

Churches Tomorrow

Anglican Church

PRESBYTERIAN

S. PETER'S CATHEDRAL

THE KIRK OF S. JAMES

Anglican Rochford Square The Reverend Canon G. E. Moffatt M.A., B.D. The Reverend W. G. Hogg Honorary Assistant Priest. Organist and Choir Director Miss Suzanne Brenton. Lic. Music

Minister The Reverend T. H. B. Somers, M.A., S.T.M. Miss E. Lillian McKenzie Mus. B., F.M.C.M., Organist and Director of the Choir. 10:00 a.m. - Church School. 11:00 a.m. - Divine Service and Sermon: "The One and Only Mediator"

S. PAUL'S ANGLICAN CHURCH

ZION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Parish Church Established 1769 by Royal Foundation The Reverend Canon J. T. Abbott, Rector. Organist and Choir Director: Mr. H. John Harris, F.R.C.O.

Cor. Prince and Grafton Sts. The Reverend W. Harold Brown, M.A., Minister. Rev. E. C. Evans (visiting Minister)

THE BAPTIST CHURCH

CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Corner Prince and Fitzroy Streets Minister: Rev. H. L. Milton, B.A., B.D. Organist: Mrs. G. Elliott Full

MARVEL D. DUNBAR, R.T.B. Minister

PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLIES OF CANADA

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

FULL GOSPEL SERVICES In Orange Hall (L. O. L.) 148 Richmond Street S. J. Myers, Minister. 10 a.m. - Sunday School 11 a.m. - Worship Service 7 p.m. - Evangelistic Service.

Rev. A. Frank MacLean, B.A. Rev. G. Howard Christie, B.A., B.D. Rev. Andrew S. Weir, D.D. Organist and Director of Choirs. Royston F. Mugford, A.R.C.O.

THE SALVATION ARMY

UNITED PENTECOSTAL CHURCH

Great George Street "HOME OF EVANGELISM" Since 1865 S. Major and Mrs. W. Stanley Corps Officers.

37 Elm Avenue Rev. Quincy Stairs, Minister Phone 8678

CHARLOTTETOWN BIBLE CHAPEL

GOSPEL HALL

25 Cumberland St. at Longworth Avenue Sunday Services March 18 9 a.m. Bible Preaching Center proclaiming Christ as the only Saviour.

Upper Prince Street ORDER OF MEETINGS FOR LORD'S DAY

7TH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

20 Laphroaig Avenue MINISTER W. M. Mercer, B.A. Saturday Services: Sabbath School, 1:45 p.m. Divine Worship, 3:00 p.m. Sermon: 4th in series, "The Commandments Magnified"

Birchwood Street Minister: Rev. J. H. Bishop, B.A. 10 a.m. Sabbath School 11 a.m. Worship

WANTS GOLD PRICE UPPEP

LISTEN TO BACK TO THE BIBLE Broadcast

CAPE TOWN (Reuters) - Finance Minister Eric Louw of South Africa Thursday warned that the welfare of all nations will suffer unless the price of gold is increased. Louw was introducing the budget to the House of Assembly. Gold in 1955 represented one-third the value of South Africa's total exports.

Are you puzzled about life? LISTEN TO BACK TO THE BIBLE Broadcast

WINDSOR, Ont. (CP) - Record attendance at the 13th annual convention of the National House Builders' Association seemed assured Wednesday with representatives of the industry pouring into the city from all parts of Canada.

VAST EFFORT India had started 12,000 new schools in its community development projects by the end of September, 1955.



Takes Sea Training

HALIFAX - Cdr. John N. Kennedy, Commanding Officer of HMCS Queen Charlotte, is taking one month sea training on board the Algerine escort vessel HMCS New Liskeard based at Halifax. Cdr. Kennedy is shown above on the bridge of the New Liskeard which is employed in duties with the Naval Research Establishment. (National Defence Photo)

NEWSY NOTES

By J. A. Clark, D.Sc. In urging the construction of the Grand Coulee Dam, three great propositions were presented to Congress: Flood control, great floods in Southern Washington had caused much damage in the past; Power, this was needed for all the North Western States; Irrigation, an area of over one million acres about the size of Prince Edward Island, could be satisfactorily irrigated by placing retaining dams across the Grand Coulee, thirty miles south and by using three of the great turbines to pump the flood waters of the Columbia up 280 feet and into the north end of the Grand Coulee giant reservoir.

