RESPONSIBLE for the Salad preparation in the test kitchen will train, no experience necessary. Must have own transportation. Starting salary $1.60 per hour. Hours 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Apply across the street from 1st to 2nd Avenue.

GO-GO DANCERS wanted for club 688-9814.

COUNTERTOP GIRLS at laundry shop needed. No experience necessary. Will train, top pay, excellent working conditions, fringe benefits. Call Cleaners between 8-10 a.m.

BAKERY saleswomen needed. 5 days paid vacation.

JEWELRY SELLERS wanted. Northside Shopping Center, 685-2833.


NATIONAL Furniture of our first Florida counselors. Call 101-101. We will train women. Apply in person. Part-time. Immediate opening. Full benefits. We are a growing firm. We are a growing firm. We are a growing firm.

CASHIER needed. Apply in person.

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE invites you to join us.
Gone With the Wind Dept.

Whatever became of: S.O.S.?
Open Faculty-Student Discussions?
Small Classes?
Faculty Advisors?
Big Sisters?

The students enthusiastically greeted Sister John Bosco's presentation of the plans and goals S.O.S. in September. Sister told the student body that a bus would be available every day of the week and girls could tutor or entertain at several of the migrant camps in the area. S.O.S. was to be a school project with every student giving whatever time she had to offer. We sat and heard Sister urge each of us to participate. List and times were posted, names were signed up, but the bus left empty, and soon after, never left the Marymount parking lot.

Faculty -Student Discussions.

As was sighted in the last issue of our "respected" newspaper, an open discussion was held on November 9, between the faculty and students. The purpose of this informal gathering was primarily to communicate, to question, and to sound off. It was agreed upon, vehemently, by both faculty and students that these discussions should and must continue, because of their importance and value.

However, November 9 marked the beginning and the end of these much needed "releases." Silence has shrouded the faculty and students, dis-satisfaction still prevails on campus, and it seems content. Or are you?

Small Classes

Over-population has set into the Marymount classrooms. We are no longer a small college but a flourishing university with less attention to individual students. Arts & Crafts is certainly a worthwhile course geared to future usefulness, but English and Psychology are essentially unnecessary, unimportant and, as a result, they are over-crowded.

Maybe next year Marymount can hire someone skilled in nut cracking, and eliminate the essentially easy courses which will be of no use to the individuals. However, we will have the advantage of a skilled profession, making asphalt.

Big Sisters

"Hi, I'm your big sister, my name is so-and-so and such-and-such. If you need any advice or help just let me know."

Well, that seemed to have been the extent of a well-organized plan. Some Big Sisters who took the initiation to comfort their little sisters, have since disappeared; and there remains some who simply couldn't be bothered by such trivialities. Their interests lie elsewhere, but where?

Administrative Scapegoats

Isn't it time to cease all this third-grade disrespect for certain faculty members who won't give us our way? Two women come to mind, who, by the nature of their jobs, are forced to make difficult and unpleasant decisions, and who we seem to have adopted as scapegoats for what are usually our original mistakes.

Although Marymount's rules are fairly explicit, let's face it — most in authority here are quite willing to pretend they don't see what is going on. And when someone does have the courage to stand and do what he thinks is right, he is the object of catcalls, sneers, and caty insults.

We'd like to make it clear that their efforts are appreciated. The respect and admiration from those who really care what happens to this school far outweighs the pouting of the little people.

Me, I walk along the narrow deserted streets, past the shabby buildings casting grey shadows on the glaring pavement. The air is heavy, stifling, murky fog devours everything; suffocating. My footsteps echo ominously.

The simple sounds of night become stalkers; man-eating, unmerciful, Somewhere a clock strikes twelve. A hollow, ringing sound, Louder, louder, louder, louder, then; Silence.

Death-like, chilling.

A rat scurries.

A sudden gust of wind scatters bits of torn newspapers and garbage —

Another Rat scurries. Me, Nancy Yaeger

It seemed the sky was shooting sparks purposely, as if to warn me not to recall the memory of yesterday's sorrow.

