

seminarian

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DR.W. KENT GILBERT HERE

Dr. W. Kent Gilbert will speak in Convocation on Wednesday, March 11, at 11:15. The title of his speech is "Trends in Christian Education", a topic area of which he is in the forefront.

Since 1960, Dr. Gilbert has been the Executive Secretary of the Board of Parish Education, of the L.C.A. Previous to this, he was the Director of Long-Range Programs of the Lutheran Boards of Parish Education which planned and developed the present L.C.A. Parish Education Curriculum. Introduced in 1964, the \$8 million project involved a staff of nearly 100 people and produced more than 400 books. His other professional experience has included pastorates in New York City & New Jersey, as well as being the editor for the Board of Parish Education of the U.L.C.A.

An alumnus of Gettysburg College, he graduated summa cum laude as valedictorian of his class ('41). He then received his B.D. from Gettysburg Seminary. Columbia University granted him an M.A. in 1945, and an Ed. D. in 1955. He has also received many scholastic honors, which include an honorary doctorate (Litt. D.) from Hqrtwick College and membership in Phi Beta Kappa, Tau Kappa Alpha, Phi Delta Epsilon (journalism) and the Pen and Sword. Dr. Gilbert has also been a visiting lecturer at Mt. Airy and Pacific Seminaries.

An avid writer in the field of Christian Education, Dr. Gilbert has authored

As Christians Teach, co-authored Getting Along, and edited the 44 volume Lutheran

Weekday Church School Series. He has also authored magazine articles and study courses.

Dr. Gilbert has participated in more than 35 Boards, Commissions and Committees.

These include: Chairman of the L.W.F. Commission on Education; General Board Member of the N.C.C.; Trustee of Gettysburg College; and a member of the Joint Lutheran Commission on Confirmation. He is also an extensive traveler and has been in many EuropeancCountries, including Jerusalem, Hong Kong, Africa and South Anerica.

Crain Tozza

THANK YOU

Haven't you decided yet?

No. I haven't. After all, Isam a woman -- and we're not generally known for our rapid ability to make decisions.

Ha, you know, it's funny: you girls mever admit to any of your faults--except when it's definitely to your own advantage to do so.

I am going to ignore that remark -- only because it's the middle of the week already and the next issue of the Seminarian comes out in just two days. What is even "funnier," you see, to use your terribly inadaquate word, is that Ray just asked me, a couple of weeks ago to write a "female article" as he phrased it, and here's my big chance to do it--with a real purpose in mind and everything--and now I'm going to flub it.

What do you mean "flub it?"

Well, I haven't Ray's or Gary's or Bill's artistic talent; I can't draw, or write any decent poetry, so how can I possibly say all that I have to say, and say it in any really meaningful way?

Just what do you want to say, may I ask?

Thank you.

You're welcome... Now, let's see: what are the various possibilities? There's the letter form, or the essay, the sermon-but, then, of course, you couldn't possibly write a sermon... But wait a minute; did you say "thank you?" You mean that's what you want to say?

Yes, thank you--for all the warm and gracious wishes for a speedy recovery-the phone calls, the visits, the joyful "Welcome backs!"--mostly, for the loving concern all those things showed. I wwas really touched.

You mean all this rigamarole is for a simple thank-you?

Well, yes--except it's not really very simple to put such complex feelings into words. And, besides, there's one more thing that ought to be said.

Oh, what's that?

