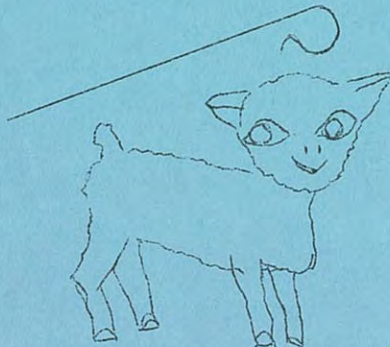
"A word from the wise ..."

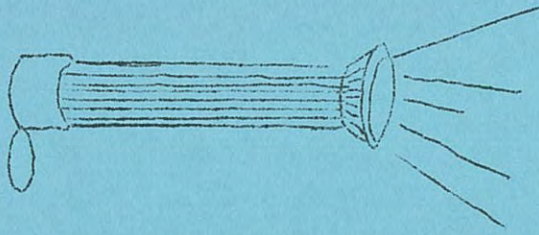
"All real life is meeting" is the thesis of a Christian News-Letter Book by Dr. J.H. Oldham. His Thesis has taken on meaning for us this year. We have shared life together and found in our meeting with persons something of the meaning of life. We have learned something of the meaning of being a community, sharing joys and sorrows, supporting and sustaining one another in our weaknesses and need, loving and trusting, yet urging each other on to greater endeavour. We have lived at high pitch in our humour and recreation, in study and field work. Nor have met one another only. Through lectures we have met professors, and through them, men and women of all ages who "become alive again and enter into contemporary life". We have met little children and teen-agers, and have caught a glimpse of what it means to treat others, and be treated ourselves, as persons. Living in such relation to other people has not meant any absence of struggles or difficulties. Rather, it has required readiness to work through these to solutions which serve the whole good, not just one's own.

The experience of life found in a close and sincere community is not repeated often. Its qualities may be cherished, and provide not only fond memories but also insight and inspiration. It may send us out knowing, because we have experienced it, that the real truth about life is to be found in meeting person with person, and person with a personal God. In a world which worships things, and is increasingly prone to treat people as objects, it is our privilege and joy to declare unceasingly, both in word and deed, the fact that people matter. "In every real encounter with life and with our fellow-men we meet the living Spirit, the Creator of life. What comes out of the meeting is God's affair. Those who meet -- who answer in responsible decision to the word addressed to them by another -- are already sharers in eternal life. They are already bound together in community. They are allied with the power of the eternal Spirit - a power that can destroy the domination of things, overturn the proudest moments of ambition and acquisitiveness, and restore men to his true life which is realized only in community." (J. H. Oldham)

In this spirit we greet you with affection.

The Staff





PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

No camper can think of a Beacon or a Light without recalling the lively singing of

"This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine...
All the way from" "

Members of our class would need to sing out the names of places representing every province in Canada and every Conference of our Church.

But we have been drawn together for a purpose which no boundaries can affect, no localities limit. We have answered the call to show forth the Light, and during the past two years have come to know more than ever just how totally dependent we are upon that Source of all Light.

As we stand in the light of the Cross, we realize afresh how unworthy we are and our shortcomings grieve us. How brightly the Light shines upon us and surrounds us and yet we are humbled even to walk in its shadow. But as we continue in the Light, walking in it day by day, we are promised help in compensating for our shortcomings. We are not left to grope blindly in the darkness but rather seek to follow in the footsteps of that One who is the Light of the World.

We could not let the Beaconess go to print without recognizing the atmosphere which is created as we live and labour from day to day in the midst of those who follow the Light, and send forth its rays.

Again we must not fail to recognize that the Light of whom we speak is the Light of the World, and that wherever we are, the same Light is there before us. We are called as Christ's servants to - "Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine."

Helene Manning,
Class President

Remember?



- ** How we overwhelmed the First Year with our tales of summer work on Sept. 19/58.
Where did they get those hats? *****
- ** With the enthusiastic reports of their summer trip Miss Christie and Miss Gamble almost had everybody off to the Orient. *****
- ** The meaningful Communion Service conducted by our new Chairman of the Board of Management, Dr. Cragg**
- ** Holene's 'field work' supervision at our annual fall picnic at Kaufman House. *****
- ** The 'theolog' who mistook our principal, dressed in a deaconess uniform for a second year student. *****
- ** Miss Gamble's little angel, who despite falling, decorated our fire place at Christmas. *****
- ** The unification of the three Schools and the new uniform presented to us in a skit at the Presbyterian School. *****
- ** The darkness which welcomed us following our graduate weekend. *****
- ** The picnic ball game umpired by the bus driver.
Score -- II-8 first years winning against the grads.
Consequences -- SUNBURN *****
- ** The increased duties of the person on desk in the evenings. Courtship does seem to create problems.**
- ** How pleased we were that the fifth ring arrived in time to add another crystal bowl. *****
- ** Dr. Cousland being stranded on his return from a Choir trip. *****
- ** Miss Harrison's twenty-ninth birthday party. *****
- ** Pleasant Sunday evenings in Miss Christie's suite.**
- ** Evening chapel services during Advent and Lent. *****
- ** The Good Friday retreat at Sherbourne Church. *****
- ** Our Easter breakfast and hymn-sing. *****

FAMOUS LAST WORDS.



L.R.----"I've come to the conclusion that it must be much simpler to have a baby than to write an essay on Infant Baptism."

W.S.---- In a discussion about skipping classes--"The big-wigs may not know, but God knows."

R.H.---- Remarkd pensively after hearing about the CGIT camp programme."CGIT camps have more religion than I thought".

M.G.---- After taking part in a discussion that concluded that ministers just don't reach the persons who frequent bars, offered this idea--"In addition to their theological training, ministers should also be called to the bar!"

J.F.----"No need to worry about a "defishency" in our diet here!"

AMONG THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED

Ev's "Help me! Help me!"

Noah's great, great, great, great grand-daughter's "Don't flush!"

A mysterious mouse that kept appearing in the dining-room.

Miss Buckmaster's definition of W.M.S.-- Weird Mental State.

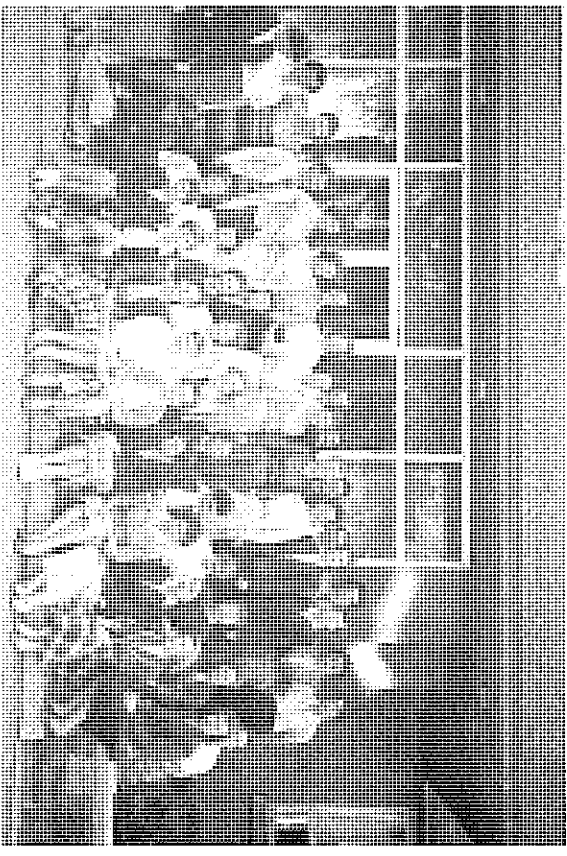
HEATHER DAU

The student who was discovered studying in her clothes-closet by candle-light.

