

Fall of 1966

— By Geoffrey Stevens '70—

In the fall of 1966, I arrived at Hoosac to start my four years of discovery. I was with my Dad and Mom. We were sitting on the hill in front of Tibbits Hall, looking south to the voluminous mountains, studying the view that I would see and grow fond of for years to come. Dad commented to me that I was starting “some of the best years of my life.” He knew from his experiences and he was right. Those were formidable years...I arrived as a boy and left as a young man.

The first year my voice hadn't changed yet. That year I sang with a high voice. I was King Wenceslas' page in the Yule Log. One of my favorite Hoosac teachers, Alex Lehman would call me, “Come hither, page.” Mr. Lehman had a way with words and he was a punster. He was at Princeton with JFK in 1935, and would see Einstein around campus.

Over the next summer break my height shot up many inches and my voice changed too. From then on I played the dragon in the Yule Log's Mummer's Play, wearing an awkwardly large paper mache dragon head with battery-powered lights for eyes. I could roar with my new deep voice and menace the audience.

In 1966 just about the whole school - masters and students alike - were beginning anew. Besides my class, so also was our Headmaster, Donn Wright and almost all of the teachers. The Sandersons, the Reeses, Lehman, and of course, Richard Lomuscio, and his lovely wife, Karen. We were all on board for our new journey.

That first year I lived on the second floor of Wood Hall. I shared a room with Tim Sage. The second year I dormed in the brand new Pitt Mason Hall. The third year I was back in Wood Hall in a quad with Tom Wright and Graham Fonda. My fourth year put me down in the new Lavino House in a single. Chris Blake was one of the housemasters.



Geoff Stevens and his wife Pamela

We played hockey on Tibbits Pond, until a new gravity fed rink was built below the pond. Hockey practice usually consisted in shoveling snow off the rink. In the spring of '69-'70, Tom Wright, myself and a few others started the first lacrosse team. It seemed we played mostly huge, off-season football players. During my time the ski run and ski jump were built, and soccer was a super experience with Coach Dickie. Coach was a wonderful, positive influence to all the boys.

I was the first and only student in the new art class set up in Tibbits basement. I went on to college at Rhode Island School of Design and Brown. On to Italy, Europe, Venice and New York City as an artist. One could say my career as a designer started there in the basement of Tibbits Hall. I painted murals above the fireplaces in Pitt Mason and Lavino. I made many sketches and paintings around the school and on campus. I was named sacristan, the student in charge of the chapel. My fourth year was the very first Earth Day. It was the Sixties, anti-war, Sergeant Pepper and Woodstock. In nearby Troy, NY we went to concerts to see Jimi Hendrix and the Doors! And one can't forget the dances with the girls at Emma Willard School.

I did a lot of growing up in those four years. My Dad was right, “some of the best years of my life.”

October Snow Storm

— By Elizabeth M. Beers '88 —

October 4, 1987: A record breaking snow storm paralyzed the east coast, burying the magnificent fall foliage beneath 20 inches of heavy, wet snow, causing major power outages, downing telephone lines and limiting road access. Upstate New York was in a state of emergency, and Hoosac was in solitude.

Can you imagine being confined to your dormitory with no food, power or plumbing? Digging out of this storm was a difficult task. It took several hours for our small community to reach the Dining Hall. We owe appreciation to some of our classmates with lumber skills, and the staff, for their great efforts. They formed paths we would hike through to find dear Mary (Smith) and plead for something to eat.

Shortly thereafter, Dean Lomuscio walked into the dining room; his usual ascot replaced with a thick wool scarf. He was immediately harassed by several students. “Mr. L. What now?” “I want to go home!!” “I need to call my Mom.” etc. He flashed one of his famous grins. A unique attribute of “Mr. L.” is his fabulous facial expressions. He didn't even have to speak; we knew we couldn't leave; plow trucks couldn't even clear the roads. Oh to be an idealistic teenager again.....

With sunset imminent, a mild panic crept through the Dining Hall. Heavy shadows fell over the now flattened, snow covered hills. Mr. L. came bursting in with faculty trailing behind him; all holding lanterns. He announced that we were going to have study hall. What? Hadn't he seen the state of the bathrooms, with our plumbing out? Was this guy crazy?

