
Scum Of The Earth.

Here's a re-hash of yesterday's announcement. The bishops' campaign for decency-in-print puts you right on the spot.

You're with your bishops and priests or against them. If against, you're shaking hands with criminal smut-publishers.

What Christ said still goes: If you're not with Me, you stand against Me. You can't be lukewarm. If you are, I will vomit you out of My mouth.

This isn't just an ax-wielding campaign. It isn't a negative thing like a Carrie Nation drive or a Protestant Prohibition organization.

Decency-in-print aims at a very positive thing, a chaste American youth. That is the country's greatest wealth and natural resource. Hence to back this campaign, you don't have to be a Catholic. Every true patriot wants to keep America sound.

A couple of more generations of fast-spoiling young men and women and the whole ideal of the family will rot. After that you can figure out the rate of American decay like old Rome's. Read St. Paul to the Romans, Chapter One, and you'll get the idea pretty quickly.

"But isn't it narrow, petty and bigoted, this bishop and priest campaign? Why should they busy-body their way into the business and liberty of anyone else?"

Ah, yes, it's that broadminded live-and-let-live line again. The good kids won't buy any trash. The Smutters are filling a need. There will always be some who create a real demand for the stuff.

That's talk. Priests strangely don't seem to you quite so narrow if you think in terms of your kid brothers and sisters. This particular dirty magazine, and these particular rotten pictures taught your brother and sister how to sin. Eh? The Smutters should be free to do that, huh?

One minute, please. There's not a soul on earth who knows quite so much what he is talking about in this matter as a Catholic priest, and this quite apart from the Sacrament of Penance. Outside of confession thousands of boys and girls have wept: "Father, it was bad pictures that got me off wrong and sexy stories that wrecked me."

Scum of the earth. That's a mild title for America's smut-publishers. The Smutters are sewer-rats and they ought to be rushed off the streets because they're killing kids. Deadly poison to youth.

And there's scum in high places. Short time back, a professor in an eastern college told the movie's board of review that they should make an assault on the Legion of Decency. That's the buggy American idea of culture and art. Slogan: this is a free country. Let America make more morons if she wants to.

All right, professor. But not our kids. Notre Dame men think differently. A pair of senior A.B. men, a graduate student in apologetics, a lawyer, some of the best-known football men have banded together to produce a pamphlet of facts for American high school youth.

Again, will interested high schools let the Bulletin know how many copies of this leaflet they need? Any amount at cost.

This is a time for Catholic Action. It's no time for more talk. Action means do. Start at home. Tear off your wall those bathing beauties and angels. Destroy every questionable magazine. Don't buy or borrow any more. You'll think, talk and live much cleaner. You'll be preparing better for a happy marriage.

Kick at the drugstore when you smell smut. Tell the newstand boy. Write to the publishers. Two raw covers in a row on one national weekly." Send them a line you're finished. The Bulletin did. Yes, act.

PRAYERS: Rev. Geo. McNamara, C.S.C. (New Orleans); Rev. G.F. Courtney (Dartmouth N.S.); Henry C. Knapp, friend of Hank Hughes (Badin); Mrs. Margaret McNeilis; grandmother of Bob Beaudine (Dil.); mother of Sr. Margaret Mary, D.C. (Cleveland). Ill, mother of Jim Lynch (St. Eds.); friend of Lloyd Harbert (Car.); sister of Don Gottschalk (Iyons); grandmother of Joe Kaltenbach (Car.); Sr. M. Francella, C.S.C.; friend of Jim Murphy (Mor.); Katherine McBreen (Boston); mother of Tom Vincent (Mor.). Seven spec. ints.