GOING PLACES
AND DOING
THINGS WITH
STUDENT
668962

SPRING 1967
SUMMER 1967
FALL 1967
WINTER 1968
Spring: Sunny Days and an Occasional Quiz
Ah-spring! What a wonderful time of the year: birds, flowers, budding trees, Elysian fields. Wordsworth's "host of golden daffodils," Georgia Tech. Somehow all of these things don't mix. The Tech administration would like for you to believe that Spring Quarter is just another quarter, but we all know that it is the quarter that studies go begging and everything else wins. The Atlanta Chiefs and Braves, as well as Lum's, served as study breaks.

This Spring, the Tech campus was plagued by construction. In addition to the Physics, Library, Chemistry, and NASA buildings, the campus architects decided to put a "tunnel" across the campus. The infamous raid that occurred on the occupants of Glenn Dorm will long be remembered as a hallmark of Institutional improbriety.

Even though it is too hot to study in the dorms, you still must study somewhere. Even though the lazy, warm mornings invite sleep, you still must occasionally go to class. Sunbathing, tennis, shorts, birddogging, laziness... it must be Spring.
Student 668962

He's a normal, average sort of guy who was born to Georgia Tech through the cohabitation of computers and IBM cards. He might be a EE or he might be an IM – the chances are very good that he will have been both before he leaves Tech. He'll be called everything from a "damn poor Rat" to one of the best educated young men in the nation while he spends 4, 5, or maybe even 6 years here. He will face the passion of decision and frustration: what to do, how to do it, where to do it, when to do it. Study, get a date, sleep, punt, drop the course, give up and go home, max the quiz, take 20 hours or take 12 and hope you don't get drafted. He will find that maybe Georgia Tech is not really a good school, but rather a hard school. Maybe he will discover the difference between the students' and the profs' concepts of education. Maybe he'll discover Mother Tech really does care, but she must flunk many people to keep her image up. While he's here, he'll be transformed from a homesick kid who was told by some computer that he was a freshman in college. While they have him awed, they will also send a Dean or maybe even a student to tell him that 1 out of three freshmen won't be here this time next year. If he survives the initial shock and does stay in school, he will change, hopefully for the better. He will be exposed to chaos – the anxiety that is a part of the learning process. But above all, he will prevail.
Relaxation: The Golden Moments

The Techman can be accused of many things while he spends his college years here, but there is one thing that he can't be accused of — he is never too snowed under by work to take time out for a little relaxation. Whether he just tries to catch a bit of rack time between classes, or spends the afternoon in a three to six ray lab, there is always as much or more zeal in doing this than in going back to the books. Hopefully, this short diversion will keep him from going stark raving mad under the pressures that Mother Tech has built her reputation on. Better he should maybe bomb-out on a quiz once in a while in favor of messing-off rather than end up beating his head against the wall or something a little more serious. These are the good moments of a Techman's life when he knows he can just put all his school problems aside and possibly decide for himself just what he wants to do next instead of having someone tell him what he will do.
Mother Tech has a peaceful little campus where there are few, if any, protest movements, Draft Card burnings, or demonstrations — we just have riots.

A rather wet young lady became irate, and proceeded to call the police. When the cop, who was once Nasser’s tactical adviser, recognized that the situation was too much for him, he called for help from the fire department. Good move, buddy. With the arrival of the fire trucks came the subsequent arrival of several hundred more Techmen. When it was all over everybody was happy but the young lady — she was still wet. Techmen returned to the task of preparing for finals and another thrilling day in the life of Mother Tech came to a close.
The Pink Parachute

ABOVE: The tray is never void of forms until after the last drop deadline. LEFT: It's a long walk from Dean Staton's office to your prof and your advisor and then back to Staton's office.
Whenever it is necessary to bail-out of a course, you must always fill out five copies (no carbons, please) of the little pink slip.
For at least four years and sometimes for as long as six years, a Techman looks forward to one thing — the day he gets out of Georgia Tech. For some of these people graduation will mean going to work in the hard cruel world; for others, it will mean going on to graduate school; for still others, it will mean exchanging their diploma for gold bars and bullets with possibly an expense-paid trip to Vietnam or Korea. Whatever the case, this day signifies completion of the requirements for a degree from one of the nation’s most rigorous institutions.

