

## IT

**I**T has been customary of the Cincinnati for the past years and years to select from several thousand women students a half dozen or so of extraordinary pulchritude, unusual pulchritude. Of some concern perhaps, being prompted by tradition, is the question of why there are no beauties among these pages which precede. Of course we would not infer there ain't no such women this 1929, for the Alumnae Association found at least six, as you remember; nor could we claim the grads stole our thunder, the old cradle-snatchers, for ours is an utterly opposed purpose. We were not exactly after the uglies, either, because such are the porteges of Student Council; but sightly or unsightly, the people from whom we have chosen necessarily command It—"It"—or what do you have in mind? Suit yourself, because even the discoverer tells us It's like hash—you never know just what 'tis. At any rate, you have contemplated with gusto, we trust, the representative boy and girl from each class, the characteristic Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Frosh; he and she of the inexplicable something, the—

Suffice it that any one of them makes a very interesting date.