THE
MIDDLESEX SCHOOL
YEARBOOK

1951

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
FREDERICK WINSOR

Founder and First Headmaster
of Middlesex School
(1901-1938)

In this, the 50th year of Middlesex, we of the class of 1951 feel we owe much to the memory of the founder of the school which we are now leaving. Although most of us know Mr. Winsor only from his portrait in Ware Hall, we are all aware of our debt to him, and gratefully acknowledge the service and inspiration he provided in the younger days of Middlesex, which are still so much a part of Middlesex life today.

LAWRENCE TERRY

Headmaster of Middlesex School
Since 1938

As successor to Mr. Winsor, Mr. Terry has had a direct and friendly influence on us all, both as a class and as individuals. We are deeply indebted to him for the patient guidance and leadership which has enabled Middlesex to grow, physically, scholastically and morally.
1951 Year Book Board

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Dedication

For his steadying influence upon the school
his friendly and sincere concern with our problems
his gentlemanly and erudite manner and
his inspiring qualities both as a teacher and a man
we the Class of 1951
gratefully dedicate our yearbook to
René N. Bourquin
Faculty

_Front Row:_ Mr. Dawson, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Bourquin, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Terry, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Kettell, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Alexander. _Second Row:_ Mr. Sanford, Mr. Weld, Mr. Carter, Mr. Larson, Mr. Archibald, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Locke, Mr. Raymond. _Third Row:_ Mr. Hubard, Mr. Coffin, Mr. Quirk, Mr. Volkmann, Mr. Ethard, Mr. Hawkins.

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MIDDLESEX SCHOOL

LAWRENCE TERRY
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1938)
Headmaster

WENDELL P. RAYMOND
Ph.B. (Brown)
(Appointed 1911)
Gamma Math., Baseball Coach
Emeritus

CHARLES W. LOCKE
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1918)
Latin, Head Crew Coach

ARTHUR M. LAMB
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1919)
French, Music, Glee Club,
Gilbert and Sullivan,
Dramatic Club

RUSSELL H. KEITZEL
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1921)
Geography, Architecture, Wood
Carving, Stage Force, Tennis
Coach, Assistant Hockey Coach,
Higginson Housemaster

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RENE BOURQUIN
B.C. (Reuiter)
(Appointed 1923)
French, Latin, Physical Education
Housemaster

FREDERICK W. PRATT
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1925)
Latin, Head Football Coach, Hockey Coach Emeritus, Robert Winsor Housemaster

CHARLES W. FARNSWORTH
Princeton
(Appointed 1930)
English, Dramatics, Assistant Football Coach, Woodchopping, Hallowell Housemaster

JOHN DEQ. BRIGGS, JR.
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1932)
Assistant to the Headmaster, English, Art, Yearbook, Debate, Squash Coach, Le Baron Briggs Housemaster

WILLIAM J. R. TAYLOR
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1937)
Geology, Biology, Science, Museum, Rifle Club

W. SEYMOUR ARCHIBALD, JR.
A.B., M.A. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1942)
History, Assistant Tennis Coach

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ANDREW M. DAWSON
B.S., M.Ed. (Univ. of N. H.)
(Appointed 1942)
Physics, Chemistry, College Advisor, M. A. A., Gym Store,
Peabody Housemaster

WILLIAM D. ALEXANDER
S.B., A.M. (Bowdoin)
(Appointed 1943)
Mathematics, Day Boys' Advisor, Football Line Coach

ROBERT P. HULBURD
A.B. (Princeton)
(Appointed 1946)
German, French, Lacrosse Coach,
Second Team Hockey and Pup Football Coach, Peabody Assistant Housemaster

ALDEN A. LARSON
A.B., M.Ed. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1947)
History, Fourth Football, Third Basketball, Lower Crew Coach, Bryant-Paine Assistant Housemaster

THOMAS J. QUIRK, JR.
A.B. (St. Anselm's)
(Appointed 1949)
Latin, Mathematics, Basketball Coach, Assistant Baseball Coach, Higginson Assistant Housemaster

GREGORY C. COFFIN, JR.
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1949)
English, Third Crew Coach, Fourth Team Football Coach, Roberts Winner Assistant Housemaster

