

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

January 19, 1950

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

.....The Dean's Musical Revue.....
(with humble apologies to Mr. McCornell.)

Having long been excluded from all musical groups, as e.g. from the Faculty Sextette at the last Christmas party, I have a vast amount of music in my soul that has never found an outlet. So, though branded publicly! a monotone, as I was that night, (one charitable friend denies this, declaring that I hit one note right out of nine!), I propose to use this opportunity in the Seminarian columns to indulge in some musical appreciation. So, at the sound of the tuning fork, I am off to record some of the chords and discords that here and there, about and beyond our school, come now and then to my sensitive (?) ear.

Where is there a better place to start than in Santee Hall at chapel time as the thrilling volume of largely masculine song lifts one toward a higher level of thought and feeling? But there are always some breaks in the full harmony caused by those who are somewhere else. A chord, so I am told, is such a conjunction of two or more notes as produces a pleasurable effect. An entire class in the classroom when it's time to start would then be a chord. It would have scriptural precedent, too: "they were all with one accord in one place." Whence would come the discord if not with the fellow who comes in late?

Living and working together in a school like ours partakes of the nature of a symphony. We play various instruments or we play the same one with different techniques. There is no requirement that we think alike, professors or students, nor that we have the same habits and practices. Not uniformity but unity is what we all really want and that "unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace" comes from following with our eyes and hearts the same Leader, the Prince of Peace. The unbrotherly note, in word, attitude or deed, makes the discord which He would teach us to avoid.

There is no music that sounds sweeter to us teachers than that which we hear from the people of the churches we visit, in terms of appreciation of the ways and the work of our students, past and present, whether they be supplies for a Sunday or regular pastors. "He is on the job", "he talks in a way we can understand", "he is a real friend to us all", "he makes us

think of God", these are just a few of the melodious chords which these ears have heard. On the other hand I think of two discordant notes in the reaction to graduates of our Seminary. One of them, "he has good stuff but he can't deliver it", will be heard less and less frequently as the work of Dr. Sayres and his Sound Mirror take effect. The other, "he doesn't call enough on his people", is one that only the Grace of God and common sense can eliminate. One thing is sure, that, as we learn in these Seminary days together to love God and people ever more, we will be able to contribute more to the harmony and the melody of Heaven on earth.

Dr. Dunn

AFTER FIVE YEARS

A little while ago a thought occurred to me. That is a most unusual happening, as all my classmates will tell you, and so I decided to share my momentous occasion with you.

Actually it isn't much of a thought, it's more of a reflection. It seems to me that the program we have here at the Seminary is quite a matter of pride to all of us.

Since I came to Lancaster, I've spent a little more than five years in and around the Seminary. Lots of changes have taken place in that time, in the administration, the faculty, the program, and the physical surroundings. What I'm thinking of here is the program.

Perhaps it's part of the post-war boom, perhaps the larger student body is the cause. But, whatever the reason, I'd like to put in a plug right here for the extra-curricular program that we have. We play football, basketball, softball, ping-pong and darts in organized leagues. The latest acquisition is a bowling league. Besides that there is the choir for the musically inclined, and other periodical activities in which we can partake.

There are few institutions of a comparable size that can boast such a diversified program and I'd like to tender a vote of thanks to the planners who make such a program possible, and to the faculty that encourages our participation in them by their own example.

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AS I SEE IT . . .

Last Tuesday our nation's chief executive addressed a newly assembled 81st Congress. The man who had spoken so falteringly in the same Halls some five years earlier had been transformed to a complacent, smiling, self-confident president and party boss. But concluding appeal for divine aid and guidance did not seem to have the same sincere ring to it that it did when in 1945 Harry S. Truman asked that Almighty God watch over the conduct of the affairs of the U. S. government.

At the outset of the speech he stood definitely on a platform of increased governmental economy. This was met by resounding cheers, which necessitated the rereading of a qualifying clause. But this qualifying clause left the loophole thru which the rest of the speech could be tucked.

From this point on our president proceeded to enumerate a budget of governmental expenditures clothed in astronomical figures. Standing before a congress of veterans and parents he proposed vast outlays of American dollars for the conduct of cold wars and arming for future actual warfare. When the whole shattered world is crying for peace, the president of the potentially most powerful influence for that peace asks his legislative body for vast revenue for building up an inordinately large fighting force that can ultimately only intimidate the rest of the world.

Further on our president pressed another matter that has become a sore spot with many of our citizens and should become so with many others. Why Mr. Truman and some supporters should be blinded to England's fiasco with government-sponsored compulsory health insurance is a question yet to be answered to our satisfaction. Is it beyond their ken to realize that socialized medicine will eventually lead to socialization of other phases of American life? Lenin certainly thought so. He declared: "Socialized medicine is the keystone to the arch of the Socialist State."

And to pray for this our smiling president spoke in glittering generalities of deficit financing. It might be worthwhile to conjecture how we can hope to erase so many red figures with increased deficit financing. Does this make sense? How much of the Fair Deal does make sense?

Dave Mark

SPORTS CORNER

The Holy Rollers got off to a good start in the new year by racking up two quick victories as they moved closer to their second straight title in the college hoop league. To date our cagers have been undefeated in six contests and seem to be the team to beat.

