

the "Gala Spring has Sprung Issue"
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DEAR EDITOR

I would like to bring to the attention of the United Methodist students an article which appeared in the United Methodist Reporter on February 6, 1981. The article dealt with the scrutiny of the Commission on Theological Education (mandated by the 1980 General Conference) in reviewing non-U.M. Seminaries for the training of U.M. ministers. Under the direction of Dr. Fredrick Blumer, president of Lycoming College, the Commission is requesting the following "detailed information" of both U.M. and non-U.M. seminaries: how U.M. students are instructed in U.M. history, polity, doctrine and social principles; the number of U.M. students; the number of women and ethnic minority faculty, administration and students and procedures to ensure racial and sexual inclusiveness. This review evolved from dissatisfaction by a number of annual conferences that "some men and women from certain schools don't have an appreciation of the connectional system", said Blumer.

Explaining the evaluation, Dr. Blumer said "the review is to find if a school is offering U.M. students training that specifically prepares them for ministry in the U.M.C." Further, "If a seminary is denied U.M.C. approval after the review, future graduates from that school would not be eligible to receive ordination from U.M. annual conferences."

I appreciate the interest which the Commission is sharing for the education of its clergy, however, this student senses a movement toward exclusiveness, for schools accredited by the Association of Theological Schools "face the prospect of not being allowed to train future U.M. ministers." The decision of the Commission will affect U.M. students at this school whether or not the program at LTS is evaluated. This review has the potential of producing an attitude detrimental to ecumenism which we should be alert to.

Haydn McLean

BOOK SALE

No, it's not the Library that is having another book sale, but me, Jeffrey S. Dick. Yes, now that I am a senior and hopefully graduating in May I need to make space (and a little cash). So I offer the following books at special prices. If you are interested drop a note in my mailbox or see me in person.

1. Honest to God, John A.T. Robinson, 50¢
2. A Guide to Karl Barth, E. L. Allen, 25¢
3. A Guide to Emil Brunner, E. L. Allen, 25¢
4. Hardness of Heart, E. LaB. Cherbonnia, 50¢
5. Virginia Wolf meets Charlie Brown, David H. C. Read, 50¢
6. The Ministry in Historical Perspectives, H. Richard Niebuhr, ed. 50¢
7. The New Being, Paul Tillich, \$1.00

NEW PHILLY, WYOMING (John 9)

It was a crystal clear spring day, morning rains settled the dust on the well-traveled street. "Frong Street" its name. Its proximity to a rocky gully gouged out by floods is the only clue to its namesake in Philadelphia - the quick trickle of runoff contorts my imagination to envision this creek the mirror image of the "stately" Delaware. A thousand miles of real estate can play tricks on the memory, and right now with the Indian Wars just over the next rise in the road, the City of Brotherly Love might as well be a mission miles away.

"God, its a lousy day to be in town. I got 5,000 acres to fence off so's my cattle don't keep running off for papoose fodder, and I thought the stinkin' rain would last all day, but all it did was soften the blessed ground to make the hole diggin' easier. Hope that good-for-nothin' son of mine ain't sittin' around moonin' over the flowers or somethin'. Somedays I really worry about that boy, he just ain't been the same since that idiot preacher came around and had all them meetin's. Why I declare....."

Good old Clyde. He's the only man I know that can carry on a meaningful conversation with a barn door. I've been sitting here nodding my head for the better part of the afternoon, drifting in and out of sleep and thought and general preoccupation, and I swear the man's not yet taken a breath. I gave up "Uh-huh"ing about a half hour into my first conversation with him six months ago, and I don't believe I've spoken a word to him since, outside of "Howdy" and "See Ya". Oh well, it takes the pressure off of me trying to hold down my end of the patter. He'll go on for another ten minutes or so and then wander off to the saloon. He's right about that preacher though, things have taken on some new light since he swept through these parts. He had half the town moaning, Aaa-mening, and carrying on for days after he left. Most of it has settled down since, 'cept for Clyde's son, and of course my brother.....

"See ya around, Sonny."

"See Ya."

Well don't that just figure? You think you've got somebody pegged and they go and do something totally out of character. Old Clyde must have talked himself into some energy, 'cause I think I heard him say hi's going to scoot out of town and try to salvage some work out of the day.

You know, I'd never of thought I could be proud of my brother, he's always had his share of problems, and I kind of like to have him tagging along, evin if it is just to keep him from getting into messes I always have to get him out of. I guess that's why I brought him out here with me. My folks never had the means for the appreciation of life to deal with a handicapped person. He's not dumb, nor retarded, nor anything like that; he just can't see. He's not quite blind, but he's close. The folks used to send him out and tell him to be back by dark and he'd make it. More often than not to the wrong house, on the wrong block, but he'd turn up on somebody's doorstep at sunset. You see, his left eye is cloudy and his right eye is fine, but it's crossed. He's got a passion for music, though, and he's a decent pianist, well, at least sometimes ya can tell what the songs are when he plays them. So when we got here, he wanted to earn his keep that way, and, frankly, piano players are scarce this far west.

Well, when that preacher blew in, he did alot of praying with my brother, and that planted the seed in him that he could possibly be cured of his blindness. I sat in on one of the meetin's and the wails and caterwauls were enough to raise the dead. Sure enough, when the

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NEW PHILLY Cont.

preacher left claiming full healing my brother began claiming full sight even though everyone else was positive he was still blind as a bat.

