

THE SEMINARIAN

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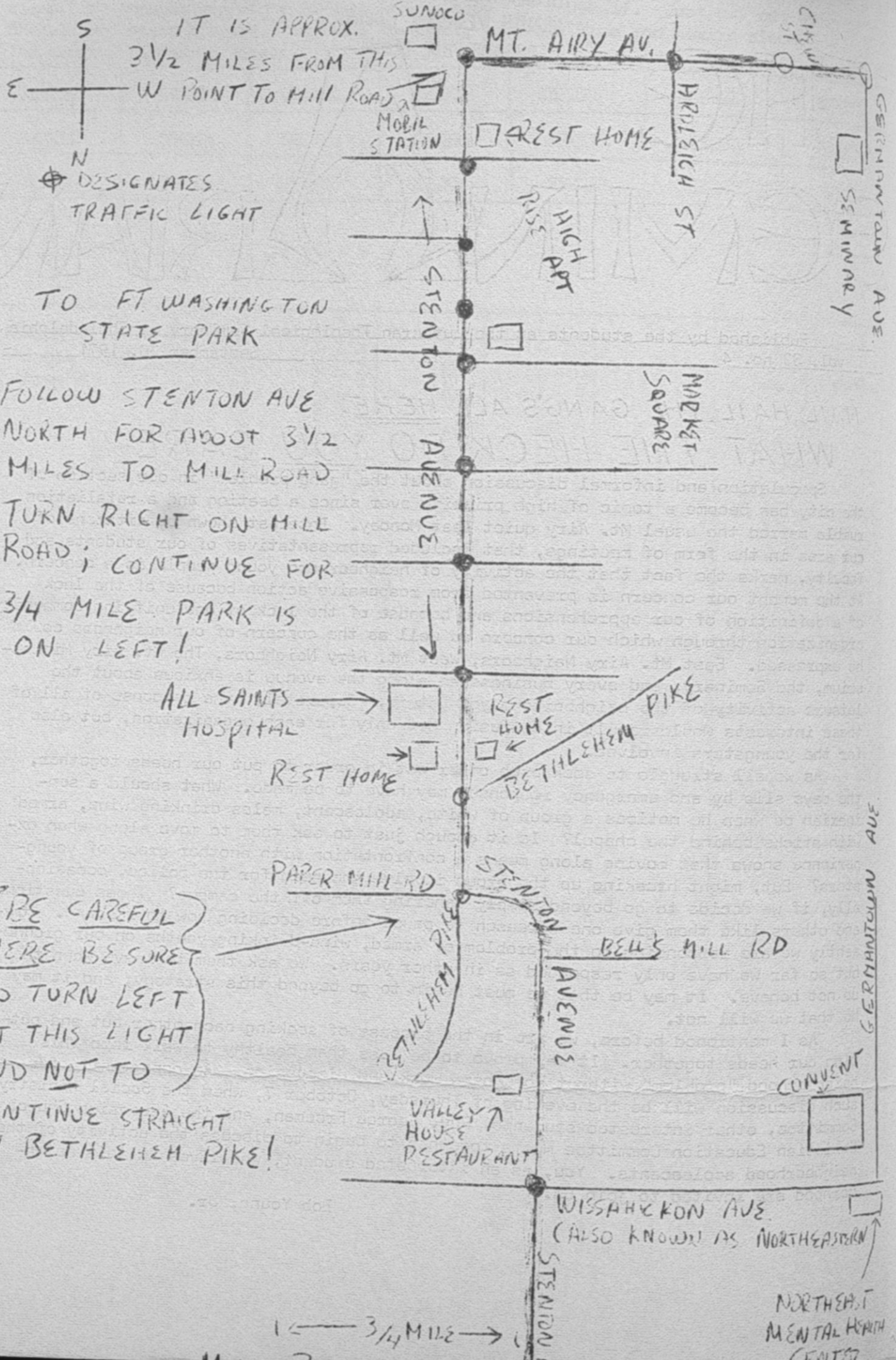
HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE: WHAT THE HECK DO YOU CARE?