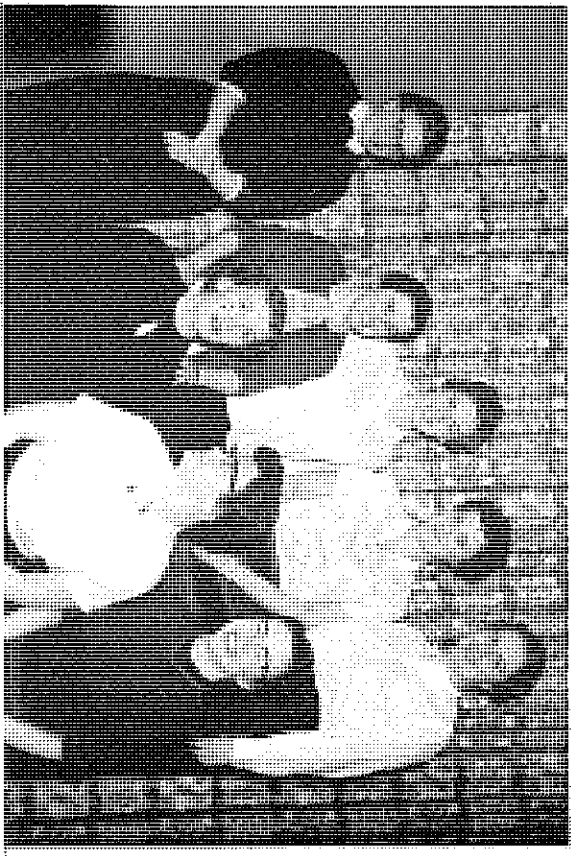
The deaconess-to-be who slid down the bannister at Emmanuel College.

Lorraine Roberts' stubborn refusal to turn the other cheek.

FIRST DAY BACK



THOSE NURSES
(BLESS 'EM)



THE
BRIDES-TO-BE



Siblings unlimited!

Margaret
Bea

From Hamilton did come Marg Bea,
A stenographer of note was she:
Her future yet we cannot say,
Her favourite saying - "Hip, hip, horrea!"
When a willing hand you need,
A cheery word, a kindly deed:
She'll erase your troubles, curl your frown,
Our Marg will never let you down.
Good luck to you Marg, Wherever you go,
Your happy countenance will surely glow
Be it Africa, India, or Kalamazoo
Or perhaps a manse or a heated igloo!

Shirley
Beckman

Into our midst from Halifax
Came Shirley Beckman with bags and packs,
Typewriter, sewing machine, records, skates
Some of her interests this relates.

Away from duties of a lab technician
While substituting C.E. to gain recognition,
But from lab work she doesn't wish to resign
So with the two she'll surely do fine.

Gerry
Beairsto

In September last the time was ripe
For a real little Maritimer, N.B. type,
To give up a job in photography
And turn her thoughts more to theology.
Gerry's the name, and soon we did see
That student, joker, and prankster was she.
She's fun to have 'round, and we wish her the best
As she goes to her mission field out in the west.

Alice
Brooksbank

Alice B. is another school marm
She seems rather particular to the farm;
That food from home tastes just dandy
When Alice passes out cookies and candy.
She is very glad her friends can type
When finding essays her major gripe.

Betty Ann
Caldwell

Betty Ann's so organized
She puts us all to shame,
She comes from Manitoba,
So on that we'll put the blame.
Her handle is the same as mine,
But we are not the same,
For 'though she too is Betty Ann,
There's nothing in a name!

Sharon
Campbell

Sharon Campbell, bright and fair
For camping and swimming has a flair.

Does well at painting, essays and exams
And isn't averse to a certain young man.

But her real ambition's to settle down
In an Shanty in Old Shanty Town!

Betty
Chisolm

One of our grads will find a location,
We are sure of that, but in what vocation?
She's talented here, she's talented there,
If you don't watch out she'll chop off your hair,
Or play you sweet music, or find you a man,
Or counsel you well like a deaconess can.
Of course we all love her, she causes no schism,
We'll always remember our dear Betty Chisolm.

Elizabeth J
Cooper

Liz has a smile that captivates
And a friendly way which really rates,
Talk to her roomie or ask anyone,
You'll hear the same story,
"She's full of fun".

Ann
Crawford

Song of Joanayon
(Any reference to Song of Solomon 4:9-15
is entirely intentional)

You have filled me with gladness, "My
sister", my dear,
You have tickled my being with
the "click" of your slippers,
as they fell under the library chair.

How handsome is your Love, Dear Annie,
my sis,
how much better is he than
a "dummaie"
With only the hat to call your
Love's sweet own!

Your lips are often open, you know,
exclaiming to Jerry or Don or
Liz;
the wisdom of your counsel is like
the knowledge of Solomon
I can't imagine where all you've been,
across the country, in a flying
machine.

Your patients are hid from our
view
with either nothing or
much to do,
but here at the School, you've been
great,
in badminton, or swimming,
dancing and studies,

with all chief graces-
a model wife, a source of true
joy,
loved by all including Joanavon

Verna
Crooks

Verna came to us from the Prairies
Where the pure fresh air is.
With bright blue eyes and nice blond hair
She makes more noise than all in the lair.

However we may describe her
There's not a bit of doubt
She'll be one of the best pastors
The Training School has sent out.

What she doesn't say by word of lip,
She says with her winning smile
And her cheery personality
Will take her mile after mile.

Joan
Dee

J is for JOAN , the Name of our Big Sister,
O says she's the best ONE in the School.
A is for ATTRACTIVE clothes she models,
N is 'cause she NEVER breaks a rule (??).

D is for her 'DOODLING' done in oils,
E is EVERY coffee break she takes,
E means EVERYTHING that we've omitted
Just because we're limited for space.

But put them together and you will soon see,
Why Sharon and Judy gladly agree
That of ALL the Big Sisters to ever be rated
The name up above spells the BEST ONE CREATED!

Heather
Dau

Because my sis is a funny little miss
She's often found with pistols and with micé
upon a plate she'll put the mouse
Squirting the water all over the house
With Heather, there is now a moment's bliss.

And yet, this is not entirely exact
For she gives a "paper" in a way matter of fact
On ordination or kneeling benches she's
quite an authority
As for Kowinkel or Flew she translates with
dexterity.

But, alas, Heather's wisdom has almost vanished
Two teeth have been yanked and left her famished
To eat she must suffer because of a swelling
And a vacancy that says "no Sense" in a way that
is telling.

Her talent however, goes beyond the academic,
Her mobiles, decorations, and cards are polemic;
And what of her knowledge of cows, gardens
and farms--
She sees in these things an unbelievable charm!

Altogether, a clever, humorous miss
A barrel of fun is my little sis
We wouldn't have enjoyed the year half as much
If she hadn't been here to get us "in dutch".

Barbara
Elliott

St. Stephen's Theoge. her wall do adorn,
Tho' happy here, the West she does mourn,
The wanderer we welcome back and say --
What wud we do without her agape!!

Joyce
Facey

O East is East and West is West
And now the twain will meet
When from Prince Rupert's cosy nest
Joycè comes, Came Bretoners to greet.

"Are you from the pier, dear?"
The gentlemen will toy
But Joycè will answer calm and clear
"I'm from the Bay, boy".

Joyce is a friend to one and all
Here at the Training School
She goes on now to Newsome Hall
Where she'll show that she's no fool.

And soon we'll hear from shore to shore
Her praises sung anew
And we'll be glad for ever more
of her friendship good and true.

Pat
Forler

If you should be seeking Pat,
You may find her making a hat
Or she may be passing pills
Or Collecting unpaid bills,
Making a super flannelgraph,
Or molesting some of the staff,
But wherever she may be,
Or whatever the plot you see
There's a twinkle in her eyes
And in her mind some new surprise.

