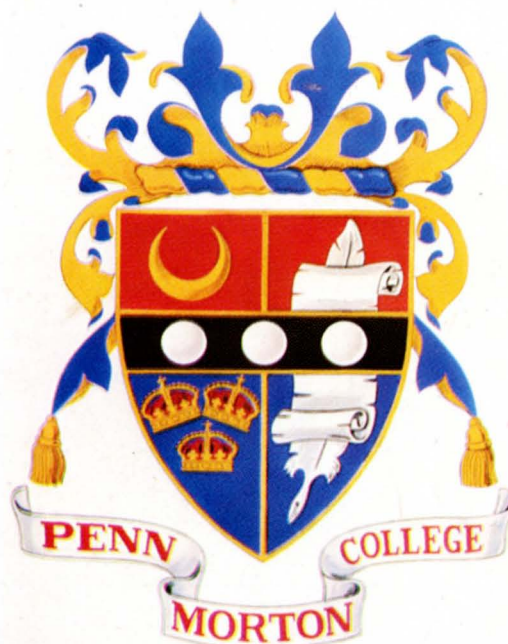
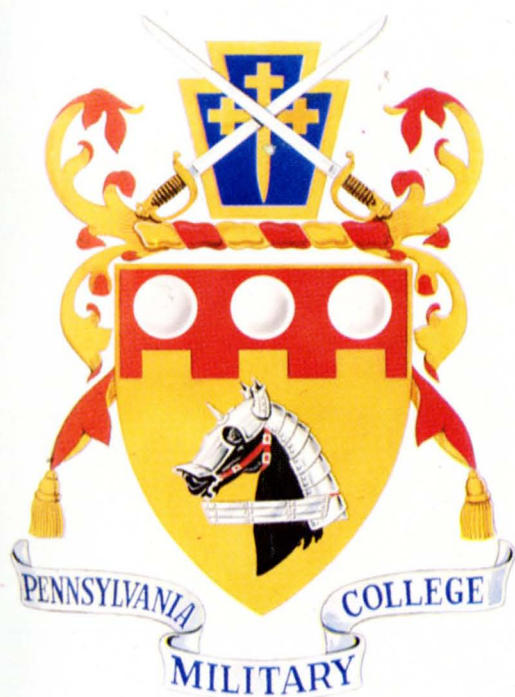


the
YEARBOOK
of



PMC
COLLEGES
1967



Dear Senior:

In a few days it will be my pleasure to hand you a diploma and to clasp your hand to congratulate you on a singular accomplishment, the earning of your first degree. As you prepare for this occasion, you cannot help but assess the effect of your college experience on you. You ask yourself, has it been all that I wanted it to be? Am I ready for the task that lies ahead?

All too often, one is tempted to measure his readiness on an academic balance sheet, the credits earned, and the grade point average. True—these are important, and they will have a bearing on your first job or your admission to graduate school. Yet this is only a part of your college experience. Equally important to your future will be the set of values—ethical, moral, political, and economic—that you have developed while at PMC, for in the long run, these will be the measure of you as a man and the standard on which you will be judged.

