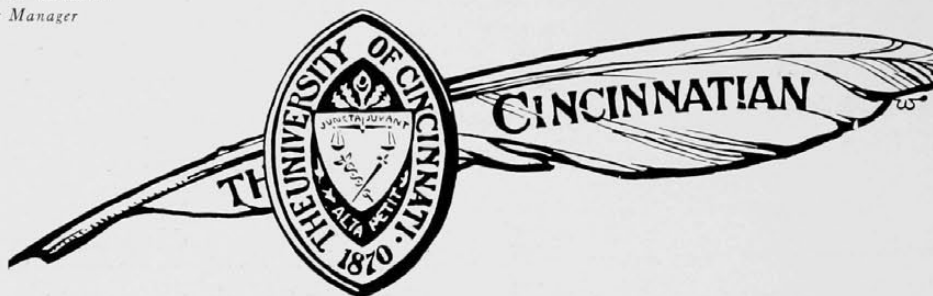


EDWARD F. MOTTERN
Editor-In-Chief

CHARLES S. ADAMS
Business Manager



1928

Cincinnati, Ohio

Page Three Hundred and Eighty-two has gone into the remorseless maw of a flat-bed press. The battered Underwood upon which we beat is emitting its death rattle. Even now, hair pins, old wire, and bits of string are all that hold it together. Five thousand tons of paper litter our desks, our chair and us. Quids of eating tobacco, corks, broken glass and uncounted hundreds of cigarette butts strew the sagging floor. As we drop exhausted from our bench we permit a sigh of relief to whistle through our flaccid lips. This is page Three Hundred and Eighty-two. This is the last page in the **BUKE!**

The 1928 **CINCINNATIAN** is a finished thing. It is a monumental work of a now dying past. No longer must we curse at Gordon. No longer must we write copy, type lists of meaningless names, mark photographs for the engraver. No longer must we sit up every goddam night. We have thrown away the "hype" needle, and the bottle. We will lay where we fall.

You who glance through this glorious memento of a golden year will forgive us if your name has been omitted, your name spelled wrong, or your activities censored. We realize that even we are not the criterion of perfection. But we are free! We cast off the tenacious shackles that have bound us relentlessly through twelve long wintry months. We go to renew our youth a last time.

Yet it has not been an entirely evil year, after all. There is a curious and indescribable hold that the annual office exerts over its inmates. There are long friendships established, and cemented by happy evenings under a "jeweled sky." We cannot forget here to thank Julian S. Fowler, Librarian, for the gracious use of his masterpieces of the English steel-engravers' art, copies of which adorn our division pages. We want to thank Wild Bill Taylor, the Manassa Mauler, for his splendid servicing of this **BUKE** as engravings representative. We extend our sincerest protestations of appreciation to Mr. Volkman of the Repro Engraving Company for his excellent assistance; we grow maudlin in our gratitude to W. Carson Webb, our photographer, for his splendid aid; we want to thank Joe Kindle for his kindly and able advice; and last but not least, we salute upon his chaste, perspiring brow, Jawn Powell, the Magnificent Powell, for his capable and artistic printing service.

Lastly may the good Saint Vitus keep watch and ward over my boy, Charlie Adams, than whom there is no greater froynd nor abler helpmeet. And good luck to the 1929 **CINCINNATIAN** — they'll need it!

Edward F. Mottern

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.