

October...

"the time has come" said Little Joe,
"to talk of many things . . . of
politics and football . . ."

*Do not neglect your dearest friends
Watch them with anxious eyes
Turn not your back upon them
For they'll murder you with lies . . .*

From the Lyrics of Little Joe

■ October . . . swirling by in a memory of sunny days — of star dusted nights . . . School work set aside for pleasant dreaming and walks about the campus . . . Dark . . . cigarettes winking through the gloom . . . A bite to the wind that comes off the West End basin studded with orange lights . . . Autumn threatening to bare its teeth . . . musing and walking again in the Ohio dusk over familiar ground . . .

■ The mass of the Library like some crouching Atlas . . . the two oak trees with their leaves brown and dried . . . rustling . . . rustling . . . Chandeliers sparkling in the Teachers' Building . . . high arched windows and heavy drapes . . . a beep, beeeep floating mournfully down Clifton Avenue . . . the solitary light in one of the corner rooms of McMicken . . . it has burned there nightly for years . . . Poplars behind the Commons . . . slowly dying . . . There's something about them and the cold stars above Old Tech that hurt you . . . The gust of hot air from that grate near the steps . . . All these things . . . these places that you've noticed so many times . . . you'll think about in years to come.

■ Down the hill to Swift Hall and the silent Engineering Quad . . . the usual pause before Baldwin . . . and how would a Greek temple at midnight affect you if a terra cotta facade as this bring lumps to your throat . . .

■ Silhouettes of McMicken's spires and cupolas dancing against the sky . . . the impressive loneliness of the stadium by moonlight . . . a discarded program fluttering along the stand . . . musing and walking . . .

■ Hoover wins the straw vote . . . the "Y" open their membership drive . . . class elections . . . Homecoming Day and floats . . . all for the last time . . . Clubs swinging under way . . . But this is October and football is king, yes, football is the thing . . . football with "big time" stuff . . . uniformed men at the gates . . . flag raising . . . a drum major that keeps you on edge with his twirling of the baton . . . Revamped Bearcats to face Butler tonight . . . King fears Georgetown . . . Bearcats' line crippled . . . South Dakota comes out of the west . . . Funny lumps in your throat as some battered senior walks off the field hidden by something said gruffly to your neighbor . . .

■ Where is Autumn? . . . Sound of drums increasing in volume . . . but who has time to notice . . . drums of time . . . booming . . .

■ Purple nights and a big moon smacking through the windshield . . . someone's head on your shoulder . . . coming back from somewhere . . . who . . . where . . . names . . . forgotten already . . . October blowing away . . .

■ You catch yourself musing . . . my last year . . . Lord, I must get all I can out of this . . . but it's so nice to sit back and watch youngsters being launched into activity . . . tomorrow only names . . . empty names . . .