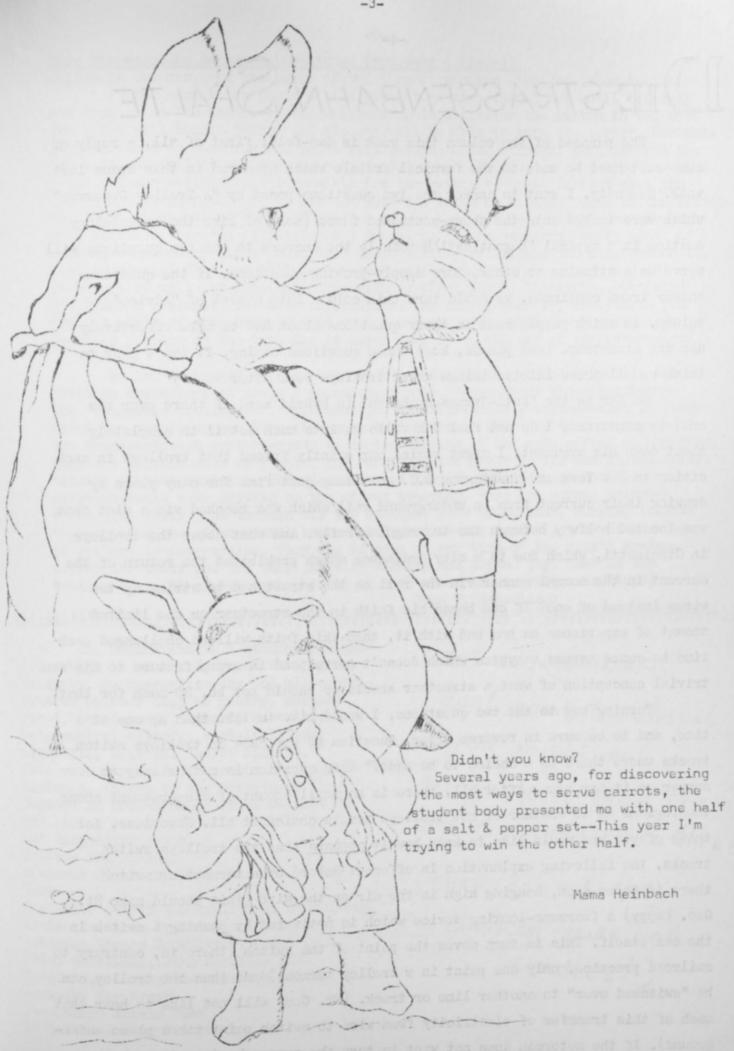
There's been so much talk about the lack of community around here, but somehow, I just can't see it. The love is here; it really is-because God's love is here. I

Well, can't you just say that, in those same words? I'm sure a lot of people would know what you meant -- and how much more you wanted to say , but couldn't.

I suppose I'll have to. It's hardly adequate--but, then, can we ever adaquately say any of the really important things?

Carol Held

WANTED:



DIE STRASSENBAHN SPALTE

The purpose of the column this week is two-fold: first of all, a reply of some sort must be made to the farcical article which appeared in this space last week. Secondly, I want to answer the two questions posed by "A Trolley Observer" which were tacked onto the above-mentioned farce (sort of like the eschatology section in a typical "Dogmatics"!) Hopefully the answers to the two questions will serve as a stimulus to other, more deeply-probing questions. If the question-answer trend continues, we could turn this column into a sort of "Advice" column, in which people send in their questions about how to more effectively use the streetcar. (And please, keep those questions coming. It isn't easy to think up all these idiotic things about trolleys week after week!)

So far as the "Anti-Strassenbahnian" (a hybrid word if there ever was one) is concerned, I do not feel I have to go into much detail to completely shoot down his argument. I might remind our saintly friend that trolleys in such cities as New York and Washington D.C. got along just fine for many years by drawing their current from an underground rail which was reached via a slot that was located halfway between the two regular rails. And what about the trolleys in Cincinatti, which due to a city ordinance which prohibited the return of the current in the normal manner via the rail on the street had to string up two wires instead of one? If one bases his faith in the streetcar on the limited amount of experience he has had with it, then this faith will be challenged each time he comes across a system which doesn't correspond in every feature to his own trivial conception of what a streetcar should or should not be. So much for that.

Turning now to the two questions, I would like to take them up one at a time, and to be sure in reverse order. Question #2 was "How do trolleys switch tracks where there is a choice to be made?" This question is not as easy to answer as it may seem. After all, there is no small amount of disagreement among theologians as to whether or not trolleys have a choice at all. Neverless, for those of you who would like to know how it appears that the trolleys switch there is to be seen, hanging high in the air on the wire (this should make St. Geo. happy) a fearsome-looking device which is activated by pushing a switch in the car itself. This in turn moves the point of the switch (there is, contrary to be "switched over" to another line or track. (Mr. Geo. will not like to hear that ground). If the motorman does not want to turn the corner he doesn't push the

More Strassenbahn Nonsense (continued from page 4 (four)).

switch in the car, and the point of the turnout romains straight. When the car the corner the point of the turnout remains turned out until the next car arrives at the scene. If the motorman again activates the switch in the car, the point will remain turned and the car will be able to turn the corner. However, if he doesn't do anything the point will return to the straight position and tho car will go straight. Things are complicated when cold weather or ice between the point and the rail make it impossible for the switch to move. In that case the motorman must jump out of the car and move the thing by hand by means of the switch iron with which all of the cars are (or should be) provided. Then there are the hand switches, located at little-used junctions and in carbarns, which must, of course, be moved by hand. There is a third variety of switch, the semi-automatic, but its operation is not fully understood (although it is known unto us) and therefore we will not fret ourselves with it here. See H. Thielicke, "Nun sind die Weichen gestellt" for more information. (We don't, however, know where you can get ahold of this book, for it turned out to be so dull that the linetype operator setting up the type for it never made it to the end of the manuscript)

