Bill Percy, paragon of Southern courtesy, arrived at Middlesex in the third class as a National Scholar. Blessed with a remarkable set of vocal chords, which he exercised with a great and uninhibited joy, Bill's corn-pone accents were soon heard everywhere, belied denying all sly allusions as to the origin of his kinky hair. Equally memorable are his nocturnal (or whenever he is sleeping) screams of "Hayulp!" Since his athletic progress started and ended with the perfection of the "rolling-nudge" block on the 4th football team (he usually ended the play in his favorite position: flat on his back), Bill has been exiled to the managerial ranks, in which line of duty he won his letter with the first baseball team. Scholastically, however, Bill was in his element. Somehow, wandering vaguely from class to class with neither books nor pencils, he ranked a consistent second in the class, and won both the History and Time prizes in his senior year. It was only natural that Bill should eventually respond to the call of the debating team; this distinguished and undefeated organization made good use of his flaming Confederate oratory during the past year. His other accomplishments included being the school's undisputed chess champion, and having the messiest room on the campus. This year he emerged from the spring dance sporting a magnificent black eye, but his usually volatile tongue has maintained a discreet silence on this point. Bill plans to become a gentleman-teacher in a quiet but wealthy Southern college, perhaps raising a few magnolia trees on the side.
Joe Perera, the olde country's gift to Middlesex, arrived here six years ago, riding in on the wake of the Valentino Era. Since then, Joe has taken matters into his own hands and has established something of a Perera Era, both at school and in Boston society. Not only is there a Perera at Middlesex, but also one at Groton, an interesting situation which has bred struts and minor civil war within the Perera family. Joe, plotting carefully, decided that guard on the football team was the position at which he could best besmirch Groton dignity. In this position he won two Middlesex letters, but Groton won two Middlesex games, and Joe retired to his managership of the hockey rinks, muttering darkly under his breath. By putting up and taking down more hockey boards than any one ever has before or will want to do again, he won his manager's letter. In the spring he added two more M's to his collection by roaming the outfield for the baseball team. Joe's tonic (hair) rack, once the pride of South Boston, has served Joe ably during his stay here. Joe maintains, but without much hope, that the tonic has nothing to do with his appearance. (Honest, fellows, it's just water.) He long ago decided that the care and protection of the Perera eyes was of paramount importance, and munches carrots in his spare time. This year he roomed with Lamb, steeling himself for a career at Harvard.
Hamilton Robinson, Jr.

2458 Wyoming Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Age: 17

College: Princeton

Tony arrived in the fifth class and achieved the climax of his scholastic career at Middlesex when he led the class. Although Tony's average has varied ever since, Tony has been growing upward, and today stands a precocious six foot one. He has not, however, diminished his amount of work done, but has merely found new subjects, such as Cambridge School or a pleasant evening ride, to occupy his masterly brain. It must be his altitude coupled with the shock of yellow hair that protrudes six inches beyond his nose that has made him so many acquaintances with the opposite sex. Tony's great athletic triumph came his senior year, when, as captain of the third crew he won his major letter. Although he was a star on the lower squads of baseball and hockey, a concussion prevented him from continuing his play in both of these sports. He also served as an Anvil proofreader and an associate editor of the yearbook, and made an appearance as a member of the debating team. He has been a member of the rifle, photography, railroad, chess and glee clubs, and won a Thoreau Medal his second class year. Tony has been a confirmed individual in school life, and his light and informal manner has won him many friends. After drawing thousands of pictures during classes of pen and other houses, he decided he was cut out to be an architect, and plans to study accordingly at Princeton.
LOUIS PHILIP SAMUEL ROSENTHALL

P. O. Box 655
Westport, Connecticut

Age: 18

College: Yale

Looie joined us in the fourth class and immediately won a place in our hearts by selling bubble gum out of a small machine in Room D. Since that modest start, Lou has progressed to become the most sophisticated of all of us. His is the best-mixed Gibson we have ever tasted, and his knowledge of New York is unexcelled, as some of us discovered this spring. The Rosenthall leer (the reader is referred to the accompanying (ugh!) illustration) seems to frighten his female contemporaries, but his attraction for college girls seems boundless, and the tales he tells of his adventures in the fleshpots of Smith keep us perpetually on the edge of our seats.

In the tamer school activities, Looie has been on the undefeated, un-judged-against debating team for two years, has participated in last year's undefeated chess season, has won his letter in football and squash, has been both a mainstay of the fading photography club, and, at one time or another, a member of the glee club. Many are the rumors which surround the well-decorated study on the top floor of L. B. It would seem that Looie's skill at dice is exceeded only by his phenomenal luck, and his library, wardrobe, and wallet have been enriched by the contributions of some of his luckless fellows.

