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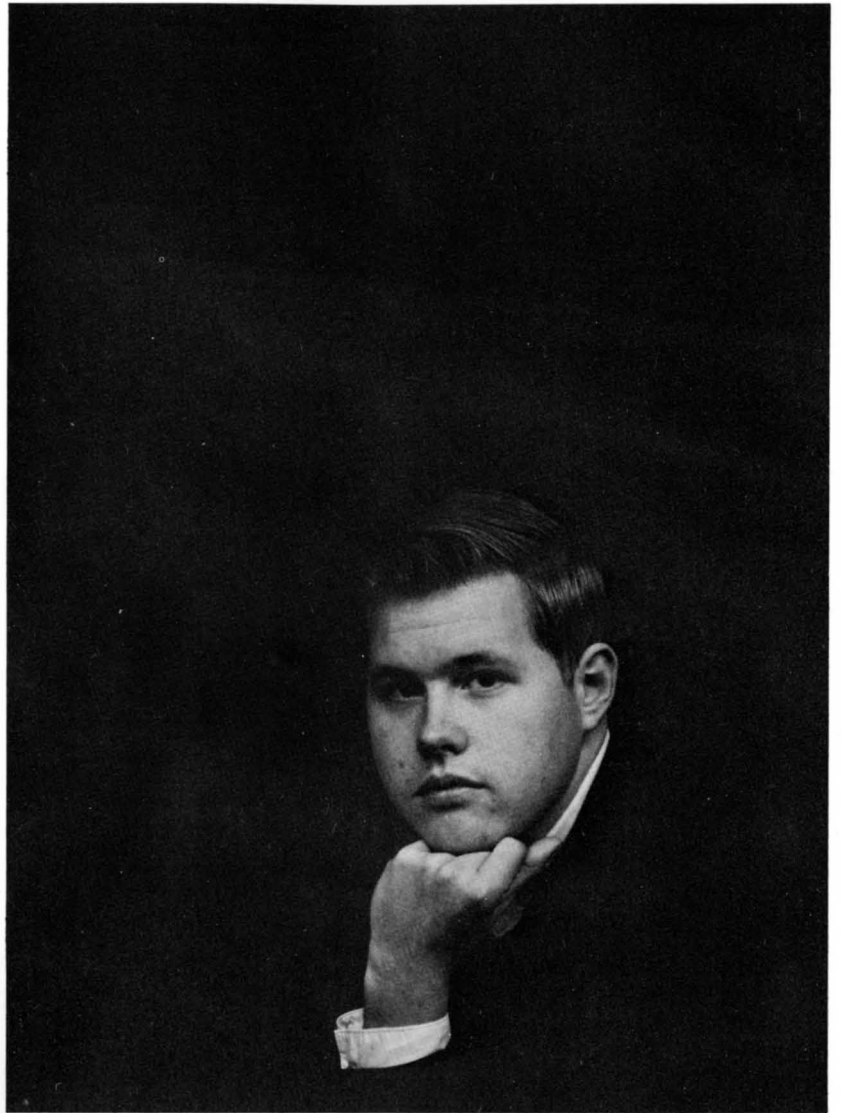
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sabre & scroll

