

THE SEMINARIAN

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PARCHMENTS OR PAPER?

"When you come, bring my books, and particularly my paper." So Moffatt renders II Tim. 4:13. A. V. has "parchments", suggesting especially beloved and valued books; Moffatt thinks Paul had in mind another epistle.

Of Paul either could be true. You and I might better consider whether there are not books of parchment and books of paper. This sentence occurs in a review of a recent British book on preaching: "I would rather master a few supreme classics than keep pace with the leaders of thought as they pass into oblivion." (H. R. M'Intyre: "The Ministry of the Word.")

There are 2 parchments worth pondering: "The leaders of the forest thought as they pass into oblivion." The Hebrew for that is Eccles. 12:11a. If not this, for nothing is under books there is no end. And the wisdom of Solomon: who after "three thousand profits and wages a thousand and five, knew wherof he spake". Is in that word "unking"? On this point I myself offer a "song":

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is open
O, they should swiftly, surely fatten

Man who would fella that forest king,
That in some mill, the precious thing,
Reduced to pulp by maceration,
May print another dissertation.

The progress to oblivion is this: first to the new book tables; then to the main floor stacks; then the gallery stacks; then to the basement stacks; then to the junkman's truck; perhaps then, by a melancholy metempsychosis, to make another book, or at least the mailing paper for one. One looks about a library and is sometimes oppressed by the thought of the millennia of time spent on all these books. How these savants toiled to amass the erudition represented here, and then digest it, and then set down to "settle Hotie's business."

"He never completed his History of Ephesus."

But he got himself mentioned in several prefaces."

Our author mentioned "a few supreme classics." When his book arrives from across the water it will be interesting to see whether he ventures to name them. For I suppose each man must find his own classics, although the wis-

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ness of the years is worth something. For the minister, surely the Bible is the supreme classic. "The religion of Jesus, rather than the religion about Jesus", is a commonplace of pulpit oratory; how about "the Bible, rather than so many books about the Bible?" There is a spate of books on how read the Bible. Burns' Cottor had read none of them, but he had read the Bible. "Pilgrim's Progress" was recently voted one of the ten dullest books, yet thousands have fed on it. Beginning with Moffatt, let us also end with him; he once listed the Heidelberg Catechism as among the five supreme Christian classics. With apologies to Kipling:

The books that truly last,

When trends and "schools" are past,

They are all in our library this

morning with such else.

Paul T. Hammerman

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Over this weekend, I heard of an interesting incident which I thought I'd pass along to our readers for what it's worth. It's no world-shaking affair, but like one of those things that goes to point a moral, at least I think so. I'm not a first-hand witness, but I think the details I have are accurate enough to bear repeating.

It happened like this: One of the Sunday morning sectarian preachers was delivering his usual tirade, in the course of which he made reference to the true and false preacher, his conception being that the true preacher is one who preaches the wrath and jealousy of God, while the false is one who preaches the love and light of God. This being the man's opinion, I have no fault to find, however, in order to bolster the point, the gentleman referred to a passage of Scripture which told of some Hebrew priests who had deserted the religion of their fathers in order to take up the "black robes" of the heathen. This last followed by the exclamation, "Need I say more?" No, thought I, you've said quite enough.

Perhaps this was "sour grapes" on my part; or more psychologically accurate, "guilt complex." But no, I think not. The words in particular left a removed, but the incident as a whole, registered with a bit of disgust. It is the principle rather than the particular. The words themselves do more hurt to the man that says them than (cont'd. on page 3)

"You are, err-ahhh.... I must know! I remember your face!" That type of mental agility at forgetting can be embarrassing, can it not? And yet we do see so many new faces under so many different circumstances that the ability of our "forgetteries" to function with ease is almost excusable.

To a numerically great as well as otherwise splendid junior addition to our Seminary family, we of the upper two classes seek forgiveness for an occasional mental lapse. We want to know all of you and by name, at that. We hope, too, that you will come to know us. As an aid to the realization of this end, The Seminarian presents individual "thumbnail" sketches of the Seminary student body's most recent arrivals.

