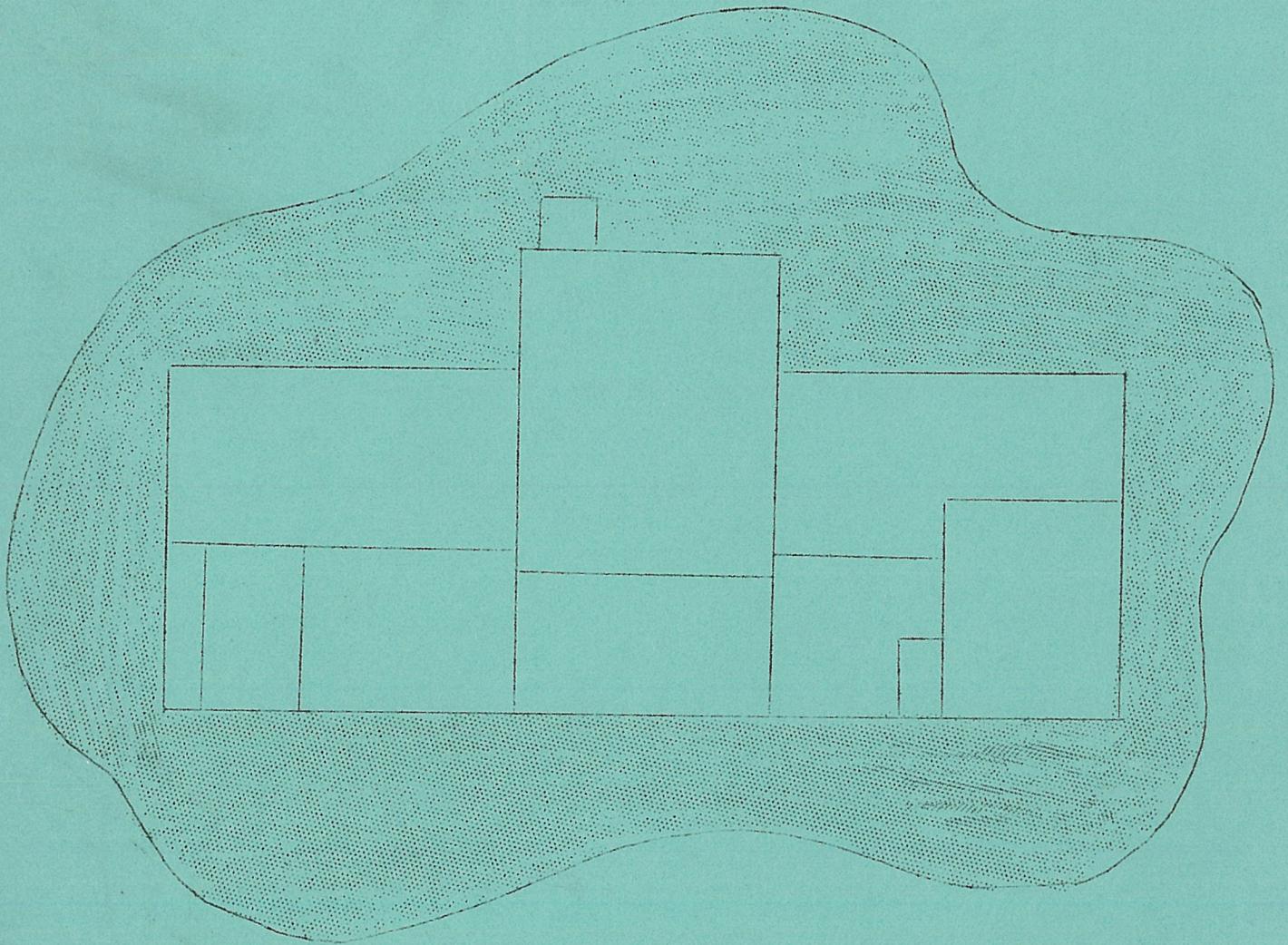
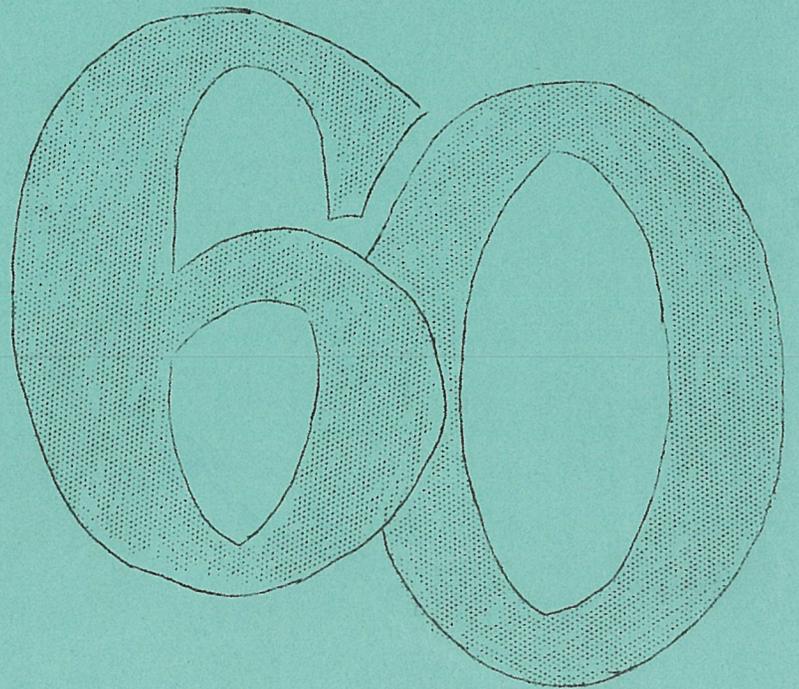


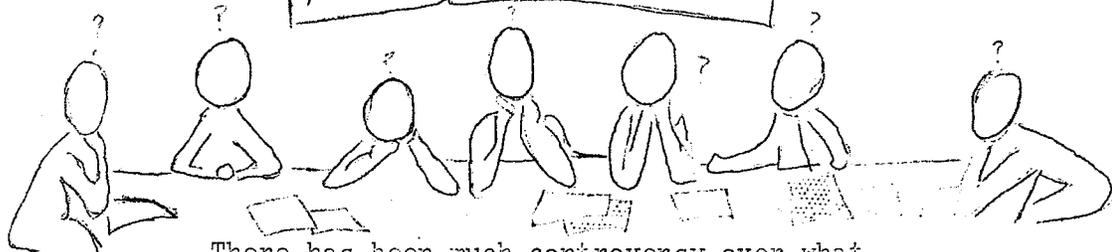
1955



"OPEN
HOUSE"



YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE



There has been much controversy over what was to be done -

Our Committee's lot was not a happy one For of all the tasks that faced us through this very trying year

'Tis the year book that was truly most severe Plagues with lack of inspiration, we did nothing in the fall.

After Christmas things did not improve at all - at all!

But now the year is ending - we'll procrastinate no more.

Turn the page, and walk in through our Year Book Door!



No doubt you have been wondering what within our Book you'd see -

And to tell the truth, dear sisters, so have we

Not for lack of subject matter - Moving Jubilees and such

For as far as subjects go, we had too much. So finally decided we, for this Anniversary year

Our theme would be the Treasures we hold dear:

The heritage that has been ours not only from the past

But also of this one year unsurpassed.

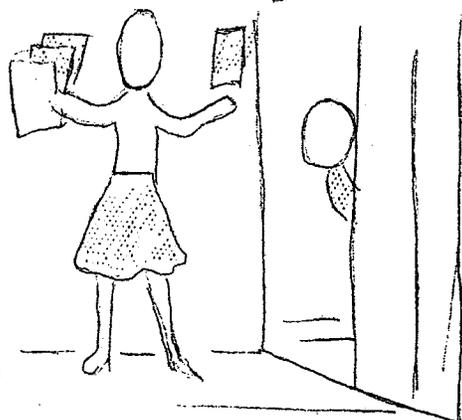
After all your expectations, you are ready now, for sure,

For OPEN HOUSE - we're going on a tour!



COMMON ROOM

ELEVATOR



Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND FOR THE
TRAINING OF CHRISTIAN LEADERS
THIS STONE WAS LAID BY
WINNIFRED T. THOMAS, B.A., LL.D.
APRIL 24, 1954. ❁ ❁ ❁

*May we be worthy of the heritage
symbolized by this building and
may we be aware of our high
calling to be ambassadors for
Christ?*

EXCERPTS FROM MISS CHRISTIE'S ADDRESS OPENING & DEDICATION SERVICE

This is a very joyous and significant day in the life of the United Church of Canada. On behalf of the Board of Management of the United Church Training School I am privileged to welcome you to this Dedication and Opening of the new United Church Training School. Most of you are here, both because of your own interest in the life and work of the School, and in a representative capacity. We are honoured that the Moderator of our Church has conducted this service of worship. . . .

We are accompanied in thought and spirit by many other friends in other parts of Canada and the world, as is evidenced by telegrams and letters of greeting which have been received and are on the bulletin board outside the door. . . .

Today we, and this great cloud of witnesses, are sharing in one of the miracles of the Christian Fellowship, and our hearts are so filled with joy and thanksgiving that it is difficult to find words adequate to the occasion. . . .

God has used people as he alone can do for the fulfilling of His purposes. It is difficult to select from among the many who have worked for the achievement of this goal. . . . The building being dedicated today was made possible through the co-operation and generosity of the women of the United Church under the leadership of the Woman's Missionary Society and the Woman's Association. The campaign conducted throughout the Church by the women of the Church has raised \$697,500 to date, plus the interest on the money invested by the Church. . . .

This building has been constructed and furnished with the hope that it will contribute to the development of the whole person, that as students live in a building which has beauty as well as utility - beauty of color and design and texture, their spirits may be nourished and made more sensitive to beauty, to truth, to goodness, and they may leave these walls, adjustable to new situations, but more able to reach the hearts of other people with God's love because they have grown closer to Him in this place.

MARCH 12, 1955

For the children of Israel -- a promised land, and the growing struggles of
a young nation!
For the children of U.C.T.S. -- a new school and the searching development
of a creative community!
For the graduates of 1955 -- a high goal achieved and the challenging
responsibilities of new undertakings!
For us all -- rich renewal of mind and spirit in the experience of unknown
dimensions of God's Truth and Love!

The year 1955, the sixtieth in a noble tradition of training women for the professional service of the church, finds this United Church Training School moved from old buildings into a new and spacious one -- not because the old was unlovely, but because it became inadequate for the growth of the family -- a family about whose future the forebears had dreamed many dreams, and with thought and intent brought vision into reality.

So does a young family leave a small house for one with more rooms to accommodate new members. So, too, does the shell fish build new apartments when the old are outgrown. You'll remember the poet's reverie as he looks at the "Chambered Nautilus" and examines the pearly sections of a sea shell, each section larger than the one which preceded it. The growing organism, when cramped in the shell which had at one time been large enough, constructs a new chamber, vaster than the last, and more than ample, until it too is not adequate and a still larger chamber must be built, smooth and lovely of wall and shot with the shades of sunrise and dawn.

