A STUDENT GUIDE TO GA. TECH

APATHY

"Have you ever heard of these people?" "I only know one; don’t vote for that nerd. Vote for the first seven."
"What are we voting on, anyway?" "Hell, I don’t know."

"Won’t you contribute to the SAC ’70 fund?" "Uh, what’s that?" "You know, the planned athletic complex Milligan has been working on." "Who’s he?"
"He’s the student body president. Don’t you know anything?" "No, say, do you happen to remember the value for h?"

"Hey, did you read where Johnson died?" "Johnson who?" "Johnson, the former President. You know, you’re really apathetic." "So what?"

ART

"Hey, look at that naked lady!" "I don’t know what’s good; I just know what I like." The average Techman’s knowledge of art barely extends beyond the graphs in his math book, and a large percentage of students couldn’t care less. In this sterile environment of lines, vectors, and diagrams, it’s no wonder that the only form of personal expression is found on the bathroom walls. (SEE: Graffiti.)
**BAND**

Practice-drilling in the rain is a bummer, and dreaming up a new routine every week is no treat, either. You march in patterns you'll never see, and get pelted with ice by little kids and drunks. There's little reward, save the satisfaction of a job well done, and sometimes that's all the reward you ever get.

**BICYCLES**

You freeze in the winter and sweat in the summer. People always make comments on how strong your legs look. Dogs think you're a riot of fun, and the shortest distance between two points always seems to have a big, brutal hill right in the middle. Finding a spot to lock your bike is almost as difficult as finding a place to park a car, while potholes, drains, and shards of glass are avoided like the plague. Cars are the biggest problem, however; they think it's fun to run you off the road.

**BOOKSTORE**

The bookstore is a good place to buy comics and pencils. They don't make a profit, as such, since all extra money goes into Auxiliary Services, alias Ma Tech, but that doesn't make a $20.00 book any cheaper, or prices more reasonable.

Freshmen make their first acquaintance with the bookstore through the purchase of their rat hats, and soon after, by selecting textbooks. During the middle of the term, however, most of the students center their business on paper supplies, toilet articles, and magazines. Every month on delivery day, a tremendous crowd can be seen scanning the PLAYBOY shelf, right in front of the sign that says "Please don't read the magazines."
The Late Shop stays open until ten, and stocks graph paper, pens, munchables, and other necessities for the nurdies who didn’t make it to the main store on time. In addition to the Late Shop, the bookstore’s services include the sale of senior rings, a check cashing program, records which are much too expensive, and a large supply of excellent paperbacks. Unfortunately, however, few people have time to read them.

**CAMPUS COPS**

There is an aura of legend surrounding the men dressed in blue and wearing beanies, badges, and disseminating tickets.

C² has been swiftly renamed “Ga. Tech Police Dept.” by a sweep of Commander Weaver’s pencil, in a hope that students, faculty, and visitors to the campus will appreciate and follow the directions and admonitions given by the bumbler-in-blue.

Nevertheless, the legends will survive in the Tech mystique for years to come; Campus Cops, like the people on whom they tread, are human, and make mistakes.

One such mistake led to the legend of the silver bullet.

As recounted by a dorm counselor, who reportedly “saw it happen,” the incident occurred when a young man stole an item from the “Robbery,” the name of the bookstore when it was still under the Administration Building.

An ever-vigilant security guard gave chase, yelled for the student to stop, and when these instructions were not followed, fired one shot — which hit another student. A rumor, then started by the TECHNIQUE, was that the guard didn’t fire more than once because there was only one bullet on the whole force, and it was rotated between the officers on duty.

Commander Weaver has never verified or denied this rumor. The BLUEPRINT doesn’t know the truth either; perhaps the alumni do.

**CHEERLEADERS**

Being a cheerleader is a matter of enunciating clearly while screaming at the top of your lungs. It means snappy drills, hours of practice, and tired muscles; cold days, rainy nights, and tremen-
dous self-discipline. Cheering a losing team is rough because you can't switch sides, but the most disconcerting part is having 9000 people know your name.

CHESS

Chess is the oldest game and the newest fad. For the beginner, it's a frustrating affair until he finally wins that first game. For the skilled, however, it is more than a game. It's a struggle for mental superiority.

COEDS

To enter Tech as a coed is to be asked 5000 times if you came here to catch a husband. If that really were the case, most of the girls would have gone to Massey. To be a coed is to grow nauseous at the sight of a Burger King sign, or the suggestion of washing another pile of dishes in the bathroom sink. Coeds never completely fit in; the stares are enough to give some people paranoia. They have never experienced the problems of living in Area I, or the fun of firecracker wars and shaving cream fights. Although accused of being conceited by the disgruntled men, most of the girls are just shy. It's very difficult to adjust to being the only girl in a class of thirty.

