Revenge Sought Against One-Armed Bandit

Remember the day the "one-armed parking bandit" was installed over at the Student Center? Yeah, that's the one... with its orange teeth that flash "FULL" when it smiles. Twenty-five damn cents to park. What a rip-off! We crashed right through that thing the first night. Somebody said they've got a couple hundred of those barricade-deals hidden away. It seems that they "expected" the students to actively protest by breaking through — so they stocked up.

I can envision the day when they'll have the military out there, frisking bodies and collecting quarters like it was Checkpoint Charlie.

Go ahead and laugh, one-armed bandit... the last laugh will be ours.
\[ \begin{array}{|c|c|c|} \hline \text{AMOUNT OF} & \text{AMOUNT OF} & \text{BALANCE} \\
\text{DEPOSIT} & \text{CHECK} & \text{ } \\
\hline 32.00 & 63.00 & \text{24.76} \\
32.00 & 56.00 & \text{46} \\
200 & 42.00 & \text{2} \\
186 & 88.33 & \text{2} \\
90 & -1.67 & \text{0} \\
32.00 & 42.00 & \text{4} \\
\hline \end{array} \]

... And Then There Are Days When You Should Have Stayed in the Rack
Involvement:
Give a Little

Giving blood was never my idea of having fun, but this year I went all the way and gave a pint of my life to help someone else. Oh well, at least we got oatmeal cookies and pineapple punch afterwards — but even that didn't lessen the initial pain of having an inch-long needle stuck halfway up my arm.

As this was my first time to give, I had been having nightmares about the actual procedure. I would lie awake at night and envision some dark and drafty room, with my rigid-from-fear body lying on a concrete slab, from which sprang all sorts of tubes and needles. And underneath the table was this huge vat into which the blood was to flow. Then, too, I remember there was a 40-watt G.E. light bulb swinging low overhead, and the nurse in attendance was all wrinkled and bent over and dressed in black.

In any event, giving blood was hardly as I had imagined. I just hope that it'll do somebody a little good.
There’s more to involvement at Georgia Tech than just giving blood. In fact, there are lots of ways to get involved and give someone a helping hand, although the vast majority of students are unaware of these opportunities.

The Techwood Tutorial Project has always been a favorite, for what can be more gratifying than the smile on a kid’s face brought about because you took the time to throw a football around or shoot a little basketball.

A more recent project has been the Circle K’s Adoptive Grandparents Program, in which Tech students take a day out of their weekly schedule to help an elderly person in the Techwood Apartments. This program has been so successful that it has received acclaim from President Nixon.

The YMCA’s World Student Fund has long been instrumental in promoting an exchange between students of European Universities and Tech.
Fulfillment Through Service
So What's Wrong With a 25 to 1 Ratio?
Nothing, If You're a Girl

TGIF... Hell, it's been a long week... Sure hope this blind date works out... Get outta' the shower, will ya! I've got a heavy date tonight... Hey, have you been using my aftershave again?... Sure hope she's decent for all this work.

I wonder who this guy is Miriam fixed me up with?... Her boyfriend said he was real sharp... I wonder if he expects much from me for the first date?... Damn! I've got a run in my stocking. Susan won't mind if I borrow a pair of hers. Better not mind, after all I've done for her... C'mon! Hurry with the shower. I've got a date tonight.

Bob! You got a pair of blue socks? All you've got are light blue??... Let's see, do I have everything: wallet, keys, money, rum... God, this room's a mess... Better hide the Playboys... Where's my copy of the Sensuous Man?... Hey, you drunken SOB's! Shut up! I'm bringing a girl up here tonight... Christ! I forgot the ice!

Gee, I wonder if he'll be on time. Well, let him wait; it'll do him good... I wonder if I'll like him... My last date reminded me of one of those Indian deities... all hands and a thousand of 'em!
Still horny, and there ain't nothin' I can do about it — at least not now, not here. Maybe, maybe I could call her and ask her out or something. Or better yet, maybe I could get a friend to ask her out for me. Yeah, that's what I'll do. What a brilliant idea! I sure wish there were more girls around this place though... do I ever wish there were! A guy doesn't have a chance. What do they think we're supposed to do? Grow up ignorant or something?
"Don't Call Us; We'll Call You"

If you think 8:00 classes are bad, wait 'til you have to stand in line at 7:00 a.m. just to register for a job interview. Talk about bad! And then you've gotta' fight your way through the crowd to sign the sheet — proficiency in writing left-handed and upside down is essential. But some of the dudes they send out as interviewers make you wonder about the company. They generally fall into three groups: Lizardly Sam, respite in his wing tips, white shirt and narrow tie; Friendly Bob, lots of goodwill but no jobs; and Careerman Charlie, he's so business-like you almost expect computer print-out to spout from his mouth.

And then there's the verdict. "We'd like to offer you a job, but ..." Flush letters are not entirely a waste — they can always be made into paper airplanes — which is about as close to aircraft design as any AE will get this year.
By Johnny Hart

WE'RE HAVING A SPECIAL
WE WON'T CHARGE FOR THIS MONTH.
SIGNED BEN,
PROXMIRE
Mini-Commencements Big at Tech

Graduating from Georgia Tech undoubtedly means different things to different people. Some see it as a time for extreme jubilation . . . and why not? It's their privilege. Having finished four (but usually more) years of study at the Institute, aspiring for a B.S., M.S., or Ph.D in their chosen field of study, they are now ready to face the real world, so full of money and jobs. Right?

Others see graduation as an excellent time to sit for a few final hours among their fellow classmates, possibly they see it as a time to drift unconcerned through a couple of speeches and maybe even as a great chance to shake the Governor's hand.

Fall quarter graduation, 1971, proved to be something out of the ordinary. A heavy snowfall prevented the actual graduation ceremonies. Candidates for a degree were informed by radio and signs in the Student Center that their diplomas would be mailed to them.

However, Dr. James Boyd, Acting President of Georgia Tech, announced that he would hold an open house in his office especially for those who were to receive diplomas. Groups of six to eight graduates and their guests attended mini-commencements in Dr. Boyd's office while other graduates awaiting their turn, enjoyed refreshments in an outer office. All total, 21 separate speeches were given by Dr. Vernon Crawford, as Acting President Boyd handed out diplomas.
It's Been Really a Gas, but You Know It's Gotta Pass; So Enjoy Yourself