Jeremy Haskell Dole
81 Sudbury Road
Concord, Massachusetts

Age: 18

College: Yale

Graduated with High Credit

Jerry arrived here from hallowed Concord in the fourth class and during his stay has become a past master at the supercilious "Dayboy, sir," as an excuse for chapel lateness and other minor lapses for which the answer was completely and bafflingly irrelevant. Besides being late for chapel, he had other activities, one of which he discussed (to his regret) in the Anvil during his second class year. Whether or not his Sunday mornings were fruitful, he never told us. His great interest in his studies gave him an aversion to Edith Piaf records and free themes. This year the smooth and professional style of his many literary works became familiar as his themes served to pass the time of many a Saturday English class, much to our enjoyment. As an athlete, Jerry was a star on lower teams, captaining the second basketball, third baseball and fourth football teams in his younger days. His gridiron skill earned him a coaching job this fall and he captured a seat on the first basketball squad this winter. This spring he gave up a berth on the first baseball squad to have a fling at tennis. Scholastically, he has always been in the top three or four of the class by means of knowledge gained we know not where. His sharp wit, while entertaining many, disturbed others, as it was meant to. Physically, he raised the question of whether he had smoked an excess of cigars when young, or whether he was just trying to rival David Amory.

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James Harold Gilmour, Jr.
648 Shaler Boulevard
Ridgefield, New Jersey

Age: 17

College: Harvard

Graduated with Credit

Gil became a member of our class in the fourth class, and has somehow led a quiet and well-ordered life ever since, punctuated, however, by such unfortunate episodes as the night he fled screaming from his room, having mistaken a tennis ball lying on his bed for a mouse. Living up to his position as a National Scholar, Gil (somehow the name James got lost in the shuffle) placed consistently high in class standings, although he had to survive many rough moments in Physics I. Gillie has entered into sports with enthusiasm, but while successful on the lower squads, was severely handicapped by the strange recurrence of poison ivy on his left heel this year. However, he pitched on the first squad, and was a member of the undefeated, unscorched upon, unplayed hurling team. He also served on the Anvil for two years, and made a brief appearance for the successful debating team. In his spare time, Gil, like the rest of us, thinks about women; but more important, he plans to become a doctor and his large white smile should go a long way toward establishing friendly relations with his patients.
RONALD CHARLES FARNSWORTH
Middlesex School
Concord, Massachusetts

Age: 18
College: Cornell

"The Dude" joined us in the fourth class, wearing boots on his feet and a bored expression on his face. Although the bored look has remained, Ronny has now donned more maneuverable loafers and has been on the go ever since, both in school and in Concord. He played two years of varsity football, and ran up against a discouraging succession of injuries that would have made many others quit. But Ronny's stubborn streak paid off, and he won his letter his senior year. He also played hockey every year and made first string this year. However, Ronny's heart, when it wasn't in Concord, was on the lacrosse field, where he distinguished himself by being the best goalie of the New England Prep School League. Besides his athletic contributions to Middlesex, he has been a leader in the Dramatic Club, and this year gave a fine performance in "Life With Father." In his spare time, if he was not in his room strumming a guitar, he was down in Concord conferring with the "Dudess." Ronny spends his summers out west working on ranches and picking up colorful anecdotes to tell us innocent Easterners. Many (but not all) of these stories have found their way into his ably written themes. Ronny's skill with the guitar won him a first-string position on the Middlesexer, which strummed and hummed at Hook Night. He is going to Cornell to learn how to become a wealthy rancher.
William Oliver Hamilton, III
12224 Dorothy St.
Los Angeles 49, California

Age: 17
College: Stanford
Graduated with Credit

Bill brought the sunshine of California to Middlesex three years ago with a wide grin which has become his trademark. He told us of the beauties of smog-ridden Los Angeles with a fervent zeal which, although he has not convinced many of us to leave our natural habitat, has at least never been diminished, in spite of our attempts to weaken it. A National Scholar, Bill has stayed high in the class from the beginning and not only graduated with credit, but also got an improvement prize the last term of this year—no mean feat. Athletically, Bill captained the C Team in football this year and won his letter as chief ball-polisher for the basketball team. In the spring he helped out various and sundry managers and worked his way towards graduation. But his main contribution to school life has been literary. Last year he was editor-in-chief of the Anvil and turned in a creditable record in spite of a treacherous staff. This year, he has advanced to the editorial board of the Yearbook. Bill is also quite a public speaker. He debated against St. Mark's and apparently so impressed the Powers That Be that he was chosen as speaker for the alumni dinner June 9th. Few of us heard the speech, Bill's first after-dinner effort, but we have it first-hand (from Bill) that it was excellent. Bill is returning to "The" coast next year to train as a midshipman, having won a Navy scholarship to Stanford under the Holloway Plan.
ROBERT CHASE GREEN, JR.

