

Published by the Society of Inquiry, Lancaster Theological Seminary

8 November, 1951

Lancaster, Pa.

CONVOCATION

The annual convocation to be held this Tuesday and Wednesday will feature again both the Swander Lectures and the McCauley Lectures, two lecture series which traditionally have formed the core of the convocation programs.

Having been discontinued under the pressing acceleration of curricula during World War II, the convocations began again in 1946 to be highlighted among the seminary's activities. Last year's program featured Richard Niebuhr and Charles E. Schafer as the Swander and McCauley lecturers, respectively.

The Swander Lectures were inaugurated in 1901 by the Rev. John I. Swander of the Seminary faculty, for "promulgating sound Christological Science (in the Church.)" Dr. Swander himself delivered the lectures from 1901 until his death in 1925. These lectures are available in print.

The McCauley Lectures began in 1915 as established by the will of Mrs. Harriet Schnebley of Mercersburg, Penna. They are in memory of the Rev. Charles F. McCauley, and delivered by a chosen pastor on some "practical subject relating to the ministry."

Some of the lectures have proved timely, such as George Creitz' own observations in 1946, entitled, "A Chaplain Looks at the War"; others are timeless, such as Georgia Harkness' "Prayer" in 1948 and Richard Niebuhr's "The Nature of Faith", delivered last year. Alumni and other friends of the seminary look forward to each year's convocation, as is evident by each year's lack of adequate seating space.

On Tuesday, the first and second parts of both lectures will be delivered, the third and fourth Swander lectures to be given Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning.

Dale Heckman

MORE OF AMOUR ***

Does Love give me a right to you?
Am I a fool in suit a-new?
An amorous owl with wit to woo,
Or just an ass?

A-kindle with its vibrant flame
My spirit knows but scanty shame,
Yet it can neither play its game
Nor let it pass.

It lacks a kindred human soul
With whom to share its play and bowl;
So roam I, - pastured orphan foal
Without -- A lass!

- drh

A TRAVEL TALK

When I was much younger I looked forward to the time when I would own my first automobile. Now that I have my A Model Ford I am still looking forward to owning my first automobile. Don't get me wrong, it is a great means of transportation and is the source of a lot of fun. It tries my patience at times, but yet is a lot of fun. For instance, take the trip I recently made from North Carolina. Frank Snider came with me after he met me at my home on Sunday afternoon. When he arrived at my home I was out making last minute adjustments on the fuel pump. That fuel pump was giving me a hard time until Frank informed me that an A Model doesn't have a fuel pump. That ended that trouble! Great kid, this Snider. I could see that I was fortunate to be with him on this expedition to the land of the Yankees. This man was going to come in handy. The car was packed, the goodbys were said and we were off. I believe my parents were a little anxious about us because after driving for 23 minutes I looked through the mirror, which has no glass, and saw them still standing on the front porch sadly shaking their heads.

After driving for about five hours I let Snider peddle a while. Just as the sun went down I again occupied the driver's seat. Every thing went well until the lights went out. Again Frank came in handy with his superior intellect. He immediately found the trouble. We were out of kerosene! I placed my companion on the hood with a match in one hand and a flashlight in the other. I wasn't worried so much about the match being blown out as I was about the flashlight being bounced out of Frank's hand. My shock absorbers aren't too good these days.

Going through a town in northern Maryland four days later, I was impressed with the friendliness of these people. Every one I met shouted and waved their hands. Of course I shouted back and waved a foot at them in bare true Southern fashion. As we were

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EDITOR SEMINARIAN
SIR:

Whether you want to know more about me, I don't know. After you asked me to write to you, I feel maybe you wouldn't have asked if you didn't know me well enough. But having a distant cousin line Simeon Stylites certainly made our introductions easier when we met.

Even at this stage, I must confess, I have not been able to surmount the problem posed in introductions. The frigidity of them and their atmosphere frosts my words. But I keep trying. So I am able to "feed" even to my most charming and delightful new acquaintances only frozen sugar coated "sweet-nothings". This is disconcerting to the nascent friendship, to say nothing of what it does to my harmonious theories of group dynamics.