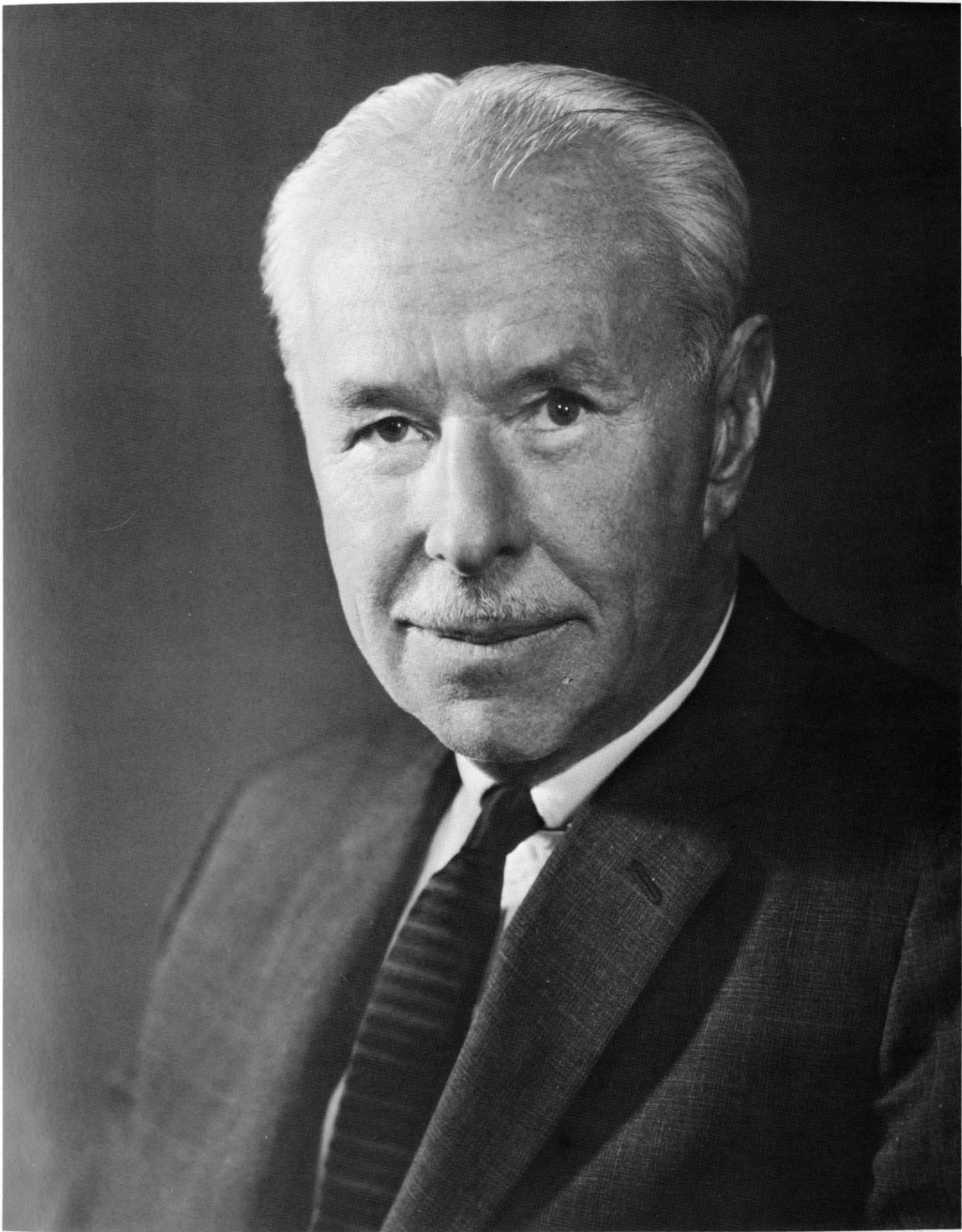
Your academic record, good or bad, will have a lesser bearing on your future achievement than your drive and determination to succeed, your willingness to give more of yourself to your career than your employer demands, your desire to stay abreast with, and ahead of, your profession through imaginative and creative ideas, through continued intellectual development, formal and informal, and above all in your concern for the future of your country and the future of humankind.

If your PMC experiences have nurtured in you these qualities, and I hope they have, I have no fears for your future. We welcome you as a lifelong member of the PMC Family.

The faculty, administration, and trustees join me in wishing you a happy and successful career.

Sincerely yours,

Clarence R. Moll
President



Mr. Lawrence P. Sharples
Chairman of the Board of Trustees
P M C Colleges



“O Master if these sparks have skill
To speak, I pray, and re-pray that each prayer
May count with thee for prayers innumerable,
Deny me not to tarry a moment here
Until the horned flame come; how much I
long
And lean to it I think thee well aware.”

And he to me: “That wish is nowise wrong,
But worthy of high praise; gladly indeed
I grant it; but do thou refrain thy tounge

And let me speak to them; for I can read
The question in thy mind; and they being
Greek,
Haply might scorn thy speech and pay no
heed.”

So, when by time and place the twin-fire peak,
As to my guide seemed fitting, had come on,
In this form conjuring it, I heard him speak:

“You that within one flame go two as one,
By whatsoever I merited once of you,
By whatsoever I merited under the sun

When I sang the high songs, whether little or
great my due,
Stand; and let one of you say what distant
bourne,
When he voyaged to loss and death, he
voyaged unto.”