After a tour of Europe which he considers a vital part in his role as Man of the World, Looie plans to settle down at Yale to train for the Navy.
DAVID SEARS

1990 Javier Prado  
San Isidro  
Lima, Peru  

Age: 18  

College: Harvard

Dave came to us from Lima, Peru, in the third class. He immediately started to play football, but his proficiency was somewhat hampered for a while because he did not realize that he was no longer playing soccer, his native game. He soon mastered the new technique, though, and became a first-string guard on the highly successful 1931 team. In the winter he played squash, but it was in the spring that he shone, stroking a crew that was alternately first and second boat and supplying a lot of good spirit to the squad. Dave found a fairly permanent berth on the work squad after his arrival and the word has it that he rakes a mean leaf and shovels a potent load of snow. We have been kept in awe by Dave’s many and varied stories about Peru, a country where policemen chase speeding motorists over rough country roads on bicycles. This situation would seem to be Dave’s meat, but although his heavy foot on the accelerator works wonders in Peru, he has some difficulty escaping the high-powered bicycles of American policemen. His tales of Peru, and, more recently, of Florida, are a class fixture. Dave’s plans for next year include a Harvard education or a term as the leader of a band of his draft-dodging classmates in the jungles of Peru.
When Pat arrived after the beginning of the fourth class year, it appeared that we had a prodigy in our midst. But it wasn't long before he turned out to be a human being instead, in spite of what then seemed to be a scholarly appearance. Since then, Pat has grown about a foot and exchanged his horn-rimmed frames for plastic ones. He has shown himself to be a fond lover of wine, women, and weed (as to song, he is not to be heard outside of the Glee Club). Although primarily a joy-boy, he has, during his four years, made spasmodic stabs at football, wood-chopping, tennis, and even coxing the crew. As Percy's roommate in that den of iniquity in the top of Hallowell this year, he has fallen in with Bill's ways and has learned the arts of bumming butts, cutting cards, and jumping up and down on long-playing records. His raison d'être lives downtown, and although the telephone company has been driven nuts, and, we are sure, would rather install a direct line, Mr. Cutler's phone is just as handy. Pat is light-hearted, effervescent, and charming. He is a pleasant and amusing companion at the table, in the first-class room, and in the dormitory. He takes his entertaining manner with him to Harvard, where he hopes to prepare for business, although he has a great future as a swindler.
RICHARD HANSON SHRIVER
Monkton, Maryland

Age: 17
College: Cornell
Graduated with Credit

Following in the footsteps of Dick's brother, the legendary Sam, is a difficult task any way you look at it, but Dick has done so admirably, becoming the most successful member of the class, and perhaps leaving a few legends of his own for Middlesex posterity. His four years at Middlesex have been so busy that it is difficult to know just where to begin in this writeup, but, taking sports first, here goes. Dick won his letter as a backfield man on the football team his senior year, and copped three letters as basketball forward. He was most successful, however, at his favorite sport, lacrosse, where he was twice captain and one of the leading prep school scorers in New England. Dick was president of our class and member of the student council the past two years, a member of the M. A. A., on the business board of the Anvil for two years, and business manager his senior year. He was also a member at various times of the rifle, photo, and glee clubs, and has won the Kelton Bowl, the Harvard Prize, and the Trustees' Prize for German. He also played the guitar in the Middlesexer on Hook Night. Dick's record speaks for itself; it is unnecessary to say that he is popular not only with his classmates but with masters and other undergraduates as well. He is going to Cornell, and his genial Southern personality should take him far.
Bill Sprout, flower of Hingham manhood and faithful follower of "Bob and Ray," joined us in the third class. His first year was a relatively peaceful one, and although he played an adequate if slightly surly Miriamme when we enacted "Wintersex," most of his time was spent quietly storing up energy. Next year the new Bill Sprout appeared, ready to join in all sorts of school activities, replete with bow-tie, slicked down hair, and an Esquire calendar clutched in his hand.Athletically, although he has had his ups and downs, Bill proved his versatility by winning letters in basketball and baseball in his second class year, and in football his senior year. There, however, his progress came to a standstill; whether it was because Bill fell in love or just couldn't stand the strain of a tobacco-less life is debatable. He also managed to maintain a fairly intelligent expression in classes, and graduated comfortably. This spring he was bitten by the cross-word puzzle bug, and would sit long hours staring morosely into space, trying to remember a three-letter word—meaning Aztec potato bug. Bill, by his own admission, is young, witty, and personally attractive to women, and he squired a varied assortment of girls to school dances, with varied success. He is also an able sailor, and gave several talks at the first-class table on sailboats and their importance in this atomic age.
C. Lloyd Thomas, Jr.
Nashawtuc Road
Concord, Massachusetts

