First Class


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JOHN SINGLETON AMORY, JR.

Old Farm
Wenham, Massachusetts

Age: 18

College: Harvard

Denny has won three football letters and three hockey letters in his four years at Middlesex, and this year was elected captain of football and president of the M. A. A. The "Denny Express" ran unchecked this past year, and his play at end and at wing have made the opposition tremble from Newport to Hebron. But despite his obvious ruggedness, he still retains his valuable ability to combine an innocent "I ain't done nuthin'" with a deceptively angelic look. A real home boy, Denny at first preferred the rugged plow to the champagne cocktail society of the North Shore. This naturally puzzled us, but after several indoctrination courses we finally won him over to a more sophisticated way of life. Scholastically, the Wit has lacked luster, but has worked hard enough both to stay out of the cellar of the class and still to have time for other things. Recently he swapped his spitting model "A" for a more streamlined model and became a flourishing Don Juan. But no girl has yet cornered him and he continues to play the field with conspicuous success. Out of a fierce family loyalty, John has kept trying to convince us that Johnny Appleseed Co. is far superior to The Country Store. Since all we have seen of Mr. Seed's merchandise are khaki pants and striped ties, however, we are beginning to wonder.
David Lowndes Amory
Old Farm
Wenham, Massachusetts

Age: 18

College: Princeton

In his four years here, David has become one of the best-liked members of our class. The fact that he is so genuinely nice to everyone gained him the presidency of our class two years ago, two years on the student council, and the election to represent the school in this year's Good Government Day program. He has also worked hard as the chairman of the dance committee, secretary of the M. A. A., and proprietor of the Merry Mess, at which task he was ably assisted by his roommate, who gathered in all the coke bottles from far and wide. In athletics, David has been a scrappy competitor in football, hockey, and baseball. In his first two years here, his remarkable speed made him the star of the C Team backfield and he won two subsequent letters on the varsity. In hockey, his spirit added immeasurably to team morale, and in baseball he employed his brain as well as his body coaching third base. His keen business ability, apparently hereditary, was well in evidence as he worked on the Anvil business board his third and second class years, and this year, as he handled the higher level of the book night arrangements. We shall not soon forget Dave's winning ways. We have found it a pleasant change to come into contact with a person whose interest lies wholly in others, and we are sure we are the better for it.
REGINALD DICKON ANDERSON
Grafton, Massachusetts

Age: 19
College: Colby

Three years ago Grafton's gift to Middlesex, Reg Anderson, arrived, eager to tell anyone who would listen his adventuresome tales of the big city. Unfortunately, Grafton is not the only city in the world, and Reg's enthusiasm has palled somewhat. Called "Granddad" by his younger classmates, it appeared that Reg was destined to become a great mathematician when Math 3A first assembled. However, when we got into work he hadn't had before, the bubble burst, and he sank with slow dignity into the depths of the B section. Reggie's height made him a natural basketball player, and as center he won two letters and was the team's third highest scorer. His six feet two inches also came in handy on the gridiron where he snagged a goodly number of passes and won two letters. Reg tried pitching this spring, and it was only his occasional lack of control (understatement) that prevented him from completely handcuffing the opposition. He also came through with several long hits. Reg is a ladies' man, in a nonchalant sort of way, and has spent many entertaining hours in Concord. He enjoys life best in a slumping position, talking about hot-rods and the opposite sex. He has always been a more or less steadyling influence in our class because of his maturity and sound judgment. Reg plans to spend the summer in silent prayer, in the hope that college life reaches him before the draft.

