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life
The Georgia Tech Student Center is more than just another multi-million dollar building among the growing list of steel and concrete structures. In short it has been labeled the "living room" of the campus and, despite the fact that it lies on the western perimeter, it is still very much the center of all student activities.

Nowhere else can a student grab a sandwich, pick up his mail, attend a concert, play a game of snooker, or get his hair cut all under one roof. Nowhere else can he find virtually limitless space for banquets and meetings, as well as adequate facilities for an art show, student government and publication operations.

The Tech Student Center is innovative both in style and function. It stands as a tribute to thirty years of planning and effort on the part of thousands.
FAR LEFT: The center's brilliantly-lit exterior by night. LOWER LEFT: Bustling activity typifies an average day in the student center.
The center has been filled with large crowds almost every day this year as students have come to spend time between classes, to have a snack, or just to relax. Killing time playing a fast game of eight-ball, cut-throat, or foosball has been a popular pastime. For those with more time, there’s always computerized bowling, pingpong, or any of the many board games.

If you’re on a cultural kick, the art gallery is available with a new exhibit each month. Exhibits have ranged from traditional landscapes by Clint Carter to metal work and portrait studies by Lowe and Ashe. If you’d rather make your own art, you can go to the crafts area which has facilities for pottery, stone cutting, poster making, and photography, to mention a few.
ABOVE: The Lambda Chi's exhibit their winning form around the tight curves of the Chariot Race. RIGHT: The Steppenwolf Concert: Ablaze with hard rock and color.
Greek Week Highlighted by Steppenwolf Concert

Greek Week at Georgia Tech is consistently a pretty far-out affair. For an entire week, our rather passive little campus is turned into a quasi-Acropolis, complete with chariots, goddesses, and contests of strength. For all — Greeks and non-Greeks alike — it is mainly a week of fun and much-welcomed relief from the spring quarter slump that most of us annually experience.

The Chariot Race is one of the week’s most popular events. After the preliminary parade around Landiss Field, the race begins, with eliminations being made after each heat. Spills around the hairpin curves are not uncommon. The Lambda Chi Alpha’s proved to be the superior of the final three or four chariots, as their skill and agility enabled them to capture first place.

Among other events which highlighted the week’s festivities was the Lambda Chi Alpha Tug-O-War, this year being won by Sigma Nu. No one is safe from being dunked into the murky depths of the mud pit. Sweeties, brothers and even an occasional dean or two may pay a visit to the chest-high mud. Yet, no one really seemed to mind being covered with slime.

To cap off the week’s activities, Claire Hodges was chosen as Greek Goddess for 1971. She and her court were named at the annual Greek Week Concert, which featured Steppenwolf, of “Born to Be Wild” and “The Pusher” fame. Steppenwolf’s concert was one of the best of the year, both in their performance and in the audience’s response.
The Tech 200, now one of the major events of Greek Week activities, was held Saturday, May 15, at the Peach Bowl Speedway. Hundreds of fans were on hand to cheer their favorite cart on to victory — from the starting wave of the green flag right down to the checkered flag, which indicated that the victory had been taken by the Zeta Beta Tau fraternity.

Initially, the race had been planned to take place in the coliseum parking lot, but fortunately, the contest was again held at the Speedway. Although the race could easily be held at the coliseum, the "atmosphere" would not be quite the same.
UPPER RIGHT: Dr. Hansen and Student Body President Chris Bagby arrived by helicopter; UPPER FAR RIGHT: Tech’s band provided music for the ceremony; LOWER FAR RIGHT: Jerry Bell presents Dr. Hansen with a plaque as Lt. Governor Lester Maddox applauds.
A Part of Me Shall Always Be Here.

Good Old Art's Day was a final and fitting tribute to a man who had faithfully served Georgia Tech and her 8000-plus students for the last two years. It was a very necessary time to thank Arthur G. Hansen for a job well done, to thank him for caring, to thank him for listening to problems, and to thank him for being firm in his resolves and true to his convictions of scholastic betterment for the Tech community.

President Hansen was an exciting person; he didn't mind getting out with the students to find out "where it's at," and perhaps because of this, he was one of the most popular presidents ever.