....Let us first introduce the junior class monitor, Norman Bucher, whose dormitory habitat is in Room 115. A native-born product of Anville, Pa., and a proud alumnus of that community's Lebanon Valley College with an A. B. degree cum laude, the junior monitor included among his activities the presidency of the YMCA, Phi Alpha Epsilon Honorary Society, Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities, Student Faculty Council, German Club, Ghoums and Student Government. His interests are baseball, clarinet "footing", ping-pong and handball.

Perhaps you may bump into Harry--Harry Rupp, that is. A Catawba graduate from Plymouth, Pa., Harry's activities at the North Carolinian Institute of higher learning included YMCA, International Relations Club and Adelpians Club.

Philadelphian John E. Carson, Room 101, dormitory, was noted as the manipulator of the manuals and stops of the chapel organ at his alma mater, Ursinus College, A.B. You're right, his hobby is music.

Prospective Seminarian material is Donald H. Eckert, Room 107. Don was a member of the newspaper staff at Muhlenberg College and lives in Allentown. This Lehigh Valley lad lists choir and young people's work, football, fishing a civic theater group and wrestling as his chief interests.

Another college newspaperman, this time for Catawba, is William E. Foese, of Landisburg, Pa. Besides the paper, this A.B. degree holder was a member of the Adelpian Club and YMCA in college. His hobbies are softball, touch football and photography.

While most of our North Carolinians are proud Catawbans, J. Wayne Fouts is different. A Lexington, N.C., resident now of F. & M.'s East Hall, Wayne received a B.S. degree from North Carolina State College. Basketball, tennis ping-pong and photography receive his attention.

Probably as clever as his name is Aaron W. Fax, Room 211, holder of a Muhlenberg B.S. degree. Calling Romans, Pa., his home, Aaron indulges in singing, baseball, football and basketball as hobbies. He also lent vocal ability to the 'Berg choir.

Another one! This time the name is Theodore E., specifically, Haas. Bethlehem, Pa.'s Ted, a Muhlenberg graduate, won scholastic distinction with a summa cum laude along with his A.B. degree. His active collegiate schedule included debating, Pre-theo Club, German Club, Omicron Delta Kappa, WSCF drive and the 'Berg Christian Assn. His hobbies are basketball, football, baseball, books, music, stamps, German Youth and personal correspondence.

Luther G. Heist, Jr., will probably be happy to complete one thesis while in Seminary rather than his namesake's 95. A Harrisburger and A.B. winner from Ursinus, he belonged to Ursinus' choir, YMCA Worship Commission, year-book staff, FTA and participated in college operettas. His interests include music, gardening, refinishing furniture and tennis. The grapevine also has it that he is an Indian enthusiast.

There may be a Quaker down in Quakers-town but it isn't Earl G. Koshler. A Route 2 resident of that town, Earl, Room 201, journeyed to Catawba for college work. A photography hobbyist, Earl's college affiliations were the Adelpian Society, YMCA, Choir and the religious edition of the Tohem staff.

First, Ruthie, and now another student of the good variety. This time the new feminine matriculate is M. Carolyn Kratz, now of 332 College Ave. who hails from Chalfont, Pa. Earnest but fun-loving Carolyn, an A.B. graduate of Ursinus, participated in the YMCA, FTA, Meistersingers, Messiah Chorus and sorority at college.

Lexington, N.C.'s Leonard--Billy Joe to you--is one more in a strong Catawba contingent invading this heah Yankee state, or should we say Phillis? The Room 102 resident was active in dramatics and baseball at college and includes "tinkering" and handicrafts in his hobbies.

Elon R. 2, N.C., and an A.B. degree from Elon College tells the home and educational story of Carl R. Martin. His college activities included dramatics and literary society. Football, baseball and plastic-craft occupy his spare moments.

Souderton, Pa., (ask George Yoder where it is) contributed Elmer G. Meissner to our midst. A musician by interest, Elmer devoted time to the choral group, operettas and pre-theological group while working on his A. B. at Ursinus.

"Too many to list" is the self-told story of Ernest Miko, Painesville, N.J., concerning his principal extra-curricular (con't. on page 3, col. 2)

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK
(Cont'd from p.1)

they do to me, or to Father Fitzpatrick, or to Pastor Folkmer, or to any other clergyman who chooses to wear black vestments.

