

The Enquiry

Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary

Volume 10, Number 9

April 16, 1974

STUDENT COUNCIL TO CONSIDER RESOLUTION ON COMPULSORY COMMENCEMENT ATTENDANCE

Council member Gordon Knight said he plans to introduce a resolution at the next Council meeting that will call for the seminary policy on compelling graduates to attend commencement exercises to be abolished.

The resolution also will ask that the possibility of a December graduation exercise be investigated. An opinion column in *The ENQUIRY* recently called attention to the practice of compulsory attendance at commencement exercises, and asked that the un-written rule be abolished as an infringement on personal liberty and as a possible exercise in futility.

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LEADING

An earthless world lay pure with white.
 I saw the snow in early light,
 And thought, how could they fail to see
 It was God's Gift--and meant to be?

Folded softly, it still was falling
 As His promise softly calling.
 Surely they'll look and see with praise,
 For many moments, many days.

But they all saw with eyes not mine,
 And by noon ten thousand lines
 Of ugly footprints marched about
 As if to trample and to flout,
 To stamp and spoil, to melt and hurt
 The cotton white with darkening dirt.

How dare they do this to His Word--
 The blind, unfeeling, noisy herd!
 Angry, I marched forth to proclaim
 Their wrongness and assess the blame
 Upon each one, to wave them back,
 And tell them of their souls' deep lack.

But then I stopped as I looked down;
 Saw at my feet ten thousand hounds.
 For there in all that whiteness sweet
 My own tracks marched up to my feet.
 My hollow message died away
 And all I was about to say--
 Surely this was the awfulest sin
 That ever will be, or has ever been,
 I thought as frozen still I stood
 As any tree or ice cube could.

But as I stood the worst I saw
 Of all I'd done to help the thaw:
 In the distance came one, then two,
 Following my tracks with more tracks new.
 Their larger feet (and many more)
 Stepped in my own tracks o'er and o'er.
 And I wish I knew just how to quote
 The scream that died within my throat.

-mc

The ENQUIRY

OPINION OPINION OPINION

**SOUTHERN BAPTISTS AND THE LUTHERANS
WE SHOULD LEARN FROM THEM**

Recently it was stated in this column that we Southern Baptists should learn from the unfortunate split of the Missouri Synod Lutherans which resulted in the closing of Concordia Seminary in St. Louis. A parallel was drawn in the column, though perhaps clumsily done, between their problems with their ultra-conservative faction and our own ultra-conservative faction, the Baptist Faith and Message Fellowship.

Now, at least one Baptist state newspaper, *The Western Recorder*, the Kentucky paper, has carried an editorial saying essentially the same thing. Apparently written by Editor C.R. Daley, the piece states that Southern Baptists should take note of the split in the Missouri Synod Lutherans, a denomination with about three million members, missionaries in 30 countries and an outlook that features conservative doctrine, evangelistic preaching and missionary zeal.

The editorial also states that the ultra-conservative faction in the synod as well as the Baptist Faith and Message Fellowship draw upon the inspiration of the Scriptures as a battle issue, and "the battle line is usually the seminaries."

It goes on to state:

"The newly organized group of Baptists who call themselves the Baptist Faith and Message Fellowship has announced their mission as saving Southern Baptists from creeping liberalism in some Baptist literature and in our seminaries. They say they plan to try to get more of those

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OPINION, Cont.

who think like they do on boards of trustees of seminaries and other agencies which is the exact strategy of the Missouri Synod Lutherans who were making the same charges leaders of the Baptist Faith and Message Fellowship are voicing.

"In the meantime some members of this group of critics are not waiting to gain control of existing seminaries and publications. They have started their own seminary to teach the truth they claim is not taught in our six convention sponsored seminaries and they have started a conventionwide publication "to tell it like it is" which they claim is not being done by existing Baptist papers. The seminary is the Mid-America Baptist Seminary in Little Rock headed by Dr. Gray Allison and the paper is The Southern Baptist Journal edited by Bill Powell, a former Home Mission Board employe."

