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IT IS FINISHED -- THE 1930 CINCINNATIAN

Where rang the laughter of girls, where whined the machinery of publication, and where, like an out-of-tune waterfall, fell the ceaseless prattle of Arthur Quintus Sohn, hangs now the fourfold gloom of a deserted meadhall whose vaults once re-echoed the songs of assembled warriors.

Many have helped. The staff has been loyal, and Dave Eckert, our peerless associate and a nickel pincher of far-sung renown, has been a jewel beyond value, and, in the way associates have, he has stolen into our kindest feelings.

But to our humble self we owe no debt greater than an up-from-under kick in the pants. We remember, with some regret, that hazy day about three years ago when we first placed a hesitant foot upon the threshold of the annual office. Yes, that was a long time ago and many events have come of it. Today as we look at these silent, battered, dun-colored walls, we can only wonder mildly about them.

They have seen us throw away the world for a few friends; they have seen the last three editors fail in all their courses; they are peopled by an hundred half-forgotten faces; they have witnessed the death of a thousand dreams and even now a thousand deathless smiles hang about them.

And in one mouldy corner of this strange office the wondering remnant of ourself hammers a weary Underwood and speculates in this wise: "Who are you and where have you been the past five years?" We can answer for our sophomore year, perhaps even for last year, but now we can only wonder mildly and not think about it too often.

We have taken five years to teach ourselves that pleasure is transient, that student activities are not worth while, that a friend of today is an acquaintance of tomorrow, that college is a state of apathy and that we know nothing about anything.

It is finished--the 1930 Cincinnati. This is the last page. The press that prints it will toll the knell of our college days. If we ever think of them in the future, that thought will be of a few nights, a few friends, a few toasts and the drab blot within the bosom of McMicken that is the Cincinnati Office.

Frank Owens Jr