Every student feels a special relationship to Ma Tech. It is this relationship that shapes student life. Every facet of living is affected by the school and the results of this rapport are many emotions that call for all types of action.

There is concentration, which is required by us all, at least most of the time. There is also interrelation, which allows students from all over the world to mix and become friends. We all participate in some sort of campus activity and of course we all celebrate. Often celebration leads to intoxication, which often leads to some regrettable after-effects. Tribulation seems to follow each student like a dark cloud, waiting for the least opportune time to explode all over him. We all need transportation, whether we're going across campus, across Atlanta or out of bed and across the room to shut off the alarm clock. Finally, we all live for that moment when we can relax.

These experiences are shared by us all and they gradually become the fabric of our very lives. It is here that we have tried to pull all these threads together to present a fully woven, although perhaps slightly imperfect piece of that fabric that is Student Life at Tech.
CONCENTRATION

The gates of hell are about to open (ugh! the physics lecture room) and the test is about to begin . . .
Deflections

- Serviceability sometimes controls the design.
- Excessive deflection may damage other materials attached to the beam.

Web crippling (ASCE 16.18)

Web crippling is a localized yielding due to high compressive stress occurring in the vicinity of a concentrated load.
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

As usual, I see doom forecasted by the haggard, tense faces surrounding the door — including mine. Everyone is tired after yet another late-night cramming session, all because of the enlightening lectures that never materialized and the study sessions that made you realize that you knew less than you thought. Oh well, might as well give it a go, lunch is awaitin'! Let's see . . . at what angle must a baseball player hit a baseball in order for it to clear a wall that is 150 yards away, if the initial velocity is . . . Lordy! I bet that whoever invented baseball never expected it to become a physics problem! Baseball, that's a game that takes concentration. Better yet, pool takes concentration. Tom Cruise, who was so cool in The Color of Money, has plenty. I've got to find out the name of that Phi Delt that looks just like him.
That’s physics. 
Don’t research it, 
don’t even try 
to analyze it . . .
Speaking of fraternities, how about last Saturday? Walking to my room from that frat house in that drunken state sure did take quite a great deal of concentration plus coordination. What in the world is that guy in front of me doing? He's drawing a circle on the side of his test, dividing it into five spaces, and dropping his pencil on it to see which letter he will circle! And look at that other guy — he's doing the right-hand rule with his left hand! Uh-oh! Five minutes 'til the bell rings and I still haven't done anything about my test. It is time for the force to take over. The force is strong over letters "C" and "D" so I'll alternate my answers between the two. That's physics. Don't research it, don't even try to analyze it. After all, gravity was discovered by a dumb apple that just happened to fall from a tree! Speaking of apples, I wonder what I should have for lunch...
Although some people take classes and never attend, most of us do go. This attendance allows us to develop some type of relationship with those gods of knowledge known as professors, we've paid so much to be enriched by. Whether we find them interesting, provocative, or just plain boring, we always have some feeling for them.
Classes Provide Mutual Inspiration
The type of relationship which develops depends on both the student and the professor. There are a few categories in which both can be classified. There are those students who care a lot about their education and make the effort to learn something at every lecture. Likewise, there are professors who are excited about teaching and care enough to spend time on lectures that capture students' imaginations. There are students who care, but aren't motivated to really exert effort in their classes, and there are professors who’ve been teaching the same course for ten years and teach the class mechanically. Of course, there are both professors and students who just don’t care at all. The students don’t show up, and the professors send their T.A.’s to lecture.

All of these professors and students are sorted by a computer. Sometimes, this results in great combinations, and other times it doesn’t. For those that don’t work out, the student may be forced to drop the class. Often times, however, the student will try to adjust himself to the professor’s style of teaching, hopefully with the professor’s help. These efforts can sometimes correct the mistakes of a machine.
Thank God for other students. They keep you from going insane. They sit in class for you while you’re busy sleeping. They let you know how glad you should be for not taking that stupid class. They give you a ride to pick up your car when it has a flat in southwest Atlanta. They answer your phone on Sunday morning when you are in no shape to do anything. They tell you when your boy/girl friend was seen with someone else. They smile when you are frowning. They listen when you are rambling and tell you when to shut up. They care and you know it.

