

Table Talk

News and Views of the Student Body of The Lutheran
Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

APRIL FOOL'S ISSUE (ALBEIT COME LATELY)

APRIL 1, 1972

CHARISMATIC COOKING

Dear readers:

It has been brought to our attention that the only truly efficient and effective process for managing the proclamation of the Gospel is one involving role definition, setting specific objectives, and frequent evaluation with the full participation of those being managed. Thus we feel compelled to apply the planning process to the creation of our column. (This approach may, of course, result in about one hundred different editors, but that can be worked out in committee.)

As a first step in implementing this procedure, we would like to propose the following recipe titles. If there is sufficient interest expressed for any of them, we will soon print the entire recipe with our traditionally perceptive theological comments, incorporating any feedback offered. It should be pointed out that this will enable us to evaluate our procedures and write a column which answers your needs. As they say in the management business, "The squeaky wheel gets the grease."

Chicken Stroup
Hominy Gritsch
Breamed Onions
Sheneman toast
Lady fingers
d'Evelyns Food Cake
Stuffed Marlin
Chili McCarney
Blue-Perry Pie
Orsoradish Supreme
Royal Marshallmallow Delight

Charismatically yours,
Paul Xander
Larry L. McDaniel

Up Against the Hill
by G.S. Lenihan

I made several attempts at humor appropriate to an April Fool's issue, but the best I could come up with was no rival to this "real life" story from the April 5th Lutheran:

The smoldering dispute between fundamentalist and moderate forces in the Lutheran Church -- Missouri Synod took a turn for the worse last month with Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, as the focal point. Following a series of clashes with the Seminary administration, Dr. J.A. O. Preus, synod president, issued a set of guidelines ordering all teachers to follow a strict and literalistic interpretation of the Bible in their teaching.

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Dr. Preus said he had the constitutional right to "supervise" the doctrine of all synod employees. He said the guidelines were issued particularly for Concordia but would apply equally to all teachers in Missouri Synod schools.

The guidelines issued by Dr. Preus appear to require that all portions of the Bible be taught as historical facts. They forbid analysis of such issues as the dual authorship of the Book of Isaiah, the intention of the author of Jonah, and the nature of angels and devils. Dr. Preus denied that he sought an end to all critical methods of Bible study, but said that when such methods lead to "denial of miracles" it exceeds limits set by the church.

Variations of the historical-critical-literary method of Bible interpretation are accepted by most scholars. They accept the validity of the Bible's religious teachings but regard some parts, such as the Jonah account, to be more important as parables than as historical fact.

The center of the present controversy appears to be Dr. Arlis J. Ehlen, a 40-year-old Old Testament professor educated at Harvard. An investigation of alleged "modernist" teaching at the seminary begun three years ago resulted in a report that has never been released publicly, so no charges against Dr. Ehlen are on the file. However, Dr. Preus early this year instructed the Board of Control of the seminary not to renew Dr. Ehlen's teaching contract.

When the Board of Control rejected outside interference and re-engaged Dr. Ehlen for a one-year term, Dr. Preus wrote to Dr. John H. Tietjen, seminary president, directing that he "see to it that Dr. Ehlen teaches no course in which he will have opportunity to advocate his higher critical views concerning biblical interpretation."

Dr. Tietjen refused, stating that Dr. Ehlen had not been accused of teaching false doctrine. Dropping him would disrupt the seminary program and be unconstitutional, Dr. Tietjen said, adding that it would also threaten the seminary's academic freedom and "have serious consequences for the accreditation of every institution of higher education in the synod." Almost all of Concordia's 50 faculty members and of the student body are said to support Dr. Tietjen's stand. With about 700 students, Concordia is the third largest accredited seminary in the U.S.

Dr. Plott's Potpourri:

(this week's selection comes from that fine revivalist publication -- "The Sword of the Lord." Dr. Bud Lyles authored the following column.)

Hair, Hair Everywhere

There surely is a lot of fuss about hair. I don't mean the musical by that name, although there is plenty for decent people to fuss about in that ungodly mess. I do mean the growth on top of one's head.

Some of the younger male citizens of our land have taken to wearing their hair so long it makes them look like women. It is rather amusing to drive up behind some car and notice the beautiful, long hair of the driver. Then, when you pass that car, you discover the driver has long sideburns and a mustache. It is enough to make you laugh aloud. Here you were expecting to see a woman's face to go with that long hair. Instead, you are shocked to see whiskers.

