

"Take Me For A Trip . . .

upon your magic swirling ship . . .



my senses have been stripped, my
hands can't feel to grip
My toes too numb to step, wait
only for my bootheels to be wan-
dering . . .



I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm
ready for to fade into my own
parade,
Cast your dancing spell my way,
I promise to go wandering.



Tho you might hear dancing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escaping on the run
And but for the sky, there are no fences facing.
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind,
It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing . . .

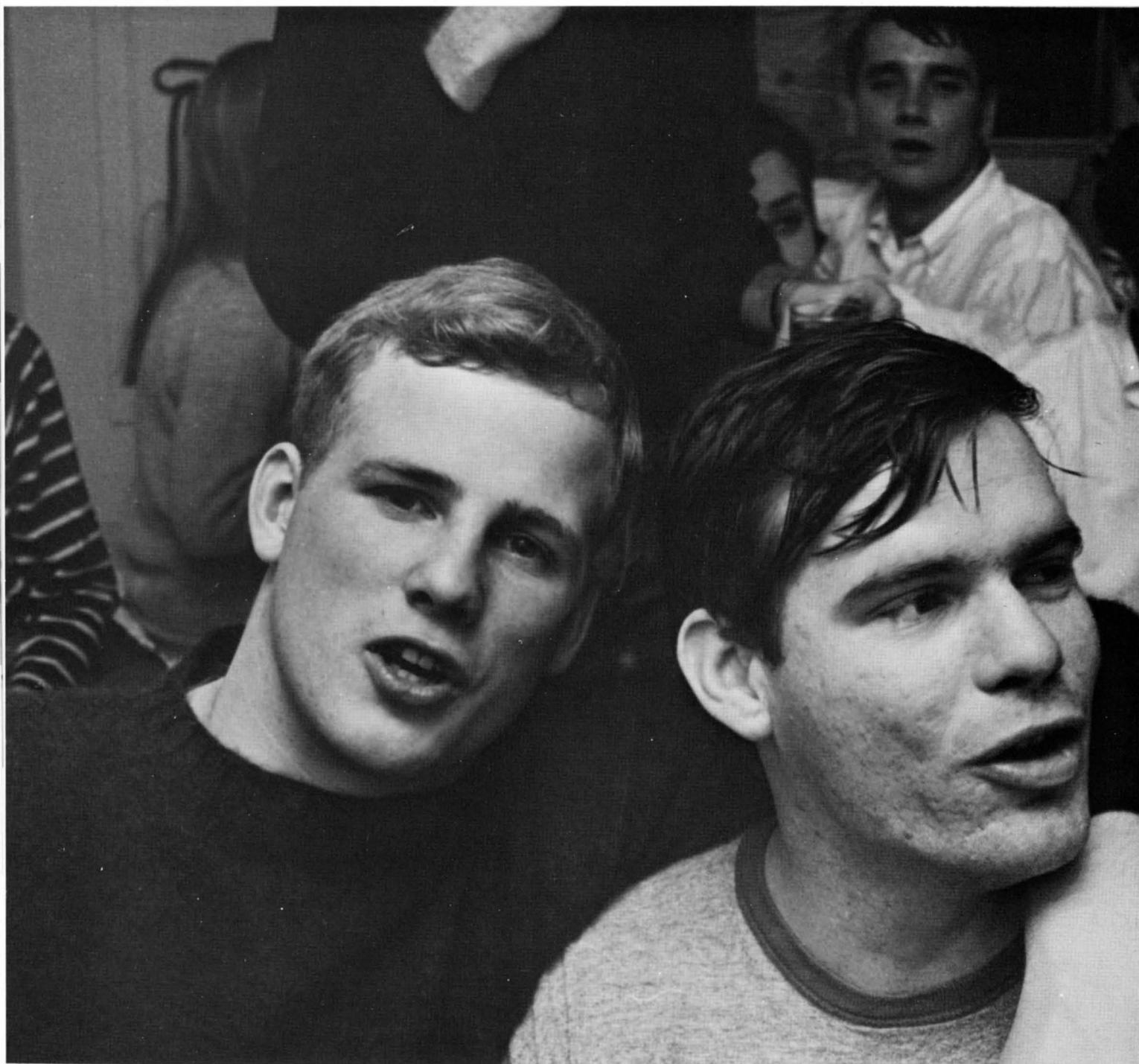




Atlantic City Weekend



Greek Week



So take me disappearing thru the smoke rings of my mind.
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,
The haunted frightened trees, down to the windy beach,
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow . . .”



