THE HOLLYWOOD HUDDLE

THE SALACIOUS FILM PRODUCING COMPANY DEBATES WHETHER OR NOT TO GET WORRIED

Graybeards, bluebeards, and young Yuma veterans of Hollywood are huddling. The long-threatened clean-up is at hand. Pop Producer reads the story right. That's the purport of Mr. McCutcheon's telling cartoon.

Press dispatches last week carried the advance obituary of movie filth—of bloated producers, saggy-eyed authors, mucky-moraled actors who prosper on filth.

What years of preaching and pleading failed to accomplish, millions—and yet more millions—of pledge cards will effect. Decent-minded people, and people who want to be decent, are nauseated with the rot, are conscious that they have financed the sex and crime mania consequent upon the rot.

Now they are ready to sign the death warrant of indecency.

Last year you had experience here at Notre Dame with the power of the pledge card. Get behind "The Legion of Decency" in your parish when you reach home.

PRAYERS.

Deceased—the grandmother of Leo and Emmett Greene; a friend of Eugene Healy. Ill—Wm. Farrell, Alumni Hall, seriously injured in an auto accident last night; Bernard Hennessy's mother; the father of Alfred Send, C.S.C.; Wm. Fischer's father (operation); a brother of John Hoban; Robert Coyle, a seminarian of last year. Three special intentions.