Whenever my friends introduce me, saying, "I would like you to meet Simeon E. Quella", their friends' vocal expressions of "Oh" in muffled amazement or in bewildered suspension peirce my frame. Of course, they quickly call forth a pleasant smile, as much as to say, "How nice," that is meaning my name. Being one who likes to meet people who smile, I too quickly conjure up my facial muscles for a smile. Such a mutual exchange of twitching facail muscles is followed by our meaningless and almost halfheartedly sincere, "I'm so glad to meet you!" (Really, this is the first time I've met the person and we're both supposed to be glad to know each other). After such an entree our friendship, the main course, must assuredly be on ice--excuse me--I mean on "sure" foundation.

Both of us now being interested in the other's future, courteously insisting upon the hope that we meet again, possibly in the near future. Through experience I have found this a more intimate and more immediate friendship. He knows only friends can ask each other about their names. So he must be my friend in order to ask, "How did they ever give you such a "handle", and what does it mean, if any thing?" But I've early discovered his camouflaged curocity and realize that warmth of feeling for me is lacking.

How we guard our names! It belongs to us. It is our personality. It is us. If anyone has our name, be it only our first name, we feel rather undressed in his presence, because of the loss of our unique position. To our name we attach all our prestige, reputation, honor, and power in relation to others. Our name embodies our dreams and achievements. Would we want to trade our name with one of our peers or colleagues? Most of us, if not all, would feel lost and then cheated, since our total merit has been transferred to someone else. What a loss!

After this meeting I mentioned above, Simeon Stylites, my distant cousin, and I talked about these things which puzzled me about one's name. He showed me that my name has come to me through thousands of people. This name represents the product of thousands of hands. "herefore", he said, "we are not our own". "Then neither are our achievement", I added. To end our talk I recited this poem, entitled "A Thousand Hands".

"I've made my way through life,"

He said;

"I owe no man a thing."

That night he dreamt

He stood upon

A lofty mountain peak;

Ane he was proud

That he had scaled it

By himself;

But when he looked below,

He saw a thousand hands

Were holding him

Where they had pushed him up.

Yours faithfully,

Simeon E. Quella

P.S. Almost forgot to mention this. Since most people ask what the initial E stands for in my name, I better tell you. The truth is that it stands for "et." If you recall your Latin, et means "and."

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY and snooks er, that is, spooks at a party. Shriek and holler while the rest moan. Tonite is the nite for a party. Whe-e-e !!!! Twas the night before All Saints Day when all through the parish house, not a screecher was quiet, not even a prof. Jailbirds at the door to shake your hand-theirs are dripping with the sweet gooey liquid, called oyster juice. Then what to my wondering eyes whould appear but an impenetrable darkness and a maze to confound but yet to be conquered.

To awaken the celebrants as they crawled on their knees was shot of water as quick as you please. Then onward and upward and a helping hand off, with your face smeared with lampblack before you could cough..Your hand in wet sphagetti at some dismal place, then up on the stage and oysters in the face. Then out again, in again, down again to the cellar, Am I smeared as bad as Dick and Mim Kneller? But look over there at that preaching prof-he's all black where his hair has come off. The maze was so scare, she began to shiver and shake, Eulene's glasses flew off and a lens it did break.

Upstairs Senor Sombrero started to play, such games as Soul Mates and Human Croquet. Then a group of angels led by Rubright the Runt, presented for the company a wonderful stunt. It was a big pitching druel with Ruthie as umpire; while fatty Palmer's pitching our hearts did inspire, then Madi

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cried, "the Angel-Factory is on Fire". It was a howling success-like a play on Broadway, we'll not forget it- come what may.

Next on the program were the St. Meck Yodelers-the way they sang you'd know they weren't teetotalers. They introduced themselves as just Al's Boys. It may not have been music, but -- at least there was noise. They claimed to be singing (please pardon the punning); Mr. McConnell, it is said, has still kept on running.