As it turned out, we were the crazy ones to ever think we were getting out of our academic responsibilities on Mr. L's



Above: Elizabeth Beers '88 with Assistant Headmaster Dean Foster at left and Headmaster Richard Lomuscio on the right.



Left: Elizabeth Beers '88

watch! He can command a room with such power and grace that he naturally evokes a sense of respect for his wishes.

All over the world, hundreds of thousands of children overstuff their suitcases and leave home for boarding school. In an ideal setting, this new environment, mostly of their parents choosing, becomes their second home. Some travel across the globe; some only a few short miles. No matter the reason or distance, the experience places us in a special club, so to speak. We become children who are not in shell shock when we leave for college. We become a little more mature and hopefully, prepared for the next chapter of our lives.

I am honored to be among the select few who have had the privilege to call Hoosac School my second home. I am also a proud parent of an alumna, my daughter Kayla Beers ('08). Hoosac creates the ideal example of a boarding school, due to the pillar of its community, and natural born leader, Headmaster Richard Lomuscio. Enjoy the next chapter of your life and my sister Porsche, 911. Mr. L. you truly are the best teacher of life's lessons and of course, “Hamlet.” Deus Regit.

Special Memories

— By Janet Stiegman Fellow '89 —

Whenever I get my copy of “Hoosac Today” the memories come rushing back to me. Hoosac played an enormous role in molding me into the woman I am today.

I came to the school in 1985 feeling as if I had nothing to offer, feeling as if I was a disappointment, as I had failed miserably my first year of public school. Hoosac quickly showed me all that I had to offer and embraced me with open arms. It became not just my school but my family.

Whenever I think back on those days (I attended 1985-1989) I can not help but smile. Hoosac for me was a fresh start academically and gave me the structure I needed, yet the guided independence that was necessary to help me learn. I remember the first time I had to write a paper. It had to be typed on the typewriter (yes, this dates it) and I was terrified to hand it in. I got it back and it had an 95% on it. I could not wait to call my family at home and tell them! I had succeeded at school! Mr. L came up and told me that he knew I could do it, that meant more to me he could ever know. A teacher believed in me.

Where else other than Hoosac could you be discussing Shakespeare with your teacher in English class, have that same teacher show you how to improve your soccer game, and later that evening go sledding with you! The saying ‘It takes a village to raise a child’ is seen daily. It is the structure of the day, starting your day in morning chapel, singing the school alma matter and getting those positive words from the Chaplain or Mr. Lomuscio, breakfast with your friends, teachers taking the time to help you understand a math problem that you have been struggling with or a Friday Night Speaker that inspired you into your career path, the possibilities are endless at Hoosac. This is also seen in just a gentle smile and a ‘Good morning Janet’ from the office staff that showed me I was more than just a student - I was a member of the Hoosac FAMILY.

One memory that I believe everyone enrolled at Hoosac during the snow-storm that occurred October 4th 1987 is 104 total hours without power. Yes, no power... NONE! But Hoosac still had all the students and staff/faculty there. We

quickly pioneered up and got out lanterns, extra blankets and Hoosac went into survival mode. Shovels were handed out and the decision to maintain a sense of normalcy was agreed upon. We continued class schedules and the normal agenda. Even study hall in the dining hall was upheld. Mind you this was done by candlelight and lantern but nevertheless we became a hearty bunch! A bus took us to Williams College where we all were able to take showers and freshen up.

This not only made us pioneers but it affirmed my belief that we are a family caring for each other and making terrific memories.

Everyone who has ever attended has that special memory, that special place in their lives that belongs to Hoosac. Whether it be Yule Log, ASADO day, trips into Bennington or Friday Night Banquets, those memories help to mold us into what we are today. We are successful business men and women, mothers and fathers and superior citizens because of those we have met and those who have had a hand in our lives. Hoosac



Janet and her eldest of three daughters, Liz

sac has had extreme impact on my life's path, making me a successful teacher, a mother of three girls and a confident woman. I often speak of the my experiences to my daughters and the staff I

mentor. Lessons taught to me at Hoosac and those who attended had an impact on me and I will continue to pay it forward to others, and for that I thank you Hoosac.