7751 Kingsbury Boulevard
Clayton 5, Missouri

Age: 18

College: Princeton

Bob is one of the most gifted boys in the class. Perhaps our best athlete, he is also good-looking and possesses a positive personality that has made him a leader in our class. During his stay here he has amassed a total of nine major M’s. He played for two years in the backfield of the football team, as a spanning fullback, and three on the baseball team, where he played one year as a catcher and then two as an infielder. But basketball remained Bob’s forte; he played on the team every year during his four years here. He was elected captain of the squad his senior year and his aggressive style of play made him a consistent high scorer in a season marked by a goodly number of moral victories. This year Bob served as a member of the M. A. A. and as a black-face performer on Hook Night. He was also introduced into Boston society by Perea, and found time to search out feminine pulchritude in the surrounding hamlets. Bob’s sharp wit is an integral part of his makeup; although he is frank, even harsh, in his appraisal of those around him, he is also true to his friends. This year he roomed with Ostermeier and the two spent long hours reviewing the relative merits of Saint Louis and New York society. Bob is going to Princeton where he plans to study architecture.
CHRISTOPHER HARRIS
Westford Road
Concord, Massachusetts

Age: 18

College: Yale

Chris has been a day boy at Middlesex for five years, motoring in from one of his bases in Acton or Carlisle just in time for chapel each morning. Despite the obvious temptations of such a situation, he has maintained a good average, and gained the distinction of being the class artist. In this capacity, he diligently devoted many classes to the mass production of small caricatures, much to the delight of his teachers, who thought he was furiously taking down notes. He was also successful portraying more mature scenes, like barns, and aside from several near misses, won two Thoreau Medals. In athletics, Chris has been persevering, industrious, and always ready to give the other fellow a chance. He was a member of the football, basketball and baseball squads his senior year. He also devoted five years to the Glee Club, with dubious results. Chris is, for some obscure reason known only to fishermen, a fisherman, and spends his Sundays matching his wits with those of assorted fish. With the aid of the most romantic jeep in town, he was also active socially in Concord during the past few years. Besides girls and fish, Chris likes Walt Disney comic books, Jack Benny, and sleeping. This year he shared a study with Dole, and the two passed many hours seeing which one could make the most insulting remark about the other. Next year Chris is going to Yale, after which he expects to start his career as a rising young business executive.
"An old cow-poke came ridin' in one dark and windy day" three years ago, and identified himself as Maury Hammond, fresh from the heart of the deep west. Naturally, when his loyalty toward six-shooters and long-horn steers became known, Maury was dubbed "the wrangler." Mr. Alexander, observing his impressive physique, greeted him with a glad cry of joy, and immediately placed him on the football team as a first string tackle, where Maury played until he was shifted to center his senior year. Although he had played only one year previously, Maury soon discovered that football involves much the same principle as throwing calves, and therefore he played with a great and destructive enthusiasm. He also played basketball for two years and his power hitting greatly bolstered the baseball team for three seasons. Maury can probably take credit for introducing the hillbilly touch at Middlesex. His yodeling has been the inspiration for many younger hopefuls, but their croakings are a far cry from the throaty warblings of "the master." Despite his brawn, Maury is a gentle creature at heart, and he likes to while away the hours plucking out solemn old western tunes on his guitar, staring soulfully into space, or else browsing among comic books, following the adventures of his hero, Hopalong Cassidy. Perhaps it is his modesty, coupled with rugged good looks, that has made him a social success in Concord this year, and won him a faithful grandstand following.
One day at the beginning of the third class year, we heard a nasal voice complaining about an acute back ailment. The voice turned out to be that of Art Latta, and although the back ailment has disappeared, Art has remained with us for three years. Art was very active in athletics, and besides winning his football letter as a stalwart tackle, he co-captained the second hockey team. In the spring time, Butch (colloquial-New York) spurned baseball for the rigours of lacrosse, where he won two letters. His main contributions to Peabody House have been along the lines of theatrical entertainment. He also has a massive collection of theoretically entertaining Rye (dry) parlor jokes, and has added to the class vocabulary such expressions as "base-on" and "bomb." (You may not understand these, but then, neither do we.) Although his initials are A. M. L., Art is not a Gilbert and Sullivan star, but has, however, contributed his conspicuous nasal baritone to the after dinner sings. When Art wasn't giving out with entertainment he received a seemingly unending supply of it from Chestnut Hill, where, according to all reports, he's "quite a fellow." His last year was spent in the company of Anderson and Shriver on the top floor of Peabody. This industrious pair did him more than harm by making him a third partner in the "rabdio." After a sojourn at Penn State, Art plans to grow citrus groves and orchids in sunny Florida.
Lawton Storrs Lamb
Sunken Meadow
Northport, New York
Age: 18
College: Princeton

