Atlanta: Stimulus for the New Georgia Tech
Pulsating Center of Trade and Culture
Sophisticated Metropolis

Atlanta.
City of beauty and wealth,
Of poverty and strife.
City too busy to hate.
A Black vice-mayor
And a Jewish mayor.
Oi vey.
Phenomenal growth
In five years.
1-1/4 million people
All trying to get onto
The expressway.
Places to go
But nowhere to park.
Tight Squeeze and hippies.
"Got any spare change?"
Where have all the
Flower children gone?
Piedmont Public Park
Ain't public no more.
Pollution on the
Chattahoochee
And in the air.
Massell has a
Plan for progress.
Great timing, Sam.
The Phoenix has risen
From the ashes.
Old and new together.
Underground Atlanta,
Re-creation of the past.
The Regency,
A hotel turned inside out.
With a blue bubble, yet.
Mammoth shopping centers,
Skyscrapers,
And a school called
Georgia Tech.
Georgia Tech: Impressive

Tech. Home for 8000
Men, women, and freshmen.

Freshmen? Oh, yes . . .
They're the kids
Under those funny beanies.

Used to get a T-cut
If they forgot their rat hats.

Things have changed.
Rat rules are obsolete.
FASET makes things easier.

Manual registration . . .
The infinite lines of

Frustrated students winding
Around the old gym
And up the hill.
That changed in '67 when they

Computerized registration.

No more eternal waits.
No more forged time cards.
No more screw jobs.

Well, almost no more . . .
Now its all left to
An impartial computer.
It hates everybody.

Often Bewildering
Male Bastion Invaded, But Scenery Improves
What was the favorite Pastime of 1967?
Football?
Wrong.
Birddogging wins
By a big margin.
Around every corner,
At every stop light,
Techmen waiting to snare
Innocent female passersby.
Innocent?
Hardly.
And if the hornies didn’t
Get you,
The Atlanta police would.
“...uh,... Hello, Dean Dull,
I’m down at...”
But all that changed.
Coeds began arriving in
Great numbers.
At least 300.
Now they have their
Own dorms,
With bathrooms
That underwent a sex change.
Now the campus is dotted
With girls.
Good-looking ones.
Slipstick Sally
and Big Bertha
Have gone
For good.
And so,
For the most part,
Has Birddogging
The Stereotyped Techman of the Sixties:
Long Gone.
The 1972 Model:

Long-haired freaks,
Short-haired straights.
Unique life styles.
Naps in the sun
After frisbee games.
Skin flicks and the
High Museum.
Fraternity beer busts,
Pot party busts.
Tech 200 brings out the
A. J. Foyt in each of us.
Good music at Burdell's.
Sun-burnt adventurers
On the Chattahoochee.
Georgia Tech no longer
Imparts the image
Of a crew cut and a slide
Rule.
Students have discovered
Individuality.

Decidedly Different
Daring to be Unique
Too often a four-letter word.
They used to be
Just a place to hang
Your clothes.
Now they're
A "living environment."
Area III gets more
Ugly pillboxes.
Would you believe
Carpet, paneling, and
Airconditioning in
Harris!
And who would
Protest Brown's closing?
Open house,
First an experiment.
Now an accepted
Way of life.
"Oops!...drip, drip...I ah...
Didn't know
You had a date."
Indulging in New Forms of Expression
Were you here in '67?
Remember the Old Shop?
The Area II "Super-Modern"
Dorms?
The YMCA, our old Student
Center?
The Good Old Days?
Hardly.
But Tech finally entered
The 20th Century.
New Dorms.
The Student Center.
(What did we ever do
Without it?)
Millions of dollars
Worth of construction.
We almost got new
Tennis courts,
But they were abandoned,
Half-finished.
The state “ran out of
Money”
Thanks a lot, Lester.
In the near future,
An enlarged computer
Center,
A finished (?) Perimeter
Drive,
And maybe even SAC '70.
Living In A Changing Environment
Applying Ingenuity To Problems
"God is not dead. He's still driving around Tech, looking for a Parking place."
— from Armstrong Dorm

"Ode on a Bathroom Wall"
Being in the middle of Atlanta

Has its advantages. But parking isn't one Of them.
The ingenious Find ways to squeeze Into compact spaces With their VW buses.
Once, You were a nobody Without a Vet,
Or an SS 396,
But we've adapted.

