

RUSH WEEK IS . . .



. . . Astro Day, with yellow and white crepe paper, millions of stars, and Billy Astro.



. . . Phi Day, with blue and white crepe paper, balloons, daisies in the court, and Milton.



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Rush Week is one of the more pleasant aspects of the school year at Meredith: someone always wins, the freshmen and transfers always have a good time and upperclassmen make friends with a few more people they didn't know.

Rush Week is Astro Day. It's yellow stars all over everything. It's stuffed stars outside every freshman and transfer door. It's yellow and white crepe paper in the cafeteria and orange juice and omelets and yellow gelatin desserts and lemon meringue pie and any other food that's yellow.

Rush Week is "He Builds Too Low Who Builds Beneath the Stars." It's Billy Astro. It's the baby goat borrowed from the N. C. State animal lab.

It's the Rhythm Kids.

It's favors at Supper Club. It's clowning and singing and dancing.

Rush Week is Phi Day, with blue and white daisies stuck all over the court. It's stuffed teddy bears for prospective members. It's hard-boiled eggs dyed blue, cookie bears with blue icing, blue gelatin salad. (Not many foods come in blue.)

It's Milton the Bear.

It's being a Guardian Angel. It's worrying that your "Rushee" will open the door just as you're in the process of leaving something at her room. It's making up ridiculous and corny puns like "Chewsy girls join the Phis" and sticking chewing gum to the note.

It's taking a candlelit stroll through the halls, voices echoing and blending in the shadows, candles flickering.

Rush Week is singing. It's "This little Astro Light of Mine"; it's "This is your invitation now to be a Phi." It's "Billy Astro's got the shoo - bop - she - do - be - do - be - do." It's "Co-o-o-m-m-e on and sing with me, sing with me. . ."

It's "Astro, Mother Astro" or "Behold, O Philaretia Fair."

It's wearing yellow or blue all week.

For the freshmen and transfers, Rush may be a trying time. It's wondering how you'll ever make up your mind. Or it's making up your mind before you even come to school.

It's a busy week. It's wanting to attend all the parties. But it's also the week term paper work begins. It's having to endure countless visits by members of both societies—visits which interrupt study time.

It's being awakened at 7 a.m. by singing outside your window. It's still hearing the singing in the court at 11:15 that night.

It's pulling up a few of the Phi daisies for your room.

Rush week for upperclassmen is a lot of work. It's making those Phi daisies or those Astro stars. It's decorating, it's singing, it's walking.

Rush Week is the Phi Luau. It's Southsea Paradise. It's pineapple and Hawaiian punch. It's jungle

Left: . . . singing in the cafeteria.



. . . Sisterhood, and linking hands to sing the Alma Mater, after the decisions are made.

drums. It's the Hula. It's the Bear Facts. It's Patsy Johnson singing, "Which way are you going, freshman?"

Rush Week is dressing in the dark on Decision Day. It's seeing the two societies waiting on either side of the court. It's "Did you ever have to make up your mind?" and it's running to the side you've chosen. It's screaming and crying and laughing. It's being hugged. It's feeling welcomed and needed.

Rush Week is Decision Day chapel. It's the thin blue and yellow line down the center of the auditorium. It's the winning president smiling happily; it's the losing president smiling bravely. It's waiting for the final count and the entrance of the College Marshal. It's joining hands across the auditorium; it's singing the Alma Mater. It may be crying a little, or it may be just smiling.

But whatever it is, Rush Week is over — and it was fun.

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