
The Effect Of Filthy Literature.

For the cause of the wave of sex crimes spreading throughout the country, look to the newsstand. This is the message written by a young man who has recently been imprisoned for two unspeakable crimes against persons and society. What he says may be minimized by the arson-publishers who make a business of throwing torches of passion into the human temples of God. But honest men will see first hand in his soliloquy the terrifying effects of pornographic literature. Here (taken from The Liguorian) is what the young prisoner has to say:

"..I say 'thank God' I am locked up--away from your hypocritical corruption-breeding world. I repeat it, thank God I'm locked up.

"Who am I to talk like this? I'll admit who I am. I am the so-called pervert who was convicted and locked up for a couple of the meanest crimes the law ever dealt with. And that's why I'm glad that I am a prisoner. I'm out of reach of the thousand and one incentives to vice that 'free people' throw around a guy like me when he's walking the streets looking for a job. Nice people they are. Oh yeah?

"Pervert? That word makes me laugh. I'm no different than anybody else. I can see now what made me what I am. It didn't come from inside me but from outside. From those filthy magazines that you nice people allow to be plastered all over your newsstands. You think you're pretty smart, don't you? You think you're getting away with something--with all the nude pictures and suggestive jokes and rotten stories that anybody can get for a nickel or a dime. And with your newspapers that can make believe they're preaching and yet give all the juicy details of some filthy act that make poor kids and ignorant tramps burn.... Oh, but you're wise....You preach about bringing sex out into the open because you think it's fashionable and sophisticated...You don't know the half of it.

"I was a kid at a newsstand when I started down. I didn't know the meaning of sex, much less of perversion. It was one of your respectable citizens who started me down. The big wealthy guy that owned the newsstand. He used to bring his rotten magazines to my stand and show me the worst pictures and give me the wink and say: 'Hot stuff. It'll make you rich!' How was I to know that the stuff was poison? I drank it all before I sold it. It changed my blood to fire...

"Where's the big shot that gave me that start? I know. He's still doing his corrupt business and he's still free...Don't let anybody tell you he's not hurting anybody. He's killing people. He's making fiends out of innocent people. He's the foulest thing on the face of the earth...I know because I'm one of his victims...

"And that holds for your newspapers too. Even I who was guilty was ashamed of what they wrote in the papers about me with their pious sanctimonious air. You're a bunch of hypocrites so long as you let that stuff go on, and a lot of you are just as perverted as they say I am....

"Laugh if you want to. Say I'm crazy...But the next time you see a line-up of sex-filled magazines on a newsstand, or read a minute description of some crime in the newspaper--remember that's why I'm here and why many another guy will be here when I'm gone."

Catholic women in South Bend are already conducting a vigorous campaign against the moron-makers in this vicinity. Help these women if you prize sanctity and security in the home--in your own home and in the homes of your friends and relatives. You won't help by turning your nickels and dimes and half-dollars to support the moron-makers. You won't help by patronizing newsstands and drug stores that sell salacious publicati-

PRAYERS: (Ill) friend of Ray Meyer (Walsh); John A. Reardon. Two special intentions.