You give them your ideas and listen. You walk with them on the street and rap. You call them and share. You tell them how to solve the problem. You relax on Friday night and share a beer. You catch leaves together in the fall. You expect them to do the same for you as you would for them. You care and they know it.

**TURNING BAD DAYS INTO GOOD ONES**
There is another relationship that is very special and develops only between certain people. Girls and guys come to Atlanta from all over the world, often leaving a girlfriend or a boyfriend behind back home. When they arrive, many search for, and find, a person who can turn a bad day into a really great evening, or someone to watch the sunrise with on a crisp fall day.

Everyone needs support in their life, and these relationships can provide it. Someone to tell you what a wonderful person you are. Someone to try and please and to be pleased by. Someone who cares as much about your happiness as you do. Someone to just enjoy life with after you battle it out in the classroom. Maybe someone you want to spend the rest of your life with.
Offering Relief After a Hard Day's Work
It's been a grueling week. You have slaved over that hot calculus book for hours. The moment of truth has come as you take those pieces of paper marked "FINAL EXAM" into your shaking hands. In three hours, it will all be over. Celebrate! The weeks of waiting have finally paid off. That great looking guy in your physics class called to ask you out, instead of the blonde. Celebrate! You've waited one long year for this day to come. It's your birthday, and it's the very special 21st one at that. Celebrate!

You may want to celebrate with a few friends. Those males out there, who are, of course, all over 21, may go out for a good time at the Cheetah III. Being with your close friends and enjoying some quality entertainment at the same time is sometimes the best way to celebrate your latest achievement.

There are times when you might want to celebrate with one special person. You might want to go to Piedmont Park with a picnic basket and blanket to spend a quiet afternoon. You could dress up instead and go out to the Abbey or the Peachtree Plaza for a very special celebration.
One celebration that nearly every Tech student enjoys is the "big party" after a football game. We are proud of every victory, but the one game we celebrate more than any other is Homecoming. The freshmen get their rat caps ready, the Greeks pomp all the chicken wire they can get their hands on, and everyone, including alumni and their children, anxiously awaits the big day. The Yellow Jackets proved themselves once again this year, so it was definitely a time to celebrate. We cranked up the stereos and rolled out the kegs for a campus-wide celebration.
The key is this: no matter how you celebrate or what you are celebrating, just enjoy the happiness that a celebration brings. You can’t go wrong celebrating anything from passing your last exam to that moment we all anxiously await — graduation.
FASET creates some very interesting friendships. Three very different freshmen, Skip from Long Island, Alvin from Atlanta, and George from Miami, met in their FASET group and had a very interesting year at Georgia Tech. This is their story.

Skip had a hard decision when he left high school. He wanted to be a businessman like his father and his grandfather before him, but after speaking with his counselor he realized that the tide was turning towards engineering. "That's where the bucks are," thought Skip, "that's where I'll be." He decided on Georgia Tech so that when Spring Break rolled around the drive to Florida wouldn't take as long.

When he arrived at Tech, Skip's priorities were in order. He was definitely Fraternity material. He couldn't wait for that first day of Rush so that he could rush around from house to house, picking his favorite fraternity; he had no doubt that they would all want him. He finally decided on the one that threw the most parties per quarter, so he would have more chances to meet women. His classes were not of particular importance to him, although he did try to attend as often as possible. He'd try to make a strong "C" showing. That way, his parents would be able to tell their friends how well he was doing at such a fine engineering school.

Alvin was a totally different story. He had decided on Tech because he didn't think that he was quite ready to leave Atlanta. His father was an engineer with a big company, and Alvin hoped to work with him one day. Tech offered a great education and a prestigious name in the engineering field, and he could still go home for Sunday dinner. It was the perfect school for him. He knew that he would meet a lot of new people. Hopefully he would be more socially successful in college than he was in high school.
So Many Different Ways to Participate
When Skip invited him along to attend some Rush festivities, Alvin decided he'd be better off reviewing his high school calculus. There were some activities he was interested in, however. In his spare time he enjoyed playing "Dungeons and Dragons" with some guys down the hall. He was also working on a world's record for solving the new Rubik's Rings. His primary concern, however, was his schoolwork. His parents would be so proud of the letter congratulating him on a 4.0 at the end of the term.

