THE GREEK LIFE
You can always tell a Greek. One minute he may be dressed to the hilt in Gant-Weejun type attire, and the next minute he is gross beyond belief. He's the type who believes in balancing the weight of textbooks with social activity. He is poised and charming one fleeting second, and almost nauseating the next. He's the Caped Crusader, the Lone Ranger, and Captain Hook all rolled into one. No matter if it's rain, or shine, or national disaster, you can't keep him from those weekend parties. And how many empty seats are there on a good tube night? Not many. This is a Greek — but this is only part of his story. The following pages attempt to carry his story further.
Formal Rush comes but once a year to the Tech campus. These short two weeks will end in heartache for some, and backache for others. The glaring importance of this period is mirrored by the fact that the average fraternity spends $2500 per year on Rush alone. After interrupting their summer vacations two weeks early in order to make the houses look decent at least once a year, the fraternity men are faced by seemingly endless open houses, smokers, parties, and handshaking. During all this, one sees many faces, and meets some of the people behind these faces. After a week or so, every face begins to look the same, and yet there is something different about each one. This is the time of the smile — whether it be plastic or sincere, and the all-night chapter meetings — whether they be of necessity or not. It is the time of the handshake — be it overly strong or overly cold. It's the time of the recorded conversation which has its own peculiar stereotyped nature. The time is Rush.
Theme Parties:
You Name It,
We’ve Got It

There comes a time in every frat man’s life when he must take off his cool clothes and get fired-up enough to perpetuate his group. He puts on anything his brothers do and sometimes even a bit more in order to convince the good-time rushees that his frat knows how to party and have a good time together. The themes that Greeks come up with range from Hell’s Angels to island parties to Roman orgies. This is just another snow-job on the path to that magic Sunday when it’s all over. A snow-job it is but it’s hard to tell who enjoys them the most.
The Long Wait — Finally the End Comes

As the two weeks of effort come to a close, the spirit which has dwindled seems to gain momentum again. The day of decision approaches. For the fraternity man, this day has passed because their decision was made when the rushees were voted on and bid. Now the choice rests on the shoulders of the rushee. Perhaps he has weighed all the advantages and disadvantages of Greek life, or perhaps he will enter the Greek circuit blindly but for the stars in his eyes. Pledge Sunday is the culmination of Formal Rush. At this time, 800 of the 1100 persons who went through Rush will enter a Greek letter society. To some this will be the impetus that brings out the best in themselves, but for others it may prove to be a mistake. Only one who has been through this quest for human flesh knows what the combination of several Greek letters and the personalities associated with them can mean to a person — an experience not soon forgotten.
Homecoming:
Tech's Proudest Moment

The leaves are brightly colored, a big game approaches, and alumni begin to file in. Fraternities at Tech begin the week by putting up skeletons for displays and tearing up old cars. Thursday night and Friday finds brothers and pledges stuffing tissue paper into masses of chicken wire. Acetylene torches and electric arcs burn late into the night, sometimes until morning. On Friday afternoon the displays are finally finished and judged. Friday night is spent in last minute work on the wrecks. Saturday morning results in happiness for some fraternities when their wreck actually works. But, for others, all the work and original ideas just don't materialize into something that moves. Sigma Chi's display took top honors in the 1967 version of Homecoming while the Pi Kappa Phi wreck was chosen best.
BOTTOM: Rain hampered the work on 'Reeks as usual, but the clouds cleared away for Saturdays big parade. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: The DU's ended up pushing more than riding.
BELOW: Even in the world of tissue paper, the trains never pull out on time as the Delts soon discovered. TOP LEFT: The ATO's summed-up the campus mood with their yellow and black menagerie.
Countless miles of crepe paper with colors that range the spectrum of the rainbow make displays one of the outstanding portions of homecoming.
Work: Pledges' Password

Work is the password for Tech fraternity pledges. And Sunday is the worst day for it. Houses have a tendency to get somewhat soiled on a Saturday night, particularly when a party was held there. Then there are leaves to rake, lawns to mow, windows to wash, and walls to paint. Probably the worst work for pledges is unimaginable work that actives make them do.