We are now ready to see what can be done with the second (actually the first in chronological order) question, namely, "What about those heathern—the trackless trolleys??". This question is unfortunately worded—what is there about the trackless trolleys that make them heathen? They are the messengers of the transportation system—ready to do the bidding of the main office at any time. They are neither male or female, and can move with great speed, and do the office's bidding without question. They do not break down in traffic, nor do their non-existant rails make driving on the street annoying. They are serene beings—performing their jobs through all the seasons, year after year, working towards the day when the kingdom will be revealed, and moving joyfully towards the day of perfect transportation. They can be seen at any time on the city's system, performing their one and only job with dignity and serene joy. That is the trolley bus. (It always chokes me up to talk about the trackless trolleys)

John T. Schweitzer

The Seminarian is a student publication which is of the Lutheran Theological Seminary. We appreciate any and all contributions whether they be pactry, nursery rimos, criticisms, letters, cartoons, poterzebies, blimpfs, veebelfeltzers, axolothls, halvahs, and/or splinfs. This week our staff is composed of upperclassmen, thanks to the efforts of the juniors in the academic area. We meet on Wed. nites in room 70 of F hall to perform out disgusting rites. Editor: Don Billeck Resident Nummy and Editor-in-chief: Ray Ursin Streetcar Editor and typist: J. Schweitzer Articles: Crain Tozzo, Mamma Heinbach, Johannes Thomas Schweitzer, Carol Held, Eliud Rodriguez, John Morrill, Bill Berglund, and various assorted others. Artwork: Ray Ursin Presswork: Donald Duck Stapeler: Ludwig Feuerbach

what EVER you do,

don't come to chapel,

you might not

RECOGNIZE it from the
last time you were there.

(they took out the

Christmar fars and

Candles!)

MISIED DILGIRIM

Cinq a Sept

He welcomed that afternoon as if it were Camembert. Something to grasp, to savor, to droam over, while she said it was world and all!

His eyes fed. as if all the oysters he had ever known lay on one half shell. She cast hers down demurely and whispered, please don't look at me so ardently.

Her lips tasted like strawberries and cream, before she turned them away and presented her cheek.

He looked at his watch as he removed it, and muttered angrily, so little time, while she

shispered, we have so long together.

And when they left at different times, he hurried home to cut the grass and she took a round about way to dream

and remember the afternoon.

Bill Berglund

AROUND

CAMPI

The nervous typing of middlers, the speed reading of juniors, the yawns of the seniors--those are the sights and sounds around campi. Finals are just around the corner--relax, don't panic--but work hard!! Campi is relatively quiet-- I wonder why. Ask Dean B. about his nerves. Ask John M. about the pussycat that was in his room Fri. nite. It woke Dean up! Theme Song of the Week at the Refectory - "Is that all there Is?" or "Where have all the Coffee Mugs gone?" (P.S. They may be purchased at cost.) What relies were being dug up yesterday in LR? Juniors - would you believe even the writers of the Bk of Concord forgot their Bible verses?!? Ask Dr. McC about a sure cure for tired blood! --- Did you ever get back an exam with more comments on than you had written in your essays?? - Does anyone have an idea what the sancturary lamp signifies? -- Special Fred Newhardt - Dave Crawford chapel service today - may help juniors got their minds off that Prufung. Jack W. -- time to sell copies of "Mt. Airy Blues!!" Are juniors really behind in their reading for 3rd. sem. already??

KNIGHT'S MOVE

Write down the syllable marked "START". Cross (X) that square: use squares only once. By making successive knight's moves spell out a famous quotation from the 64-syllables or words.

FAIR,	WAIT-	AGE	ER	FACE	MADE	MED	BUT
-MIT-	A	CD	ING	To	NEV-	ED	H115
AND	NONE	AND	3W	OUT-	WAS	THRIVE.	WHEN
CHANCE	HER-	wear,	COUNT-	SHOULD	SWORE	WISH	FAD-
AGONE	TIME,	FAIR-	I,	HER-	DIE,	HE	MAID'S
AT	HAD	AT	PRE-	QUIRY)	ALIVE.	THIS	To
THAT	YEARS	OR	ER;	MAN'S	MIT-	A	(THE
HE	AND	-				1	
1-START							

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S Knight's Move:

Won-drous in-deed is the vir-tue of a true book.

Not like a dead city of stones, year-ly
crum-bling, year-ly need-ing re-pair;

More like a tilled field, but then a

spir-it-u-al field: Like a spir-it-u-al tree, it stands year to year, and from age to age. ("The Ever-last-ing No").