So, too, with growing minds and spirits. New mental and spiritual accommodation must be sought or else we smother within the cramping of narrow prejudices and old ideas -- things which one time were signs of far horizons become small and confining in the new vistas that God increasingly opens out to us.

Let us keep a-growing and unwearied in the adventure of building the lofty walls and high ceilings for our spirits' dwelling, remembering to say to ourselves:-

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut Thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Katherine B. Hooker.

It is often said that "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." This has been disproved by recent events. Having travelled hopefully for a good many years, we find arrival to be a very great comfort and unending delight. Not that the road lacked its heart-warming and never-to-be-forgotten experiences! Not that the comradeship was any less gay and warm and sustaining than at present! But the road was long, and beset with a good many unrewarding difficulties. We are grateful that persistence and patience, sacrifice and generosity, skill and hard work, the love of beauty and the will to achieve it have brought us finally to our desired haven.

So I give a toast to "OUR SCHOOLS!"

Here's to our schools! And first to the old ones!
Sturdily, wisely and well were they built.
We honour their memory - for there have been several -
And each had its virtues, correct for the day.
We think of them lovingly -
Now we have left them -
In the past tense.

So here's to the new one! Especially the new one!

Convenient and gracious and lovely to see!
May the years ahead find it, and all who dwell in it,
Continuing lovely, continuing happy,
Working with dignity,
Patience and skill.
Continuing comradely, generous, self-giving,
In all of their purposes,
Seeking His will.

And for those who leave the school this spring, there is an ancient blessing: "May God deny you peace and give you glory."

Jean M. Hutchinson

"Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common folk like you and me
Are builders for eternity.
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,
And each must make, e'er life is flown,
A stumbling-block or a stepping-stone."
---Selected.

From the shapeless mass of earth, cement, bricks and other building materials has arisen this beautiful building, the new United Church Training School, whose doors we have been privileged to help open.

From bewildered members of a new class as they arrive each year to "take up their bag of tools" has come the continuous stream of well-trained church workers achieved through the rich Christian fellowship of building, living and learning together.

May this year have been for us all a stepping-stone to wider horizons, a firmer foundation for the continued building of our Christian character, and an "Open Door" to the boundless grace of our God, The Master Builder.

Bessie C Lane

REMINISCING

"Now, this is the reception room where friends may wait."

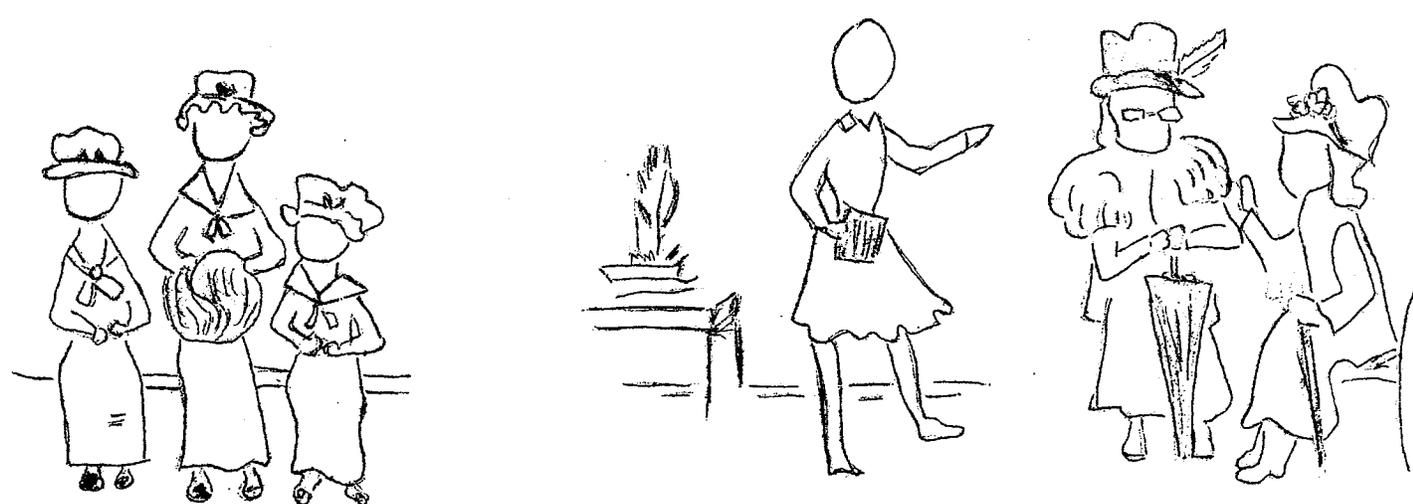
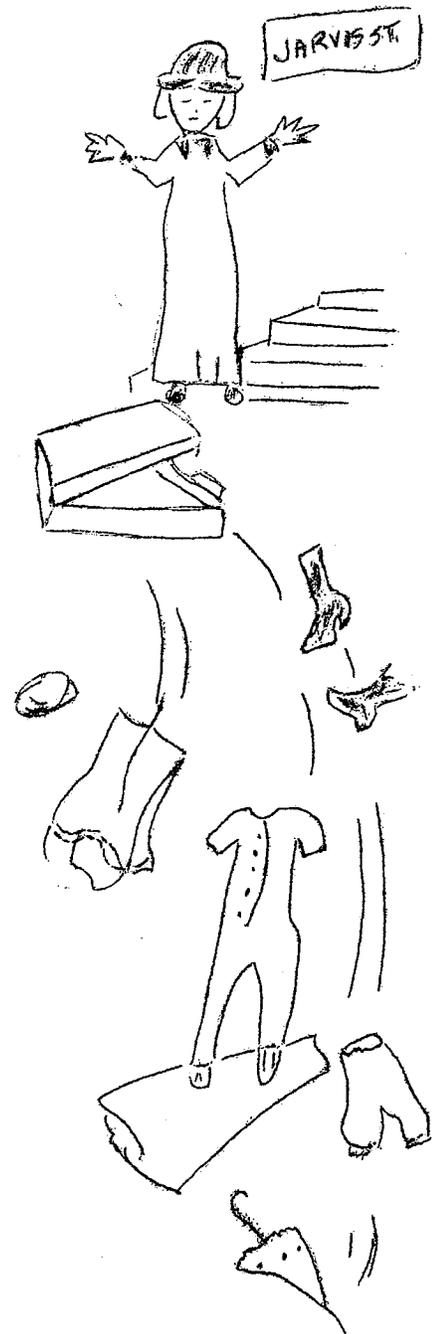
"Oh, these chairs are comfortable. I think I'll just sit and reminisce. Well do I remember the day I filed application for entrance to the Methodist Training School on Jarvis Street. Candidates were required to have a good common school education. We were required to furnish blankets, towels, napkin ring, heavy under-flannel (with sleeves), gossamer and umbrellas."

"Yes, and we had to wear rubber heels at our school at St. Clair. And oh, the navy blue bloomers and white middie we wore for gymn. Dentistry, shopping and dressmaking had to be attended to before going in order that studies might not be interrupted by those matters."

"Calls were received on Friday evenings only, except in special cases; only Sunday evening and one other evening a week were spent outside, unless by special permission. Food was served only at meals."

"This year marks the sixtieth anniversary of the training of women for the work of the church, and twenty-nine years since the formation of the United Church Training School. Yes, we are proud to be part of that "great whole" and I know you are also. I know that through your efforts the United Church Training School will become well known. You certainly have adequate facilities and accommodation for many students now."

"Well, I guess we have reminisced long enough, and I do want to see the rest of the building."



"Come along the hallway now and we'll take the elevator to the fourth floor."

* * *

The fourth floor common room furniture brings back memories of both Bedford and St. George.

* * *

Gone are the jam spots on this lovely green carpet - symbols of the fun and food of Bedford snacks. Grace even contributed an onion.

* * *

Of course there were the special snacks in Dr. Hockin's room when imaginations were taken on flights to other lands through the stories there told.

* * *

Our main challenge at Bedford, aside from early morning fire drills, was getting up and out. Rumour was abroad that Bella put the clock ahead five minutes, but no one complained. We certainly miss our morning sprint from Bedford to St. George.

* * *

The Bedford and St. George girls usually got along very well except for the Case of the Missing Stepladder. ('nuf sed)

* * *

The Bridal Suite had a mystery door. What lay behind it no one knew. But--someone decided it was time they did. Hammer! Chisel! File! And muscle!

Pulling! Pounding! Prying! Pushing!

"It moves! Come on. Pull harder."

Success! The door long an object of conjecture revealed its hidden treasure trove.

* * *

There was a flood in Canaan one night. Fourth Floor Common Room was awash (from a tap left running) and recruits were called out for the emergency. All tools and hands available were utilized to dry up the sand of the desert (cement floor) amidst piles of lumber. Then came a cry, "Let's go back to Egypt. There were no floods there."

** * * **

AUDREY LAWRENCE is her name.

Montreal is her part of the earth.

Teaching profession has been her fame.

In travelling she favours "the lower berth!"

* * *

Audrey, you remind me of that very tall and stately, dignified deaconess who was the first guest to arrive at the alumnae dinner last fall. What an evening that was! In a way it was something like a fashion parade as well as a special dinner, for we certainly saw all manner of deaconess apparel, from supersophisticated black to the shocking print of very daring style most unbecoming to a young woman such as our beloved sister Sharpe. Oh, truly, she was a most grievous disappointment to her class --for none had thought that such a promising child would fall to such depths of worldliness. Sister Bunner found the shock dreadfully upsetting--she wept almost constantly and inconsolably.

Most of the visitors took a rather dim view of the fact that members of the new class enjoyed themselves so thoroughly. They spoke wistfully of their student days, but we had a feeling that they had changed greatly since that time.

ALICE PHILIP

From Scotland and B. C. came our Paddy.
She spent some time at Naramatie.
Peanut butter is her pet aversion,
And ballet dancing her dream diversion.
Her bookkeeping and preaching are worthy
of mention,
And now she's heading for church extension.

PHYLLIS MURDOCH

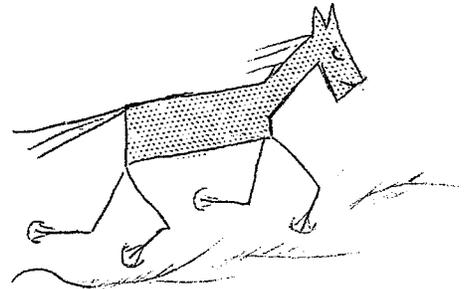
To sleep or not to sleep is certainly the question
For Phyllis Murdoch's morning organ exaltation.
She used to be a dental nurse
But here her interests vary
From writing lengthy essays to her badminton
and coffee.

GLORIA KILPATRICK

Here's to the gal with the looks and the brain.
Hair-dressing to her is just like a game.
From Amherst she comes. Where's that, you say?
Oh--fiddle-dee-dee--in the Maritimes pray!
And now to a boy she's a brand new aunt.
Oh! Pardon me, Gloria, the word is AWHNT.

NANCY HOLMAN

A teacher and a jockey,
Nancy came to us.
Tried our best to love her,
She wouldn't stand the fuss.
So "Cuddles" we've nicknamed her,
And President we've made her;
At the shower, the ring luck gave her.
Will she get caught in the rush?