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SAMUEL E. CUTLER, JR.
A.B. (Dartmouth)
(Appointed 1949)
English, History, Head Hockey Coach, Assistant Football Coach, Second Team Baseball Coach, Hallowell Assistant Housemaster

LAURENCE H. SANFORD, JR.
A.B. (Princeton)
(Appointed 1949)
Economics, Mathematics, English, Speeches, First Team Baseball Coach, Pup Football, Third Team Basketball Coach

PHILIP B. WELD
B.E. (Yale)
(Appointed 1949)
Mathematics, Chemistry, Lower Football, Hockey, and Baseball Coach, Higginson Assistant Housemaster

HENRY E. ERHARD
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1950)
French, Lower Football, Hockey, and Crew Coach, Le Baron Briggs Assistant Housemaster

JAMES H. VOLKMANN
A.B. (Harvard)
(Appointed 1947)
Director of Admissions

THOMAS R. HUCKINS
A.B. (Brown)
(Appointed 1946)
Business Manager, Basketball Coach, Second Team Baseball Coach

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Class History

When we came in 1945, there were an abundance of downstairs studies, numerous bachelor masters, and a flagpole. Basketball was played upstairs in the gym; the new rink was not yet complete. The chapel and Elliot Hall towers were dark and ungilded and the crew course was the scourge of the league. It was a time before the new cage roof, floor and lights, the modern physics, chemistry and biology labs, the new boathouse, and the "Merry Mess." We lacked major basketball letters and lacrosse. The forty-five minute class disappeared as we came and is reborn as we leave. We gained a new music room, and a succession of bigger and bigger glee club orchestras. These have indeed been changeful years to Middlesex and to us.

In 1945 the traditional small boys (four of them) came through the traditional gate to form the base on which our class has been erected. Tom Bisbee started off his long political career by being elected president after only two ballots. By mid-year, the class swelled to five, the added one being Ronny White, who later gained fame as the boy who was often seen projected head downward from a window in Room E amid laughter from our larger members.

As the class grew in numbers and stature, we encountered the need for outside diversion. The solution to this urge came for us in the form of clubs which led to our own individual businesses. These sterling corporations included a shoeshine emporium, a car wash service and several fluid photo developing concerns. Out of all this furor not much developed, since most of our entrepreneurs lacked either patience or business ability. We still were subjected to doorway discrimination in the dining hall and found ourselves having to make the long detour through the cellar.

Athletically, we contributed little except for the cheering that year. The football season, for us, is recalled mostly by the victory bonfire and the burning of the St. George's effigy. In the winter, those who played basketball shoveled snow like hockey men for they played virtually under the open sky in the still unroofed cage.
When we moved to Room D with many newcomers, we (some of us) realized our need for more physical extracurricular activities. Two of us made varsity positions, namely Bob Green in basketball and Johnny Alles in hockey. Some of us forsook more organized athletics and spent our time building huts in the woods. And then we had the RW fire. Regardless of the fact that burning dormitories are uncommon at Middlesex, it is remembered that Mr. Locke's Latin class was held almost the whole period in full view of the merry blaze. As if this wasn't enough, some of our more ardent saboteurs tried to blow up BP.

In the spring a pioneering group developed a highly successful sport whose novelty has not yet worn thin. Being a presidential year, the fall of our third class year was featured by delirious election rallies, the result of which was a victory for a rather conservative candidate, considering the loud campaigns for more radical entries and the vote of the "lunatic fringe."

Thirteen of us made varsity squads that year, many being in more than one sport. Football suffered an abbreviated schedule because of a polio scare and the crew course was straightened.

Gastronomically, after many smaller concerns had thrived and died under black market prices, we at last got an organized and socialistic confectionery which was christened "The Merry Mess." Another highlight that appeared on the campus was the illumination of the cage. Naturally with all this construction being done, there was found to be a little destruction. It came to one of the most prominent features on our campus—the flagpole. Despite the fact that the pole had been taken down, the base, having weathered the more scientific methods, this spring finally succumbed to the brute force of a pneumatic drill.