Marie
Hackett

Marie is a nurse, from Quebec she hails,
But it seems from Mount A. to Lamont she sails.
For the third floor budgie, she's a foster mother
When it comes to patients she has many other.
We are very sorry she can stay but one year
But that spot in the west says, "Come on back here".

Elaine
: Harland

Some one to step into Helene's shoes
None other than Elaine the class did choose,
The girl from United College who came
To do so well and gain her fame.

In Ontario her summer work she'll do
Camping and speaking and perhaps preaching too,
But joyous and kind and helpful to all
These are the qualities that match her call.

Mary I
Harvey

Twain sisters we, one big one small
Eagerly arrived at school last fall
Breathlessly we asked, "Where is she
Who typed these letters in faraway B.C.?"

One early morning we did hear her sing
'Twas only because she had received her ring.
When people ask, "how does one say nix?"
'Pa' and 'Ma' are their 'Dorothy Dix'.

Akiki and bridesmaids rightly surmised
An "Embassy" party would make Mary surprised.
All year long she has done her bit
And cheered us both with her lively wit.

Doreen
: Hooper

Doreen Hooper is her name,
And our big sister's claim to fame
Is her cheery smile and her birthday book;
She's a friend to all in her fourth floor nook.

In her car she drives around,
She totes us all around the town;
She takes us here, she takes us there,
To church, to trains, or anywhere.

From West and East have we come here
to U.C.T.S. halls so dear;
From rolling plain and pounding sea,
Her little sisters we came to be

Our C.E. files she helped us fill
From her surplus of good will
And pamphlets, gathered o'er the years
From church's pews and C.E. peers.

To our Doreen we'd like to say,
"We're glad that we have come your way;
May the future hold the best for you".
From l'il Elaine, and twin Shirley too.

Ruth
Hudgins

Ruth is a typist and hails from Selby,
Happy, ambitious and "chic" is she;
Willing to help wherever she can,
Having her as sister, was a fine plan.

Her books she attacks with much glee,
But Sat urday night she reserves for a spree.
Off to the theatre she does go -
"You need to get out", is her motto.

Who knows what the future for She will bring?
A trip abroad may be the first thing;
Then Chatham or North Bay, or even Niagara Falls,
Best Wishes, Ruth, whatever befalls.

Ruth I
King

Dear Ruth
Thanks for help with Brunner and with Borth and
Fennell too,
For your Spirit of the West which is always
staunch and true,
For the laughter of our meetings in the sunshine
of your room,
And the joy of wit and humor when our days
were dark and gloom,
For the books you often loaned us with
your constant grace and charm,
And the times with Systematics, when you calmed
our great alarm.
How fortunate to have had you in this year's
search for truth,
For your encouragement and friendship
have enriched our lives, dear Ruth.

Bessie
Lane

Found on Third Floor - one pet- who has
either been lost, stolen or strayed;
answering to the name of Bessie- found
to be a loyal companion- full of tricks-
for further information, please call at
Room 309

Erna
Leach

Did you hear a noise on second floor?
I think its just near Erna's door.
She's having a conversation no less
At two in the morning when all are at rest.
Her life is full of interesting talks
From the Maritimes of course, it never fails;
To Africa she'll be going real soon,
Farewell dear friend, we'll meet on the moon.

Valerie
Lewis

Val brings a wide experience-
On radio-T.V. she has been
And now she's struggling with deeper things,
"Montreal's answer to Toronto's Sin!"

Helene
Manning

They said that we should write a poem
About our sister dear,
And since Helene is that to me
I'll try to write one here.

Helene comes from the Maritimes
And her I like to taunt
Her sister had a little girl
And we became her aunt

But due to Ontario diction
And the way we oft do chant,
If my brother's wife should have a child
We would become its aunt

As she goes out to work
We all wish Helene well
For to us here at the Training School
She certainly has been swell.

The president of the school was she
And this was no small task
She still had time for such as me
With problems and questions to ask.

Next year her smiling face I'll miss,
As we will miss you all.
God's richest blessing go with you
As you go forth in answer to His Call.

Kay
Macleod

you asked about kay
the campbells are coming oh no
i mean the macleods
well boss kay is a nurse
from the land of many
tartans macleod and cape breton
she wants to plant them like
trees around lamont next
year you ought to be sick
boss she is a real
nurse pastor she carries
chocolates and praises
nephews four a thing of
beauty and a joy forever
that is kay boss period
archie

Lydia
McCullough

Lydia from Navan came
Of great renown-it's Y.P.fame.
Bell Tel. was where she had a job,
Before she came to join our mob.
A good hard worker and a great friend,
We're glad she is following the U.C.T.S. trend.

Joan
McLean
Joan with her soft brown wavy hair
For dressing smartly has a flair,
Her soft spoken voice is part of her charm
And her manner is such as would never alarm.

Dorothy
Naylor
Lo the management rejoices
For the day has finally come
When Miss Naylor's last assignment
Is done!

What the reason for this gladness?
Here the answer simply comes-
Dort's lone vigils will be over,
And fantastic light bill sums.

If you find a formal letter
With the signature K.H.C.,
Don't be alarmed, but be assured
It's just a forgery!

Is Miss Naylor sublimating?
Are these strong unconscious drives?
Should Miss Christie be alerted
That some for her job do strive?

But all who know Miss Naylor
On one matter are agreed,
That her heart is warm and friendly,
And her neighbours never need.

Addie
Newton
Navan is a little place
Which sent us Addy Newton
With twinkling eyes and beaming face
She keeps fourth floor a-rootin'
Before she came into our fold
The little Indians she taught
And also in the northland cold
Where in their heart she found a spot.

Daisy
Rickard

ODE TO DAISY RICKARD

When we did come a wandering from places near and
far away,
We here did find our Daisy in calm and sweet
array.
She was our own big sister, as we did find with
joy-
Her quiet happy manner is one we did quite
enjoy.
She is a whiz at cooking; at crafts she is the
best;
Her wit and her good humour, we'll match with
all the rest.

Hurray for Daisy's presence in our school these
days;
Good luck, and all best wishes as we go our
separate ways.

Lorraine
Roberts

When thinking of someone of fortune and fame
We usually look to the headlines
But this year we need only look to Lorraine,
Our heroine from Newfoundland "Climes".

Although she has flirted with hospital "Docs",
Still her humor is as sharp as a tack,
She's as chipper as ever in spite of all knocks,
And to Erna and Bessie there is nothing she lacks.
(Except weight!)

Daphne
Rogers

Our big sister's really small,
And isn't really big at all,
But although she's very tiny,
Her angel halo still is shiny.

When she goes to Japan this year
She'll be successful, never fear-
She'll be the cream of missionaries,
'Cause our Daphne's humour never varies.

The message that this poem brings-
Small packages contain good things!

Marion
Ronalds

Words really can't describe her:
This nurse from the "glorious east",
Who finds her fun on an ice-floe,
Or taming the wildest beast.

So we truly must acknowledge
Without our tongue in cheek
That Nurses from the Maritimes
Sometimes are unique!

Sidney
Rorabeck

S is for Sidney who's silent in synoptics!
I is for ivories which she masters well,
D is for Don who she thinks is swell
N is for the no, that she didn't reply,
E is for the good example our sis has set,
Y is for the years of success she'll have yet.

Wilma
Unwin

Wilma comes from where the peaches grow,
And looks like one with her rosy glow.

Pleased she was with her summer placement
Bought a clerical dress in Simpson's basement.

On occasion she can wax dramatic,
(the people she serves will have experiences
traumatic!)

Quite an accomplished seamstress is she,
But why doesn't she sew that lace that hangs
down to her knee?

Her talents and possessions she makes available
to all
And gives advice when she comes to call.

On top of this she's been a dandy little sister,
Why, I wouldn't want to have missed her!

