STUDENT LIFE
Georgia Tech: Legend and Life

Georgia Tech is a place to be lonely in a crowd or lionized at a rush party. It is a place to be in love with a student, laughing with others, and to be lost: physically, mentally — spiritually. In short, Georgia Tech is a place for living.

But Georgia Tech is also a school which looks back on almost a century of history and tradition, a school which prides itself upon ingenuity, "hellraising," academic excellence, and even daring. Its very name conjures up visions of football, oscilloscopes, golden yellow jackets, and slide rules. In fact, Georgia Tech is (at least to its students) somewhat of a legend.

So how does one accurately portray Georgia Tech student life in the year 1975-1976? If one talks only of the legend, he may speak merely in clichés, arriving at a picture of an institution that no student would consider quite sincere. But if one emphasizes only the individual, he not only attempts a task far too complex, but he loses some of the uniqueness of Georgia Tech as a whole. One must show both sides, for each student represents one of those differentials of individuality that make Tech what it is, just as Tech represents one of those differentials of experience that make a student's life what it will be. Georgia Tech is legend and life — the pointlessness or the pride of a time-honored tradition; the sorrow or the magic of an ordinary day.
Study: The Long, Lonely Struggle
One can surround himself with a crowd at a football game, a party, or even in the library for one of those last minute cram sessions, but when he comes right down to "the moment of truth" (an exam), he finds himself utterly alone. He may claim that "knowledge is the only important thing" — and a few rare, fortunate people can truly feel this way — but if he is like most, he knows that basically he wants to be on the sweet part of that grade curve (passing). In the dog-eat-dog world of Georgia Tech, a student's struggle for academic survival depends greatly on the isolated individual.

Thus one can recognize two reasons for the vast amount of study that characterizes the Tech campus; first, the student wishes to learn; secondly, the student wishes to succeed. The two can occur simultaneously, but need not. Indeed, one often has difficulty determining whether ego or dedication drives a man. In either case or in both, the lonely hours with books and thoughts are mostly dreaded, but it is in these hours that the great constellations were charted, the great novels were written and the great schools were given the formulations of their worth.
To many students at Georgia Tech, summer quarter is one of those mysterious events which they hear about from friends, but it really doesn’t seem to exist until one experiences it for himself. Nevertheless, folks who attend summer sessions will support this Blueprint testimony that Georgia Tech functions as smoothly as ever (?) between June and September. All the cramming and fudging and late nights are still there; they simply take place under increased air-conditioning.

Perhaps the sunbather basking in the Georgian warmth best depicts the more casual atmosphere of the campus in summer, but the season also saw great works get underway. Once again, the Area III gardens showed that no matter how deep a Techman gets lost in his books, he can always come back to the land. More importantly, the groundbreaking for the long-awaited SAC complex became reality, and soon the Georgia Tech athletic facilities will be among the best in the nation. 1975 demonstrated that summer quarter can be much more than a lazy uneventful interim.
Summer Occupied by Sun, Study and SAC-70
Ma Tech Gives Students a Workout
From somewhere between the Spartan tendency towards self-denial and the Athenian love of physical beauty came the American traditions of the workout, the jog, and the weekend tennis star.

At Georgia Tech, a school which is slightly more Spartan than most, both students and faculty uphold this tradition whenever possible, which means whenever that precious hour with nothing to do materializes. The sons of Tech and their coed counterparts don their tennis shoes and sweatclothes and head for their own personal Olympiad. After a good game of half-court basketball or a brisk two-mile trot, the student can enjoy his shower with the knowledge that his abilities and willpower are not limited to the classroom. This satisfaction is the Techman's laurel wreath, and is well worth his trouble.
Spring Brings Rain; Summer Brings Sun . . . 

... and then comes fall, and one revels in the dry leafy wind and wonders how any other season could seem beautiful in comparison. Perhaps it is then that a college seems most a college, with the growing excitement of the upcoming football game, the feeling that a new year means a clean slate, and the knowledge that the possibilities between Labor Day and Christmas are unlimited. New freshmen carefully decorate their rat hats with Scriptos; the frats are out full strength with rushee name tags and frosty cold kegs; intramural casualties limp up and down endless stairs; sweaters and hot chocolate are counted among the luxuries of life; evenings assume an unusual quiet quality.

