

**Convalescence**

Kenny Mooney, '41

Today a feeling stirs within my soul;  
I know not why.  
It seems to urge me onward, but the goal  
I do not spy.  
This room to me when I awoke, at dawn,  
Was just a jail;  
Now through the window all my thoughts are drawn  
As I inhale  
The fresh, pure air that softly comes to me,  
And seems to say:  
"Come out, my lonely invalid, and see  
The world so gay.  
You've spent the long cold winter in your bed,  
And now 'tis time  
To come to life, to lift your weary head,  
The spring's sublime.  
I fain would answer now the call but know  
That cannot be;  
Such beauties as the springtime fairies show  
Are not for me.  
Yet I am pleased; for in a little while,  
O'er ridge and dell,  
Fair Springtime will be crowned with summer's flowers,  
And I am well.

**Haledictory**

Gene Gorman

Each year at Commencement, a graduating class is told: "This is your day". Our day has arrived and it is a quite different day from that which we had pictured in years past. On several occasions in the past we sat in those seats and listened to the parting words of other graduating classes;—and we wondered. We wondered if all that was said was true, if it was sincere, and not said merely because such words seemed to be called for under the circumstances. Now we understand that they were true and sincere, for only a graduate can appreciate the feelings of a graduate.