SHIRLEY JOHNSTON

Shirley Johnston came to us,
From where she came we did not know.
When scholarships were handed out,
'Twas Manitoba gave her dough.

Her test tubes she did leave behind,
Her B.R.E. she's striving for.
And when her studies made her low,
With Barry she did highly score.

PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

For caravanning Phyllis C.
Sings praises clear and loud.
With sincerity and enthusiasm
She truly is endowed.

The way she taught those little boys
With pride has filled us all.
In Extension Work she'll spend her time
'Til she comes back next fall.

* * *

When you are old and blind and deaf.....Will you remember your D.C.F.????

JOAN CALDWELL

A thud on the floor,
A radio's roar,
And the day has begun for Joan.
The halls are quiet, the rest do sleep
As from her bedroom Joan doth creep
...And creaks the bathroom door.

BERNICE SINANAN

From the land of the Humming Bird, Trinidad Isle,
Comes Bernice to study with us for awhile.
Canadian weather lacks tropical breezes -
In Winter, sans blanket, she pretty near freezes.

From third floor to second she's often a visitor.
With "Lily, are you going?" she is the inquisitor.
We know from her smile she enjoys being here -
But she longs for her homeland and teaching career.

SUNNY MOON

MI HEH RYU

From the land of Korea come Mi Heh and Sunny
Who never could see just what could be so funny
In observing a play meeting while eating one's snack
'Til prayer and not play was an evident fact.

White rats are best when frozen, says Mi Heh,
Whose studies require the use of them this way.
To her studies she applied so much of her time
At dinner nutrition alone was her line.

PO HI PAK

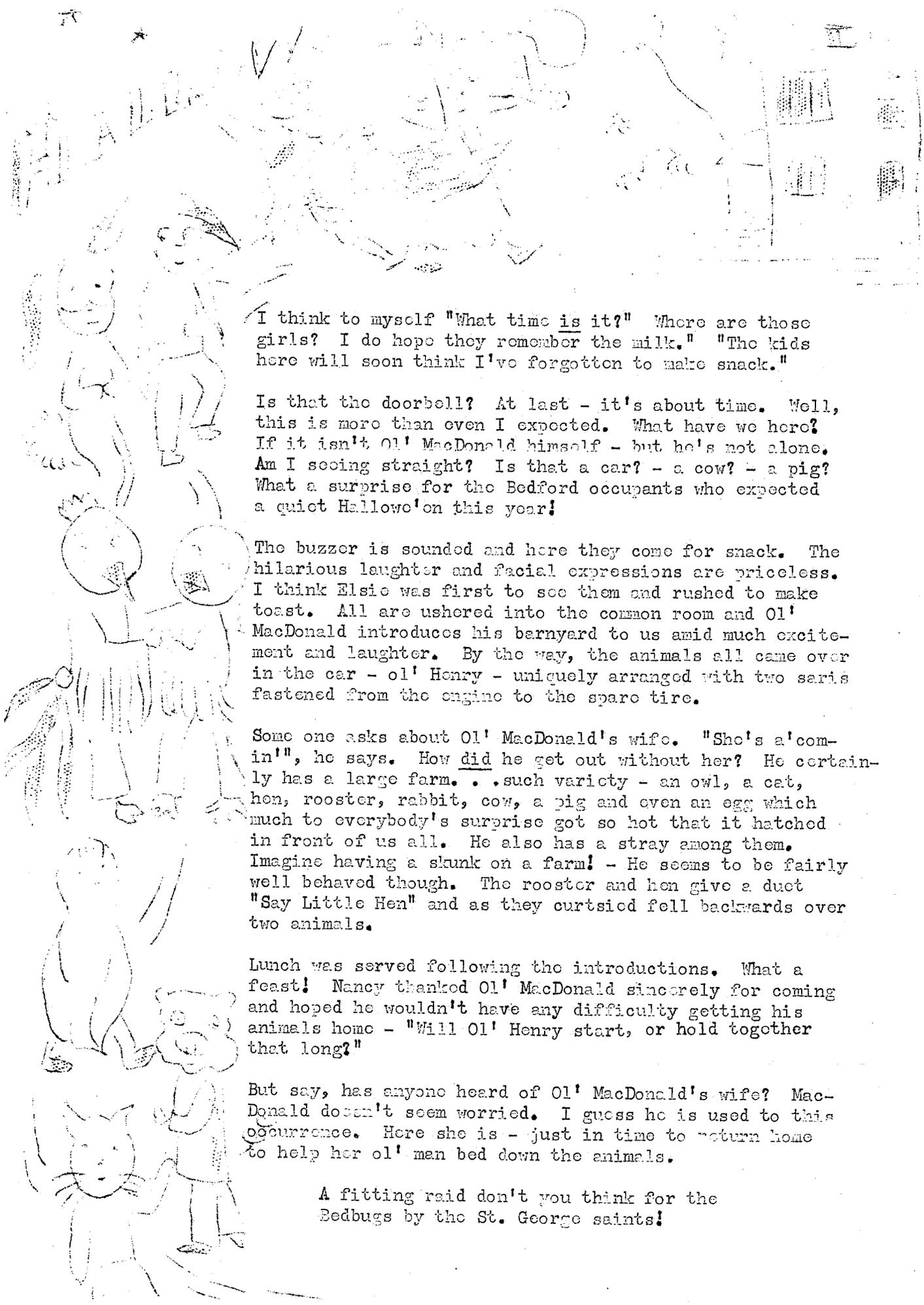
She's cute as a button,
Personality plus.
A social work type,
She sure grows on us.
She came from Korea
Her career to pursue,
And 'twill be one more year
Before our "adieu".

SHOBHA GOODWIN

Heard Shobha's infectious laugh of late?
It's always welcome!
Social work is her work to date.
It's Indore, she hails from.
Indulging in joys of student life
Was her occupation.
India where the need is great
Is her destination.

GRACE GLENN

Dear to our hearts is nurse Grace Glenn.
From Regina she comes and returns again.
To do a Vacation School is her chief ambition.
We wish her every happiness in her new mission.



I think to myself "What time is it?" Where are those girls? I do hope they remember the milk." "The kids here will soon think I've forgotten to make snack."

Is that the doorbell? At last - it's about time. Well, this is more than even I expected. What have we here? If it isn't Ol' MacDonald himself - but he's not alone. Am I seeing straight? Is that a car? - a cow? - a pig? What a surprise for the Bedford occupants who expected a quiet Hallowe'en this year!

The buzzer is sounded and here they come for snack. The hilarious laughter and facial expressions are priceless. I think Elsie was first to see them and rushed to make toast. All are ushered into the common room and Ol' MacDonald introduces his barnyard to us amid much excitement and laughter. By the way, the animals all came over in the car - ol' Henry - uniquely arranged with two saris fastened from the engine to the spare tire.

Some one asks about Ol' MacDonald's wife. "She's a 'com-in'", he says. How did he get out without her? He certainly has a large farm. . . such variety - an owl, a cat, hen, rooster, rabbit, cow, a pig and even an egg which much to everybody's surprise got so hot that it hatched in front of us all. He also has a stray among them. Imagine having a skunk on a farm! - He seems to be fairly well behaved though. The rooster and hen give a duet "Say Little Hen" and as they curtsied fell backwards over two animals.

Lunch was served following the introductions. What a feast! Nancy thanked Ol' MacDonald sincerely for coming and hoped he wouldn't have any difficulty getting his animals home - "Will Ol' Henry start, or hold together that long?"

But say, has anyone heard of Ol' MacDonald's wife? MacDonald doesn't seem worried. I guess he is used to this occurrence. Here she is - just in time to return home to help her ol' man bed down the animals.

A fitting raid don't you think for the Bedbugs by the St. George saints!

A wandering foot has our friend from Japan,
MIGIWA would travel whenever she can.
From college to phone work, she went to the States.
In music and study 'tis high that she rates.
And now, on to Texas and study she'll venture--
Our thoughts, our best wishes and love we all send her.



THANKSGIVING

Each country has its own way of celebrating at harvest time, in thanksgiving for the harvest of the year. When I was at school in Japan I often heard of Thanksgiving in North America--of the feasting on pumpkin pie, which I never tasted at home, of turkey dinners and many other different things.

I shall remember the Thanksgiving Day which I shared in, last year in Canada. We had a nice turkey dinner at our old residence at St. George. It was as nice a dinner as I had ever heard of in Japan. Then on Saturday evening of that week-end, we had a special picnic supper over at the Bedford Road residence. We did not eat the famous so-called 'cold cuts', but we had hot dogs, which we toasted over a bonfire outdoors.

We had a real thanksgiving for the food--delicious outdoor cooking. The highlight of this evening was a welcome given to Anna Ooman, who was beautifully decorated with a garland of furs, after being given a complete facial treatment. She was so thrilled

After we finished having our supper and the fun, we closed this occasion by viewing slides of eastern Canada where some of our fellow students had worked in the summer. Then we concluded with a worship service of Thanksgiving which reminded us of God's plentiful grace to man.

* * *

HELEN KING

Helen King is a nurse from Bright,
And that describes her nature right.
At Carlton Church, her field abode,
Her Explorers declared "Let's explode."
Her manner, always mild and kind,
Belie her keen and mischievous mind.

MARY MOON

An excellent nurse is Miss Moon.
A tonic she serves with her spoon.
Her orders must be
Obeyed to the "T",
But changed places may mean a changed tune.

Don't worry about that dark frown.
Mary's really kind-hearted deep down.
From out of the west,
She's one of the best.
Her halo will make a good crown.

SHIRLEY MUNRO

This druggist comes from the land of oil.
She most earnestly did toil
For the B.R.E. She would forsake
The bottle of pills for Guthrie's sake.

ELSIE BUNNER

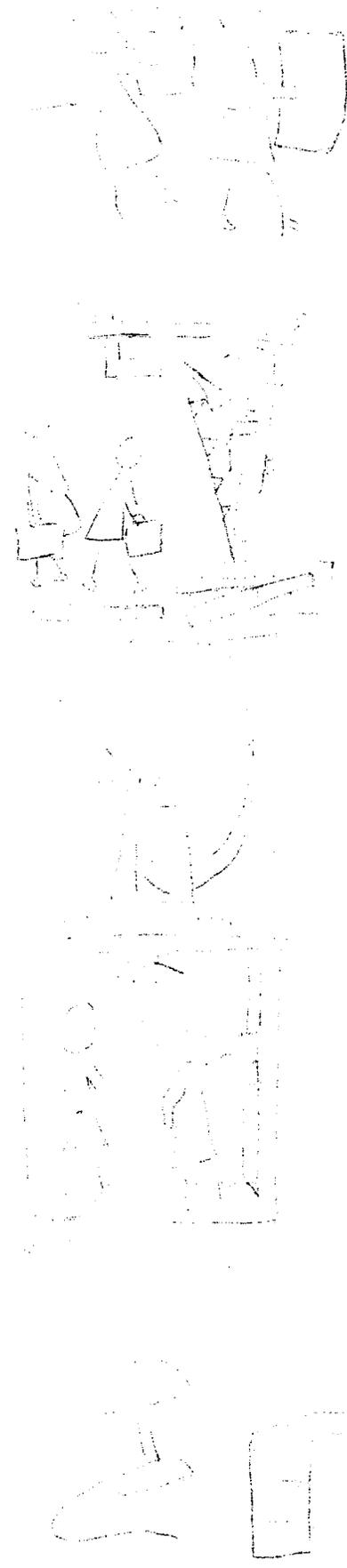
"What fun to study!"
"Come on, let's go,
And play a game or two."
"I love synoptics,
And Mrs. Hutch, don't you?"
Our gal is full of bounce and bubble;
Her interests varied and wide.
But all of them are left behind,
When Ed is by her side.