Even through all this, however, Tech is still Tech, and the leaves must wait for the labs. Students realign themselves to suit the academic grind and place their immediate trust in Pepper Rodgers and their Hewlett-Packards. The hysteria of work mounts by the week. Nevertheless, if one takes a moment to look (and these moments are always there), he will find that the sky achieves its deepest blue in autumn, and that ivy really has overgrown the brick.
A bright autumn Friday saw the annual Mini-500 trike race enacted at Peter's Park. Contestants were amazed at how far it actually was around that old landmark, and the pain they experienced triking backwards up the Hill was nothing in comparison to the total exhaustion they felt when "resting" after the race. The winning team, "The Masked Marauders," finished the race incredibly quickly with one of the most efficient pit crews ever seen in the race's history. They literally flew around the course and were easily distinguished by various shades of food coloring which covered them from head to toe.

Halloween night just happened to coincide with Friday of Homecoming week, and Tech students celebrated at the Cabaret in the Student Center. A costume contest in the ballroom brought out some strange outfits. The spacemen, ghosts, monsters, George Washingtons, and other assorted weirdos could have their images preserved for eternity in caricature. They could also have their fortunes told by palmists, tarot card readers, and other "Masters of the Occult." For sheer entertainment, students could choose from the silent motion picture "Phantom of the Opera," a folksinger, or the Rock Mountain Band in the ballroom. Apparently, Cabaret Night was popular as well as diverse, as over two thousand five hundred students joined in the fun.

The Wreck Parade, held on Saturday morning before the football game, was full of strange looking contraptions, many of which barely completed the parade route. Skits enacted before the judges' stands added to the effect of the wrecks, and spectators sometimes had to duck or they were liable to find themselves showered with dirty water or falling nuts and bolts.
Events Prime Spirit for Homecoming Game
Homecoming '75: Beauty, Color and Victory

With a theme "Tech Celebrates the American Bicentennial," Homecoming 1975 was said by many to be the best in years. Indeed, it seemed that more people participated in more diverse Homecoming activities than ever before.

This year's displays once again proved the ingenuity and creativity of Tech students. Displays ranged from "The Midnight Ride of Pepper Revere" to a depiction of the Apollo Lunar Excursion Module. Red, white, and blue pomps were stuffed into Liberty Bells and American flags all over campus, and it seemed that there were "T" parties on every corner.

The traditional Homecoming Queen contest had a new twist this year in the form of one Robert Kennedy. Robert was voted into the contest finals and then declined further consideration for the title in a midnight speech on the night before the coronation itself. Saturday afternoon, an excited and lovely Katherine Davis found herself crowned the 1975 Homecoming Queen as Tech students and alumni watched the halftime festivities of the Tech-Duke game. Then, in a truly grand finale for a grand week, the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets soundly defeated the Blue Devils of Duke, 21-6.
Dormitories Exhibit Variety of Lifestyles, Room Designs, and Survival Techniques

Dormitory life is, like everything else, different things to different people. Opinions of its quality vary depending on whether you are the person who decided to chunk that old firecracker down the hall in a sudden mischievous impulse, or whether you are the person who is awakened at three in the morning after having a nightmare about a firing squad. Other influential factors for attitude formation are location of the dormitory, structural soundness of the dormitory, compatibility with fellow residents, compatibility with roommate, and above all (here it comes) compatibility with rodents and roaches.

Each Tech dormitory has its own "style," and differences become even more pronounced when one considers Area I, Area II, and Area III. Area III is the most modern housing on the campus and is preferred by some students — mostly those who enjoy trudging to class all the way from the western periphery of campus. Area II is probably the best of all worlds, being close to classes and almost inhabitable. Area I, however, is the true test of survival away from home; and with its steam radiators and astounding arrays of electrical appliances, Area I engenders a feeling of pride and hardiness in its residents for having made it so far. One of the best examples of this pioneer spirit can be found in Techwood Dormitory, which actually ought to be called Area 0.