But....it does point for all of us a moral, to wit, the place to which it is possible for a clergyman to fall as a result of his prejudices. Christian preaching, the voice of the Church, Protestant especially, becomes no more than the cross mud-slinging of the political arena. When used in this way it becomes a "smear" campaign. This isn't good, and the blame, it occurs to me, isn't all in one place. Legion are we of the Protestant ministry who energetically dislike the Roman Catholics or the sects. Possibly we have good reason, perhaps not. But certainly we do not dislike to the point of such personalized hatred as breathes out of the above incident. We may disagree with policy and doctrine in the other branches of the Church, but we need have cause to remember the beliefs which we are supposed to preach. One of the chief among these is the tolerant unity of Christians in the headship of Christ. We are pledged to a policy of furthering peace through our doctrine of the brotherhood of man. How can we hope to preach this to the people if we, the clergy, cannot refrain from name calling?

After all, we are all Christians. We simply do not all travel the same road toward our single destination. Now, along every road there are signposts. The road toward brotherhood is crowded with these because it is full of hairpin curves. Signposts, as any driver well knows, serve one of two functions; they either point directions, or give warnings. This little incident above and the succeeding paragraphs show the latter variety, for such incidents certainly do not point out the right direction. Such incidents as these do, however, make us wonder. They tell us to check our own methods. They tell us to slow up for the possible bad curves ahead, or we're liable to skid off the road and bog down in the soft shoulders along the side.

I imagine all of us can find room for improvement along these lines. I'm sure I can. If it caused nothing else, the hearing of this incident caused the need for improvement to come squarely before my eyes.

These paragraphs are not a vindictive against sects, or an attempt to pass any judgements, but my intent is that through their implications, they serve as signposts along the road to brotherhood, a road which is filled with danger spots enough without our adding more of our own contrivance. It's an idea worth some concentration, in this corner anyway.

Dick Glatfelter

(Cont't from p.2)

ular interests. However, he does mention archery, rifle shooting and hunting. An A.B. graduate of Bloomfield College, Ernie's activities there were the Pre-theological Club, Hungarian Club and History Club.

An accomplished musician on the key-board and a fine fellow is Masatoshi Ogasawara, Room 111, hailing from Sendai-city, Japan. Masatoshi's previous education included work at North Japan College, Tohoku Imperial University and the university graduate school and Pennsylvania's Gettysburg College. His college activities were YMCA, Christian study group and the Pre-ministerial Assn.

J. Donald Paine, Lebanon, Pa., is another Lebanon Valley College alumnus with an A.B. degree. Also a musician in his interests, Don was active in the YMCA and chorus at Lebanon Valley.

No "piker" is Robert C. Pike whose home town is Pottstown, Pa. Now a Mt. Joy, Pa., resident, Bob was graduated from Albright College, Reading, with an A.B. A tennis addict, he belonged to Albright's ministerial fraternity, K.T.X.

Kenneth E. Roll, Garwood, N.Jersey studied at Union Junior College in his home state. A member of the college's Union Christian Forum, Ken is interested in ping-pong, dramatics, softball and golf.

We're going d'over to Room 214 to see Richard H. Shellenberger---of Dover, Pa. A graduate of that illustrious institution known reverently by its alumni, including Dick, as Franklin and Marshall, the Dover lad included YMCA, WSSF, Diognothian Literary Society, Phi Upsilon Kappa and Pi Gamma Mu honorary fraternity among his college interests.

Banks Shepherd, Room 216, of Julian R. 1, N. C., says he is interested in creative writing and folklore. An A.B. graduate of Catawba, Banks was a member of the college YMCA, Adelprians, Writers' Club and E.&R. Student Fellowship.

Can you "c" the difference between the new Shultz (George Jr.) and the old Schultz (Glenn)? Junior George Jr. 923 E. Orange St., Lancaster, is an F. & M. graduate with an A.B. degree. Interested in sports generally and music, George belonged to Phi Upsilon Kappa, Glee Club and soccer squad at F. & M.