Pitt Hill Water War

— By Geoffrey S. Jade Barrett '78 —

The recipe for merry-making is simple: one part boredom, one part ingenuity, and a group of exceptionally smart and creative people. Pranking is part of any school life, but in the years of the late 1970's we were especially good at it. We had - in our own misguided way - spent our free time constructing elaborate stunts, most of them beyond our ability to pull off. I had heard from visiting alumni of the late night shenanigans that they had accomplished, as these were memories of the "good old days" and a vital part of their Hoosac School experience. Those tales of adventure always inspired us - nay, challenged - us to outshine those older jesters, to consider all the options: put the car on the back porch of Tibbits, move George (I think everyone moved that suit of armor a thousand times), and the like. Sometimes though, a truly outlandish and carefully planned physical activity was called for. I speak of the "Great Waterfight" of 1976.

It all started harmlessly enough, with four young hoodlums that shall remain nameless, mainly because I have not had the opportunity to obtain releases to post their identities, and me, lounging around in the old smoking room at the Dining Hall. Times were a bit strained as finals were looming, the baseball and track seasons over and no dance or other Friday night activity planned. We decided it was time to settle the age-old issue: who had the best athletic and most creative dorm. With any such issue of honor there must be a conflict. With swords and pistols a bit archaic, we resolved that the call to arms would be made at 9:00 pm with our weapon of choice - water.

Wood Hall made the first guerilla attack on Pitt Mason, armed with balloons that we had acquired on a short trip to town, along with every water pistol and gun that we could find. Armed to the teeth we climbed up the hill, secure in our belief that the misguided residents compared poorly to our own.

We hid behind rocks, in trees, and behind doors as our scouts performed the reconnaissance necessary to guarantee the success of our mission. We acquired the garden hose to deprive the enemy of their munitions. All in all we put our mini-mester knowledge provided by H. Brevort Cannon during our "Subversive Warfare" class to good use. He would prove to be proud.

Our initial assault proved successful, the unsuspecting foe receiving a full drenching in the deluge we had craftily prepared. It did not bother us that the war was to be on the no man's land of the slope for we knew our cause was just - and we were outmanned 3-1. Of course there was collateral damage, but such is the way in these matters. In the fog of battle and the darkness only one disastrous moment occurred as an errant water balloon struck Fr. Hackett as he investigated the loud crying of his charges. To his credit - for which I am undyingly grateful - he withdrew to his quarters and let the matter be settled by the contestants. He was unquestionably one of the wisest men I have ever known.

The battle raged for hours as the slope was well watered, the line of conflict stretching from the doors of Wood Hall and Dudley to the crest of Pitt Mason hill. With the grenades, pistols and rifles soaking our targets again and again, we had the advantage of artillery support as we rigged a slingshot to launch our larger bags toward the enemy, as well as the hoses we rigged to the side of Wood Hall. Our creativity stood us well as our small but determined eight-man army claimed victory over our larger, yet gallant foe. Of course our erstwhile opponents - in their misguided evaluation of the war - thought they had overwhelmed us and we let them live their fantasy. In our hearts, Wood Hall housed the brightest and the best.

A Hoosac Story

— By Leif Counter '91—

Twenty years has passed since our class shuffled down to The Harry Dickie Sports Complex, bagpipers in tow, to our graduation ceremony. The sports complex was new and fresh then, so were we.

The experience of high school is a mixed bag for kids; I guess that's true for life too. Many enjoy it and still many others do not. I was one of the ones that did. For my brother Chris and me it was not only our choice to go to boarding school, we begged to go. At that time we were freshman in our local high school on Martha's Vineyard (MVRHS). There we met our dear friend and eventual Hoosac classmate (also my Hoosac roommate for three years) Kairi Frame '91. Kairi, Chris and I had been playing lacrosse a lot on our own during that freshman year on the Vineyard. We decided eventually to ask the head of the MVRHS Athletic Department if we could start a lacrosse team. The answer we received was "Sure, if you're going to pay for the insurance." That was the nail in the coffin for a schooling experience we were already not thrilled about. At that time Kairi's brother was a big lacrosse star at a little school in upstate NY (Oman Frame '90). So we thought we might as well check it out. We were all pretty thrilled about the idea of going to school together. After a campus visit and meeting with Rich Groter (the then admissions director) who also happened to be a phenomenal salesman (the man could sell ice cream on a glacier) we signed up. A year later the Hoosac community was graced by one more defector from MVRHS, Ona Ignacio '91. This then made the total Vineyarders at Hoosac a whopping 5% of the student body population. Hoosac had a student body population of 100 kids at that time; (lightning quick and accurate math skills, courtesy: Hoosac education, thanks Ms. T!)