CONCERTS

The concert begins with a wave of sound that throws you against your seat. Colored lights slide into kaleidoscopic patterns; strobes flash, as groupies on the floor send up a cloud of smoke and the smell of grass. "The back-up band is terrible; will the main show ever start?" The worst part is having the drunk behind you start to sing along.

CONSTRUCTION

The Georgia Tech campus has been under construction for ten years, and this is now regarded as a never-ending process. Old roads disappear and motorists suddenly find themselves in a new parking lot. Sidewalks are laid, removed, and re-laid while students make the best of maneuvering through mud. People can tell a Techman by the red clay on his shoes. The only artistic point in campus construction is the student expression in wet cement.
DANCING

Dancing is limited to night spots and fraternity parties, and it is difficult to find a partner. Every person makes a try at his interpretation of modern dance, and the great thing about modern dances is that just about any try passes.

DATING

"Oh, God, it's been so long since I had a date; I've forgotten what to say. Wonder if this shirt is right? What if she's a dog? I'll kill that S.O.B., Ray. Sure hope she doesn't get drunk and throw up like that last one did. Maybe I ought to comb it this way. If everything goes right, maybe afterwards . . . I know he's stuck me with somebody's blind bow-legged sister-in-law. My undershirt has a hole in it. What if . . . ? (SEE: Nightlife.)

DORM LIFE

When filling out the forms to enter Tech, many students are glad to find dorm rent so cheap; soon after arrival they find the reason.

Students are forced to live with another person in slum-condition rooms about half the size of their rooms at home. Adjustments also have to be made to the other residents on the hall. Some of them don't agree that sleep is a human necessity.

The smells of a dorm are unique, too. Rancid garbage mingles with the smell of aftershave, burned food, and stopped-up urinals, while incense wafts from under the doors. Sanitary conditions are unknown and facilities dangerous; "Flush" is followed by screams, and enraged freshmen emerging scalded from the showers.

Coed dorms present a fresh set of hassles: there is no close place to eat. There is no place to cook, and the jocks next door are too loud. Two-hundred male eyes are riveted to the windows when the lights go on. "Oh, no, the curtains are OPEN!" The final injury comes, however, when women who haven't known a curfew since Jr. High are suddenly subjected to Tech's version of the double standard: "Be in at 12, or I'll tell Miss Bowers." (SEE: Roaches, Open house, Drinking.)
DRAMA TECH

There are no footlights, but there's a curtain. There are no professional actors, but there are a few talented students. As the house lights dim and the curtain rises, the audience sees the finished product of about seven weeks of work.

Behind the polished dramas are the sets which are never finished until the night of the performance, the missed cues, and rehearsals which drag on until all hours. The show is never ready after dress rehearsal, but somehow manages to take a great big jump and land on its feet for the audience. There are the sweet smells of makeup, and the bright lights next to the mirror. Backstage is never bedlam until the night of the performance. Then it's "Am I on yet?" "Damn, did he blow that," or "God, I'm nervous." And so the plays drag by, from excruciating moment to moment.

In front of the stage, the crowd sees only momentary stumbles of a performer's lapse, and the plays, always excellent, flash by. Rarely, unless a student is a drama critic, does a slip attract any notice.

Then, suddenly, it's over and everyone's tired. The sets are struck, the makeup comes off for the last time, and the house lights dim again . . . this time for the cast party.

DRILL DAY

M-I-C K-E-Y N-R-O-T-C

Drill, they tell you, is just a matter of putting one foot in front of another. It remains for you, however, to determine which foot goes first. To take your mind off your two left feet, you can always concentrate on the girl in your unit, if you're lucky enough to have one. If not, listen to your drill commander give cadence: "GI beans, GI gravy, gee, I wish I had joined the navy . . . left, left, right, left . . . ", as you march into the sunset and think about mom, apple pie, and the girl you left behind.
DRINKING

Drinking is a tradition that has always flourished at Ga. Tech. Techmen guzzle enough booze each year to float the Regency. Liberalized rules for use of alcohol in the dorms have led to an extension of the private bars throughout campus, and the dorm halls reverberate at night from strange sounds emitted by those "under the influence." For some, it's the best way to escape the pressure of grades and quizzes. (SEE: Leisure, Manuel's.)