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ANDREW ANDERSON, III

21 Maher Avenue
Greenwich, Connecticut

Age: 19

College: Babson Institute

Andy was the largest of the original four that entered Middlesex at the close of World War II, and has retained this distinction throughout his school career. By no means a sober person, he raised his infectious laughter to all four floors of Peabody at once, and his cosmetics made it a busy fourth floor between "radio" programs. Although a confirmed land-lubber, Andy has a girl in every port, and spends much of his time composing love letters in the conscientious atmosphere of his fourth floor suite—or else inspecting his large arsenal of pink Brooks Brothers shirts and Country Store ties, which help to make him one of the better dressed boys on the campus. He tried his hand at every sport from football to crew, but finally concentrated on the racquet games, and developed, aside from his tennis game, an impressive collection of appropriate comments. Andy also helped run the store with an iron hand, and was a member of both the Rifle and Glee Clubs. He plans to spend the summer working on his father's Wyoming ranch, and watching with interest while Uncle Sam and Babson Institute battle for his services for the coming fall. It's going to be a close race. Although Andy, like most of us, has had to struggle valiantly to get through Middlesex, his jolliness and rotundity have made our stay a more pleasant one.
William Bradley Breed

27 Rolling Lane
Weston, Massachusetts

Age: 18

College: Harvard

The tall, lanky fellow known only as Bill Breed joined us in the fourth class, wearing his Brooks Brothers suit, button down shirt and striped tie that were to become so familiar. Since then he has dispelled any of our misgivings, for he has proved himself a competent, though often unstudious, student, and has somehow developed into one of our most promising ladies' men. His hearthrbohs in Concord are legion, and he is usually burdened by some deep dark problem concerning them. Bill is also an excellent host, many of us having been entertained at his home, but he is not averse to being entertained, for he spent a good part of his senior year in Concord as the guest of one of his numerous acquaintances. Bill rowed on the eight the past year, and by dint of hours of high pressure persuasion has managed to convince one or two that this is by far the best shell. Last year Bill won his numerals in football, but had to give it up this fall for fear that it would sap the strength which is so necessary in carrying out his other extra-curricular activities. He also claims that he carried the entire squash team on his back this past year, but we cannot dispute him on this count in view of the fact that he was stationed in the depths of the squash ladder. Bill also performed spasmodically as an angular cheerleader, who waved his arms a consistent half-beat behind the rhythm of whatever cheer he was leading.
THOMAS BISBEE

Moretown, Vermont

Age: 17

College: Harvard

Tom came to Middlesex six years ago, not through the gate as tradition would have it, but across the campus from B. P. where his father was house-master. He was promptly elected president of our fledgling class by his three classmates. The next year his family retreated to Vermont, leaving him alone to defend his home state from the assaults of all other states in general and New Hampshire in particular. ("So what if there are more cows—maybe we like cows . . . ")

In this fight he has been about as successful as anyone could have been. Bis has been in six G. and S. productions and as a result of no apparent work he is president of the dramatic club. His work in other fields got him onto the Anvil board and last year he was elected to the position of Editor-in-Chief of this Yearbook. Bis is an avid baseball fan and has defended the Braves as competently as he has Vermont. He was elected captain of the successful 1950 second baseball team, and played on the varsity this spring. Tom also won his letter playing center on this year's varsity football team.

We have always considered Bis a successful student (he receives good marks with a minimum of work), and have often tried to imitate his form of study, but with dubious results. He also served on the student council this year, but in spite of repeated third degrees, has never divulged what goes on at student council meetings.
Morris Ruggles Brownell, III
8010 Crefeld St.
Philadelphia 18, Pennsylvania