The editorial goes on to recount what happened at a national church bus clinic in Louisville, Ky., hosted by LaVerne Butler and the Ninth and O Baptist Church. Among the speakers invited to this clinic was Dr. William Hull of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, a man who has been severely criticized by some of the Faith and Message group for an article on the infallibility of Scriptures printed in *The Baptist Program*. The editorial comments on what happened at the clinic.

"Hull should have known he would be treated as a Daniel in a lion's den and that he was convicted before being heard.

"After his address and time had expired for this part of the program Bill Powell arose and challenged Professor Hull by asking nine questions to be answered 'yes' or 'no.' Hull like most Bible scholars knows many questions cannot be answered so simply without laying a background for the answers and so did not fall into the trap laid by Powell. It will be interesting to see how Powell treats Dr. Hull's address in the publication he edits.

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OPINION, Cont.

"I had hoped Powell and his colleagues would go about their objectives in an ethical way. This apparently is a vain hope. Anyone who would try to convict a guest speaker of heresy under the guise of a bus clinic is obviously out for blood. These tactics are at least as old as the scribes and Pharisees whose literalistic and traditional views of God's revelation blinded them to truth, put their laws above the value of their fellowmen and finally put the Son of God on the cross.

"I don't believe Southern Baptists will make the mistake of Missouri Synod Lutherans. They have confidence in our denominational leaders and our seminary teachers and know we don't all have to agree on the interpretation of every passage in the Bible. We believe in the authority and infallibility of the Bible but our bond is not in one view of a book but in our shared faith in a person Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our personal Savior, the Lord of our lives, our world evangelization mission and brotherly love."

The editor of The Western Recorder thus has said much better and clearer the issue over the Baptist Faith and Message Fellowship. Certainly, there is a place for conservatives within the essentially conservative Southern Baptist Convention, but it is doubtful that the Faith and Message Fellowship is any sort of an answer.

It is almost certain we are to hear and see more sparks flying from this problematic group. Let us begin thinking about the issue now, and avoid the trouble our Lutheran brothers have encountered.

-mc

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OPINION, Cont.

RENTS GO UP JUNE 1

You probably have heard the news already.

The rent goes up soon, effective June 1. It is the second such increase in two years here. Southeastern's trustees approved the action in their meeting March 14.

The new schedule looks like this:

Room Rent in Johnson Dormitory:	
Single, \$120 per semester, payable in advance.....	30.00
Double \$ 90 per semester, per man, payable in advance.....	22.50
Room Rent in Women's Dormitory:	
Double, \$100 per semester per occupant, payable monthly in advance.....	25.00
Colonial Apartments	
Two Bedroom Units, per month.....	60.00
Simmons Apartments:	
Two Bedroom Units, per month.....	77.00
One Bedroom Units, per month.....	72.50
Bostwick Hall Apartments (Furnished):	
Efficiency Units, per month.....	65.00
One Bedroom Units, per month.....	82.00
Duplex Apartments, one bedroom.....	60.00
Duplex Apartments, two bedroom.....	70.00
Duplex Apartment, three bedroom.....	80.00
Dormitory Room Deposit, each occupant.....	10.00
Apartment Deposit, each unit.....	40.00
Mobile Home Park, per space monthly.....	20.00

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OTHER FEES

Other fees that have been set are as follows:

ACADEMIC APPAREL

Certificate Graduates \$10.00

M.Div. & MRE Graduates 12.50

I.D. Card

Renewable annually, effective fall semester, 1974 \$2.00

-mc

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor
A Crisis

A crisis is something that you hear about and something that usually happens to another person or in someone else's family and it is hard for us to understand the true meaning of grief until it actually happens to us. We in the Beddingfield family have experienced just such a crisis; however, we did not bear it alone and it is at this point that we would attempt to express our sincere gratitude and thankfulness from the depths of our hearts to the people here in the Wake Forest area and the surrounding community.

And yet it is hard to express our heartfelt appreciation to the men of the Rescue Squad who were there so promptly, to the people who were at the scene and assisted and also to the Police Department, and to you, my brother in Christ, James Hall, for coming to our home that morning, and to Dr. Blackmore for having prayer with us and praying with us at that moment of desperate need.

