



Ice Carnival 77 features a ball with music and the announcement of king and queen

by Pat Bowers

The Ice Carnival Ball, held Saturday February 5, in Clarkson Alumni Gym, was well attended. The storm caused several problems, for awhile it looked like the band wouldn't make it and the decorations never did arrive. Even with all these problems the ball was a success.

It was a pleasant change to see everyone in formal

attire. The ladies were all very pretty with their corsages and evening gowns. The guys looked very sophisticated in their suit jackets and ties.

The music was provided by the Bernie Milton Band. The sound was mostly disco, everyone seemed to enjoy dancing. It was generally a very good time.

At midnight the awards were announced. The Queen and King of Ice Carnival were Sharon Gilmore from Alpha Delta and Tom DeAngelo from Delta

Upsilon. The overall winners of the Ice Carnival again, Alpha Delta and Delta Upsilon. This made many DU guys very happy because it happened to be the third year they have won the overall competition and they get to keep the trophy.

Regardless of all the problems, the Ice Carnival was a huge success. Everyone seemed to have a great time. It was the perfect ending to the week of Ice Carnival '77.

A look at the inner workings of Ice Carnival 77 from the girls at Zeta - long nights in the backyard and plenty of schnapps

by Hansen Alexander

The ice statue in back of the Zeta Gamma Sigma Sorority house, 24 Main Street, was slowly taking shape. While a neighborhood brown and white dog looked on, several young women reached into pails of snow, scooped out the mushy slush, and carried it to the progressing statue where it was being molded very carefully, the wet gloves and mittens guiding the slush along a wooden frame wrapped in chicken wire.

The women from Zeta were beginning what promised to be another long cold night in their backyard. They had slaved the previous night until past one a.m. Zeta's statue was going to be a gazebo with Professor Hall and Mariam under it.

Inside the sorority house the scene was rather hectic. Cindy Bugli was taking several large swigs of Peppermint Schnapps. Joan Sterling was sliding along several low-keyed jokes in her best Woody Allen style. Sharon Oatman was having several conversations and doing a little homework at the same time. Others were watching Star Trek. The majority of young women seemed to be frantically trying to prepare for the coming weekend, and so soon after their New Year's bash of only three weeks ago.

The New Year's bash at Whiskey One, although not the moneymaker it had hoped to be, had never-

theless been a model of organization. A carefully planned strategy had produced an impressive six men for every woman at that affair. What woman could ask for more? Would the Republican Party, apparently fading away, call on Zeta to bring it back to life?

Collette Miek, a senior Economics major from Ithaca, was too busy with Zeta's work to contemplate the decay of a political party. She was co-chairperson for the committee in charge of the oil cloth exhibitions shown over the Clarkson and State campuses.

Her short black hair standing guard over sorority sweater, blue turtle neck, and blue jeans, Collette went on to outline the program under which the colorful imaginations of the collegiate artists were shown this week. All sketches had to be submitted by the first week in December and the final masterpieces were due on January 28th. The paintings are submitted by organizations under three categories: Men, Women, and Co-ed. Collette's main headache has been worrying about whether the artists sometimes considered an emotional lot, would get their works in on time. There were several aspiring Picasso's who failed to meet the deadlines. Their works were not shown.

Clarkson junior Susan Myers, Zeta's candidate for Ice Carnival Queen, strolled in and declared, "I think I'm drunk." She then lit up a cigarette.

An informal poll at Zeta, somehow similar to asking the Yankees whether they will win a game



while prepping for it in the lockerroom, showed Susan to be way ahead in the balloting for Queen.

Several minutes later eight members of the Beta Tau fraternity, clad in green shirts, white shorts over white long johns, and green-and-white kneesocks, paraded in. Introduced by one Bill Wright, the group offered their rendition of "Gulliver's Travels", their theme for this year's Cavalcade. The Zeta sisters applauded the rendition and called for an encore. The eight young men performed again to enthusiastic clapping. Then Wright kissed candidate Myers. All eight members of Beta Tau promised to vote for her as they left.

During a later interview, Ms. Myers, an Orchard Park, New York native, talked briefly of her campaign to be Queen of this year's Ice Carnival. She's been out much of the week chugging drinks at fraternities, shaking hands, delivering small speeches, and attending the formal affairs of the Carnival.

The run for Queen is a jesting action, taken as fun, real titles of nobility, are after all, prohibited by Article 1 Section 9 of the U.S. Constitution. But she certainly wanted to win.

As she drove up Main Street and out towards journeying the symbolic link between the campuses, she was hopeful that her dual popularity (she transferred to Clarkson from State), would be enough to win. She was on her way to visit her brother, a State senior, and maybe get a few more votes.