Before the second class our only contact with science had been experimentation with simple machines and aquariums in the fifth and sixth classes and a little biology in the third. When we returned to break in the new Chemistry lab, we discovered our skill, or lack of it, with more delicate
apparatus. Some of our more earthly members, still craving science, took up geology, a newcomer to the curriculum. Eleven of us contributed to a superb football team that rolled over all opponents, save one. This was followed up by a championship hockey team, undefeated in league play and a near champion lacrosse squad.

On a more intellectual level, the debating team, carrying two of our classmates, started on a unanimous victory string that is still intact and unrolling as we leave. This perhaps was due to the acquisition of a tape recorder that became known to all of us as the symbol of the dread Monday morning speeches.

In the spring along with the usual water fights, bolo bouncing and knife throwing, there was the 175th Anniversary of the start of the Revolution at the Concord bridge. Along with General Omar Bradley and Senator Leverett Saltonstall, the Middlesex glee club was called to officiate with C. A. at the celebration. Milestones that year were not confined to anniversaries of the Concord minute men, for Middlesex turned out its 1,000th graduate among the class of 1950. At the departure of this monumental graduate and his class, we found ourselves at the treasured goal of the first class. Again we turned out a memorable gridiron squad, featured by the spectacular appearance of the ‘Denny Express’ which may or may not have helped us to win all our games except one, including St. George’s.

Many of us joined the glee club, not because of our love of music, although undoubtedly many enjoyed it, but for the attractive social contacts it afforded in frequent rehearsals with the Academy. Our social life has blossomed admirably, whether because of the glee club or our increased freedom. This newborn awareness was illustrated by a record attendance at the Winter Dance.

On the ice, we were not as potent as the year before, but the basketball team, although by no means champions, showed a lot of improvement over the year before. In squash we turned out the usual good team. Many of us, not yet over the novelty of our privilege, filled the downstairs of Ware Hall with streams of blue-gray smoke.

Our class was born on the heels of the end of World War II, and as we leave, the world is again arming. The battle of Korea which is still in full swing has done much to sober us with the prospect of our
being in uniform before long. As the tension in the world increased, we began to be told regularly, "Don't enlist, boys. Whatever the recruiting sergeant says, don't believe him. Go to the admiral." Fortunately, we veered away from the strict army discipline as far as we could, and many of us returned with a Florida tan or a New York gray. All of us had empty pockets and we spent most of the last term trying to reestablish ourselves financially, some with unreliable and some with more reliable methods. But we had a lot to talk about as we settled into the last stretch of our stay here.

About this time stories began to leak out concerning the ugly appearance of contraband television in various first class clusers.

As the time funneled down to the last few weeks, work seemed to pile up at an incredible rate, including panels, reports, yearbook, and athletic obligations. Some of us joined Mr. Farnsworth's one-nightstand players and their presentation of "Life With Father." All of us felt our time growing short.

In baseball, we barely missed a league championship. Crew, after a poor start, jumbled together a satisfactory year, the maiden season for the new boathouse. Lacrosse was still the Cinderella sport of last year, as the team had nine victories and only one defeat. Tennis came through with a solidly winning season to complete the athletic success of our term.

One of our last extra-curricular efforts was the second annual Hook Night, which has been renewed after a long absence from Middlesex activities. Financially, the accompanying
auction was a boost to the yearbook funds. The performance of the famous duo, Huckins and Quirk, along with M. C. Dave Wells and the "Middlesexer" rounded out the show.

After exams and panels were complete we found ourselves suddenly on the threshold. With the added attraction of the 50th Anniversary of the school, graduation exercises drew a larger crowd than expected and we received our diplomas in the cool breeziness of a tent erected on the front of Eliot Hall. Our graduation address was superbly given by Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy, who cautioned us that fame was not as important as ability.

Aroused with these sentiments, we pinned our alumni cards on and went to lunch. We realized that the long trek was over and the end was upon us.

As we leave what has been a home to us for from three to seven years, we realize that the last few days made a great difference in our sentiments toward the school. The sadness of departure has mellowed and softened our feelings, and many of us regret some of our past mistakes. But we are all grateful for what the school has given us—and perhaps sorry not to have contributed more than we took. As one member put it, "We never realize what we've gotten until it's too late to repay it."