Our special thanks goes to the faculty of Southeastern Seminary for their many kind deeds and gestures. And now especially to those of you who prayed, for God truly answered prayer, and we saw the visible, actual miracle that God wrought in answer to these prayers. Due to the head injury they were not allowed to administer any medication for pain and had it not been for the miracle there would have been excruciating pain. We praise the Lord for His answer and for you.

The Don Beddingfield Family
(Jon says "Me Too")

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

"The Enquiry"
SEBTS
Wake Forest, N.C.

To whom it may concern:

This letter is a response to the position stated in Rev. Winburn C. Davis' letter of February 28, 1974. I do not feel that I can let his letter go by without a reply, even if the matter is closed to him.

This response is not to be taken as a personal attack in any way, since I do not know him personally. I do think that the theological position taken is open to discussion and opposing views.

The position under discussion is based on faulty concepts of God and man's relationship to Him. Implied in this position is that God is to be equated with the Bible. The problem with this type of reasoning is that it limits God to being found in one place and to one way of revealing Himself, a God who does not limit Himself as man would do. This same position leads one to equate "church tradition" with God's will. The problem here is that this kind of thinking has led to such concepts as "Holy War." These "wars" have included the Crusades, the American Civil War, American Manifest Destiny which included the American invasion of the Philippines after President McKinley received a vision from God to go and "Christianize" the heathen who had been Roman Catholic for 300 years. It also included that "horror" of our own time, Viet Nam. If events such as these are the results of God's will, then I suggest that we have been following the wrong "God."

The position we are discussing never bothered to elaborate on just what one should expect to receive from this Seminary. I suggest that if one expects to receive affirmation of his or her "tradition," or reinforcement of preconceived concepts of the nature and existence of God, then perhaps the search or educational "endeavor" should be carried on elsewhere.

The primary and most basic problem of the position under discussion, which is also that held by the Baptist Faith and Message Fellowship, is that it is an attempt to "pigeonhole" a God who will not allow Himself to be "pigeonholed," nor classified by any of man's classifications. Indeed this position makes a vain and boastful attempt to "create God in man's image" instead of allowing "man to be created in God's image," as documented in the Book which this position considers to be "Holy." Until we reverse this perverted order of Creation, then we are forever condemned to repeat history, the history which has

LETTER, Cont.

produced the Inquisition of Medieval Europe and the witch hunts of early America. If we are unable or unwilling to bring about this reversal, may God truly have mercy on us while being our Judge.

Sincerely,

JOHNNIE M. DAVIS JR.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Counter-Opinion

I felt the opinion column entitled "Students and Stumbling Blocks" was both shallow and short sighted. I have no quarrel with some of the premises of the article. I do not "drink, smoke, chew, or run with women who do." I get no particular thrill in marking or stealing library books. The problem with the article was not with what was said, but rather with what was left unsaid.

Why is it that Baptists always "strain at the gnat and swallow the camel"? The "stumbling blocks" we often trip over are pebbles in comparison to the walls we run into while paying such close attention to side-stepping pebbles. Yes, I too believe that we as ministers are "stumbling blocks." But my reasons are somewhat different.

A "stumbling block" to me is the minister who has soothed his conscious (sic) concerning his black brothers by an occasional remark from the pulpit about all men being equal and the need to love everybody. As long as we simply preach the brotherhood of all believers and never attempt to incarnate it in our congregation, we will have no real opposition. If repetition has anything to do with inspiration then the words, "We must move slowly" should be canonized into scripture.

A "stumbling block" to me is when we ministers ignore the poor and needy in our community. Christmas baskets are for the most part "conscience soothers." It takes too much money, time and above all, involvement with these people to make helping the needy a "popular" church project. Besides, most of us are in such a financial or social strata that we cannot really "identify" with the poor.

A "stumbling block" to me is our schizophrenic theology concerning our enemy. We have taught our youth to "turn the other cheek" and to love the unlovable one even at the cost of the cross. Then we have remained silent from the pulpit

[Cont., next page]

LETTER, Cont.

while our government drafted our young men in order to destroy a foreign enemy that threatened the dictatorship of the country we were supposedly "defending." We kept politics out of the pulpit and sent the young men who were the future of America off to a foreign land to be mutilated in mind and body with the send-off words, "We will pray for you."