Wilma
Sharpe

Hospital technician was this lass
Her sense of humor is first class.
Fond of music, crafts and whistling
Study sets her hair a bristling.

Judy
Spence

Blonde and beautiful Judy Spence
Plans on a wedding not many days hence.

In academic pursuits she does excel
And in other pursuits has done very well.

Good-bye Judy, and all the best,
(Another good Deaconess gone West).

Lorraine
Stewart

To write a poem now, you see,
In all sincerity,
About my little sis Lorraine
Is an impossibility.
Because she ain't so little, see,
Especially next to me,
Cause she is close to six feet tall,
And I'm scarcely five foot three.

But nonetheless, I must agree,
It's been a real rare treat,
To share my thoughts and talks and books
With one who is real "neat";
And so, Lorraine, the best of luck
Wherever you may go,
You're one fine gal, and by the way
You also helped me grow.

Mary
Thomas

As you wander down the third floor hall
off old U.C.T.S.
You may meet a little lassie who is really
quite a mess,
But that's not Mary Thomas, who is always
trim and neat,
And for ever singing Irish airs, and always
on the beat,
She's a willing little chauffeur, as the
Volks pokes down the road
But you can always learn her secrets, if
you only know her code.

This summer our Winter Carnival Queen will be
working for WMS,
And as she tours Ontario she'll be haunted by
the press.

Jean
Walker

Public nursing is her field
The decision is all made.
In Angola she may wield
Thermometer, menu, or spade.

Jean
Windsor

With twinkling eyes, and a beaming face,
Jean settles down she's on with the race;
At Christmas she had the N.B. girls won
As off to their homes by car, oh, what fun.

Jean Windsor from the Maritimes came,
To complete her course, and win her fame,
Her interest in Girls' Work is quite strong
But that interest weakens with the thought
of Hong Kong.

Evelyn
Wright

All the world was waiting
While Ev and Ellie were dating;
Sometimes twas' off,
Sometimes twas' on,
Until for Ellie the truth did dawn.
"Will you marry me" - said he,
"Why I've even bought the ring" - said she;
So now they plan what their future will be.

Joan
Vale

This ode's to OURsister whose name is Joan Vale,
Montreal is the place from where she does hail;
She's neat and she's tidy, her room is the place
Where people can go when they've problems to face

We really will miss her and also her books
Her cute little haircut, combined with good looks;
She's really a lady, yes, that's what we said
Except when she's seen hiding under our bed.

Marilyn
Vivian

September brought to U.C.T.S.
Our blonde from Waterloo,
Whose brave attempts to swim the lake
Indeed brought shivers too.

A member of the Society
She promptly did become,
That talks about most anything,
And of theology - some.

And then one day she bought a bird
By name of Susie called,
When others on her floor had learned,
Particular ones were appalled.

Predictions are but vain attempts,
When Marilyn is on the scene,
It's been so nice to know this gal
Who knows what's on the beam.

So as the time goes quickly by,
And the year draws to a close,
Who knows what Marilyn will do next
Ask Don, perhaps he knows.

All the luck in the world, Marilyn.



and there were others -

Leota Werner

Leota lived with us during the year and took some courses toward her B.R.E. degree at Emmanuel. Leota was on furlough from Trinidad and found the northern winter quite a change from her tropic Trinidad. We will all remember her sunny smile.

Akiko Wakabayashi

She was shy at first, was this Tokyo lass,
And quiet and 'proper' too-
Two years have passed, and things have changed,
Here's the tale we bring to you.

She's worked really hard at her Social Work,
Her degree will soon be 'Master',
But when work is done, and it's time for fun,
Look out- no one joins in faster!

She's been good to know, and we wish her well,
With a future bright as can be,
But we wonder, "Would she like to stay?"
We'll just have to wait and see!

Seiko Takahashi

Do you know Seiko Takahashi who comes from the
International College,
Arrived in Toronto with little or no baggage.
She was sent by the Rotary Club to the School
of Social Work;
But instead of studying this is no joke;
She flitted to and fro with many a bow,
Speaking to the Rotary Clubs all in a row.
And now she is contemplating in returning
home to Tokyo,
On a scooter with the musician, the likely
"beau".

Constance
Roopchand

Dear Connie, is our Student,
Beloved and of renown,
Her midnight coffee breaks are known,
All over our 'fair town'.

When Connie studies "prophets",
You may be sure there'll be
That night for supper, shepherd's pie;
"Look girls! tis Amos Pie", say's she.

Rachel Philip

Residents of UCTS will not soon forget our friend Rachel Philip from Madras Women's Christian College, India. Rachel has been a busy person as she continued her study of zoology at U of T. She has also been giving informal lessons on India's customs and culture. In fact, several students enjoy her Indian food so much they will probably go home with her in 1960! Good luck, Rachel, and thank you for all you have done to help us understand our friends in India.

Vera Boyd

Vera wanted us all for India,
Though some of us would stay here;
But still she never stopped recruiting
For the cause to her so dear.

Ellen Smith

Dear Ellen,

Your music has been an inspiration to
all of us. It has cheered our hearts when
the going was rough! It has given extra
'zip' to our parties!, and inspired us to
dance at "snack". We wish you were staying
so that we could go ahead with plans to
have Hi-Fi piped into every room as you
practise Opera in the boiler room!

Kaye Smith

Do you remember our pastor, Kaye?
Giving learned council in a practical way;
When the need was great, changing her role
To be a healer of bodies as well as the soul.

Ruth Lazonby

As you all realize who know, 3rd floor
It's filled with all the loveliest girls!
Especially we would note our Ruth
Who's one of the cultivated pearls.

Her quiet manner and winsome way,
Won her friendships and that's not all
Prefs of O.C.E. recognized her stability
And without exams Ruth made her haul.

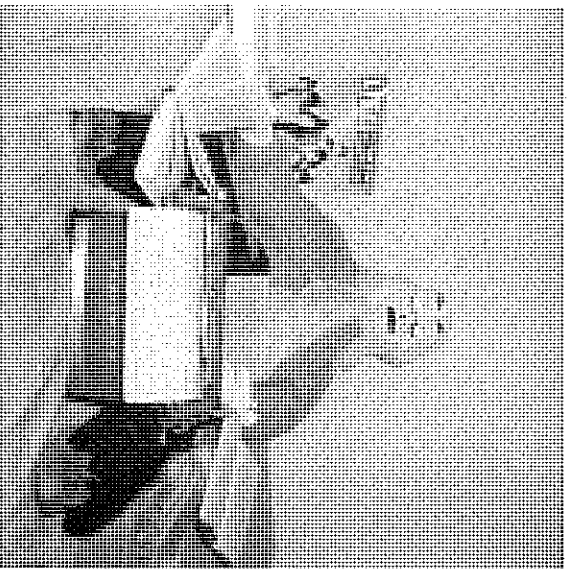
And now as the year ends
We bid you Ruth a fond adieu,
And remind you never to forget
The bird watchers are watching you.

Pat McNeill

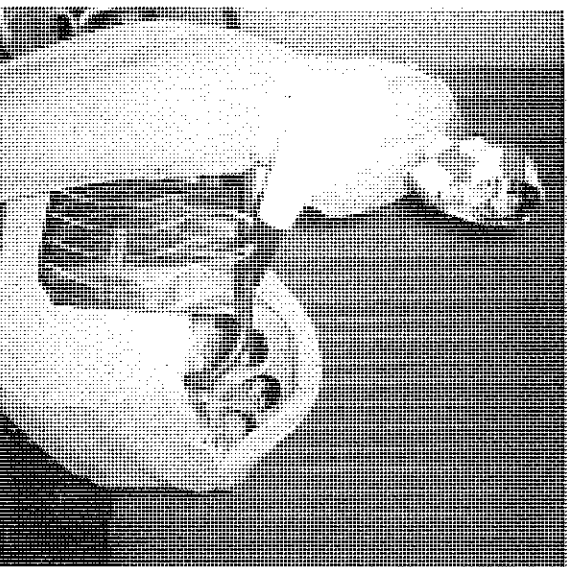
This "mad librarian" became one of the most
vigorous champions of fun and relaxation on the
4th floor. Her hearty sense of humour cheered us
all. Her main extra-curricular activity--long
long long telephone conversations sitting half-
clad on the floor of the telephone booth. We
wish her all the best as she heads back to U
of A to become part of its reference library
staff. Good luck Patsy!

