

Spirit vs. Corp?
Wednesday p.m.?

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Communications.

"Dear Father: Don't you think it too great a compliment to call a fellow a scientist when he holds to an ape theory such as you described in last Saturday's Bulletin? A person who substitutes a self-satisfying guess for a truth is not a scientist. (Between you and me he is a nut.)

"Instead of 'imprudent' wouldn't 'yellow' be a more fitting adjective to describe his attitude? Honestly, such people won't face the truth. It makes things harder, and it hurts. (I'll bet it hurts him plenty!) -- A.P."

Like Uncle Bim, Sir Arthur Kieth has only half a mind - at work. In the Middle Ages the Church suffered for the sins of churchmen; in this Materialistic Age, Science is suffering for the sins of "scientists." When H.G. Wells published the "Outline of History," the "scientists" protested that he was making their case ridiculous; that is why his third edition "revised and enlarged" contains more than 700 corrections - which he lacks the honesty to call corrections. But goofy high school teachers and many PxQ college professors (animal trainers - what you will) still swear by Wells, and the more erudite of them still light their lamps at Sir Arthur's torch.

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"Dear Father: Carl Sandburg publishes the following communication from a Winnetka commuter with the comment that between Chicago and Winnetka a man may have deep thoughts:

"I am one of nature's multiform expressions and have enjoyed being what I am, not, however, so ecstatically that I have lost any sleep over it. When a-sleep sensations stop, and that is all that death is. When the time comes that I pass back into the inchoate mass from which I came, and which is ever undergoing changes, transformations, evolutions, I shall not back away from it in fright, but with the bit in my teeth, as it were, shall drive ahead, and my last thoughts after final yearnings toward those I love shall be: 'The electrons that have been me will still be busy.' All nature is one great whiz! It is admirable. We are all part of it, just as the remotest planet is, as the nebulae are. Every particle of the universe is in intense activity. The combinations of electrons that in us produce mind are no more mysterious than are those in the electric light or the radio. No need to go outside of nature to account for it. The self-appointed representatives of some titanic imaginary blacksmith, who, they say, shaped all these things, are but the promoters of clever exploitation. There is no such blacksmith!"

"Evidently the philosophic commuter overlooked the fact that both the electric light and the radio required an inventor to put their electrons in the right working order. -- The suburban trains out of Chicago seem to be quite conducive to deep thinking. It is funny, though; the last time I traveled on the South Shore I was thinking of what a Great Person this 'imaginary Blacksmith' must be.

"So it seems, Father, that since there is no such Blacksmith, we've got nothing left but to keep our electrons in their normal state of intensive activity. Now I'll have more time to read newspapers, and laugh at all the really great men who have been deluded by these self-appointed representatives. - J.D.P.

"P.S. Somehow, newspapers don't seem to fill the gap. - P."

PRAYERS: George Monroe, '29, is still in serious condition from the injuries received in an auto accident last week. An alumnus asks prayers for his wife, who is to undergo a dangerous operation this week. Herbert Schenkels sister is soon to undergo an operation on which much depends - it is an infantile paralysis case. John O'Connor's mother died Wednesday. Four special intentions.