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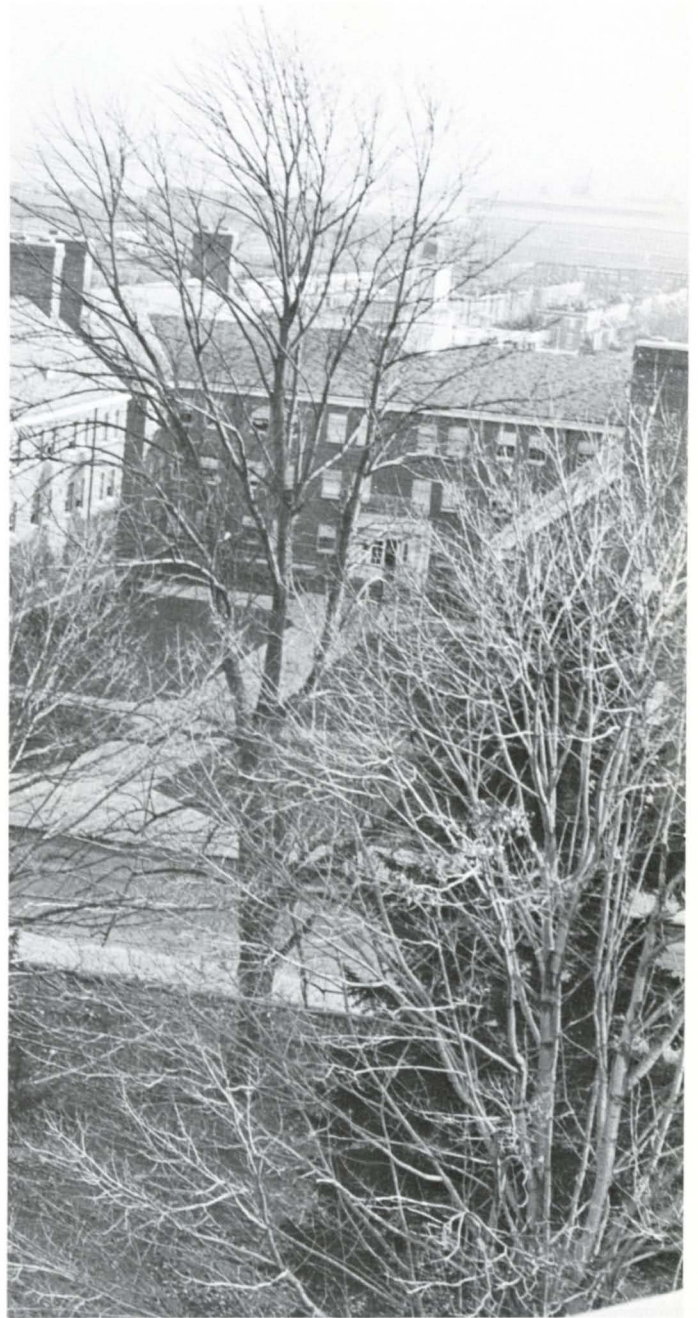
Major James Caddigan