Marion Hu

Who but Marion Hu?
We all thought Marion was a lovely,
thoughtful, sweet person UNTIL--she kept
a woman in agony in church one Sunday
with moth-ball-itis! We all thought Marion
was quiet, friendly, and respectable UNTIL --
when exam results came, the roof was raised!
Regardless of mothballs and noise--we love you!



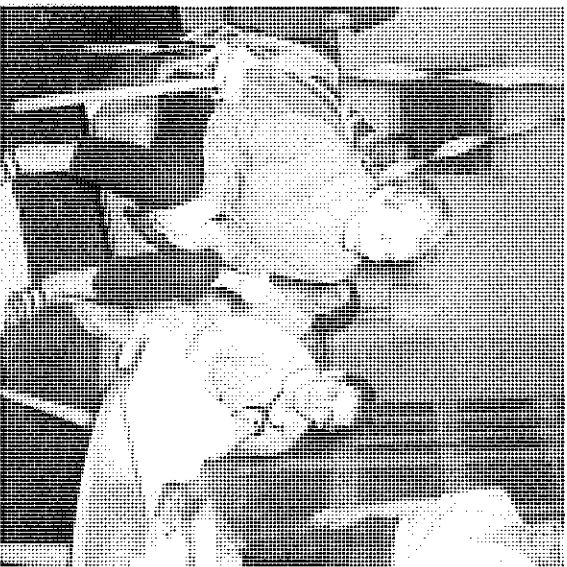
A VICTIM OF ESSAY-ITIS



HALLOWEEN ? ?



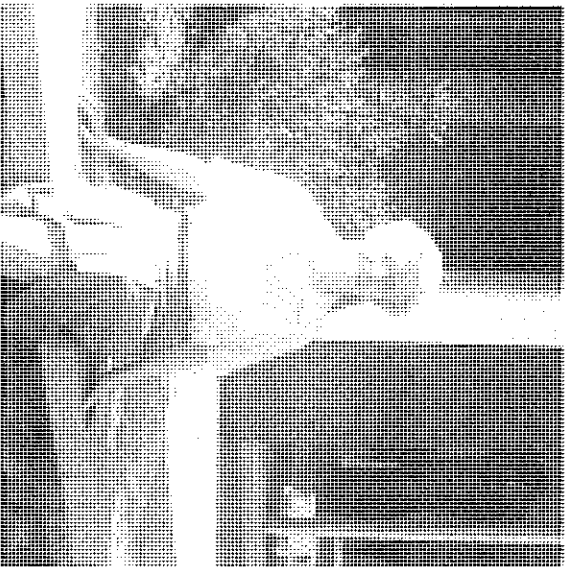
A UNIFORM FOR WOMEN WORKERS



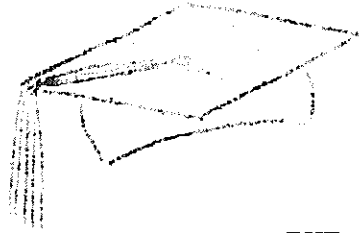
I WISH . . .



I'VE SET MINE AT . . .



KEYS * 6, 9, 20 ARE MISSING . . .



THE GRADUATE WEEKEND

Hilltop Lodge will always strike a pleasant bell in the minds of the '59 class, with a variety of memories ranging from such opposites as Dort's collection of frogs eggs to the wonderful homecooked meals made for us by the Overlands and their kitchen staff.

We arrived late on Friday evening after travelling in a scattered convoy formation through the countryside north of Toronto and finally arriving in the little town of Erin where we stopped for refreshment. Little did we realize, those of us who ate deluxe banana splits in the dairy bar that the obliging waitress who served us so cheerfully and who smiled so sympathetically when we told her that we were on probation from the Training School, would be in the front row of the choir on Sunday morning. She grinned knowingly when she saw us in the sanctuary.

The staff shared intimately with us. We know now that Miss Christie likes soft ice-cream as well as Jean Windsor does; we know that Miss Harrison probably spends her spare time writing mystery stories about Jack the Hack and Larry the Leader; and that Miss Gamble carries a bird book which is bound like a Bible to church on Sunday.

Saturday evening after the second two hour discussion group we danced Virginia reels, sang songs from Lift Your Voices, persuaded Barb Elliott to teach us some songs from her experience at YMCA camp; listened to the adventures of Mehitabel the cat as told by Archy the cockroach, and finally to a very original Scottish version of David and Goliath. While the majority voted to go into town for cheeseburgers, a small nucleus stayed home to hear Dort finish her inspiring rendition of the mystery novel in the last Star Weekly.

It's well nigh impossible to put our feelings into words regarding the experience we had in the group sessions. Underlying our informal talks was a real unity of spirit which enabled us all to speak frankly about those things which lie ahead. We are truly grateful to the staff for the generous way in which they shared their experiences, their resources and their techniques. They spoke openly of the frustrations and the problems which seem to be common to all who enter into the work of the church, whether it be a local congregation or a rural area or in ANGOLA or in an Indian School. We spoke of the joy also, which underlies everything truly done in the spirit of Christ. And so we are deeply grateful to them for sharing their insights with us. Certainly we feel better equipped to meet the future because of this experience.

MEMOIRS OF ST. JAMES BOND

Everyone looks forward with some fear and trepidation to their first day of field work. The unknown is approached with apprehension. In such a state Gerry and Wilma entered the educational wing of St. James Bond and asked for Miss Brown.

"Miss Brown was here. Maybe if you go down the stairs at the end of the hall thats right girls."

At the bottom of the stairs a man and woman were talking. Without pausing she said, "In there." and waved her hand towards a door. The girls looked blankly at each other wondering if she were psychic and knew they were looking for Miss Brown. While thus musing the mysteries of transmigration, the woman rather impatiently repeated, "In there." Since there was no other place to go as the two blocked the passage, the girls edged towards the door, and the woman again repeated, "In there." Gerry hesitantly opened the door and Wilma peered over her shoulder while the woman coming up from behind attempted to herd the girls through the door. She met with failure, however, for Gerry was motionless, immobile, in fact she was dumb struck; and Wilma was leaning against the wall shaking with laughter. Inside the room a harried woman was trying to quiet ten noisy teenagers and decide where to put the two Miss Brown was ushering in.

It was a matter of great distress to the students to learn that even in the church pagan elements intrude. That demi-god, cupid, has just no sense of proper time and place. It was really not Gerry's fault, and this should be clearly understood, that an eligible young bachelor became interested in her. The romance proceeded quietly across Official Board meetings, Sunday School classes, and such like. He would ask her about worship material and she would help him with supplies. It was all very touching, particularly to the other students. In fact it would appear that the whole affair was not very touching to Gerry, because she suddenly began talking about a boy back home. Perhaps pagan elements are ebbed of some of their strength within the church?

Even among the most organized women, and neither Gerry nor Wilma are of that class, time does slip by. Both were responsible for the opening sessions and time was at an absolute premium. The girls knew they would either just make or miss their bus. Rushing through the subway and up the stairs to the bus station, their hearts sank as they saw only one woman. "Has the bus left?"

"It left just a minute before I arrived."

