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Cincinnati, Ohio

Sunday Night, May 31, 1931.

M. T. R.,
114th Street, New York City.

Old Fella:

Tomorrow at dawn the 1931 Cincinnatian comes of age. For long months it has laid away, like an old magenta wine, in a dank, dark cubby hole in McMicken, growing, developing, being slowly nursed along until it attained adulthood. Until tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

Yet as we look back over the year we become wistful with the thoughts of the associations which have bound us to our Alma Mater and to this volume, another noble experiment.

Probably we are too indebted to "College Humor" for our expectations about college:

"Fords without fenders and flasks without bottoms; sex in silk stockings co-edding for dates; modern youth splitting a quart for breakfast and hocking Grandfather's watch for dinner; the team eating beefsteak and living in roadsters; lecture rooms full of benches and jails full of boys; nights of passionate reaction to the machine age and days lulled by patient profs." Well, life threw us a notebook, not a pennant.

Arata, the Chiseler, has been of invaluable aid. His friendship means infinitely more to us than can be expressed in cold print.

Bill Taylor has put out excellent engravings, excellent service and excellent rose-petalling (his boy Edgar is all right); Jack Powell, the demon driver, and Andy, the printer's devil have done their damndest; ole Hank and the Magnificent Mottern were encouraging and listened to our ideas with patience. Nor could we find a better faculty advisor (debunker that he is). The Webb outfit was marvelous. Yockey, too, was a peach, and Bailey - big, dumb and sensitive, - to Bailey goes our thanks for the burgeoning of an idea, for his ready "yes" - ing.

We despair at writing this, our Swan Song. It is not meant to be a bigger - and - better talk or a kind of maudlin type-waving. Nevertheless:-

Have you ever been back stage on the last night of a Fresh Painter comedy? When every one was happy - even Basement Joe - and a bit weary of almost everything, - and yet, sort of saddened, because things were sort of over and one felt rather out of things?

Somehow tonight as we write we cannot but feel like that, too. The business of publishing this year book has been for us a gay adventure. It promised even more than we have visioned in those days when our first dreams of editing were ablaze. Ten months is not a lifetime, but the last ten months hold for us the memory of our own happy hours, our crowded yesterdays...

Tomorrow strange faces will come in to use the office phone. Tomorrow night new hands will write on the pages of Cincinnatian history. Tomorrow we assume our place on the wall with thirty-seven other editors. Already dozens of embryonic editors are hammering at the doors. Yet, we have the memories of a golden, glorious year, fraught with many a heartache. It was a brave business.

But tonight is ours. No----today. For even now the gray tones of daybreak are lighting the skies far behind Old Tech which rises to the east. Yes, today. Today belongs to us. Today the 1931 Cincinnatian comes of age! Tomorrow we go forth to neatly hang ourselves in a Paris garter.

Charles

The Impeccable