A "stumbling block" to me is the fact that we have, in mass, followed the idea of achieving the American success story. There is something terribly inconsistent about our lifestyle as ministers. Do the cars we drive, homes we live in, salaries we make, reflect the lifestyle of the "suffering servant?" This is not to say we are to be ascetics or martyrs. But what is consistently "Christian" about a minister with a family of two or three making \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year while the janitor in his church with a family of six or seven makes \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year? It is hard to picture this minister as the humble servant of the janitor.

Picture for a moment, if you will, the mighty prophet Jeremiah. If he stood before us today and opened his lips to deliver a Word from the Lord, would it be, "You better quit smoking and drinking! You need to be on Weight Watchers! Quit stealing and tearing up those library books!" NO! Jeremiah would be screaming about ITT and storming the doors of the White House. He would probably be accusing us of being court prophets.

As long as we hold onto the petty sins of the Baptist culture as the main threat or "stumbling block," we will never have to deal with the far greater sins which are committed. As long as we ignore the example of Jesus and fail to seek Truth and Justice we will continue to be like a parenthesis in the world which could easily be deleted without making much difference. It is true that we have many sins that must be dealt with, both personal sins and those sins committed in relationship to our fellow man. But we must begin to set our priorities straight. This can only be done by the Holy Spirit. God can show each of us what a "stumbling block" is. I would by far rather He do it than our Baptist culture and traditions.

--EDWARD C. WOODARD

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Woodard's comments are well taken. He has much to say that is true about our task as ministers in the world today. His comments are Scripturally sound--just read the first two chapters of James, especially 2:14-26. But this does not in any way negate the remarks about ministers who are stumbling blocks because of their personal habits. It is a case of both-and, not either-or. Ministers must make sure their personal lives are in tune with the message they proclaim, and we must get busy with the social

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EDITOR'S NOTE, Cont.

concerns Woodard talks about. These same concerns were discussed in a previous opinion column. As in sermons, the danger in writing such a column is not what one says, but what one leaves unsaid. Yet one must take a narrow bit of information to focus on in order to give proper attention to the issue at hand. This earlier opinion column stated in part:

"The question so often asked about where was the voice of the churches in 1954 when civil rights were being forged by the courts is a fair one. Where are the churches now, as the fruits of this forging are being worked out by local schools and local persons? Where were the churches in the campus riots of the '60s? Where were the churches when the slaughter in Vietnam and Cambodia were receiving so much attention from concerned citizens outside the churches? Where have the churches been, and where has their voice been, in the many, many issues that have come up in recent years? Some small, shouted-down voices came from the churches, certainly, but nothing like the shrieks of "Foul Play" that come forth on the liquor issues.

"What is our faith? What is our religion? Are we so short-sided that we can see only the damage caused by drunk drivers and other liquor-related problems, and not see the incredible wreckage of persons caused by (for example) segregation? Why is our faith capable of speaking to one issue with vigor and clearness, and not to the other? After all, compared to the sheer magnitude of the problems relating to the one issue of Vietnam--murder, disease, maiming, death, starvation, lack of humanity, lack of peace, lack of shelter, etc.--liquor-by-the-drink seems a rather surface issue, paltry alongside many others."

When a minister forgets such issues as these and puts all of his attention on more minor vices, he is indeed a stumbling block. But when his own habits of living cause a brother to fall, he again is failing his calling. Our calling to the ministry, whether as preachers or teachers or newspaper editors, is not only bigger than we imagine, it is bigger than we can imagine!!!

* * * * * -mc

THE FOG, THE COMFORTING FOG

Walter J. Skelton awoke from a fitful sleep in his antique three-quarter-length bed, and lay staring at the dusky ceiling in the darkened room. His short, wizened body was well-suited to the short bed and Skelton felt safe in it. A single brave soul of light ventured through a crack in the gingham curtains of the window opposite him, reflected off the array of medicine bottles on the bedside table, and found its way into Skelton's good right eye. He moved his head and the light beam now spotlighted a shortening-white eyebrow.