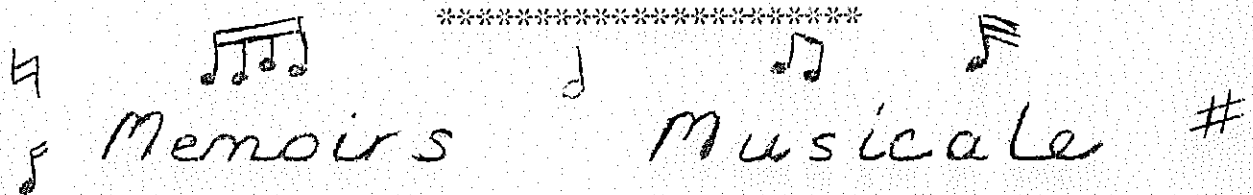
"Ohhhh." The girls rushed out of the subway and headed for a taxi stand. A bus pulled in - THE RIGHT BUS. Muttering angrily the girls climbed into the cab, and Wilma said, "St. James Bond please." The car sped down Yonge towards the center of town. Gerry leaned back and closed her eyes. Wilma assumed he would turn up Eglinton towards Avenue Rd. at the next corner, but to her dismay he increased his speed as he neared the corner.

MEMOIRS (cont'd)

"Uhhh...h, pardon me, but we'd like to go to St. James Bond United Church." Gerry who had absolutely no idea where she was being taken opened her eyes and looked around in a confused fashion. While the man grumbled,

"Ugh, I thought you wanted to go to St. James and Bond near Metropolitan."

Indeed for Gerry arriving at church became a great problem and weekly hazard. She developed a strange neurotic pattern which might be diagnosed as 'fieldwork escapitis'. She would successfully catch the subway and then the bus, but would ride right by the church without pulling the buzzer. After several weeks of this, Wilma decided to take the situation in hand and apply therapy. Thus, Wilma determined to break the pattern, and assumed the task of escorting Gerry and pulling the cord. They both rode by St. James Bond! This would prove that there is nothing in the theory that neurosis is not catching.



Soon after the Fall term of 1959 commenced, it became apparent here at the school that "Music" was going to play a prominent role in the life of the school during 1959-60. This due to the fact that among the students there could be found accomplished soloists in the vocal and instrumental fields.

From the third floor common room there emerged music - ranging from English Folk songs to Charleston tunes. Chopin and Irving Berlin shared top honours during snack-time get-togethers.

Capitalizing on the apparent interest and obvious talent, the Courtesy and Culture Committee put out feelers to see if a Musicales could be arranged. The first plans were tentative but soon the idea caught fire. With the assistance of the Japanese residents of our school, plus the talent of both U.C.T.S. and Emmanuel College, we were able to present a programme of vocal and instrumental solos, duets, and music ensembles.

The Musicales was presented after Church on a Sunday evening in November - the audience being composed of U.C.T.S. and Emmanuel College students, Staff, and friends. The applause and comments of the audience certainly indicated that the venture was a success. The real proof of this was shown when the Courtesy and Culture Committee was requested to present another Musicales. Because of the pressure of the second term, this could not be arranged, but another year is fast approaching and who knows - perhaps a Musicales Extravaganza may ensue!

MEMOIRS MUSICALE (Con't)

The Emmanuel College Chapel Choir has added greatly to the life of the U.C.T.S. students this year.

We have all welcomed that hour on Friday--when at the end of the week we could sing together the great hymns of the church.

The choir trips were the high points of the year. Services of witness were conducted at Dundas, Lindsay and Cooksville. Singing as a choir of persons dedicated to full-time work in the church, we were filled with a feeling of great humility--and yet of renewed strength. Such experiences serve to strengthen our call to Christ and to His work.

For those of us who will leave U.C.T.S. this year, there is no doubt that at every hearing of "The Poverty Carol" or "Hills of the North, Rejoice" our minds and hearts will return to those times of rich Christian fellowship.

THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person,

Having neither to weigh thoughts,
Nor measure words--but pouring them
All right out--just as they are--
Chaff and grain together--
Certain that a faithful hand will
Take and sift them--
Keep what is worth keeping--
And with the breath of kindness
Blow the rest away.

WORTH NOTING

There is a certain fellow
Whomakes me want to burst,
He never fails to hail me
With "Hello, Reverend Hurst!"

If two things make bad syntax,
This one is the first,
When some guy introduces me
With "This is Reverend Hurst."

As just a common "Mister",
I'd acknowledge him to durst;
But I would like to punch the man
Who calls me "Reverend Hurst."

TRIBUTE TO BELLA

To some of us the Training School means our association with this 1958-59 School family. To others the family has increased to include members of IO or I2 classes.

But for only one person (in this gathering) does the School family include every class from the year 1929 - 1959.

It did not take Bella Reid 30 years to pass the course of the United Church Training School! She had found her way into the hearts of students and staff alike before the first year had passed.

Today Bella is known from Canada, to Korea, to Africa by the 300-400 graduates, plus many overseas students and others with whom she has been associated at the School over the past years.

Bella is known for her cheery smile, her patient endurance, and her pleasant greetings as each graduate is named by her when they meet.

She truly was the link between the SAINT Clair and SAINT George and Bedford residences, and could now be called the SAINT of the Charles Street residence.

Bella, on behalf of your School family throughout the world, we present this token of our esteem. With it go our good wishes plus the assurance of our continued love and affection.

- Tribute paid at Graduation Banquet.

"DEDICATED TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS"

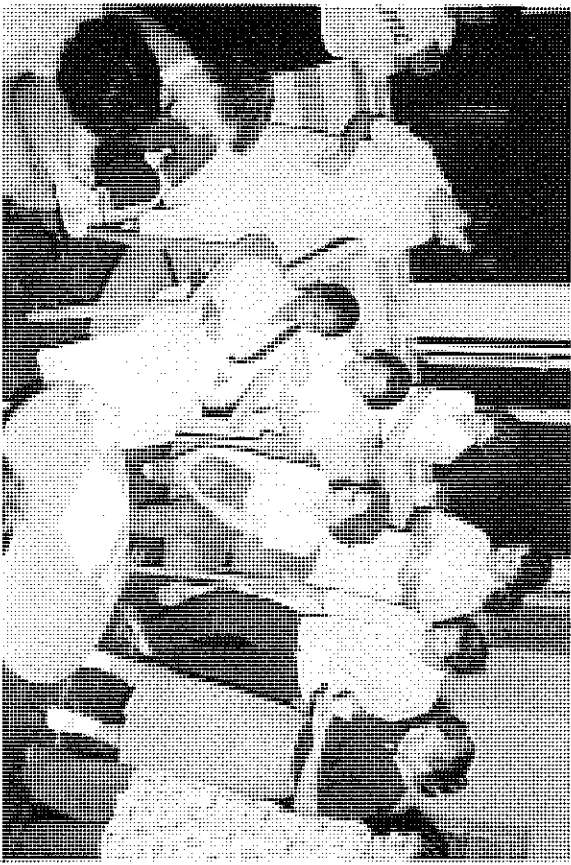
In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical and psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expiations have intelligibility and voracious vivacity without rodomontade or phrasical bombast.

Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and assinine affectations - in other words speak plainly, clearly and distinctly. Say what you mean, mean what you say but above all things do not use big words!

YOUR TURN WILL COME
MISS CHRISTIE

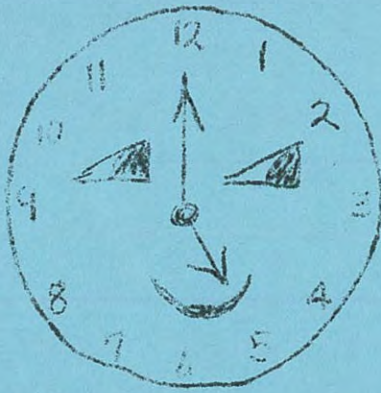


HAPPY BIRTHDAY
RACHEL



LENTEN
BIBLE STUDY
GROUP





PRINCIPAL'S

HOOR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the program each Thursday
For that time called the "Principal's Hour".

