Several of you seniors have thanked the Prefect of Religion for providing the series of excellent conferences in the Senior's Novena.

But, please, don't thank us. You need and deserve the best preparation because you have a tough job ahead of you, not only in the military service but in after-the-war life. Notre Dame is able to and wants to provide that best preparation. All the Prefect of Religion did was ask certain priests and they graciously consented to prepare the talks.

Thank them for their desire and efforts to advise you on your conduct in war and marriage. (There is no necessary connection between the two, despite the testimony of some married couples.) While thanks are being given, you could thank also the priests and brothers of the University from top to bottom who have endeavored to give you their best.

Thank the priests who during your four years have been generous and faithful in confessions, in pulpits, in distributing Communion, in other extra religious services — and with never a murmur.

Thank the rectors and prefects, the priests and brothers who are always willing to listen to your problems if they can hear you over the noise made in the halls almost 24 hours a day; that noise, strain and responsibility which sooner or later gets on their nerves and causes one of them once in a while to raise his voice in a reprimand. Incidentally, did your parents ever become irritated and upbraid you at home — with only two or three in the family? Some of these rectors have 150 to 504 boys under their care — and not just run-of-the-mill boys but some of the finest in the land; but whether good, bad or indifferent each of you have souls and N.D. priests and brothers must stand before God one day and answer for their diligent care of you. Sometimes they may frown, even chide you, over your thoughtlessness or exposure to danger to yourself, body or soul. It would be so much easier to ignore you, and just teach — let you shift entirely for yourselves outside of class — but from long experience they know that three thousand "wild Irishmen" (even one!) are too valuable, too high-spirited to let grow wild and unrestrained during a most formative, thoughtless and wavering period of your lives, a period in which impulses of the finest and highest ideals are followed at times by the opposite, willingness, for example, to follow the suggestion of some crack-pot.

Sometimes you were thoughtless, typical of youth; and Notre Dame during her hundred years knows thoughtlessness has seared and will sear not only the body but the soul, even for eternity; and therefore at times she jolts you to make you think. Sometimes you yourself cannot answer why you ever did a thing, and wonder why you are penalized or reprimanded for it, saying: "I didn't intend any wrong". Of course, you didn't but you exposed yourself, thoughtlessly, at least to danger.

Thank Notre Dame for some of the rules which tried to keep you growing straight instead of letting you grow up like a wild tree. Valuable trees are pruned, pared, cut and trained, which often causes to youth what amounts to pain because it is the denial of natural impulses. It may hurt but one day you will thank God that you were not allowed to grow wild — and maybe useless.

Thank also Our Lady and your parents for being here. And finally accept our thanks for your final spurt and attendance at the Novena, and for the manly way most of you are facing and preparing for the mean job ahead.

On behalf of all the priests and brothers, thanks for the privilege of working for you. Working for God is itself the greatest privilege, but working for sons of Notre Dame even adds to that privilege — when they act like true sons.

PRAYERS: (Ill) Father of Roger Hiersoux (Off Campus).