

FORTY HOURS TOMORROW  
THROUGH TUESDAY. FR.  
O'NEILL WILL PREACH.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
February 18, 1939.

DURING THE ADORATION  
IS FIT TIME TO MAP OUT  
DECENCY-IN-PRINT PLANS.

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Speaking Of Handshakes.

Now that the American Bishops are out after indecency in print as vigorously as they were against indecency on the screen a few years ago, you're right in the middle.

On your right stands the bishop. From his neck is suspended the Cross of Christ. You remember the Cross of Christ, eh? On that gibbet you were made clean. Never forget it.

To your left is a fancy-dressed man, pompous, impressive, well-to-do, quite respectable looking. Yes, yes, of course. It is Mr. Henricus Appleberry-Smutpublisher, II. He doesn't give a tinker's damn about the Cross of Christ or what's good for you.

The more respectable of the Appleberry-Smutpublisher family are just out for money. They do not think particularly about cause and effect. Their only concern is money. They put out the swanky, good-looking magazines, big covers, bright colors, all that.

The less respectable part of the Appleberry-Smutpublisher clan are, strangely, less interested in money than in corrupting the morals of youth and satisfying the fading passions of adult degenerates. Their magazines are usually printed on the cheapest paper. The pages are yellowish, not from age but because of the stench.

This campaign is going to be waged against both ends of the Appleberry-Smutpublisher family. To the respectable group an appeal to reason and Christian conscience will be made. They will be told how decent people feel about this affair, how good mothers are praying for a change of heart in the Appleberry-Smutpublishers, praying that their lust for money will cease to fire the lust of decent American youth.

Tactics of a different sort will be used against the un-self-respecting Smutberries. For them, it seems, nothing less than the ax will do.

Talk The Thing Over.

Suppose for the moment you are your Mother and Dad. You have kids the same number and age as yourself and your brothers and sisters. You learn that the high-school kids (your younger brothers and sisters) drop into the corner drugstore after school for "pop." They pick up QUAGMIRE and SQUINT at the magazine rack. They learn all the dirty jokes and draw all the filthy pictures and then talk about them on the way home. But with washed lips they sit at the supper table. They are pretty sharp. They know whom to keep the jokes from....Some, after the first few falls into graver sin, see what has led them on and give up the "hot" magazines. Other some don't. Suppose the "other some don't" are your kids, your flesh and blood? You're perfectly willing to let them keep on getting the trash? You think just as kindly of the clerk in the corner drugstore for spoiling your kids?

You're yourselves again, college men. You too have a habit of dropping into the corner drugstore. Some of you, thank God a minority, buy the swankier sort of filth, the kind that costs two-bits a throw or half a buck. Okay. Then you write the Bulletin notes on its narrow mind. You make distinctions about how the pledge should be worded (if pledge at all there should be). "No, doggone it, I'll promise not to buy, borrow or sell the trash, but I'll keep on buying at....at the corner store. And no priest will tell me different."

Well, you're right there. No priest is planning to tell you anything. But he will offer you some proper suggestions on whom to shake hands with-- your bishop or Mr. Appleberry and the corner druggist. Think it over this weekend and get some ideas.

The Third Order.

Meeting next week, probably Thursday the 23rd. Prospective members, lovers of the Franciscan ideals, see Father Woodward in Alumni Hall or one of the Prefects of Religion