

to a Shellback. He was then sent on to the initiation line.

First he was made to get down on his hands and knees and crawl to the feet of the King where he would pay the proper respect by salaaming. The pollywog found this rather difficult since the Shellbacks were paying the proper respect to him with shellaleighs from behind.

After being dismissed by His Royal Majesty he was then sent on to kiss the ample stomach of the Royal Baby - a time-honored custom.

What followed next can never really be described by words. The pollywog was faced with a long double line of Shellbacks - all swinging shellaleighs. A "gentle" boost from one of the Royal attendants sent him on his way through the turmoil. As he crawled, ran, stumbled, slid, or was just plain knocked along the way he was pelted and pummeled with the shellaleighs.

At the end of the "reception committee" he crawled through a contraption filled with some of Neptune's special delicacies. As he came out of the garbage chute, streams of salt water were played against him. He was then allowed to stand up and visit the Royal Dentist who gave him a special tonic. The tonic, which was colored Royal Purple, tasted like it was obtained from the glands of the Imperial Skunkfish.

After involuntarily ridding himself of the tonic, he met the Royal Doctor and had his throat sprayed with a solution which tasted suspiciously like the tonic.

Next came a short rest in a coffin. The pollywog was helped into the coffin with another barrage of shellaleighs and was refreshed with another stream of salt water in the face. When



Dinner Is Served

this was done he was checked by the Royal Barber to insure that he looked presentable enough to become a Shellback.

Then came the final step in the long awaited initiation. The pollywog was made to sit on the edge of the platform and was then flipped in a not-so-graceful manner into the pool. This marked his "baptism" into the ranks of the Shellbacks. After a quick dunking he was permitted to drag himself out of the pool and stood or, as in some cases, lay there as a full-fledged Shellback.

As the pollywog was dismissed by the Royal Barber his journey and trial neared its completion. All that lay ahead of him were the water tank and the Royal Bears. The almost-shellback

had a surprise in store for him here.

While climbing the ladder to the diving platform he was helped along with more shellaleighs ("Don't they ever stop"). When he reached the top he was doused with a concoction of tar, oil, grease, and other tidbits from Davy Jones' locker.

Although most people thought they would never make it through the entire initiation, everyone concerned agreed that it was well worth the dunkings, beatings and foul tastes.

To some it was a reminder of their college initiations. To others it was something like football practice. But, to all, it was one helluva afternoon to be long remembered.

The "Baptism"

