

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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They Seem To Think You Are Sneaks.

Word has come to us that the South Bend theatre which is advertising "The Sign of The Cross" is passing out word to the students that a back door will be open to those who want to see it.

So that's what they think of you! First they advertise an insult to your religion, and then they insult you by telling you that you can sneak in to see it.

We Are Betting On You.

Since the Religious Bulletin first published Bishop Schrembs' denunciation of this picture we have been besieged by well-meaning advisers who have stated that it was a mistake to advertise this picture, even adversely, because it would cause students to see it out of curiosity.

We do not think so. In the first place, the denunciation saved the finer feelings of hundreds of boys who were looking forward to this picture as something in keeping with the beautiful title it bears - and who would have been ashamed to have been seen coming out of the theatre after their discovery of its shameful fakery.

In the second place, we have our own opinion of the common sense of the vast majority of Notre Dame students. We have had that opinion confirmed by experience. It is true, we are not in the habit of mentioning dirty books or pictures, but we have made a few exceptions in the past, and with good results.

The last time the Bulletin denounced a show in South Bend (it was a stage production, not a movie), sixteen students went to the show in spite of the denunciation, and many more, who had bought tickets in advance, went down and got their money back. The show was a try-out here; it lasted three weeks in Chicago, and never got to New York.

One lay professor who had bought a ticket on the strength of advance publicity offered it to us for the Bengal Mission. We refused the donation for the Mission, but offered the ticket to the next student who came to the Sorin chapel for the Sacraments. He was told that he could have the \$1.65 if he would reclaim the money. The ticket-seller tried to tell him how many people had recommended the show, but he stuck to his one idea: "That makes no difference to me. Your show is rotten and I want my money." He got it. Incidentally, this student, who left here not so long ago, is making \$4500 a year during the depression. (One wonders how much the other sixteen are getting.)

And we are betting on you now. You are dumb enough in spots, and you have the old Irish habit of talking out of turn, but it is our conviction that you have a lot of slumbering loyalty that will be converted into action when you once get the idea through your thick heads that this film is an insult to your religion, and that this theatre is questioning your courage. And we are convinced that if this theatre does not withdraw the picture its reduced revenues between now and June will make it more cautious in the future.

The Lenten Adoration.

The cards for adoration are now in the hands of the hall promoters. There are three cards handed out for each half-hour; two more for each period will be placed at the pamphlet rack. Promoters are asked not to use any supersalesmanship: if a fellow does not want to sign that's his business - move on to the next one. If you want a card a week or a novena, your promoter probably can accommodate you; if he can't, fill out what he has that suits you and pick up the rest of your cards at the rack. Thanks.  
PRAYERS: Deceased - an aunt of John Carr. Ill - Louis Higgins' father; the mother of Fred Wagner, '29. Three special intentions.