

ENCOUNTER WITH VIRUS X

(Editorial Introduction)

Tradition has it that once a little girl, kneeling in prayer, said, "God, please make the bad people better and the good people nicer." Perhaps, like many traditional stories, this one has no antecedent in reality, but it conveys what has grown into a general impression. In refutation of this popular misconception, your student newspaper takes this opportunity to print the following article written by one of our E and R missionaries in one of his lighter moments. I think we can all agree that good people can be easy to get along with; they can be nice. This was written by W. Carl Nugent, E and R missionary to Japan, now at home on furlough, a familiar figure on our campus, who asked us to publish this.

In good health and high spirits, we begin to unroll the first of a dozen holiday films for development when suddenly, violently, the house starts churning. We stagger to the bedroom, barely missing the line-up of photo chemicals in the hallway. Up comes the bed with a bang. We go down to it, and 'round and 'round.

An inner urge reminds us of the bucket in which we have just finished mixing the hypo fixing bath for the films. We dive for it - fortunately just in time. It isn't HYPO we're pouring into it now, though the unearthly noise we make as we gradually fill it up may perhaps be spelled that way as any other.

How cool and calm the doctor is! Confident, sympathetic, sure!

"A hot-pack for the small of your back and a cold one for the pit of your stomach (out of pity for the poor turbulent tummy), a half-teaspoon of tea when you want it, and these little brown pills."

Our assailant, we learn from the evening headlines, has been cutting up capers generally in the neighborhood. A member of the famous family of flu-bugs, he goes by the name of Virus X.

Introduced at last! We remember our manners and try to think of an appropriate remark like, "Pleez t' meechea!" or something; but we just can't bring ourselves to say it. Instead we fix him with a fishy eye as we dive down and come up again with the remark in sepulchral tones, "Haven't I met you somewhere before, Bub?"

Of course, of course! He was the guide in the upside-down house at the

carnival when we were kids - remember? We went in through the open door and stood on the floor, or what we thought was the floor. Next minute we were standing upside down under the roof. Then the guide began calling: "Now you're in the coal-cellar...now the living room...now the attic...now..."

Five minutes of fun! And just when we were ready to holler "Nuff!" the house stood upright and still. Now we can holler till we're hoarse, but the house keeps right on turning. Another difference is the price; then we had to pay a nickel to get in - now we've got to give with everything we've got before we get out!

Next morning we call the doctor again and learn that he has gone out of circulation for a day of complete rest. But his wife proves helpful. All her children, followed by herself and her husband, have recently been to the mat with Mr. Virus X. "One must," she advises, "just let nature take its course."

It does. It courses on through some thirty-odd hours before the first few drops of tea stay put. Then the pills; then hot milk and toast - delicious hot milk-toast!

"Now", we are told, "you can get up and walk." --- We can?!

We recall watching the derrick at the new Woolworth building, lifting the big steel girders and placing them gently in position. We could use one of these gadgets now if we had it. Instead we punch the mattress with both fists, stiffen our elbows; and slowly, very slowly, the dead weight of our heavy head begins to rise from the pillow.

Then (marvellous to relate) we are sitting up. We stagger to the bathroom and grab the washbowl with one hand, while the other makes with the toothbrush. The ship lurches. We clutch desperately with both hands.

Again we head for the bed. Again it comes up to meet us. Again we go down with it, and 'round and...

Hours later we open our eyes and all is calm. The house stands upright and steady. We've licked Mr. Virus X!

Or have we? Maybe he's had all the fun he wants with us and gone off to work havoc with somebody else.

"But", we reflect shamelessly as we sink blissfully into deep and dreamless slumber, "Isn't it wonderful how well we can bear up under the thought of someone else's troubles?"

W. C. Nugent

AS I SEE IT . . .

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

February is a month of birthdays of famous men. The twelfth and twenty-second days of this month are marked in red figures on our calendars. When these days come upon us we pause in the regular course of events to consider the contributions made to our present state of affairs by our predecessors. And in so doing we find that the record of noble lives is the greatest single source of inspiration we may hope to find.

In his book, About Ourselves, D. A. Overstreet maintains that many of our mediocre lives might be enriched by a perusal of accounts of the lives of the greats of the past. Forcefully the sources of their greatness we might be better able to regulate the course of our own existence. Chance does not make a man great. Positive elements within a man's character shape his destiny. For these we must look in our reading.

Our Old Testament is testimony to a life that was the expression of divine personality in man. What finer pattern for life can we possibly hope to find? The pages of the Old Testament are filled with accounts of the lives of great men, which at once give us consolation and a challenge. These men were all characterized by a feeling of inadequacy and aware of their imperfections, yet they fulfilled their destiny wrought out by God. The Old Testament apocryphal book, Ben Sirach, has a wonderful tribute to famous men in its 44th chapter. It sings the praises of rulers, philosophers, artists, and the just, righteous, pious common men whose examples live when their names are long forgotten. The men who are praised are Old Testament heroes, who saw only their incompetencies contrasted with the magnitude of their tasks and the perfection demanded by their God, Jahweh.

We, too, with all our shortcomings, may serve God as best we can. In the twelfth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, Paul says, "Having gifts that differ according to the grace given to us, let us use them." Whatever our talents, whatever our limitations, we can make our lives a worthwhile living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God.

Dave Mark

PARADE OF CHAMPIONS

Premature would be the word to describe any hints now concerning just who will wear the victors' crowns in the sports phase of the Seminary extra-curricular program. Unfortunately for those now riding the top of the heap, time remains as an ever present glimmer of hope for the majority of us in the underdog position. No contest is over until its final and complete end (not intended to be gridiron terminology).