The commencement was the same as it has been since 1890 when the first graduating class received its diplomas. All the rituals of the day were followed, from the ever-present wailing children, who don’t yet realize the importance of this long ceremony, to the switching of the tassels from right to left. The ceremony was the same — only the faces were different.

The speaker for the occasion was Dr. Edward E. David, executive director of Bell Lab’s research communication division and an alumnus of Tech. Dr. David spoke of the fear that students possess of becoming faceless children of an organization, whether it be industrial, academic, governmental, or military. He encouraged the graduates to contribute not just to the world of their chosen fields, but to many worlds and in that way they could retain their individuality.
TOP AND LEFT: Dr. Harrison awards the diplomas to the Class of 1967. ABOVE: Happy graduates cling to the paper that it took so much time and work to earn.
Summer: The Dead Quarter
Summer Quarter is either the chance to catch up or to get ahead. The relaxed atmosphere and air-conditioned classrooms almost make it bearable. Filling the void left by the vacationing Student Center and Student Council, the Co-op Club provided entertainment for the three thousand students who came Summer Quarter. During Co-op Field Day, Freshmen and upperclassmen were treated to a picnic, a watermelon mess, a faculty-freshman softball game, a rat-hat review, a pie-eating contest, and the crowning of a Miss Perfect Lips.

The popularity of school during Summer Quarter has been increasing over the years. Now, because of the tightening of the draft laws, Summer Quarter has gained added utility...it helps one avoid the draft.
People: It Takes All Kinds
Greetings From the President of the United States . . .

It's always bad enough to get a letter from home saying your old man has just sold your car, or a dump letter from your sweetie, or a flush letter from your only job interview, but there is one letter than can be worse. When your friendly hometown Draft Board starts bugging you with questionaires, pre-induction physicals, and induction notices, you know they're up to no good. Now that the Great Society is in full swing and needs your bod for gun-fodder, it's nice to know that if you don't finish school in four years you will be one of Uncle Sam's favorite pen pals. If you thought finding your post office box stuffed with IBM cards was bad, wait 'til you find a Draft notice stuffed in it.
Happiness Is . . .

ABOVE: Happiness is registration. RIGHT: Happiness is painting yourself black and rubbing up against your date.

ABOVE: Happiness is pulling a 1.94 and going on pro.
LEFT: Happiness is knowing you can sleep at night because your Campus Security is asleep, too. BOTTOM: Happiness is knowing the Old Shop won't be the site of your next S.S. course. BELOW: Happiness is trying to find a parking space on our spacious campus. BELOW LEFT: Happiness is getting out.
Fall: A Blend of Old and New

Fall Quarter is what’s happening. Grant Field on Saturday afternoons, parties, warm hazy afternoons, Homecoming, Freshman rat caps— all of these things blend into a kaleidoscope of pageantry and tradition that is Fall at Georgia Tech. This Fall was not all tradition, however. The Franklin Foundation series of lectures in the humanities was an attempt by an interested alumni to broaden the outlook of the typical Techman toward the rest of his world. Robert Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, Paul Hempel, Mark van Doren, and Jacob Bronowski were the distinguished lecturers. Hopefully, the Franklin Foundation will some day become a part of the tradition of Tech.

The displays and Recks of Homecoming were topped in uniqueness only by the Tech football team, which defeated Duke 19-7. Dionne Warwick, star of the Homecoming Concert, captured the audience with “Anyone Who Had A Heart,” lectured to them in “Alfie,” and developed quite a rapport with them with “Walk On By.”

Surprisingly enough, the biggest breakthrough of Fall Quarter came from the Student Council, which, under the dynamic leadership of Sam Williams, decided that Student Government should be vested with some real power and proved it by gaining control of the allocation of Student Activities Fee of around $150,000.

