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Part-Confession Of A Senior.

"This is the part-confession of a 'wise guy' about to be swallowed up by the world. I'm writing to help other wise guys following in my tracks.



"Near my room lives a student--what I mean, student! --who makes me feel like a moron. He's up in his classes, he's up in his religion; he's read thoroughly just about every book you have over there in your library, and plenty more. He knows Dawson, Maritain, Gilson, Ross Hoffman and four dozen others that I can't even name. Does he know them superficially, just so that he can talk about them? Wait.

"I thought he was nuts two and a half years ago when all of a sudden he seemed to wake up intellectually. I kidded the life out of him for joining the 'intellectual aristocracy.' But he just smiled at my pea-green ignorance.

"I'd go into his room and there I'd find him with a new book--another that even I had sense enough to know should be read.

"He just seemed to tear each one to pieces --you know, and then digest it bit by bit. It's not work for him by this time; it's a positive passion. He couldn't get interested in windy trash any more.

"Through it all he has lost nothing socially, and he's actually better off physically than I am. He's found time for handball, for walks, now and then for bridge, and, occasionally, for a trip to town of an evening. He's no eccentric exhibitionist who blows off in sessions; he's a regular guy in every way.

"Is he superficial? At least half a dozen of his profs tell me emphatically that he is a stand-out. One of these profs--who hands out mighty few bouquets by the way--said in private recently that if my friend keeps on, plenty of people throughout the country may some day be reading and studying what he has to say.

"I'm not jealous, Father, but that statement hurt me in a queer way. The Prof didn't seem to consider my possibilities in the same breath with my friend's, whose he regarded, with a kind of professorial reverence. And I know that the Prof has the two of us sized up perfectly. That's what hurts.

"I feel like a moron compared with this keen, practical Catholic who seems destined to be followed by the herd. And this is one in the solar plexus: I could know the answers too, and I could write and think like him if I had done what he has done. But because of sheer laziness I kept telling myself all the time that all his extra work would get him--nowhere. It's a pleasure to know how terribly right I was!

"Is every bloke so dumb that you can't possibly get under his hide? I've learned an awful lesson, even if it is in the last weeks of my senior year. Do you suppose that, through the Bulletin, I could help others to learn it just a little earlier?"

PRAYERS: (ill) John Murphy's father; Jim O'Hara; friend of student in Cavanaugh.