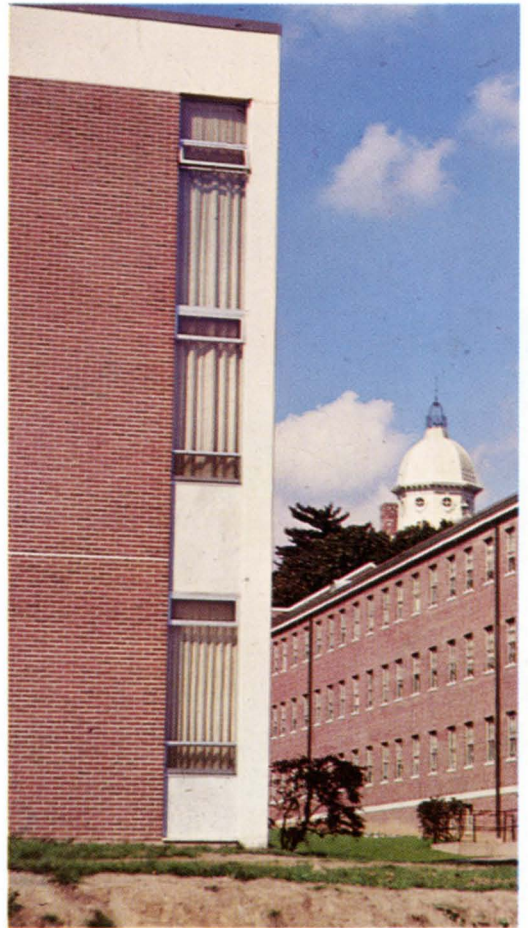
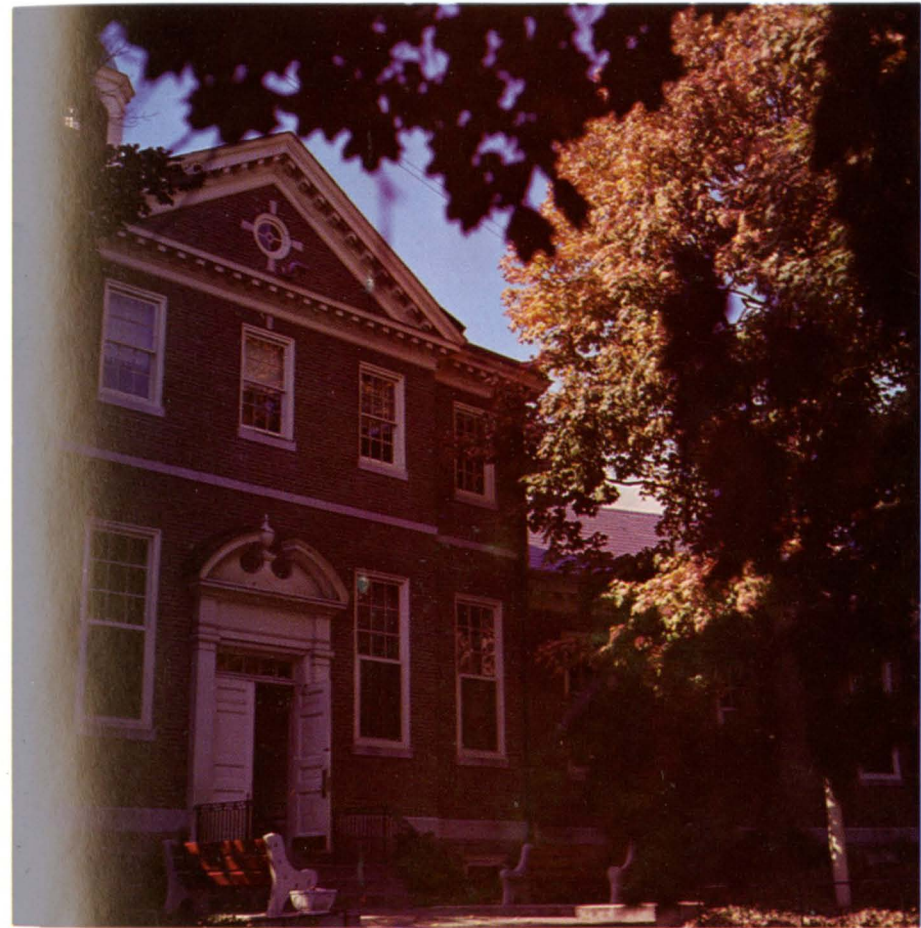


*Then of that age-old fire the loftier horn
Began to mutter and move, as
wavering flame
Wrestles against the wind and is
overworn;*

*And, like a speaking tongue vibrant to
frame
Language, the tip of it flickering to
and fro
Threw out a voice and answered:
"When I came*