Sometimes there are guests who give speeches and such,
But sometimes we're alone--for a family touch!
The staff give advice, and sometimes they "talk Dutch"
And say "words to the wise" which we all need so much.

There are speakers who tell of the thrills we will get
From our work in the church if we know etiquette--
Our stature will rise in the eyes of the church
And if invited to dine we'll not be in the lurch!

We also have preachers and teachers as guests--
Some come from far countries, some tell jokes and jests.
From the 'Vatican' known as two-ninety-nine
Come some full-time workers who join us to dine.

So you see we are lucky at U C T S --
Our lives in the future will not be a mess,
Because we have learned all the fine things of life,
Including the place for our fork and our knife!

When we are at work for four months in the summer
We'll wish we were here again as a newcomer,
When each Thursday rolls round and there isn't a place
For the "Principal's Hour", in our busy rat race.

We'll have many fond memories of coffee in urns,
And of each of the waitresses serving in turns,
And when on each Thursday the night starts to lower
We'll wish we were present at "Principal's Hour".

--Henry Wadsworth Longfellow McCullough
(with apologies to the real one!)

WESTWARD ROW

We waited long to hear the verdict,
And finally it came;
Verna's answer was a field,
And Gerry's was the same.

Lydia climbed out of bed,
And was surprised to see
As she unfolded page one,
Vancouver-bound you'll be!

Now Marg too had applied for a field,
Away from home she'd be;
But oh, the Board had news for her -
Niagara Presbytery.

Now Willie had already heard,
But she too had a surprise;
Her field was an assistant-ship
And her boss - no social ties.

The summer is approaching fast,
The day will soon be here;
We know that as it closer comes,
We'll all be filled with fear.

On May 13 we'll all take off,
Vern, Ger, Will and Lyd;
To all the grads who've meant so much,
Our sad farewells we'll bid.

We hate to leave poor Marg behind,
But know she'll do her best;
To care for dear Ontario,
Till we are back from West.

Richest blessings we've had this year,
So much to thank God for;
Just think of what it's meant to us -
We couldn't have asked for more.

Now my friends, I mustn't tarry,
Many have heard their call;
And whether home or overseas,
God's blessing one and all.

-Author (no poet)

THE CROSS

Two and two make four. That is absolute
Knowledge. In deviation is error. We scan the sky,
We weigh dust particles. We dispute
Not the proof of lens and balance. Wisdom soars high
But no mathematical precision is here. Knowledge
Flies and Logic slinks behind the doors
Of this great mystery.

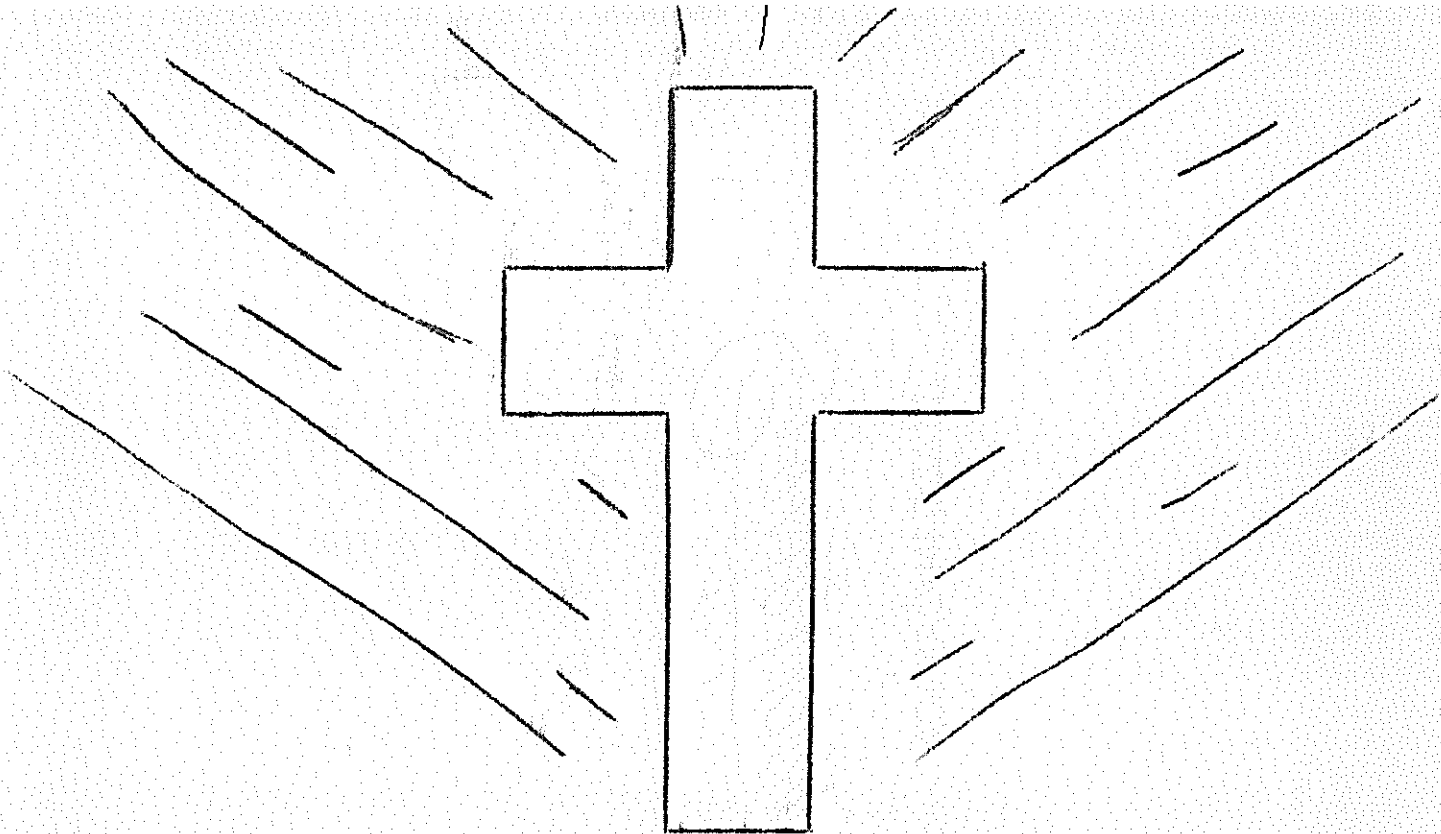
We believe in the survival of the fittest. We hold
To the theory that the weak are destroyed, cowed
Down by the stronger, the more defiant, the bold.
But God takes tools that with strength are not endowed,
The weakest, the lowliest, as when He
Took a man, three nails and two pieces of rugged wood
To work the salvation of men.

For the law was absolute, and decreed
That He who sins should die.
But God stepped in to meet the need
Of sinful man. Love effected a tie
Between two parallel lines
That never could meet - Sin and Righteousness
Through the Cross.

Very God hanging on a tree?
Unable to save Himself, mankind He saves. The debt
Of sin's punishment, paid, man is set free.
How else will evil infinite be wiped out, except
Love immeasurable, and suffering bitter
Trampled on it? Not wisdom, but Love decreed
That it should die on a tree.

Leela Dharmaraj

From Barbara Maxwell, nurse in India, April 1959.



WITHOUT CHRIST

If it weren't for Christ, how could we know
God's endless love for man?

Without the Christ, how could we see
God's great salvation plan?

For God so loved the world, He sent
His Son to be our Guide;
And man, in answer to this gift,
God's Son they crucified.