DROP DAY

Drop day means a return to sanity for a large portion of the student body. The 10 on that quiz and the idea of taking 21 hours are suddenly less important. Few things can be compared to the feeling you get after escaping a particularly bad shaft, but it's roughly analogous to finding out your draft number is 366, or that she's not really pregnant, after all. Even though the traditional pink parachutes are now white, and only four copies are required instead of five, the effect is still the same: a chance to drop back, punt, and try again another day. (SEE: Quizzes.)

EATING

Eating is the battle to get a large helping of something good at a cheap price. Unfortunately, at or near Tech, the food is inedible, insufficient, and many times more expensive than it should be. Meals at Tech are rarely dull, however. During the course of a meal you're bound to drop something or find something in your food that shouldn't be there. If you're lucky, it won't be moving. (SEE: Varsity, Dorm life.)

ELECTIONS

An election year is the time when the people laugh and the liars out-do themselves. There are dubious issues, questionable answers, and endless, impossible promises. The most practical solution can be summed up in the immortal words of Professor Gaston, "Dammit, son, vote for your friends."
FASET

Familiarization and Adaption to the Surroundings and Environs of Tech is a fancy name for good ol’ orientation. From the fast-paced tour of campus to the required functions at the coliseum, the new student is so busy, he scarcely has time to shake hands with his roommate. Hopefully, at the end of the week, the Rat will know what the silver bullet is, where to find his P.O. Box, and when to run onto the field.

FIELD DAY

The Summer Co-Op Club spends a lot of time planning for this day, and it seems that they’re getting better each year. There’s something or someone for everybody; much of the day is spent chasing girls from Massey, catching greased pigs, eating watermelon, playing softball and volleyball against a team of shafty profs, devouring hot dogs, pickles, and ice cream — not to mention, if you’re so inclined, the annual pie-eating contest.

FINALS

Finals week is easily detected on campus. Two tons of fireworks are set off in Area I, the all-night restaurants around campus flourish, and the Rats run across the Interstate for thrills. Students cram while eating, while walking to exams, and while riding the elevators in the library. It is a time for big lies: the lie to yourself that you know it all for the math departmental, the lies to the prof on the English final. When it is all over, very few wonder whether it was all worth it; most are drunk in their racks.

FOREIGN STUDENTS

Upon coming to Tech, many foreign students await a fate worse than death: being stuck here every weekend and Thanksgiving, isolated from home and friends, awaiting letters from girlfriends who hopefully still remember their names. What else is there to do but study? Because of the problems of understanding English, they rarely get to know other students well, and coping with the slang is murderous. “Hot date? Rip-off? I do not understand.”
FRATERNITIES

Yes, you too can wear two-color shoes and a sweater vest! Today's Frat wants You! A fraternity will teach you humility, pride, patience, and how to determine which one of 50 guys borrowed your new copy of Penthouse. Comradeship is very big in fraternities, and why not? When you live with 30 guys, all of whom have seen you go to the bathroom, shave, get very, very drunk or very stoned, and otherwise have seen you as the ass you sometimes are, you either love 'em or hate 'em — or a little of both.

FRUSTRATION

Frustration is the ultimate experience at Tech. The causes are varied, but they crop up in nearly every situation: the advisor who says "NO" at registration, that C that came out a D, the memorized formula that disappears during the quiz, the gorgeous chick who won't give you the time of day, losing your key when you're really pushed for time. It's all enough to give a guy an ulcer.
GRADUATE STUDENTS

Graduate students are either military jocks, foreign students, nurds, or dirty old men. Apart from periodic visits to the computer center, most grads never see daylight, relying on the Technique to tell them if the world comes to an end. They study a lot, and no self-respecting graduate is without his own coffee pot. Many of the guys stayed in school to avoid the draft, and have found they like it. Some have been here so long, they classify as professional students. After all, it’s easier than holding down a job. Let the wives support the family!

GRADUATION

Graduating seniors are the people who still smile during finals week. Despite all the anticipation built up during a student’s years at Tech, however, the actual graduation ceremony is a letdown. As one alumnus put it: "How does it feel to graduate? You go on stage, grab the paper, shake hands with some dude, and walk off." Getting a degree doesn’t necessarily guarantee you a job, but then, you can always join the army.

GRAFFITI

Tech offered a course this fall in the Third Street tunnel: Graffiti 101. Although the Hill doesn’t give academic credit for this class, a comparison of the graffiti entries with an average English theme suggests that it should. The graffiti written on the walls of Tech contain more original thought than anything printed in student publications, and there’s always a note above the toilet paper that says, “IM degree — take one.”

Another Tech favorite is . . .

