SLIME PARADE

Freshman Enthusiasm Mounts As ‘Barbaric’ BVD Bash Nears

By EDWARD BLOCHER

One of the essential ingredients of freshman guidance has come at last, the indomitable Slime Parade, alias “BVD Parade,” alias “wholesale butchery...” It is the climactic chapter of that unwritten treatise on “How to Adjust to Your First Year at Rice.”

The 1963 installment of this beloved event will begin at Herman Hall tonight at 7:00 when the pajama-clad boys gather for some entertainment by their female compatriots. After this brief exposition, the ball will really get rolling, so to speak, all the way down Main Street to the Shamrock Hilton.

AT THIS POINT there will be a tremendous Pep Rally in honor of Sammy, and in dishonor of most everyone else. A bus trip back to the school will complete the night’s exercises.

To ease any freshman apprehension, let’s look back to the Parade’s earlier days. From mysterious beginning in the school’s younger days, it developed rapidly to “heights of barbarity” in the 1920’s. As things evolved, the Frosh would snake-dance down Main Street in various forms of undress; at their appointed goal, usually the Rice Hotel, they would pause and utter a number of loud remarks about their coming opponents on the gridiron.

OF COURSE, there were many upperclassmen who felt that the Frosh needed some inducement along the way. Leather belts, wooden paddles and brooms did this nicely. Recently these methods have been more fluid, consisting mostly of water bombs and foamy shaving cream. At any rate, the participants were usually treated with a bus ride back from the ordeal.

One of the more off-and-on aspects of the annual event has been the participation of freshman girls. It has been characterized by periods of over-indulgence followed by periods of strict prohibition. The policy of recent years will hold tonight.

AFTER ENTERTAINING the male participants with a skit in Hamman Hall, they will be charged with the duty of “be-smearing” them with various colored liquids. They will then follow this ragged group along Main Street in convertibles.

The enthusiasm of the whole affair should be overwhelming. Be on hand at the Shamrock about 8:30 and see the soggy, shaving cream-covered (the college courts will prosecute any user of inducements other than water and shaving cream; the Band and the girls are to be spared any such “baptism” at all) Frosh come tromping in.