A Catawba College product is Horace S. Sills, who lives at Trailer Village, Lincoln Highway West Lancaster. Horace, of Kannapolis, N.C., is interested in football and movie projects.

Howard H. Smith, of Conestoga R. 2, is a Lebanon Valley grad with an A.B. degree. Interested in golf and photography, Howard belonged to his college's Life-Work Recruits and Pi Gamma Mu.

(cont on page 5)

WOMEN'S ASS'N ELECTS NEW PREXY

I suppose most of you have already read the write-up in the local newspapers about the meeting of the Association of Seminary Women, but I have orders from headquarters to make with the typewriter - so let's be brave and hope for the best.

The first meeting was very well attended, and the enthusiasm and interest was "very high". It is really a pleasure to work with a group that is as ambitious and alive as the Women's Association is.

I enjoyed working with all of you as last year's president, and I want to say "Thanks" to each one for the fine piece of work done in making The Association such a grand success. Frankly, I believe that I had the easiest job of all. For me that was swell.

To Melba Trout, we all wish good luck and lots of success as the new president of the Association of Seminary Women.

Ruthie

TOAST TO PREXY

Sitting in the study of Mr. Delp, our illustrious prexy, along with several other potential office-seekers and assorted spectators, I heard the following pearls of wisdom fall from the presidential lips. Mr. Delp, it seems, wants a toast from the kitchen to the student body. This toast is to be a daily matter, warm, mellow, brown and dripping with butter. This past summer in the Reader's Digest appeared an article proclaiming the importance of a good dietary foundation for the activities of the day. A man is only as good as what he eats. His morning eating habits vitally affect the entire course of his day. Mr. Delp is in total agreement with this assumption. And it seems that executive tastes run, to toast before classes.

Now this delicate problem seems to run to alternative solutions. We might buy "Toot" a toaster, or we might suggest to the kitchen staff that they can have the privilege of toasting us. Despite my own love for the electrical power and appliance industries and my zealous wish for the sale of more current-consuming items, I concur with the second alternative, which, incidentally, is Mr. Delp's own idea. Anyone in agreement should immediately vest in Mr. Delp his power of attorney so that he might petition the kitchen on this matter of toast. Let's go all out on our "Toast for Toot" campaign.

Dave Mark

TOUGH FOOTBALL

Barring incumbent weather Tuesday the tough football season will be under way with flying colors. Last week the Dormitory Council shuffled the names of those who had indicated their willingness to participate. The result was a league consisting of three teams, each team composed of eight players. Team captains will be elected prior to the first contest.

The schedule calls for each team to take the field four times during the season. The kick-off whistle sounds every Tuesday and Thursday at 3 p. m. on the F. & M. Athletic field. Dr. Englert will handle the official chores.

The final standing probably will not be decided until the final game since it appears that all forces are about equal. A hasty check of the three teams as they appear on paper seems to indicate that it's a toss-up. Team 1 boasts speed to spare, but they lack weight. Team two is a veteran aggregation with possibilities. Team 3 registers several new men who will undoubtedly decide the fortunes of their group.

In brief this is the situation at the outset of the season. Come on out and cheer your favorites on to victory.

Dick Masters

HUMOR ESQUIRE

With the rain drenching everything from clothes to spirits, my mind turns to what some sage said comes only in the spring. The way I look at it, the rain and thoughts of women know no seasons. Well, anyway, with the rain splashing on the windows, I saw reflections of the past. I thought of a girl I knew who I called my Melancholy Baby. I called her that because she had a shape like a melon and a face like a Collie. I met her while I was in college. My roommate went to the library to see what he could dig up on Cryptology, (a study which deals with the easiest courses to take in college,) and I went down to the grave yard just to see what I could dig up. There was where I met my Melancholy Baby. I think she was sad all of the time simply because she was so stupid. Why, that girl was so stupid that the first time she saw a cow, she thought it was a horse that had swallowed a glove. (Like to go on but as the rain runs out of space, this column has also run out of space, so there!)