Speculation and informal discussion about the "gang problem" in our section of the city has become a topic of high priority ever since a beating and a retaliation rumble marred the usual Mt. Airy quiet last Monday. Interest shown by citizens of our area in the form of meetings, that included representatives of our students and faculty, marks the fact that the activity of neighborhood young people is a concern. At the moment our concern is prevented from responsive action because of the lack of a definition of our apprehensions and because of the lack of one unifying community organization through which our concern as well as the concern of our neighbors could be expressed. East Mt. Airy Neighbors, West Mt. Airy Neighbors, The Mt. Airy Ministerium, the Seminary, and every businessman along the avenue is anxious about the leisure activity of the neighborhood youngsters. Separately, the response of all of these interests would result in confusion not only for each organization, but also for the youngsters involved.

As we all struggle to seek each other out in order to put our heads together, the days slip by and emergency responses may have to be made. What should a seminarian do when he notices a group of white, adolescent, males drinking wine, armed with sticks behind the chapel? Is it enough just to ask them to move along when experience shows that moving along means a confrontation with another group of youngsters? But, might breaking up the group involve the need for the police, occasionally, if we decide to go beyond simply ushering them off the campus? These questions and others like them give one a reason to pause before deciding how to respond. Presently we are responding to the problem of armed, wine-drinking youths on our grounds but so far we have only responded as in other years. We ask them to leave when they do not behave. It may be that we must begin to go beyond this strategy, and it may be that we will not.

As I mentioned before, we are in the process of seeking each other out and putting our heads together. It may prove to be less than healthy to walk into this neighborhood "problem" without some hard work and discussion. An opportunity for such discussion will be the evening of Thursday, October 7, when the Social Ministry Committee, other interested students, Rev. George Freeman, and the Ascension Church Christian Education Committee meets together to begin to discuss the activity of the neighborhood adolescents. You, as an interested student, who lives in this neighborhood are invited to join us.

Bob Young, Jr.



TO FT WASHINGTON STATE PARK

FOLLOW STENTON AVE NORTH FOR ABOUT 3 1/2 MILES TO MILL ROAD
 TURN RIGHT ON MILL ROAD; CONTINUE FOR 3/4 MILE PARK IS ON LEFT!

★ BE CAREFUL HERE BE SURE TO TURN LEFT AT THIS LIGHT AND NOT TO CONTINUE STRAIGHT ON BETHLEHEM PIKE!

← 3/4 MILE →

STONEHENGE

Silent and spare the dolmens stand
Tall in a bleak and time worn land,
Striped by the mad moon's antic hand
Silver and black - cold graven stone,
Alien from life - austere, alone.

And yet beneath the moon, a band,
Sprung from that ancient blood soaked land
Weaves in a manic saraband
In widdershins around the stones
Chanting lost runes in hollow tones.

Angles and Celts and Picts, unmanned
By death they tread the sand
Which drank their blood, lift fleshless hands
To gods as dead as they and moan
In dirge sad measure round the stones

Only the moon can see this strand
Of ghosts. To eye of living man -
Silent and spare the dolmens stand
Silver and black - cold graven stone,
Alien from life - austere, alone.

Bill Berglund

FREE INSTANT
CULTURE

At long last, the opportunity for free and instant (?) culture(??) is on the horizon! For those of us who do not have subscriptions to Playboy, don't have half a dozen pipes complete with imported tobacco, don't drive a Porsche, or have a suntan left over from the summer...now is your chance for status! With some regularity, Peter Helmers and I will be bringing classic and not-so-classic motion pictures your way...FREE!

So all you fellow movie buffs, curiosity-seekers, interested persons, and those looking for some pleasant entertainment, remember Thursday night, September 30th, we will be showing D.W. Griffith's "The Fall of Babylon", and W.C. Field's "The Barber Shop". Next Thursday another double bill will be, "The Lost World Revisited", and a sampling of Mack Sennett's comedy studios, "The Fun Factory".

