

Homecoming Hurricane Happens

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A kidnapping, a sacrifice of a virgin, LIPS, Pickles, I Phelta Thi, I Aeta Phelta Thi, dozens of girls running around getting kissed, rivers of beer, and Evel Knievel jumping over a toy fire truck on a tricycle can only add up to one possibility the School of the Arts was at it again.

Greek Week (the week preceding Homecoming weekend) was as wild as ever. The sororities were magnificent.

LIPS (Lambda Iota Phi Psi), the largest of the girls' groups this year, literally over-ran the campus Wednesday night. The pledgers were told that part of their initiation was to go forth with lipstick in one hand, a piece of paper in the other, and a pen and collect as many lip imprints from guys as they could. (I don't mind a little fun, now, but I think I ended up with at least seven different brands of lipstick on.)

The girl who ended up with the most lip imprints was given a most sacred honor: she was allowed to be the sacrificial

virgin for I Phelta Thi fraternity. IPT really gave a great showing that night. All of them in their sacred, mystic outfits were obviously on a different level of existence that evening as they stumbled on that path to the Quad.

The highlight of the evening occurred as the High Celebrant, Peter Girvin, neared the spot of the sacrifice. LIPS sorority suddenly fell upon him, and scooped him up into a waiting get-away car. Courageous Phelta's (who had recovered their wits) fell immediately to the pursuit of Beth Causey's fast little

TR-6, with Dana Demuth and Cinthia Clontz sitting on the sacred Celebrant. Skip Sherman of the Pheltas managed to hang onto Peter until the gracious LIPS stopped to let him in the car. They then went to "Butler", where Peter, being a real good sport, surrendered his clothes to the demanding ladies, who returned waving his underwear triumphantly. The High Celebrant soon returned wearing a blanket. Undaunted, he led the sacrifice in his half-naked state to its stirring climax(?).

Masked Man

By the way, it might be interesting to include that We Tappa Keg made a showing at the sacrifice. Roger Rutledge and a hitherto unidentified masked man tried to rain out the affair with buckets of water. After Roger pulled one more dive bomb, he was dragged out into the Quad by furious IPT's and IAPT's, where he was drenched and then covered with shaving cream. All the time he screamed out "We Tappa Keg lives!" That guy has true grit; a few loose connections, but true grit.

Skipping ahead, the following day proved that everyone was still in their streak of insanity. LIP's came out in pajamas, then later on in evening gowns. I Aeta's played it cool till the dance on Friday night when they all showed up in slinky, sexy sequins, and proceeded to steal the show.

The dance Friday night was everything that it should have been. It was cool, kinky, and crazy. The band A.J. Idle, and the lights (designed by Adrian Durlister with a healthy assist from Tom Daly and Jim Parker) brought the night all together. Everyone really seemed to enjoy themselves, and that was the whole idea.

The Homecoming pre-game activities included an egg catching contest where everyone came out a little egg on their face. Half-time proved to be a hoot. Not only did the whole parade wind up as a demolition derby, but the judges (the deans of the school), awarded themselves the prize for the best float.

The Cucumber Crown

Earline Parmon, Homecoming Queen, received her pickle crown during the half-time ceremonies. (Earline, as you may know, works in the snack bar, and is possibly the foxiest chick on campus.) Robert Suderburg presented the Cucumber Crown to Earline in a stately ceremony. (All right, so it wasn't so stately - give 'em a break!)

Bob Murray... I mean, Evel Knievel... then followed with his death-defying tricycle leap off a five-foot ramp over a toy firetruck! The only thing between him and serious injury, or even death, was a crash helmet, heavy boots and a leather jacket. Oh yes, he was wearing bright yellow tights as well. Needless to say, Bob - ah, I mean Evel - was heralded off the field after his triumphant feat.

