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Lancaster, Pa.

MY OWN HYMNBOOK

At the risk of identifying myself with the not-too-select fraternity whose members like to tell "about my operation" on any or no pretext, I'd like to share with the readers of The Seminarian just one of several discoveries I made in the hospital last summer. During my seven weeks' sentence on my back I learned more than in five previous hospitalizations put together, and one of those learnings was worth the price of admission. I discovered what a valuable resource I possessed in my own personal hymnbook.

You didn't know I had compiled a hymnal? Well, neither did I. Or if I knew it, at least I never gave it much thought. But down at Fredricksburg in my room at Mary Washington Hospital, I knew that I was the owner of a hymnal, and I realized what a precious treasure it was.

Those of you who have been stretched out on your backs for any length of time know how hard it is to read. In my case I had the added limitation of one hand strapped to my chest. I had no radio, and, being in a private room, I had some considerable periods of time without company. During those long hours when I was thrown back on my own resources, the privilege of prayer was a great boon, as you may expect, but the discovery of my treasury of hymns was somewhat more surprising.

Many of the hymns that were filed away in the pigeonholes of memory served as vehicles of prayer, "Still, still with Thee" became a ritual call to worship on awaking just before sun-up. The third stanza was blurred and gave me considerable trouble until the Minister of Music of the Baptist Church looked it up for me and typed out the lines that I was unable to recall. On clear mornings when the rosy streaks of the rising sun sent their glow into my window-to-the-east, "When morning guilds the skies" was a natural.

Not all the hymns that came back to enrich those solitary hours on my back were from the Church Hymnal. Some were spirituals and other folk-songs learned in summer camp -- "Standin' in the need of prayer", "That cause can neither be lost nor stayed", and the like. Some were carry-overs from High School days, like "The Mahogany Tree" and other Christmas carols. (Some might not be classed as hymns at all)

But the bulk of them were from the hymnals of the Church and the Church School -- some old, some new, ~~not~~ always replete with faith and hope and encouragement.

I had long been aware that quite a few of our Christian hymns were mine without benefit of printed page, but I never realized until then how many of them I could sing in that fashion. Yet all of them were acquired without deliberate effort. I might have claimed many more, if I had put my mind to it across the years. If I had always sung the hymns in the worship service with thought intent upon their meaning, my personal hymnbook would have been much more voluminous than it is.

It's a grand thing to own a hymnbook of your own. Think of the many contingencies in which it can satisfy a deep and urgent need, contingencies that overtake men and women without warning. Some lose their sight through disease or accident; some are deported from home and country and stripped of their possessions; some are imprisoned because of their own misdeeds or because of the fortunes of war; some are shut-in by permanent disabilities and denied the privilege of public worship. Quite apart from such emergency needs one's own hymnbook is a pearl of great price under any circumstances. You can start compiling yours right now -- and copyright regulations do not apply!

Dr. Sayres

WHAT TROUBLES MANY MISSIONARIES

"What worries us here is the fact that the number of missionaries is getting very small." This is a prominent sentence in a letter recently received from one of our experienced missionaries in India. With respect to other personnel needs, he summarized by saying, "When will the church in America see and answer this need?"

Many of the young people of our churches are seeking a place where their contribution of service will bring inspiration and an enduring satisfaction. These lines are intended to call the attention of such youth, and their counsellors, to what is troubling our missionaries, namely, the immediate need for at least thirty new appointees.

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WHAT TROUBLES MANY MISSIONARIES  
( Con't. from page 1 )

The professional requirements for the first term of service are usually of a general type. College graduates will find eager classes to be taught on any mission field. The Board is eager to help make specialized training available for all at the time of the first furlough.

The missionary on the field is also troubled because he has so few opportunities to tell young people of the joys that he finds in his service. There is a reason for so many writing, "I am glad to be here." It is because their life is tremendously useful in the performance of good works and in a bearing of a witness to the things of Christ.