Homecoming Weekend

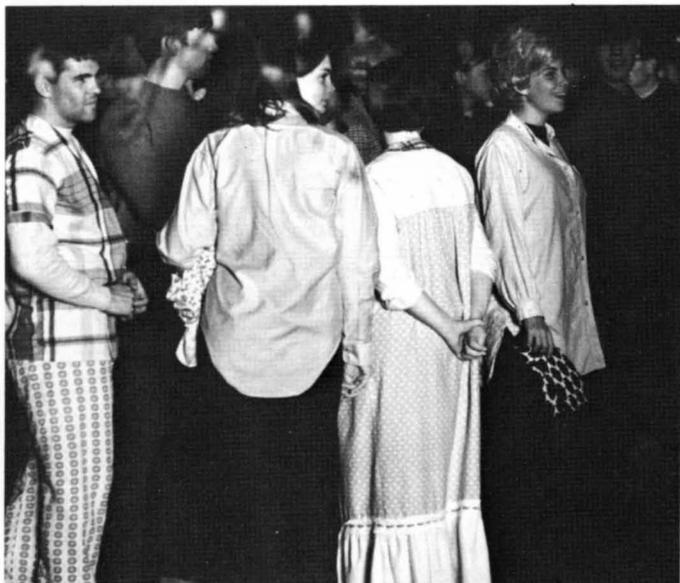


Spring Festival

Junior Ring Dance Weekend



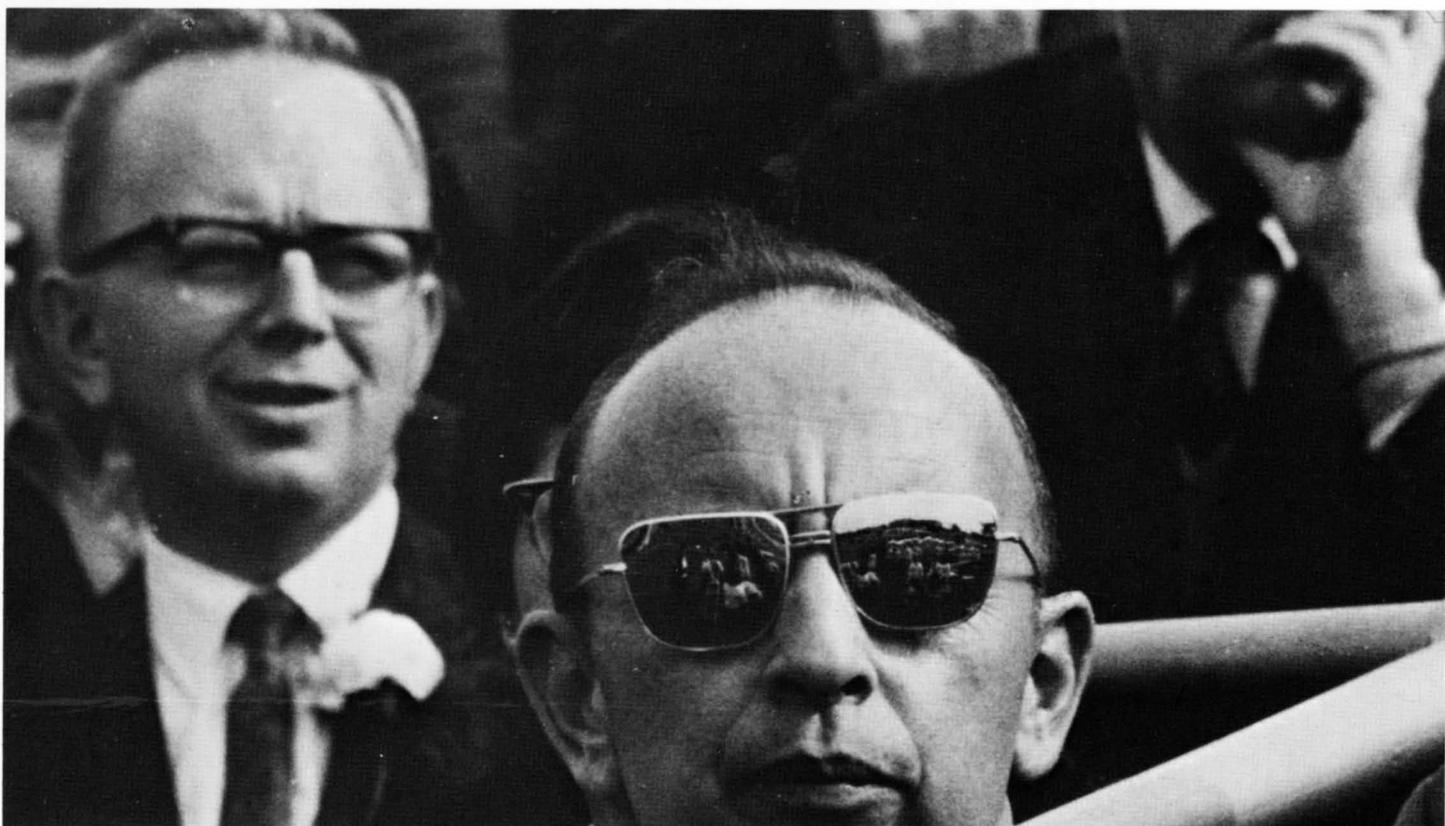
HOMECOMING 1967



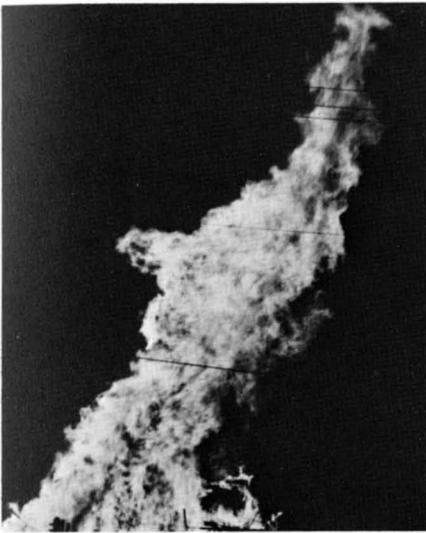
The traditional pajama parade saw some new forms this year with the addition of coeds.



Our Homecoming Queen and the Alpha Sig Torch Carrier. Alpha Sigma Phi's brothers