Jerry Rubin, the defiant, militant, communist rebel, said in a book he wrote, "Young kids identify short hair with authority, discipline, unhappiness, boredom, hatred of life . . . and long hair with letting go. Wherever we go our hair tells people where we stand on Vietnam, Wallace, campus disruption and drugs. We are living T.V. commercials for the revolution. Long hair is the beginning of our liberation from sexual oppression."

I don't believe Christians should stand for the kind of things Jerry Rubin and his crowd stand for. Christians should respect authority as we are taught in Romans 13. Christians should live disciplined lives and should keep the body

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under, as Paul said in I Corinthians 9:27, and not "let go." Christians should not become addicted to drugs or anything else. They should not be seeking violent overthrow of the government. They should not be promiscuous about sex but hold that gift from God sacred and reserved for the bonds of marriage.

Then why do some young men want to call themselves Christians and still, by their appearance, be identified with Rubin and the crowd that is against God and against the Bible and against Christianity? Some offer the weak excuse that Jesus wore long hair although there is not one shred of proof for that statement. In fact, it is more probable that Jesus had short hair in the style that was current in that day.

Although He was God, Jesus was a man. I cannot believe that anyone could have mistaken Him for a woman from any angle. He surely would not be guilty of doing something that He knew the Bible would call a "shame" (See I Cor. 11:14). He was a real man. He had authority as a man and very likely had His hair cut short to show that authority. He was not a rebel against government, authority, society and decency.

Some young fellows try to justify long hair on the basis that it helps them to identify with young people they want to win to the Lord. That is an interesting theory but it doesn't really hold water. I don't have to put burnt cork or shoe polish on my face in order to try to win a black man to Jesus. I don't have to go naked to try to win a savage to the Lord. The fact is that I have won hippie-looking kids to Christ and I don't have long hair like a hippie. What you really need to win the long-hairs to the Lord is a heart-concern for them and sincere interest in them. You win them in the same way you win anyone else. They are just people. And no Christian has to look like a hippie to win a hippie.

Two booklets will help you about this hair business. One is by Dr. Bill Rice, "Did Jesus Have Long Hair?" It sells for a nickel and you can get one free if you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The other booklet is by Dr. Hal Webb, "Long Hair. Did Jesus Wear It?" A single copy is 25¢ and you may order it from:

Dr. Hal Webb
508 Buse Street
Ridley Park, Pa. 19078

Letters to the Editor:
(sponsored by Gregory S. Lenihan)

Gentlemen:

Words cannot begin to circumscribe my disgust at the perverted turn Table Talk has taken in the last several issues. The obscenity of the magazine is enough to tittilate even the purest of hearts. Please stop! By the way, I believe I missed receiving the February 15th issue. Could you send it airmail to my HOME address as soon as possible?

I.M. Longing
Fertile Beach, N.C.

Dear Editors:

About the obscenity debate over Table Talk: as a local layman, I caught wind of the fervor and rushed in an order for a subscription. What kind of publicity stunt are you kids trying to pull? And where are the pictures?! Your \$\$\$ ought to be ripped off and stuck in your BLANK.

Name withheld by Request

Table Talk:

Read no further, ye Holier of the Thous. This letter is pornographic. It is reeking with crude, slimy, wretched, obnoxious dirt. It is going to expose

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Dear Mr. Lemonman:

Vee vas tinkin, me ant Gustav (Goosed-off) ant by golly vee've cump to da concluuishum (mind you vee cump to it, vee didn't yump to it) dat yecograffey iss yoore trauble. If you moofed out hear to Nort Dakkoata, you would fint yourself less eiry-table. Talk about smood. Dare arnt no hilse out here.

Honestly,
Helga Helgeson

Dear Editors:

Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I never wanted to see those conscientious priests in Harrisburg jailed. It was Henry -- God's honest truth it was. He was afraid they'd do something that would keep him away from Jill St. John, Ali MacGraw and the other girls. I have nothing against the Clergy, I swear to you! Bear that in mind, would you, come Nov. '72?

Dick

Dear Mr. Lanahan:

Why not give the red-necks among us a break and print some nice Christian literature instead of your hippie harangue?

Joe

(Ed. Note: please observe this issue's column -- Dr. Plott's Potpourri -- in an effort to have a tidbit of bigotry to suit EVERYone's taste . . .)