The place of the missionary has changed greatly in recent years and it will probably change even more in the future. "Greater adaptability, greater ability to cooperate, and greater tolerance, is called for than ever before.....A specialist must be prepared to mold his techniques to local reality."

The purpose of all training and interest is, of course, to bear a Christian witness. The missionary "must be prepared to take the long view that we work not for immediate results (though he is most happy if these occur) but for that which can come to real fruition only after the impact of Christ-mindedness has been able to work a slow and gradual revolution in a seemingly alien environment."

Dedicated youth are therefore urgently needed in the established mission institutions. They dare not wait for a sharply defined call to highly specialized services that presuppose an answer to all current questions relative to long-range mission policy.

In the frontier areas of the Christian world mission, a young person has the broadest-visioned and most hopeful task any man or woman faces in this generation.

Dobbs F. Ehlman

Ed. Note: The above is an edited text of a communication from the Board of International Missions. For complete text see the bulletin board. Ed.

PREDICTIONS

Thousands of sample copies entitled 'New and Attractive Music for the Church' will be distributed by publishers during the year 1951. Included in this deluge will be some copies of suitable service music greatly outnumbered by a stunning number of favorite melodies (they sell jolly well) from symphonic, operatic, instrumental and

other secular sources, newly arranged and furnished with sacred words. Included also will be insipid, over-dramatic, and mass-produced settings of sacred texts.

Hundreds of choirmasters, lacking either a discriminating taste or a high sense of their responsibility, will buy these luke-warm scores because 'they're pretty' or 'they'll go pretty well without too much trouble' regardless of their weakening effect on worship.

Church goers, having the churches' music so obviously aimed at THEIR ENJOYMENT will continue to be quite spoiled and confused about its relationship to worship.

Musical purists will continue to write innumerable articles and speak innumerable speeches condemning as church music everything but the finest examples of sacred music. (By this is meant only music of intrinsic excellence in a distinctly sacred style.)

Church goers, hearing such music under thoroughly compatible circumstances, including at least a well-balanced choir, a fully competent director and a fairly formal service, will be greatly edified thereby.

Church goers, hearing such music under circumstances less favorable than the above, will miss the point by a mile and remark, "What are they trying to do?", etc., etc.

Men of practical insight and common sense in matters of worship and music will point out again and again in 1951 that church music, in order to be a real aid to worship, should speak to the worshipers in meaningful tones which also bespeak the individual and united praises and prayers of the people. These men will continue to warn us that such music can be neither too far above the heads of the people nor too far beneath their level without causing uncomfortable adjustments on their part which detract from a genuine experience of worship.

Many sincere church musicians, in an attempt to furnish music that is an adjunct of worship, will take steps to determine, first of all, where their people stand, musically, at the beginning of 1951. "What are the musical levels," they will ask, "in the choir stall and pew?" Learning those levels, they will proceed to prepare and present the best music for their situation always striving thereby to enrich worship.

Some of this music will be very simple, indeed; some will be more complex, but always it will be of a quality worthy to take its place alongside spoken scripture and prayer, and of a careful appropriateness.

Prof. McConnell

## TOASTING A TOAST

It was three months ago, almost to the day, that someone wrote an article similar to this one concerning the availability of toast in its pure and unadulterated form for Delp, who is a true Southerner after the old spirit. Bob pleaded, not for hot biscuits, but for just plain old toast. As yet, not one crumb of the burnt stuff has appeared on his early morning breakfast tray. Hal, the Coffee Man, still gets his business between classes.

In case you have forgotten, may I remind you that toast is a slice of bread scorched brown on two surfaces by the heat of a fire or a reasonable facsimile. What a definition! The words are couched in an almost theological interpretation, whatever that might be. Now, if I were a theologian, I would say that toast is a piece of white bread that has been parched on its surface by heat so as to change color and texture without consuming. But again we have found it necessary to go back to the Latin to dig up a name for such a simple item as scorched bread. And so the word "toast" comes to us from the Latin "torrere, tostum," meaning to scorch or to burn. I'll have to admit that toast sounds better than its definition...and certainly tastes better - I think!!!

