

At Last —

we near the end. A momentous year in our history is about to expire. We have sworn, nay, we have cursed, we have slaved, toiled, fought, howled, mauled, and we have risen to ethereal heights only to be cast down to the bottomless pits of melancholia. Yes—we have had quite a time, one that has been worth many millions of shekels, and yet we would not go through it again for many millions of shekels. Where are our friends of the early autumn they have lost track of us during our days, rather nights—for a yearbook is really a product of darkness, you start out in complete darkness and only begin to see the dawn of light when the task is nigh well completed—of seclusion. A few of the old reliable ones have dropped in now and then with a ham sandwich to kill a few hours in that favorite indoor sport, of college people, a Bible session. But the last few months have been a solid grind, with pens scratching, pencils grating, typewriters rattling, scissors snipping, cameras clicking, and a perfect inferno of other sounds. We pause and listen—all is quiet—this unnatural silence provokes a shiver down one's backbone. Can it be possible that this is the Cincinnati office and all is still even though it is three o'clock in the morning. Ah, yes it is true and we begin to think back over the year and remember the bright spots, and their creators.

They indeed deserve our utmost gratitude and appreciation. There is Mr. W. Carson Webb of the Webb Studios, to whom we are indebted for his kindly consideration and earnest cooperation. To Mr. Peter Gurwit we are grateful for his help in the selection of the theme.

To Miss Elizabeth Youmans we wish to express our real appreciation for her help in artistically executing the theme; and to Miss Sarah Fern Sharp we are indebted for her invaluable assistance with the Senior section of the book. And although their work is only beginning we may not forget the wonderful cooperation we have had from Mr. Ralph Mock and Mr. Glen Holden of the Republican Publishing Company.

These, and many others, have all toiled in the construction of this book, the 1927 CINCINNATIAN, of whom—for to us it has become a living person—we cannot help but say "May God bless and keep her always as a living memorial of the year 1926-'27 at the University of Cincinnati."

Charles S. Adams.

Edward F. Mottern

W. H. Taylor