Rich Groter was right; Hoosac was a perfect fit for me. There certainly were, however kids that com-



Leif Counter '91

plained about Hoosac. In contrast I remember many alums coming back for Friday night talks or other events. Many would say "Cherish these times at Hoosac kids, they will be the best years of your lives." I knew we had it good, I relished in the adventure, friendships, learning and the growing that was happening. There was no doubt they were great times. I cautioned myself then, as I do now, of labeling anything "the best years of my life." That doesn't leave room for future and more importantly the splendid grace of this moment. I am however, always happy to tell the tale of Hoosac past for me. It is not unlike a fairy tale. It often starts off something like this for those unfamiliar with the school:

Hoosac School lies nestled in the Valley of the Owls in Upstate New York. A small, formal, co-ed boarding school, Hoosac has been around for well over one hundred years. The majestic campus holds a haunted mansion and formal dining hall with flags of students from all over the world. The students and faculty are divided into two competitive groups, the Antonians and the Graftonians, these groups compete in gladiator fights, sporting events and battles of the minds for coveted prizes, not the least of which is pride (go Antonians!). At Christmas time everyone dresses up, sings and dances around a boar's head in a Yule Log festival that is the oldest in the United States. And if you're lucky, the Jester will invite you to help wreak havoc on the village; if you're unlucky you will have havoc wreaked on you. We boys were gen-

erally well dressed princes and I was lucky enough to kiss a few princesses. Mornings are spent in the small stone chapel for reflection, prayer and song. That's when people usually stop me to inquire "So this was high school?" "Yes indeed", I say, "Yes indeed". It's all in the telling of the story you see.

I am very grateful for the experiences and the people I shared time with at Hoosac, including the many hours spent in the kitchen with Mary Smith (aka Esmeralda). The theatrical successes Bruce Merrill and I, with the help of many others were able to pull off with Mr. Fallon (they were successes right?). Witnessing Mr. L. drive his convertible through campus, top down in January. These are cherished memories, a veritable library of stories to pull from and reminisce about. Now with the internet and social networking sites we are all able to connect like never before. My brother and I are in Panama now. We are pretty close to "out in the middle of nowhere" however I am connected with, and connecting to, so many of my old classmates and the faculty from then. We share stories and pictures and update each other. Now is a pretty special time to be living if you ask me, in spite of the many "buts" others may have. So when people ask me how I'm doing, I like to wrinkle up my face and quote a late and very great friend of our Hoosac family (our friendly face in the dish room) Eve Burns, and I say "I'm Beautiful."

Deus Regit

Hockey and Education at Hoosac

— By Mathieu Cyr '04 —

Seven years have passed since my graduation from Hoosac. But I remember it like it was yesterday. I walked down from Pitt Mason hall every morning to either the dining hall, the chapel, or to the auditorium. I attended Hoosac not only as a PG in preparation for college, but also to play hockey in order to one day fulfill my dream of a hockey career. Hoosac was a big step forward into life as I know it now.

My first intention when coming to Hoosac was to get myself on American soil in order to be seen by colleges around New England for my hockey skills, hoping to augment my chances of receiving an athletic scholarship. Little did I know that working hard in classes and getting good grades would be more of a factor than hockey when deciding which college to attend. Little did I also know that in one year, Hoosac would transform me from a timid and shy boy into a confident man. For the first time in my life I was able to act as a leader, on the athletic teams as well as in the classrooms, what I had to say not only mattered to my peers but to the teachers as well.