Top paddle about the ping-pong table these days belongs to one of the Seminary's Boyertown representatives--Charles "Bucky" Trout. Congratulations "Charlie, My Boy", but a word of warning--there are 12 associate pingpongers who now belong to Local No. 1 - 2 (ye olde) of the United D.C.T. (Dethrone Charlie Trout) Workers of Seminaria. And that's got nothing to do with John L. Lewis' birthday! Occupying spots No. 2 and 3 in the ping-pong competition are Messrs. Morrin & Sink. They hope Charlie will sink to-morrin'. (Please forgive me.)

You could bowl me over with a feather, but it would have to be a "Hawk" feather in order to accurately name the Seminarian now in the driver's seat in the Seminary Bowling League. Our shoar manager's other-than-musical abilities are displayed in an impressive 154.44 average with a total of 1390 pins in 9 games. But if the back of Ernie's neck feels somewhat scorched, there is nothing to worry about (except for Ernie). It's only Orville Miller and Bruce Hatt trying their level best to bowl poor Ernie over--Orville, second, with a VERY close 154.40 average with 1544 total pins in 10 games; and Bruce, third, with an average of 148.80 and a 1042 total in pins in 7 games.

Our dart baseball competition proves thus far without doubt that you can't "hald-e-man" down. At least that's true of "Eels" Haldeman's team (much to my personal regret). Running along on a perfect 1,000 average for much of the current season, Team 2 enters the last part of the competition with a marred -- but still tops .722 standing--and what's wrong with that? I know! The wrong team on top. The remaining their positions in the dart league are held by Teams 1, 3, and 4, in that order: Team 1 with a .523 average; Team 2- .444; and, say I in a very "still small voice", Team 4 with a grand total of .367 out of 1,000. How did you guess it? Team 4 is my team!

Bob Haas

Press Notice: G.M.S. Transferred

This issue of The Seminarian marks the first time that some of the work was done in the new editorial office of the newspaper in the basement of the administration building. For all the members of your Seminarian staff this event is a landmark. The possession of an editorial office is a fond hope of all school papers. The fact that The Seminarian has now become a member of the "select" is a source of pride to the staff as it is, we hope, to all the members of the Seminary Family.

We hope too, that this new office, with its improved working space and facilities, will in turn improve the quality, efficiency and regularity of the paper. Certainly the acquisition of our new editorial room should prove a boon to us. We have had to work at organizing the paper in the limited amount of space provided by our own dormitory rooms. This alone should improve your Seminarian.

Beginning next week, all work on the paper, except the actual printing, will be done in the new office. All news and business for The Seminarian can be taken there. This will provide a central point of activity and will make for the efficiency of both staff and contributors.

The accomplishment of this new office represents the component of the efforts of many people. To all these people we would like to tender our heartfelt thanks: To Dr. Frantz for his gracious gesture in sharing his printing room with us; and for his efforts in initiating and sustaining the work (with a great degree of good Christian tolerance). To the administration for its faith in the taste and discretion of the staff during the actual redecoration. To the entire faculty for its approval and suggestions. And to all those of the student body and the Seminary Family, their parents and friends, who have helped in every way to make the final result possible.

However, this is not a time of culmination for the staff alone. We of the staff hope that the entire Seminary Family will feel a sense of pride in the office of your school paper; for which reason we would like to announce that on Thursday, Feb. 16, the office will be open for inspection from 1 to 3 and from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M. We invite all readers: students, faculty, wives, college-seminary residents, to come downstairs and see what has been done. Many of you have stopped to look things over during the last few weeks. We would welcome you on Thurs. or at any time you care to drop in.

Thanks again to all who have helped to make such an open-house possible. We'll see you in the basement of the ad. building Thursday.

Dick Glatfelter

LEAGUE-LEADING CRUSADERS PRINTED FOR TEST

The Crusaders once again prepare to move into action in defense of their crown. To date they have chalked up six victories and no defeats.

Sporting this fine record, they move against a Hartman Hall #3 team on St. Valentine's Day at 8:30. The game may be a tough assignment for our boys, since the Frosh have been noted in the past for young, fast ball players, of which we have too few.

In order to continue winning games, the Holy Rollers will have to bottle up the opposition's offensive, depending upon a well-coordinated zone, the anchors of which are Capt. Bruce Hatt, "Boner" Bailey, and "Able" Abby. Herb "Speedy" Zeigler, and "Bucky" Trout are the Crusaders' chasers and as fine a pair of speedsters as one can find. "All-Star" Lutz, Milt Gockley, and Mel Palmer round out the squad.

Thus far the team has defeated the pre-season winners, and in this league, experience goes a long way. With that factor on our side, we should pull in another league victory. But you know very well that a team doesn't give its all unless it has some fans encouraging it. What say, fellows? Let's take an hour's break on basketball evenings and support the team.

Dick Abernethy

A. W. V.

Girls --- Are you tired when you come home at 5:15 P.M.? Do you feel worn out after bending over a hot type-writer all day long? Are you ready to drop dead? At least you girls can say, "Another day, another dollar".

Let me ask some questions, now, about the other half of the family. Are your husbands tired from a long day's work? Do they have to work overtime and come late to the dinner table? Are they weary and grumpy? You bet they're not! Do you know why? Simply because they haven't been working at all. Oh, maybe they had two or three classes during the day, or maybe a quiz. But heavens, that doesn't tire them out. How can they be tired after sleeping in almost every class and then taking a cat-nap in the afternoon? What a life they're leading! Too bad you girls were born with looks instead of brains. You might be up there with the scholars, catching up on that much needed sleep. I'll have to admit that your husbands are pretty smart. They know a good set-up when they see one.

Well, don't worry, girls, their Seminary days are numbered, and then the shoe will be on the other foot. It will be their turn to make the dollar each day. Remember what the little sign in the dentist's office reads: "Keep Smiling!"

Ruthie