

TO THE FUTURE EDITORS OF THE CENTURION

Well it's all over but the pouting. Now is the time for the deluge of complaints to settle upon us like a herd of angry buffalo. Oh yes, you get complaints, not only after the annual comes out but all during the setting-up process earlier in the year. Someone doesn't like the quotation that you use for him, or his picture is blurred just around his left ear. These, combined with the frantic race to get the engravings out and the write-ups in and the ever impending bills that pile up, up, up, paid, constitute an average year as editor, assistant editor, and art editor of the Centurion.

Now, don't get us wrong, we're not complaining. We've loved every agonizing minute of it. That's another thing—time. Prepare to devote many an afternoon to the creation of the Centurion.

It isn't all work and no play—just practically all work and no play. There are the many afternoons when you want to go to club or to the drug store or, if you're really desperate, maybe even home; but Mr. Gossard just smiles and says, "I know, I know," and before you know it, you're cutting up pictures of the science club for page thirty-four.

One of the most enjoyable things connected with the annual is trying to dream up things to make the book really different. You see, it is always your main objective to make "this year's" annual really different. You begin by designing a dashing cover for the book—something tremendous with gold embossed lettering. Then you plan your page construction. A few color pages will do nicely plus a couple of those oversized pages that folds up like an accordion and then pops out when you reach the faculty section. After this comes the mighty decision—what type of printing to use. Of course a combination of etched scroll work and Old English lettering would be just perfect. So you put all these ideas on paper and present them to Mr. Gossard, who just shakes his head and says, "I know, I know," and before you know it, you are looking at last year's annual to see what they did that you could do, only differently.

You are not alone while working on the Centurion—you have lots of help. There are representatives from the printers and representatives

from the engravers and even representatives from the representatives. Yes, you have plenty of help. There is the typing staff and the literary staff, the advertising staff, and the staff you use to help yourself home after an afternoon poring over a hot batch of snap shots.

Now at this point you are probably arching your eyebrows and asking in your most inquisitive voice, "Why?" Why all this fuss? Why go to all this work? What do we get out of it?—certainly not financial compensation. At the end of the week there is no one to hand you a pay check. Certainly not the scholastic compensation. No one raises your grades just because you're a member of the annual staff. On the contrary you have to work hard to hold up the grades along with the Centurion. Since there is nothing material which we receive for our labors, you may wonder what it is that keeps us on the straight and narrow, working on the annual. Well, it's a little unexplainable. The really important thing is the feeling that you have, actually and practically by yourselves, created something. You get the feeling that an author probably gets when he picks up a newly printed and bound copy of his book . . . to hold something that he'd poured all his knowledge and skill into right there in his hands . . . something that others will read and enjoy; and to realize that you have made others happier because of something you have created. Such as it is with the annual. You've planned it, watched it grow from an idea into a reality; and as you leaf through the pages, you feel good, and somehow all those hours seem very well invested.

We know that you'll feel the same way next year. You'll have your ups and downs, and there will be times when you will wish that you had never even heard the name "Centurion". But when all is said and done, you'll see how worthwhile it all was. You have created a book that will be read and re-read probably more often than any other piece of literature in a Mariemont High School graduate's library.

So good luck . . . it's all yours . . . make the most of it.

BARBARA WEST MACLENNAN
MERRY ANN BAKER
MARILYN REID