The statement often pops up that dormitory life is "part of the total learning experience," and this is certainly indisputable. Through Georgia Tech dormitories, one can learn: (1) How architecture progressed from the Neolithic stage to the present; (2) How to make living space work to maximum efficiency; (3) How much new technical advances are needed; (4) How much better home is than you had previously thought.
Hobbies Compete With Studies for Students' Time

Hobbies at Georgia Tech fall into two basic categories: weekday distractions and weekend destructions, and every school day is a never ending study of how to avoid studying. Some Tech students spend their spare hour or two (or three or four) playing pool, foosball, cards, darts, or a variety of stimulating games. Others spend their days reading science fiction picking guitars or looking at their favorite magazines. Still others spend their time working up a good sweat.

Weekends usually call for something a little more planned out, a little more elaborate. The energetic students fill their weekends racing cars, parachuting, going on ORGT outings and similar activities. The majority, however, concentrate on killing a few brain cells. Some enhance their drinking and partying pleasure with dates, others find a few friends, and still others sadly bow over a lonely glass. For better or for worse, everyone has his hobby; his non-technical interests which broaden his intellectual horizons, enrich his personal depth, but most of all, protect his mental health.
The major problem of most folks at Georgia Tech is how to get off campus with a certified diploma and opportunities for a promising career. Since many students require four or more years to accomplish this feat, however, they must meanwhile contend with smaller problems, such as how to get from one spot on campus to another. This poses no technical difficulties since one can ride the Stinger, bicycle, skateboard, or even walk. The only true difficulties arise when the Hill must be surmounted, when the wet Atlanta weather must be suffered, or when the point of departure is a warm bed and the destination is a cold eight o’clock class.
SEX:
WHEN IT'S GOOD, IT'S THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD;
WHEN IT'S BAD, IT'S STILL PRETTY GOOD.
The Georgia Tech campus changes constantly — a street must make way for a lawn for young trees, the trees for a flower bed, the flower bed for a new street — but occasionally an item appears which remains standing for a long time because it is strange and because it was purchased at great expense. These items are art.

Georgia Tech students, being culturally deficient and damn proud of it, often have trouble grasping the true purpose of these creations, and in many cases one can easily see why. For example, the bus stop in front of the Student Center cost seventeen thousand dollars, and it sure doesn't keep much rain out. It must be art.

Another example is the notorious "Blue Balls" sculpture, which looks for all the world like the aforementioned bus stop. Obviously both reflect some dominant theme or subtle motif, but no one has yet found the time to figure out what it is. One colorful plaque in the Student Center actually looks just like a DNA molecule and does not even pretend to be an educational device. It is an objet d'art.

Hence, art on the Georgia Tech campus which appears mysteriously for the benefit of the students is often strange and pointless. Art which appears from the students for the benefit of the school, however, may be strange but is never pointless. With the typical motto of "function above form," the Tech student expresses himself in ways that demonstrate explicitly what he is thinking about. Perhaps the best example of this is graffiti. No matter where one decides to go: the infamous Third Street Tunnel, the bathrooms, the classrooms, even the library; he gathers that Techmen do not confine their wits to the noble discipline of engineering, but release them into politics, poetry, and especially pornography.

However, student art does assume higher forms while still adhering to strict practicality. Drama Tech often stages excellent productions whose practical aim is — what else? — enjoyment. One finds still another illustration in the projects of architecture students. They are certainly works of art, and their practicality is self-evident — if the student does not do the project, he fails the course. Michelangelo never had more incentive.
It's amazing how many Tech students spend their whole week wishing it was Friday — and when Friday comes, they can't think of anything to do with the weekend. They have two whole days of no classes and no way to spend all that free time. Some students play "catch-up" — they either catch up on their sleep or their studying. Others take in the E. E. flick and then stay up all night watching the late-late shows on Channel 17. Nurds visit the library to count the books; health fanatics take walks through beautiful downtown Atlanta. Many dorm residents sit around for hours contemplating places to eat within walking distance. Some overrule their lazy instincts and walk to the Student Center to check boxes and read the sale board. If it's raining, some people just sit by their windows and daydream while pretending to study the theories behind falling rain. Area II residents may hang out their windows into the courtyard to see what's happening. Of course, when all else fails, the bored weekender can resort to the last resort — he can call home and tell Mom and Dad what a great time he's having!
Winter Blues Are Not Bad Colors

In the winter, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and ten o'clock classes are impossible goals to reach when considered from between warm blankets. The dorm windows are steamed up; the hot water in the showers is gone; the Hill is a whistling wind tunnel. The commuter breathes a cloudy sigh of relief when his car cranks, only to hear it chug to a stop while he is scraping the frost off his windshield. Atlanta's climatic trademark — rain — soaks the soil and the people, falling not in quick, dramatic storms as in summer, but in a slow, cold drizzle.