We hope to see you Thursday at 8:00 p.m. in Hagan Hall, second floor.

PARKING REGULATIONS

Due to the many questions which have been asked me, I would like to take this opportunity to explain the parking regulations of the seminary. The parking regulations are as follows:

1. Each student living on campus and each faculty member have been assigned parking spaces. These parking spaces are for their use only. They are to be used on a twenty-four hour seven day week.

2. For the purpose of identification, green tags have been assigned to these people and should be visible to the sheriff.

3. Commuters are required to park their cars in unassigned spots.

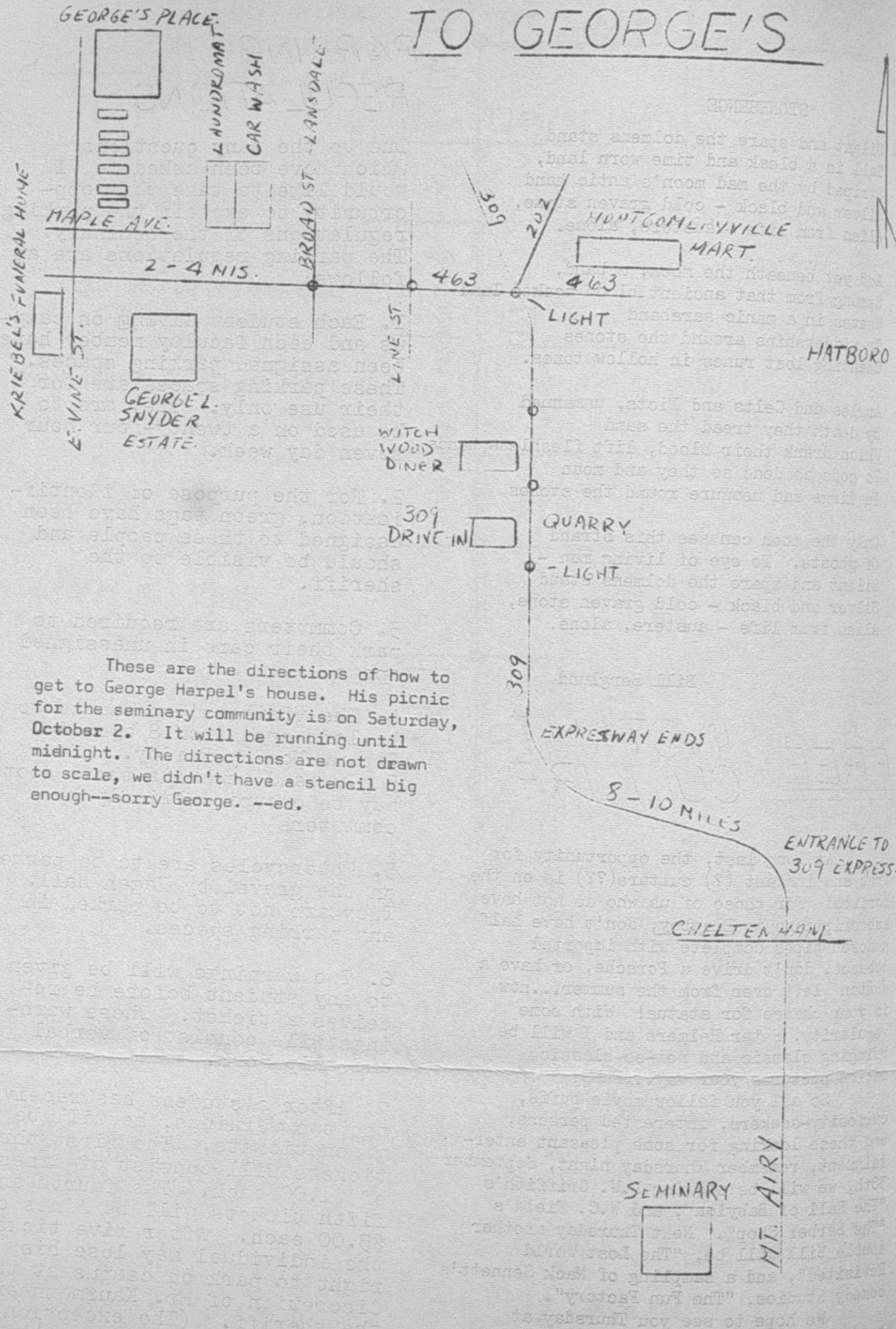
4. The visitors' spots are to be left open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday-Friday. After 5 p.m. and weekends these spots may be occupied briefly by commuters.