carried the flaming torch in one mile shifts through Philadelphia the seventeen miles from Drexel's Campus to our bonfire.

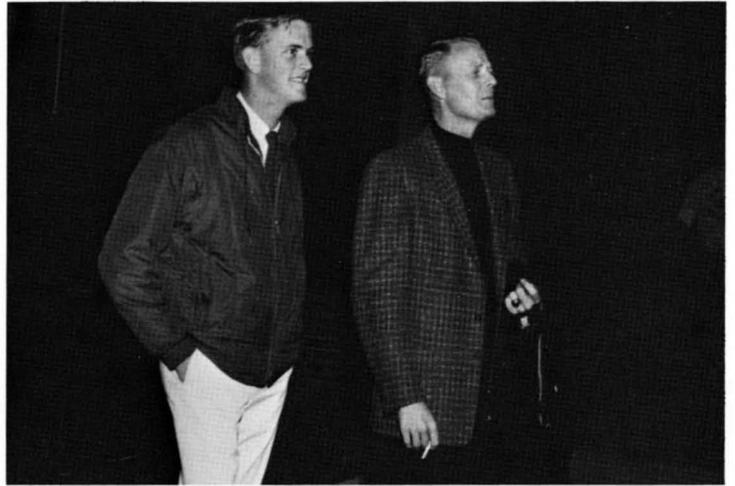


It burned late into the night.



Atop the pile of wood and scraps a stolen Drexel placard hangs awaiting the flame.

The TKE Float modeled after "Bulldog" Leisenring captured first place in the competition.

