

THE SEMINARIAN

October 13, 1948

Francis E. Ringer, Editor

HAYRIDE PLANS NEARING COMPLETION

Oct. 21, 1948, is the date of the Hayride, the first big social event of the season. This is the October feature planned by the Program Committee of the Society of Inquiry. An evening of fun, frolic, and fellowship is in store for the entire gang. Two tractor-drawn wagons will await us at 7:30 on Race Ave. (west across the college campus). After our ride we will build a campfire at a site yet to be chosen. Plan to be in good voice, for we expect to do a good bit of singing. Yes, there will be food, so bring your appetite along. We suggest you wear the oldest clothing available--this is not a formal affair.

We have not attempted a hayride here at the Seminary for some time. In a sense, this is a new affair, so we are hoping that the entire Seminary Family, including wives, sweethearts, and dates, will be on hand for the festivities.

----- Ernest Hawk -----

'ROUND THE DORM

Sources tell us that the future Mrs. Cheek and the future Mrs. Geisler are no more just figments of one's imagination....And speaking of marital bliss (or is it blisters?), though wife-beating in the halls isn't allowed, we have it on good authority that lots of it does happen elsewhere. Frank Pirazzini has a cat-o-nine-tails. Merv Gerhart has a hammer. And Stan Dunn beats up his wife (out of bed, HE says) every morning....That half-scared little fellow you just saw in the third floor hall isn't the iceman; he is just a first floor bachelor invited up to tea and crumpets by the Harwicks. His name's Ray Faulds....Rumors have it that the girl selling cokes on the third floor (in competition with the machine in the basement) is Marge Coddington. Gotta' put Ken through F & M some way!...Look here,

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DUNNS ENTERTAIN JUNIOR CLASS AND WIVES

The Junior Class certainly had a good time at Dr. Dunn's last Wednesday night. A merry group of choristers gathered around Maestro Schmid and filled the Dunn home with "delicate" masculine chords--and discords. We saw little "Mammy" Delp circulating proudly about the crowd with a likeness of Dr. Dunn pinned to his back. The Progressive Party also had its representative at this gathering; indeed, Brother Mark presented quite a case. We saw a "triangle affair," typical of Old Testament, when the Sechristes were separated by Bill Anderman under pressure of political royalties--ask Bill about it! Oh yes--they had the fellows weigh in. There was a great deal of speculation among the fair damsels as to who had the most beef. The scales showed Brother Anderman "weigh" ahead. From the Junior Class--Thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Dunn for a wonderful evening!

----- SPORTS an' STUFF -----

Last week Coach "Abby" Abernethy called for football hopefuls to fill in the contracts for the Seminary Crusaders. In all, eighteen prospects reported. The scheduled game with Phi Sigma Kappa was postponed because of wet grounds, but Abby, in order to try out the super "T" formation, had a practice last Thursday. Old men, young men, and even married men showed up for the workout. After a grueling three hour practice, the team was in "rare" shape. On one mysterious play "Rockhead" Feather and "Liverlip" Glatfelter collided. The latter was forced to leave the scrimmage, but latest medical reports indicate that he will be ready for the opening tilt with Phi Kappa Psi on Oct. 12. The casualties were heavy: big tackle Harvey Schlichter pulled a leg muscle; and Yoder, Sigler, and Pirazzini painfully discovered a few new muscles.

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('Round the Dorm, Cont'd from p. 1)

Ed Taylor and Fran Ringer! You'll just have to stop talking theology long enough to eat! ...The present Senior class must hold some record for small classes, but matters must be going from bad to worse when only two (and one of them an auditor) show up for a Church History class. Said Dr. Dunn, after waiting a reasonable length of time, "Well, where two or three are gathered together....," and began his lecture....Then there was the day when the Seniors were told that "Francis I is the son of his mother"....Heard tell that John Settlemyre had a terrible time explaining to the young lady that his car had broken down and that it was not just another trick of his... Around the Bridge Table--The classic remark of the week was that one made to his partner in a recent game: "That are you so sore about? I only trumped your ace with the deuce." ...Of Zinn and Humor....I hear John Zinn had his Old Testament test on his mind all weekend. At his service on Sunday he ended one prayer with "Amen-hotep"....Zinn's forthcoming book should be of interest to all Old Testament scholars. It is entitled, Flashes of Light from Mt. Sinai, or Did Moses Have a Television Set?...Tom Hoffman closed his sermon in preaching class by reading a "prayer found on the fly-leaf of a missionary!"

(Sports an' Stuff, cont'd from p. 1)

It is certain that the club will pull many tricks out of the bag opening day. The team fields a frosh team with the exception of "Salty" Breininger and "Ace" Papenmeier, the Indiana star. Awaiting our gridiron representatives is a schedule of ten games, which include some of the better fraternity teams in the East. In a pre-game interview, Coach Abernethy said, "The Seminary team will take the field confidently and will give Phi Kappa Psi a game from beginning to end. We will in this contest and in all others strive to win, play fairly, and bring home the championship. We will

appreciate a little cheering from all Seminararians who are not on the team. A team is only as good as its support." Even at this late date he would not venture a starting lineup, but one can be sure all reserve strength will be used if the going gets rough.

--Charlie Sigler

"AS I SEE IT...."

by Dave Mark

From the west side of College Avenue are coming tales about "Life with Father." Here on the east side the story is reversed. We're getting the inside scoop on "I Remember Mama." If you don't follow the rather beclouded line of thought, consult your oracle about doin's on deck three of Richards Hall. In case you haven't left your books long enough to discover it, information is now coming straight from the horse's mouth that we have women living directly between the ceilings of the second floor and the slabs of slate that mark the dividing line between edifice and atmosphere. Yes, eleven of the boys have brought back Mama with them to type term papers, wash the socks, and get them out of the sack in time for breakfast. Don't be surprised to see well-thumbed copies of Mademoiselle among the reading material in the lounge. It's all part of the act. It has been slightly confusing to see gals at chow, at the mailbox, in classrooms, but it does make home aesthetically satisfying.

Now if we could only twist a couple of feminine arms into making altruistic little jaunts to the lower regions to gather scattered ties and place them on half-empty racks, dust off unused textbooks, and make wrinkled beds in the morning, life would indeed be beautiful. Some observant chap once said that life in a dormitory is supposed to create independence and self-sufficiency. We ought to have learned to do these things for ourselves during the college daze. Yea, verily! All I can say is, "Where does one find the wedding license bureau in Lancaster?"

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