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Dedication

Too often in the history of mankind the achievements of a most worthy man are neglected; achievements that call for recognition but fall short of such because they are minor and seem of little importance. Little do they seem but large enough to engrave lasting impressions of duty, honor and love for mankind into eager working minds. These are little things that matter not to others with recognizable honor but reach the innermost heart of those who really desire to become dedicated to a cause. These are little matters that develop into lifetime traits as a single cell develops into the complexity of man. The foundation of success in life starts from little, unrecognizable achievements of not so great men.

As fellow Lancers we took this matter into consideration when we chose our dedicatee, Dr. Herman Stone, Jr. He is a man worthy of his achievements in life. He is a man worthy of honor, a man reaching the height of his goal and leaving little footprints in the sands of time to show others the way. We have seen the way and the prints are still there for others to find. We are proud to say such of a man so worthy. It is to you, Dr. Stone, that we give this honor.
A Tribute

Requiescens
I am for sleeping and forgetting
All that has gone before;
I am for lying still and letting
Who will beat at my door;
I would my life's cold sun were setting
To rise for me no more.

Countee Cullen

But Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. would not let us sleep and forget, he would not let us lie still, and he would not let us give up. He aroused his people into action, giving them the inspiration to overcome the obstacles of a prejudiced world.

It started the day he decided to lead the Montgomery March. All the black brothers needed was one spark to light the fuse and Dr. King was that spark. From there, there was no stopping him, for his loving followers, the black man, was ever present. Through town after town, he and his legions marched—letting their cries be heard and demanding action. He became one of the greatest binding forces between blacks and whites since the origin of the United States. Not only did he recognize the plight of the black man, but also that of other minorities and poor people.

We have lost much more than a great leader. Dr. King was a man, not just a common man, but one who personified the pinnacle of God's achievement in the creation of a real human being. The fact that he just happened to be born black was to our advantage although it is quite probable that he would have been responsible for doing similar things. This is why we have chosen to honor Dr. King. We simply wanted to recognize "a man who cared."

"I've been to the mountaintop
and I've seen the promised land."
The Soul of Time is very elusive. It is something man plays with, thinks about and tries to remember. When he looks back he can only rejoice or regret.

When the soulful college year of 1968-1969 is a fading remnant of yesterday, you may continually turn the pages of this “Lanite” and recall your days at Dear “Ole” Lane. All the events, activities and people, like the grains of sand trickling through the small opening of the hourglass, are a measure of the time you spent here.

As you peruse these pages you will recapture the soulful moments in the “barn,” cheering the Dragons to victory, sitting in Mid-Week services and playing cards in the SUB. You will be reminded of the long nights, the sleepless days, the classrooms and laboratories where you worked. You will remember the friends in associations, clubs, cells, fraternities, sororities and sports teams.

Most of all, you will recount the part you played at “Fair” Lane. It was here that you experienced the “Soul of Time” and had the soulful time of your life!
A college is a center of higher education, which is made up of people who study, work and play. It is an institution which trains and develops the minds of young people.

Lane College is a Christian Institution founded upon the principle to not only train the student academically, but to develop his mind spiritually as well.
Seeking a higher education, they enter Lano by the hundreds, bringing with them their childhood dreams and future goals.
Registration is a never-ending struggle comprised of many hectic and frustrating hours...
A few moments of relaxation are stolen at the end of a hectic week.
Settling back trying to find a place in our newly adopted home, the stark reality of nostalgia penetrates our hearts.
Moments of leisure become more scarce as classes and studies move to their places of importance, giving rise to a time for being who one is and is to become.
And

Now...
Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth,
as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power;
and the glory, for ever. A-men.

Matthew 6:9-13
God, Give Us Men!

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without
winking!

Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, he! Freedom weeps.
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

Josiah Gilbert Holland

"GOD GAVE US THE MAN"
PRESIDENT C. A. KIRKENDOLL
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Teacher of the Year

When the search for the "Teacher of the Year" began, a number of adjectives were mentioned as a criterion for judging. We had to choose from the good, the better and the best. But, we felt we wanted someone different, someone who represents more than ordinary excellence.

We wanted the ultimate, the superior, the paramount, the zenith, the apex, the grandiose, the acme in the scholarly pragmatic dispersion of knowledge; yet one who has an uncommon love for her students and is loved uncommonly by her students.

We have found her. She is Mrs. Mabel J. Henderson, acting chairman of the Division of Humanities and Professor of English.
May 15, 1969

To the Graduating Class of '69

Greetings:

No college administration thinks more highly of its young men and young women than this administration. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to have been associated with you during a period of history marked by protests, violence and riots. To have you come successfully to this point in your life is both a compliment to you and to Lane College.

Recognizing the wisdom and patience demonstrated by our faculty and staff, the newly acquired knowledge and the impatience attributed to our young people, we are still optimistic enough to hope that we have instilled in the members of the 1969 class many of the qualities which will make you active and progressive citizens in your chosen communities.

Not all has been dark and dreary this past year. Our students have won honors for themselves and Lane College; new construction for the comfort and convenience of our students has been started and the curriculum and faculty have been enriched and expanded.

