At first, I was offended at the idea of Rush being a para-military operation. I relented, however, as I realized that the freshmen had no idea as to what was going on behind the scenes and were honestly enjoying themselves. Actually, despite the discipline, the freshmen were enjoying themselves too.

All was not joy and gladness after Sunday morning, however, as it all but muted the eager, unaffordable freshness which mingled with someone you knew will not get a bid. It is disappointing when a freshman like you is not given a bid. And it is heartbreaking when a freshman everyone likes decides not to bid. I had not yet learned the first rule of Rush as explained to me by the Rush Chairman of the house—don't get too attached. Any disappointment was more than overshadowed by the dryline everyone felt when freshmen began pledging Monday morning. With a handshake from each of the brothers and a kiss from each of the women, freshmen earned to be visitors and became pledges and potential brothers. A group of half-asleep people would instantly come alive at the ringing of a bell, with others joining in from various corners of the house, including showers.

Freshmen began playing con-un-top this in deciding how to pledge. One sang his pledge while playing the piano, confusing the Rush Chairman and many of the brothers. Another hung ups from a tree. The last pledge dragged a box of very tired people into the middle of the Harvard Bridge, but no one cared. The house was closed.

Rush wasn't quite over, however. Various traditions remained to be fulfilled, including the giving of the Rush Chairman. Lance, insomniius, arranged the houses to dissipate the pledges we had destined to be unsociable, and the uncoordinated guys crowed the unfortunate brother off the dix and into the river.

I guessed too late that I was also sited for a win in the Charles. After eight future engineers struggled for several minutes trying to figure out how to take my watch off my wrist, I stopped shouting, took off, and allowed myself to be dunked. It seemed the only appropriate way for the audience to end.

Dormitories do rush freshmen, but under which conditions—such as the immediate pre-emptive move of residence, the first day of school, or the first week; most situations leading to Rush—what do Rush require of freshmen. Freshmen rush freshmen to service situations which lead to a Rush which is at the time less elaborate and more exultant than conditioned by a dormitory. Despite the fatigue of the strange rush that appeared on my leg after being serviced, I wouldn't want it any other way.

Keep an eye out for FDC

To the Editor:

I fail to see how Ms. Schofield, in gathering her information for her article on the Freshman Picnic (Sept. 1 issue), did not notice that there were in fact three bands on the green this time. The third band (which appeared in the photograph on page 8) read "I Do Belong to You.

Vice the picnic I found out from some upperclassmen that FDC stands for the Freshman Defense Corps, at organization dedicated to protecting the interests of freshmen, I'm told, that in past years it have had to circulate to prevent mandatory commotions to prevent the fresman from passing the class. Last year they helped organize the freshmen to find a place on the green this year and that the freshmen have assured that similar organization will be attended this year, so interested freshmen should keep an eye out for future announcements.

Anne Le vin

Keep an eye out for FDC

Stephanie Pollack

What a Rush

It started with a bang and ended with a splash, and in between Rush Week 1981 proved to be an exhilarating but exhausting experience for an anxious dormitory resident who barely volunteered to rush at one of the Boston fraternities.

I had no idea what would eventually happen when I walked across to the 5th floor at 11 p.m. Friday for a final pledge-speech session. The house was in the last throes of work week, mostly clean and still partially filled with maps, books, shirts, and picture folders for the Rush Picnic.

I let aloud as the brothers formed a circle and sang their fraternity song. I was told that the song was one they had chosen to do before I became aware that I would recite the song quickly enough. He was right—four days and fifteen pledges later I had the tone down perfectly.

(To residents/Orientation Week often complain that it is unfair to make freshmen choose among forty or so living groups in only three days. More freshmen, however, cut narrow dows in the field, and actually examine only four or five places seriously. Each independent living group gets at most two for a visit, or less than half the more than one hundred freshmen that typically visit during the weekend, because each is potentially a potential.

No, like a lot of activities at MIT, Rush is a lot of work as well as a lot of fun. Tied after six early-acresleep hours, I contemplated this dilemma and I lay collapsed in a chair, my back aching from doing on the floor, and hit me with a philosophical thought that I had never seriously experienced to this point. "You know," I said, "all too often I realize that they're enjoying themselves during Rush. People always say they've had such a great time, never that 'they're having such a great time'." I appreciated the reminder that I was having a good time, as I was too tired to notice.

No, the week went by the piston at the picnic. However, hundred of upperclassmen mixed around, asking other upperclassmen for freshmen. The Mr. Whipples were good, the speeches were dull, but the house parties were quite enjoyable. I was startled to find out that there are more than one hundred freshmen that typically visit during the weekend, because each is potentially a potential.

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