Upon my graduation I was accepted at SUNY Geneseo. To my surprise, I received academic scholarships and not athletic ones like I had hoped for. While academics always came a little easier to me, the teachers at Hoosac knew how to challenge me in order to prepare me for a higher education. Classes like ethics, taught me to not only question myself, but to question others too. The AP classes at Hoosac also made for an easier transition into my first year at Geneseo. Hoosac also taught me time management between academics, sports and volunteering. This helped me greatly when it came to managing my time between hockey, school and work at university. I went into my first year in Geneseo prepared as anyone could be with my Hoosac education and experience. Four years later I was graduating with a major in biology and a minor in psychology as well as accumulating several awards for hockey over the years.

I have recently finished my third season of professional hockey in France. Personally, I do not think you can not pinpoint one thing in life



Mat Cyr '04

that allowed you directly to be where you are now. But on the other hand, you can say that if it was not for certain things in life you would most likely not be standing at the same place. Hoosac allowed me to mature into someone I had always wanted to be. It also made me realize that I could always follow my dreams wherever they led me. It showed me that in eight months perfect strangers could become family and could become people that you can count on. Hoosac has helped me to be where I am now. Hoosac will always stay in my heart as a place that gave me the experience and confidence to follow my wildest dreams.

Acolyte Coverage

— By Arnie Fallon '73 —

I was head acolyte in chapel and served on the vestry during my senior year at Hoosac. The chaplain, Fr. Shatigan, deduced he wanted to have chapel three times per day (during the week); giving students a choice as to which service they wished to attend. With all due respect to the chaplain's desire to have three services per day, it posed a bit of a dilemma for me as head acolyte because we had a very limited number of acolyte's, and the few we had were not always available. It was a great lesson for me in management and in trying to motivate people to help!

As chapel was now meeting 14 times per week, being the head acolyte, I often had to carry the ball for the services. We had only a half dozen or so acolytes, and with a daily schedule chock full of commitments, there were challenges in manning the chapel post. There was a bit of the slavery regime at work! I really had no choice but to submit to the chaplain's wishes. This was not to say that the priest was a taskmas-

ter, but in light of his office, I felt I was powerless to affect any substantial plea for help, despite the challenge of pulling off the impossible. There were many mornings when I would wonder if my fellow students would come through for me. I was very much the exemplary servant/leader, depending on how you look at it, often filling in myself and getting the job done without a fuss!

The sense of responsibility Hoosac engenders within all who attend is a wonderful life-long lesson.

Thank you, Hoosac!



Symposium

— By Richard Modecki '99—

Of all the memories I have of my time at Hoosac the one that stands out is the long weekend in February where, instead of classes, we got to join in on a symposium. These were various activities outside of the routine of classes, clubs, and teams.

I chose the camping course. It was a good chance to get off school grounds and explore the area around the campus. We were told preparation was key. We checked and rechecked our gear, looked at a map, plotted a course, and then set out up into the mountains of the nearby national forest.

We spent the day hiking, learning to set up camp, gathering firewood, and even learning to trap animals using an old Native American method. It was a nice day in the wilderness. The evening was spent around the campfire barbequing and enjoying the banter that comes with it. We retreated to our tents and fell asleep.

Early in the morning I woke up with my tent literally on top of me. Embarrassed at my lack of skills in



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keeping a simple tent above ground level, I pushed it off me only to realize that it had about 3-feet of snow on top of it. I was buried. The whole group was buried along with our small camp site. We spent a very cold morning trying to gather what we could in the waste-high snow and retreated back to campus to the steamy embrace of a hot shower.

I guess the moral would be, no matter how much planning and preparation you put into an endeavor, it never hurts to check the weather channel beforehand.

Lessons

— By Ye Ra Han '09—

I am Ye Ra Han from the class of 2009. Right now I am studying biochemistry at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. When I was asked to write about Hoosac, I started to think about my various experiences there such as serving as a Prefect, being president of the leadership club, playing on the varsity soccer and lacrosse teams as a captain, acting as a big sister, and editing the yearbook. One favorite memory is talking with Mr. Lomuscio at his table during meal time.

With these experiences I learned the very important lesson of taking care of others. Because there were just over 100 students at school, the relationship between students and teachers was closer than I expected. We were like family, taking care of each other. The advice and lessons from faculty members taught me a lot. There were other international students like me who were far from their homelands and the close relationships at Hoosac made us feel like we were not alone.