WILLIAM A. KNAUS, EDITOR

ROBERT L. ARVAY, BUSINESS MANAGER

■ *TO STRIVE* *PAGE 22*

TO SEEK *PAGE 64* ■

■ *TO FIND* *PAGE 106*



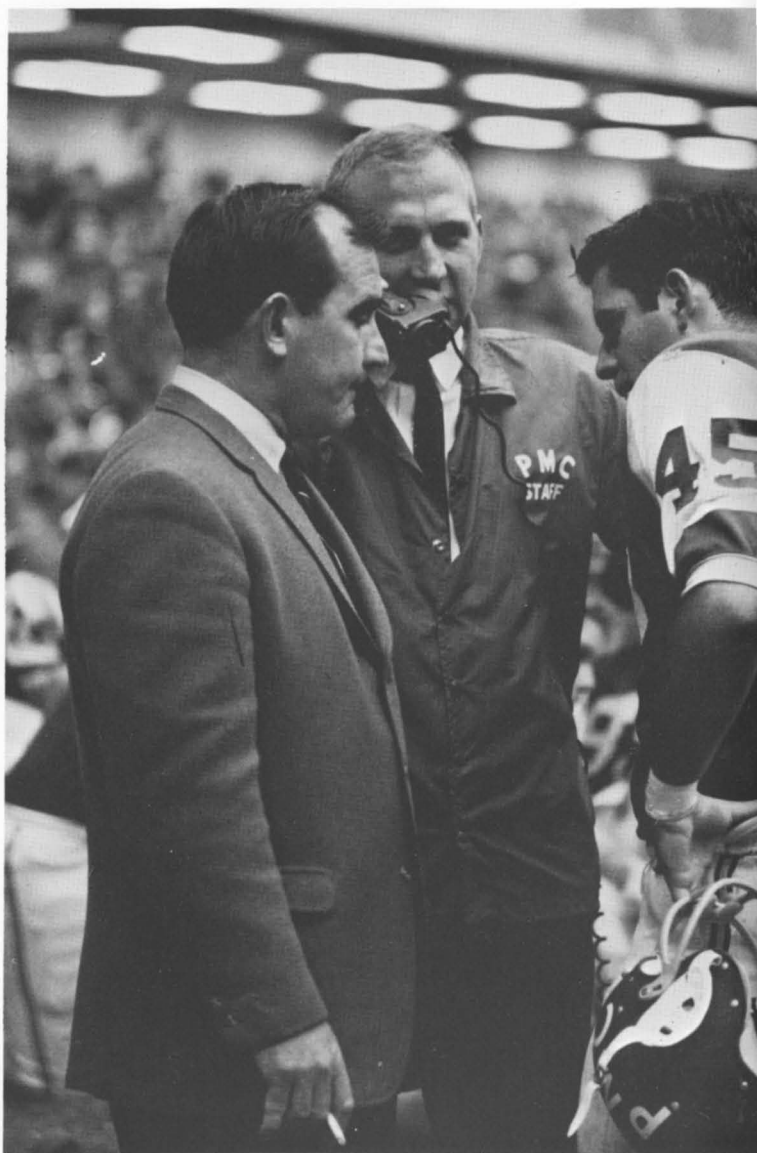


Dedicating this edition of The Sabre & Scroll to a group of men may seem an impersonal gesture; however, The Board of Trustees of PMC Colleges represent the spirit of this annual and of PMC. Each member of The Board has become personally involved and concerned with our College and its future. They have made every success possible and this dedication is in response to their sacrifice.

“IN WAR: RESOLUTION, IN DEFEAT: DEFIANCE,
IN VICTORY: MAGNAMITY, IN PEACE: GOODWILL,”

