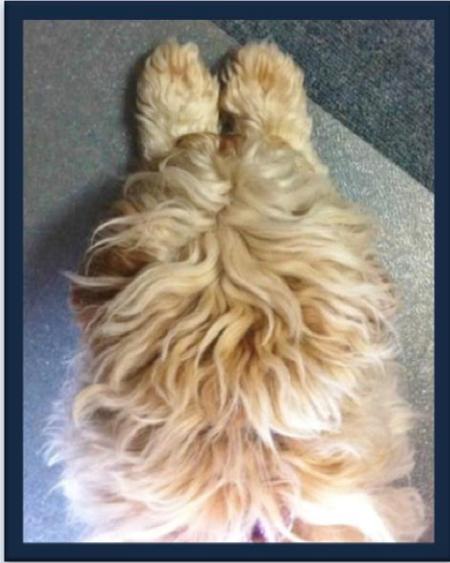


Jake's Jabs & Jabber

My brother and I balance each other. He's the whimsy, I'm the nerd. He's the dreamer, I'm the realist. It's OK that he daydreams, naps, sits quietly in the hallway without jumping up and down like moi. The whys and wherefores are what interest me. Do you know any other pup who checks out Physics Central on the web? The latest was temperature and moonshine—from the night sky. (You see different kinds of stars with the other moonshine.)



This month is the 100th anniversary of Einstein's (and Hilbert's) Law of Relativity finally put into a logical explanation in November of 1915. In light of this anniversary, and even though my brother and I are adopted brothers, I'm celebrating our veritable relationship.

At Thanksgiving, we pups understand there will be many relations gathered together. So who are relatives, anyway? Let me pose this hypothesis: relatives are those who are relative to our daily related gifts and blessings allocated to us. Thanksgiving, then, is the relatives relatively reflecting on those related gifts and blessings delegated to us by sharing and giving thanks to the relative gifts and blessings we have been given. So simple.

I believe in the higher consciousness. It's all relative—in a different way. Rather than "he" or "me" it should be *we*. Rather than "us" or "them" it should be *we*. Let's get away from such a primitive and Neanderthalish labeling of each other. We're all related. And we go "wee-wee-wee, all the way home" no matter where we live, don't we?



This month's pondering: An Unsolved Question in Biophysics: Does a radioactive cat have 18 half-lives?

I can be as funny as my brother. What shall we call my joke column? How about "Jakes Jokes & Jollies"?



JAKES JOKES & JOLLIES

1. What is the name of the first electricity detective? *Sherlock Ohms*
2. What did one quantum physicist say when he wanted to fight another quantum physicist?
Let me atom

Arfin' is Awesome; Yippin's so Yuckie! – *Jake*