GERALDINE DEARING

We have a 'dear' within our class
From wooded Manitoulin.
She studies hard; she reads the books.
This certainly is no foolin'
She'll be a worthy deaconess
When she completes her schoolin'.

MARJORY HANNAH

Marjory comes from Hamilton;
She now goes to rural field.
She demonstrates her V. A. Skill
And makes us think it's lots of fun.
We hope that the future years will yield
Great happiness her heart to fill.



The Toronto girls had to wait two weeks for their "dream come true." Grace Glenn has described it for those of us who moved in after Christmas.

And so we have a new residence. Some dreams do come true and our dream has become a reality. Literally we have watched this dream grow, brick upon brick, since that day last spring when the corner stone of the new United Church Training School was laid.

We returned from the Christmas holiday with a thrill of excitement as we wondered about our new home. Arriving back that first morning we found the lower hall filled with workmen surrounded with their equipment. But we made our way to the elevator - it was working and it was electric! Then having pushed a little button we were whisked to the third and fourth floors respectively. Never was there such a convenience in our residence so recently vacated. No "suicide stairs" here by which to ascend and descend.

We stepped from the elevator and truly we had been lifted from seeming chaos into a quiet and ordered world. We hurried along the corridors looking for our rooms. And then what exclamations of admiration and joy as we caught our first glimpse into those rooms! Never had we hoped for anything like this. They were so practically, so tastefully, so thoughtfully furnished. As we slid into the chairs before our lovely new desks, just to try them out, we almost felt in the mood to begin an essay immediately.

And so we unpacked and settled on the third and fourth floors, while the workmen continued to work wonders on the lower floors. What an undercurrent of excitement pervaded the atmosphere! Each day when we returned from class we found something new added.

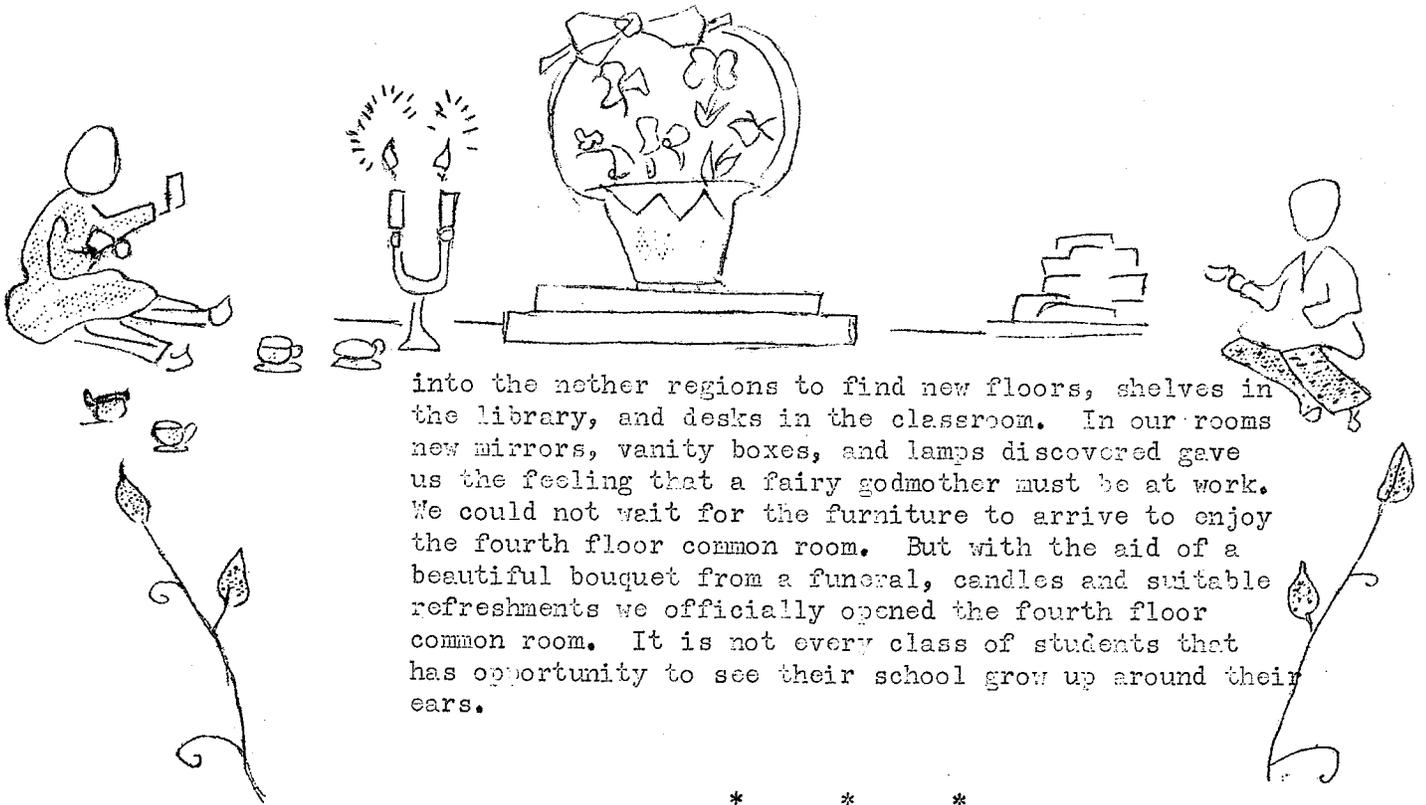
There was never a dull moment. We stepped over paint pails, around ladders and boxes, and rejoiced in it. There were many new experiences. One student, anticipating a refreshing shower, was the first to turn one on in her eagerness and then, to her dismay, found the water

scattering tiny specks of black grease from the new jet
hither and yon. The shower ended abruptly.

Then there was the little matter of keys. Until the
permanent lock was put on there were not enough keys to
go around. Students locked out at night found it necessary
to resort to "cat calls" under lighted windows if they
had forgotten to phone in.

Miss Christie found her tribe encamped in all the far
reaches of the Land so that a bulletin was necessary for
communication. It read in part: "Having crossed into the
Promised Land, the conquest of it remains. The following
are some ways of 'making it our own': while the workmen
are around, use the building as little as possible during
the day. This is an excellent time to study before the
diversions of the Final Conquest and Showing the Land to
others. The elevator is available for our use but should
be left as free as possible for the workmen. Milk and
honey will be found to flow freely in the Wymilwood
cafeteria until our own kitchen is ready...Morning worship
will be held in the Emmanuel College chapel...Mail will
be brought over until an office is established at 77 Charles
Street West. Communication with other parts of the country
by telephone will probably be somewhat limited for a time...
Some of the tribes are not yet permanently established in
their own tents, since all the land is not ready to be
occupied. Those marked in red on the plan will be able to
occupy their own tents as soon as that part of the conquest
is completed. Canaan is a very dusty land at present.
Keep your doors closed as much as possible, and lock them
during the day. Remember to carry the key with you at all
times. Further bulletins will be issued when more battles
have been won! In the meantime we'll all share in the
occupation of the land by using it as little as possible,
acquiring our milk and honey elsewhere, and enjoying
the experience to the limit. Watch Bulletin Boards for
further information."

We certainly followed the instructions "to enjoy the
experience" to the limit. Every day we arrived home we
would peer up the gaping central stairway and explore down



into the nether regions to find new floors, shelves in the library, and desks in the classroom. In our rooms new mirrors, vanity boxes, and lamps discovered gave us the feeling that a fairy godmother must be at work. We could not wait for the furniture to arrive to enjoy the fourth floor common room. But with the aid of a beautiful bouquet from a funeral, candles and suitable refreshments we officially opened the fourth floor common room. It is not every class of students that has opportunity to see their school grow up around their ears.

* * *

HAZELLE McMANUS

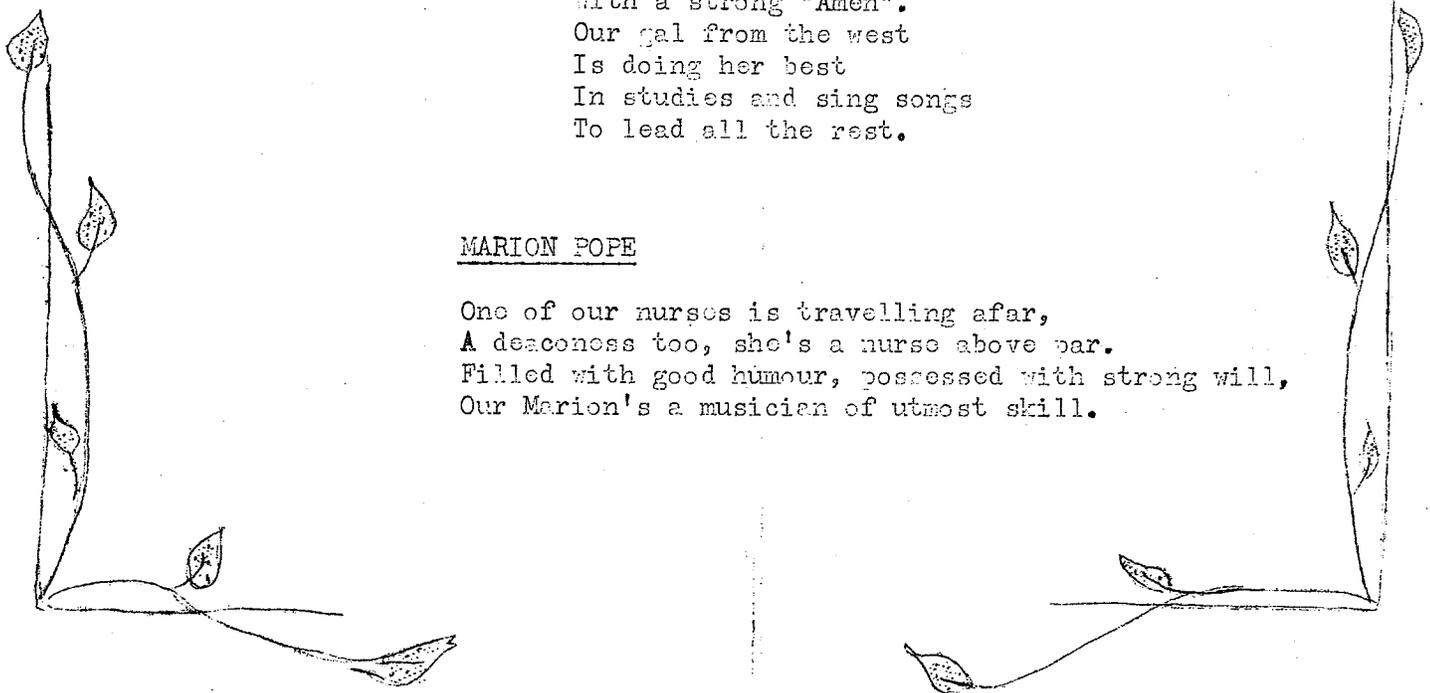
To Metropolitan Hazelle goes
 Complete with lampshade hat,
 To teach wee boys in Sunday School.
 Now what do you think of that?