When it strikes I feel it has pierced my heart, paralyzing my body and yet its beauty brightens the dark sky and brings me back to reality at my darkest hours.

Parents Weekend

Theme "Roaring Twenties."

25 returns (50) and we expect 100 parents.

Friday, Feb. 25, Dorms will be open and parents are invited to tour the campus. Friday night, under the direction of Sister Regina, "THE BOYFRIEND" will be presented in the auditorium at 8:00.

Saturday, Feb. 26 — Saturday morning registration will begin in the auditorium at 9:00. At this time the parents will receive name tags and other information concerning the college. From 9:30 — 11:30 an Academic program is being planned. This program will involve various topics with faculty members conducting discussion groups. At 11:30 a patio luncheon will be served on the patio of Founder's Hall. The rest of the afternoon will be spent in tennis, swimming, and other sports. At 6:00 the parents will again return to the college for a Social Hour in the Trinity Hall Lobby. After this all-in-the-dance is to be held in Founder's. The parents will be able to let their hair down and join the younger generation. The dance will provide a speak-easy atmosphere and should bring back many memories. A black and white color scheme is being used. As the mothers enter the dance they will receive yellow mums and the fathers, matching boutonnieres. A floor show is planned featuring a Freshman and Sophomore skit.

Sunday, Feb. 27, Sunday morning mass will be held at 10:30. A brunch will be held at 11:30 featuring a sing-along with all the parents. A local piano player will provide music. At this time awards will be presented to the parents for various things. Sister de la Croix will give a speech directed to the parents. The afternoon is free for the parents to spend with their daughters. All in the weekend should provide great fun.
My Darling Daughter

Marymount College her choice of school for two years, Living at home and studying with all her might, A teacher to become has been her goal for years, To make her grades there has been much study by night.

I am proud to be the mother of this promising young miss For she’s respectful, thoughtul, helpful, and gay. Most loyal to her church, friends, and school as you may guess A child so blessed will sleep well after each day.

N. W. B.

Carol:

Mom and Dad like to feel she was a Jewel given to us by God, to mold into goodness and beauty. Four years at Nazareth Academy, LaGrange, Ill. has made this Jewel form and shape into the qualities that begin to make up a young lady, Now our precious gem is beginning to sparkle and shine with poise, self-confidence, love, and understanding of her fellowman. With this polishing and buffing, we hope this Jewel will never lose its luster.

THIS WE OWE YOU MARYMOUNT!

Our Nancer

Here is a tall tale about a girl we all know, That makes you feel warm, though rollin in snow, She stands tall and straight, like a gal you wanta kiss, And her flirtin with men, you can’t afford to miss.

When first she decided, father said not, but mother said yes, Just whos the boss at our house, I’ll just let you guess, Away and off to school, and to the land of the sun, Her letters came home, always quoted with a.fon.

Between dancing and prancing, we hope she has studied, Without listening and thinking, her life can be muddied, What they’ve done to her now, has just got to be splendid, Because what we had before, simply had to be mended.

It’s been nineteen years, arriving at this cultured point, But whas gives with this jazz, about that campus loint, Years ago, it was simply readin and writin, and all jive sayable, But today, with dignity and flair, all words are assayable.

She’ll graduate from Marymount, in the year of sixty-eight, With many hundreds there, for that long awaited date, And when she sits on stage, and her heart begins to roar, She’ll feel like a whispering jet, all ready to soar.

And now that it’s almost over, We feel she’s in clover, Because she’s flighty, but can be mighty, we’ve always called her, The Prancer, The Lancer, And because she’s cute, because she’s sweet, we’ll always love her, Our Dancer, Our Nancer.

Return of My Collegeate Girl

Seeing her for the first time in four months her Dear Grandmother greeted her in her famous Irish Broquet, “God bless you little one, you have grown into a lovely young lady,” I haven’t seen you look so happy since you made your First Communion!

To her mother she looked like an Air Line Commercial on television, the weather was freezing and she came home in a Red and Blue suit wearing no coat and looking wonderful, I expected her to say any minute “COME ON DOWN!” the weather is fine in Florida.