Students arrive in class with the blush of cold across their cheeks and noses, and unbundle, grateful of the classroom's warmth. The professor sits up front and waits for all to assemble, wondering how badly sickness and laziness will take their toll in attendance. He knows that his first words will put everyone to sleep, including himself. Students exchange their greetings (if anyone knows anyone else in the class), stand their umbrellas up against a desk, and yawn in anticipation.

But class goes rather well. Nobody feels the temptation to run outside and roll in the grass, and since it has rained for the past two days, a majority of the class has its homework done. The hour passes quickly and almost painlessly, and the students look forward to something hot for lunch and a good book (not Calculus). Clouds move low and fast over the sky, startlingly dark and beautiful, and campus optimists decide that maybe spring break isn't so far off after all.
Media Adds to Campus Awareness

In addition to attempts made by textbooks and professors to impart some bit of knowledge to their students, the Techman finds himself the target of constant assaults by other individuals and organizations who wish him to know something. Of course, these assaults are welcomed by the students who have decided that there are some things in life which can't be expressed mathematically, and they are glad to be able to choose from a variety of media. Without a doubt, conversation ranks number one among these choices (and hopefully always will), but the others are convenient.

The first and perhaps most personal of these alternatives is campus mail. Most students check their P.O. box as a daily ritual and more often than not find themselves looking at an empty slot, or else end up tossing junk mail on the floor; however, those occasions when something nice is inside makes the frequent inspections worth their trouble.

Campus posters also provide a daily information source, whether taped up on the columns in the Skiles classroom building, pinned up in a dormitory, or shut up in a glass case in the Student Center. WREK radio broadcasts music, news, sports, and weather as well as campus bulletins. *The Technique* (Georgia Tech's beloved newspaper) prints sports, news, and cartoons as well as campus controversy and has become so much a part of Tech life that many students wouldn't recognize Friday without it. Indeed, the Georgia Tech scholar receives so much information exposure that the only topic about which he is uninformed is probably the subject in which he majors.
A Georgia Tech student, like every other person, must know how to tailor his behavior to fit the situation in which he finds himself. He must know how to be polite to the faculty and administration, "naturally" vivacious at a big party, and charming with the date whom he is meeting for the first time. He must be able to act like a complete madman in a crowd, and he must be able not only to survive solitude, but to become accustomed to it as a regular lifestyle. All these requirements can have the effect of making a student wonder what he is really like, but they also make the student appreciate the times when he can get together with a few close friends and revert to his candid personality.

But finding friends in a university is somewhat different from finding them in high school, especially at a fairly large college with high academic standards (such as Tech). In contrast to the "good old days" when everybody knew everybody and the senior class was its own world, the student discovers that he cannot hope to know even a majority of his own graduating class. To overcome this isolation in a crowd, fraternities, sports and all sorts of organizations offer their services — at a price, of course, whether it be money or time. Through these channels and through circumstances and efforts on his own, the student gradually accumulates a group of people who call him "friend." Some he forgets after graduation; others he remembers a few years afterward; still others he may cherish the rest of his life; all, however, make a student's stay here a lot easier.

If a student bombs a test, it is somehow comforting for him to find out that his best friend bombed it too. A cruel sort of comfort, perhaps, but the miserable really need each other. And those tests one aces, the intramural games one wins and the feeling one has at the end of the quarter aren't half so good as they are when shared with someone else. Even a cup of coffee or lunch with some acquaintances can greatly improve the quality of a day. Indeed, Georgia Tech would be a cold place if one had to face despair, triumph, and everyday life alone.
Bookstores Fill Campus Needs;
Empty Campus Pockets
The Georgia Tech Bookstore and Engineer's Bookstore are both integral parts of the Tech campus. They may not be visited as frequently as the post-office, but sooner or later everyone trustingly deposits his possessions in a little nook and pushes through the turnstyles; or else hungrily casts a glance at Pippin's, clutches his last ten, and reluctantly strides into Engineer's. Also, functioning as a check-cashing service and a snack bar, the Bookstore fills many practical demands as well as the deep inner American need to have someplace to shop.