ALMA GOMEZ

Golly, kids, try it again.
 Let's sing this tune
 With a strong "Amen".
 Our gal from the west
 Is doing her best
 In studies and sing songs
 To lead all the rest.

MARION POPE

One of our nurses is travelling afar,
 A deaconess too, she's a nurse above par.
 Filled with good humour, possessed with strong will,
 Our Marion's a musician of utmost skill.



On this 60th Anniversary, in the merry month of May,
Three of our classmates celebrate in their own special way.

DOREEN O'NEILL, Toronto nurse,
Studied hard but not alone
And now she has a minister
To call her very own.

From Chilliwack in far B.C.
Comes Mrs. CREIGHTON'S daughter.
She set out unescorted but
A Theolog soon caught her.

One more dear sister, our LENORE,
Former Toronto teacher,
Has lost her heart, and wears
For Walter, future preacher.

These words we write to let you know
That our Best Wishes with you go.

* * *

INDIRA SINGH

From sunny Indore there came to our shore,
Indira, Girls' Colloge principal.
Thro' Canada's storms she tried to keep warm,
Her courage was truly invincible.
Tho' chilly blasts her bones did petrify,
She travelled around to talk and speechify.
Will miss her next year when she's no longer here,
Best Wishes to her as she goes home to teachify!

OPEN HOUSE and INDIRA

"And, my dear, did you learn to speak English in Canada? How quickly you must have learned it!"

"And would you not like to take some of these beautiful things back to your country?"

"No. I would rather take the people, because we have lovely things in India, too."

MARION BOYD

All day long we have been wishin'
For words to rhyme with dictitian,
And we'd be simply overjoyed
To find a word to rhyme with Boyd.
We'd then be ready, without tarryin'
To write a poem about Marion
That would express our fond good wishes
To the girl who prepares such tasty
dishes!

* * *

The mind will absorb only what the seat
will endure.

JOAN CHEESMAN

Joan Cheesman is a mighty lass,
Who pranks and jokes with pleasure.
She laughs and types and thrills the class
With frankness in good measure.

FRANCES CLARKE

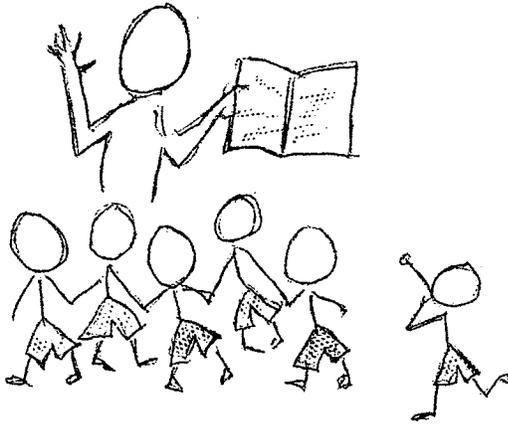
There was a young lady named Frances,
Whose leaders obeyed when she glances.
She keeps tidy notes,
And in swimming she floats
And gets where she's going by prances.

(Ed.: On year book she has spent so much time,
She wakes up now thinking in rhyme.)



RUTH BEWELL

Did Bill phone?
 I am sorry I was out.
 Did Bill call?
 I left a message at the front desk in the hall.
 Whose buzzer's that?
 Ruth, you're wanted on the phone.
 Oh, Bill, so good to talk to you alone.

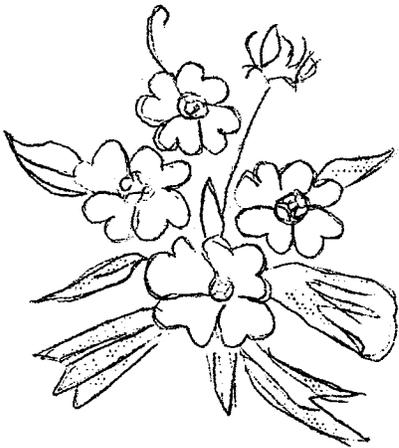


WINONA MCGILL

From Northfield Station on the farm
 Winona comes with quiet charm.
 A stenographer, now she is
 With little boys an absolute whiz.

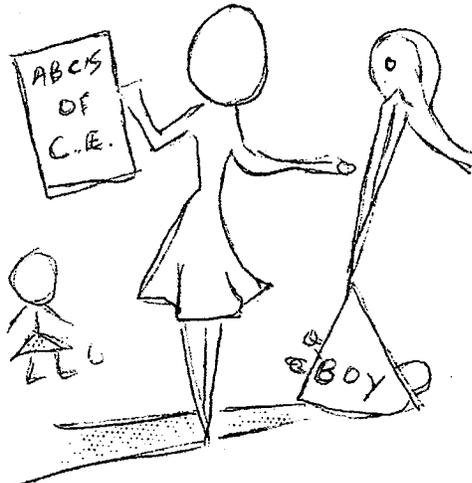
LILY GUN

Lily of the Golden West
 Nearly always meets the test
 Of gracious living at its best.
 She has many a special skill
 Typing, crafts or what you will.
 Through the year she's filled the bill
 By writing down a record clear
 Of class meetings and all you hear.



MARY ELLEN NETTLE

Nettle, Mary, not contrary,
 What gives her that gracious glow.
 With dimpled smile,
 Doing things worthwhile
 She never knows when to say No.



Mary Ellen, always for tellin'
 Of another nephew or niece.
 With poems and tricks,
 She's our Dorothy Dix.
 Cornwall, we wish you peace.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

In our first year when we heard of the Society we were aware that it had a very important-sounding name. We knew that in the two years ahead we would have occasion to use that word often because was not theology occupying a prominent place in our time-table? But at the time it all sounded very vague and far beyond us.

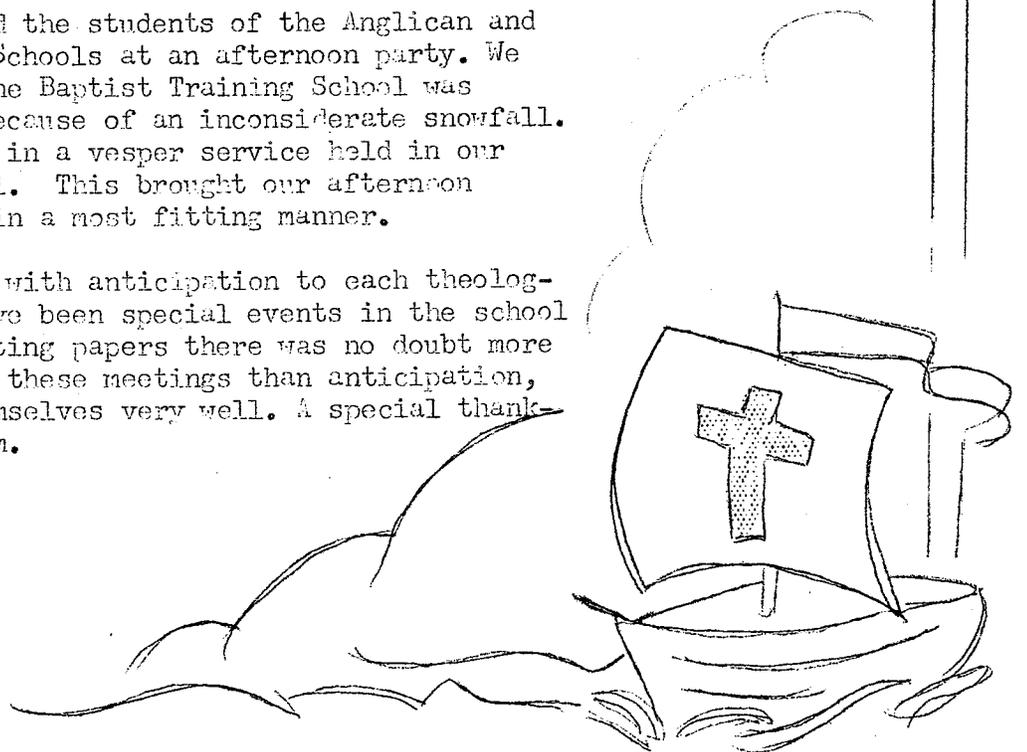
And so the first meeting each year is attended with lively interest and curiosity by the first-year students and with anticipation by the second-year students.

Our first meeting this year was held in the lovely common room in Bedford House, soon to be vacated. The topic of that discussion was "The Mission of the Church." Our Honorary President Emeritus, Dr. Line, and our Honorary President, Professor Joblin, added a great deal to our evening's interest and benefit.

In February we had a most enjoyable meeting with the students from Emmanuel when we discussed ordination and designation. Once again Dr. Line and Professor Joblin were present and contributed very much to the evening. The evening proved profitable for all of us. This was the first occasion for us to entertain the Emmanuel students in our new residence. They were taken on a specially conducted tour of the building, followed by lunch served in the main common room. It was a very enjoyable evening for both girls and boys.

In March we entertained the students of the Anglican and Presbyterian Training Schools at an afternoon party. We were very sorry that the Baptist Training School was unable to be present because of an inconsiderate snowfall. We worshipped together in a vesper service held in our beautiful little chapel. This brought our afternoon fellowship to a close in a most fitting manner.

We have looked forward with anticipation to each theological meeting. They have been special events in the school year. For those presenting papers there was no doubt more tension connected with these meetings than anticipation, but they acquitted themselves very well. A special thank-you to each one of them.





Chinese Noodles - Fried for Supper!

- 1 pkg. noodles
- 1 lb. ground meat or sliced meat (either beef or pork. Chicken or chicken giblets may also be used in lieu of meat or added to it.)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cabbage sliced - or more if you wish more vegetable in proportion to noodles
- Green onions or cooking onions sliced.
- A great variety of other vegetables may be added - peas, lima beans, spinach, peppers, mushrooms, etc.
- Root ginger - grated fine.

Fry meat, flavouring with salt and pepper and some soy sauce. Add sliced onions and fry up. Fry cabbage slightly keeping the freshness of the vegetable. Add grated ginger root, and set mixture at back of stove where it will keep warm, but not cooked further.

Boil noodles in boiling water as per directions on package. Drain and add to fried mixture until all is hot and the favor of the meat and vegetable well mixed with the noodles. Serve as a supper dish or else with rice. If used with rice more vegetable should be used in proportion to the noodles. Or noodles could be omitted and the meat and cabbage served as a chop suey.

(After boiling the noodles if they are drained and cold water poured through they will not stick together but keep their shape. It is wise to do this if the quantity cooked is such as to probably have left-overs.)