But God o'ercame this sinful death;
Christ lives and reigns today
Within the contrite hearts of men,
Where He will dwell alway.

Shirley Beckman

THE JOB

"But God, it won't come right, It won't come right.
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.

The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it--flash, flash,
I thought it some
New constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps it's just a firework--flash, fizz, spat,
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard, and sour smoke.

"But God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream,--why, till the last charm broke
The thing just built itself while I, elated,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done,--the lesser half, worse luck.
You see, it's dead as yet--a frame, a body--and the heart
The soul, the fiery vital part to give it life
Is what I cannot get.

I've tried--
You know it--tried to snatch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right. I'd drop the thing entire--
Only--I can't. I love my job.
You who ride the thunder--
Do you know what it is to dream, and drudge and throb?
I wonder?

"Did it come to you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began,
Yes, with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains.
I know you laughed then, as you caught and wrought
The first swift, rapturous outlines of your thought.
And then---
Men.

"I see it now. O God, forgive my peevish row.
I see your job. While ages crawl
Your lips take labouring lines, your eyes a sadder light.
For man, the fire and flower and centre of it all,--
Man won't come right. After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts or castings, tired Gethsemanes and tense Golgothas,
He, your central theme, is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, He ruin is.

"Why don't you quit? Crumple it all and dream again.
But no--flaw after flaw you work out, revise, refine--
Bondage, brutality, and war and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob--
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine."

(Author--Badger Clark)

| NAMES | ADDRESSES | BIRTHDAYS |
|-------------------------------|--|--------------|
| Bea, Margaret | 80 Garfield Avenue Hamilton, Ontario | July 9 |
| Beairsto, Geraldine | 228 Saunders Street Fredericton, New Brunswick | August 4 |
| Beckman, Shirley | 20 Titus Street, Fairview, Halifax Co., N.S. | April 6 |
| Boyd, Vera | United Church of Canada Mission Dhar, M.P., India | January 22 |
| Brooksbank, Alice | R.R. #2, Turnerville, Ontario. | July 6 |
| Caldwell, Betty Ann | Gilbert Plains, Manitoba | April 9 |
| Campbell, Sharon | St. George, Ontario | July 28 |
| Chisholm, Betty | Wesley United Church, Statine Road, Mimico, Ontario | May 14 |
| Cooper, Elizabeth | Greenbank, Ontario | September 30 |
| Crawford, Ann (Don Lowery) | c/o Mrs. W.P. Crawford 178 South Street, Reading, Mass., U.S.A. | July 6 ✓ |
| Crooks, Verna | 354 Oxford Street Halifax, Nova Scotia | July 9 |
| ✓Deu, Heather | Bass River, Nova Scotia | May 21 |
| Dee, Joan | Bissell United Church 96 Street at 103 A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta | March 22 |
| ✓Elliott, Barbara | Central United Church, Calgary, Alberta | March 29 |
| ✓Facey, Joyce | Newsom Hall, Passiondale, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia <i>& Dominion St, Glace Bay</i> | 4 October 15 |
| Forler, Patricia | Assiniboia, Saskatchewan | May 22 |
| ✓Hackett, Marie | United Church Hospital Lamont, Alberta | March 3 |
| Harland, Elaine | Austin, Manitoba | May 29 |
| ✓Harvey, Mary (Ron Nickle) | c/o 77 Charles Street W., Toronto 5 | March 15 |
| ✓Hooper, Doreen | Cataraqui, Ontario | February 22 |
| ✓Hu, Marion | 15 Mok chong Street, Kowloon, HongKong | February 28 |

| | | |
|---------------------------------|--|----------------|
| ✓Hudgins, Ruth | Selby, Ontario | December 17 |
| ✓King, Ruth, | 8 ⁵ Lenore St., Winnipeg 10, Man. Carman, Manitoba | May 24 |
| ✓Lane, Bessie | Barrie Island, Ontario (Manitoulin) | August 4 |
| Lazenby, Ruth | R.R. #6, St. Thomas, Ontario | July 27 |
| Leach, Erna | 118 Main Street St. John, New Brunswick | June 9 |
| Lewis, Valerie | 4377 Grand Blvd., Apt. 2, Montreal P.Q. | June 29 |
| MacLeod, Catherine | United Church Hospital, Lamont, Alberta | February 23 |
| ✓Manning, Helene | Pine River, Manitoba | April 19 |
| McCullough, Lydia | R.R.#2, Navan, Ontario | December 10 |
| McLean, Joan | 37 Bombay Avenue, Downview, Ontario | October 21 4 |
| McNeill, Patricia | 11704-110 Avenue Edmonton | June 4 |
| ✓Naylor, Dorothy | 29 Rosedale Avenue, Brampton, Ontario | June 26 |
| ✓Newton, Adelaide | Berens River, Manitoba | September 7 |
| Philip, Rachel | Women's Christian College, Madras 31, India | October 16 4 |
| ✓Rickard, Daisy | Stella Mission Winnipeg, Manitoba | January 21 |
| Roberts, Lorraine | ^{Plevna} North Frontenac, Ontario | August 12 |
| ✓Rogers, Daphne | 2 Higashi Torizaka Azabu Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan | May 27 |
| ✓Ronalds, Marion | R.R.#1, Box 22 Bathurst, New Brunswick | September 18 ✓ |
| Roopchand, Constance | 36 Eastern Main Road St. Augustine, Trinidad | April 4 |
| ✓Rorabeck, Sidney (Don Drew) | c/o Mrs. A. Eccles 19 Regent Street, Kingston, Ontario | January 22 |
| Smith, Kaye | 142 Dawlish Avenue, Toronto | October 12 |

| | | |
|--------------------------------|---|----------------|
| Smith, Ellen | c/o Child Guidance Clinic 10523- 100 Avenue, Edmonton (mark letters 'Personal') | January 17 |
| Sharpe, Wilma | c/o Mrs. A. Bittner 31 Agricultural Avenue, Yorkton, Saskatchewan | September 13 |
| Spence, Judith (L.Fetter) | c/o 602 Algonquin Avenue, Montreal, P.Q. | June 30 |
| <u>Stewart, Lorraine</u> | 4645 Grand Blvd. Apt. 8 Montreal, P.Q. | August 19 ✓ |
| Takahashi, Seiko | 356 Izumi-cho Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan | January 2 |
| Thomas, Mary | 386 St. Clement Avenue, Toronto | July 4 |
| ✓ Unwin, Wilma | 701 Nelson Avenue, Penticton, British Columbia | January 23 |
| ✓ Wale, Joan | 900 41st. Avenue Lachine, P.Q. | December 16 |
| Vivian, Marilyn | 309 ½ Roncesvalles Avenue, Toronto | September 20 |
| Wakabayashi, Akiko | 1-32 Chofumine-machi, Ota-ku, Tokyo, Japan | June 22 |
| Walker, Jean | 132 Symington Avenue, Toronto | June 4 |
| Windsor, Jean | Peticodiac, New Brunswick | April 19 |
| Wright, Evelyn (E. Bradley) | c/o Mrs. T.A. Wright, Provost, Alberta | March 8 |
| Werner, Leota | Iere Home for Girls Princes' Town, Trinidad, B.W.I. | February 12 |
| Mrs. Hutchinson ✕ | 278 Spadina Road, Toronto | August 4 ✓ |
| Miss Christie ✕ | | February 3 |
| Miss Harrison | | March 12 |
| Miss ^F Gamble ✕ | | January 10 |
| Miss Buckmaster ✕ | | January 23 |
| Miss Reid ✕ (Bell) | | September 19 ✓ |
| ✓ Miss Hunter | | July 28 ← |
| Miss Booth ✕ | | October 8 |
| ✓ Nancy Edmund ✕ | | |

