

Mass, Sorin Hall chapel
tomorrow morning to honor
Our Lady of Guadalupe.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
December 11, 1935.

Thanks to Christ the King
Parish for \$25.00 donated
to Bengal!

Filth and Profanity.

Near-sighted managers with little souls and big sensual appetites are dooming the theatre. They work upon the abominable principle of racketeering: Fatten your purse on public weaknesses.

The morality of it? Tut, tut. Morality's a Sunday School word, and we ain't been to Sunday School, eh, Ike?

Obligations to the public? We've heard that mentioned by the Vice Brigades.

But, get this! We're in this business for the money, and we serve up what the public pays for.

Well, not long ago, for beer, people paid much money to sluggers and robbers and killers, but the people don't do it any more.

The people have a way of turning in sudden and fatal revenge. Ask the beer barons now behind iron bars or those washing milk bottles in the city dairies.

Smart theatre managers see the handwriting on the wall. Ed Sullivan, writing in the New York Daily News for December 4, sounds a warning:

"You hear more and more cheap profanity on Broadway stages. Kid actors step out on the stringpiece and deliver billingsgate that a hardy West Side dock worker would hesitate to employ. Fragile actresses startle you with vulgarity that would singe the lips of a truckdriver. Anemic actors crash into a volley of oaths that raises the hair on your head. First night audiences do not seem to object to it, because they have become too bored to object to anything. Audiences on subsequent nights, however, do object strenuously to the cheapness that is besieging the stage. Churches will step in, if the producers are not careful, and install a censorship that won't be shaken off easily. There is a vast distinction between realism and refuse pails."

If profanity is stupidly coarse and insulting, rehearsed indecency is diabolical. Under guise of approved entertainment, it introduces shame and remorse and sadness into happy lives.

It tears down standards and replaces sacred ideals with something sour and malicious.

A corrupted life starts with a corrupted heart, and there are plenty of young hearts corrupted today in the theatre!

For The Sake Of Decency.

Last week Catholics of the Diocese signed the pledge of the Legion of Decency. In the face of present conditions, all Catholic college men should raise their right hand and swear:

I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion against all indecent and immoral productions. I promise to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

PRAYERS: (deceased) cousin and friend of Carleton MacDougald (Morrissey); mother of James ('31) and William ('28) Kearney. Ill, friend of Joe Mangelli (Corby); friend of Howard M. Smayda, for orly at Notre Dame.