The local hoopsters went arrayed for battle wearing typical crusade period armor as they met a highly touted and rough City No. 1 team. In a game which looked like a free-for-all football game the Crusaders returned with a 46-44 victory. We must say that had a fair official been calling them for the ball game the Crusaders would have been found getting plenty of foul-shooting practice. As it was, our boys were forced to play a rough and ready game, which slowed down the opposition's unsportsmanlike style of game.

Offensively, Bruce Hatt, "Bones" Bailey, and Herb Ziegler displayed all star form in racking up 13, 12, and 11 points respectively. "Bucky" trout and "Able" Abby were stalwarts on defense.

Again on Thursday evening, January 12, The Crusaders moved into action against a determined but inexperienced Dietz Hall team. Without a doubt our cagers could have racked up a million points, but they dwelt on improvement of their offensive passing and the working in the zone of the new members of the team. The usual five started and allowed the Dietz Hall boys but 10 shots at the basket during the first quarter, the score standing at 16-0, with the final ending at 62-12.

Herb Ziegler's left hand was hot like an oven, and everyone enjoyed pushing Herb in the swing department. The result of his nite's work was three times the opponent's score-36 points. "Bucky" Trout amassed 12 to run a not-too-close second.

The team certainly appreciates the interest of a good number of faithful fans, and you may rest assured that in each and every game they will do their best to win.

Dick Abernathy

..... SIGNS OF THE TIMES:

Billboard in front of a "drive-in" movie, closed for the winter:

"When spring is sprung;

And the flowers is riz,

This is where the movies is."

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HUMOR ESQUIRE

Ping-pong. Now that's an interesting game. It is the only game whose name is scunded throughout the playing. Currently in process is a tournament, and at the time of this writing "Louie" Cheek is in first place. He unseated "Abbie," and in doing so five excellent games were played, each man playing his best. During most of the matches, you can see hopefuls near the bottom of the list scouting men they intend to challenge. Although these matches have no relation to the type of matches which cause fire, the winner is usually a bit hotter than his opponent. This "hottness" is characterized by an undulation not unlike that of waves.

For the benefit of those who know little or nothing about ping-pong I shall define certain terms so you will not be at a loss if you should visit a match.

The most frequently heard cliché is, "nice shot." This is usually uttered by the loser of the point when his opponent places the ball out of his reach or when after hitting the ball, it fails to hit in a valid spot. When the phrase is uttered it serves a twofold purpose. It commends the opponent and also makes you feel less stupid. Invariably it will be heard when the ball plops over the net, bounces up ten inches, and you, attempting to slam the ball down your opponent's throat, almost tear the net down as it rips into the mesh. Very weakly you mutter, "Nice shot."

Logically that brings "net Ball" into the light. This is usually heard after a served ball has touched the net before it hits in the opponent's court. "Court," incidentally has nothing to do with legal procedure or love, so when you watch a game of ping-pong just discount what your law and romance teachers taught you. The "net ball" is always interesting from a spectator's viewpoint. The ball is served, and climbs up to the top of the net and balances itself there like a gyroscope. The opponents now hastily lean toward the ball, each expelling great volumes of air in an attempt to make it fall into the opponent's court. They sound very much like the wolf of the "Three Little Pigs" story.

A "serve" is the term used when you hit the ball to your opponent. "Serve" here loses all connotation of obsequiousness or hospitality, because with great scowling of the face, you hit the ball with all your might, trying to make it spin crazily so that it will not come back. After all, if you serve someone something or give an object to him, you don't desire to have it returned: this is especially true in ping-pong.

You say, "Tough luck," when your opponent fails to return a shot or when you blow his serve from the net into his court. However, this cliché comes only when you have a comfortable lead.

The "Back Hand Shot" is a term referring to an attempt to hit the ball and you push the paddle beyond the path of the ball; most of the times the ball will strike the back of your hand, hence, "back hand shot."

I can't explain "Fore Hand Shot" because I haven't seen anyone use four hands to hit a ball.

Although there are many more clichés and terms peculiar to ping-pong, I have listed here the essential ones. No attempt has been made to arrange them in alphabetical order, but anyone who desires them in alphabetical order can make them so with the aid of an ordinary dictionary.

Only one thing necessary remains to be said for the benefit of those spectators who have never played the game. Pay absolutely no attention to remarks such as the following which always precede the game and are heard quite frequently after the game: "I can't hit anything today", "I'm really off", "I expect you'll beat me without any trouble", or "we might as well volley, I'm not going to get any hotter." If these are heard before the game--disregard it--nothing but poppycock; if heard after the game, just remember that it is just barely reasonable that the winner had something to do with his opponent's loss.

Mel Palmer

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However, there's more to our gratitude than just that; and this is my big thought: We ought to take as much advantage of those programs as we can, because it is from the good experiences and the mistakes here that we learn more about getting along with each other than we do from a dozen sermons on the subject.

Besides, it's lots of fun and pretty good exercise, both of which a lot of us need badly.

What we have in our extra-curricular activities has happened largely in the last five years. Time marches on.

Dick Glatfelter

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY PROGRAM

Tuesday, Jan. 10, Messrs Batchelder and Snyder, local professional men representing the clergy and laity discussed "The Church and Community" before The Society of Inquiry.