While she keeps us all hopping with irons, phones, doorbells, friends, and no end of errands, it was a delight to have her home, Hoping by 1970 she’ll be looking down on little ones in her own classroom, trying to imprint the principles she has so well mastered at college - So as the world moves on, this little bird flew back to her little nest at Marymount.

FOND FAREWELL
B & B

The Fifth Child

October 24, 1949
And there was she
To present to Dad from me She was round and healthy She was all that was perfect And so she took her claim in the family

Little we knew the joy she would give us She was the fifth The fifth we had with us,

She was different somehow, She was gentle and gay She was anxious somehow to go astray She wanted her home Yet tended to ponder Lands and schools that were hither and yonder And so today - A Marymount Girl - We do not say she gives this a whirl - We say she is eager to do and to give to you - as to us - The joy of the fifth

Marymount College
LaGrange, Ill. has made this Jewel form and shape into the qualities that begin to make up a young lady, Now our precious gem is beginning to sparkle and shine with poise, self-confidence, love, and understanding of her fellowman.

This is the story of our Nancer, the fifth child we have, and we are proud of her.

Our Nancer

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With this polishing and buffing, we hope this Jewel will never lose its luster.

THIS WE OWE YOU MARYMOUNT!

Dear Dad
Here I sit
Browe knit
A misfit,

Why, you ask -- am I not keen? I'll tell you why
NO LIMOUSINE!

Instead of a fuddy,
Feet that are muddy and cruddy,
I could be gay -- with a way,
Be at par, and go far
If only you would give me a CAR!

My marks would improve
And be better -- to the letter.
I could be a "go-getter"
Not a heel -- but a wheel
On why not an AUTOMOBILE?

If you want me bright
Study right, have insight,
Be neat instead of sloppy,
A beauty instead of boppy
Then how about a little JALOPPY!

I want to Do things, and Go places, see the races, new faces
But all I do is weep --
A heap -- I'm a creep,
Couldn't we settle for a JEEP?

I'm in a terrible state
No date
What a face,
It's misery -- and muggy
No kissy! No huggy! Without even a BUGGY!

But I guess I'll pull thru
Altho I'm blue
I love you,
I'm an old crustation
In my frustration
I am here ONLY --
FOR AN EDUCATION
Honors Convocation

White tasses for Deans List were awarded to forty seven students on Wednesday February 10 at the Honors Convocation and dinner. Dr. William Wixted introduced the guest speaker, Sr. Agnes Louise, O.F. who gave an address on "The Pursuit of Excellence," Sister discussed personal excellence, and achieved excellence both exemplified by Dr. Thomas A. Mosher. She reminded us of the importance of excellence in every field, "We need good plumbers as well as good philosophers or neither our pipes nor our philosophies will hold water."

Sister delaCroix presented the tasses as faculty and students congratulated the following girls:

- Susan M. Alber, Elena Alfleri, Hollis C. Barton, Geoganna Bonebrake, Marie Casper, Marcia Saly, Tracey Flaherty, Patricia A. LeStrange, Ruth A. Linke, Marta Mendes, Suzanne F. Penni, Catherine Roberts, Sandra Shelly, Loreta Stilman, Ardeth M. Willis, Sophomores.

- Deborah A. Avampato, Maria B. Babun, Alexandria Bliven, Christine Bloechinger, Clara Bninski, Diane B. Braceland, Mary Elizabeth Bradford, Chery Lynn Buckwalter, Mary L. Capo, Regia S. Cox, Rosemary Dorellorenzo, Payricia W. Donovan, Brenda A. Dorman, Mary A. Evans, Cassie L. Kelly, Linda LeSourd, Lois Kathleen Martin, Elena Maria Martinez, Mary C. Menness, Adele A. Montanari, Marcia A. Plunkett, Carol A. Provenzano, Jane F. Rayner, Margaret E. Rickards, Elizabeth Snyder, Karin F. Stillman, Dorothy A. Wells, Carmen R. Wildgoose, Joan F. Willisma, Gail Woodhead, Freshmen.