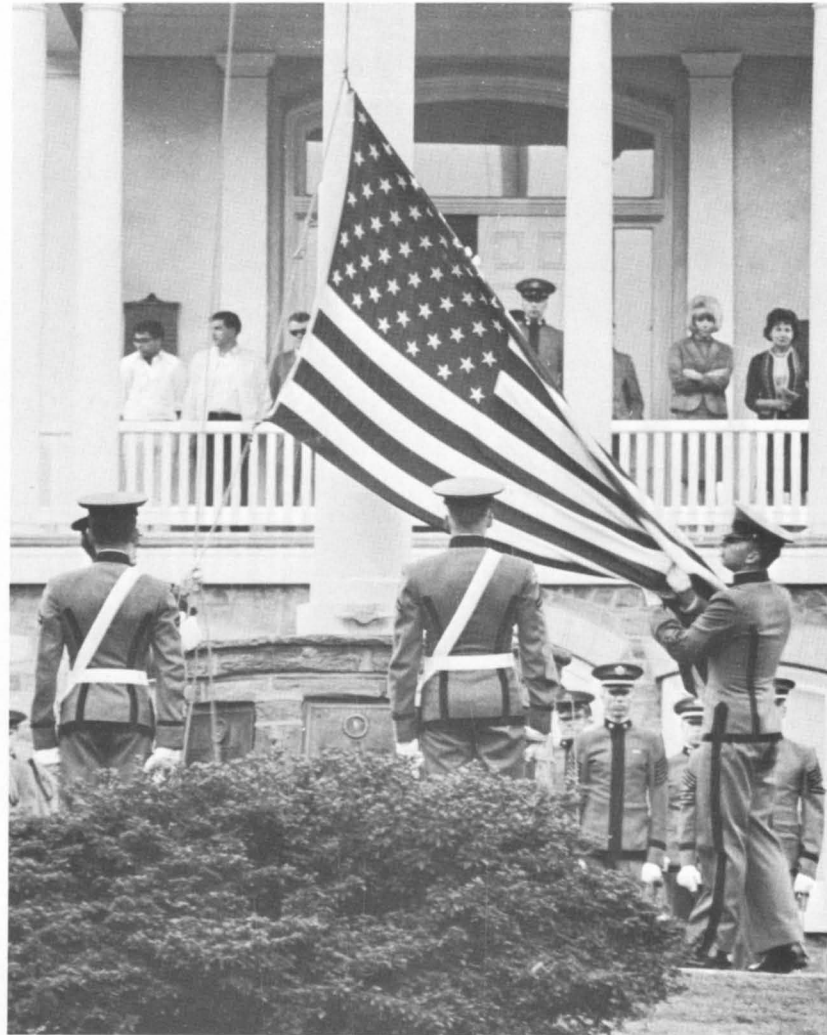
*From Circe at last, who would not let
me go,
But twelve months near Caieta
hindered me
Before Aeneas ever named it so,*

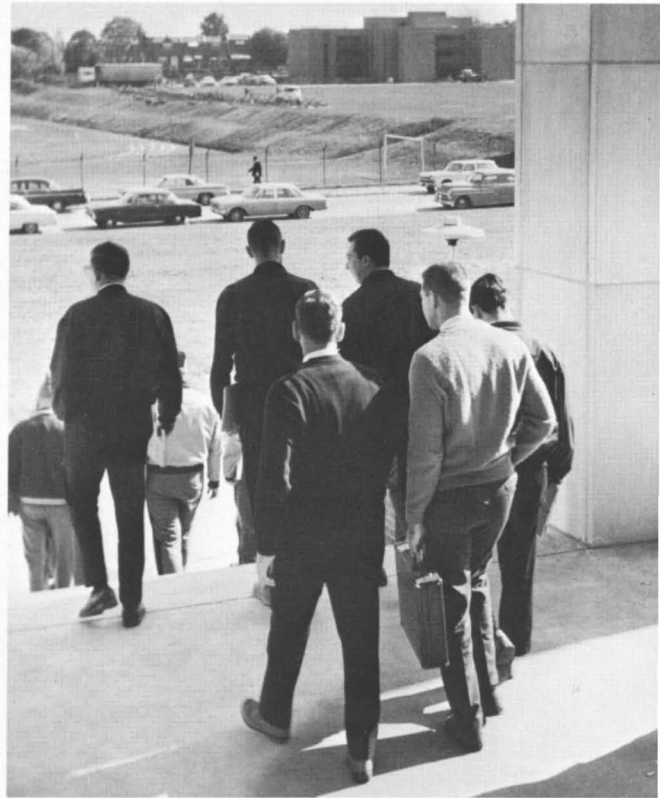
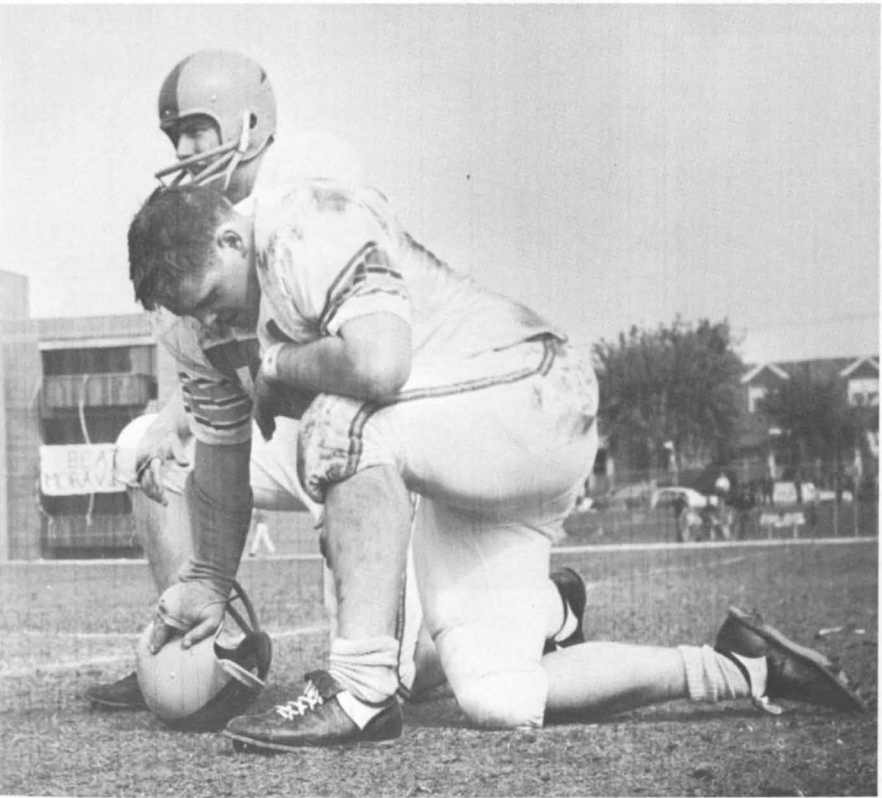