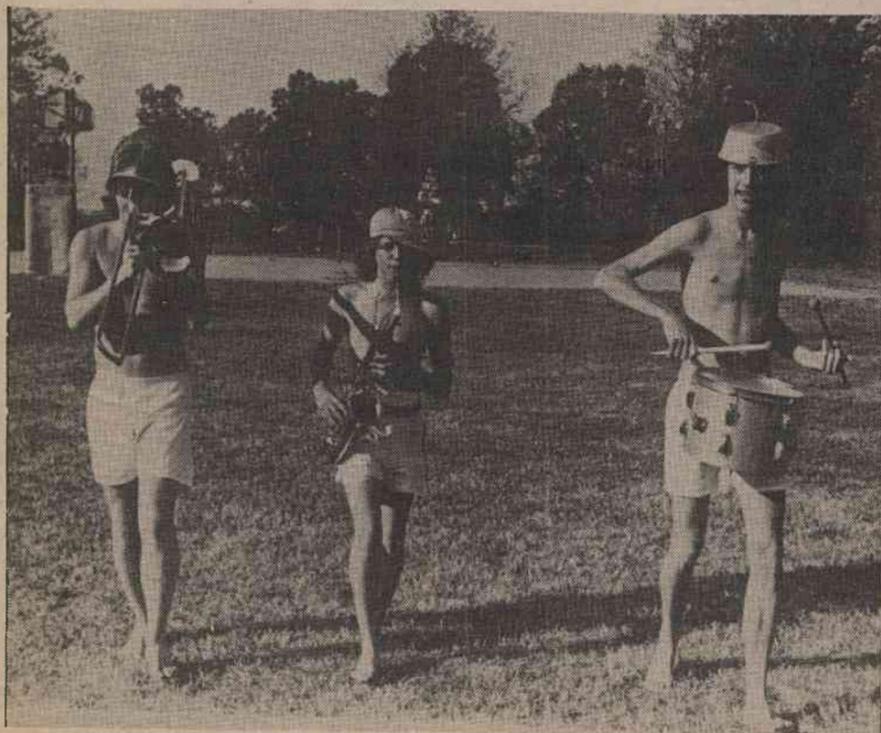
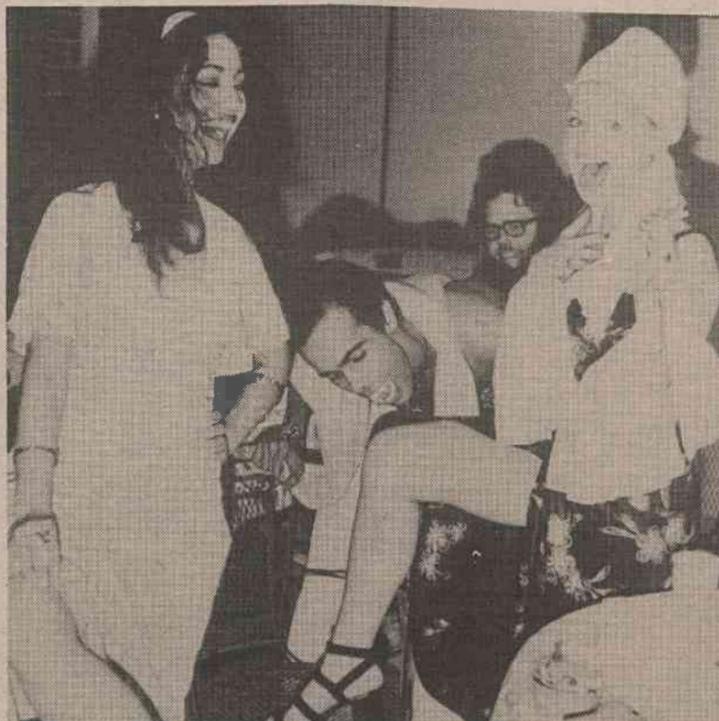
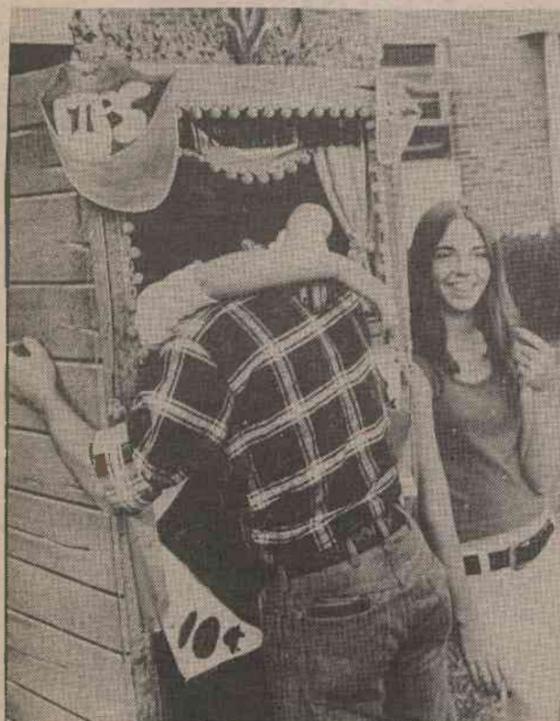
Speaking of triumphant feats, the Pickles came up on top of the barrel, of course. How could it have been any other way? The Pickles, regardless of what condition they're in, are a good, tight team. Right?

Apparently, no-one expected anything else until the beer bash, but at dinner Saturday evening, people were given a real treat. Without warning, the super-soulful sisters of Tri Kappa (KKK) came truckin' on in. Gathered around their table, the sisters laid their heart-warming song, "I'm So Glad I Go to School of the Arts," on a spellbound audience. When the spell was broken with the end of the song, the superb sisters received a standing ovation.

23 gph

The beer bash was held in the Commons gym. Saturday night from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. music, lighting, and all the beer you could drink somehow turned out to be a winning combination. The unofficial word on the event was that 23 gallons of beer were consumed per hour. Way to go, Pickles! (By the way, thank for the beer bash go to Dave Belnap. I've always believed in pinning the blame - I mean, giving credit where it's due.)

Well, Homecoming '74 became only another beautiful memory after that night. Now we must go on to face the world again after our short respite, and resolve one question: how long before our next chance to rip this campus apart?



Essay Photos by Bryant Arrington