The character of Arthur Hansen is readily evident in the following excerpt from his speech to the student body of Georgia Tech. It says all that needs to be said about President Hansen — administrator, educator, a true Ramblin' Reck:

"I am glad that I chose Georgia Tech. It has filled my life. We shall go our separate ways, but a part of me shall always be here. My thanks to you all for being so wonderful to me."
Pickles, Ice Cream, and Girls From Massey

Field Days are great because they give summer school students a chance to break away from the same old everyday routine and really have some fun. There's something or someone for everybody, as much of the day is spent chasing girls from Massey, catching greased pigs, eating watermelon, playing softball and volleyball against a team of shifty pros, devouring hot dogs, pickles, and ice cream — not to mention, if you're so inclined, the annual pie-eating contest.

The Summer Co-op Club spends much time planning for this day, and it seems that they're getting better each year. Field Day is just generally a good idea . . . it's bad enough to have to endure the scholastic rigors of Tech during the regular school year — but to be here in the summer — WOW! — now that is depressing. Thank God for the Co-op Club and Field Day!

ABOVE: Pie eaters stuff it in like there's no tomorrow.
Rafts in Rapids
Yield Beer Cans,
Bruises and
Bra Straps

On May 22, the world's largest raft race took place right here in "Big A," with an enthusiastic crowd of some 10-15,000 spectators watching from alongside the banks of the Chattahoochee River.

The race, sponsored this year by the Delta Sigma Phi fraternity, WQXI Radio, and our own Ramblin' Reck Club, had virtually thousands of entries, or so it seemed to onlookers. The entire 9.2 miles of the race, from Morgan Falls Dam to the Lovett School, was packed with people — from school children to national pressmen and the Governor of Georgia and, as in previous years, traffic was backed up for a record length of time on I-75. At times, the river appeared to be one solid mass of rafts. The Ramblin' Raft Race is clearly not an easily forgotten event.
Rafters Apathetic Over Ecology, But Who Cares

The TECHNIQUE stated that one of the primary reasons for holding this past year’s race was “ecology consciousness.” It was hoped that the race would emphasize the aesthetic, recreational, and historical values of the Chattahoochee to Atlantans. The application booklet itself stated “that it makes a lot more sense to use the river for enjoyment and natural beauty than to let it carry our garbage away.”

Unfortunately, the importance of the preceding thought was not taken to heart by a large majority of the participants, as, with the end of the race, one could see beer cans, Coke cans, bra straps and other debris floating in the river and already beginning to back up along the shore line. Efforts were made by many to correct the damage done, but even with this, it took several months for the last remaining traces of the 1971 Ramblin’ Raft Race to be erased from the face of the Chattahoochee.
LEFT: "Aw, everybody's got a rubber ducky."
LOWER FAR RIGHT: Teke's win again with their familiar block-long whatchamacallit; BOTTOM OF PAGE: Sigma Chi's award-winning display.
Homecoming 1971: Recks, Races, Rivalry

Homecomings at Georgia Tech have varied little from year to year. The faces change; the campus experiences thousands of dollars’ worth of growing pains, and new and better events are concocted to further the homecoming atmosphere of Ma Tech’s domain. Yet, the feeling of a Tech Homecoming is what remains so permanent, so fixed in the minds and hearts of time-worn alums. The sense of pride, along with the deep feeling of heritage and the “Tech tradition” have been well-instilled into all who have known “life on the Hill” in the truest sense of the word. And, if through three magical days in late fall known as Homecoming, Georgia Tech, one can gain insight into that heritage which is Georgia Tech’s alone, and remember those carefree days which passed by so quickly, then the purpose of a Tech Homecoming has been accomplished.

Nostalgia was the theme of the 1971 Homecoming activities, with all events revolving around the idea of “Tech in the Twenties.” Although raccoon coats and flappers were few, this theme was carried out in the dorm and fraternity displays, as well as in the various exhibits set up throughout the campus.

For the second and third year in a row, Harrison Dorm and Sigma Chi fraternity, respectively, again ran away with the homecoming display awards. The time and effort put into making these mechanical monsters go was unbelievable, and the late nights stuffing crepe paper into the seemingly thousands of miles of chicken wire, and the checking of all the whirling lights, gears and pulleys were many indeed.

