YEAR IN RETROSPECT . . .

To be educated a man must study history. He must be able to analyze the events of the past. In doing this, however, one all too often fails to notice and to understand the events taking place around us . . . the history of tomorrow.

In 1964 the nation worked hard to set the stage upon which we would perform our part in the perpetual struggle of life. As we were learning to take our places as contributing members of a democratic society, the nation was in South Vietnam and Laos preserving that society. There was fighting at home, too, in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. Sometimes the battle was peaceful, but often it became violent in the face of frustration.

We fought with success, but not without cost. Progress often demands a high price. In 1963 that price was our thirty-fifth President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The nation stood silent as the long funeral procession wound its way past the Lincoln Memorial and crossed the Potomac to lay a fallen leader to rest. Even as the rest of the world looked in on these tragic events via the Telstar Telecommunications Satellite, the seed of rebirth was sprouting within us, and we began the task anew. There was a new leader, a renewed spirit, but, yet, there was the same cause.

Prosperity was widespread in 1964 as new skyscrapers reached for the sky in every major city. Industries boomed at a record pace as Americans enjoyed a taste of President Johnson's plan for a "Great Society." And, in New York, a World's Fair was opened. Crowned by the steel Unisphere, the Fair stood as a symbol of our progress, success, and a sincere desire to share our good fortune with the peoples of an uncertain world.

And, so it was in 1964: a year of hardship and turmoil, a year of progress and success in which history was written . . . not a history of the past, but a living history of the future.
THE CITY AND THE NATION
... We came to Boston in search of knowledge and experience. We marveled at the Prudential Tower, strolled leisurely along shaded Commonwealth Avenue, and roamed over the spacious Commons. We wandered across Tremont Street and down the walks of Stuart Street. There we found Washington Street, and we roamed no more. We spent hours in the Palace and the Red Garter. Soon we uncovered the Eliot Lounge and discovered that $44 could still buy happiness and security.

We chuckled when the Skyway Patrol fell into Boston Harbor, and saw the Brookline Avenue Bridge finally repaired. It was the year the Pentagon tried to close the Boston Naval Shipyard, and this was the year that the Hub entered the space race.

We watched as the Big City elected Collins as mayor, and Piemonte spoke at Babson. We got to meet Miss Waldorf and eat all the fried chicken we could for a dollar and nine pennies. We watched and grieved with Boston, as a city, a state, a nation, and the world mourned the death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

While we were here the skyline changed as new buildings reared their huks against a cold New England sky. We saw Harvard get or at least claim to have sex, and we watched the Celtics dribble to another world’s championship while the Red Sox missed the first division again.

We were soaked with more than twenty inches of rain and covered with fourteen inches of snow. We saw hundreds of movies and danced thousands of dances. We rode the M. T. A. and prayed in famous churches, and even sometimes on the M. T. A. We walked in the shadow of history and upon the birthplace of a new nation. We found education and we found experience... we found them in the Big City.
YEAR IN RETROSPECT . . .