



*The Crow Four in a rendition of "Jeannie." Left to right, standing: Herm Linder '51 and Phil Trimble '51; seated: Rog Hansen '51 and Jack Malone '52*

army is either joining the Navy or being a college man.

Although the above story has not yet been released to the *Champagne Booze Gazette*, such a release would not at all be an inappropriate finale to this too, too wacky a semester. As I lay here typing on my 1911 Corona, listening to the peaceful hammering of John (Bjorn) Oden '51 on our baby grand with "St. James Infirmary," I find it impossible not to assume a deeply reflective and philosophical mood toward the events of the past four months.

Isn't it interesting to note how the state of international affairs can so alter the attitudes of America's young college students? The atmosphere has a much more serious air in it, as can be observed in the crowded conditions of all the local "hotspots," the three-block long lines in front of the uptown theatres, and the universal refusal to spend more than is absolutely necessary on taking instructors out for coffee. The B.A.G.O.C.'s (Boys and Girls on Campus) are admiring each other in an entirely new light now that most of the men are backing the "Youth for Korea" campaign—and the women know it. The repeated occurrence of co-ed's calling fraternity men and finding them "busy" for three consecutive week-ends is presenting an entirely different sociological problem. Young strugglers for their master's degree in the social field are, however, meeting the challenge with unwonted courage.

The changes which have occurred in the halls of ivy are exceedingly extraordinary. The semester commenced with several "bangs" as the "hot-rod" enthusiasts in the House began warming up their souped-up engines. John Hall '51, Bob (Scratch) McCracken '52, and master mechanic Herm Linder '51 started the fad by introducing to the local track something paramount in dilapidation on wheels called, "Jeannie." It was not long, however, before "Jeannie," having blown out and worn to shreds all four of her Firestones, stripped . . . her gears, broke her rear axle, and retired to what most of the Brothers hope is her final resting place—the side of a curb along Euclid Street. Currently, to everyone's consternation, John Oden '51, Ralph Hotto '51, and Don Horton '52, and several cooperative onlookers are reviving the hot-rod school by exhibiting the