

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
April 2, 1937.

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Sissies?

A "Reader of the Bulletin" sends without comment the following letter clipped from the columns of the New York Sun:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN--Sir: The constant discussion by writers and lecturers of the so-called problems of modern youth causes old-timers who were boys at the turn of the century to smile.

These writers and lecturers as well as modern youth itself would ask us to believe that the youth of today has been sorely neglected, that opportunity has been denied to it and that in every way it leads a sad and difficult life. But let's look at the facts and compare the opportunities of the youth of today with those of the average youth thirty-seven years ago; the comparison will show that the lad of today enjoys opportunities and luxuries beyond the wildest dream of his dad.

His dad, if he were an average boy thirty-seven years ago, probably peddled or delivered newspapers, shined shoes, ran errands or did some of the many little jobs a boy was then expected to do. These activities supplied the money for his schoolbooks, his simple pleasures, perhaps his clothing and, in the poorer families, helped to put food on the table. If his dad were fortunate he might, by his own self denial as well as that of his parents, acquire a high school education, but more often the eighth grade was his limit.

Upon completing the eighth grade or at best high school he "shoved off to paddle his own canoe," to fight the battle of life without a "gimme" attitude toward any one, and in most cases this lad won the battle by supplementing his early schooling with night study, after a hard day's work. He didn't whine about the lack of opportunity, constantly discuss youth movements, etc., but made the best of what he had, in the way of health, knowledge and opportunity.

As a contrast, the youth of today has been petted and pampered, without his turning a hand, automobiles, club memberships, evening clothes and spending money have been supplied for him.

After four years at college he enters the business world without experience or practical knowledge, but thoroughly convinced of his ability to fill the presidency (nothing less) of one of the major corporations. If he can't start at the top, he whines.

Modern youth has nothing to whine about, it has everything, except "guts."  
Old-Timer.

Sharp Reminder.

Posted up recently, near the chapel door in Walsh Hall, the following message by Father Ryan influenced many a Walsh Haller to visit the Blessed Sacrament:

THE UNPOPULAR ROOM

Face after face in the corridor;

When will the faces end?

Face on face in the corridor,

But seldom the face of a friend.

Till My Heart grows sick with longing,

Dazed with the din of feet

As I hear the passing footsteps

In a loneliness complete.

Do I treat my friend, Jesus, thus; He,

Who came from heaven to make me happy?

He is the only one I seem to neglect.

Every room in the Hall radiates joy.

His room is the only one seldom visited.

I am a strange sort of friend. I hear

His whispered invitation, and I answer,

"Tomorrow." And tomorrow I answer again,

"Tomorrow! I will visit You then when

I need you, my Jesus, Tomorrow."

PRAYERS: (deceased) uncle of Bill Fallon (Sorin). Ill, Marvin Martin (Morrissey); Robert Schultz (off-campus); friend of Joe O'Brien (old infirmary).