Fall Quarter was a unique blend of traditional happenings and products of the “New Tech.”
No matter what the time of year, no matter what the place, one thing is evident — sooner or later you have to return to Mother Tech. Coming back is always a matter of telling your sweetie good-bye, kissing your mother’s cheek, shaking your old man’s hand, and kidding your kid brother or sister. After lugging all your junk up four flights of stairs to Towers 341 or some other closet-sized abode, you’re ready to fight the Hill another quarter. A trip down those same four flights ends up at the family car where you tell everybody you’ll write even if you don’t intend to. After they’ve gone it’s into the rack to prepare for the next onslaught by the Hill.
Welcome Back, Sucker
Registration: Excedrin Headache Number 69

ABOVE: Frustration is the by-word for many as they see their chances for a good schedule bite the dust course by course. ABOVE RIGHT: The Bible of registration, the catalogue, is preached by the Elmer Gantry's of the academic world. RIGHT: Another IM section makes the big board and screams of agony can be heard.
Time cards, long lines, frowning advisors, the close-out board, schedule forms, course cards, fee cards — this is registration. If you're lucky, it can be painless. If not you may suffer dearly. It's no easy task to schedule twenty hours the way you want and still have time to lead the life of a normal human being. Nor is it an easy fate to accept when you glance at the board and Vail's math section or Woody's last physics class closes out before you can pull the course card. The feeling can be like Death's own grip. Registration can make you or it can break you. The winners come and the losers go, and when it is all over, 8500 people will have been transformed into numbers as they become a part of Georgia Tech once again.
ABOVE: Fiji's greet prospective rushees during first open-house.
RIGHT: Sigma Nu's welcome still another into their midst. FAR
RIGHT: SAE's go all-out for new members on the first day of Rush.
Rush: More Like a Gallop

Georgia Tech’s rush system is more like a gallop. Beginning one week before school starts, this machination of the fraternity man’s mind takes the form of an unbelievable variety of activities. The ATO’s threw a lawn party on the Saturday of the game that not only drew their rushees, but also half of the alumni in the West Stands. The Sigma Chi’s had more freshmen at their rush girl tea than girls, and the Pikes did just about everything they could get away with — and then a little more after that.

Rush begins with the Open House where it’s time to put on the plastic clothes and the plastic smiles and ask the same plastic questions: “Hi, what’s your name? Studly Whiplash? Glad to meet you, Studly. What’s your major? Physics. Oh, really? I was a Physics major once. I’m an IM now — more money you know. Where are you from, Dudley? You say the name’s Study — Oh yes, sorry, Studly. Say you’re from Podunk. Oh, really? Well Open House is almost over now, Dudley, so we’ll see you tomorrow. (Boy, what a goose!).” “Yeah, we’ll see you tomorrow. (Boy, what a lizard!).” On and on it goes like this through all the open-houses, smokers, parties and contact periods. Rush at Tech is free-wheeling but the results are obvious. This year 775 freshmen, the largest number ever, decided that they preferred being Greek.

ABOVE: Lambda Chi’s take off their island garb long enough to take another prize. TOP: The Sigma Chi’s made small talk around the punch bowl their method of attack.
Price Gilbert:
A Nice Place to Visit . . .

. . . But I Wouldn't Want to Live There
Rain, Rain, Go Away . . .

Atlanta is a unique city. Located in the foothills of the Appalachians, it is the fastest growing city in the southeast and has the most progressive local government in the nation. What the ads fail to comment on is Atlanta's weather. It rains from early September to late August. The rains come and the rains stay as the campus is transformed into something that resembles the Nile at floodtime. Penetrating chill or humid hotness drives people under cloth domes which isolate them into individual worlds. As umbrellas are raised, the downpour converts what little grass we have into spongy reservoirs of russet mud. The mosaic sidewalks which normally trip you, now squirt mud into your shoes as you walk across their canted bases. Fog, drizzle, drip, drip . . .
Screaming Fans

Despite Tech's somewhat lack-lustre season, throngs of football fans jammed Grant Field at a record pace of 56,386 persons per home game to see the injury-riddled yellow britches take on some of the top teams in the nation. These same people included the ever-present Techman who "damn good'ed" everything except the rats, and "to hell'ed with" everybody while still taking time out to oo-oo ah-ah at the majorettes and gross-out nationwide television audiences. He was also there to throw out the perennial toilet tissue roll, and sneak in his trusty transistor to see how all the other teams were doing. Several students were also treated for eye injuries when they tried to look through their binoculars without drinking the contents first.
November rolled around and with it came the period heaviest with tradition for Tech. Thursday night’s concert featuring Dionne Warwick and the Towncriers was filled with soul and proved to be the beginning of a great Homecoming. The lovely Emily Balz was presented at intermission as Miss Homecoming, and Mrs. Bud Slayton was presented as Mrs. Homecoming. Friday night was a new experience to Homecoming as the Hill relaxed her rules and allowed Greeks to throw parties — and throw them they did. The monsoons struck as usual but subsided long enough for the frantic molding of chicken wire and crepe paper stuffing. The final judging of displays found Sigma