But actives must also work a few times during the year. Rush is the worst time for them. At this time there are no pledges to order around. That can really be bad, but some always manage to find a way to escape work. Then there are the popular South Seas parties for which actives must also lend a hand in preparation. So it isn’t all play and no work for the frat man at Tech.
Party Girl: Sock It to Me, Baby.
TOP: The Lambda Chi’s moved outside for a patio party to snow rushees.
TOP: The FIJI Island Party does strange things to some of the natives. ABOVE LEFT: SPE's went the Roman Orgy route to give a different flavor to their orgies. ABOVE: The SAE's retained their cool by sticking to a normal hard rock-soul party.
Parties (CONTINUED)

RIGHT AND ABOVE RIGHT: Parties are often the only escape from a week's work and are exemplified by the expressions present here.
CENTER LEFT: Sigma Nu bridge collapses as brothers take dip. BELOW: At Fiji island party, date finds out that life is not a cup of Hawaiian punch but a swim in the homemade Fiji pool.
Intramurals: Greeks Become Jocks

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Intramurals (CONTINUED)
A Day of Mud, Moaning and Rivalry
Saturday, March 2, 1968, was a day of high-riding spirit and dripping mud as the Lambda Chi's held their first annual Greek tug-of-war. Opponents slid, skidded, fell, and wallowed to victory and defeat on this sunny, Spring-like day before a crowd of several hundred onlookers who were glad they weren't involved. More than once the crowd did get into the act; the ones who had laughed so hard when their fraternity brothers had taken a dip got a chance to see how it felt for themselves. The Phi Kappa Tau's, who had fought their way into the finals on sheer determination, were put down handily by the Beta's who must have been through this sort of thing before. It was a day when the Techman could release his inner tensions and release them he did.
TOP RIGHT: One of Greek Week's events is the sports car rally. ABOVE CENTER: The idea of total participation is evident when Alpha Zi Delta sang in the Greek Week Sing. RIGHT: The weekend concert featured Nina Simone. FAR RIGHT: Determination and strength are two of the characteristics which make a winner.
Greek week begins on Sunday when all the Greeks really try to look like Greeks and play like Ben Hur. In 1967, the Phi Delt's won the speed version of the chariot race and the Sigma Nu's took the prize for the best-looking chariot. In their true image, the Kappa Sig's ran away with the IFC Sing with a medley of animal songs. Later in the week, meetings and discussions gave Housemothers a chance to gossip and frat officers a chance to catch up on their sleep. Saturday night was the time and the Nina Simone concert was the place for the naming of Miss Susan Head as the Greek Goddess. Sunday brought still another day and another event to the already week-long activities. This was the Sports Car Slalom which featured world-famous Grand Prix drivers from all over the campus.
Feminine Frolics Dominate Derby Day '67

ABOVE RIGHT: For those brave enough to venture out of their room, there is always a pretty little girl or a big moose waiting to give you a run for your derby.

RIGHT: The Daring Debut gives entries a chance to show their stuff — most of it anyway. FAR RIGHT: Miss Bambi Morrison, a Tri-Delt from Emory, was named Miss Derby Day.
Sigma Chi Derby Day, sponsored by the chapters from Tech and Emory, has become a tradition enjoyed by everyone on the Tech campus. It's that time of the year again when coeds from Tech, Emory, Scott, and Georgia State invade the campus in search of derbies which are sometimes worn by non-Sigma Chis.

After two days of derby-stealing, the 1967 Derby Day moved to Emory for an afternoon of fun and games. Probably the most inspiring of these events were the Miss Derby Day Contest, won by Bambi Morrison of Emory, and the Daring Debut, in which the girls are required to make and wear a costume tailored from a yard of cloth. After the Emory Tri-Delt team took home the first place trophy, the whole party moved to Snapfinger Farm for a dance to crown a great day.
Houseparties:
Sweeties See How Other Half Lives
Formals – High Point of the Year

TOP AND ABOVE: KA’s Old South Ball is a good party-time, whether you go Southern or formal.
LEFT, BELOW, AND BOTTOM: Formals always give the chapters a chance to crown their sweethearts and present awards to their outstanding members.
ABOVE: The ABC’s, in their attempt to promote gay good times among the brothers, acquired this truck last fall. It picks up members and ferries them to the intramural games. TOP: After a hard day Housemother Maude provides the motherly attention that stimulates the ABC’s in their continuing fight against Tech.
Alphus Beerus Conformus: A Look at Greek Life

ABOVE: Not faring well in the fall white-slavery auction for the past few years the ABC's tried desperately to lure new pledges. Brother Melvin insured a good rush by blanket bidding all the parked cars, while the other brothers tried different forms of coercion. LEFT: The location of the new ABC house (closest to the dorms) proved very advantageous last Pledge Sunday as the ABC's were able to shanghai many pledges destined for other frats.