All the furniture in the room was antique, unlike the contemporary formica-topped pieces in the rest of the house. The bed in which he lay, a chest of drawers, a dresser with cracked mirror, the bedside table and a chair were all antique. Like their owner, they had aged with the years, accumulating tiny nicks and blemishes in their years-darkened surfaces until finally when looked at they stood shameless while the viewer thought, "Ah, ha. These are antiques." Like their owner, the pieces of furniture had been made for another day--made rougher than the machine-turned pieces of more recent vintage, made with scrollwork and decorations that seemed purposeless when seen under the electric glare of suburbia.

Walter J. Skelton lay with the covers up to his chin as he surveyed his world in the kind light of early morning dusk now, and he wondered how long it would be before the kind dimness would grant him the final boon of darkness. The thought had grown more insistent in the years since Emma had gone on.

He did not wonder why he had awakened. Below him, throughout his son's house, the getting-up noises of his son's family created substantial evidence of localized anarchy as Sam shouted at Sylvia, and Sylvia shouted back; as both shouted at the three children and the children shouted back; as the dishwasher and electric razor whined in unison; as the dog barked. Skelton's bed vibrated as the clomp-clomp-clomp sounds of midget feet traveled the length of the downstairs hall and back.

Skelton strained his ears towards the voices of Sam and Sylvia. He could catch phrases here and there from his son, and phrases here and there from Sam's wife. They were debating again.

[Cont., next page]

those names & place... have a queer room again and a bathroom

FOG, cont.

"Well, my God Sam, don't you shout at me...I don't feel like...if you'd taken that IBM job...months ago...then maybe, just maybe...and the old man could be put away in one of those homes some place...have a guest room again and a bathroom...old guy's loony...but no, not you...his Social Security..."

"How many times...to tell you...job didn't look right and...can't afford...to stick the old guy...one of those homes...\$200 a month...besides, if you hadn't had...new station wagon..."

Skelton turned his head, and tried to quit listening. He would have to get up soon, but he would wait until the house was cleared out. Today was the day he went downtown to shop. Sam always tried to get him to stay home, said he was too old to go out like that. And Skelton always replied he was over twenty-one, and very able to take care of himself. The trip was an ordeal, though. People always rushing around, and driving like the world was going to end tomorrow. But he hated the idea of someone else buying his tooth powders and his denture sticker and all the other signs of aging. A man has to have some privacy, after all.

Footsteps approached, and a soft knock sounded on his door. "Uh, yes, yes, who is it?" he said, feigning sleep.

"I'm sorry to wake you, Pops," said Sam, "but I just wanted you to know there's some oatmeal and toast for you on the stove. OK?"

"Yes, son, that's kind of you. I'll be down directly. At my age I need my beauty rest, you know."

Yes, well, be careful if you go downtown today, OK? I won't try to talk you out of it today. Watch out at those crosswalks, and don't forget your medicine."

"All right, son, have a good day."

The door which had been cracked open closed, and footsteps went off down the hall. A horn sounded outside the front of the house. That would be Jake Wilkinson, Sam's ride to "thoffice." It always sounded as if Sam were going to some little town in Oklahoma, when he said he was going to "thoffice." It would be better if Sam could say he was going to "the fields" every morning, but nobody does that any more. Skelton clenched his hands as though he were still holding a set of plow handles, or a tractor steering wheel. Sam wouldn't have stomach trouble if he went to the fields every morning.

Finally, a few minutes after Sam left, the four hurricanes that were Sylvia and the children grew silent behind the slamming of the side carport door. Sylvia would go by the school to take the kids, then go on to do "club work," whatever

[Cont., next page]

FOG, cont.

that was.

Now Skelton thought of getting up. He could feel age lying over him like an extra heavy blanket as he roused himself and sat up on the edge of the bed. The age blanket did not fall away as the others did when he sat up. He had tried for years to get Sam to turn the thermostat down at night so it would not be so warm in the house, but he refused to do so, probably at Sylvia's bidding. The house remained too warm in winters and too cool in summers. Skelton kept his window up nights so his room would be cool. Even now at mid-December, wind lifted the checked yellow curtains and pushed past the wrinkles on Skelton's face. He walked over, closed the window and opened the door to the hall to let some heat come in. He inserted his teeth, and then washed down his morning's dose of pills with stale water left in a glass on the bedside table.

