Dear reader: Find yourself a seat in the Law Auditorium at eight tonight. And bring ear-plugs. You will need some protection against the thunderous shots about to be heard 'round the world of philosophy.

Philosophy students from Indiana, Illinois and Notre Dame will tangle and wrangle on the question of FINALITY. More about that in a moment.

But first find yourself that seat. It is this important: you may miss the opportunity of your life to gaze upon Jim Thinkhard of Notre Dame, the very person who will be the world's new Aquinas of the late twentieth century; or you may be looking upon George Stumpme of Indiana or Illinois, who will be the re-incarnation of Santayana in the 1970's.

What Does This "Finality" Business Mean?
To freshmen the word must seem very dry. Their only idea of finality is the way the rector says, "No! For the ninety-ninth time, you can't go downtown."

To normal sophomores the meeting tonight will have no appeal. For them finality is a closed question. Whenever they argue something (anything) in the rooms, they are themselves finality. They pronounce the last word.

For the most part juniors have no ideas on the subject. A few think finality is just around the corner once they have signed for a room in Sorin, Alumni or Walsh.

Seniors make the same kind of mistake, associating finality with Commencement. They should know that Commencement means beginning at the foot of the ladder again.

But these student philosophers (the boys with the thinking caps) accept finality as purposefulness in creation, the divine plan imbedded in nature and things.

Hold on. No one said the Hoosiers and Illini are going to agree that there is purposefulness in creation but they will accept the definition as a starting point and with Notre Dame men, argue for or against the reality. Local Cafeteria wits are broadcasting the rumor that some of tonight's opposition will actually contend there is no finality; and, to boot, no metaphysics! If this is true, tonight's session is going to be more than interesting. To all philosophers (as well as to the humble editor of the Bulletin, and—of course—to the English majors) it will be exciting.

Getting Down To Particulars.
Why should it be exciting? Well, if the Illini prove there's no metaphysics and the Hoosiers convince you there's no finality; that is, if it's shown there are no realities except those you touch, taste, hear, see and smell; and if it's demonstrated there are no purposes or plans except the ones you yourself inject into life, the world will have been vindicated, and Our Lord and the Catholic Church and Thomistic philosophy will have been indicted as severe, heartless, tyrannical teachers!

For example: it will be difficult to teach there is something wrong in a lie unless God and the soul exist and the rights of others to know the truth and purposefulness in the tongue; and it will be hard to oppose birth-control unless there is immortality and accountability, and finality in the complementary functions of sex.

PRAYERS: (CONNECTION) Deceased, not Sister St. Vincent, S.P., but her sister, Lauretta Crystal; (DECEASED) (anniv) grandmother of Tom Vincent (How); Ivan Genin, brother of Floyd '29; Joe Ely (MO); wife of Don Buhch's '27; sister of Mr. William Luffy, C.S.C.; grandmother of John O'Malley (Z); friend of Steve Valetich (F); mother of Wm. Watral (Fr); Reginald Gleason; uncle of Bob O'Mayer (Ly); Margaret Cardon (with Dick Stueve); (ILL) (op) mother of Lucile E. Carney (Mo); Mrs. Joseph Nystrom (Sc.Bend); 3 sp inta.