Dear Fellow Lanites and Colleagues:

The 1979 edition of the LANITE records in words and pictures events and activities which highlight the 1978-79 school year. Many hours of hard work, imagination, and endurance have brought this project to fruition. I commend all who helped to make this project a reality.

Though I am sure the book will be enjoyed by all who will have the opportunity to read and peruse it, the students—especially graduating seniors—will deem it a most treasured possession. Its value will increase with the years, in that it will serve to recall memories of years gone by.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

President

Lane College
BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Back Row: L-R
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DRAGONS

ACTIVITIES

HOMECOMING

1978

QUEST TOO GREAT DREAM IMPOSSIBLE
IN MEMORY
OF

FOR LEAH AND RICHARD

Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking;
Thus the poor, the pris’ner and the mourner
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.

Nicholas Rowe
OUR THEME
NOTHING
STAYS
THE SAME
EVERYTHING
ALWAYS
CHANGES
LANE IN THE PAST . . .

LANE IN THE PRESENT!!!!
THE MIND IS LIKE A PARACHUTE

OH, OH...

IT MUST BE OPEN IN ORDER TO WORK.
Question Or Prayer  
By Robert Parham

Help me to understand  
The world which I see  
Not prejudice them  
As they do me.

Help me to see beneath the skin  
Into their faces and eyes  
Above the lowly minds  
Beyond the angry cries.

Help me to see the good  
When they see only bad  
To share love and happiness  
When others are sad.

Help me to love them  
As I know I should  
It isn’t easy living  
When you’re misunderstood.

WITH PEN  
AND  
INK
MISS AFRO
Greer Seresty

MISS DRAGONETTE
Ms. Brenda Bevis

MISS HOMECOMING
Sandra Clear

MISS BAND
Ms. Diane Koonce
MISS
FRESHMAN
Jessie
Browning

MISS
JUNIOR
Vetra
Lesser

MISS
SENIOR
Deborah
Austin
MR. AND MISS PRE-ALUMNI
MISS CHERYL BLACK
MR. MICHAEL ASKEW

MR. & MISS
PRE-ALUMNI
Mr. Michael Askew
Miss. Cheryl Black

RUNNERS-UP
Mrs. Mary Elaine Harper
Mr. Simeon Williams
What time is it?
By Joanne Brown

The overall mood of the class is not one of studiousness, but as I look around, one can almost see the students mentally counting the minutes and the seconds. What time is it?

It seems like an eternity. When will it ever be over? Oh no. I didn't get the last sentence of the lecture. What time is it?

It seems as if his voice is dropping on-and-on. Will he ever stop? Will he ever stop? Will the hour ever come to a close?

What time is it?

Black Determination
By Robert Parham

The wind of a whisper inside.
The tear of joy.
Loving the beauty of success all from
Black Determination

The knowledge of struggle to the comfort of completion.
The achievement of fruition, of love,
of friendship for an everlasting touch.

Black Determination.

Its reaching to touch that star,
To hold on to life as it is,
To progress from that level is,
Black Determination.

It is not survival for the fittest
but survival for all.
The will of the people to destiny for all
to reach,
BLACK DETERMINATION is our spirit.

PAST LOVE
By Connie Rocker

Whose goin' love ya when the lovin's gone?
How ya goin' like to hear the goodbye song?
Messin' with your mind
Occupied your time
T'ook your last chance
Left you in a bind.
It all went wrong
It didn't last long
No wedding bells ding dong
The livin' is gone.

Lady, Hey Lady
By Stephanie Currin

Lady, Hey Lady
You're a beautiful Child of Thine
destined to find your destiny
Live your life, the life your Creator
has set forth for you

Lady, Hey Lady
You have a mind greater than any
spoken word
You have a heart that cries to live
within you
So Live! Live for me one time will you

CAFETERIA

They're mashed potatoes... one lump or two?

Martin
Foshan
80
TEACHER OF THE YEAR
MR. NIAZ AHMED KHAN
ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR
1979 GRADUATION EXERCISES

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM
Alma Mater

"Fair Lane"

Fair Lane, we love thee, love thee well
It is of thee we love to tell.
Of friendly years of college life,
Of college years with Pleasure rife;
Of years we look upon with joy,
Of years we could but help employ
Our minds in ecstasy when soon
We would begin this happy tune.

Long may our loved college live
For we our zealous help will give,
And give it too with might and main
To that dear school we love, our Lane.
When out upon life's rugged sea,
We then will turn and think of thee,
We'll think of days we spent with you,
Of days we cheered the Red and Blue.

When troubles rise to dim our way,
We'll know no other words to say,
And say them over and over again,
We love thee dearest, fairest Lane.
And may our loved college live
For we our zealous help will give,
And give it too with might and main
To that dear school we love, our Lane.

— Words by Athol M. Smith