Mal Palmer

York, Pa., is the home bailiwick of Charles E. Strasbaugh, Room 301. With work on a B.S. degree at Ursinus now virtually complete, Charles maintains interests in football, baseball, softball and astronomy. YMCA, football, dormitory basketball and softball and choir and singing occupied a share of his Ursinus days.

Bloomfield College graduate (A.B. degree) Stephen Szabo, of Garfield, N. J., enumerates football, basketball, baseball and tennis as his sports interests. At college, he was treasurer of the Pre-theological Club, president of the Hungarian Club and basketball manager.

Newly acquired Seminarian sports staffer Robert D. Titus, Room 215, of Tamaqua R. 2, Pa., is another A.B. degree holder from Franklin and Marshall. Bob's interests tend to baseball (Phillies rooter), football, ping-pong and stamp collecting. At F. & M., he belonged to Kappa Sigma fraternity, YMCA and varsity baseball team.

Darl R. Troutman, Room 216, of Dornsife, Pa., adds himself to the Catawba elite. YMCA, dramatics, Pre-ministerial Assn., Debating Club, International Relations Club and E. & R. Student Fellowship occupied much of his college extra time while he still maintains a current interest in roller skating, bowling and horseback riding.

Though not a member of the class, Mamichi Asahina is a new face to our campus. A special student living in Room 103, "Dave," as he has become known to us, comes from Akita-shi, Japan. Particularly interested in sports, Dave has completed three years of preparatory and three years graduate work at Union Theological Seminary of Japan.

Lastly, but not least, is junior Charles E. Collins, a Yorkite with a B. S. from Ursinus. Charles, who commutes daily from the western side of the Susquehanna, wrestled while in college and claims radio, TV and sports generally as hobbies. Although he is an Ursinus Bear by degree and time spent in college, Charles did study one year at F. & M.

SENIORS, PLEASE NOTE!!!

The Historical Pilgrimage of the Senior Class in Course 57A to visit centers and churches of German Reformed pioneers in Eastern Penna. will be conducted on Thurs., Oct. 26. The group will leave immediately after chapel.

Schedule changes involved:
Senior R.E. 80 will meet at 8 A.M.
Middle C.O.T. 5 will meet at 1:15 P.M.
Senior C.H. 57A and R.C. 63 will be included in the pilgrimage.

Dr. Dunn

STRICTLY NEWS On The Spot Coverage - Seminary Choir by Mel Palmer

LANCASTER, Pa.---(S.P.) Frank McConnell's choir is in rehearsal again and long mellow tones float over the Seminary Campus. It is generally noted among the men who know music best that Mr. McConnell always turns out the best in music. After going down into the practice room and seeing the material with which he works, I say the man is a sheer genius. "The lips must be relaxed," says the professor, and promptly the men massage their lips and chins, (plural is used here because some of the men have two). The faces give the impression that each is rabidly competing in a cracker eating contest; John Winters tries to whistle but fails.

"The concentration must be on the abdomen," the director points out, if the notes are to be swelled. After viewing the aspirants I can see that quite a few have been concentrating on the abdomen for some time now.

I can think of no other faculty member who receives a welcome to the classroom that will compare with that for Mr. McConnell. Tuesday, he was greeted with an impromptu rendition of "Happy Birthday." He smiled pleasantly, bowed, thanked them and then severely told them they were off key. "Now, let's try it again...ready...one, two, three, sing."

"The chin must fall low, so that the tone will r-r-roll out." Each member dropped his chin to the floor. One member tried to get away with dropping the chin to the knees only. For this he was penalized two inches. He had to stand on his tip toes and drop his chin not ten but twenty times mind you. He looked like an athlete dribbling a basketball, so much so in fact that someone remarked, "Shoot! you're open."

Mr. McConnell is very patient with those who are less talented than others. To these he says, "If at first you don't succeed, try second bass."

THE STAFF:

Editor - Dick Glatfelter
Ass't. Editor - Mel Palmer

News - Bob Haas, Ruth Muthard, Joe Kim

Features - Dave Mark, Mel Palmer,
Banks Sheppard

Sports - Dick Masters, Bob Titus

Technical - Joe Gyorko,
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Art - Ken Shreiner