Dances and a convivial party atmosphere are perpetual during a Tech Homecoming. Sobriety is left for only a few to contend with — but for the others, it’s nothing but a 72-hour binge spent with the sweetie or honey of your choice. Fraternities are turned into all-day party establishments; and the IDC, not to be outdone, sponsors dances and other happenings for the GDI’s of the campus. Homecoming is truly Tech’s biggest weekend of the year.
RIGHT: Homecoming Queen Kathy Cobden; LOWER RIGHT: AEPi's cheer on their winning Mini 500 entry; BELOW: Carrying a spare?
Coldren, Driggers, and Chai Win Crowns

Kathy Coldren was named Miss Homecoming 1971, with her Court being comprised of Pam Herr and Kaye (Cricket) Youngblood. Mrs. Homecoming 1971 was chosen to be Mrs. Paula Driggers, with her court consisting of Theresa Wilkinson, and Elizabeth Jackson. The announcement of the queens and their respective courts came during a break in the Chicago Homecoming Concert, one of the more heavily attended affairs of the homecoming weekend.

The Homecoming Dog Contest was won this year by Lambda Chi Alpha’s ferocious St. Bernard, Chai. It is interesting to note that his stiffest competition came from one Garfinkel the Imposter, who for some reason or another closely resembled a particular breed of feline.

Two of the biggest events before the homecoming football game are, of course, the Mini 500 Tricycle Race and the nationally famous Ramblin’ Reck Parade. Held Friday morning of homecoming weekend, the Mini 500 proved to be the largest and most widely attended ever. More than 40 entries from around the campus endured the 15 laps around Peter’s Park, with this year’s “500” being won by a jubilant group of AEPi’s.

The 1971 Ramblin’ Reck Parade got underway on a damp and drizzly Saturday morning. Down Ferst Drive to the ATO parking lot proceeded the steaming and clanking entries. The winning machine was built by the Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, with the Delta Tau Delta reckon coming in a close second.

With the exception of the parties held all over Tech campus on Saturday night, the perfect ending to the Homecoming Weekend was our big win over the Blue Devils of Duke University, by a score of 21-0.
Chicago Performs to Crowded Coliseum
Concerts: Something for Everyone

The 1971-72 concert season, since its beginnings last Spring Quarter, has at last provided a diversified program of top entertainment for the Tech student body. Clearly, throughout the season, there has been something for everyone.

If hard rock happened to be your thing, Steppenwolf more than adequately satisfied your freaky desires with what proved to be one of the most enjoyable and purely colorful concerts ever presented at Tech.

Chicago performed at Homecoming to a capacity crowd, with their instrumental genius evident in each number.

A softer, more subtle performance was the Judy Collins concert. After one cancellation, the student body was ready for a good performance, and they got it. With her warm and penetrating blue eyes, she captivated the audience through song after song. Her rendition of "Both Sides Now" climaxed the evening.

Richie Havens set a more soulful and impressionistic pace with his concert of January 29. Coming in the midst of the Student Center's "Winter Festival" and the Afro-American Association's "Black Awareness Week," the Havens' concert added life to the Winter Quarter. Havens transferred his enthusiasm to the audience who, by the concert's end, were on their feet clapping and singing to "Freedom."
TOP RIGHT AND FAR RIGHT CENTER: Camera catches a few of the hallucinatory illusions of the Steppenwolf concert.
Steppenwolf, Chicago, Judy Collins Initiate Tech Concert Season
... We must seize the government democratically and non-violently.
REV. RALPH DAVID ABERNATHY
SCLC LEADER

... Any incumbent president — if he wants power — not only will get another term, but he should have it.
WALTER HICKEL
FORMER SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

... The people who are going to make it in the world are those who have adjusted to the integrated society.
REV. ANDREW YOUNG
CHAIRMAN, COMMUNITY RELATIONS COMMISSION

... I'm not for integrated schools. The only area (in which) black people have control is in the schools ... better black schools are the answer to the education gap.
WILLIAM KUNSTLER
CHICAGO DEFENSE ATTORNEY

... Anyone besides Richard Nixon will do.
JULIAN BOND
STATE LEGISLATOR
Lectures: 
Hanging in There Somewhere Between 
Mark Twain and Ralph Abernathy

The Student Center Lectures Committee provides an invaluable service to the Tech community by bringing to the campus figures of national, state and local prominence. The lecture series provides students with a more intimate knowledge of the views of some of the history-making people of our time. Among the distinguished speakers this past year were Dick Gregory, defense attorney William Kunstler, Julian Bond, Ralph Abernathy, Walter Hickel, author Vance Packard, Rev. Andrew Young, and actor John Chappell, protege of Hal Holbrook, who presented a brilliant interpretation of Holbrook's "Mark Twain Tonight."

