



Bonne chance Betsy  
à l'Assemblée  
Madame,

ELIZABETH IRENE COMBIÉR

Entered: I  
House: Euclid  
Team: Blue  
Junior Varsity Basketball: X  
Varsity Volleyball: Senior  
Art Club: IX (1), X, Senior  
Dance Club: IX  
Drama Club: IX  
Glee Club: IX, X, Junior  
History of Art: Senior  
Treasurer of Class: IX(1)  
Vice-President of Athletic Association: Junior  
President of Athletic Association: Senior  
Art Editor of the *Philomel*: Junior  
Sports Editor of *Spectator*: Junior  
Business Manager of the *Yearbook*: Senior  
Honorable Mention: Junior (1,2)  
Honor Roll: IX, (1,2); X (1,2)

Dear Betsy,  
be cool, be cool,  
stay cool stay cool,  
Champaign has impressed  
with what I wanted to say.  
See you in Montreal - I hope -  
so this isn't goodbye  
Love Dme

"Betsy" . . . piano . . . "It's Europe again this summer!" . . . stuffed animals . . . suede . . . St. Adele . . . rings . . . pierced ears . . . "Hey, Cliff" . . . "I'm Betsy not Jill" . . . #2½ pencils . . . Luv . . .

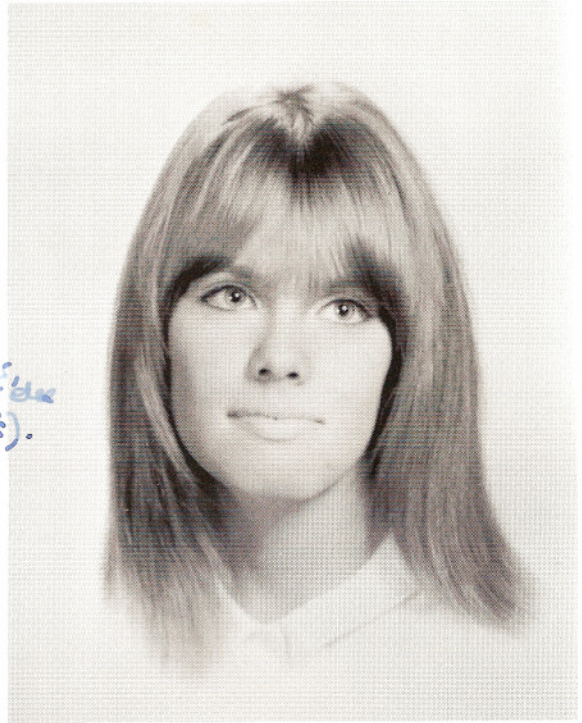
"Love is a proud and gentle thing,  
A better thing to own  
Than all the wide impossible stars  
Over the heavens blown."  
—Orrick Johns

Dear Betsy,  
Good Luck next  
year at college.  
I'll bet you'll really miss  
Nightingale. It's been great  
knowing you. Bye. Love, Julie

Dear Betsy -  
Thanks for  
being such a great  
ATH. pres. Good luck  
next year.  
LOV,  
Vicki Lynton



Entered: I  
 House: Canterbury  
 Team: Blue  
 Art Club: IX, X, Junior, Senior  
 Glee Club: IX, X, Junior, Senior  
 Secretary of Class: IX (1)  
 Secretary of House: X (1)  
 Vice-President of Canterbury: Senior  
 Athletic Representative of Canterbury: IX (1), Junior  
 Art Editor of *Philomel*: Junior  
 Honorable Mention: Junior (1,2)  
 Honor Roll: IX (1,2) X (1,2)



JULIA LILLIUS COMBIER

Dear Betsy, (the one who knows all my secrets about Wully, Paul, Peter, John, Mike, Jerry - SILENCE or else (B)).  
 At last! A whole page to myself on which I can write whatever I want to you... and my pen has indelible ink (hell - I can't spell, even tho I am brighter than you are. - ha!) To begin, you said in my yearbook that you had more things on your list - it's QUALITY, not QUANTITY MONEY (hell - the quality is pretty nearly the same!!!) Any way, we have FOND (?) memories - running around the dining room table, throwing down the chairs when we had a fight, hiding that plaid headband that we both liked so much: so you wouldn't wear it: (and then not being able to find it). Looking in the mirror offer a trip to Florida, or something and screaming "you're darker than Jim, 'eg!" or "you're fairer is darker than mine is." Yet! (one day I said something when the other was looking). Meeting new males YUH! and crying "he liked you better than me". Of course we immediately increased our wiles to trap the one up for bids, only to have both lose interest and go to greener fields. I could continue forever - those lunches with Daddy when we each got  $\frac{1}{2}$  order of hamburger - boy did that burn us! Swiping stuff animals from Longchamps (tsk, tsk - such naughty children!)

LILLIUS  
 with you on the yearbook  
 great you'd at least think to spell  
 No, this is not a self-portrait - it's the only thing I can draw and I saw this lovely little white space sitting here unadorned so...

Julius... so that's how the other half lives...  
 lonnnnnng fingernails... "my guy"... "Club"  
 ... Gospel à Go Go... "I don't see that"...  
 "Wait a minute"... hamsters... "I'm Jill not Betsy"...



I have to keep... "The world is a beautiful place to be born into in mind that this is a school yearbook."  
 If you don't mind happiness"  
 —Lawrence Ferlinghetti

O.K. SCHOOL memories - coming home and doing homework... together. I wonder why we always got nearly the same marks? (I said "nearly" - mine were always a little bit better!) Putting up books to prevent the other from reading our essays etc., and then quickly looking over the other's notes while one was busy on the phone with Alex, Mike, Noel, Wully, Peter, Jerry, Paul, Chuck, Gail, Priscilla, Carly, Vicky, Deb etc. SO MANY MORE! (memories, I mean).

Finally going different paths - Yikes. It's not that we go to bed Hoarse every night from screaming at each other or that I sleep frustrated with the idea that you could always blackmail me better than I could to you, etc. It's because we can meet so MANY new people, when we visit each other! Wish, but thinking - we will spike our letters up with juicy information but probably never write the other. Heavens - breaking the "rule"? The other might think the first has gone BIRDY - be NICE to your twin, NO KISSERS!  
 LOVE, ?? (remember me?)