There are 12 centrifugal pumps each capable of lifting 1600 cubic feet of water per second into the reservoir, or 720,000 gallons each per minute. To do this each pump will require a 6,000 H.P. motor to operate it. Since we were at the Grand Coulee Dam a second power house has been built at the other end of the dam with nine similar turbines and generators this has doubled the power output of the plant. We have seen a picture of the West Canal which carries water from the reservoir to the Winchester Area of the State of Washington.

IRRIGATION The source of the Columbia being in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, where the ice and snow melts slowly till late in the season, the river's flood season is late spring and early summer. This is the time that water is needed for irrigation in what is known as the Columbia Basin, a large area in central Washington, that is semi-arid with an annual rainfall of about 8 inches. This area has a fairly good soil without gravel or rock. It is quite similar to Ontario in temperature with cold winters in the north and milder weather in the south suitable for grapes and other fruit. It has an abundance of sunshine and only needs water to produce excellent crops. We were amazed to find that for hours of driving we were out of sight of the mountains either east or west.

After driving nineteen miles north we came in sight of the dam and of the great Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake that extends north 151 miles to the Canadian boundary. We were so taken with the great panorama that the driver did not observe the long steep descent of the highway, and our brakes got very hot as we pulled over switchbacks and hair-pin turns down the side for about 300 feet in less than a mile. When we arrived down near the level of the lake, we found not only a good parking area but a large building with a theatre arranged for guests. There were guides to tell the story of the construction of the dam in this canyon section of the Columbia River, which drains 260,000 square miles including 40,000 square miles in Canada. From its source in British Columbia it flows north round the Big Bend, then south for a total distance of 450 miles before it crosses the border into Washington State.

We learned that the driveway across the top of the dam was 30 feet wide and 4173 feet long. The dam stands 700 feet above the water level in the river below and extends down another 150 feet to the granite bed of the excavated site. The guide described the work of construction and had a complete model of the river at that point as it was originally. He pressed a button and the amount of excavation proportionally was raised up by hydraulic power, so that we could see the amount of the material removed from its 34 acre base required for its foundation. He said that during the excavation one side of the canyon started to slide down. In order to hold it while the construction went forward pipes were driven into the side of the canyon, and refrigeration applied, freezing the canyon wall, which held it until the foundation was completed.

ILLUSION After this lecture we were taken outside to a grand stand on the side of the building facing the eleven sections of the great central spillway and told to look at the center of the flowing water. The spillway was about 2000 feet wide, about 16 feet of clear water was flowing over and falling in turbulent white water down 350 feet or almost 200 feet greater than Niagara Falls. It was a marvelous sight. Now he said: "Look up and see what happens!" There was an optical illusion, the whole dam seemed to rise as we looked. Next they took the party that had gathered (some 60-80 persons) by a railway with two or three switchbacks down to the great power house at the near end of the dam, and we were shown

THE WEEK AT S. D. U.

Properly speaking, this week's column should probably be called "These Two Weeks at S.D.U.", for due to the fact that the end of last week found us in a somewhat cloistered seclusion, we were unable to get our message before the world. Yes, last week the student body entered upon the annual retreat, a brief respite from the everyday trials and cares of student life that lasted from Thursday evening until Sunday afternoon. During this time, we were able to take stock and determine the extent and nature of our progress, or regression, since last year.

Under the protective mantle of the Silentium Magnum, we were able to extract and examine many of those thoughts, words, and actions that we were wont to hastily shove during the past year under the pressure of the pace of our daily lives denied us the opportunity to examine and evaluate them. We were greatly aided in this introspection by the timely aid of our professors who admitted, and fully woven through the fabric of his masterful style of oratory, the elder Fr. Cass was very successful in holding the rapt attention and interest of the students, from the youngest, as he led them easily through the parallel considerations of their lives and the life of our Divine Model.

To hold the interest of a group of students for an hour or so at a time is no mean task, as any of our professors will admit, and this is probably the weakest of the tributes that our Retreat Master earned during his brief stay with us. Fortified now with the fruits of his labors coupled with profit by the mistakes he has made in the past in as much as we have been given the light to discover them, and make of this next year a far greater success along the avenues of spiritual, moral, and mental development.