In the beginning, God said,

\[
\frac{\hbar^2}{8\pi^3 \mu} \left( \frac{\partial^2 \phi}{\partial x^2} + \frac{\partial^2 \phi}{\partial y^2} + \frac{\partial^2 \phi}{\partial z^2} \right) \cdot \mathcal{P}(t) = \frac{\hbar}{2\pi i} \frac{\partial \phi}{\partial t}
\]

\[
\frac{\hbar^2}{8\pi^3 \mu} \left( \frac{\partial^2 \phi}{\partial x^2} \right) \mathcal{P}(x) \phi(t) = \frac{\hbar}{2\pi i} \frac{\partial \phi}{\partial t} \mathcal{P}(x)
\]

\[
\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} |\psi|^2 \, dx \quad \text{MUST BE FINITE}
\]

... and there was light.

GRASS

The grass at Tech survives in spite of the campus planners’ arduous attempts to herd it between asphalt parking lots and roads. Subdivided into smaller and smaller plots, it appears that grass is eventually destined to disappear from the face of the campus entirely. At present, however, the wilder variety springs up in unprotected places, especially about the dorms and frats, while its tamer cousin is still permitted to exist in token plots between buildings, sidewalks, and roads.
HEMPHILL

Hemphill is a road that existed in front of the Student Center, now exists in front of the Area III dorms, and will in the distant future exist behind the Area III dorms. Most people are not too sure why Hemphill is being moved so much. Why wasn’t a walkway put over it in the first place? (SEE: Mud, Construction.)

HILL

The Hill is nature’s revenge upon Tech. It causes worn-out legs and bowed backs. It makes hot days hotter and cool days freezing. Compared to the blasts of wind and rain sweeping around the library, Chicago’s chill factor feels like a spring day. The Hill is why alumni walk with that peculiar forward slant.

HOFFMAN

Rip-off would be his term, and that’s what it was. Hoffman is a rich-living long-hair who came to lecture at Tech because he needed the bread. Mostly he cracked jokes and cut down engineering students. Hoffman showed a disappointing lack of sincerity for such an accepted critic of society. In fact, his lecture should go down as the biggest $5000 rip-off in the history of Ga. Tech.
There's a touch of the carnival about Homecoming. Fraternities and dorms build monstrosities of two-by-fours and chickenwire that are expected to look like Coach Fulcher; the smell of ozone from arc welders working on wrecks permeates every corner of the campus. Alumni parade the streets, showing Martha and the kids either the buildings where they lived and went to class, or the vacant lot where the buildings used to be.

Hometown-honeys are everywhere, and every hotel room within miles is full. Dorm and fraternity rooms are cleaned for the first time all quarter in preparation for the big event: the date for which you've waited all quarter. There's a run on the liquor stores and every available flask is pressed into service. Shirts are ironed, suits are cleaned, shoes are shined, socks are checked for holes, and shampoo, aftershave, and cologne are purchased in gallon quantities.

Those wrecks which can make the trip sputter down the street, and the remainder of the afternoon is spent looking at the displays, which have nearly always been rained upon the night before. Then it's time for the game. Cries of "Tickets on the fifty" and "Corsage for the little lady?" assail your ears. Little kids hawk programs which increase 100% in price each year, although you never notice. You get in line and hope you don't get stuck behind a pole.

Georgia Tech's 1972 fling with the traditional proved to be no exception. West, Bruce and Laing, with a lot of jumping around and amplified electrical wizardry, entertained several hundred at
the coliseum for the Homecoming Concert. The moderate crowd, composed of more outsiders than Tech students, turned into a mass of fireflies as the lights fell.

Another traditional Homecoming event, the ANAK tapping ceremony, was held at "halftime" before the West, Bruce and Laing set, and Governor Carter, one of the tappees, was offered a joint by an enthusiastic member of the conglomerate sitting on the floor, to the frenetic applause of his fellows. The poised Governor never stopped smiling as he ignored the gift.

Then, preceded by a miserable day of rain which soaked contestants in the Mini-500 and other scheduled Friday events, the big festivities of the weekend began early Saturday morning. The Reck parade, for the first time employing categories, twisted, sometimes staggered, in its mechanical march around the parade route past several hundred onlookers and the displays stuffed with soaked pompoms.

The Saturday afternoon game against Tulane was a lackluster contest which Tech swept away from the Greenies, 21-7. Victory, in some peoples' minds, is all it takes to provide the starting and finishing touches to this magical time of year.
INFIRMARY

The mandatory freshman flu shots are a part of the plan to flunk half of the incoming class; get 'em too sick to keep up in class, and the rest is a breeze! Although the services are free, the price is extracted in time. Wait for the nurse to find your card. Wait for the nurse to take your temperature. Wait for the doctor. Wait for the diagnosis and prescription, and end up taking an aspirin. That's an eternity if you're sick or hurt.