He removed his white wool pajamas and donned heavy wool socks, gray work pants, a clean white shirt and heavy yellow sweater. His shoes and socks were the biggest problem, since he had to ease his foot into each shoe and sock with his hand, an effort for his back. Finally, dressed and out of breath, he brushed his handfull of white hair back, and went down the stairs. He went down each step slowly, all fifteen of them, one at a time.

He ate several mouts full of the oatmeal and toast on the kitchen table. Only the grinding of gears in the kitchen's electric clock broke the silence. He sat with both elbows on the table while he drank two cups of Sylvia's weak, spineless coffee. He would not leave for town until one o'clock. Then he would catch the bus down at the corner and ride it in.

The morning passed slowly.

He tried again, as he often did, to make some sense of the television shows that were on in the mornings. But he never laughed at the same time the audience did. Why was that? It frightened him. The game shows he never understood. After a few hours in front of the screen, he gave up. He started to read his Bible, but he accidentally let the pages open to where it read, "To my Walt on our First Anniversery, from his wife Emma." He basked a while in the glow of his memories, but they started crowding in, so he stopped. He finally watched cars pass on the street outside, watching from the picture window in the living room.

When it was near one o'clock, he got out his black wool overcoat and his battered wool dress hat from the hall closet and put them on, got out his cane and went outside. He walked slowly through the icy December wind out the front walk and down the sidewalk towards the bus stop at the corner. He was just stepping out onto the sidewalk when something struck his right leg in the side with a sharp pain. It was one of the neighbor children in a pedal car. Skelton had stepped in front of him.

[Cont., next page]

FOG, Cont.

The child, approximately a five-year-old bundle of coat and hat and gloves, backed up, sniffled, and shouted, "Yay, you mean old Mr. Skeleton, go away!"

Skelton started to extend a helping hand, but instead waved his cane in the air. The child pedaled away for dear life. Skelton smiled, and walked on towards the bus stop, with the pain in his right shin decreasing slowly.

He waited what seemed a long time in the chill, and then the bus, a big chrome and yellow monster, chugged to an abrupt stop in a swirl of engine fumes. Skelton mounted the steep steps slowly, while he fumbled with change in his coat pocket. The driver was unfamiliar to Skelton. It seemed they were always changing drivers. He turned his head to peer at the man better with his good right eye, while he waited for his ten cents in change.

"Sorry, old timer, new rule," said the driver, pointing to a neatly-lettered sign above the windshield. "we can't give change any more. Too many robberies. You still wanta go?"

Confused, Skelton said, "What's that? No change with you today? Well, you can give it to me another time. It's just a dime."

The driver said, "No, you don't understand..." Then he stopped in mid-sentence, waved his hand and said, "Thanks."

Skelton walked down the aisle as the bus jostled off to a start, and he realized there were no seats. He walked on to the back of the bus, walking slowly as he braced himself against the movements of the vehicle. Finally, he caught a wrist loop suspended from the ceiling and stood swaying with the bus as it wove a path through the thickening traffic. Nobody looked at Skelton. Newspapers or the windows held passengers' attention. His back started twinging after a few minutes, and his shin had developed a dull ache that soon was a real pain.

After what seemed a sizable portion of eternity, the bus pulled up on Eastside Avenue near Bumgardners Department Store, and Skelton made his way off the bus, last of the fifty or sixty persons riding it. As he started down the steps, the new sign caught his eye. It read, "For Security Reasons, We Can No Longer Make Change. Please Bring Correct Change. We Regret The Inconvenience." He caught the bus driver looking at him, and Skelton tried to hurry down the steps, feeling needles of embarrassment adding to his back pain.

Skelton had been buying his small needs in Bumgardners for longer than he cared to think about, and he picked up the three or four items he needed as quickly as he could walk up and down the crowded aisles.

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FOG, cont.

It was when he rubbed his face while pondering tooth powder prices that he suddenly realized he had not shaved that morning. A stubbly shadow of white-gray whiskers covered his face, he saw in the mirror on a column. Again, embarrassment flooded Skelton, and then fear, as he marveled that he could forget such a routine part of his morning ritual. He kept his hand to his face as he navigated his bent frame through the crush of afternoon shoppers. It had been an hour's bus ride, and he shopped a couple of hours.