George was really looking forward to college life. He had enjoyed high school, but it was going to be nice to get out and meet new people. His parents were very proud of the example he had set for his younger sister who was thinking of going to a fashion college.
George knew he had to balance his time wisely between classes and activities. He signed up for his residence hall’s football team to get himself out of the stuffy library and into the fresh air a few nights a week. When he found that he couldn’t get a parking place, even on Sunday afternoon, he joined SGA. He got into DramaTech to have fun and get some humanities credits at the same time. With all of this plus his class schedule he was a busy student, but his life was never boring.

Skip, Alvin and George had one thing in common, calculus. They all met one night in the middle of the quarter to study for their big midterm. Alvin was trying to help Skip understand derivatives, but Skip was more interested in the girls at the next table. George humored Skip by doing some of his own flirting, but he was more interested in Alvin’s lecture on l’Hopital’s rule. Alvin was a big help to George in grasping the finer points of the subject. Unfortunately, Skip needed more than just the fine points. Alvin did his best, knowing it was probably a lost cause.
Balance and Variety are the Keys to Social Life

When the end of the quarter rolled around, the trio found each other as they were checking their calculus grades. George was really proud of his "B," as he had really been worried about his first college math class. Alvin checked just to be sure that the professor had added his grades correctly. Yes, he had an "A." After blowing off the course all quarter, an all-night cramming session had given Skip a "D," but he'd still have to take the course again next quarter. He decided that he might have partied too much this quarter, so he might moderate his partying and even join the frat's study group. "There aren't that many parties in winter quarter anyway," he figured. George decided his mix of activities had worked well. He would stick to it.

When George left to go to his football game and Skip left for a frat party, Alvin realized that he felt lonely. His GPA was great and all that, but those football games sure were lonely with only his Rat Cap to keep him company. He decided he needed some variety as well as some people in his life. Maybe he could write a science article, or maybe even a weekly column, for the Technique. He'd check into it. Who knows, he might even go to a party.
There are a variety of ways to get around campus. Each has its own advantages, but, of course, none is perfect. The easiest way is always your feet.

Do they ever make college campuses on flat land? Everywhere is uphill. Now that calculus formula again is ... Nothing in my P.O. box again. I don't see how these girls wear three inch heels and walk around this place. My feet would die, not to mention my legs. Tennis shoes are the only sensible means of transit.

If you have a little less time, and a lot more courage, you might want to try the skateboard approach.

Would I? Could I? Should I attempt the hill on a skateboard? Well, maybe tomorrow, after my physics test. That way if I get crushed by a car or the bus at the bottom, I won't have to see my grade.

Waiting for the bus is a popular pastime on campus. For those with the time to spare, it is a great way to get around.

Where is that bus? Here it comes, and it's packed. I wonder if I can squeeze between those two football players. Maybe, if I don't breathe. If that emergency exit door should suddenly open while we are speeding up the hill, I bet all of us will fall out like Dominoes. This is my stop. Now everyone out of my way! Wouldn't you know it? I'm the only person who wants off this packed bus, and I'm in the middle. Oh well, move it!
If you want to go off campus, MARTA might be a good option. These trips can often be enlightening cultural experiences for the unexposed.

My first time riding MARTA. Oh no, I don't have sixty cents. There's an extra dime in my pocket. Hey this place is actually clean. After all the stories I've heard, I expected it to be like the ones on T.V. in New York, all dirty, filled with smut. All these people ride on here at the same time, I'll never make it! Which train do I take? That man in the trench coat looks like a mobster... I wonder if that's a gun in his pocket. What if he holds us up? What if he starts shooting? What if he kills someone? What if... what if? North Avenue station, finally. Let me off this crazy ride! It wasn't that bad for the first time.
Movers & Shakers
Of course, there is always the car, yours or a friend's, to take you anywhere you want to go. It has its own disadvantages.

Parking around this place is ridiculous. It's like squeezing 100 frat guys into a phone booth — not everyone is going to fit. Oh, it's five 'til — I'm going to be late again. There's a place if I can just get around there to it. Down that aisle, but of course, someone beat me to it. There's someone pulling out! I'm going to get it! Oh no you don't, you turkey. That is my space. I spotted it first. Now if I can just fit in there. Just in time for my class.
It was three in the morning when I crawled into bed ...