As always, our actions are dictated by the known and anticipated needs of our students and we shall continue in our efforts to present the best possible educational program to those who choose Lane College to guide them in their academic, religious and social pursuits.

In the years to come, I hope you will think often and fondly of your Alma Mater - visit her often and support her programs.

Good-bye, good luck, best wishes and may God be with each of you.

Very truly yours,

C. H. Kirkendoll
President

President—Edward Lang, Vice President—Annie Holloway, Secretary—Marilyn Prichett, Assistant Secretary—Bunzie Thompson, Business Manager—Samuel Davis, Assistant Business Manager—Carl Pillow, Treasurer—Barbara Thomas.
A Year to Remember

FALL: WINTER: SPRING: SUMMER

FALL: NEW EXPERIENCES

The smoke-scented haze of Fall greeted excited freshmen who were eager to learn the reality of college life. Slowly but surely inventive-minded freshmen arrived to become oriented to the jampacked life of college.

The scrambled week marked the prelude to a year of participation in a swift moving collegiate society.

The Fall was unusually hot this year and for that reason cut-off jeans, shorts and micro-mini dresses became more prolific than ever. As mini-skirts were seen frequently on campus, the fad eventually upset campus eyes.

As usual, rush week was more dominant than ever as fraternities and sororities worked endlessly to present ideas to its new youngblood. A few weeks later probates were seen as they prepared to cross the burning sands.

Football season brought much color to campus life as students jammed the stadium to cheer their team to victory. The smell of popcorn and the sound of cheers helped to enlighten the entire composition of football season. Football brought a certainty to Lane—Homecoming, and with it another thrilling event. The displays, floats and stately parade were very colorful, as Homecoming brought with it many distinguished alumni to help celebrate such as momentous occasion. This year’s Homecoming was threatened by torrential rain but later turned into a sunny Fall day.

With Fall lazily moving onward, golden-brown leaves drifted down to cover lasting footprints imbedded by Fall’s latter.

ONCE WITHIN A TIME
WE TUMBLED DOWN THE AUTUMN DAYS
AND FALLING, CHANGED A BIT.
Of college years with pleasurerief.

Senior Superlatives

Most Athletic .......................... Revival Smith
Mr. Personality .................. Garmer B. Carrie
Mrs. Personality .................. Judy King Taylor
Most Handsome Fellow ................. Daniel Canegin
Most Attractive Girl ............... Freddie Vaulx
Most Stuiious Fellow ................. Rayfield Calantiss
Most Stuious Girl ........................ Annies Jones

Most Talented Fellow ................. John Odom
Most Talented Girl ................ Shirleen Wilson
Best Dressed Fellow ................. Joseph Grady
Best Dressed Girl ................ Atheina L. Bragg
Most Likely to Succeed ............ John Henson
Most Likely to Succeed ............ Yoonie L. Durr
Most Humorous Fellow .......... Johnny Rogers
Most Humorous Girl ............ Phyllis Nicholson

President—Melvin Bell; Vice President—Jerome Bold,t; Secretary—Carol Skiles;
Business Manager—Johnny Rodgers; S.C.A. Representatives—Robert Vearough and
Steve Aja.)

Junior Class

Marcia Lewis Alexander
Lucy Mae Alford
Kelvin Anderson
Lawrence Armstrong
Robert Atkins
Silvon L. Ashford

Faxo Davis Arnold
Crystolene Banks
Kerri Becks
Melvin J. Bell Jr.
Jacqueline Bishop
Linda F. Beza

Jerome Bold,t
Executive Board

Eva Brandon
Linda A. Braly
Carolyn A. Bragon

Of years we look upon with joy.
WINTER: THE HAWK

Winter scenes gazed happily, as students filled the almost deserted campus after Thanksgiving break. The eyes of students caught the almost evident signs of winter, as its cold overcoat buttoned upon the unforgettable leaves of Fall.

With snow quietly falling and majestically covering symbols of campus life, an indescribable mood moved over the campus as snowball fights and construction of snowmen motivated the seasonal change.

The seasonal change shifted the mood, to students hurriedly moving from dormitories to the SUB to miss the chill of old man winter. Many students lazily watched television as others by chance caught up on studies. Old man winter with his chilling sting brought about the right season for Basketball; unlike the Spring when a young man’s fancy turned to love, or the Fall when he turned to Football. Our sometimes brilliant team received little support from the students, then all at once spirit was evident, as excited eyes of students watched the team bring many wonderful hours of pleasure.

Chilling breezes rushing around corners, brought students hurriedly into classrooms to receive their final exams. Finally that great day arrived and students with their hearts full of hope picked up semester grades.

Earlybirds with drowsy eyes, awakening for 8:00 classes, found the shadows of night hazily leaving as the sun enhanced the cold morning scene.

When our beautiful ecstatic campus finally reached the unbearable degree, Lusites finally migrated to dormitory rooms, where tired and cold souls found hours of rest. Winter signs left everlasting memories.