Each morning for three weary years, I have been trudging down three flights of stairs (not even an escalator) for my morning toast, both light and dark. By light, I mean white bread, and by dark I refer to brown, rye, or whole wheat. Take your pick!

Thinking of the present day situation with all of our modern electric toasters and gadgets (and even electrically operated staircases), my mind goes back to the days when knighthood was in full bloom. Ah, but those were the flowery days! One really begins to wonder what has happened to the chivalry of the olden days when the brave knights toasted their fair ladies in the banquet halls. It seems that it was the custom in the days of the Stewarts of the 17th century to place pieces of toast in wine. Charles II thought it gave the wine a better flavor! And, believe it or not, it was from this custom that has come the practice of drinking a toast to someone's health. Here's to you, kiddo! Those were the gala days when you could actually call a toast a toast.

In conclusion, let me say that I have not been entirely indifferent to this need of ours for a toaster in the Seminary. I have thought it over. And in an imaginative sort of way, I went to see my lawyer, the Hon. E. Z. Guzzlenuckie of 44 South Duke Street, here in Lancaster. Together, we drew up a will in which ample funds have been

set aside to one day provide a king-sized Toastermaster for the kitchen. May we always toast our toast in a toaster!

Mildred Sechrest

## HUMOR ESQUIRE

Very unexpectedly, I received an A on one of my exams the other day. Now I don't drink, but I thought this called for a celebration. I figured the best way to get high without having a hang-over was to go to the bell tower. So I did. As I hoisted myself up into the belfry I heard voices...one mature and several that sounded like kids. After running into the bell and making my head ring, my eyes finally became adjusted to the dim light. What I thought was a three-eyed monster turned out to be three Skipalong Cassidies. "What are ya doin' up here, pard? Reach for the sky!" (he must have been impressed by my height) I reached. Could not quite make it. Then I noticed an old man seated behind the shadows of a beard...a gray beard...it looked like it was...it was...HEH HEH HEH! Boy! Was I ever glad to see him! I met Lem when I was in Catania, and altho he is too modest to tell you, he is the oldest living graduate of Catania College. He graduated the year before it was founded.

Now I don't know how long Lem has been up there, but he has the place pretty well rixed up. Chairs, couches, a table, a bar (to ring the bell, of course), several missing books from the library, the cookbook so long missing from the refectory, and a little museum of relics from the War between the States make the space up there cozy. We started to talk after Lem sent the brats away. One little brat didn't want to leave, but Lem convinced him with one "sound wave" of the hand. Lem has a way with children.

"How have you been, Lem?"

"Oh, up and about. Say Mel, do you think Dr. Meek will mind when he hears I have been using the belfry to live in?"

"No, but you'd better not let those kids come up here anymore; we wouldn't want it said that our President has brats in his belfry."

I talked with my old friend for a couple of hours. He brought me up on the news from the South and told me a couple of jokes. At last I bade him farewell and slid down the rope that hangs from the bell. I am going to visit him from time to time, and I'll keep you up on the latest news. In the meantime, if the bell rings at an off-hour, think nothing of it. That bell gets in Lem's way, and he's rather tall.

Mel Palmer

## SEMINARY SPORTSCOPE

The Seminary Angels grew new wings and soared to their first playing victory of the '50-'51 season. Maybe the Christmas vacation was all the boys needed to make them click! The Angels met and conquered a weak Newman Club team by the convincing score of 47-19. The Angels took an early lead and were never pressed after the first quarter of the game. Scoring honors were shared by Longenecker with 17 and Rader with 16. The Angels now have a two-won and three-lost season record.