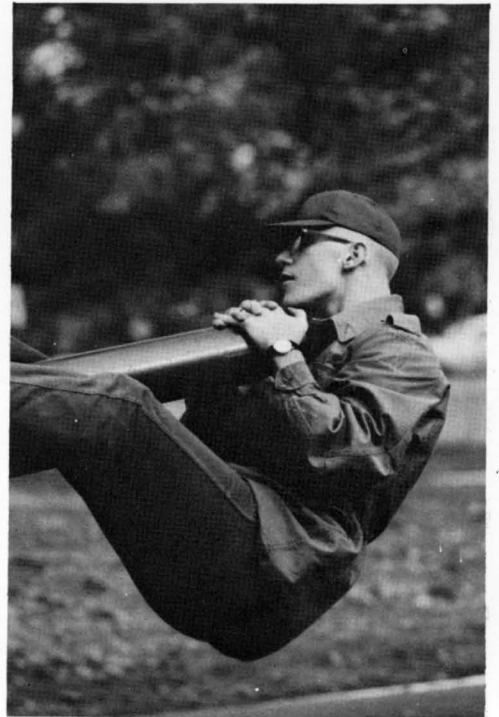


TO TOUCH WITH YOUR FINGERS THE NAKED



BODY OF YOUR DREAMS

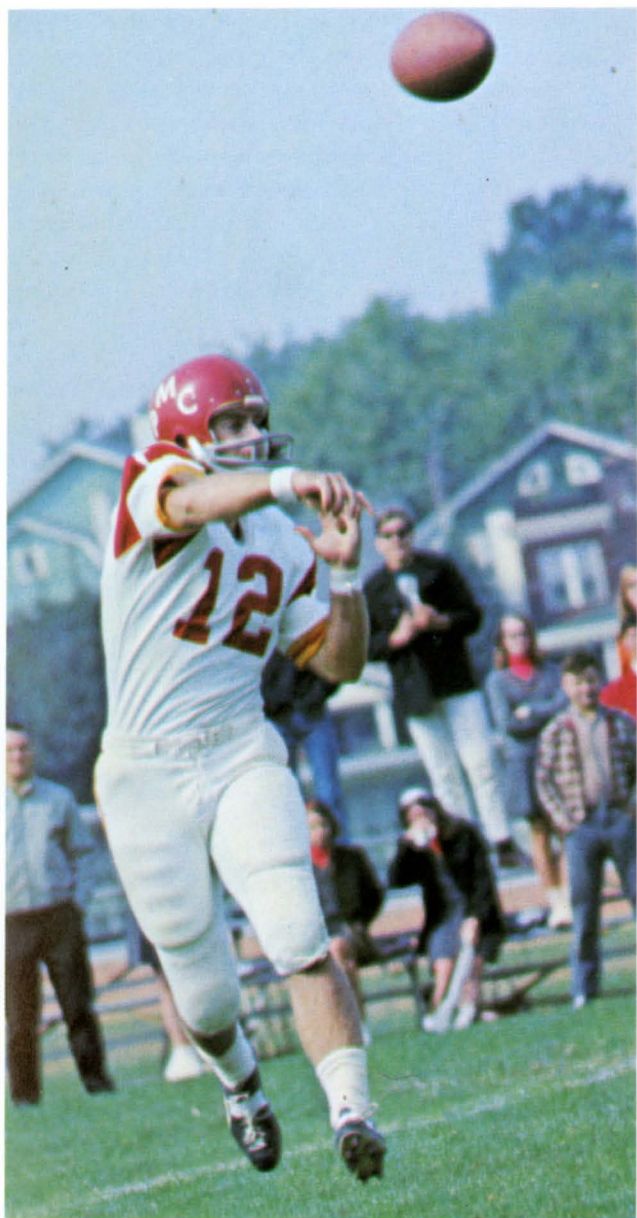
You choose what is important to you, what you want to possess in the rapidly changing fortune of our generation. For many that is a violent effort against Wilkes on a Saturday afternoon or a contest with the tape on the lower athletic field. For others the striving is not as strong or as public, a day at the museum or a weekend at the shore. You want more than the credits and grades in the sterile classrooms of Kirkbride or the faded words on a cracked blackboard in the cardboard village. The fatigue and loneliness of your fears does not matter; you strive to be you and to be happy.



