

November...

my thoughts recover . . . the days
that are over . . . and I weep . . .
Miami won! . . .

*What is achievement's highest heights?
Ah fool, 'tis no enigma . . .
To love . . . or conquer- Nay,
To be summoned by Sigma Sigma . . .*
From the Lyrics of Little Joe

- Gray November . . . new sod near Swift Hall . . . tractors barking behind Old Tech . . . Dances . . . more dances . . . a girl in a bright red dress . . . the catchy tune that Summer left behind . . . "I just couldn't say good-bye . . ." Spasmodic pledge announcements in the "News" . . .
- Football games . . . echoes of Summer skies . . . dirty clouds spotting the blue between the gym and the smoke stack . . . the two spires of St. George's poking into the skyline . . . leaves in long slanting streams swirling from the trees . . . streamers trailing from the goal posts . . . flags fluttering . . . white coats near the gym . . . coming this way . . . R.O.T.C. uniforms . . . pestering newsboys . . . "read 'em and sit on 'em . . ." Profiles against the sky . . . rank pipes on the windward side . . . thud of feet on leather . . . radio sputtering . . . people still trickling over the hill . . . Officials on the forty-yard line . . . a cowbell jangling off to the right . . . the kick-off! . . .
- Puppets sprawling on the green . . . a yellow oval shooting out of a pile of red and black jerseys . . . ends toppling over . . . savage straight-arm on surprised faces . . . backs coming out of the line . . . straightening up . . . stands pleading . . . leaning goalward . . . Then only the dusk . . . a tired figure picking up scattered papers and programs from deserted concrete tiers . . .
- Gay November swirling away . . . rosy lights in the "Y" . . . Sections change . . . coffee at midnight . . . bluebooks . . . architects rendering into the gray dawn . . . remember?
- So important then . . . the Ohio U. game . . . cold . . . icy cold . . . Athens . . . or a squeaking radio in a smoke-filled room . . . Sintic . . . Sadosky . . . five yards . . . ten . . . touch-down . . . touch-back . . . Maybe next year . . . the boys will . . . but I will not be here when Fall rolls 'round again . . .
- Freshman reception . . . soft laughter . . . baby faces . . . funny little hats . . . to chase you down the years . . .
- An Austin . . . rolling into the stadium . . . the new Band Sponsor.
- Thunder . . . there on the left . . . basket hopefuls . . . gone the Michigan men.
- Football . . . over . . . all over . . . never again . . . Toby too . . . his clowning over . . . the new regime . . . big time stuff . . . next year's freshman will not know . . . of Toby . . . or you . . .