Bicycles, motorcycles, Minicars abound, And the Student Center "Slot Machine" Takes your quarter with A grin.

Damned Hemphill traffic Still makes you late For class.
So does the "Stinger"

How do you cram 20 jocks Into a tiny Security van? You can't blame them, Though.

Who wants To hike 2 miles To class?
Hazing,
Hell week,
Formal Rush,
Plastic smiles and
Rapid exits for lizards.
Rambda Lambda Ding-Dong.
All a part of the old
Fraternity life.
But Frats of '72 have
Adapted.
Less dependency on groups
Creates a need for
Re-evaluation.
The realization that
Friendship is more than
A keg on the weekend.
Less conformity?
Tassel loafers have given
Way to
Red, white and blue
Tennis shoes.
Rejecting Conformity, Adapting to Change
Accepting Turmoil in Leadership

Somewhere between Wonderful Ed
And Good 'ole Art,
We lost something.
And yet we gained a great deal.
From Harrison to Hansen,
And now to Pettit.
Differing styles.
Presidents
With different approaches
To similar problems.
Then there were the coaches.
Dodd.
The Gray Fox.
Ingenuity blended with
Dedication and charm.
Carson.
"The man who followed Dodd."
Jinxed from the beginning.
Fulcher.
Charisma with a capital C.
Rebirth of Dodd.
"I want the players to
Enjoy the game."
Pettit and Fulcher.
The right combination...? 
Maybe.
Seeking Relief

Athletics.
Just about the only thing
That unites the Student
Body.
And sports, in their
Own way,
Have been transformed:
The new rug
At Grant Field.
Black athletes.
Longer hair.
A new coach
Preaching
An old philosophy.
The good years
With Yunkus and Perdoni,
Balanced by the year
That wasn't so good.
And intramurals
Have outgrown
Their facilities.
3000 guys fighting for
One baseball field.

From Mental Pressures
Five years ago
We marched in support
Of Vietnam,
And our closest
Friend
Was a slide rule.
Now,
The campus is dotted
With anti-war posters,
Campus Crusade for
Christ,
And voter registration
Signs.
Our actions
And our attitudes
Have altered.
We've found that
Involvement
Can be on a
Person-to-person basis.
Techwood Tutorial,
Tech Brother,
Blood drive,
Circle K's
"Adoptive Grandparents."
You need more than
Just brains.
Empathy
And sincerity
Are the means toward
Communication
With a child
And with an
Adult.
No Longer an Ivory-Tower Technician
No Longer A Carbon Copy
Miss Blueprint 1972 is Debye Logue. The sweet young thing from Sandy Springs is a sophomore at Massey Junior College majoring in Merchandising and Modeling. She likes “snow-skiing, guys, horseback riding, guys, travelling, and guys.” Debye is an Alpha Chi Delta sorority at Massey and was lavaliere to a Pike at Tech. What does she think of Georgia Tech? “I like the guys, Pikes, Deltas, Fijis, Sigma Nus, AToS, etc.” Debye, or “Bunny” as she is nicknamed, was active in Greek Week at Tech and the Greek Festival at Massey. Her favorite drink is Sangria. 356-6500.
Miriam Quinones, RUNNER-UP
Anne Banks, RUNNER-UP
Kathy Coldren, MISS HOMECOMING
Pam Herr, RUNNER-UP
Paula Driggers, MRS. HOMECOMING
Elizabeth Jackson, RUNNER-UP
Leresa Wilkinson, RUNNER-UP
Claire Hodges, MISS GREEK GODDESS