To end the party still in a prance Bruise started us doing another folk dance. Around the floor all the couples did flit, while those on the sideline laughed till they split.

Cider ! sandwiches ! pretzels, and nuts, what a wonderful way to get out of our ruts. Many wished they'd have come in a more fancy dress, for then the party would have been more of a success. It just ghosts to show you what a time can be had, when people get together and no one is mad. Let's all take our hats off to Ted Haas and his crew for the awfully nice party, We all say Thank you.

(Apologies in order to Longfellow, Whittier, Heckman and other famous American poets.)

INTERSEMINARY CONFERENCE

The Area Interseminary Conference meets here at the Seminary tomorrow, November 9, beginning with the registration at 9 A.M. It is estimated that about 85 students from fifteen other seminaries will attend this interdenominational conference.

The topics to be presented at the conference are: "Jesus Christ is Lord of the Individual," by William E. Powers of the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Philadelphia; "Jesus Christ is Lord of the Church", by George W. Richards, President and Professor emeritus of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster; and "Jesus Christ is Lord of Society", by Harry A. DeWire, of the Evangelical School of Theology, Reading. The presentation of the first two topics, in the morning and afternoon respectively, will be followed by discussion groups, while the evening address will be followed by a question period.

Beginning promptly at 10 A.M., the conference will open with a brief devotional service in Santee Chapel. And the closing worship will be at 8 P.M., led by Dr. Alfred M. Sayres.

Lunch for the delegates is scheduled for 1 P.M. in the refectory, at which time President Allan S. Meck will greet the visiting delegates to the conference.

For those students who can attend the conference, the registration fee will be only fifty-five cents.

roaring down the street, a cop walked up beside us and told me to pull over. "Why?" I wanted to know. "You've lost a wheel." You know, I had noticed that it didn't steer just right but I could not tell any difference in the riding quality. But then, as I said, the shock absorbers aren't any too good. It just so happened that Frank had with him a pocket knife, so we whittled a wheel out of a pine tree. Once again we were on our way to the tune of "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

It started to rain the next morning and this almost caused me to starve to death. Strange as that may seem, it's true. It was like this. I asked Frank if he wanted to stop and get something to eat and he shook his head "no" for sixty-eight miles before I discovered that he had his nose caught in the windshield wiper.

Most of the way I drove but Frank proved his worth by singing to me. He has quite a repertoire. I enjoyed all of his songs very much but it seemed that something was missing from all of them. After a few thousand of the songs, I brilliantly discovered what part of each song he was omitting; the tune.

I have heard it said that travel makes one broader. After riding that distance in my "Big Four", as Jim Rubright would put it, I can state very dogmatically that travel makes one very much broader.

Mel Palmer

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GARDEN NOTES

The month of November is the time to plant skunk cabbages. If properly watered and cultivated they should produce tender young plants, with a fragrant aroma, by the time our deceased visitant gets in his last two scents' worth.

All late corn should be canned before this month. (If you have more than you can use give a few cans to the professors for use in lectures.) Check with Mel Palmer now about planning next season's crop.

Wild oats should not be sown during the winter months. Cold weather lessens the chance of a good harvest.

Advice to Armstrong's: Don't expect to have blooming linoleum plants until next spring. Cold weather tends to kill their natural fragrance.

Note to Troutman: Trim shuberry now, particularly large trees. When they grow against the ceiling the tops are likely to be mis-shapen.

Banks Shepherd

CARRYING THE BALL

On Oct. 10, the intramural touch football season was inaugurated with a successful turnout of enthusiasts. Prof. Englert as head referee and Orville Miller as head linesman supervised the play by play of the skirmish. Captains Strasbaugh and Whitney both used the two platoon system throughout the afternoon.

The practice football field of the College was the scene of all the games. Leaving their books at three P.M., the boys of teams one and two, as they came to be known, displayed some remarkable talent. The games from this reporter's point of view have been hard fought, clean, and well organized. The boys have had plenty of laughs, chills, and spills, enjoying every minute of play.

