

THE SABBATICAL COMMUNIQUE
of
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currently resting in a sort of undefined limbo.

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Well, what does one do on a Sabbatical anyhow. Intelligent answers could be obtained from Mr. Harding and Dr. Newman, scions of the academic world who have put their time to good use on the new system earlier this year. But the sort of answers that most of our students deserve are given by people of the same stripe as the editor and they are not very easily offered. The problem is...one has to sound like the sabbatical is a truly productive experience so as to justify its existence...and one is not always that certain about the productivity level. The Editor is keenly aware of this...periods such as this are not given for purposes of advanced horticulture or the mastery of books on chess...but for academic advancement and refurbishing of the mind. Such noble goals.

With this in mind the Editor thought he had better take the first two days off...just to get his academic mentality into shape. We went to Pittsburgh, fabled homeland, and visited

relatives of various sorts. The Editor was anxious to see his newest granddaughter, sometime before she would go to high school, and this seemed like a good time. We drove out after church on Sunday evening so as not to waste any good visiting time with the mundane chore of driving. The visits went well and we dashed home...the Editor's conscience telling him that he would have to give an account of these days in the near future and somehow, holding the children, did not seem like proper sabbatical service.

Back at the old estate, the Editor contrary to a longstanding habit, slept in and did not arise until 6 AM. After a suitable time for thought and emotional preparation for the day, he saw his wife off to work and turned on the computer. A fierce pile of correspondence awaited and, since he likes to write letters, he tore into it with a vengeance. It is amazing how easy it is to write letters with the help of the word processor. In less time than one could tell the Editor had written a dozen epistles of various sizes and turned on the printer to let them all appear on paper while he made another cup of tea. Before one could say whatever one says they were all in envelopes and in the mailbox. The clock said 8:30.

BRiskly the Editor moved things on his desk...he had put it in working order a few days before...and now he spread out the scattered notes for his intended work on Ecclesiastes. The Editor has played with this subject for a long time but has