

Look In Your Files, Boys.

VII

Our country (good ol' USA) is cursed with a scourge of philosophers, "ipsi, what you call it." A philosopher is a man who knows little of everything and nothing much about anything. It is only, when thorough grief strikes them that exigencies of the circumstance force them to think thru. They average an intelligence of about 2 percent.

(Labor's average is much higher, say 60-70.) A philosopher's background is mass grown and hazy and he lives in association of facts (a divided value) and a comparative world. He dares not embrace truth and fondles half truths to hide his inferiority complex (I don't like that last word but philosophers prefer it to the one I had on the tip of my tongue.) -

Let us have practical men who will weigh and consider things not by relation but by merit (unrelated merit, I was going to say) - (There goes the dinner bell!) -

Then there is the inherent sweetness of relationship, that cannot be denied, that gives the inter-related objects an exaggerated weight in philosophical eyes and betrays their very reasoning. (Pretty near came saying it that time - men have probably been trying to say ^{that} since the world began).

Relativity then is false
(I've been called on that one).