5. Motorcycles are to be parked on the gravel by Hagan Hall. They are not to be parked in any parking spaces.

6. Two warnings will be given to any student before he receives a ticket. These warnings will consist of verbal and slip form.

7. After a student has received the two warnings, he will be given tickets. The first three tickets will consist of fines of \$1.00 each. The fourth and fifth tickets will be fines of \$5.00 each. After five tickets the individual may lose his right to park on campus at the discretion of Mr. Kaufmann and the sheriff. (The exception to this will be parking in the

TO GEORGE'S



These are the directions of how to get to George Harpel's house. His picnic for the seminary community is on Saturday, October 2. It will be running until midnight. The directions are not drawn to scale, we didn't have a stencil big enough--sorry George. --ed.

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO CHAPEL...

Having participated in the new format for worship this semester as a choir member and as a leader I have found the approach not only meaningful but also instructive.

As our committee began to consider what we would do for the two mornings assigned to us, I took a closer look at the two fellow students and the professor. The senior brought ideas from his internship, the junior offered the freshness of her willingness to participate, and the professor guided us with the knowledge of many years. So soon after meeting we were brought together by the Chaplain, yet this did not prevent us from getting the job done.

When you face the Matins service squarely in the eye you find out that this worship form can offer a responsive communication for everyone. Because the committees have taken the time to do it justice, this often dry liturgical form appeals to have come to life. The audible by-product is the pleasing sound as those in the congregation respond in the worship, revealing the singing talent that is evident outside of the choir. Matins is a service that shows off that talent.

Besides the organ accompaniment of Bickel and Sonnenberg the aid of guitarists Saling and Fairchild to the Thursday services has provided the drive of contemporary rhythm and melody. The hymns in that unnamed blue song book offer several tunes that stay with you long after you have left chapel.

All of these factors have made the worship experience a special one at school this fall. It's a part of the life here that needed strengthening and needs strengthening in my own life. It would be great if I could get myself to use the devotional material I have up here in my room, but I usually end up using my quieter moments writing letters. If it weren't for the worship opportunities during the week, I wouldn't have any devotional time at all, undisciplined as I am, and that is unfortunate it seems to me. But this fall I can rely on those morning worship sessions to balance out the schedule of studies,

SAINTS DEFEAT BAPTISTS 55-6

Last Friday afternoon the Mt. Airy Saints crushed the Eastern Baptist Seminary 55-6. The Saint's outstanding defense held Eastern Baptist scoreless until the final minutes of play. The winning combination throughout the game was the great combination from Hurling Holtberg to Leapin' Lee Berry. The Baptists were literally defenseless to his dynamic pair.

In the first quarter the crowd was thrilled when Arnie aired one to Steve Bomgren which secured the first score of the game. The arithmetic read 7-0 when shouts from Tom Richards blared "put 'em away." The second tally of the game came from a 25 yard pass play from Arnie to Lee which made the scoreboard read 13-0. Berry shouted "it's wonderful." The defensive play of the game came when Hurricane Harding broke through Baptists defense to fell the opponents 15 yards behind the line of scrimmage. Hurling Holtberg, then on the run, fired the bomb for a TD to Streaking Soltow in an 80 yard play. With 5 minutes left in the first half, the numbers read 20-0. Arnie connected to Lee for a 70 yard TD gain to put the Saints out in front 26-0. Rhino Richards began shouting, "Kill - Kill - Kill." Everyone smiled.