Hoosac also taught me how to manage my time. Strict rules such as attending morning meeting and chapel, study hall, sports, and attending dinner and lunch, taught me to manage my schedule and time. In college there is no one making sure you are meeting your obligations. There is no one taking care of you.



Pictured here: left to right: Da Han Han, Mr. Lomuscio, Ye Ra Han.

Many students do not know how to manage and organize their time. I do because of my experience at Hoosac.

My favorite teacher is Mr. Lomuscio. In fact, since I was not in any of his classes, he is not my academic teacher but my life teacher. When I heard that he is leaving Hoosac, I was very surprised and did not believe it. It seems so soon to me. Moreover, I was hoping he would still be there when I am a guest speaker. Mr. Lomuscio always gave me advice during meal time which was just as effective and important as my parents advice. Through talking with him I was able to find out what I wanted to do and he influenced my life a lot. I am very thankful to him.

Thank you very much Mr. L.!

Of all the places I've done time, Hoosac School in the Valley of the Owls, was by far the most dynamic for me - spiritually, emotionally, and educationally.

I flew in at the beginning of the 1964 school year; a wounded owl, not giving a hoot, but thankful for being delivered from where I'd been. And I gratefully graduated in 1966 with as much wisdom as my nascent owl consciousness could hold.

I remember the way Hoosac grew in me - the reverence learned in the disciplined life that required all of us from diverse backgrounds to live together and share our experiences. We learned and worked, prayed and played together under the oft suspect gaze of the wiser elder owls: Headmaster Fr. Clinton Blake and his sidekick, Bill Reifsnyder, who had some interesting ways of "testing" us - you all remember his signature VIth Form diagramming test?

Fare Well Hoosac

— By Lance Roepe '66—

Although there were some odd occurrences among some of the leader owls that guided us during those years, the experience of community overrode our individual human failings and we were nurtured in those beautiful foothills of the Green Mountains. It was an adventure unlike what I'd experienced in the otherwise bland public school environment I'd been subjected to previously.

I will never forget how Mr. Crosby made literature come alive and real for me. This after having failed 7th grade English under the heinous sadism of a spinster teacher who throttled me by the collar in class, then sat me in the hall for not knowing the definition of a transitive verb. I learned it later in my linguistics class in graduate school.

Mr. Crosby was the reason I majored in English in college and went on to graduate school on a teaching

fellowship, completing an M.A. and most of a PhD. Thank you, Ashton, for imparting your wisdom and knowledge of literature to me. You changed my life.

And though my life has morphed dramatically several times since my teaching days, I return now and again in reverie to the Valley of the Owls with thankfulness for the values, reverence, and knowledge that have sustained me through the inevitable vicissitudes of a road less traveled: Hoosac made all the difference.

So, from the Valley of Heart's Delight, clear across the country to the Valley of the Owls, I wish you all a good journey, where ever you may be on your path, and always keep in your heart the lessons learned at Hoosac.

My Mentor

— By Benjamin Moss '85—

When I reminisce about Hoosac School, what comes to mind first are my memories of Richard Lomuscio. I attended Hoosac in '84-85. At that time Mr. Lomuscio was an English teacher, Dean of Students and Lavinio Dorm parent. I had the good fortune to have known him in all of these roles. Although often exasperated by mischievous students, myself included, Mr. L's dedication to his charge never swayed.

Respect, sincerity and genuine care are the things that Mr. L gave his students. When I was seventeen those were very important things and they made a real difference in my life.

I have been a teacher and dorm parent for the past 13 years and I try to be a good one. Often, when I'm not sure how to respond to a situation, I think to myself "What would



Right to left: Jacob, Elizabeth, Rachel, Ben, and Evelyn Moss

Richard do?" and more often than not I can hear his voice in my head guiding me to some appropriately mature and caring decision. Thank you Mr. Lomuscio for being my mentor and helping to make me who I am today. I hope that I can follow in your footsteps and make a difference for some

other seventeen year-olds who need someone to help guide them along their way. Congratulations on your retirement Mr. L, and Carpe Diem!