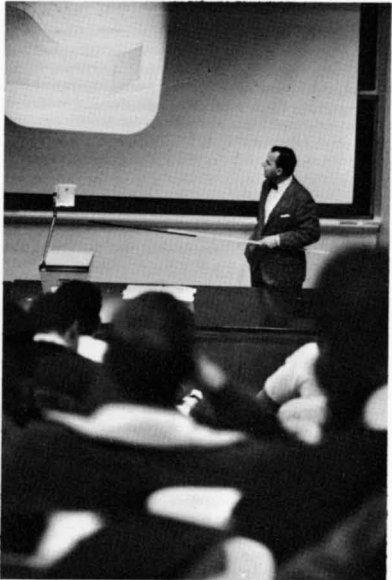
STRIVING



AND THEY ALONE WHO HAVE NOT TOUCHED

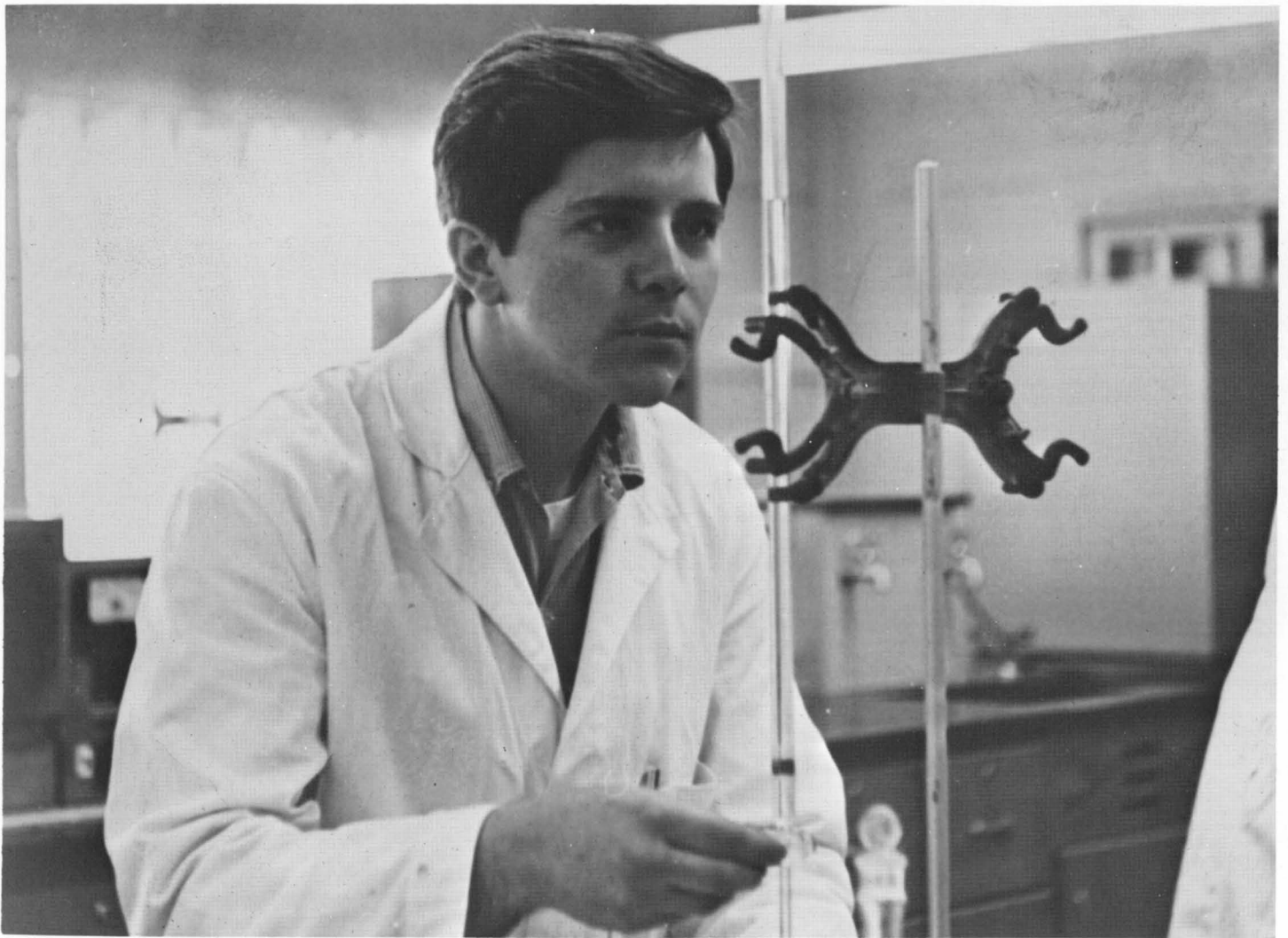


TO KNOW IN WORDS THAT WHICH YOU HAVE



ALWAYS KNOWN IN THOUGHT

There are different methods, means, and ways of seeking out the truth, the truth as you know it to be. It may be within a chemical laboratory or in the basement of The Memorial Library. But just as there are many ways there are many voices mocking that attempt. They say nothing is real and the search only ends in frustration. You know they are wrong for reality is the stuff of dreams and the pressing things can wait while you look.