continued
BELOW: The Pi Kappa Phi's "Hunchmobile" inched its way around Peter's Park to take home first place honors in the 'Reck Parade. BOTTOM: The old day belief that it's not "cool" to go to the Homecoming Dance is fast losing it's hold on campus. BELOW LEFT: The I.E.E.E. entered a remote control electronic powered 'reck which blew smoke and made nurdy sounds.
Chi as winner of the first place prize of a color television. As more alumni poured in for the big game with our weak sisters from Duke, the sidewalks around Peter's Park became un-walkable. Hundreds of Atlantans crowded in to see the world's ugliest automobiles compete in the world's longest quarter-mile race. Pi Kappa Phi came away the winner with their "hunchmobile." That afternoon saw the Yellow Britches looking for their first gridiron victory in a month and they found it compliments of the soft-touch Duke Blue Devils. The Pieces of Eight and the Chuck Jackson Show provided the entertainment for the dance held for all those with a little life left in them on Saturday night. As alumni left and sweeties went back to school the Techman went back to his habitat too — to wait until next year when he could do it all again.

ABOVE RIGHT: Atlantans jam the sidewalks around Peter's Park to watch the unusual 'Heck Parade. ABOVE: Miss Homecoming and her court were presented for all to see at the Duke game halftime. RIGHT: Alumni from all parts of the nation flock to the campus for the week-end festivities.
The annual Homecoming monsoons subsided at the last minute in order to give display chairmen a few frustrating hours in which to ready the tissue-paper montages. The SAE's piggy back car didn't enjoy the success of the "Humper" of several years ago.
Winter:
The Grind of Studies and Nasty Weather

After two weeks of rest and the end-of-the-year football marathon, in which neighboring Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia were all beaten in their bowl games, the Techman returned to the rain, drizzle, cold and occasional snow that characterizes an Atlanta winter. Snow came to Tech three times this year, but luckily school was closed only once — on a Saturday when nobody had any classes anyway.

Whack Hyder's 1968 edition of the Tech basketball team seemed intent on carrying on the injury syndrome that struck their fellow football jocks. The basketball team came on strong in their first three games, whipping Rice, SMU and Georgia, but were then hampered by injuries and mediocre play on the court which resulted in a 12-13 season.

The annual Student Body presidential race was a close one. Carey Brown squeaked by "darkhorse" Rich Cook by a margin of four percent of the popular vote.

Winter quarter is the study quarter. It is the quarter that everybody vows that he will make a 4.0. It is also the time that everybody realizes that they have almost completed another year of school and, likewise, have gained a little more maturity.
And it came to pass that in the eighth year of his wanderings, Dr. Timothy Leary came South to preach revolution and a new way of life to the disbelievers assembled at our lowly institute. In his fight for continuing individualism, Dr. Leary lashed out at the menopausal machine of our age that seeks to create replaceable parts from individuals. Rebelling against conformity and dependability at the hands of the machine, Dr. Leary proposed a three step plan leading to freedom of spirit: Love is where it's at, Your best hope is dope, and Drop out or cop out.
Dr. Timothy Leary: "Your Best Hope Is Dope"
There was a bumper crop of snow this year at Tech. Winter spread its velvety white blanket over our lovely asphalt campus not once, not twice, but three times. The visit proved to be a combination of entertainment and pain as roads were closed, students built snowmen (which probably had more mud and leaves than snow), people were pelted with snowballs (which had a rock in it 9 out of 10 times), and students broke everything but their spirit as they made their way to the Hill. The Hill turned into a Super-Slalom and the rest of the campus was like a giant Mr. Misty. The B. and G. turned out in force with sand and salt and sometimes finished before the ice and snow was gone. Classes were halted on a messy Saturday, and the library was closed because the weather was too bad to do anything but study or sleep and they knew which of the two would be most prevalent. As Winter lost its icy grip and the asphalt began to emerge, the Techman knew that things were back to normal.
Snow: Is It Ever Going to Stop?
Tremendous Tuesday

