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## THE TOLL OF THE YEARS

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Life, today, is in a most unusual period of reminiscence. Old songs, old plays, old themes are undergoing revival, as if to indicate their standards are not being excelled by present-day thought. The history of the "horse and buggy days" holds an enchantment which that of today does not seem to rival.

The self-satisfaction of modernity, with all its vaunted glory and pride of endeavor, is being challenged by the sweet and wholesome memories of the days not long ago. I speak as one who has scaled the heights of the proverbial three-score and ten breast-works.

A half-century of adult life has developed and revealed much which has been fascinating, progressive, inspiring and informative. In looking forward, it seemed a very long time; in looking backward, it appears not nearly so long. The years pass us by quickly seeming to select but a few to mark for distinction and still fewer for enduring worth or immortal achievement.

We have lived through joys and sorrows, through conquests and defeats, through sunshine and shadow, glories and disappointments in this half-century of life.

We have dreamed youth's dreams—unforgettable and irrevocable youth—we have awakened to the realities of maturity, we

have experienced the sadness of wars, the horrors of conflict, the harrowing, economic distress attendant upon readjustment and rehabilitation.

We have seen the Field of Flanders match the heroism of the Lanes of Lexington.

We have seen want, distress and poverty, and we are glimpsing, we hope, the promise of better days before us.

We have seen unfolded many mysteries of science, many miracles of modern surgery and radiology, many contributions to augmented life-expectancy, the conquest of the air, the annihilation of space, the voices of the Old World and, notably, that of the Vicar of Christ Himself wafted to our own firesides. What more can life ask or hold?

But one who can envisage the past and the present cannot forego a comparative thought of the same.

A kaleidoscopic change has come over our moral, spiritual and material world. Post-war rehabilitation and readjustment have been attended by economic misery and distress, by unparalleled unemployment and poverty, and, perhaps as a corollary, by moral depravity, lack of religious fervor, godlessness, recklessness, lawlessness.

And yet one wonders whether these devious and exhaustive de-

tours from the normal currents of a happy and contented life are not more seeming than real, whether the changing viewpoint of today's immodest feminine lure and appeal is, after all, less intentionally vicious and immoral than it is the promptings of a let-loose young generation bereft of a stern parental guidance and aiming at smartness or boldness.

Precocity is encouraged and sex-hygiene replaces the A B Cs. Between the extremes of Puritanical prudishness of the past and the swing and "jitterbug" atmosphere of the present, there must be a mean approaching the sweet, tender and wholesome Hoosier setting of the immortal Whitcomb Riley's "Old Sweetheart of Mine."

It has almost become a trite—but yet how true—solution of the ills which beset us, of the clouds which darken the horizon of human happiness and content-

ment, that it rests in the restoration of lost spiritual values, and a prompt return to Godliness and Faith.

I speak as one who has been through the storms of life. A modicum of success and achievement has attended a long life of effort. A protracted period of training, many years of ministering to a suffering humanity, a long chapter of public health service have formed the complex of an arduous, long and busy life.

May one hope to find in its Winter, thoughts to cheer, hopes to foster and encouragement to assure that the toll the past has paid to the "days of our years" will be redeemed by moral righteousness, the outstanding Faith of our Fathers and, because of these, the clear and wholesome outlook on life which we confidently hope for and predict from the youth of our Land.

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**"Stone walls do not a prison make  
Nor iron bars a cage."**

Winter is a jailer who shuts us all in from the fullest vitamin D value of sunlight. The baby becomes virtually a prisoner, in several senses: First of all, meteorologic observations prove that winter sunshine in most sections of the country averages 10 to 50 per cent less than summer sunshine. Secondly, the quality of the available sunshine is inferior, due to the shorter distance of the sun from the earth, thereby altering the angle of the sun's rays.

While neither Mead's Oleum Percomorphum nor Mead's Cod Liver Oil Fortified with Percomorph Liver Oil constitutes a substitute for sunshine, they do offer an effective, controllable supplement especially important because the only natural foodstuff that contains appreciable quantities of vitamin D is egg-yolk. Unlike winter sunshine, the vitamin D value of Mead's antiricketic products does not vary from day to day or from hour to hour.