The books themselves are a great source of enlightenment in many different ways. First, the books are often the means for deciphering the lectures of the all-too-cryptic professor. Secondly, the books provide the way for the dedicated inspired students (i.e. nurds) to progress independently. Last, the books demonstrate simple economics — inflation is when you buy a book; recession is when you attempt to resell it; depression when you finally see that total on the cash register. Indeed, anyone who doesn't consider textbooks enlightening need only consult his own wallet.
Contrary to popular belief, a foreign student is not necessarily one who comes from north of the Mason-Dixon line. Yet, while she is good at making 'Yankees' feel like strangers in a strange land, Ma Tech is even better at placing international students in a seemingly hostile foreign environment. Along with a new city, a new school, a new country, and perhaps a new language, the adjustment process involved in learning about such delicacies as hamburgers, hot dogs, pizzas, and Alka-Seltzer can often be somewhat upsetting. And all of this is piled on top of the fact that Americans themselves can be as hard to understand as double integrals. Yet, in spite of the difficulties, students of different countries and cultures form an important aspect of the Tech campus, and they themselves find at Tech a valuable chance to share learning experiences through common goals, activities, and interests.
The Commuter:  
A Different Breed of Techman?

The Georgia Tech commuter is for all practical purposes indistinguishable from the dormitory resident, except for the far-away look in his eyes (which comes from his daily search for a parking place), his obviously close relationship with his automobile, and his refusal to get sentimental about home like everyone else. He also generally tends to have a well-fed appearance, a Southern accent, and a streak of ruthlessness born on the downtown freeways.

In addition to his mastery of technology, he is well acquainted with the roads of Atlanta, the current price of gasoline, and with every characteristic mannerism of his favorite disc jockey. He has learned how to eat, sleep, and study in his car, and he is almost on the verge of learning how to drive it.

He appreciates the comfort and security of home, regrets the events he misses on campus, and abhors every minute he spends on the road. Taken all together, the Georgia Tech commuter is quite a person, not because he is a commuter, but because he, like the dorm resident, is from Georgia Tech.
Assorted Monstrosities
Distinguish Tech Campus
Undoubtedly, the most interesting part of Georgia Tech is its people, but the campus is also the location for many strange and unusual things, inanimate objects that have in one way or another become part of student life. For example, students may wonder about the short, thick posts that protrude from the sidewalk by the Student Center. They look as if they were made for tying some nonexistent sailboat into a dock. Actually, they are simply stumps of telephone poles which, for one reason or other, never got cut to ground level.

The Third Street Arch may also puzzle those who happen to notice it. Formerly, it was a ticket booth; now bereft of its duties, it is simply the Third Street Arch. The collection of "conversation pieces" grows by the year, and eventually the oddities themselves fade into obscurity or else become simply another tradition, like the old steam engine or Naval Armory cannon. Either way, these objects manage to reflect the unusual nature of the campus which is their home.
Poets have traditionally lauded spring-time enthusiastically, but to follow their example would probably make many Techmen slightly ill or very sleepy. Even the most prosaic of engineers, however, will admit that the waxing strength of the sun, the blooming branches of the trees, and the decreasing clothing of the coeds have certain effects on mind and body, all of which can be explained scientifically. Without a doubt, spring is the quarter when studying is a matter of sheer will-power and when grades can easily nose-dive. Who can say "No," to the sounds of laughter and music, who can feel the warmth of night and breathe the soft fragrance of honeysuckle and not yield to it? Only the strongest.
Ma Tech's Sex Life Improves

Ten years ago if someone had asked the average Techman what were the three most important facts to know about women, he would probably have answered, "Which things hook, which things button, and which things snap."