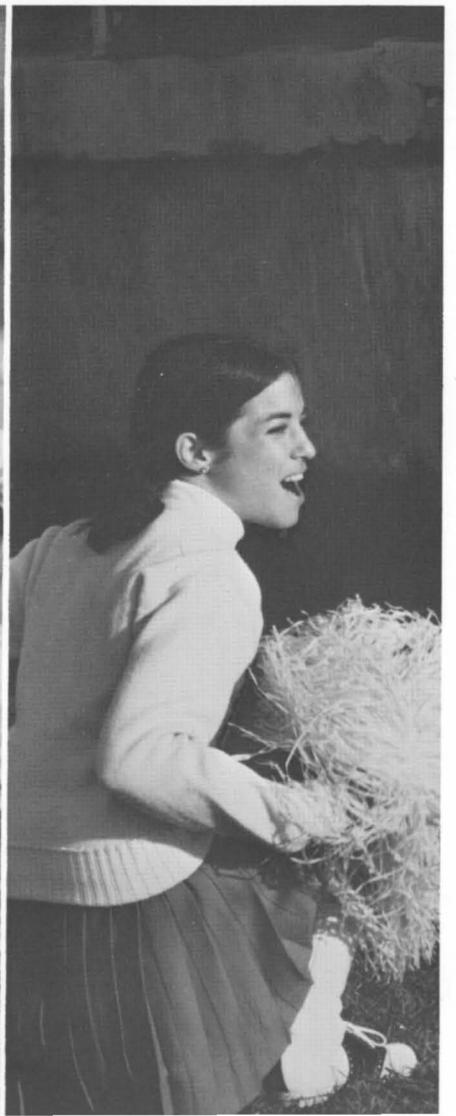
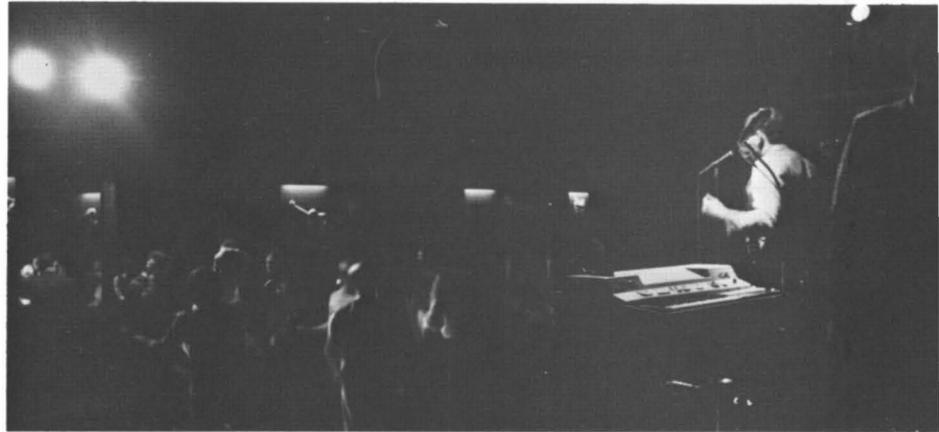


Major Wages



Theta Chi's Green Dragon





ATLANTIC CITY GAME

The morning was bright and strong and clear.



The ocean, sand, and wind are a terrific comfort after months spent in the city of Chester. The game itself is the reason for coming but more important than the momentary exhilaration of winning or the sadness of losing is the feeling itself. A feeling of excitement, noise, fun; but also one of contemplation, quiet friendship, and joy. The same people that surround you day by day on the campus are more real here. Their reality is surrounding you on the Boardwalk, at the game and the parties. When you're alone all that is real are the moment, the corner, the ocean and her.



The race brought overwhelming victory.

The afternoon shadows brought reflection and thought.





We Watched





This year again The Pershing Rifles Drill Team made us very proud with a great performance and lifted our spirits at halftime.



Later on other spirits were lifted also.



Senior Mike McCullough takes off around end.



Hard-working Mike fights for a first down in the closing minutes of the game.



Spirit before the game was great!



Keep digging Stacy!

Ed Baxter receives U. S. Military Academy Trophy as outstanding scholar-athlete at PMC.