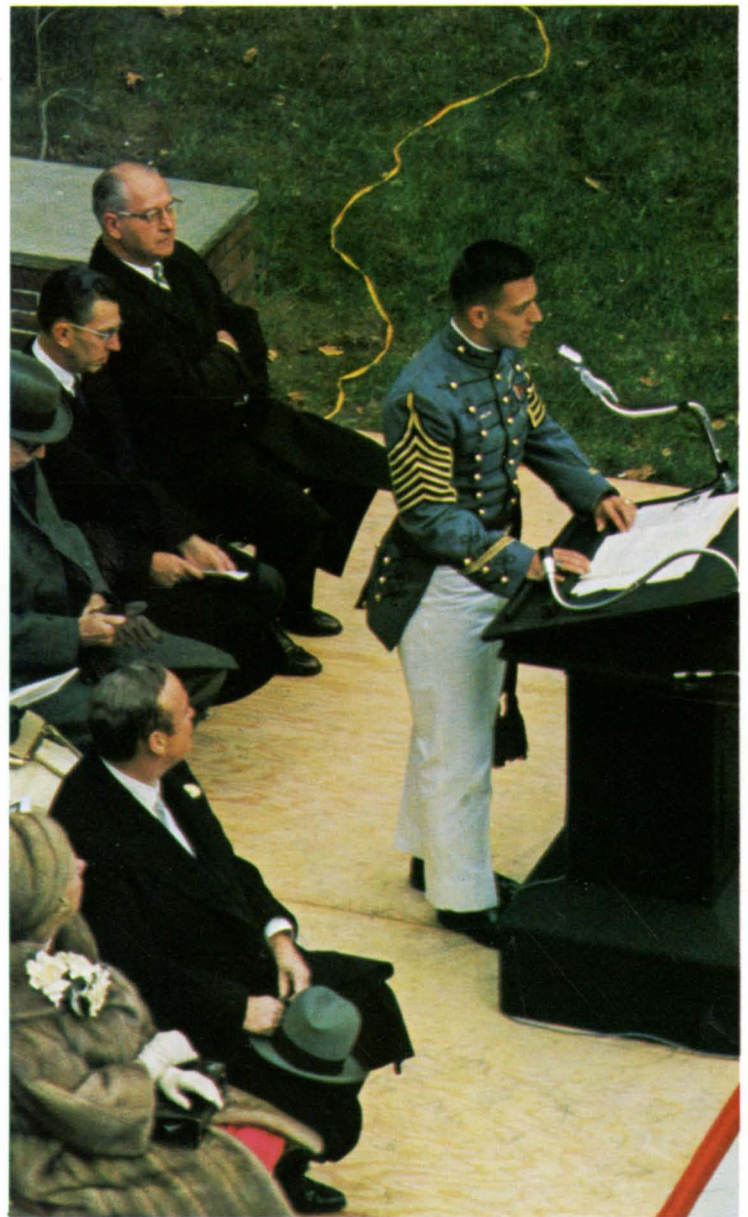


SEEKING

A VOICE YOU HEARD WHILE

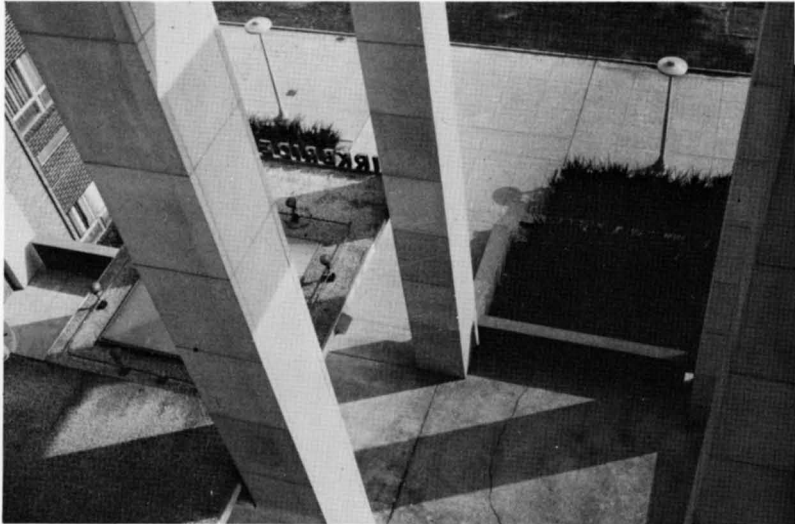
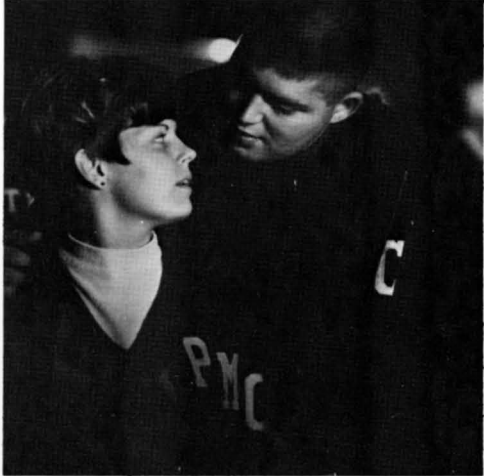