INTRAMURALS

Varsity football is not the roughest sport on campus; intramurals are by far more injurious. The players are often former high school jocks, whose main idea is "get in there and KILL!" Whether because of tensions from school or over-enthusiasm, every try is 100% effort, and the infirmary is filled before the first week of intramurals is over. (SEE: Infirmary.)

JESUS FREAKS

There is a creature in our jungle avoided by all the other creatures. He is not a violent animal, but he is feared due to the weight of his words. The Jesus Freaks and Hare Krishnas are just different members of the same order, missionaries seeking peace and brotherhood for mankind. Irregardless of the victim's present beliefs, however, no insult, no slur, will stop the freak from trying to claim another soul for the Lord. It's get out there and sell, sell, sell. He will continue for any length of time, and leaves only when the victim concurs with his particular view of the supernatural. At this point, does the freak rejoice? No, he doesn't have time. There are still thousands of souls waiting for the Good News, and he'll tell them, whether they want to know, or not. "Hare Krishna, brother. Jesus saves!"
KEGS

Five o’clock a.m. is the safest time to bring in a new keg. This is one of the few times when dorm halls are nearly empty. Roommates come in handy for help in carrying the heavy load. “Damn it, this thing is heavy!” “Quiet! I don’t want this to be gone before we even get it to our room. Is anyone coming around the corner?” With any luck, the supply is safe for a time, but news spreads by osmosis, and soon the five o’clock smuggling is again necessary. (SEE: Dorm life, Drinking.)

LABS

Labs can make total strangers become dear friends or sworn enemies. “Hurry up, dammit. I’m going home today.” “Hey, watch that acid! Oh, well, I didn’t like that shirt anyway.” “What’s the temperature, 18?” “No, it’s 11.” “Are you sure?” “It works out, doesn’t it?” “I believe it is 11, come to think about it!”

LECTURES

Lectures are always too long and too dull. On a rainy Monday with that prof’s monotone, somebody’s going to fall asleep. Then the rest of the class can watch the guy keep from nodding out of his chair. It’s worse when you have a guest lecturer who never gets to the point. Soon, your only desire is to escape. “Sure, sure, that’s the right equation, but who cares?”

LEISURE

Most leisure time can be spent goofing off on campus, but Atlanta has an enormous amount to offer, too. Sometimes it becomes quite difficult to determine just how long leisure hours should last. There is that big test coming up, a term paper due yesterday, homework, notebooks to write up, and an oral report. Most of these can be put off a little longer, though. After all, the Son of Frankenstein is on at the Varsity tonight. (SEE: Night life, Studying.)
LIBRARY

Library: Annals, abstracts, journals, novels, BIBLIOTECKA ARCHITECTURA, books in print, everything.

Storehouse for a world of energies, sweatbox of a quarter’s G.P.A. crammed into a week,

It’s hot, dry, sterile, proliferated with people you would never see otherwise; never want to see otherwise. It represents the gritty marathon of expedience: “to do in a day, a week, what you’ve had a month, a quarter to do.”

No one sees the library other than finals week. It is the impossible place to study where most of the study is done; where time is marked only by a stubble of beard and the two hour limit on reserve books; the place where the jocks re-hash last week’s game to the tune of the guy snoring on the couch, while you read, for the first time, the material for this morning’s quiz.

LINES

Hurry up and wait. Lines grow longer and tempers grow shorter. Break in line, and your allotted time on earth is appreciably shortened. Get there early and wait longer; get there late and wait forever. If there isn’t a line for something, it probably isn’t any good anyway.
MAIL

"Why is the other guy in my box so damn popular? He's got twenty letters to my one; I think he's writing to himself." Getting mail can cheer up the day, and not getting it for weeks can make you want to eat worms. Ads are even welcome at times, but the Big Two are packages and love letters. In most people's hearts the latter comes first, but a box ranks close behind. Care packages from home make the receiver envied by everyone back at the dorm.

MANUAL REGISTRATION

(SEE: Registration.)

MANUEL'S

Manuel's Tavern is a standing favorite among Techmen. Besides offering the cheapest pitcher of beer in town, it has an atmosphere conducive to anything, be it relaxation, recreation, or as in our case, writing copy for the BLUEPRINT. The following lines are a verbatim re-creation of a six-way conversation between the BLUEPRINT and TECHNIQUE staffs, Manuel's most faithful customers: And this girl got the job 'cause she could make her stomach quiver when she screamed and hollered...