A noteworthy innovation in this year's lecture series was the introduction of the "New Consciousness" program, which consisted of a series of video-taped lectures, featuring such outspoken speakers as Ralph Nader, Bernadette Devlin and Abbie Hoffman. This "New Consciousness" has been called "the first television programming completely free of government or sponsor censorship, designed specifically for the tastes of college students . . ."
Patton, Sousa Invade Follies

The Fine Arts Committee of the Tech Student Center has had much success with its Techville Follies. Twelve acts were given this year, with variety being the utmost factor.

A rendition of the famous Patton speech was given in its entirety; folk singers, rock bands and a 12-string guitarist performed to a near-capacity Student Center ballroom.

Perhaps the most unique and well-received performance of the evening was by a very brave student who gave his rendition of the 3rd Army band playing Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." And that, music lovers, was a mouthful.
Sled Race Added to Winter Festival

The highlight of "the dull quarter's" activities was the 1972 Winter Festival, which once again presented Tech students with a heavy schedule of events, ranging from legalized gambling in the Co-op Club's Casino Night to a fast and furious sled race down 3rd Street, to the Richie Havens Concert, which capped the week's activities.

In addition to fraternity parties and a couple of good flicks, the Student Center's Special Events Committee sponsored the Trivia Bowl, conducted in a manner similar to the G.E. College Bowl series — only much more frivolous. For example, do you know the name of Acting President Boyd's pet turtle? In the final elimination, the Fiji's won by a substantial margin.

ABOVE: The sled race, newest entry of the Winter Festival, was greeted by a typical rainy Atlanta day.
Gold Team Dominates T-Night Game

T-Night’s Gold Squad led by quarterback Eddie McAslan, smashed the Whites during the 1971 playoff with an impressive 24-7 win.

The Golds opened the scoring with Jack Moore’s 26 yard field goal early in the first quarter.

A second quarter interception by Tommy Turrentine again gave the Golds possession of the ball. Two plays later, McAslan hooked up with Mark Fields for a 39 yard TD pass. A score of 10-0 was standing at the half.

Despite numerous opportunities during the third quarter, neither team scored. However, the Golds mounted a drive late in the quarter that culminated in a McAslan TD and Moore conversion early in the fourth period, for a score of 17-0.

Although the Whites made an impressive 71 yard gain down to the Gold 15, the Golds took over on downs, and scored on Larry Studdard’s run into the end zone. Moore again came on to convert. The score: 24-0.

With only minutes left in the game, Jr O’Neil scrambled across the goal line to record the Whites only score of the game. Bobby Thigpen came on to convert, making the final score 24-7. Gold.
Engineer's Week:
A View of the Real World

More than 30 practicing engineers from leading companies across the country met with Tech students during the Placement Center-sponsored "Engineer's Week." The program was instituted in an effort to help students in making decisions about their future careers well before the actual "job hunting" begins.

The keynote address by state legislator Julian Bond was followed by, on successive days, classroom discussions, departmental tours, and a lengthy question and answer period in which representatives from companies such as Bell Laboratories, E.I. DuPont, General Motors, IBM, and Georgia Power were open for full interrogation from Tech students. As well as these aspects of "Engineering Week," the various engineering schools of the Institute set up displays of student work in various buildings throughout the campus.
And After All the Big Events . . .
. . . Then What?

If you've ever been one of the lucky 8000 who have called Georgia Tech a "Home Away From Home," then you're pretty much aware of the major activities that go on between North Avenue and 10th Street, inclusive, year after year. These have been elaborated, praised and condemned in the preceding pages of this book. However, there is more to the Institute than organized activities and annual events. From year to year, the faces may change and the campus may expand, yet life in general remains pretty much the same.

Reflect for a moment on your life at Georgia Tech . . . remember living in an Area I dorm and eating one meal too many at Britain; think of those times when the pressures of school seemed almost more than you could bear, and when lying out in the grass on a hot, sunny day was your only relief from the unavoidable headaches which accompany a Tech education. Remember dragging up the Hill to class in the snow, throwing a football around with friends on a fall day, and trying to forget how horny you always were. Recall wishing that you had listened to your best friend and gone to the University. Better yet, remember how you always smiled when someone would ask where you went to school.