In the opening minutes of the second half Gary Langensiepen's brilliant defensive play secured a softy for the Saints making the score 28-0. Tom Richards became the referee in the second half. Hurricane Harding interrupted with 7 minutes gone and Arnie ran in the pig skin tallying 34-0. With 14 minutes left, Hurling Holtberg struck Steve Bomgren for the TD. Tim Swanson intercepted with 13 minutes to go and the numerals read 48-0. Arnie hit Steve making it 55-0. The Baptists scored but the Saints had already done their damage.

After the contest the sports editorial staff of the Seminarian was on hand for the wrap-up. Tom Richards exclaimed, "Blood and Guts all over the street and me without a spoon to eat." Arnie Holtberg whispered, "Quite a nice afternoon." Larry Smoose interjected, "Winning isn't everything, but losing ain't nothing." All in all the two teams seemed to play a good clean game and few penalties were

DIE STRASSENBAHN SPALTE



Last week it was promised that the streetcar system of Bielefeld, Germany would be examined. However, since the appearance of the last SEMINARIAN it has occurred to the writer that such a report would violate one of the principles for which the column has stood since the day of its founding. Namely, there ain't supposed to be no trolleys anywhere else! If anything had been established by all the countless pages of mimeographed trash which poured from the author's typewriter during 1969-70, it was the fact that the city of Philadelphia's transportation system is unique: while other cities continue to monkey around with all kinds of new vehicles in the hope of being able to transport riders more quickly, safely and at lower cost to their respective destinations, Philadelphia continues to worship the streetcar. What this means in plain, non-theological language is that they continue to run the most amazing assortment of junk found anywhere on track which can only be described as a scandle, while other cities have long since retired their streetcars to the scrap yard. Admittedly this state of affairs does not make for a good city transportation system, or for satisfied riders, but it does make great theology! (I don't ride these trolleys because they are efficient or good-looking, but because I love them!!!)

Taking all these things into consideration, imagine the reaction of yours truly when he stepped out of the railroad station in Bielefeld, Germany, into a virtual fool's paradise for trolley fans. There before my eyes beautiful, noiseless trolleys, all obviously built long after 1948 (the birth year of the newest of Philadelphia's cars) were blissfully going about their daily tasks. For several weeks I wandered about the city in utter disbelief. The floor had caved in beneath me. Everything I had ever written about streetcars was shown up as false; my whole life work of scholarly research and writing appeared to be a hideous failure. I almost lost my faith! Here was the best sermon illustration of something you could ever ask for.

STREETCARS (cont'd)
have some cleaning up to do when you are confronted with a real tram system and realize that the thing you've been admiring is just a left-over from the 1920's which should be scrapped.
NEXT WEEK: More fun and a special report on route 15. I took a closer look at it. (The author has requested that his name be withheld, for obvious reasons)

A LOVE LETTER

Dear Wives' Club,
It was good news for us to hear that you were going to sponsor a seminary-wide picnic. It is great that you are willing to go out of your way to get the entire seminary community together. As a couple of single studs, we're especially glad that you have provided us with the opportunity of meeting you and getting to know the married couples of Mt. Airy a little better. It seems that there's always some kind of social "wall" between the singles and the marrieds. We're glad you're doing something to help break this wall down.

We know that you plan to sponsor other social events during this year. You have obviously put a lot of work into the picnic, and we realize that all of the other events you're planning will also demand much of your time. We really appreciate your efforts.

We will try to support you in your activities, because we think that what you're doing is a good thing. It certainly contributes to a sense of unity among the people in the seminary. Also, it is important to us to get to know more of you as something other than shadows of your husbands.

We are looking forward to Saturday and the other events you plan for this semester. We hope you will be able to join your husbands in participating in the social events ground out by the Student Body Social Activities Committee. We think you're an important part of the seminary community.