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BEAUX-ARTS BALL

By MARK L. ALLEN, C.E. 3

"Have you," asked Officer "Bill" North, holding the lapels of our coat in a firm grip, and massaging our vertebrae in the bannister post, "a ticket?"

It was but some eight steps up to the third floor of the Ohio Union where the architects' shindig was in progress and here were we in the hands of old Bill. His smile disarmed us completely of any retort save only a negative.

We descended once more to the second floor and deep in the throes of despair were all but ready to go home and study. A fair maiden clad in the filmy mysteries of the Orient passed us on the stairs and we stopped, mouth agape and wondering why we didn't take architecture.

A new idea seized us and we sought out ye editor and his fair escort. "Gadzooks, Ed," sayed we, "you must needs get us into the *danson* in the upper regions."

"Back again?" asked Bill. This time we were under the wing of a bonafide architect, Bill Gould, and we were certain of success. "This," explained he, "is a roving reporter. It happens to be from the *Ohio State Engineer*. Kindly admit."

"O.K.," sayed Bill, that staunch guardian of the gate. We dashed madly up the stairs ere either of them changed his mind but not too fast to miss seeing ye editor trying to sell Bill a subscription.

Many moons ago we chanced up to the third floor of the old Union while a square dance was in progress. At that time we meditated upon the *decrepitude* of the old place and shed a tear for the dim dead days of the past, when the Union really was a place of sorts.

Well, sir, you should have been what these architects did to that place. It was a sight for sore eyes indeed. If you have ever seen any of these colorful efforts of the boys over in Brown Hall you might be able to glean an idea. The walls had been covered with painted wall board done according to Charlie Barber's prize-winning motif.

Dervishes whirled about us in a mad profusion of color to the tuneful jazz of Bob Jennings' Racketeers. A few grinning profs. attired in the conservative tux, gave the dance an air of respectability. The costumes, though, were dazzling and surprising. Here and there were maidens, fresh, thought we, from the hidden harem of some desert chieftain. Then there we era few cork-helmeted Westerners (one even wore a monocle, bless my soul) as well as sturdy dragomen in the pantaloons and fezes (just how does one do a plural in Arabic?). One gay architect, Cliff McCoy, wore only a batiked loin-cloth, a wise garment we concluded, for a collegiate dance where the laundry czars clap their hands in glee as the collars wilt.

The judges had a hard job to pick out the best costumes and were biased, or nearly biased, we hasten to correct ourselves, by the winsome smile of many a fair damsel as she gaily tripped by the reviewing stand. After going into a huddle, the judges announced the following winners:

Erma Melbourne—Queen of the Ball
Geraldine Young—First Assistant Queen
Mildred Caine—Second Assistant Queen

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Melvin C. Josephson—First Prize

William Kremer—Second Prize

Clifford W. MacCoy—Third Prize

The Queen was awarded a white gold necklace. Josephson, after unwrapping numerous sheets of paper from his prize, displayed a string of frankfurters as his reward.

Quite a whoopee session ensued, and as the dance closed with a prolonged bang, we avowed that the Beaux-Arts Ball was indeed a prize-winner among the campus social events of the year.