Mrs. Bint's Curry

Ground meat (quantity as desired)
Pepper
Parslev
Turnip
Celery
Onion

If meat is uncooked, first sear it in frying pan. Put in pot in which it is to be cooked. Chop the vegetables and fry until golden brown. Add to meat and cook. (Cold diced meat may be used if you have some extra gravy). Thicken contents of pot when all is cooked and add seasonings to taste, making it as hot as you like. A little apple and raisins can be added. Some sugar, a dash of vinegar, a little mustard and curry with pepper last of all. (Do not fry the turnip).

Pork - Pineapple - Sweet & Sour

A Chinese Recipe from Canton

1 lb. lean pork - cut in small pieces
1 tin sliced or chunk pineapple
Soy sauce
Brown sugar - 1/2 to 1 cup to taste
Vinegar
Corn starch

Brown meat in a sauce pan. Add 1 or 2 tbsps. soy sauce. Add pineapple cut in pieces without the juice. Brown meat and pineapple together. Add juice of pineapple and probably another can of water. Sweeten to taste with brown sugar. Add 2 or 3 tbsps. vinegar, again according to sourness you like. Thicken with cornstarch after the juice and water have been boiled for a short time. This should be thoroughly cooked and can be reheated several times without damage to the flavor.

Mrs. Bint's Apple Crisp

Pare and slice apples and place in a bowl - deep or shallow as you prefer.

Add spices if like and brown sugar topping. Spread the following over the top, and bake in hot oven:--

2 cups flour, with a little salt, shortening (or margarine).

Rub together with finger tips until about size of peas, nice and rich.

"Wassail - .a.la U.C.T.S."

--use Hot Mulled Cider recipe from Better Homes and Gardens Cook Book, as follows:

2 quarts fresh or canned cider
Peel of 1 lemon
1 1-inch stick cinnamon
2 or 3 tablespoons honey
1 orange sliced
Whole cloves
2 maraschino cherries, sliced.

Combine cider, lemon peel cut in spirals, cinnamon and honey. Simmer 20 minutes. Serve hot topped with orange slices studded with cloves, maraschino cherry slices. Makes 6 servings.

For U.C.T.S. Christmas we added equal parts tea to the above. For quantity use, grating the lemon peel instead of spirals was just as good and gave better flavor, and for one making we grated the orange peel and squeezed the juice too, adding it just before serving.

HAMMER

in

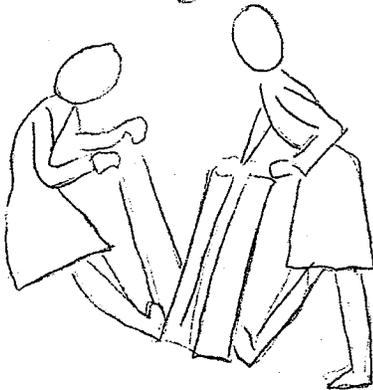


Now there cometh to every student at the United Church Training School a day, yea, even days and days, when she must journey along the pathway of St. George to the Anglican Women's Training College, and there labour, yea, even toil mightily in the field of Handicraft. And though much wise counsel and encouragement be given by our patient Lady of the Loom, yet often are our hearts much troubled, and our minds wander to overdue assignments. And though the fingers work with warp and woof, yet is not the heart nor the mind truly in the weaving.

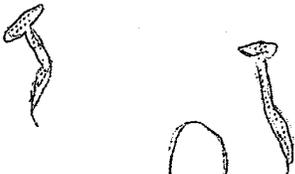
Give ear now, my sisters, and hearken unto my account. And all of you who journeyed not with us along the pathway of St. George, hear now the report of the weaver.



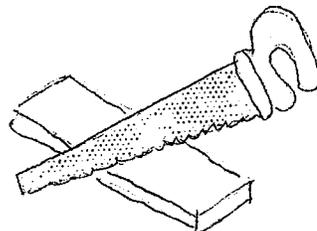
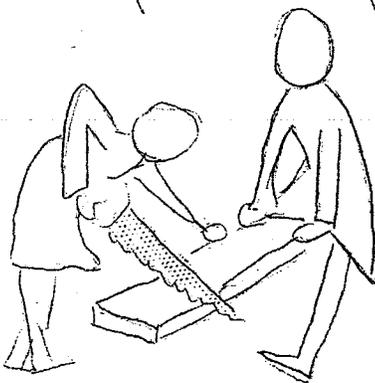
Behold what wondrous strivings go into the construction of a Tabby Loom!



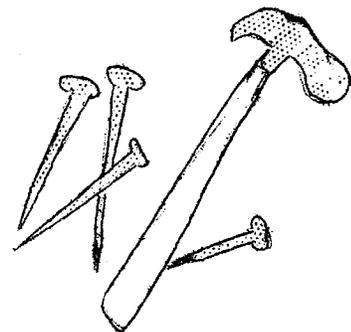
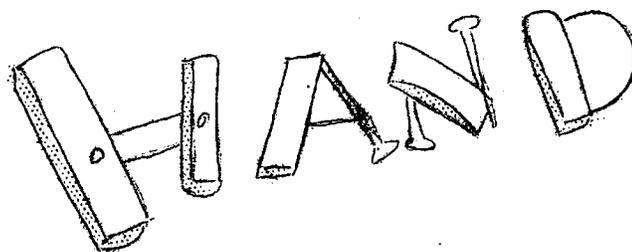
In the beginning the orange crate - lo, it was clean and fragrant, bought with a price. With great care, yea, even gentleness, did we endeavour to separate the several members of the whole, yet leaving each part whole in itself, without any splitting of the wood to render it imperfect. Then did it fall our lot to employ the principle of concretion whereby we did with patience strive to unite each separate part, each of its own size and shape, comprising of its own qualities and potentialities, into one new mode of being transcending as one whole the parts of which it was formed. Yet as we laboured, little did we think of Philosophy - rather did we call to mind those littlelads who, dwelling albeit on what is known as the wrong side of the track, would have in their possession a vocabulary more suited to express the feelings for which our own words were inadequate.



For what can be said in honour of wood possessing great hardness of knots, and what are the words to use regarding a saw whose teeth have long since needed braces? Where-

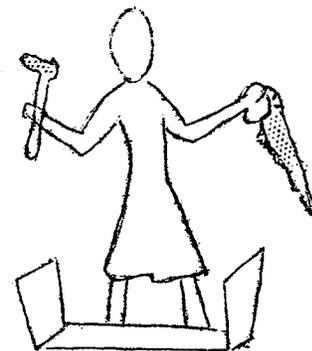


my



with shall we form phrases to describe nails too short to hold the boards together, too weak to penetrate the wood, yea, even so weak in the head that they refuse to be removed from their crooked position by being withdrawn between the claws of the hammer in my hand?

But weep not, my sisters - let not despair bow down your heart, for lo the hour cometh when we behold the finished loom - truly a thing of beauty and a joy forever! And with rejoicing do we secure the heddle comb and wind the wool through hole and slot, around heddle bars made smooth with file and sandpaper. With joy and thanksgiving do we check for even tension and having wound new wool on smooth, clean shuttles, begin to weave the scarf that will be warm not only with its own warmness, but with the warmth of memories to be treasured through many a year.



For verily, now we know and can truly say that there is much more to weaving the warf and woof, and much more to looms than mere frame of wood, and nails. And 'spite of sorrows, there is goodly satisfaction in beholding the finished weaving, wrought on the loom of orange crate, assembled with crooked nails driven by hammer in my hand.

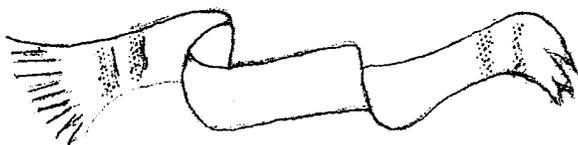
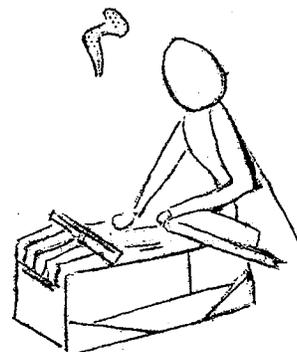


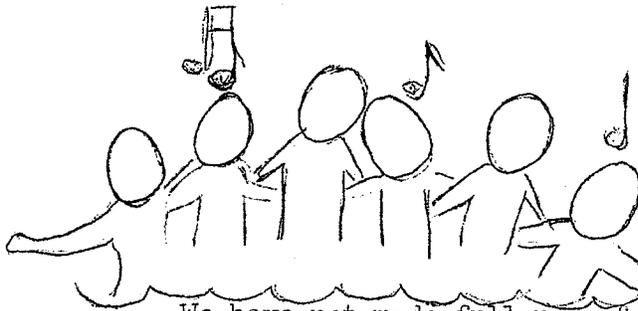
Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Should we be glad or full of tears
For the days that now are gone?
Our thoughts are mixed, our feelings too,
But our feet must march right on.

We'll leave old Bedford and St. George,
Tho' we have loved them well.
We're headed now for Charles St. House
The reason we will tell.

We're sad to leave this lovely place
With all its cozy joys.
But then three cheers, for soon
We'll be much nearer to the boys.

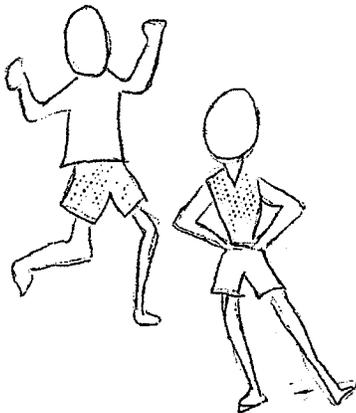




We have not made full use of the new Recreation Room but opportunities for recreation have not been lacking. The first year class will always remember Tuesday nights at Recreational Leadership. Let us sing that song Frances made for our parting gesture to Miss Haslam:

(Tune: Old Lang Syne)

Should swimming lessons be forgot
 Now that our classes cease
 And we'll be free on Tuesday nights
 To study hard in peace?
 Should we forget old O.C.E.,
 Forget the swimming pool,
 Forget our own Miss Haslam too?
 We would not be so cruel!

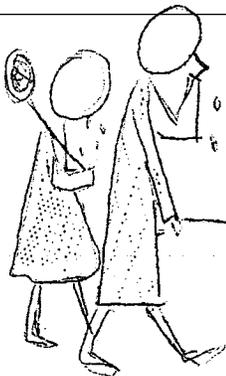


Before the parting of our ways,
 We really must express
 Our fond appreciation for
 Your patient helpfulness.
 Apologies we offer too
 For when we were not here. .
 Though we may never swim the lake
 High water we won't fear!



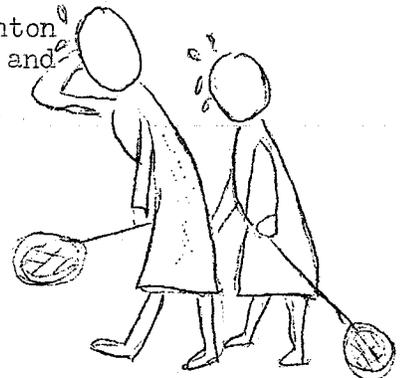
Appreciating all you've done,
 United we would tell
 Our all embracing Anglican
 A very fond farewell.