Today, with the more modern American attitudes and the increasing influence of the women's movement, if the average Techman were asked this question, he would probably give the exact same answer as his predecessor. Some things just don't change.

But others do. Georgia Tech is quickly becoming truly coeducational. With over a thousand girls currently enrolled, and over twenty years of experience with a mixed campus, Ma Tech can finally make her sons and daughters feel a little more at home with each other. Men and women now work together at lab tables as well as relax together at lunch tables, and the boy/girl ratio must be taken off the list of grievances against Tech.

One gets the impression of a more healthy, open sort of attitude on campus. Less and less frequently do women refer to men as total beasts, and less and less frequently do men compare women to oases in the Sahara. Perhaps in the eyes of both sexes at Tech, the other has become just a little more realistic, just a little more human.
Is There Life After Dark?

The 1973 BLUEPRINT said, "Something in the night makes you want to go out in it," which is a well-known fact. But probably an even more true statement is, "Something in you makes you want to go out in the night." It presses from within all during the week and becomes unbearable on weekends, and makes the student feel that every hour he spends in the dorm is wasted, never to be recovered. It demands that he search the papers and the streets for that elusive entity, "fun;" it requires exorbitant expenditures or extensive drinking. Even when one makes sacrifices and plays by its rules, it often still leaves one feeling that he really hasn't enjoyed it much.

Probably the best way to handle parties and nightlife is to take them as they come, and in moderate doses. Good times also tend to come from within without warning, and most attempts to produce them by force are futile. However, in those rare moments when they are present, one realizes that a cold beer, a warm friend and a soft song are just a few of those things which make college life and life itself worth going through.
Tech Students Defy Classification

For the past several years, the Blueprint has cautioned its readers never to accept a stereotype in their views of "The Georgia Tech Student." This year's book wishes to repeat the admonition. With all the varieties of opinion, interest, religion, and lifestyle found on the Tech campus, no man can make a very complete mold into which many students would fit.

Of course, one must concede that Tech students have a few characteristics in common. Anyone attracted to a technical education has probably at some time shown an aptitude for scientific thought. Anyone who has the will to stick it out for four years of technical school probably wishes to increase his chances for success. Anyone who attends Tech probably knows about or participates in a number of Tech traditions. Uniform traits beyond this point, however, are somewhat hard to find. Not all Techmen swagger about campus wearing a belt holster with a calculator in it. Not all Techmen swear by their calculus text (though quite a few swear at it), and not all Techmen are heavy drinkers. Some Techmen have actually gone out on a date.

Furthermore, one must not only recognize the student's individuality; one must understand the student's importance. Tech has certainly felt the shaping and guidance of many administrators and teachers, but one cannot neglect the influence of every student. To some degree or another, everyone on campus, even the most withdrawn, affects the school — whether he distinguishes it by great works on the gridiron or in the lab, or whether he simply indicates a curriculum preference by signing up for one course rather than another. Georgia Tech as it stands today is mostly the result of personality contributions made throughout the history of the school. The future Tech will be much the same, the result of past contributions plus those being made today. Whether this future is to be right or not will depend on the quality of the personalities that contribute.
E Pluribus Georgia Tech
Georgia Tech and the United States of America have a great deal in common. Both have a cherished collection of symbols and traditions that immediately provide a superficial understanding of what the school, or nation, is about. Thus, mom, apple pie, George Washington, baseball and "The Star-Spangled Banner" are somewhat akin to Ma Tech, two naked dogs and a frosted orange, George P. Burdell, football and "The Ramblin' Wreck." Both have tasted fame and glory, but only because both had the ingenuity and the pluck to take control of a situation and improve it.

Both are among the most self-critical groups of people on the face of the earth. For two hundred years, the United States has been the butt of every conceivable satire and protest and yet immigrants have always outnumbered emigrants. At Georgia Tech one sees the same curious hate-love relationship. Perhaps no other school receives so much criticism, perhaps no student body jeers at itself and claims unjust treatment quite so much, but no other college receives as much support from its alumni.

A look at the histories of both Georgia Tech and the United States reveals one final shared statistic; both are the sum total of proud heritage, outstanding individuals, and a measure of extra quality that distinguishes the good from the great.