Lawton Lamb made his first appearance on the Middlesex campus in the fall of '47. At once taken aback by this mighty educational machine, he naturally found his first year here a quiet one. But because he happened to be roomed near old-timer Joe Perera, he quickly learned the ropes. Lawt made his first dent on Middlesex society when he earned his tennis letter in the fourth class. Since that time he has distinguished himself as one of the finest players ever to come to Middlesex, playing for four years on the first team, winning the Bergland Cup (awarded to the school tennis champion) three times, and captaining this year's successful team, where, playing at the number one position against the cream of the opposition, he compiled a very impressive record. Tennis, however, was not his only triumph. On the gridiron, Lawt bullied his way to two major letters as an end, and captained the soccer team his senior year. This year, political corruption was finally suppressed and the Yeatling was established on the varsity hockey squad. ("I would have made it before, but . . .") He more than justified his extravagant claims and earned his letter. Although it has never been confirmed, we have always suspected that he has a bit of Scotch blood flowing within his veins, for Lawt has consistently won the "Smallest Laundry of the Week" contest. Lawt, a social lion with a weakness for infatuations, is going to Princeton.
Renny joined us in the fifth class and established himself as a singer and an actor; he was elected President of the Junior Glee Club, and portrayed various minor principal roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan all his five years, ending with his majestic performance in "Ruddigore" as the ghost of the late Sir Roderick Murgatroyd. He progressed up the ranks in football, and won his letter this year; he is one of the three remaining basketball men who remembers the days when basketball was played upstairs in the gym and practices were in a sub-zero cage filled with snow. He played lacrosse for three years, during which time his long legs helped him outrun his opponents and earn two letters. Renny can usually be found developing a musical talent (see Figure 2) or writing letters to graduates in connection with the writing of the school history (still unfinished), which was one of his bright ideas. Although he likes to act tough towards lower classes, he is genial to all, and takes a real interest in people, as well as being generous to the core. Harvard is the next place to get its hooks on Renny, who hopes to prepare for business there, in which field he is on his way to success, being already a two-car family all by himself.
NELSON BORLAND LEE, JR.

R. F. D.

Woodstock, Vermont

Age: 19

College: Cornell

When Nelson came to Middlesex in the fourth class, Vermont lost its most fanatical Republican, and Middlesex gained its most rabid liberal-hater. Since then, Nels has spent his four years gallantly assailing all such defenders of the Democratic party as have dared to speak up. This year he made the supreme sacrifice, and roomed with a confirmed Democrat, in the hope of saving a lost soul. The attempt ended in miserable failure. Nelson played first squad football this year, and in the second class managed the first hockey team. This year he dominated the defensive end of the second hockey rink, and completed his four years of rowing, as number two or three (he never could remember which) on the first and second boats. Nels also proved himself as able politician and an enemy to all evil-doers when he was elected to two student councils and unanimously chosen Speaker of the House his last year. He also served as a partial judge of various controversies aired on the second floor of Peabody, although the winner of these debates was usually whoever managed to destroy the most furniture. Perhaps Nels will be best remembered because of his habit of sitting patiently at his desk while the after-breakfast group gathered noisily in his study, and then, when everyone was in, leaping from his seat and herding them all out into the hall. After he graduates from Cornell, Nelson plans to retire to the hills of Vermont, run a farm, and swear at the Democratic administration all day long.
Five years ago, Jim "Racing with the Moon" Ostheimer raced into Middlesex, singing softly to himself. In the years that followed he raised his voice slightly, and we suddenly realized there was a genuine crooner in our midst. Called upon to entertain on various school occasions, Jim has also added to his record collection several of his own recordings, which he listens to when he is too tired to sing. In the fall, Jim's hipster-dipper running form won three football letters and made him the star back on the team this year. During the spring he devoted himself to lacrosse for four seasons. Contrary to popular opinion, Jim did not hibernate during the winter. If one searched long enough, Ope could be found engaged in an international handball contest with the South American champion, José Perera. Jim's casual manner makes him a hit with women, but he shrugs it all off with urbane nonchalance. In his younger days here he was regarded by many as a literary genius as a result of the balling poetry he produced. The English department went into consultation on this point, but reserved judgment on his disconcerting compositions. The spark lay dormant for two years, but this year was fanned into flames again, once more bamboozling the English department, plus everybody else. Nobody has tried harder than Jim to get into college. At last reports he had applied to six and been accepted by (all major) and was "seriously considering" several more. He believes the Air Force ROTC will provide just the means of transportation for himself and his rocking-chair feet.
Jack's first entrée into school life came in his first year here four years ago when he was somehow enticed into becoming a lovesick maiden in "Patience." That one year of music lasted him for quite a while, but this year he again became inspired and began to take piano lessons. However, he decided that if he couldn't use more than two fingers after a week's work, it wasn't worth it, and great was our relief when he returned to more secular pursuits. Jack has always been one of our most consistent representatives at all nearby parties, and few Saturday nights go by when he has no date. As likely as not, he will be driving the envy of all his classmates—a '40 Ford convertible. This car, Jack's first love, carried him to Florida this spring amid wild speculation as to whether he would make it all the way. The money that he puts into buying cigarettes and keeping the Ford in top shape leaves Jack in almost constant debt, but he still dresses well and maintains the outward show of prosperity—in fact, at one point, he was using a gold-plated cigarette-holder. Jack has always known how to make everyone like him. We shall not forget his loyalty or the way he has always been able to show us the bright side of life. Jack won his football letter this fall and rumor has it that he sometimes appears on the tennis courts.