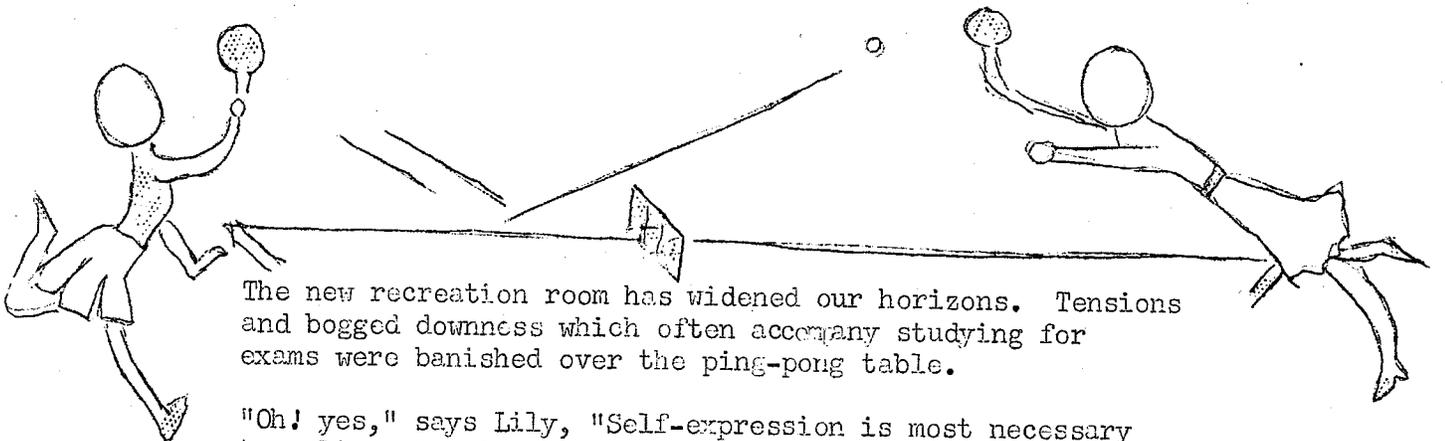
The second year class developed an appreciation of badminton which will probably not appear again. Let us listen in on Gloria and Paddy.



Gloria: "The one thing I remember about badminton was the fact that walking to Trinity and back was recreation in itself."

Paddy: "Yes, indeed!"





The new recreation room has widened our horizons. Tensions and bogged downness which often accompany studying for exams were banished over the ping-pong table.

"Oh! yes," says Lily, "Self-expression is most necessary to relieve tension."

Weiner Roast

"Anyone want to go on a weiner roast? If you do, wear warm clothes." Such was the warning and it was heeded most carefully - even to the wearing of a basic layer of pyjamas. We were transported to Ward's Island by water taxi and ferry. Many even to this day do not realize that our pilot that night was one Gerry Dearing.

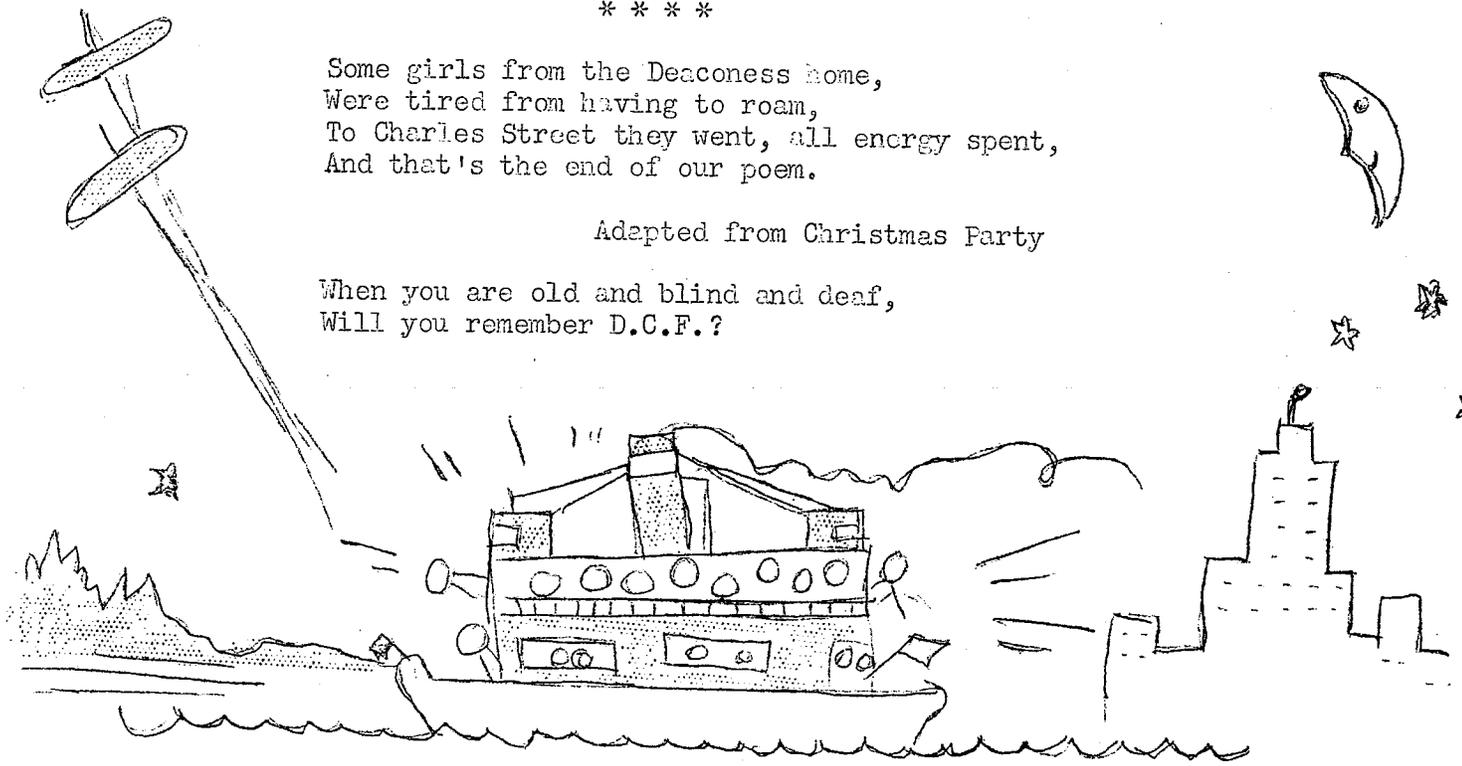
We found the campfire by walking through the dark night in the direction of sounds of great gait. A most enjoyable time was had by all. Remember the skits, singing and the large quantities of food? Our enthusiasm was still in high gear as we danced the Virginia Reel on the pier. Then with one long bunny hop we were on our way home.

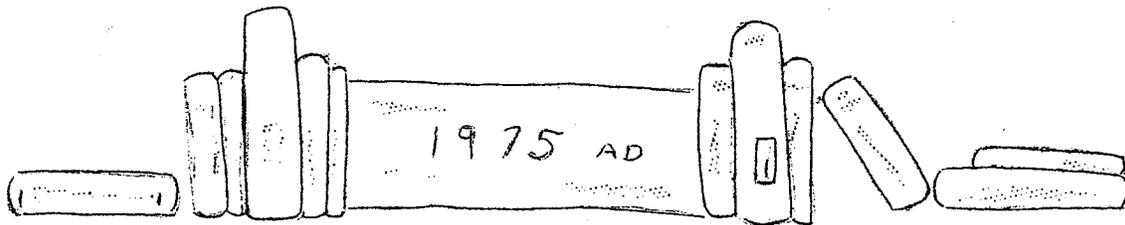
* * * *

Some girls from the Deaconess home,
Were tired from having to roam,
To Charles Street they went, all energy spent,
And that's the end of our poem.

Adapted from Christmas Party

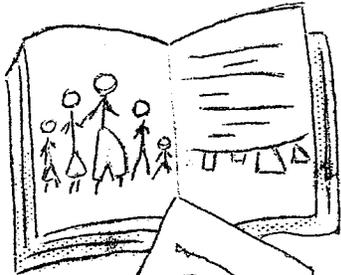
When you are old and blind and deaf,
Will you remember D.C.F.?





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NEW AND EXCITING BOOKS FOR THE MODERN
DEACONESS



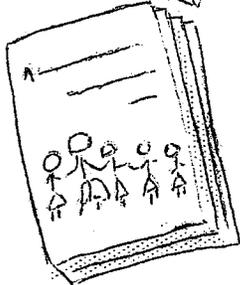
BEWELL

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BUNNER

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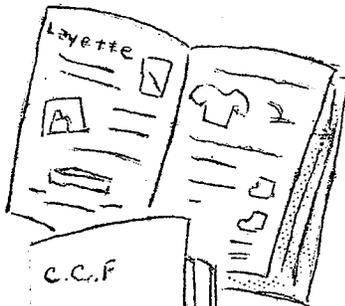


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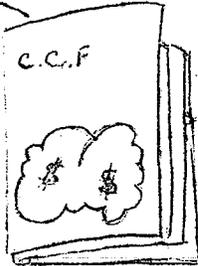
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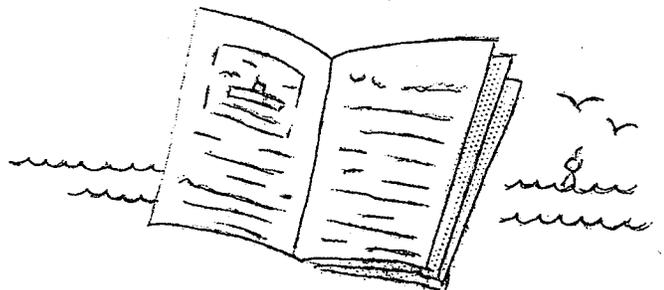
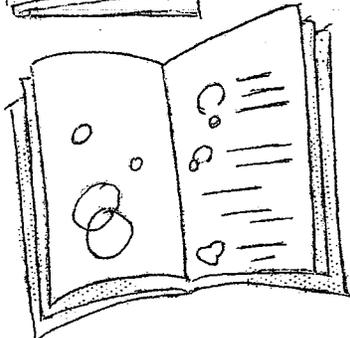


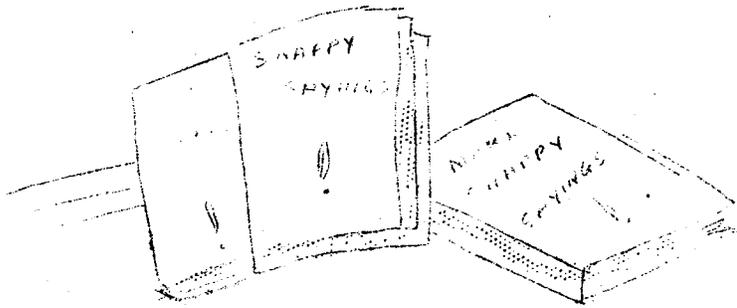
HANNAH

"Spots Before My Eyes"...Colour T.V., an Aid to Christian Education

KILPATRICK

"The Christian Approach to the Maritimes"
..... or "Swim and Be Saved"





LAWRENCE

"Snappy Sayings of a Saskatchewan Soul Saver"

NETTLE

"Christian Education as Compared With Christian Nurture".....a B.R.E. Thesis, published for the purpose of sharing the whole meaning.