Thus, it was some time later when Skelton noticed his way blocked by a husky man in a gray suit. Looking up, he stared into the eyes of a hard-faced middle-aged man who wore a small mustache. "Excuse me, but would you mind moving?" said Skelton.

"I'm the store detective. Would you mind holding your coat open, please?"

"Hold my, hold my what?" said Skelton, confused again.

The tall man took Skelton's coat and opened it at the lapels, holding it open briefly while he surveyed Skelton's yellow sweater.

"OK, you can go. We have to keep an eye on shoplifters." With that, the man turned and vanished into the crowd who stood looking with one great eye at Skelton.

The needles of embarrassment sharpened, flooded in on Skelton and he made for the check-out lane. It seemed to take a long time to get to the cashier, to get the \$2.89 from his wallet, to get his change, pick up his small sack and start for the exit door. The line of people seemed to crowd behind him, pushing him out.

He had just struggled with the heavy door and gotten onto the sidewalk when a half-dozen young boys suddenly appeared from nowhere, pushed him out of the way and ran into the store through the exit door. Skelton was pushed half-way around, was knocked off balance, was shoved sprawling on the sidewalk. The tall buildings and a tiny snatch of darkening sky twirled around as he looked up, as he tried to regain his footing, as he tried to keep a hold on his sack and his cane. He felt a pain at the back of his right hand when someone stepped on it. He finally stood up with pain seering his back and his hand. He recovered his hat and walked with the crowds down the sidewalk. Jazzed-up Christmas carols rang out from the store fronts and joined in perfect unison with the bleak faces of the crowds that swirled around him like rain water racing to a sewer.

Skelton limped on for a time on the sidewalk. He felt suffocated by the concreteness of it all. The very air was metallic. He took shelter in a building, but it was no better, for

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The ENQUIRY

FOG, Cont.

here again, crowds of people moved back and forth. Skelton noticed it was growing dark already, and that a thick white-gray fog was rolling in from the river.

He sought out an elevator, found one empty and pushed the button marked, "Roof." His stomach sickened as the tiny cubicle sped upwards into the higher guts of the big steel and concrete building. It seemed he rode a long time. Then, the floor seemed to rise, the doors swished open, and Skelton stepped out onto the roof. Here were no people and only a slight breeze and street noise muffled by distance broke the silence. The elevator door shut, and Skelton could hear the device descend.

He walked over to a platform marked, "Observation Deck," and mounted the three steps. He sat down on a bench. From here, he could see over the building's edge.

The fog was considerably thicker now, and all Skelton could see was more skyscrapers protruding from the gray cotton. Lights danced here and there through the fog, but the ground was hidden by the stuff. There was no movement. It was blessedly still.

Skelton sat very still, and rubbed his aching hand as he looked at the edge of the building. He could have been anyone sitting there as he looked at the fog, the comforting fog.

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EXPERIENCED SECRETARY NEEDED

An experienced secretary is needed in the business office, and any interested student's wife is asked to contact Business Manager O.L. Cross.

Cross said the work will be temporary, but will possibly develop into a full-time position.

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The ENQUIRY

FOG, Cont.

here again, crowds of people moved back and forth. Skelton noticed it was growing dark already, and that a thick white-gray fog was rolling in from the river.

He sought out an elevator, found one empty and pushed the button marked "Roof." His stomach sickened as the tiny vehicle sped upwards into the higher guts of the big steel and concrete building. It seemed he rode a long time. Then, the floor seemed to rise, the doors swished open, and Skelton stepped out onto the roof. Here were no people and only a slight breeze and street noise muffled by distance broke the silence. The elevator door shut, and Skelton could hear the device descend.

He walked over to a platform marked "Observation Deck," and mounted the three steps. He sat down on a bench. From here, he could see over the building's edge.

The fog was considerably thicker now, and all Skelton could see was more skyscrapers protruding from the gray cotton. Lights danced here and there through the fog, but the ground was hidden by the stuff. There was no movement. It was dead as still.

Skelton sat very still, and rubbed his aching hand as he looked at the edge of the building. He could have been anyone sitting there as he looked at the fog, the comforting fog

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