Dear Mom,

The week definitely went downhill after receiving your delicious homemade chocolate chip cookies on Monday. You may be wondering why I'm writing you a letter instead of calling. I got the phone bill today, and I'll be sending you a lot more letters in the future. Unfortunately, the phone bill is the least of my worries ...

TRIBULATION
the Tech police had other plans for me . . .

I was in the Chemistry building Monday night working on my computer project that was due at midnight. The project began to work at 11:45 p.m. and just as I was going to save it, Cyber went down once again. You guessed it, I had to turn it in late. It was three in the morning when I crawled into bed and set the alarm for 8:00 a.m. There was no time to study for my calculus test Tuesday. Even if I had, it wouldn’t have made a difference. I didn’t hear the alarm until 15 minutes before the test started. I jumped into my jeans, grabbed a pencil, and ran out the door just as the bus was leaving. I ran to the car, which did not want to start since it was cold and rainy outside. By the time I got to East Campus, there were no parking spaces left, so I made my own. I ran into the room just as our professor, Dr. Shaft, was handing out the test. As usual, the test was impossible. I tried to make some sense out of the questions, but triple integrals are not my specialty. Halfway through the test, my pencil ran out of lead, and I had to finish writing with a pen. What a mess!

After the test, I looked in a mirror and discovered how mangled my hair and clothes were. I never realized the circles under my eyes could reach my chin. I only wanted to go back to the room and sleep, but the Tech police had other plans for me. In the distance, I could see a tow truck pulling my poor little car away. Why couldn’t they be satisfied with ticketing me?

I turned around and started walking in the rain toward the police station. That’s when I realized that I had left my umbrella in calculus. The policeman felt sorry for this drowned rat, but he still made me pay $40 to get my car out of hock. I guess I won’t eat for the next week.

I thought Wednesday looked a little more promising, but I was wrong. I went to register for next quarter’s classes on the computer. At least I didn’t have to wait an hour to find out all the classes I wanted were full. The difficult part was trying to think of alternative courses in less than eight minutes. I don’t know if I can survive another quarter of professors who live to fail me.
ARE YOU GOING TO HEAVEN?

2 QUESTION TEST REVEALS ANSWER
You guessed it, I failed that test too . . .

Thursday started out bad and only got worse. Chemistry lab was a nightmare. Our group spent an hour making this purple stuff that smelled like rotten eggs, and all we had to do was weigh it and write up the lab. I dropped the test tube, and the purple stuff spilled all over. By the way, how do you get purple stuff out of yellow corduroy? Anyway, we had to redo the entire lab. After I finally got out of lab, I decided that going for a week without food was silly, and headed to the Student Center. On the way there, I noticed a test to determine whether or not I will go to Heaven. You guessed it, I failed that one, too.

I finally got to the cafeteria at five minutes after twelve, and had to wait in long lines for the food. Then, after I paid for it, there were no tables left. I ended up sitting with two computer geeks who could only speak in COBOL.

Speaking of languages, on the way out I literally bumped into my English professor who asked how my paper was coming. Since I thought it wasn’t due until next week, I said “Another week of work wouldn’t hurt it.” Then she said, “Too bad — the paper’s due tomorrow.” You can imagine my shock. I had to borrow my roommate’s typewriter, and I was up until four in the morning. It’s now Friday morning, and I’m sitting here at my desk staring at a horribly typed paper and wondering if I should bother turning it in. I knew Tech would not be all fun and games, but this past week was a catastrophe. Maybe next week will be better.

Send my love to Dad and the family, and especially Rover.

Hopefully yours,

Susie

P.S. send more cookies
Kent and Tim rise and shine to a beautiful Friday morning with high hopes for a fabulous weekend. They go to their 10:00 class with light hearts and the time passes quickly. After class, they decide that it’s time for lunch and a unanimous decision is made for the Varsity.

The Varsity is packed, as usual, but Kent and Tim get some burgers and rings and a few beers to wash it all down. By the end of lunch, they’re feeling pretty good, so they decide to head on to their Econ. class. This afternoon, even economics sounds interesting.

The weekend is finally here! They made it through another week with Ma Tech! Now it’s party time! They need it bad!