MOON

"How to Stay Happy Though Single"

O'NEILL

"Five Little Stokesses and How They Grew"

PHILIP

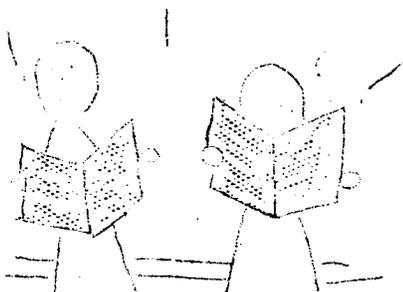
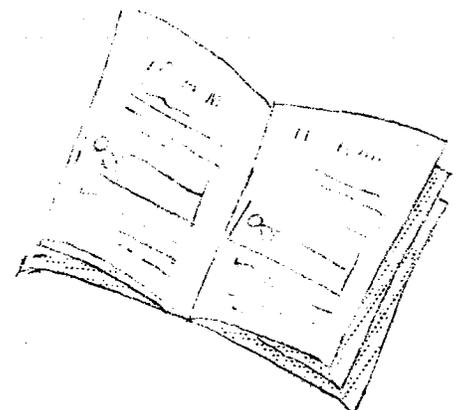
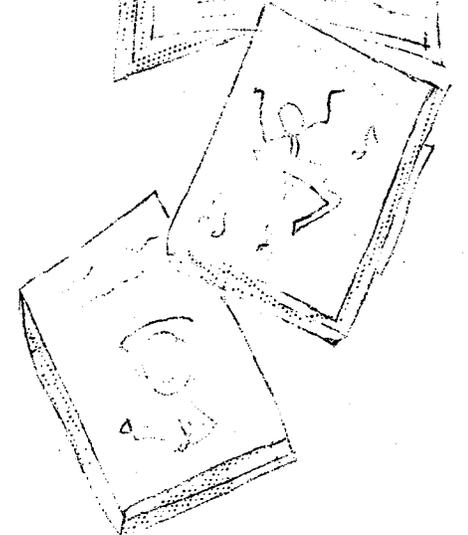
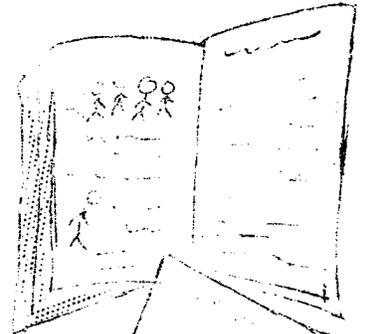
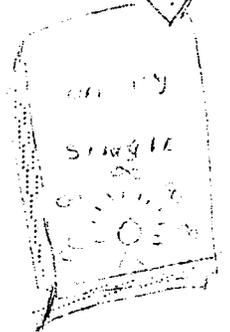
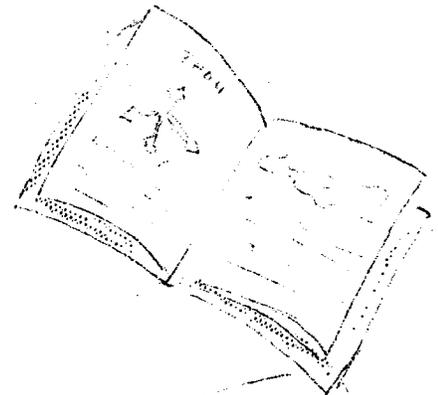
"Choreography for Christian Nurture".....
a series of balletdances for the Mission Band.

POPE

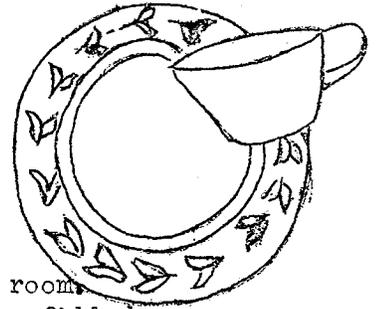
"The Will of a Missionary Nurse".....
struggles in Angola...an autobiography.

SHARPE

"The Art of Early Rising"



Ours to have . . .



Now we come to our spacious common room and dining room. Remember our first meal here? Our hearts truly were filled with thanksgiving as we sang "Now thank we all our God." And remember the first "High Tea" in the common room? After the buffet teas, which were fun as a change, graciously served salads and cakes reminded us of happy family gatherings in the common room at 214.

But more than anything else, these lovely rooms will bring back to the minds of this year's class the memory of one particular night--a night of recalling our heritage of the past, of rejoicing in the present, and of looking forward with eager expectation to what the future holds. We can see Gloria behind the bouquet as she chats with Mrs. McLaughlin and anxiously awaits her turn to speak. We see Mi Heh presenting her bouquet to Dr. Smith. We see Phyllis seated at the new grand piano, and hear the melody of Schubert's Impromptu in A^b. We see a room full of happy people--but "happy" is such an inadequate word to describe the feeling of the group who shared in the Graduation Banquet. Perhaps if we recall some of the words of the tributes paid to Emmanuel, the Training School, and the students, we will catch again that feeling that will long be treasured by all of us who were here for the first Graduation Banquet in our new building.

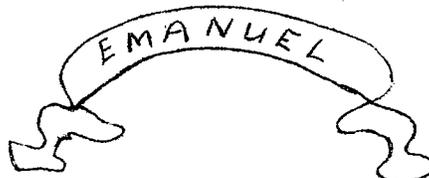
* * *

"We each have had to travel at our own pace on a personal pilgrimage in search of greater truth and meaning in life. Our lectures at Emmanuel have served to help us in this journey--not so much to reach our goals as to learn how best to continue in our search.

...They have not sent us on the pilgrimage as though unaided, for it has been made clear that all our striving is within the context of grace. Although we work out our own salvation, it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do, according to His good pleasure. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever, is a living Saviour. He was and is and ever shall be the way, the truth and the light."

* * *

"Emmanuel--not merely a building on a beautiful campus, not merely a group of professors or students--but Emmanuel--God with us."



(Tune: Oh, what a beautiful morning)

What a long time we've all spent a'dreaming,
Campaigning and working and scheming.
The dream has come true
All shining and new
And U.C.T.S. now is standing in view.

Oh, what a marvelous future
Built on a glorious past.
Here you can see our new building
Others are so far surpassed.

- *** -

W.A. Member: This certainly is a dream come true! I'm so glad I could come and see it. I have a few bricks in this building you know.

Vic Student: Do they let undergrads stay here? Gee, our residence is nothing like this. Just look at those beautiful drapes. It must really pay to be a Christian.

Member of Department of Christian Education: This is certainly the best equipped educational institution the church has. Students will probably flock to the Training School now.

- *** -

But a new house at Seventy-seven
Will not furnish a ticket to heaven,
For all who come here give answers sincere
To a call to high service, a challenge so clear.

Yes, it's a challenging future
But we are never downcast.
With our fine staff and curriculum
Students are trained for each task.

We hear by the grapevine that the Department of Christian Education has a new fifteen-year plan for curriculum.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

(Tune: Surrey with the fringe on top)

We have now a plan in our pocket
To take with us when we go in our rocket:
Church extension now is a-reaching out as far as Mars.
Long-term plan for enlargement and expansion,
Revitalized after fifteen years' evaluation --
Christian Nurture is a new creation reaching to the Stars!
Common Area cycle graded curriculum, and leadership cultivation,
With freedom and flexibility and Biblical motivation.
You'll no longer hear moral platitudes --
We are strong to encourage right attitudes!
Every graduate knows that her task will never be futile,
Serving Christian Education, cafeteria style.

(Tune: Oh, what a beautiful morning)

So we all look to the future
Never before was such scope!
Thanks to the past and the present,
Forward we go with high hope.

Before we complete our tour, we would like to spend a few moments in the chapel. The first worship service conducted in this beautiful sanctuary was a time when hearts were full to overflowing with praise and thanksgiving. This was the exultation that came after the weeks of expectations when we spent our time coming and going between Seventy-Seven and Wymilwood and Emmanuel. But though we were still at the "Looking forward" stage, our joy and praise found expression in a series of worship services conducted in Emmanuel Chapel by graduates of the school. We called them "Stones of Remembrance and Thanksgiving." We will carry some of these thoughts with us through the years. Here in our own chapel, let us think now on some of these things:

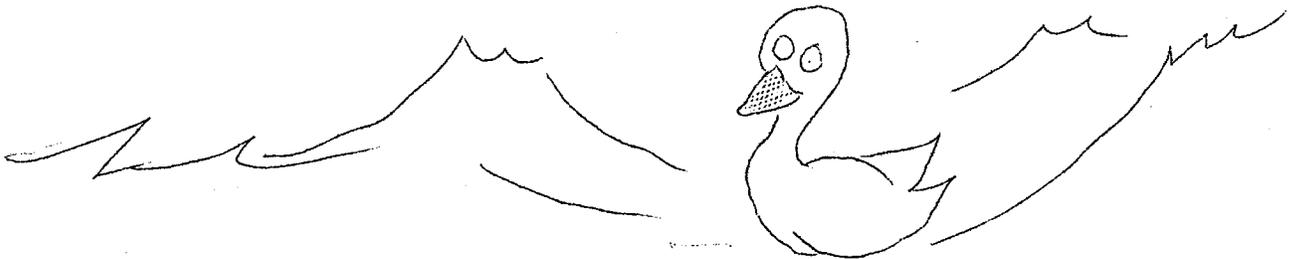
CONSIDER THE DUCK.....

Now we are ready to look at something special.
It is a duck riding the ocean a hundred feet beyond the surf.
No, it isn't a gull.
A gull always has a raucous touch about him.
This is some sort of a duck and he cuddles in the swells;
He isn't cold, and he is thinking things over.
There is big heaving in the Atlantic, and he is a part of it.
He looks a bit like a mandarin or the Lord Buddha, meditating under the Bo tree.
But he has hardly enough above the eyes to be a philosopher.
He has poise, however, which is what a philosopher must have.
He can rest while the Atlantic heaves, because he rests in the Atlantic.

Probably he doesn't know how large the Atlantic is.
And neither do you.
But he realizes it.
And what does he do? I ask you? He sits down in it.
He reposes in the immediate as if it were infinity - which it is.
That is religion, and the duck has it.
He has made himself part of the boundless, by easing himself into it just where
it touches him.

I like the little duck.
He doesn't know much
But he has religion.

... "From the poem 'The Little Duck' by D. Babcock.



And certain women who would serve the Christian Church had heard it said and pondered what it meant, to love the Lord with all the soul -- and deep within them stirred these questionings --

What does it mean to love the Lord with all the soul?

--is it to yield to Him our very selves, the living-ness in us that view with death, the capacity to feel both love and hate, our moods, our fears, our rarer gift of humour, all energy that gives intensity to what the body or the mind may do?