

to those strange folks that have read this far:

No doubt the patience of the entire calendar of saints has been called upon to complete a perusal of this tome. That the reader into these mirky regions of the jahrbuch has shown something of the waning pioneering spirit and indomitability of will we cannot gainsay.

Such a one as reaches this page that fairly drools with saccharine and tears has earned our admiration, for we appreciate a connoisseur when one appears in this most stupid of all stupid worlds. The Herculean efforts that have joined with a healthy case of insomnia to make this CINCINNATIAN complete, mark those who have clustered about and harassed the undersigned in the brewing of this concoction, as people who have earned a single and simple thing—a headache.

Odd persons, curious about curious things, ask what goes into a yearbook. Well, at the present writing, with the battered lay-out book glaring at us through its spidery pencilings, at this solemn hour when the last of the blessed drudgery, with its cloying deep-nightness weighing mightily upon the "mine" beneath McMicken, curls up to die an unmourned death, an answer comes hard—and hazy.

Perhaps, if the motley band that reeled giddily in and out of the office day after crazy day could shout its maudlin uproar, we would hear contradictory claims. "Photolithography!" the printer fellows, smiling and incorrigibly tardy Bud Marsh and the very scientific Ollie Perin would say. "Portraits!" the kindly and infinitely helpful W. Caron Webb would insist. (In the last instance we have reason to suspect bias.) Faculty Advisor Holmes—to whom thanks for a friendly confidence—would offer: "A new deal!" Don Juan Gilbert might take a moment from his philanderings to suggest: "Group photos," and "Good copy!" would be the beaming urge of those sources of immeasurable effort and aid, Managing-editress Weishaupt and "Dutch" Ruehlmann. Probably, if one took the time to trail and find Vic Strauss he'd explode with "More cynicism, dammit!"

Yet, as the summer's lethargy dribbles in on an easy breeze to wilt thought itself, we can only stare blankly at the Tobin caricatures on the wall. Even they have long ceased to do their bit to help us carry on, and we faintly mutter in sleep-clogged reply to the question, the trilogy: "Finance, whimsey, time."



#### FINANCE

... shackles the scarred and tender wrists of strident creativeness, grins, and jauntily waves away all protestations of the need for more pages and prettiness.



#### WHIMSY

... saves the unholy "we" from the head-banging that comes with the silly questions and grumblings of organization representatives, and the wild flutterings of the Freshwomen and office habitues who have been a welcome trial to the Broken One.



#### TIME

... the flitting marker of motion, clips months into weeks and then days. And ultimately, the hours shave down to small numbers and press-time is here. Try as we might, we have failed sadly to live up to tradition. The book appears, we fear, on schedule.

rather dully,

Mel Bernstein