Age: 17
College: Princeton
Graduated with Credit

Rug has accomplished more through sheer hard work than anyone else in the class. His application to his studies has earned him a diploma with credit by a wide margin, even if he had to stay up till three getting his work done. The piano is his lifetime accomplishment, and his talent at the keyboard earned him the music prize last year. In addition, he has won a Gallagher history-essay prize. Athletically, Rug's diligent efforts raised him to the number one position on the squash team, and placed him on the tennis team in both of his last years. His vocal chords make him a man of distinction. The claxon call of Rug's tenor can be heard booming throughout the dormitory at any hour of the day or night. (Don't try to shout him down in an argument.) He has employed himself well in this capacity by holding up his section of the Glee Club for his three years here, and highlighted his efforts by a superb performance in the leading role of "Ruddigore." Rug is remarkable in that he is the only person in the class who stands up straight. But his military bearing is far from indicative from his nature, which is genial and amiably persuasive. He takes his dry wit with him to Princeton, where he says he will probably consider entering some profession, although he has a great future as a night club bouncer.
George Buehler, man of mystery, has been a source of constant speculation to the class ever since his arrival four years ago. From the very beginning he aroused everybody's interest with the large strong boxes and various odd-shaped packages which he received almost weekly in the mail. This year, whenever George returned from his Bedford hunting grounds astride his infamous Mercury, he always brought back with him a little green bag which bulged mysteriously. It was inevitable that his classmates would eventually come to address George with the intriguing if unpoetic title of "crook." Because of his sincerity and understanding, the "befuddled kid" has always been popular in our class, and a conspicuous figure in countless ball sessions. He has also played a large part in Middlesex athletics. A converted outfielder, George caught for the first baseball team the past two years, and because of his fine spirit was elected captain of this year's nine. He won his letter in football, as a tackle, and played a bruising hockey game, adding two more letters to his collection. His best game was against St. Mark's, when playing with an arm injury, he scored the tying goal with seconds to go. George was a colorful figure around the campus, wearing a horrible red silk jacket with yellow stripes, which was his pride and joy. In his idle time, George brushed up on the latest wrestling holds and practiced them on his smaller classmates with invariable success.
WILLIAM BUTTRICK

Liberty St.
Concord, Massachusetts

Age: 17

College: Princeton

Graduated with Credit

Willie is one of the hardest-working boys that ever cracked a book at Middlesex. His determined industriousness brought him averages in the eighties, and it is greatly to his credit that he received such good marks while he was at Middlesex. But it is Willie's idiosyncrasies that make him a delightful personality to all those who know him. Who can forget the short but spontaneous lectures he used to give the class, or the way he used to race from his seat to open and close various windows? His Hallowell house-mates never ceased to be amused by his antics when distracted from his work. Once someone beat Will out the door at breakfast, and he was inconsolable for weeks. But beneath his entertaining exterior, his heart is in the right place, and not a few of us have experienced Willie's generosity with his cigarettes and his swimming pool. Will gets his exercise mostly by hopping over snowdrifts on the way to Trinity Church, but he won his major letter last year by doing a wonderful job as head baseball manager. He leaves Middlesex for Princeton, after which he plans to enter the ministry (four years ago, Will saw a vision on the road to Damascus). We are sure he will be an asset to this sorely needing profession if he will just keep his voice down while singing hymns, and we wish him every success.
Montgomery Rollins Childs
Tidewater Farm
Dover, New Hampshire

Age: 18

College: University of New Hampshire

Monty is another one of those defenders of New England who must bear the brunt of various sarcastic remarks made by outsiders about New England and all it entails. However, if anybody is going to be bearing any brunt it might as well be Monty, or "Bushman" as assorted mutterers underclassemen affectionately call him. And since he is well-traveled (having been as far west as Lake Placid and as far south as Newport, R. I.), he knows whereof he speaks in arguing for his native territory. Monty has been one of the most active members of the class. His principal hobby has been collecting major M's, of which he had seven by graduation. In football, he worked up from the pups (yes, he was on the pups, honest) to the first team, where as a glowering quarterback he received two letters. He won three more as a hockey defenseman, and another two as an outfielder-first baseman for the baseball team, where he hit a record number of triples. Monty has a weakness for social organizations and at one time or another has been in the Dramatic, Camera, Rifle, Railroad, and Glee Clubs, and taken part in six Gilbert and Sullivan productions. As a result of his long, if not arduous, services, he served during his senior year as vice-president of both the Dramatic and Glee Clubs. He is a proficient skeet-shooter, and made his panel on this subject. But Monty will best be remembered for his size, his good-naturedness, and his assorted nicknames, like "Mighty Joe Young," and "Willy the Giant."