The Commencement Exercises.
A DAY IN JUNE

Tuesday was cloudy, especially in Worcester, with scattered showers in the afternoon. We thought of the luck that the class of '58 had experienced in the past with the weatherman, and prepared for a wet graduation. But things were looking-up in the evening as we fell into line for the Baccalaureate. The rain had stopped and the soup in the Worcester sky was thinning. Father Nicholson gave the sermon, but most of us found it difficult to listen. There were so many things to think about; about the past four years... they had passed so quickly. And about the future... what would it bring? After the Baccalaureate some of us went out to the Ten Acres to celebrate the events of the following morning. The party was just like one that might be held on a homecoming weekend; no one wanted to realize that it was the last such party we would attend.

On Wednesday morning, an ambitious sun peeped through the early morning showers. It slipped—down the sides of Hanselman, and then of Lehy, and woke the sleepy schoolboys. We dressed in our academic robes and watched the sky clear while we waited for our families. It was after breakfast that the big day began: the day in June which had been our goal during the past four years.

Father Hart lead us as far as the entrance to the Fieldhouse and pointed the way to the stage. We marched to our seats and stood uneasily while the faculty and trustees entered, and then listened to the honorary degrees. Then Father Mullen read the degree which was, of course, in Latin. This proved inconvenient for the BS boys who missed a word or two. When he finished, Father Rector presented the diplomas and we became members of the alumni. Jack Sheehy tossed away the traditional address about the hallowed halls and gave a much more practical talk on the vocation of fatherhood. Following the Valedictory speech the ROTC boys signed away the next several years of their lives. The Naval students almost got away free when the Admiral forgot to swear them in, but a reminder from Father Mullen straightened things out. The Governor's address followed, and then the ceremony was finished.

We joined our families on the sloping lawns surrounding the Fieldhouse, accepted their congratulations, and said the "Thank You" which seemed to fit the day. There should have been many solemn thoughts on a day like today, but somehow thinking was put-off for the time being. We were just too happy to think. There was the graduation luncheon which definitely gave the folks the wrong impression of the way in which we had been fed during the past four years, and then the class movies. Of all the footage taken only about five feet showed us in the class-room. The rest of the picture was devoted to our social life leaving fathers to wonder whether they had been paying tuition, or membership fees in a country club. The truth included a bit of both.

The women spent the evening getting ready for the Senior Ball, and the graduates too spent a good deal of time mumbling at collar buttons and untwisting suspenders. But at last we arrived in the land of pink champagne to spend our last night on campus.

The fieldhouse was unbelievable with the tall champagne glass towering above the dance floor and the pink bubbles disappearing among the drapes of the ceiling. Pink champagne was on every table and with every cork that popped, another graduate was toasted. Leroy Holmes began to play and the music was perfect. The dancing began, and it never really ended... at least most of us can't remember when it ended. All that we remembered were the pleasant moments; the colorful dresses, the kind words, the congratulations exchanged with our classmates, and the tinkling of the champagne toasts. The evening never ended. All we knew was that when we awoke the next morning the day in June was over. We had waited for it for four years, and it had been worth the work and the waiting.

In the morning we cleared out our rooms, brought four-years accumulation of books and sweaters down to the cars, and said the final good-bys. When we drove down the somewhat altered Linden Lane we knew that the four years were over. Our day in June had been a great day... a day worth remembering. Just like the day of our College Years.
Himmm!

GRADUATION

Father Rector and Doctor of Law Mathews.

That Certain Smile...
You're not paying attention!

Sheehy . . . "Be a Father!"

"On my honor, I'll do my best..."

Officer Lenden and Family.
Tears and melancholy stained the evening.

"You great big Crusaders wouldn't hurt little me... would you?"

Scholars McGuinness and Pellegrino.
Poor Fitz is gone...

Graduate Proud and Friend.

The Champagne was still sparkling when we left.

Families got together...

It keeps sliding down...
...and smiled the evening long