Oh, Bennie, you're drunk!
I knew you were stupid, but . . . (censored).
Lassie kills chickens and sucks eggs.
We got 'til two now!
"Sleazy Rider?" Is that anything like "Midnight Plowboy?"
Doesn't Larry look like Dagwood?
Another pitcher of light and a hamburger.
If you kiss me, I'll marry you tomorrow.
Happy birthday to you, Happy . . .
Dusty's suffering from malnutrition — he hasn't eaten in three weeks.
Something's biting my FOOT!
I'm gonna propose a toast; I would give it to you in the original Gaelic, but I don't remember it, and I hardly think you'd understand it . . .
Yeah, especially after three pitchers of beer.
I can just see a DUI charge . . .
How'd you get cake on your nose?
Percich couldn't beat himself.
I can't feel it, but it hurts.
You say his drinking goes to the head?
What quiz?
God, but you're ugly!
I want a Coke.
Have you heard the joke about the Indian with the big nose? (censored).
We had a president two years ago, and all he knew were whorehouse jokes.
It's not merely physical . . .
Hey, when did you wash your hair last?
MARRIED STUDENTS

Being married means you don't have to worry about a date Saturday night. It also means taking the kid to the nursery before your eight o'clock class, and finding 1001 ways to eat hamburger. The added financial responsibility means your wife supports the family, while you take a part-time job and study when you can. It's hard to get in married housing because some of the profs live there with their mothers. The food you get is better than Brittain, though, and there's always someone to agree that, yes, that prof has to be the biggest shaft in the whole school. The best thing about marriage, however, is that it keeps the hornies away.

MUD

Mud is fun, for kids and mudpies, "Squish, SPLAT!" Mud is not fun for shoes and walking to class. The huge puddles and bogs make you late unless you walk through them, and people can always tell a Techman by the red clay on his shoes. The campus has been under construction for so long, however, that most of us can't remember it any other way. What will we gripe about if it's ever finished? (SEE: Construction, Hemphill.)

MUSIC

Walk down any hallway in the dorms, and you notice the music. Sneaking out through the transoms or blasting from open doorways, the music is as varied as the equipment; oftentimes the blare of stereos, or WQXI's garble can be heard wafting its way down to the bleary-eyed resident studying Mech at one in the morning.

Music is everywhere: omnipresent in the Student Center, in the dorms and the architecture labs. Lounging in and among cushions, sitting and lying on the floor, music buffs absorb the vibrations of what to some is cosmic truth, and to others, drivel; but then there's no accounting for taste.
NADER

Nader gave a lecture here, including a warning on, of all things, hotdogs. Don’t let him fool you, though. Nader is Redan spelled backwards, and Redan is the brother of Rodan, the famous fire-breathing dragon of Japanese acclaim. What was the cause of the dispute when Rodan and Godzilla had it out? V-dogs.

NIGHT LIFE

Something in the night makes you want to go out in it. Because of this, students waste many evenings avoiding their books, with the vague intention of “starting to study in five more minutes.” Atlanta offers a wide variety of distractions, however. Who could turn down an evening at Uncle Sam’s or fail to see that new flick in town? The Igloo and the Atlanta Flames extend a different and exciting concept to night life, while Underground, frat parties, and the Hawks are standard favorites. Obviously, the Techman’s problem is not what to do, but when and with whom to do it.

OPEN HOUSE

Open house hours are the times during which dorms are open to those who are not residents. Although the rule is strictly enforced in the women’s dorms, most Techmen have no idea what hours are open in their dorm, and besides, they don’t care. Any time a guy can get a girl to come to his dorm is an open hour as far as he is concerned. After all, just how often does the average Techman find a girl willing to enter a dorm?
OUT-OF-STATE

Being an out-of-state student means you try not to think too much of home; that’s one place you’re not going to see for a long time. Happiness is meeting someone from your hometown; homesickness is honking at a car with your state license tag. Being out-of-state involves defending your section of the country, and split loyalties at football games. Sooner or later, you’ll wonder if the high tuition is really worth it.

PARKING

Tech students park their cars at the start of the quarter and pick them up after finals. Those who miss out at the beginning join that constant ten-percent of the student body who forever circle the campus seeking a parking space.

QUIZZES

How does it sound to have a math quiz once a week, every week, every quarter, for what seems to be the rest of your life? Square that and divide by two and you’ll have the number of chemistry quizzes in a quarter. “Quiz” makes the thing sound trivial, until it shows up on the final grade sheet. They don’t have quizzes at Middle Georgia, do they?