Moving On

There is a time for everything. A time for joy, a time for tears, a time for looking back. Tonight combined all of these times for us. Tonight we were alone. Tonight was the last night we all will be together in South Hall. Tonight was our farewell Christmas party.

Christmas time is a time of happiness, a time of being with those you love. But the happiness is mingled with tears at the thought of leaving. A Santa Claus appears and everyone is merry and gay. Beneath lurks the thought of farewell. We have all lived with one another and loved one another in these past four months, but now we must all separate and learn to live and love our new inmates.

As I sat on the floor tonight and watched the happiness on everyone's face, there always seemed to be a tear in their eye. When our housemother received her Christmas present from all of her "children" in South Hall, no one could put into words the way she or we felt about losing each other.

As I gazed around the room, one group of people mean a great deal to me. They are something that no one or nothing can ever replace. This group of people are our sophomores.

As we chomp on cookies and drink punch, we talk of the past and things we've done together. A past full of good times and bad, laughter and tears, a past of togetherness.

The main lobby is just about empty, it is dark and all one can see is a card by the lights of the Christmas trees. A card that reads, "Thanks sophomores, it was great living with you."

Pat Killan

Coming of Age: Spiritually

Dr. Justin Steurer and Rabbi Isaac Neuman presented the fourth in Marymount's coming of age series January 23. The title of their presentation was "Coming of Age: Spiritually."

They were at quite a loss, both men repeatedly explained, because spiritual maturity is such an intangible, and in fact is never attained by many. To complicate the issue, it is, for all practical purposes, immeasurable.

While both these men are highly respected on campus both for their knowledge and insights, the purpose of giving a speech to tell us that they couldn't tell us anything eludes me.

Surely with all the years of studying behind these men, they could have provided us with something to think about. Their point about spiritual maturity being a personal undertaking is valid, and yet ideas gleaned from such experienced sources must be at the root of some kind of truth or logic.

Contrary to popular thought, we do not automatically reject the ideas of all those over 3, and in fact appreciate the chance to hear from someone with something figured out for a change.

"The Boy Friend"

Marymount's Choral and Drama Club are producing a Musical Comedy spoof on the 1920's entitled "The Boy Friend." There will be five evening performances at 8 o'clock p.m. on February 21, and 22, 23. Tickets will be sold for a dollar-fifty each. Sister Regina is directing with the cooperation of the head of the drama department at St. Andrews, Mr. Kenneth Glenn, and the drama department of FAU. Mrs. Dawn Wright, the modern dance teacher at Marymount, is choreographer. The dance club will do the "Riviera" number. Some of the costumes are being made by the cast, while others are being rented from the Delray Costume Company.

Props are from various thrift shops, (Dicks & Costume Co.)

The cast consists of the following people:

- Polly Browne, Nancy Yager; Tony Brockhurst, Ken Calhoun; Madame Dubonnet, Dottie Wells; Perceval Browne, Robert Langford; Bobby Van Heusen, Oscar Giraud, Maisie, Betty Mullin; Dulcie, Johny Frisbee; Lady Brockhurst, Sue Storke; Lor Brockhurst, Frank Neuber; Hortense, Anita Beran.

Chorus:

- Chris Bloechinger, Dorey Curry, Nicki Willis, Cheryl Merrill, Jim Ehrmann, Jim Curtis, Doug Rowland, Bill Baker

In all, it promises to be a delightful show characterized by vitality and a sparkling sense of humor. Well, twenty-three skidoo!
Parents Sound Off

Lament to a Discard Subject

or They Didn’t Uster Do It That-a-Way.

She is a charming little Marymount lass
Obviously among the upper upper class,
Whose morals are certainly beyond reproach
She drinks but little and seldom smokes.

She walks very proud in her mini-dress
And seeks no morons to impress;
But! She’ll speed the pulse and test the nerves
The way she reveals those tantalizing curves.

