

First thing tomorrow:
to the Rail for your
team. Ask God to pro-

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tect them, help them
play clean, win if it
pleases Him. All set?

Smutty Jokes Make An Ugly Face.



Garish, revolting face. So horrid, in fact, that last spring when the local Knights of Columbus and the Bulletin campaigned together for cleaner speech, some of you thought the face too much to stomach. You said its choice was bad judgment.

Brethren, don't kid yourselves. And get this straight: don't try to kid us. Bad stories are bad and they don't become classy in college. No face, if it's meant to reflect a foul mind and heart can be grim, grisly, gruesome, squalid enough. God shaped your lips and tongue. See that you use them to honor Him.

They're nothing to laugh about, these smutty stories: never funny, just dumb. And the fellow who tells them is just a punk "little shot" trying to become a popular "big shot" by using foul means. Little guys like him have no big, bright future.

Many of you have never told a bad joke in your life. But often, when they've been shot at your ears, you "No, cut it out" has been much too weak.

If the would-be hero and campus bad man starts to talk that way at your table, starve him out. If he's smart that way in your room, twist him out through the keyhole. If he still shoots off, muscle the wise-guy. When his popular audience leaves him for good, he'll feel like a fish out of water. Maybe throw him back in. Maybe wash him up.

Now there's only one way for a MAN who has made mistakes to set them right. He's got to THINK his way out. Here are three thoughts he will think:

1. Smutty stories drag a college man down. He should aspire to legitimate culture and proper finesse. Not that anyone wants him to be snooty or soft. But he should be a gentleman. Vulgarity's out.
2. He hurts himself. If he means what he says, bad thoughts swim around in his mind. If he doesn't mean what he says, he should look for the key to the nuthouse.
3. He harms Others. And how much he harms them, he'll never know till the very last day when Christ holds the General Judgment. Right now, when he retails his scum, perhaps some poor kid on the edge of the crowd, terrifically tempted and trying hard, is pushed into sin. Flannelmouth's jokes in themselves are enough to answer for, without adding another man's sins, and another's and another's.

Don't hear the man who says he indulges in bad jokes just for the fun. If he can't find any clean ones, send him around to us.

So the picture's bad, eh? Any worse than Our Lord would draw? "If thy tongue scandalize thee, pluck it out."

CORRECTION: First line in the fourth paragraph of yesterday's Bulletin, omit the word "God". FOUND: two keys; a signet ring. Call at 107 Cav.