Age: 16

College: Princeton
Graduated with Highest Credit

There is no one else in the class who can do so much precise thinking in terms of dollars and cents, x, y, and z. Just staring at a word problem for a few moments is enough for Tom to produce the proper system of equations, and, as for money, his mind works like the Mark III when it comes to profit and loss. Who else would dilute his ink 50% or keep his entire schedule on a rounds card? (He is a virtuoso on a rounds card when turning in chapel lateness.) The class recognized his talents in electing him Business Manager of this Yearbook, and although the price is reduced and the book is bigger than ever, he still anticipates a surplus over twice as big as any before. Athletically, Tom has obviated the problem of a six foot one inch frame of only 120 pounds by limiting himself to a little tennis and squash, but won his major letter by doing a most creditable job as football manager. But it is his work where Tom cashes in. A long succession of averages in the nineties has placed him at the top of the class by a wide margin ever since his arrival in Class IV. His hobby is his violin, with which he won the Music Prize by playing in the orchestra at the Beethoven Mass, being the first Middlesex student to play any instrument at the Glee Club concert. In addition, his effective rebuttals have been a large factor in the debating team record of eight consecutive unjudged-against debates.
Dick has been one of the few members of the class with that intangible and invaluable ability to start an interest and continue it to ultimate success. After serving many years of apprenticeship, he this year became simultaneously a star in the A. M. L. production of "Ruddigore," secretary of the Glac Club, a member of the elite but nebulous dramatic club, president and captain of the rifle club/team, a distinguished rifleman, and a major letter winner in crew. These achievements represent Dick's major interests and further show his uncanny ability to do well at anything in which he is interested. This year, Dick broke into the ranks of the class journalistic fringe with his realistic themes about such apparent trivia as long, tired automobile trips, crew races and pre-dinner conversations. His accurate analyses of character show clearly his ability to judge objectively the people around him, and many of us have relied on him for his dependable sense of values. Dick's life in the senior class has been a long series of usually-incompleted plots, involving things like trips to Alaska, graveyard moving, and lost week-ends. But we are sure that the increased freedom of college life will make possible some of these dreams.
JAMES CRAWFORD WARD, JR.
Harding Place
Nashville, Tennessee
Age: 18
College: Princeton

Jay Ward, the pudgy man from Nashville, became a Middlesexian in the fourth class. Light blond hair and a cherubic face concealed a mind teeming with evil intentions, and he gained the distinction of being the only boy in the class who could throw a spirtball behind his back with any degree of accuracy. Since then, Jay has become one of the most active and popular members of our class.

In sports, his quick coordination and natural trickiness helped to overcome the handicaps of size and the slowness of foot which caused him to be thrown out at first base by the right fielder on more than one red-faced occasion. He won two letters as a basketball guard and spent two years on the varsity baseball squad, winning a letter his senior year. A leg injury prevented Jay from becoming a possible football star, but he won his football letter his last year as co-manager and chief morale builder of the first team. Jay also spent two years on the Anvil composing stirring athletic reports and was photography editor of this Yearbook, being responsible for any good photos such as may be included herein. Jay has bloomed socially his last year here, especially during the Great Florida Excursion of the spring vacation. He was also a member of the movie committee, but modestly disclaims all responsibility for what was shown here. To top it all off, Jay got consistently good marks, and with his Midas touch will doubtless succeed at whatever he tries after he graduates from Princeton.
DAVID HARDIN WELLS
155 Main St.
Southbridge, Massachusetts
Age: 18
College: Harvard

Dave wandered into Middlesex four years ago, carrying with him a large and toothy smile, a plushy crew haircut, and a vast assortment of questionable jokes. All three have flourished through the years, and made him a celebrated figure in our class. He not only can successfully impersonate such characters as Polish bartenders and Italian fruit merchants, but does, and at all hours of the day and night. Because of his talents, Angie has always been a dynamic leader in class adventures. Sometimes between the fourth and third classes, something snapped in his brain and he suddenly realized that there are girls as well as boys in the world. Consequently he has camped out many nights since then in the Elliot Hall phone booth talking the night and his money away. Angie has reached his highest athletic prominence in hockey, where he was first-string goalie for two years. Despite a chronic knee ailment, he won two letters on the football team playing a rugged guard, and this spring he earned his crew letter by flailing the waters of Bateman’s Pond and the Charles River. Dave achieved the climax of his linguistic career here during Hook Night this year, when, with bewildering and devastating rapidity, he imitated, among other things, Vaughn Monroe, Peter Lorre, and the most horrible looking female classics lecturer that has ever lectured on classics. The rumor that he copies down the Bob Hope show word for word is unfounded and without factual basis.