

Deceased: Father of Jas.  
Ferry (How); aunt and  
uncle of J. Huber (Al).

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
October 9, 1940

Ill: Mass Dil. Chap. Thurs.  
recov. R. J. McGovern, '39;  
Father of Joe Ryan (Wal).

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Dear Father:

READ IT - - AND THINK!

Visited your (our) campus last week. Felt nostalgic and blue. But here I am! Twenty-four years old and a graduate of Notre Dame. Though not of your faith, I long for the serenity your faith gives Notre Dame. I've had odd jobs now and then, but nothing steady. I'd give my right arm to be back living the Notre Dame life. The four years I spent there seem now like the only place on God's earth where a fellow can live in peace with himself. The little inconveniences the fellows have to put up with are nothing compared with the inconvenience of insecurity in this 'gone-mad' world of ours.

War! The drums pound louder and louder. The quick staccato beats send the blood thundering through my veins. But the terrible anxiety over what is to come is what gets me. My peace of mind is fleeing fast. My faith in humanity is turning into despair.

Our country has spent billions upon billions of dollars on education. Yet our college graduates, our great thinkers, have not solved our common economic and social problems. The age of science! How ironical this war is! What a rebuke it is to our 'high-falootin' liberals who have sung the song of Liberalism to their godless skies.

What will our democracy defend? The American Way of life? Look over the reports of the F.B.I. Millions of dollars each year to house our crooks. Family life! Where is it? One out of five marriages ends in divorce. Think of all those poor kids who can't sit around a common table with their mothers and fathers. On the streets of our cities news vendors sell the dirtiest kind of literature you ever laid your eyes on. Selling that stuff to youngsters! What do our city councils do about it? -- nothing! The movies! Sex shows openly advertise their immorality in the newspapers. Racketeers! Our cities are lousy with them! Taking the poor man's mite and growing fat on their helplessness. Labor organized against Capital. Capital holding out against Labor. Unjust wages and unemployment! Why can't they arbitrate?

School kids! In high school they learn early how to drink and sin. Nobody seems to care, either. In college if they don't go out on sprees, the kids are not up-to-date. In all this secular education how much do they learn about God, about moral goodness, about the Bible? Liberalism and academic freedom! What price liberty? If our institutions of higher learning are spawning a generation of godless youth, what will the next generation be like?

I know I've hit the bad spots, Father, but I still believe there's more goodness in the world than sin. Yet the evil seems to hold ascendancy and error overshadows the truth. All this mess confuses me. Where in the world has TRUTH fled? All theories of life are cracking and breaking under the stress of the times. Why doesn't God send us a saint or two to put us back on the right track? We'll all be crazy if something doesn't happen to break the tension. Very few people I talk to are actually happy. They're all a restless lot. I've talked to dozens of young men like myself. We don't want war, and we're not yellow, either. We want peace of mind. We want to live in peace, to own our own home, to raise up a nice family of little tots. Must we dream and hope in vain? (War references)...And after the storm, then what? Will the jackals slink out of the dark and gnaw the dried bones of a civilization that was too greedy to live in peace?

Start a crusade for peace, Father, and start it with a prayer. I wish I could pray. But I find it too difficult with the contempt I hold for my elders who got us into this sorry mess. Please answer either through the Bulletin or by way of John Doe, General Delivery, Notre Dame. That will give me another excuse for visiting Notre Dame again. Thanks.

(The Bulletin will answer him tomorrow. Why don't you answer him? The Editor.)