A Major Cornerstone

— By John C. (Chris) Metzger '67—

It seems like from the age of 14 to 19 is a cornerstone of one's life foundations. I have heard of this time being called the preparatory age. This being when a human-being acquires refined motor skills included in physical development and begins to explore one's personal capabilities... and boundries. It has been said that the Latin language is the basis of many words in other languages. Often the definition can be discovered by finding the Latin base in it. As so with these years of self-discovery. If one looks for their own definitions they could be traced back to these times... 14 to 19 years old.

My four years at Hoosac from 1964 to 1967 were indeed a major cornerstone of my life as it is now. In 1964 it was a tumultuous time in my life as well as Hoosac's. I came from a public school and had failing grades. I was a troublemaker and acted out... inappropriate for any learning institution.

My coming to Hoosac was like coming to another planet. I had a freshman class of four which later developed to six boys. I came from single classrooms with 30 or more kids... ½ the total size of Hoosac at this time.

There was a dress code that required coat, pants and tie. There was a hairstyle code. Discipline was always present and needed to be to maintain a quality of school life. I seemed to fit in quite nicely and found my place right away.

Mythology, Ancient & Medieval history, Latin and four years of Theology/Philosophy are some of the classes that stand out in my memory, also that chess was considered a sport activity. There was a team at Hoosac that competed with other schools. We were quite good!

All of the administration had quite a job on their hands like an alchemist turning lead into gold, brass or copper... tin? Father Clinton Blake, John Longstaff and a strange little man I always knew

as Mr. Stewart linger in the depths of my influences of those years. These were the men who taught not only the classes mentioned above but more about life, morality and even some metaphysics. (I must admit I did not know the meaning of the word 'metaphysics' until many years later.)

In the years after Hoosac I have learned to constantly question most things even myself. I guess introspection and contemplation became useful tools of which I attribute to my Hoosac education. These to me are crystals that can be used in so-called Real Life. (I recall Plato's 'Allegory of the Cave'.)

Now I am in another stage of life. Another time for reflection and contemplation...

Stories I have many, but usually there is thrown in a reference to a magical time when I acquired my corner stone at Hoosac.

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Sailing Near the Wind

— By Jon Horne '68 —

I was fifteen when I first arrived at Hoosac in September of 1966 and graduated in 1968. My brother Jim attended Hoosac for three years and graduated in 1970. We have a family connection with Hoosac as do many other alums. Ashton Crosby and Richard Lomuscio were my English teachers, and Steve Balser was my Russian History teacher. Donn Wright was the Headmaster. My first recollection was a feeling of independence and freedom. My mother bought me a pair of Frye Boots that I wore all the time and made me feel confident as I ventured into "The Pit" outside Tibbits to mingle with my school mates. In those formative days, I learned many practical lessons in "The Pit" as we matched our wits and exchanged tall tales of adventure. It was a happy time of feeling secure and free in a socially turbulent age.

I wish to thank our Headmaster Richard Lomuscio for offering me an opportunity to live and work at Hoosac beginning in September of 2001. And now, I am retiring at the end of this academic year. I have taught Ethics to the Sixth Formers for ten years and send regards to all my students who made it a wonderful and challenging experience. It has also been my privilege and pleasure to work in developing Alumni Relations, in particular the All Saints gathering, alumni/ae speakers, and the Spring Golf Open, aka "The Bubo Cup." I have met many interesting alums from the 1940's to the present and wish you all the best, especially my school mates who often returned for All Saints.

Coaching tennis for many years and watching students compete was exciting and rewarding. Managing the Ski and Snowboard Club kept me in good shape and provided the means whereby I remain the most graceful skier on campus at the age of sixty one. I hope our King of the Mountain Milk Race at Jiminy Peak continues as an annual rite of passage for Sixth Formers.

I enjoyed working together with Richard Lomuscio to rebuild the ski trail and Pony lift. We also built an Early American Woodworking Shop where I taught students the old-time art of hand dovetail joinery and relief carving. Being the dorm parent at Whitcomb for seven years put me at ground zero where I had a bird's eye view of student activities in the Anglican Quarter. Teaching American Literature was also enjoyable and provided me an opportunity to get to know many Fifth Formers.

Certainly one of the most interesting of my experiences with students involved managing the Bubo Society, a covert student literary club that met secretly throughout the years preserving the art of seeing clearly in the midst of confusion. Best regards to all the members.