Dear Mr. Lundmen:

I've noticed with interest your tendency to use fables all the time. Can't you just come out plain & simple and speak your mind? Why do you have to hide behind your meaningless stories. It's like the Pious Pedestrian who spied this starving man on a street corner and said:

"Luckily man doesn't live by bread alone."

Thereupon the starving man breathed his last and rendered up his ghost, refusing to even discuss the other possibilities.

How'rd Lee Ceerious

Dear Editors:

The C.I.A. just informed me of the letter Dick sent to you earlier this week. Lies. That's part of the poor fellow's job, of course. My job is much more rewarding. Which brings me to the point: I didn't initiate this Berrigan business. Spriggy did -- he figured by claiming it was me they wanted to kidnap, maybe it would plant the idea in some hippy-radical's head. He's always been jealous of the close relationship Dick & I enjoy.

His original plan was to say the White House plumbing system was the bombing target. But even Margaret Missile recognized that nobody would buy that idea because the plumbing system is non-strategic to begin with, what with Dick relieving himself orally on t.v. and via the Press. So don't believe the bad things you hear about me -- I really am a capital fellow -- really I am -- they held up the movie ("The Godfather") and everything just so people could be with me. Don't believe the rumors that I'm in charge of openings in the new Underground Penthouse in case of Nuclear Attack. Ali and Jill don't have rooms 218 and 222 on either side of mine. Lies! Jack Anderson: damn you!

Henry Kissing

Dear Mr. Looniemann:

You think you have a Protest Movement going in Table Talk, but what you REALLY have is a Bowel Movement . . . Boowahahaha!

Mie T. Grunt

Mr. Lenihan!:

Is there nothing sacred anymore? Good show, good show . . .

The Marquis de Sade
Society for the Preservation of Cruelty

Dear Editors:

The F.B.I. just relayed a copy of the letter Henry sent to you people. Surely you don't believe that effete snob's version. That smarty pants thinks he knows just about everything . . . I bet he doesn't know about me and my rubber duckie . . . QUACK quack-quack-quack, QUACK quack-quack-quack. J. Edgar and I get tremendous jollies just squeezing the hell out of this duck. Too bad it has feathers instead of long hair . . .

Spriggy Achoo

Sirs:

I was so relieved to learn Table Talk qualifies as a "chest-reliever." It's so hard to be a REAL woman these days -- they just don't make back braces like they used to, and Maidenform: they're hardly keeping abreast of the situation either -- cross my heart.

Jane Russle

Gentlemen:

My husband and I think it is indefensible that Chaplain Jensten has been acquitted by the Navy. We hold to the belief that behind any accusation is at least a grain of truth. Even if Jensten DIDN'T go ALL THE WAY 17 times with Mrs. G., he probably indulged in some sort of "kissy facey" or other. What gets me is how Commie Pinkos like Tom Hayden and George McGovern can talk about the rapings and immorality of our brave boys in Vietnam, and here in this country a lecher is set free to love with impunity his neighbor's wives.

Margaret Missile

Dear Greg:

I had to write this letter even though I know you don't want to be accused of hiding behind a woman's skirts. I just wonder if your reading public realizes the drawbacks inherent in putting out a slick piece of journalism like Table Talk. It's hell, that's what it is. You'd think you'd get gratitude. Instead all you get is criticism. Arrogant Ego-tripper, they call you. Unfeeling monster. Now is that fair? Now I'm not saying you're perfect (and this isn't the place to air your dirty laundry), but then who is?

Sometimes, Greg, I wonder why you do it. But then who else is there? Someone has to hurl cheap, unwarranted filth at all that's good and decent at the Seminary, and you certainly won't find your everyday do-gooders in there hurling. They're too busy complaining to God to bother messing with other . . . other . . . HUMANS.

Well, Greg, you went into it with your nose open and you're still going on: mocking, pillorying, villifying, and dumping on everything and everybody. All you ask is that the public give credit where credit is due. But luckily you hold the Ace in the hole -- the public's basic sense of unfairness. They don't like do-gooders and decency anymore than you do. Deep down they know the only answer is laffs and an acute sense of smell.

Mary Logan Lenihan

(with cues from National Lampoon)

Dear Table Talk:

Just a word of advice. Instead of venting precious energy rapping, try putting your ideas into action. It's a lot less likely to be ignored or mis-understood. In your case we would suggest kidnapping Mrs. Hess (hit 'em where it hurts most), or stuffing the toilets in Valentine with back issues of Table Talk.