She is an expert in most all fields
She holds her own and never, never yields,
In riding; in swimming and even the golfing bit
But alas! Of her religion she knows not a whit.

So that’s the story and that’s the score
And hundreds of parents will forevermore
Send their darlings to acquire Marymount-ese
Where they’ve thrown out the Good Book and only aim to please.

N. Discrète

To All the Emaciated

(sorry about that)

Emancipated At Marymount

Lincoln issued a proclamation,
Called by the term “Emancipation”,
Down through history it has gone
To right many a wrong.
Marymount has done the same thing, -
Traumas and inhibitions it does wring
From “children” who go off to college
to gain a little knowledge.
No need for psychiatrists,
Hardly any for psychologists.
Instead, rush off to Boca Raton,
Let the good old check book moan.
Off to here and there please dash,
Let father worry about the cash!
Play on the courts, swim in the pool;
A game of golf is always cool.
Run to the store to get the “playables”.
Buy all the chic “on-saleables”.
Go to Palm Beach to Petite Marmite
Where all the elite like to eat.
Go to the Bayou for a Stinger,
Don’t be frustrated; be a swinger.
Read away at Marshall McLuhan,
The image and the message are so allurin’
That you will never have a qualm,
Morning, noon or all night long,
‘Cause all the Russians are peasant-like,
Corn flakes for breakfast and ride your bike.
Read away at old friend Freud,
And of all fears you will be devoid.
Seriously though and academically speaking,
Go get what you think you’re seeking,
And now that you are ac” - cli-mated,
Isn’t it great to be e-man-cii-pated?

How about being snug in your beds
With visions of sugar-plums in your heads?

Echo 320
Happiness is... being a Girl
being liked by the gang --
having a ball at school --
being in with fun people --
dating "fun" boys --
living in the sun --
being on your own --
being loved and trusted by your family --
being a Marymount girl.

Gratefully,
Marymount Parents

First semester:
"I want to come home," cried my last born --
my college student,
"You should never have always kept her near you
as you did," laughed my first born --
my college graduate.
"You must keep trying, no matter how you feel,"
says I, the mother.
"But everybody is leaving," cried my baby.
"I can't believe that," says I, the mother.

Second semester:
"Well, all my friends are back, hurray!" wrote
the little one. "But now They want us to move.
What will become of my friends?"
"That's life," says I, the mother. "New classes --
new friends."
"The place is dead," says my little princess. "No
social life. Dates go to motels or homes for beer
and pot . . . ., Mother, would it be alright if
my hometown boy friend came to visit me?"
"BOYS = HORRORS! What shall I say? My baby
is lonely -- but not for me! After eighteen years,
how could this be?"
Dear God, it's your turn now; she will no longer
be with me.

We sent our girl to Marymount,
It cost us more than we can count.
They taught her charm and grace and poise,
And how to get along with boys . . . .
They taught her all the social graces,
Problems that a young girl faces . . .
Taught her that this easy living
Comes from parents fond of giving . . .
Taught her when to laugh or sob,
Tried to gear her for a job.
So -- when she bids you fond adieu,
All our thanks go out to you.

For parents of children such as we,
We arrive and pray that they turn out to be,
Individuals and personalities that we hope to see,
We have sheltered and harbored our daughter with hope,
that someday the world would not look upon her as a dope.
Strange as it may seem, belief we have seen, independence
and self-reliance she has acquired with esteem.
Sincerely,
K. W.
Apathy Revisited...

Revisited Again...