I love my brother, but let's face it, he's been to some of the best doctors in the world. He can be expected to be able to tell the difference between darks and lights, and he can tell shapes apart as long as the object is bigger than your hand. Well, the week after the preacher left, my brother went out and ordered sheet music at the telegraph office. He ran down there every week for three months. It got so that he could hear the stage coming before it even came into the view of a normal person. He'd tear out of the house and be waiting at the station fully five minutes before the dustcloud became visible on the horizon. Finally it came.

Two months later, just about the time we'd all forgotten about the coming of the sheet music, he brought it down to the saloon when he came to work. He sat it on the piano and played. Proudly and boldly he played. The notes were the same, the tempo was the same, but there was a feeling of greatness in the music that night. He didn't play any better technically, but the mood he created was that of a concert by a virtuoso. Over the next few months his music improved dramatically. He still was far from expert, he still plinked and plunked with liberal doses of planks, but he was improving at a pace he never before showed. The music has given him confidence, I thought. Last night we talked about it.

"I've noticed that your playing has gotten much better since you got the music. I'm really proud of the progress you've made." I looked at him, and for the first time in years, I looked into his eyes. He met my gaze and answered, "You have the prettiest blue eyes I've ever seen."

Don Mason

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

I can remember, clear as the spring sky-
before the indifferent stare of the cattle's eyes
with wooden stick splintering my hand,
in a cap three sizes too big,
I ran-
the paths worn thin by canvas shoes
to first base, a rock pinning the Sunday News.
No taller than the barbed wire fence, I was-
caught up in the thrill of sliding in the dust
as if Ted Williams had stolen second-
and from there for me to follow beckoned.
My heart would pound, a hammer working
in the soul of a child, a star was lurking
or perhaps a dream of the tattered sphere
flapping its leather cloak in the air
as it sailed free through the open pasture
while I ran, each year a little faster.
But never into third, never would I slide
for the base was a cow patty-left there to dry.
The day would grow long, my energy spent
as Boston beat the Yankees without dissent.
The crowds would cheer for the only one
gracing the field- for I had won when into left field, the cattle roamed
and supertime near,
I slid into home.

R. Michael Vaughan

NEWS FROM ST. JAMES CHURCH

John Hamilton, violinist, joins Frank McConnell to present the Fourth Lenten Recital at St. James Episcopal Church (Duke and Orange Streets) Saturday, March 28, at 4pm.

Mr. Hamilton, a graduate of the Eastman School of Music, is well-known locally for his appearances as soloist and in Chamber Music groups; he is a member of the Musical Arts Society. He has selected Adagio in G minor (Albinsoni) and Concerto I (Bach) as his solo offerings.

Mr McConnell, organist of St. James Church, will honor requests as he presents: Trumpet Voluntary (Stanley), O Sacred Head (Bach), Fugue in C (Buxtehude), Prelude, Fugue and Variation (Franck), Adagio and Fugue from Sonata on the 94 Psalm (Reubke).

The public is invited and the recitals are free.

EXECUTIVE CABINET MEETING

The proposed agenda for the upcoming meeting of the Executive Cabinet (March 31) includes evaluation of all policies currently on record at LTS. The members of the Cabinet-Glasse, Wolfe, Nordbeck, Fogel, Hartley, and Waddell- wish to hear the students' concerns about the functioning of the current policies in order to determine their effectiveness. If you think the course of action adopted by the Seminary does not meet present desires or needs, it is your obligation to let one of the people mentioned above know how you feel. At present I am the student member who sits in on the meetings, and I would appreciate any suggestions, proposals, ideas from you, the students. As students who pay large sums of money for education and upkeep, it is your responsibility not only to learn but to decide how effectively the Seminary is meeting your needs.

Please submit to me any suggestions you have by March 30 so that I can prepare the data for further presentation. Thank you.

Jerry Waddell

ART CRITIC LAUNCHES NEW COLUMN

Due to popular demand, I am starting this column in this esteemed newspaper. Even though I will not be paid the same as other feature writers, I felt the need to meet this challenge. Thus the beginning of a series of articles on the new Langaster Theological Art Gallery. Yes friends, this is the picture of the week column.

Before beginning this column, I must present some of the background on this gallery, especially on the curator. It is amazing how some people are constantly branching out into new areas and succeeding. The curator of this new gallery is none other than our Professor of Church Maintenance, Brother Jay. Of course many of you already know of the vast talents of this esteemed gentleman and the many jobs, positions and titles he holds. Some of these, for those who may not know, are Chief Security Officer, President of Burkett Moving and Storage, Conservation Officer, and Great Lecturer (who could forget that great lecture on the spiritual importance of spirits). Of course many of you know him as just a plain simple engineer, electrician plumber, trash man, painter and general contractor. This man has talents and it was these talents that got him this job.

Knowing this would be a tough job he called his worthy assistant Chaplin Herb. Chaplin Herb provided the insight for this gallery to take shape, he also provided the hands needed to do the job. But alas, on the day before the opening of the gallery, they had to call in this art critic to finish the job. This wise choice on their part is reflected in the quality job we accomplished.

So much for background. Next week we will look at Charles F. Mc Cauley and ask the question: What is that under his chin?

Le Critic de Art