DREAMING OF TOMORROW

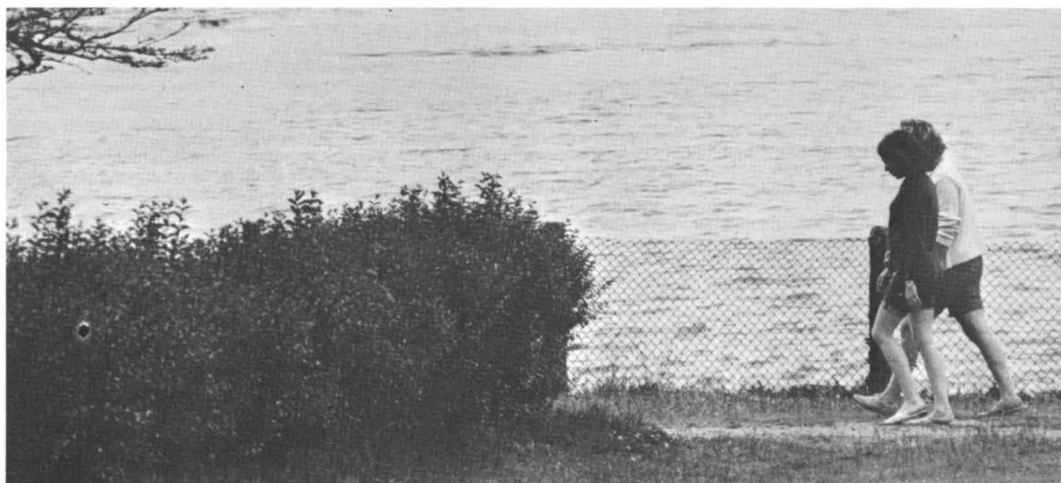


Perhaps it was during an all-night bull session in the dorm or sitting on a stool at Pete's that you recognized that half-remembered idea. You begin to retrace the steps your thinking took to get you there. That voice is really always with you; while you're half-attentive to a lecture in the forum or at a party in The Grist Mill. The search is not unlike an endless melody in your mind that you can hear but not sing, yet.

THE SEARCH, MOVED BY LIFE'S DRIVING POWER



PAUSING, IN RESTLESS SILENCE





**WITH
LAUGHTER
AND WIT**



Things you've done and persons you've met that you'll remember beyond 14th and Chestnut Streets. The fraternity brother who could drink everyone under the table and the guy next door who even studied on weekends. Persons who brought out laughter and a kind of love. Finding those people make you feel you belong; that you have a right to give and be given.