Our first edition of "Reflections" was jubilantly placed in every faculty members mailbox. A week late, and after only two verbal comments from lay faculty members the staff again approached the faculty via their mailboxes. On this occasion we asked for a response concerning our college paper. We received four student letters expressing their reactions to "Reflections". One of these letters questioned the presence of apathy and its cause: was it due to lack of challenge on the faculty's part or was it in fact solely the students fault. We, the staff, after receiving only one faculty response, must at this point wonder if our efforts to communicate with the faculty are in vain. Could it be the faculty failed to read our paper? Did they pass it off as trivia or use it to wrap fish? Did they notice the printed student letters and ignore the one directed at the faculty? Is there a lack of interest and concern on the faculty's part? The entire faculty received invitations to the Halloween Skit party. What percentage came to join us on that night? A number that could be counted on both hands. This year the English department has presented open forum discussions on various foreign films. How many faculty members come to offer and share their ideas, their opinions with the students? "Coming of Age in the United States" is the lecture series presented by the college for the students. If the administration feels it is worthwhile enough that we attend these lectures to make them mandatory, where are the faculty at these lectures? Couldn't the faculty come and join the students at these lectures? Wouldn't this bridge the gap between student-faculty and enrich their relationship? At a college where the faculty student ratio is 1-10 is it necessary to send letters home that the students are unaware of? Is this not an indication that maybe we are too often talked at, not with, and treated as children? Maybe the faculty has in some ways resigned themselves to a feeling of disinterest, unawareness, disregard,
The "REFLECTIONS" staff has placed, as permanent fixtures for the rest of this year, Hot Boxes in Trinity Hall, East Hall and the faculty lounge. These boxes are an open and direct line to channel faculty and student opinions, suggestions, poems or any contributions to our college paper. Our goal is to offer every person on this campus an opportunity to express themselves in "REFLECTIONS".

Tennis Team

"Love, 15, 30, 40, Game!"
This is the motto of our famed Marymount Tennis Team. We hope it becomes reality in the months ahead for the scheduled tournaments.
February 20, Marymount College will play Broward, J.C.
February 22 - Dade
March 14 - P.B.J.C.
March 21 - Broward
March 28 - P.B.J.C.
April 4 - Dade

Members of our team are:
Carolyn Ashner, Peaches Barkowitz, Anne DaOis, Faye Deal, Carol Eckert, Jo Anne Kimball, Pam Lombardi and Ann Spiecher, who will participate in the Tallahassee state closed Tournament on April 19 and 20. Oscar Geraud, Frank Neabaur, and Kathy Whalen are also essential players. Good Luck in your garnet

Student Council

On February 6th the Student Council met and announced plans to initiate a program, under the chairmanship of Kitty Rooney, with the purpose of communication and stimulation between the faculty, staff, students, community and any interested persons. This would be achieved by a series of open debates, lectures and discussions which will take place during the next few months, with the students planning and participating. Other members of the committee include: Tewy Bergstrom, Ann Darrah, and Pam Lombardi. The committee hopes this program will be success through the ideas and participation of the students.

For What It’s Worth

Once again we’ve passed down the long line and chos of registration to begin another attempt to begin another semester of college life. For many freshmen, much of their own surprise they’ve managed to handle college work and have come back for more (or less); sophomores have returned to approach with qualms, the last hurrah.
New faces have arrive on campus and familiar faces have become memories. Some of us have wandered around Marymount not quite sure where we are going, what we are achieving, what we are here. We face each other at times, hide from each other at times and often search for some meaning or some understanding of ourselves.

The value of being in attendance at this college and the success of this experience here is each student’s responsibility. This issue’s cover reads "Marymount Invites You to Drop Out" and as such as we’re all aware becomes a more tempting suggestion each day, to many A topless Go-Go dancer, a salesgirl, a typist, a social director, at a glance may seem like jobs that would be an improvement for someone over college. A paycheck chance to meet people, freedom - no more signing in and out. No more mandatory lectures, classes to attend, or groovy mixers. Out into a dashing world waiting to be conquered by you Are you ready, capable to enter this world and be an asset to it? Could you be a wife and mother or work nine to five job (no cuts allowed)? No, not yet. Marymount is some way prepare you for the world for yourself for adult life? 2,500 dollars has been paid in order to secure you this opportunity. Yo are a college student. Or are you? Have you decided you can’t stand the pressure the college, the climate, the food and have regretted every day here? Have you turned yourself off to college, turned yourself out by staying in? A year - a semester - a day has a lot to offer you. Accept it, use it, appreciate it. This is the challenge of college.