The Seminary dart baseball league was officially opened for the '51 season Monday evening. Team #2 met Team #1. #2 won, two games to one. The first game went to #2, 4-2; the second went to #2, 3-1; the final game was a consolation victory for Team #1 to the tune of 4-1. All indications point toward a very spirited and tightly contested season. Both teams seemed evenly matched, and the difficulty of the new dartboard will make the games very close. The players are all in for a lot of fun, and the fellowship is of the highest calibre.

Bob Titus

## OF THINGS TO BE

As the Society of Inquiry, an age-old venerable institution within such an institution, moves into a new year, a healthy note of gratitude and appreciation is more than due those who helped make 1950 a successful year.

If the Society of 1951 equals in talent, spirit and tireless effort the accomplishments of '50, then the new year holds forth pleasant prospects for the future. Indeed. Through this daughter of the Society, the Seminarian, Prexy Bob Delp expresses his own personal thanks to his many loyal assistants. The Seminarian, administration and student body join Bob in the presentation of laurels and further say a sincere well done to our executive North Carolinian himself.

With '51 prosperity at heart, Bob places stress upon attendance at meetings of the Society by all members. An active vigorous organization cannot long so remain unless the necessary ingredient of interested participation is admixed with liberality.

Keith Slink, as new program chairman for the calendar year, is already busy considering plans for the benefit and entertainment of his fellow students. One thing he has in mind is a spring outing of a picnic nature. All suggestions will be welcomed by him.

**CALENDAR NOTES....**Seniors and their wives will be guests of the Presbyterian Ministers Fund at a banquet in the Stevens House, 6 p.m., Jan. 17. Dr. Frederick Stamm, Alumni Assn. prexy, will speak to juniors in Dr. Meek's 11:15 hour Jan. 19. Anyone may attend.

## FATTED CALVES

Things had come to a sad state, and we knew it. The Xmas holidays had proven it. Back at our old homesteads we found ourselves unable to cut firewood for the fireplaces, carry out ashes from the furnaces, tote that barge, heave that bale. The mid-section spare tire held us so far away from the festive holiday table that our reach was only about 72% as effective as it had been at Thanksgiving. Every time we sat in a draft we broke out into stuffy heads, sniffles, and sneezes. Walking up and down stairs made us sound as asthmatic as a sick loco in the Altoona shops. Somethin' had to be done.

What made us do it I'll never know; there must have been some mad logic behind it. But there were Feather, Gross, and I puffing down College Avenue Saturday afternoon - down to Buchanan, over to Race, down to the pike, up to College, and back to school again. Thirteen minutes - duh! But those were the most expensive thirteen minutes we ever lived. We're still paying for them!

Spawled in muscular agony on Nev's sack, bravely holding up the growing roll of my second chin, massaging my achin' calves, I heard the good news. Some of the boys wanted to clean up the gym in the basement. Now we would not have to go out and give our all on Lancaster's sidewalks to counteract "student spread." Our prodigal gym might soon be rid of its degrading husks and filth, soon to be replaced by a few fatted calves.

I went down to look at the old place filled with tender memories of "Muscles" O'Toole, who once lived in this hallowed hall. "Muscles" was quite the boy. I remember the day I first met him. I was a frosh at F'n M. I walked into the showerroom on the third deck (we used to bach it up there, honest) and there stood a huge chest, fitted with the required number of arms, legs, and heads, etc. It looked like an "after" shot on one of those 98-pound weakling ads. I staggered; I wasn't prepared for this shock. I was soon to learn more about this creature.

O'Toole worked hard at it - every day, all day! Push-ups, chins, dynamic tension - basement to bedroom to showerroom - usually near a mirror where the reflection of the physique was available for self-contemplation. He was always in training for something - for what we never discovered. All we saw him do was knock out door panels and squeeze us until our eyeballs said "Hold, knave."

But "Muscles" loved that gym. When it gets back the smell of any self-respecting gym again, some of us will look about and think nostalgically of "Muscles" O'Toole.

Dave Mark