Our thanks go out, then, to Fr. Cass for his labors, exhortations, and encouragements directed towards our betterment; and also to his "little brother" who was probably very instrumental in securing him as our Retreat Master. Although this writer did not take part in the girls' retreat, we have been given to understand that they underwent somewhat similar spiritual rigors under the guidance of the massive hand but tender heart of Fr. Ayward, our bursar. It seems that at the close of this retreat, he had to conclude that the co-eds "aren't so bad after all", thereby softening a bit a judgment

ton. It is cement lined and looks like a river, being much wider than the Willand Canal. Between the north and south of the Columbia Basin a distance of 80 miles there is a drop of 1000 feet in elevation so that irrigation water once in the reservoir can be carried to the farm areas by gravity. From the production we observed under irrigation at Wenatchee, which is only a short distance to the west from the center of the Columbia Basin, we would think the estimates, that the Basin project would eventually provide food for 333,000 people, a possibility.

While you were wading through the last-printed account of the happenings on the campus here at Saint Dunstan's, dear reader (we jest), perhaps after the supper table had been cleared, the Saint Dunstan's Dramatics Society was dimming the lights in the Alumni Gym for the presentation by the campus thespians of the suspense-filled three-act drama by James Reach, "The Girl in the Rain". As the lights fell, tense eyes pierced the paint and mascara of mock faces to fall on the director, Fr. Landrigan, as he sought a blessing on their work. Then the curtain parted and the action began. The scene that unfolded before the eyes of the audience was that of the sitting room in the fashionable suburban residence of Alicia Underhill, where in a setting of modern colors and period furniture, complete in detail even to the carved image of Falstaff on the mantle, the cast gave an intense and dramatic portrayal of the effect of a murder weapon on the proverbial triangle of relationships. In the order of their appearance, the cast was made up of: Bernice Delory, who rendered an excellent starchy-eyed portrayal of a new maid; Art Seaman, the butler who was, naturally, in on the plot and who could melt instantly from the usual strutting-robin pose when the action demanded; Rosella Devine, the society matron and lady of the house capable of becoming a little flustered when her son brought home his lady love; Marian Macdonald, the lovely, politely ever-jinx-hurry society reporter; Tony Spencey, whose soft voice caressed his fiancée while his heart leapt for the mysterious stranger; Mary Cameron as the fiancée whose mannerisms, as well as her smile, the first constructed but last accused criminal in the action; Larry Gallant as that subtle mixture of family physician and family friend; and Phil Pineau, the soldier on furlough who caused a rapid change in the pace and direction of the action of the play.

Maureen Beagan played the title role as the girl in the rain, the mysterious stranger whose appearance on the stage inserted the first of the rapid changes of pace that lifted this plot from the average run of murderer's row and gave it a freshness of approach that the audience found very pleasing indeed. Miss Beagan's performance was especially worthy of mention, for as a seasoned performer, she enhanced this production with her proficiency in the graces of the stage. Every movement, the slightest quiver, every expression, the suppressed smile that could but shine in her eyes; every inflexion, each syllable softened with feeling, was executed with a precision that held her in constant communion with her audience. It isn't easy for someone to look beautifully bedraggled, even in a mock situation, and we men are led to believe that the father of God's creatures under normal conditions will go to great trouble and expense just to avoid such circumstances.

Miss Beagan in this performance seemed to conquer this typically feminine characteristic, for as in this plot, a young lady were to be "discovered unconscious in a driving rainstorm without a mark of identification on her person, and

that, we are told, he made at a tender and impressive age some years ago. In addition to the "Thank you, Father" chorus of co-eds, we would especially like to thank you, Father, for keeping your chosen charges in mind and excusing yourself from the minimum circle long enough to insure us of our butler supply.

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PHILOSOPHERS' BANQUET Wednesday last, the feast day of St. Thomas of Aquin, saw the congregation of a group of sages and would-be sages, scholars all of the philosophy of St. Thomas, at the Charlottetown Hotel for the annual Philosophers' Banquet. Prominent among the sages were the most Reverend Malcolm A. MacEachern; Rt. Rev. R. V. MacKenzie; Rev. J.A. Sullivan; Rev. L.W. Landrigan; and the guest speaker, Dr. J.A. McMillan. Most of the rest of it seems to have belonged to the "would-be" category.

Once the meal was under way and even the most shy, timid, and socially inept of us had figured out, or had explained, the proper sequence for the array of spoons, that knot of formal stiffness was loosened enough to bring everyone into the spirit of the occasion; except perhaps for some who had been selected by the finger of fate to address their fellows in response to the various toasts. Some of these, we feel, were under something of Continued on page 11

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