The first game on Oct. 10, saw team one walk off the field with a decisive victory, 19-0. But on the 17th, the situation was different. Team two, much more highly coordinated in their play, lost a 6-0 ball game in which the only score was realized on an intercepted pass.

Oct. 24th, saw the squads giving in to the weatherman and a soggy field. But the 31st, the boys again tossed the pigskin about in a high scoring affair that ended 19-13, team one again being victorious.

Nov. 7, will probably mark the close of the season as the basketball replaces the football. Team two will have its final opportunity to produce a win. On the other hand, team one can make a clean sweep with a victory. Watch this column for the results.

Some of the outstanding play of the day were handed down by Bob Taylor, Chuck Strasbaugh, Norm Bucher, Herb Ziegler, Don Lyerly, Frank Snider, Dick Hoke, Mel Palmer, Bill Rader, Bob Titus Dale Heckman, Harry Kissinger, Al Kovacs Joe Gyorke, Dick Whitney, Dave Rapp and your scribe.

Team one worked offensively from the "T" formation, while team two usually used wide open double wing. Some sterling passes were heaved by Strasbaugh with Lyerly as his favorite target. Bob Taylor did his best work on the defense for team one, intercepting passes and breaking up Strasbaugh's offense. Taylor was ably assisted by Herb Ziegler. These last coupled with the efforts of Bob Titus have held down Strasbaugh and company very well.

It would be unfair to go on commenting about individuals without paying compliment to those who played on the line. Their play usually goes unnoticed but in every play they are the vital factors in success.

Then, too, a compliment is in order for Prof. Englert for his time and energy in making the season, as a whole, very worthwhile. Mr. Miller, his assistant, added to the overall picture and thanks are due him also.

Nelson J. Wenner

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK

The coming of the cold weather has once again brought on the urge on the part of several hoopsters to don the basketball togs. Some of the more energetic have been practicing in the college gym for the past few weeks. Finally the season got under way at Crispus Attucks on November 1. The Angels, ten strong, began to shake the dust from their shoes, and put up a pretty fair exhibition considering that some of the players haven't touched a basketball for a year or more.

It is still too early to determine how the forces of the Seminary team will line up. Statistically the team seems to shape up much stronger than in the past. Much depends on the coming practice games with Crispus Attucks. With one or two more practice games, the team would be ready to go in high gear.

Glenn Rader, Bob Titus, and Mel Palmer are on hand from last year's squad. Glenn looks stronger on both offense and defense than ever before. Newcomers to the roster include Nelson Wenner, Don Lyerly, George Allen, Ken Sell, and Bill Rader. John Frantz, of the college, joins our ranks and adds much to the strength of our floor game. The play of Wenner and Lyerly in the first practice game was very promising and heartening to watch. It is the depth of the team which make the aspect look even better. No team is any stronger than any one of its players.

Returning after a Year's absence are Herb Zeigler and Bruce Hatt. Some readers may recall the championship teams which included these two; others were graduated: Abernethy, Settlemyre, and Bones Bailey. Along with Mel Palmer this team had a great season. It can only be hoped that such a season is in the offing this year.

This does not mean that the team is complete, by any means. No positions are definite, and since the team is handicapped by a lack of conditioning, candidates are urged to join the trip to the Attucks this Thursday night for the next practice game.

The first showing against the boys from the Attucks was a one point loss to a team which has been practicing every day for some weeks. However, this was an excellent opportunity to look over the material on hand for this year.

When the college league once again begins to operate, let's get out to the gym and give the boys our support. This was always one of the major reasons why the team has been so strong. A boost at the right time can mean victory rather than defeat. A schedule of games will be posted as soon as it arrives. Keep in touch with it. Support the team!

Doctor Englert will once again be the coach of the team as it takes the floor. Many thanks are due him for his time and effort spent with the players. He makes no comment concerning this year's prospects; that is up to the loyal supporters of the team.

Bruce Hatt