First stop — drop by the dorm and dump off those stupid books that have been such a burden all week. Grab a couple of cans from the frig, and settle down for an afternoon of Gomer Pyle U.S.M.C. and I Love Lucy reruns.

Finally, the time has come to hit the town. They splash on a little Polo and compliment each other’s choice of wardrobe. They are too cool. Watch out Atlanta, here they come! Stopping by the Limelight, they make sure they grab a few drinks and attempt to grab some fine looking ladies. Well, at least they get a couple of dances in.
It’s 12:00 now and the twosome is getting hungry. They go by Pero’s and get a pizza and a pitcher of beer to satisfy their appetites. It’s a wonder that they haven’t made it by a bathroom yet, but then the Limelight was really crowded. They know of a really wild party near campus with plenty of free beer so there’s no stopping them now! They have given up on women so their new goal is to get totally wasted!

After weeks of nerding it up, they have finally let loose and they are the hit of the party. By this time the whole world seems to move in every direction that Tim moves and everyone bears a strange resemblance to an old Fred Flintstone cartoon. Kent is busy trying to impress some girl, but when she mentions her high school drill team he quickly makes his exit. Tim accidentally spills a beer on a freshman sorority girl and gets slapped for it. He actually enjoys it and asks her out. Kent, on the other hand, has successfully picked himself up a genuine woman! This time it is no high school girl! He takes her out for a stroll, having to use her as a crutch until they arrive at their destination. Boy, this will be a night to remember.

As the hours speed by, Tim decides he needs to lie down in his own bed, but he can’t even find the door, much less someone to take him home. What the heck? He likes it here better anyway. He doesn’t know how he’s going to regret this night in the morning. Does anybody need a drink? Let’s party!
Damn, what a test! I studied for an entire week, and it still didn’t do any good. I feel like it looks outside, cold, gray and rainy. That professor is such a shaft. I think I’ll do the only rational thing left. I’m going to crawl up in my bed, get warm, and gain back all that sleep I missed this past week. I don’t care if it stays blustering cold and rains the rest of winter quarter. I just don’t care. Sleep will take care of it . . .

As our industrious student drifts into sleep, the world around him begins to change. His peaceful slumber begins to deepen, and the images in his head start to become fuzzy around the edges. The cold, rainy winter day is slowly transformed into the perfect spring afternoon.

Ah, what a gorgeous day. Time to get out of bed and see what is going on around campus. Let’s go by Glenn Beach to check out the happening there. What a sight for sore eyes. There’s a co-rec volleyball game going on. All the babes from Glenn are soaking up the rays along with some of the guys from Towers and even Area II dorms.

Oh, would you look at her. He sure is. Whoops, she sees him see her. Both of their eyes quickly shoot in opposite directions. Her eyes are creeping back towards him, and his towards her. They catch each other’s stare again. They’re back to studying their respective grass they’re laying on. What’s this? He’s getting up, he’s coming over to her. He’s introducing himself and sitting next to her. God, what a stud.
Hey, she's looking at me. Now she's checking out the fraternity guy that's next to me. Well, she kinda does look like the sorority type, they probably deserve each other. Wait though, she can't be looking at him. He's sunbathing with his shirt on and his H.P. still strapped to his belt. He must belong to one of those weird frats. Jeez, she really is looking at me. Oh, I can deal with a girl like that. Just be cool, gotta act like you do this all the time. I'll give her the ol' slow wink. Great, she saw it. Now she's smiling. I can't believe this. I've got to meet her eyes one more time before I try to go talk to her. Hold the phone, hold the phone! Forget the last stare, she's motioning me to come over. I have to get up and walk over there without tripping. It can be done. This can't be happening to me, it just can't . . .

How come I don't ever meet girls like that? There are so many of the beautiful people out here today. Take that incredible female right over there.
Please Let Me Sleep
Just Five Minutes
We Wile Away the Days of Our Youth
Just then, a crash of thunder awakens our newly-found womanizer. Indeed, all of this has not been happening to him or even the other sunbathers. It has been a dream, a hopeless dream. Outside, the rain is coming down in sheets and the temperature is 100° below zero. Spring is still three months away. Joe Cool rolls over in his bed to continue that pastime known as sleep to some, but known in other circles as relaxation.