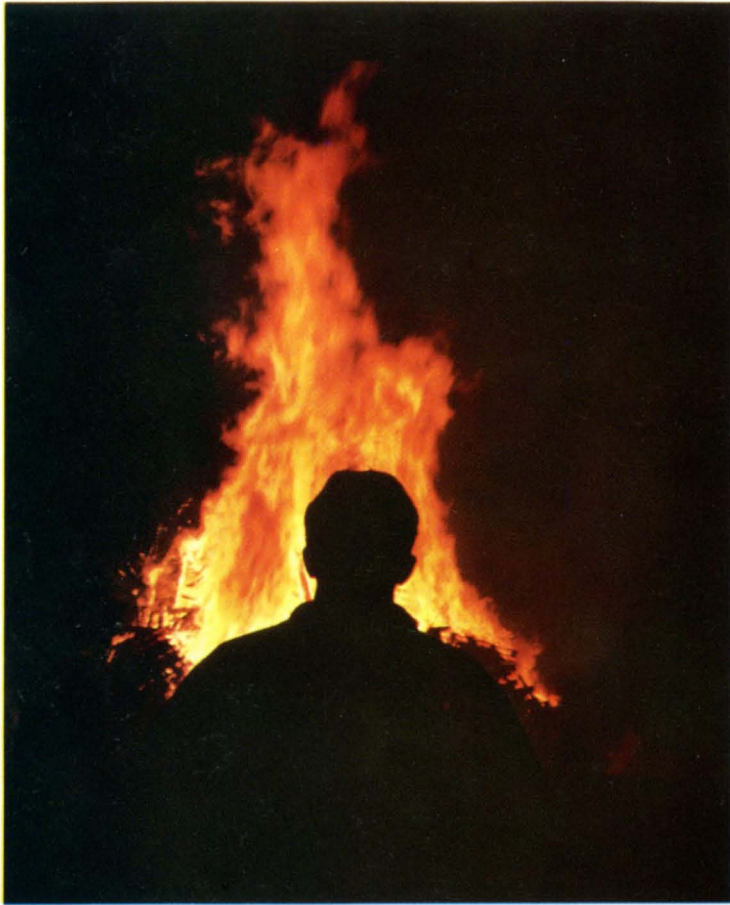


*No tenderness for my son, nor piety
To my old father, nor the wedded love
That should have comforted Penelope*

*Could conquer in me the restless itch to rove
And rummage through the world exploring
it,
All human worth and wickedness to prove.*