Fathers Dan & Phil Bear-and-grin

Dear Editors:

Was I correx in thinning you could yse some gelp in typinf? I habe sone estra tine I coulc domate ot Ravkw Rakj.

Shelby Derbi

Dear Mr. Lenihan:

I just heard you're planning a delayed April's Fool issue. I hope you realize someone is bound to reply: "Mr. Lenihan has proven once again that every fool must have his day."

H.H. Choo!

Dear Students:

Let me thake this oppotunity to explain some things about myself. This country of ours is in bad shape -- it's like a naughty child that needs a good whipping. I believe I'm the man to inflict that punishment. People call me a racist -- that's unfair. Why, I hate longhaired whites as much as the jigs, nips, wops, kikes, spics, and tentos. Please, help me to whitewash America clean. Keep Angela Davis out of your swimming pool. Free James Earl Ray! Impeach wm. Douglas. Make America a safe place to rule the world !!!!!

Sig Heil!

George Wallrust

Table Talk:

As a former English teacher, I can't believe where your newspaper has gotten into. Haven't you got no sense of grammer? You can say "let dead dogs lay" or anything else you want. If you want to affect social change, there are better ways then poor grammer. You incorporate your ideas pretty good, but I loose you in your style. This one thing among lesser others merit some attention.

Piece,

P.Q. Deciever

Dear Editors:

The Boy Scouts of America just told me about the letters from Dick, Spriggy, and that imposter parading around in my name and body. You see: it's the Red Chinese who have kidnapped me. The chap they have filling in for me is none other than Lin Pao . . . As for me, I'm working in a laundry in Peking at present. Mao and I used to play Chinese checkers all day, but I beat him so often he won't play anymore. Tell the world about all this, will you? I'm anxious to get back to dominoes, Nixon-style.

The REAL Henry Kissing
Chin Chou Lau's Laundry
Peking

Dear Editors:

I for one do use Table Talk to line my trash can. That it does soak up grease, etc. is an attestation to the fact that it's not totally saturated with garbago to begin with . . .

M.T. Basket

To the Editor:

Can someone tell me what the issues are that divide us? I still don't know.

Gregory S. Lenihan

Dear Table Talk:

Scandal! The mouth waters at the sound . . . Congrats, heartily!

Hearst and Pulitzer

(of no fixed address)

Dear Editor(s):

We figured here at Sports Ill-fated that your reading public would be interested in the latest all-Seminary sports review. Everyone, even Playboy, covers the college sports scene, but we here at Sports Ill-fated cover the Seminary scene. ANYWAYS, we thought you'd be proud to know that one of your boys is represented on the following all-American teams:

Football; Ed Smith, end.
 Ed Smith, defensive halfback.
 Basketball; Ed Smith, forward-center.
 Softball; Ed Smith, anywhere.
 Ping Pong; Ed Smith, singles & doubles.

You at Gettysburg can be proud of these boys, er, boy. This boy. Man, that is. Unfortunately, Ed didn't make the lacrosse squad. He thought it had to do with beating everyone at everything in Lacrosse, Wisconsin. By George, I think he could do it, too. Append, then:

Lacrosse; Ed Smith

Herbert Crumpfruit

Table Talk:

There is nothing particular about Jews. That is if you excuse their yapping, their avarice, their breeding habits, their noses, their clanishness, and so forth. Actually, I've found they make quite fine lampshades. And they use more gold in their teeth than your run-of-the-mill inferior (no anti-Semitism intended). All of which brings me to the point: you have Coffee Shop job open for nice Austrian boy, yes?

A. Hitler
 (address withheld by request)

Dear von Frisch:

I don't know what has happened to me. It's like some strange bird built a nest inside my skull when I was unaware, a bird of terrible delight, and now the chicks will have out. What could I do but appease them? And their singing! I can only pick up pen and listen . . .

Lenihan (?)
 co-editor
Table Talk

P.S. to von Frisch:

The next issue is all yours.

Deadline for next issue:
 April 21, 1972.

There is still time to get your creative work into the upcoming issue of Apple Core. See me, Greg Lenihan, before Friday, April 14th.

Don't spare the salt --
 it wards off
 high-blood pressure . . .