

and his only revenge had to be an architectural one.

The Master must have been an ardent "Old Gold" fan for it was the touching music, "You're an Old Smoothie", which was frozen to bestow upon the southwest corner of the campus, the stately Alphonso P. Taft Hall which has always housed the smoothest men in the college drama of the Alma Mater. Who cries for proof?

"Daisy, Daisy, Give me your answer true,

I'm half crazy . . ."

Here the Master's song was cut, and so was the Botany building; in fact the Botany and Zoology shelter with its rare birds flanking the portals, is indeed a quaint architectural devise. It was circulated that a pipe organ accompanied the Colossus on this occasion even as exposed pipes accompany the building on every floor. The Master's inclusion of a goat yard at the rear of the structure seemed ominous.

"In a ramblin' wreck from Georgia Tech", sung in three part harmony, issued from the magic throat, and brought forth the



"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG" . . .

under the power of the Colossus, could bring us a new Student Union Building with a tower as lofty as the song's theme—student union . . .

Engineering Quadrangle, a sturdy trio of work houses designed along hard modified classical lines. The quadrangle, with its co-ops, R. O. T. C. and slide rules, was ever a grim domain, and of a certainty grim structures were in keeping.

It could have been any radio, any night at any time during March 1934 but it was still the singing Colossus. "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" clambered its dolorous way upward only to descend as the official University of Cincinnati Power House. Our Engineering Quadrangle was almost unadorned but our Power House smoke stack was resplendent with expensive, intricately laid, brick mosaic. Some thought the Colossus was partial to power . . .

The Master next must have sensed himself the victim of a strange dramatic lift which seemed to best assert itself in Wagner's "Evening Star." The song rose to greet the frosty air; a monstrous ice cube appeared, and almost as suddenly a voluminous burst of applause seemed to issue from it. Another "Evening Star" was casting his aura across the boards of Wilson Memorial Auditorium and another Mummies' audience was held spellbound. This theatre, modern and efficient, admitted a kinship to no other structure of its immediate surroundings. The serene splendor of the sculptural frieze by Clement J. Barnhorn, which adorns the exterior side walls, depicts oratory, drama, and music, the arts which Wilson Auditorium houses and fosters. The severely simple contours of the building are properly softened by well arranged planting, and our campus is beautified. Again all praise to the Master.

A swinging rolling melody then reverberated round and round through the icy caverns. The intense cold settled upon the ever



SILHOUETTED ROMANCE . . .

this may some day be a scene on our campus, if, perchance the Master's rendition of "Japanese Sandman" should bring a new girls' dormitory.

popular "After the Ball is Over", and the football stadium of Carson Field was created. So it was with this fascinating sport at old McMicken; after the ball was over the stadium was built, and after the ball was put over enough more times the capacity of the stadium was increased. The Colossus knows the ways of King Football.

"I'm Young and Healthy", an old air, or does the Master recognize the element of time? How jauntily he sang, and to be sure, with a bacchanalian head, or else how could the University Gymnasium, with its ponderous cornice, have been so top heavy—how could the ornament have been so spotty, and ill-suited? The Master hid his face!

Of how many moods the Master boasts! But, who will gainsay it, his most coy and mischievous temperament was most provokingly exposed in his choice of that pitiable sympathetic ditty "Always in the Way" as the origin of the Teachers College. And still the Master is omniscient! What song could better describe that quartet

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