In the following section, random thoughts from even more random minds have been chosen to illustrate the way one lives and the way one often thinks while at Georgia Tech. Whether you're a freshman or a senior, there's no escaping any of it.
And Who Said Walking Isn’t Good for You?

I love walking to class. It’s an easy time to do some last minute cramming and damming before a test, especially if the class meets all the way across campus. Sometimes it’s fun to ride a bicycle to class; it gets awfully bad on the legs having to walk everywhere — at least, that’s the way my legs feel about it.

It’s great in the spring to wear shorts to class, but in the winter, walking up the Hill can be pure hell, minus only a couple of thousand degrees. Boy, but that wind chill factor just about did me in a couple of times last year. This year I’m taking all the necessary precautions — like thermal, electric underwear, a couple pair of socks, snow shoes, the whole bit. After all the money I’ve spent and maybe even wasted on this place, I’m not about to catch pneumonia and die.
No Solution Seen for Classroom Boredom

Classes are so boring! I drag in and I drag out and the day drags on . . . never a let-up, except for maybe a little hell-raisin' on the weekend with a couple of the guys — or, if I'm unusually lucky, maybe even a hot date to keep the old body in shape. At least this quarter the profs are okay, but just wait — old Wolfgang's got an eye out for me next quarter. I can feel it coming. And there's no way I can avoid his class. Oh Lord! No cuts, homework every night, four quizzes, three pop tests, and the final counts 70%. And how I do love to sleep on Monday mornings! Somebody's just got it in for me. Can't they ever give a guy a break?
I wish that he would just give up with that lecture! I’m so tired of listening to him talk on and on about something I’m sure neither of us know anything about, I could throw up! I’ll bet that I use up more imagination in 15 minutes of daydreaming than he uses in a week of lecturing.

Oh, for the open road... she and I on the bike, speeding through the countryside, free and easy... no hassles, no Hill, no Ma Tech, just fun.

Ahh, paradise.

70% of Class Time Is Spent Thinking About...
Dorm Residents Yield to Temptations

Dorm living is really the life! Where else could I find personage of high caliber and even higher morals living right next to me — not to mention all of those wonderful, extra-added benefits of dorm life, such as the "ideal study situation," freedom to express myself and my adult attitudes in any way I choose, and cultural surroundings to broaden my perspective of mankind? Who the hell am I kidding! What B.S. I'm surrounded by a bunch of the grossest slobs ever created, and the "cultural environment" is downright oppressive. One lousy paint-by-numbers painting hanging crooked on the wall in the lounge, plus a couple of last year's Nutcracker Suite posters. Oh, and I mustn't forget all the noise — which I love, of course — and the all-night, rip-roaring parties. the guys who think that every night is the fourth of July, the smells which filter through floor after floor, coming from God knows where. And the bathrooms! Each a marvel of planning and insight on the part of someone. It's a wonder we haven't died of some unknown and dreaded fungus infection considering all the crap that's perpetually on the floor. And, like so many people, I really enjoy and look forward to my private moments . . . why the hell didn't somebody think to put a door on the john stalls?

Those guys over in Area II have really got it knocked. I can't wait to make the big move over there . . . out of the dumps at last!
"...And We Hope You Have a Pleasant Stay Here at Georgia Tech."
Dorm Residents Find the Going . . . Hard?
Curriculum to Include
"Sun Worshiping 101"

Sometimes I think it's fun just to lie out in the sun, on the grass. It's a good time to think out problems, or to think about someone you love, or maybe even to think of nothing at all.

Tech should offer a course called "Sun Worshiping." The catalogue could say, "...a course designed to alleviate the stress which accompanies a Tech education, and to encourage a return to living." Yep, people would really sign up for that one. It's something that we need. Nothing to lose, but a helluva lot to gain.
Leisure Moments Precious and Few
Intramurals:
Rock and Roll to Victory

Play ball!
Where? They've got four baseball games on one crater-infested field; the object being to circle the bases without: 1) getting belted by a foul ball from "field" number two; 2) breaking your leg tripping over a strategically-placed rock or; 3) being tagged out by the blood-thirsty opposition. And conditions are about the same in football—except that the opposition is generally more vicious. Basketball is OK—if you don't mind becoming seasick navigating across the Naval Armory's rolling floor.

Soccer has the best arrangement of all. Grant Field is the perfect playing area—if only they would cut on some lights at night. But even with all the shortcomings, intramurals are still about the best therapy for Hill-induced stress.