Georgia Tech has long been renowned for its rigorous academic demands. Due to these demands and the large number of hours required for graduation, it is necessary for the Techman to attend classes six days a week. This policy is drastically different from that of a local sister institution which not only does not have Saturday classes but also has Wednesday off - hence the designation Wonderful Wednesday. Although we are sure that the industrious Tech student would never be cheated out of an education by actions such as these, we cannot let Mother Tech be outdone. In an attempt to keep up with the changing times, here is our version of Wonderful Wednesday. We proudly present Tremendous Tuesday - A Day in the Life of a Techman.

TOP: Those unreal 8 o'clocks come awfully early but thanks to the Snooze Alarms, the Techman bears the burden.
TOP LEFT: A stop by the robbery for a Nickel Coke that costs a Dime is always a nice way to reaffirm your belief in Robin Hood. LEFT: There’s always one place to go to get away from it all.
Tremendous Tuesday (CONTINUED)
LEFT: The old socks salesman is a familiar site on the corner by the armory. BELOW: The temptation to rack-out in the library is just too much for some to bear.
ABOVE: The Towncriers joined Dionne Warwick for the Homecoming concert. RIGHT: The Platters sang their long list of oldies to a large audience.
Concerts: A Little Bit of Soul
Concerts (CONTINUED)

FAR LEFT: Dionne Warwick sang many Techmen into submission at the newly-initiated Thursday night Homecoming concert. ABOVE LEFT: Nina Simone dazzled her audience with wild costumes and protest songs. LEFT: The summer quarter saw outdoor concerts featuring the school band. ABOVE: The Virginians also entertained in the E.E. Auditorium this summer.
Franklin Foundation Lecture Series: 
An Attempt to Fill the Vacuum

ABOVE: Jacob Bronowski.
RIGHT: Carl G. Hempel.
The Franklin Foundation Lecture Series began with an air of distinction as four of the world's most impressive humanists brought their ideas to an audience which will not soon forget what they heard. The first speaker, Dr. Robert Hutchins, called for an enormous increase in the intellectual power of the nation. He was followed by Dr. Carl Hempel, who asserted that man must now turn to science to learn what to do about the problems that science itself has created. Mark Van Doren enveloped students with his Pulitzer Prize-winning poetry as he threw in some interesting aspects of his personal philosophy. "The man preoccupied with man in all his complexities," Dr. Jacob Bronowski, was the last speaker of the Fall series. He concentrated on the community of scientists and what holds them together.
Goodbye to
an Old Friend

One week it was there and the next week it wasn't. After standing for nearly 89 years, it took just one week for the Old Shop to return to the dust and dirt from which it arose. Erected in 1888, burned in 1892, re-erected in 1892, the Old Shop has long been a reminder that today's architecture doesn't have a patent on being ugly. The Old Shop and the Administration building were for many years the only two buildings on campus. They stood alone on a hill, with the rest of the campus just tree-covered hills and a lazy stream. Today, the Administration building is a loner. Because of Tech's ambitious expansion and decentralization program, the Old Shop is the first of many of the older buildings crowded around the hill that are to come down. It is almost a commentary on the state of the campus that the main topic of conversation was not nostalgia for the Old Shop, but that the ground was not to be covered with asphalt but with green grass.
Finals: To Punt or Not to Punt

Finals week is that strange week at the end of the quarter. Overnight, the whole campus atmosphere changes as students suddenly become less carefree and wander off by themselves to study in some secluded corner. Those cold, antiseptic study lounges become the most popular spots on campus. The Hill is suddenly all business. People study, xerox word, take finals, and check grades. Packs of cigarettes and gallons of coffee are consumed as if they were some potion of knowledge. Everything is silent, except for an occasional scream or a cherry bomb. Finals week is the longest week of the quarter. It is also the do or die week — many die.
Often it takes a lot of nerve to go look at the "little sterile white lists of numbers and letters."

Finals is the time of decision for many students.