

man can better control nature according to his physical and moral needs. He is not subject to the forces of mechanization and regimentation which are pressing the humanity out of him and causing him to lose his dearly bought liberty.

I believe that in the life of Peter Maurin, and in the movement which he started, is the spirit and practice of perfect charity, the "fulfillment of the law and the prophets." We need not necessarily agree with all the opinions expressed by some of his followers, but I think that among the lay apostolate we must look to them for that perfect charity which is so badly needed in the world today. It is very likely that the world is dying for men who are "poor according to Christ." We have a few in this movement. May their work be blessed.

—W. J. DRISCOLL' 50.

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### LIFE CONQUERS DEATH

In such a pleasure-seeking world as ours  
'Tis hard to follow one unbroken path;  
To live amidst such fickle revelry  
And yet avoid being part of it;  
To keep our thoughts in Heaven's bounds  
While in our ears ring godless sounds.

'Tis doubly hard to understand  
How passive is the Christian soul;  
How cold indifference answers Truth  
And selfish greed displaces Love;  
Though Faith seems dead and Hope forlorn  
Still comes the glorious Easter morn!

—L. O'HANLEY '51.

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### MOVIES, MORALS AND MODERNS

Today, movie going, for a very great number has become such a habit that people frequently find themselves seated in the theatre or lined up at the box office before they find out what picture they are going to see. Included in this class of movie patrons can be



found many Catholics and, moreover, individuals classed as intelligent Catholics. Now it is to this latter group that I direct this article. Let us stop and review the motion picture situation as it is today, let us try to determine what is wrong with many of our movies, and, finally, let us try to arrive at some solution for the remedy of existing evils.

The motion picture is primarily a form of entertainment and not, as many believe, a medium through which art is expressed. Since entertainment is the end for which motion pictures are produced we can readily see that the producers regard that picture highest which is most satisfying to the public. It should not surprise us then to read the selection of "the best" films and find that the standard by which they are judged best is simply that they have been the greatest box office attractions. There are principles which are supposed to be adhered to in the production of motion pictures, and indeed, all motion picture producers have pledged themselves to the strict observance of these principles which are based upon the concepts of Christian civilization. Unfortunately, due to lack of insistence on the part of the public, the motion picture industry is not living up to its pledge in regard to good morals or even good taste. According to the Bishops' Committee on motion pictures in the United States, there has been a steep rise in objectionable movies over the past year. It would be well at this stage to note just what is wrong with many of our movies.

Any mature person can easily recognize an obviously bad or cheap picture. But what about the many others showing evils which are more likely to be overlooked? Those are the pictures which offend most often against good morals. From the movie people we are getting picture after picture which are positive threats to our Christianity. With their great appeal to the senses, these pictures take advantage of every opportunity to glamorize and glorify all that is contrary to decent standards of behaviour. Most movie critics seem to prefer the sordid type of picture because they approve that "realism" which these pictures are supposed to have but which, in reality, is most unrealistic. Let us look at a very common but, nevertheless, a great crowd-pleasing type of picture. The villain, who in reality is the hero, is glamorized throughout all his daring and law-breaking escapades. With calculated coolness he kills at least one honest, but slow-on-the-draw, citizen. Finally, he is captured by overwhelming odds and sentenced to die for his crimes. The picture ends with the "hero" going to his



death with a proud and defiant bearing. Of course the picture can claim that it showed that crime does not pay, but how many teen-agers really thought of it in this light. It is much more likely that they learned, instead, a neat trick of breaking the law and getting away with it. The producers, without doubt, will claim all this could happen in real life. We do not argue on that point. If it did happen, however, the villain would not deserve nor command the sympathy and respect of the public. A picture such as this would probably get a rating of "objectionable in part" by the Legion of Decency. Yet it is not uncommon to hear so called intelligent Catholics after seeing such a show saying "I didn't see anything wrong with it." Because it failed to show some illicit sex relationship or other such obviously immoral feature they failed to see any harm in it. The type of motion picture which glamorizes crime or fails to honor the sanctity of marriage or, in general, fails to observe the proprieties and customs of civilized society tends to influence the movie patron to regard those things in the same light as they are presented on the screen.

Now there are two methods of attacking this problem. There is the negative method by which we refuse to support the production of bad pictures by not patronizing them. This method hits at the producer's pocket book which is his most vulnerable spot. We must realize our duties in regard to staying away from objectionable movies. If we patronize a bad picture we are probably guilty of two wrongs. We may be giving scandal and we are certainly failing to support others in their fight against immorality. It is easy to know what is good and what is bad at the theatre by reading the movie criticism in our Catholic papers and periodicals. It is hardly necessary to add that we should always support the Legion of Decency in its fight for good pictures.

The second method of combatting the evils of bad movies, the positive one, aims at substituting entertainment in or out of the theatre which will replace poor and bad films. It seems that we are a generation which must be entertained, but this entertainment need not be found in the theatre. If we would replace this movie going habit by wholesome self entertainment and patronize only good pictures then it might surprise us how quickly the standards of motion pictures would be raised. It is true that each of us can only do a little, but no matter how little, if our efforts are directed towards the proper end they are worth while. Let us all endeavour then to do our share in the fostering of the production of morally good movie entertainment.

—GENE MacDONALD '50.



## TEN MINUTE BREAK

The three of us, John Angus and Joe and myself, leaned back against the shed that jugged out over the lip of the wharf and gazed on the beauty of the Quinty as she slid slowly into the water. Over by the paint shop Dan Gillis was watching her too, sitting on an upturned bucket hunched over like a crab, his jaws wagging back and forth as he gummed his tobacco, the juice running down the creases from the corner of his mouth and dripping unto his shirt. A foul old man—"Dirty Dan" we called him. Beside him, swirling a number of paint brushes around in a big tub of kerosene and violently cursing the men who ruined so many of them, was "Brushes"—the man in charge of the paint shop. He had been there for many years and had long ago become a master of the old timers' trick of dibbling and dabbling around, always appearing busy but actually doing nothing. Even now he kept puttering around, his back turned on all of us. Lanky "Boo" MacMillan came strolling up the wharf, whistling softly through his teeth, a couple of trash buckets in his hands.

I nodded towards him and said, "What d'you think? Has he got anything underneath that trash?"

"Wouldn't be surprised if he's got two or three pair of boots there," Joe grinned.

"Boo" walked past us, giving us the big wink as he did so. He kept on going up the wharf to a spot behind the sheds where he usually stashed his loot. He had shown us that trick of picking up loose equipment and clothing a couple of months ago but we hadn't bothered with it except once on a rainy day when we'd slipped on a heavy turtle-neck sweater apiece under our jackets.

We continued watching and by now the stern of the Quinty was becoming submerged, surrendering her freshly painted beauty once more to the waters that wash the corners of the earth. She was not now the wounded and bedraggled animal that she had been when she'd crept in here a month ago. Now she was sleek and proud, itching for action after her period of recuperation, her crew ready for anything after resting and revelling for the past thirty days.

Up at the head of the slip old Jack Daley directed the operation, waving signals to the power-house behind him, his eyes ever on the chains that controlled the slip, seeing that they were kept taut at all times. Every now and then he shouted back over his shoulder,