RAFT RACE

Cheap entertainment is hard to find, but for the raft race, all you need is a dollar and an old truck tube to take your chances among the rocks and a half-million other fools, all of whom want to go down the one safe channel in the whole blasted river. Of course, you can always go some other day for free, but then you’d miss the girls and guys who all have the same idea: to get ripped and go down the river, to get burned only on one side of your body, to bruise your backside on at least every other rock in the river and to catch cold in the process. Who cares if you don’t win? Everybody has such a hell of a good time, they can’t wait to do it again.
REGISTRATION

To play the registration game, one must have three items: a computer schedule, partial or complete; his registration and fee cards, and infinite patience. The game may be played in two parts.

If the schedule is complete, one proceeds to the Cashier’s Office and pays up for the quarter: the sinking feeling experienced at this time is the result of knowing you’ve been sucked in again. Player then hurries to Manuel’s to drown his sorrows in a pitcher.

If the computer schedule is incomplete, or needs to be changed, player is SOL. He obtains a time card from his department, always for one o’clock, and then proceeds to the Old Gym. The prerequisite that won’t be offered again until the next year is filled. Player goes around the board until, after six hours when every possible alternative has been tried, player chooses the lesser shaft and proceeds to Cashier’s Office to add his pennies to the stack.

The game is over, but the player doesn’t need to wait for classes to start to see who won. Ma Tech plays by the rule: “Heads, I win; tails, you lose.”

ROACHES

Some say man’s best friends are dogs, but if friendship were measured by presence alone, the little roach would probably be the Tech student’s choice.

Roaches seem to be everywhere. They abound in the dorms, running rampant across desktops and dressers (“No, don’t hit him — he’s on my homework”), in the halls (“Oh, hell, and I just took a shower”), and in the water fountains. No one knows where they come from; they breed secretly while the residents sleep.
RUSH

It's not the same as Southall or Horne busting off tackle. It's worse.

"Ohh, my head's killing me! I think I'm sick."

"Smile, you idiot. Who'll pledge a bunch of beat-up dogs?"

"Hi, have a heer; oops, have a beer!"

SLEEP

While it might be true that there are still eight hours to sleep after six hours of classes, three hours of playing handball with your roommate, half-a-dozen hours studying, and a couple of hours at the Student Center watching girls bowl, it has yet to work out. Either some pyromaniac sets off his latest import from Alabama in the middle of your dirty dream, or a friend from third floor wakes you up to state that Lester Maddox was in at Underground that night.

STINGER

The Stinger is a transportation device deemed unsatisfactory by all, but necessary by quite a few. Usually distinguishable by a lack of punctuality and overflowing masses, the Stinger only runs a few days out of the quarter. Stinger Jr. is the substitute; a security van equally objectionable but harder to spot. Why can't a top engineering school keep one stupid bus in operation?

STUDENT CENTER

It is difficult to remember when we didn't have the "Stud. Cen.," as it is sometimes called on official memos. Just a scant two years ago, however, the Post Office was in the EE building, the barber shop was in the Tower, and there were hardly any school-owned recreations. If you wanted to eat, you either went to Ptomaine or off-campus, the quality of the food increasing proportionally with the distance from school. Today, the food is not much better, but the number of things to do in your spare time has drastically increased. Where else can you sleep, eat, watch television, listen to records, take a shower (Yes, Virginia, a shower!), throw a pot, shoot some pool, work for the government (state or student), bowl a frame, and still catch a movie?
STUDYING

Studying is going to sleep after reading one page of chemistry; it's nurding for two days and nights because you partied last week instead of learning those equations. Although everyone has a different method, style, and degree of efficiency, the purpose of studying is still the same: to avoid the shaft and pass the course with a minimal amount of effort.

TICKETS

First you pay for a sticker. Then you're charged when you park where you need to park. The rules are necessary with 7000 cars on campus, but it sure is maddening to see that cop busily writing out your ticket, when the guy who just left got away with the very same thing. Parking around the dorms is sheer havoc, and they ought to be more lenient. Clyde can't do that, though. After all, that's what pays his salary.

TRAFFIC

Atlanta traffic is the one thing that makes Tech freshmen glad that they don't have a car. Any idea of speed is soon forgotten in the maze of red lights, policemen, pedestrians, and buses. To make things more confusing, one-way and no-turn signs clutter every intersection. Speed on the interstate is sometimes even less than in the city, due to inefficient merging systems and travelers who forgot to buy gas.