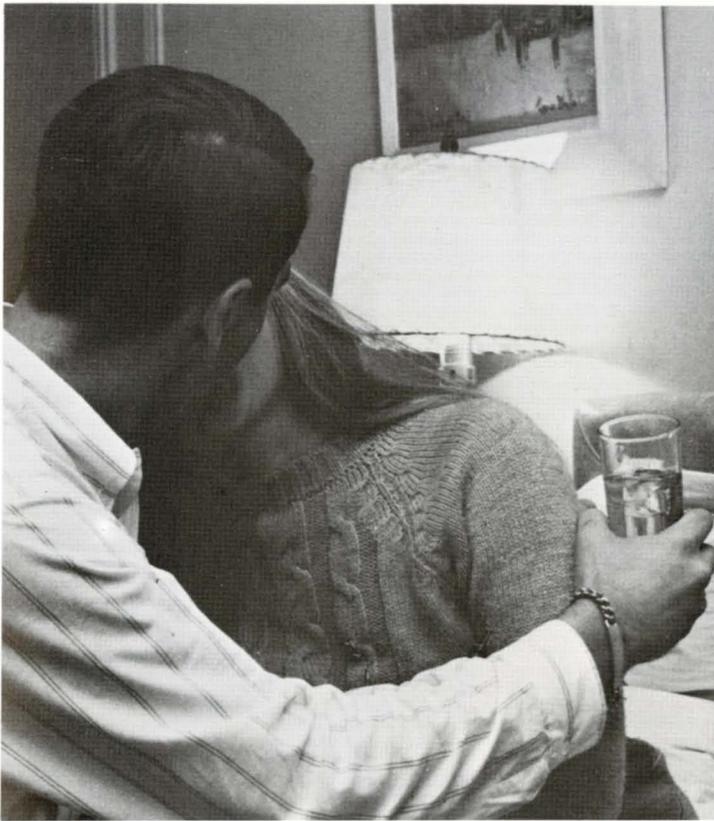




“Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand
wavin’ free: silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands.
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.”

Bob Dylan





"I weary of those noisy nights,
Of shallow jest and coarse 'good-cheer,'
Of jazzy sounds and brilliant lights.
Come, Love, let us away from here."

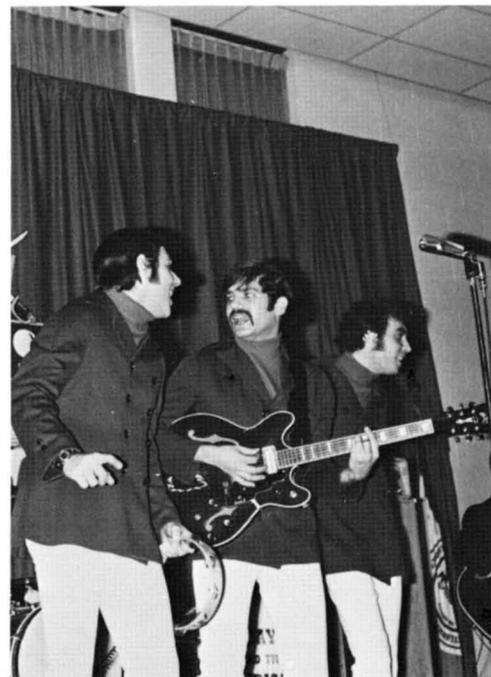
. . . Max Ehrmann



JUNIOR RING WEEKEND



Excitement and Amazement



Mood . . . set by song and inspired by the sound of Jay and the Americans.



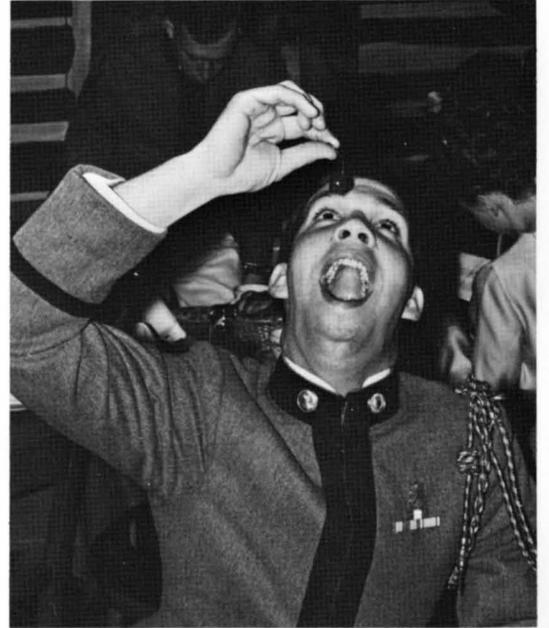
A voice, a heart and a song, strong and filled with feeling.



"Girls in short dresses, Girls in tight sweaters . . . Girls?"



