

The Battalion

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AN EPISTLE TO THE BLIND—A CONTRIBUTION

"Whither goest thou?" is, of course, the eternal question of philosophers. The present reply of the ultra-smart seems to be "What difference does it make?" Here at A. and M. our attitude toward the whole problem might well be expressed by Mack's classic murmur: "Uh—why bring that up?"

We know where we are going, and what we are going to do on the way. With mathematics, science, and our own strong hands, we are going to build ourselves a career and "help in world progress." It is true that many have no taste for biology, no talent for analytical mechanics. It is sometimes we that know so little about our minds and souls. But we cannot let those things bother us. The world needs leaders, and we need the money.

We may sometimes doubt our ability or our inclination, but no for long. What is expected of us has been ground into our souls, and if we falter we are made conscious of the stern American proverb that a change of mind is the prerogative only of women. That prerogative may have contributed more to humanity's fund of practical wisdom than men are willing to admit. However—ours not to reason why, ours but to do or die.

A person not driven by one increasing purpose might be impelled simply by amazement to ask us silly questions. For instance: How can a man know where he is going or what he is going to do without knowing what he is? But we need pay no attention to that. Such an inquisitor, poor soul, labors under the delusion that some of us have talents and some of us limitations, and that until we get acquainted with ourselves we can't go very far or do very much. Possibly he thinks that what we are "going to be" should be determined by our natural abilities, rather than by our families, or by our own mistaken dreams. He may look upon college simply as a place of introduction to the manifold interests and activities of mature humanity—a place where we can really find ourselves and pick our work, since here for the first time we deal with almost all the factors.

What a silly man, our inquisitor! Because, if he were right, some of us have been very foolish. We have let other people form our lives for us. We have been more faithful to what the neighbors would think than to what we loved. Ignorant of ourselves, we have even let the neighbors tell us what to love? Or, most discouraging of all, we have followed the wrong dream.

If in a bantering mood we admitted these things and asked our depraved Socrates what could be done about it, he would undoubtedly offer several solutions—as bizarre, of course, as his other thought. He might tell us, for instance, to use some non-professional elective courses as eye openers; to find out, by means of far ranging contact and severe self examination, what we like and what we can do best—not seldom, the same.

If we suggested that this might influence some unsteady individuals to change their courses, he would probably mutter in his unaccountable way that after all, there WERE other courses, and (call out the yell leaders) even other schools.

OPINION

Opinions of a mob are more or less thoughtless, but the restricted opinions of an individual must be given every consideration, for they are usually well planned in thought. In this respect, every man should consider the source of all ideas and resolutions before passing judgement for or

against them. However, the trend of consideration for opinion on this campus leads to oblivion, and an individual student giving his opinion is condemned by the inconceivable mob that forever drags this institution lower in its standing of real men. Everyone has noticed this indictment at the class meetings and elsewhere. This is a fact that cannot be denied. Why should the mob, the insipid mob, criticize without consideration? One word can explain it exactly—envy. It envies the intelligent student that has given the question considered a thought, and in his free will to express his opinion the mob "razzes" him into humiliation and his seat, and the members of that mob call themselves "dignified" seniors and juniors, and students of a college. However, those comprising the "mud of progress" would be better off in their home towns standing near the corner drug store entrance and giving their opinion on the best bootleg liquor they have acquired. They call themselves MEN, but they are the next genius below the homo sapien. Nevertheless, they can be men if they would think, for the man who stops to consider any question or opinion is valued more by his community and his concern than the thoughtless person. This is the kind of man that men of business and high profession desire to have in their employ, and the power to think is paid for on a high and competent scale. Men who possess the ability to use their brains are more efficient and industrious; they follow the trend of progress and they seldom falter for they realize that it is very difficult for them to gain the knowledge lost. Why can't we all be real thinkers? Every opportunity is afforded to us and while we are here at college we should take advantage of every situation and elevate ourselves to real savants.

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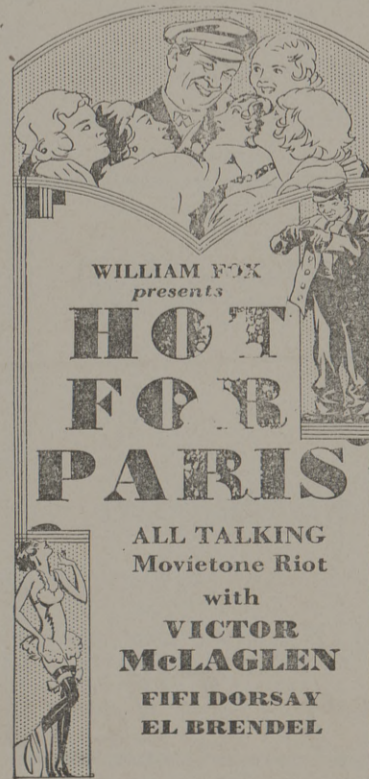


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