Thank you colleagues and friends for all the great memories. I wish Hoosac success as it sails into the twenty first century preserving the core values of honesty, integrity, responsibility and good fellowship that define our historic Christian college preparatory boarding school in the Valley of the Owl. Destiny is the consequence of choice. Choose well. Deus Regit.



Pictured here in front of Wood Hall: left to right: Lewis Pierce '68, Jim Millar '68, Jon Horne '68, John "Chris" Metzger '67, Dan Verdery '68, Howie Prince '67, and Frank Tomlins '67.



Pictured here: left to right: Jon Horne '68, The Rev. Canon Clinton Dugger, Hoosac Chaplain, (back) The Rt. Rev. David S. Ball, former Bishop of Albany.

A Homelike Spirit Endures

— By Thomas Cochran '66 —

I returned to Hoosac in September, 1989, a twenty-three-year alumnus. Recently moved into this area with a young family. I had a history of honorable aimlessness, a resume light on serious professional work, and a vague notion that I wanted to teach. I contacted Donn Wright the previous spring and informed him of my interest and availability; he had nothing for me at the time.

The next time I heard from him was four days before the start of the '89-'90 academic year. Turns out there was a sudden and unanticipated shift of personnel; he asked me to come in for a talk.

Did I want to teach? Here you go: Ancient History, Modern European History and Russian Studies. Have fun.

It was a baptism of fire, but I soldiered through and went on to teach biology, Early American History, AP US History, Vth and VI form English, landscape design and guitar. My notion was right: I did want to teach. I cannot imagine a more gratifying profession, nor can I imagine any other place that would have given me the same opportunity, guidance and encouragement that allowed me the fulfillment of that first vague glimmer of interest in a life of teaching.

How had Hoosac changed in the 23 years I had been away? Physically, of course, the rather quaint and simple adaptation of an American Anglophile's 19th-century country estate that I knew had been significantly augmented with large concrete block structures (Blake and



Tom Cochran '66 teaching guitar.

Pitt Mason), suburban residential style dorms (Cannon, Lavino and McCullough) and a very handsome and imposing pile of a gymnasium that was just then materializing on Pine Valley Road.

Oh, yes. And girls. Girls were a change!

But, by and large, Hoosac 1989 felt very much like Hoosac 1966: the amiable, homelike spirit was the same, as was the sense of a tightly-knit, caring family, even though as individuals we seemed to be getting more and more diverse. And,

in character, ability and outlook, the students I now taught were not at all different from the students who were my classmates: thoughtful, broad-minded, tolerant and resilient are the qualities that spring first to mind.

And so it is in 2011. It has been a very interesting and fulfilling ride and I believe I'm still good for a few more miles. I look forward to them. I am grateful to Hoosac for the great gifts it has given me, not the least of which is the realization that the ride and destination are one and the same thing. Deus Regit.

Through the Big Red Doors

— By Whitney Kelly '04 —

Hoosac has always been a huge part of my life. I learned a lot as a student here, and little did I know then, I would learn a lot as a teacher here. I am blessed to have had great teachers as a student, and now as my colleagues. Ten years ago, I walked in through the big red doors in Tibbits, not knowing what to expect. I came here wanting to experience a small school with diversity and many opportunities. Coming here gave me a confidence and maturity as a student that I took with me throughout college and my adult life. Hoosac gave me the opportunity to raise my grades and grow as a leader. I was thrilled to be named as Prefect in my Fifth Form year, and as Senior Prefect in my Sixth Form year. As a teacher, I love seeing the students work, play, grow and mature throughout their time here. I see many similar to me who walk out of here with a very successful high school experience. Life is always filled with its ups and downs, but the Hoosac family is always there for you when you need them.

It has been a pleasure to have Mr. Lomuscio as a Headmaster and colleague. I am grateful for everything he has done not only for me, but also for students, alumni, faculty, and the school. He always gives the community his support and care. I appreciate the mentor relationships he builds with his students and his willingness to work with all of the students. Hoosac has been a great place for Mr. L. and Mr L. has been great for Hoosac. He will be missed, but never forgotten.



Whitney and Jessica Gao '12 from Tibbits Dorm.