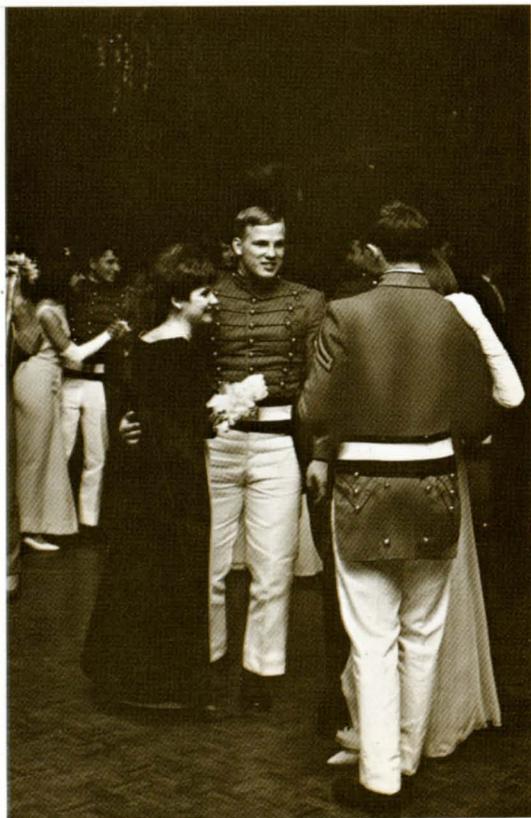
Stiffness of formalities eased with laughter

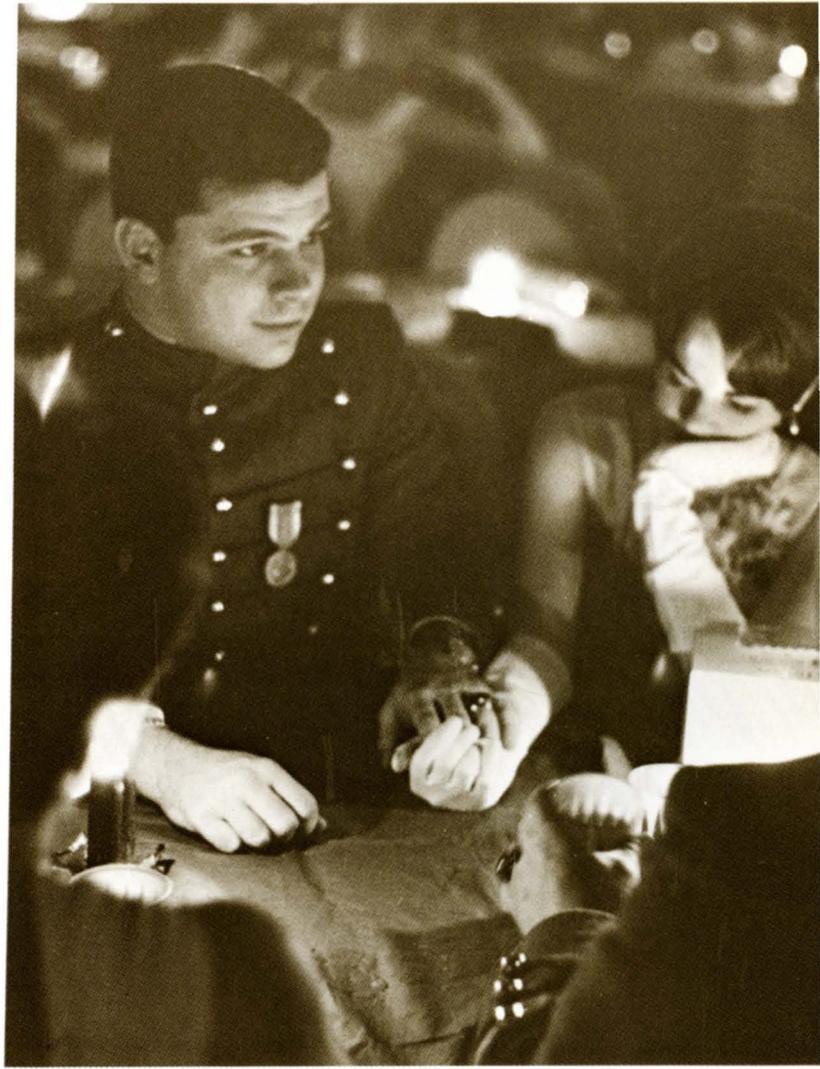


Miss Joy Johnson

Receiving Line







After his weekend the Junior feels a little closer to graduation.