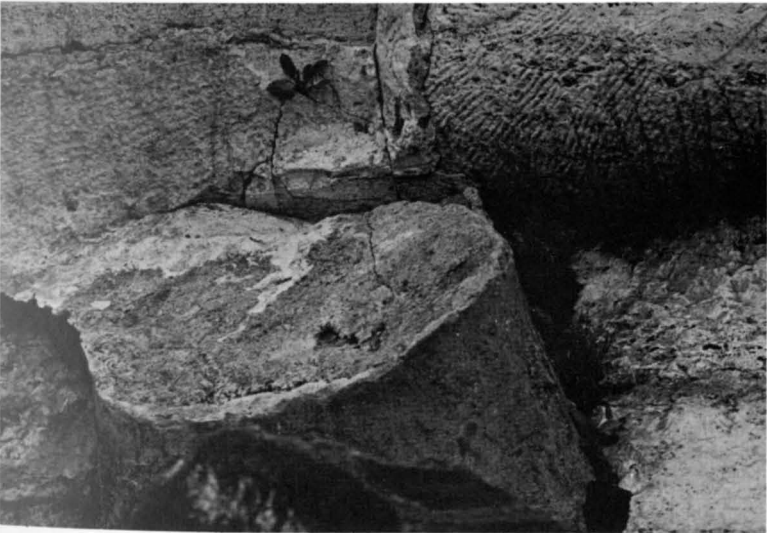
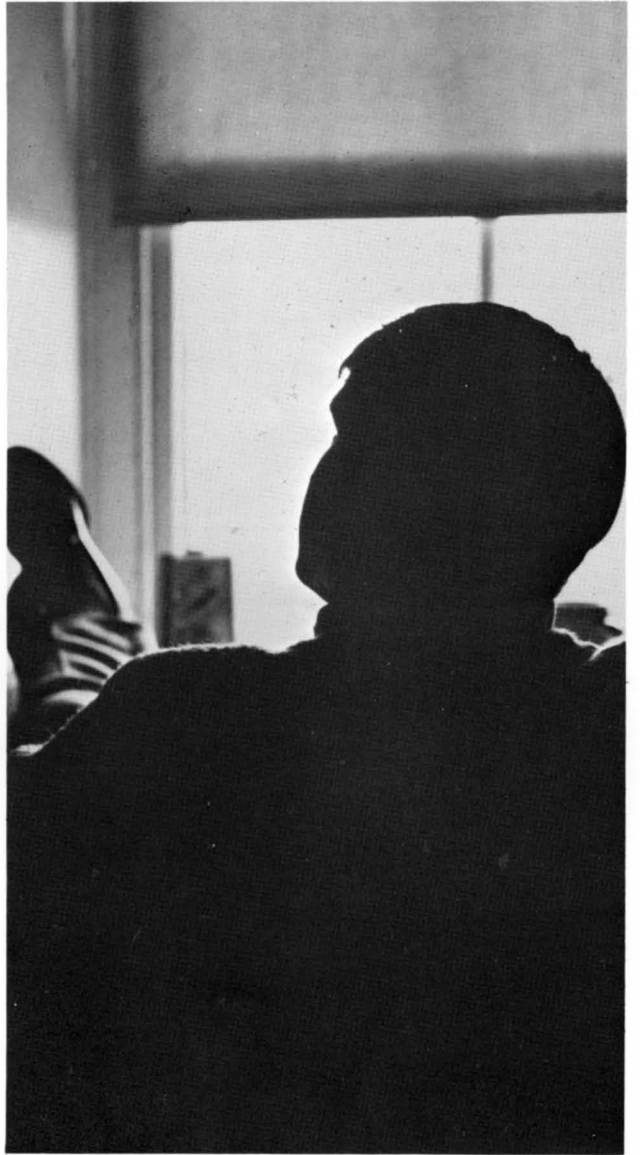
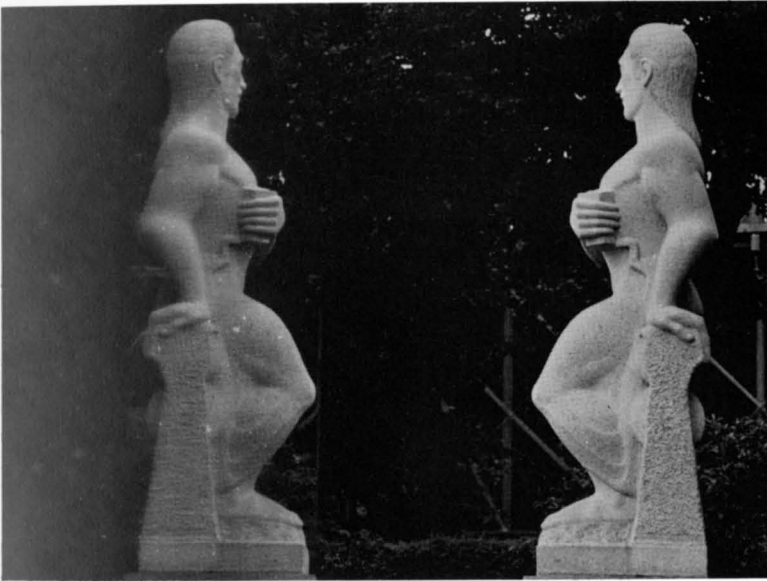
TO GLIMPSE
REALITY
AND
THE DEMANDS
OF RESPONSE

FINDING

YOUR EARS THIRST FOR THE SOUND OF YOUR



HEART'S KNOWLEDGE





Our college existence over we look back and try to organize our thoughts, but the impressions tend toward disorder. What does remain is isolated: a professor, a morning, a classroom, a weekend, and a feeling that is uniquely PMC. Each day you remember less, however, the important things, those you sought and worked for, they will never yield to time.



AND NOT TO YIELD