The drivers of all these cars are all in a hurry, and all quite ignorant of the fact that pedestrians have the right-of-way. Usually, they will speed up to hit someone. The safest thing to do during rush hour traffic is stay home. (SEE: Parking.)
UNDERGROUND

Underground Atlanta is where the past mingles with the present. It's gas lights and moldy bricks, night clubs, blue jeans, and fur capes. It's the organ grinder and his monkey playing to a crowd of happy drunks in the streets, while Lester autographs ax-handles for rednecks and curious tourists. The area features music machines and movies from the turn of the century, but the prices are up to date: our grandparents never paid 90¢ for an ice cream cone. They never had high-class import shops, either; back then, they called them "dime stores". (SEE: Nightlife.)

VANDALISM

Russia has Communism, Spain has Fascism, and Techville Heights has vandalism. This system is instilled in the minds of the youthful residents of this area at O'Keefe High School. There one learns the art of opening a locked car door without a key. Of course, not everyone can do this; you may need special equipment: bricks. One learns the forgotten art of stealing wheel covers, yet without a crowbar: simply take the whole wheel. The favorite, however, is to fool someone into handing over their money without the coercion of a gun or knife. Just say the magic words: "I want four of my brothers behind him and the other six in front.” (SEE: Campus Cops.)

VARSITY

"What'll ya have? What'll ya have?"
"I want two hot dogs with nothing on them, to go". "Two naked dogs walking, 55¢, next! What'll ya have?" Billed as the world’s largest drive-in, the Varsity has long been patronized by Techmen. Some people must like the greasy onion rings, midget hamburgers, hairs in cokes, etc. Or perhaps it's a result of the O'Keefe beauties who hang out there. Whatever the reasons for the Varsity's popularity, one of them has to be that it's close and it's cheap. (SEE: Eating.)
WEATHER

Atlanta's weather is as erratic as a coffee perculator. One day you're in short sleeves; the next in a heavy coat or under an umbrella. It changes at precisely the wrong time. Sudden rain storms appear only when class is a must, and cause orange rivers and lakes to flow into seas with only small islands of dirt remaining. People soon get tired of frostbite and sogginess: sunny spring days are greeted with exhilaration and a lot of bare skin, thus improving the scenery 100%.

WINTER

Winter quarter: blah. Rain, ice, wind, cold; every faction of the elements presents itself for your misery. Winter of '73 was highlighted by an ice storm, a city-wide black-out, and the heaviest snowfall in the history of Georgia. There are a few redeeming points for winter quarter, however. It's about three weeks shorter than fall, and first quarter freshmen rejoice at becoming second quarter freshmen. Also, while keeping a room warm is no problem, try keeping an Area I room cool!

WINTER FESTIVAL

Winter Festival comes when you need it the most: right in the middle of Georgia Tech's dreariest quarter. Parties, gambling sprees, and "midnight madness" bring the campus week-long revelry; sitting bored in the dorm is clearly unexcusable.

W.S.F.

When we think of WSF, we usually think of guys in yankee-doodle hats collecting money at football games. World Student Fund has long been instrumental in promoting the exchange of students between European universities and Tech. Sometimes, however, the money in the contribution cup is borrowed as it passes around, and used instead to buy an ice-cold Coke.
X-RATED

Everyone should go to a skin flick at least once, for the sake of their cultural development. Atlanta has enough porno establishments to keep the Vice Squad drooling over movies for years, but regular theaters hang the X-Rated sign as well. That’s so people don’t have to sneak around incognito to satisfy their curiosity. Occasional trips to the skin flicks are fun, but the regular customers must be regarded as rather strange.

X-RAY

"That’s right. Place your ankle flat against the plate so we can get a good take the first time. No, twist it around a little more. Now, bend your toes up. It won’t hurt for long . . . Why? To see if it’s broken, of course”.

YELLOW JACKETS

Yellow jackets are most plentiful at Georgia Tech. They may occasionally be found lurking in classrooms, but more often than not, their numbers abound on practice fields, in steamy locker rooms, and in your rather conventional athletic contests of strength, speed, and agility. These yellow jackets are constantly the recipients of praise and glory, envy and admiration, frustration and disgust. And to count yourself a member of this prestigious class wins for you — if nothing else — free entrance into every football game of the season.

ZERO

Zero is the average of that pop test grade, plus the number of dates last month, plus the balance in the checking account. It’s the temperature when you have a flat tire on your first date at Tech, and the score with the girl when you at last show up. Zeroes are like holes in your socks; they’re round, and show up when you hate them most.