*So on the deep and open sea I set
Forth, with a single ship and that small
band
Of comrades that had never left me
yet.*

*Far as Morocco, far as Spain I scanned
Both shores; I saw the island of the
Sardi.
And all that sea, and every wave-girt
land.*

*I and my fellows were grown old and tardy
Or ere we made the straits where
Hercules
Set up his marks, that none should
prove so hardy*

*To venture the unchartered distances;
Ceuta I'd left to larboard, sailing by,
Seville I now left in the starboard seas.*



*'Brothers,' said I, 'that have come valiantly
Through hundred thousand jeopardies undergone
To reach the West, you will not now deny*

*To this last little vigil left to run
Of feeling life, the new experience
Of the uninhabited world behind the sun.*

*Think of your breed; for brutish ignorance
Your mettle was not made; you were made men,
To follow after knowledge and excellence.'*

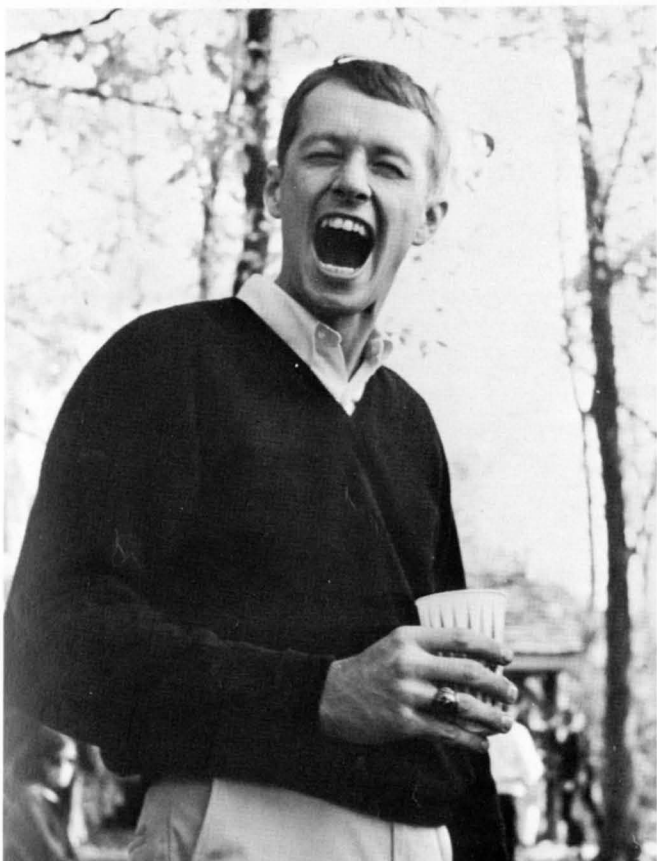
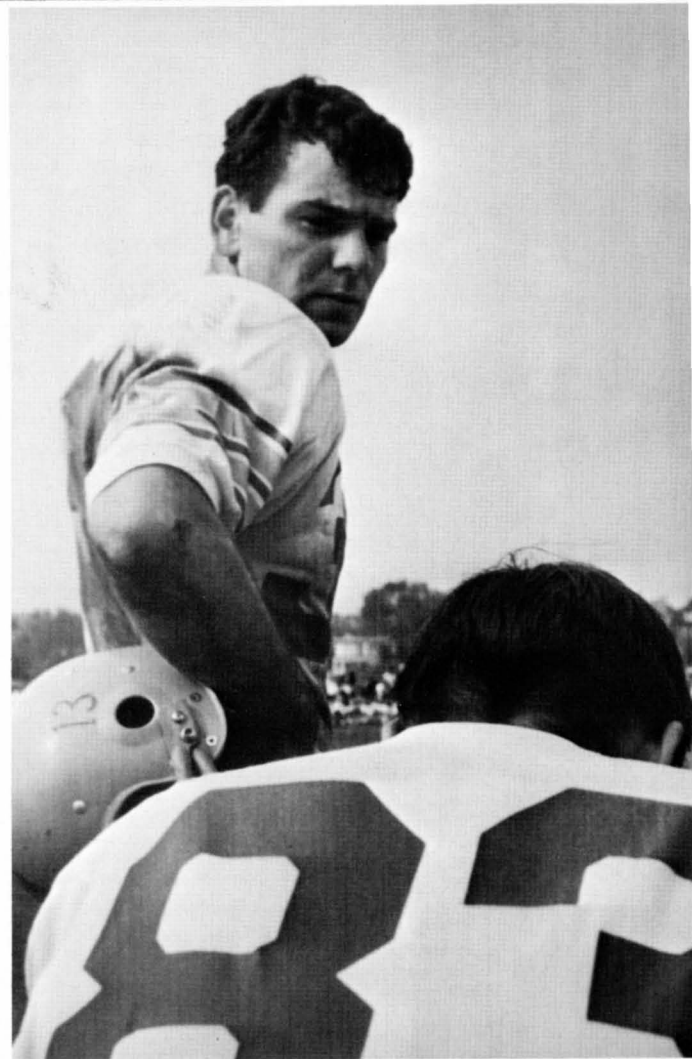
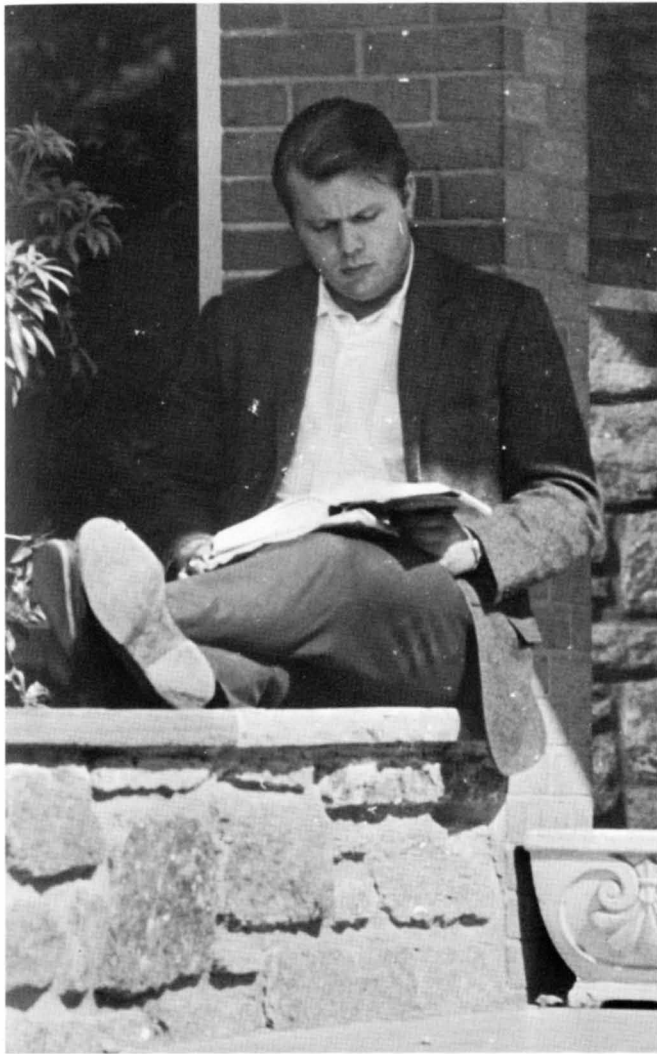
*My little speech made everyone so keen
To forge ahead, that even if I'd tried
I hardly think I could have held them in.*

*So, with our poop shouldering the dawn, we plied,
Making our oars wings to the witless flight,
And steadily gaining on the larboard side.*

*Already the other pole was up by night
With all its stars, and ours had sunk so low,
It rose no more from the ocean-floor to sight;*

*Five times we had seen the light kindle and grow
Beneath the moon, and five times wane away,
Since to the deep we had set our course to go,*

*When at long last hove up a mountain, grey
With distance, and so lofty and so steep,
I never had seen the like on any day.*



*Then we rejoiced; but soon we had to weep
For out of the unknown land there blew foul weather,
And a whirlwind struck the forepart of the ship;*

*And three times round she went in a roaring smother
With all the water; at the fourth, the poop
Rose, and the prow went down, as pleased Another,*

And over our heads the hollow seas closed up.”

Dante

The search for knowledge and excellence is unceasing. It is the ultimate source of progress, which is the handmaiden of civilization. This book is dedicated to the honor and memory of the alumni and students of P M C, who have taken and are taking part in this search.

