

45 Years

by Jim Hellier '71

It's hard for me to believe that close to 45 years have passed since I graduated from Hoosac School with the class of 1971 (38 graduates - at the time the largest graduating class!)

Honestly it seems that there has always been a reason that I haven't gotten back...it's not for the lack of many great memories I have of the four years I spent there. The incredible professors, classmates, friends, and Headmasters Donn Wright and Ashton Crosby, who had so much influence on who I am and the life I have lived to date. I count myself as fortunate and I am thankful.

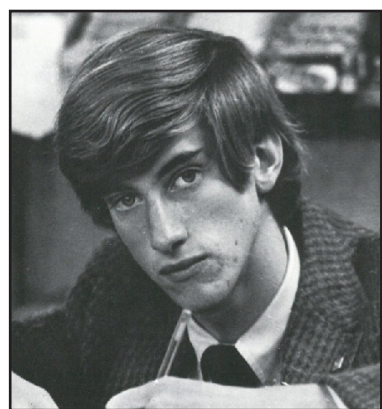
Without rewinding the reel on my life over the past 45 years, I am married to my wife, Linda, of 38 years, and we are now living happily at The

Peninsula on The Indian River in Millsboro, Delaware, a resort community. My work experience has led me to consult and avoid retirement. I use the words "transitioning and reinventing myself" when describing my life today, and I still have a passion for it.

Linda and I have a daughter, Jennifer, now 35, married to husband, Andy, and they have three small children. They moved from Annapolis to Nashville in 2016. Linda and I had lived in Annapolis for the past 30 years prior to moving to Delaware full time.

I look forward to getting back in touch with Hoosac and those I have lost touch with.

Deus Regit!



Now

Then

45 Years

by Charles Smallman '73

of Boston, socially awkward, virtually friendless, Hoosac saved my life. I discovered that I could study and get good grades, giving me a foundation for building confidence. The structure showed me that having some discipline in my life increased productivity, self-image, and accomplishment. I heard "yes" to my ideas far more frequently than "no", even if the experience showed me the error of my ways later on!

During my time at Hoosac, I became more aware of the world and the turmoil shaping it, the music and literature documenting it, and the people and technology changing it. That awareness didn't make me an

engineer, but it made me a better person to be a better engineer, not to mention a better husband, a better father, a better grandfather, and a better citizen of this country. I will always be grateful to the people of Hoosac, notably Harry Dickie, Stephen Balsler, Don White, Donn Wright, Richard Reese, Richard Lomuscio, Fr. Sanderson, and even Jorge Tristani, wherever he is. (I didn't forget the others, BTW. I associate these with particular formative moments in my matriculation...)



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John Pattison '48

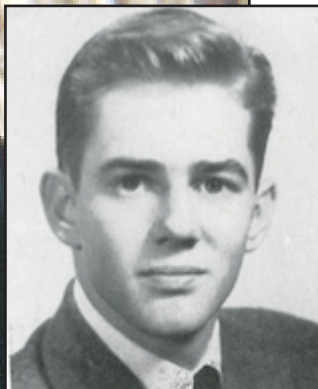
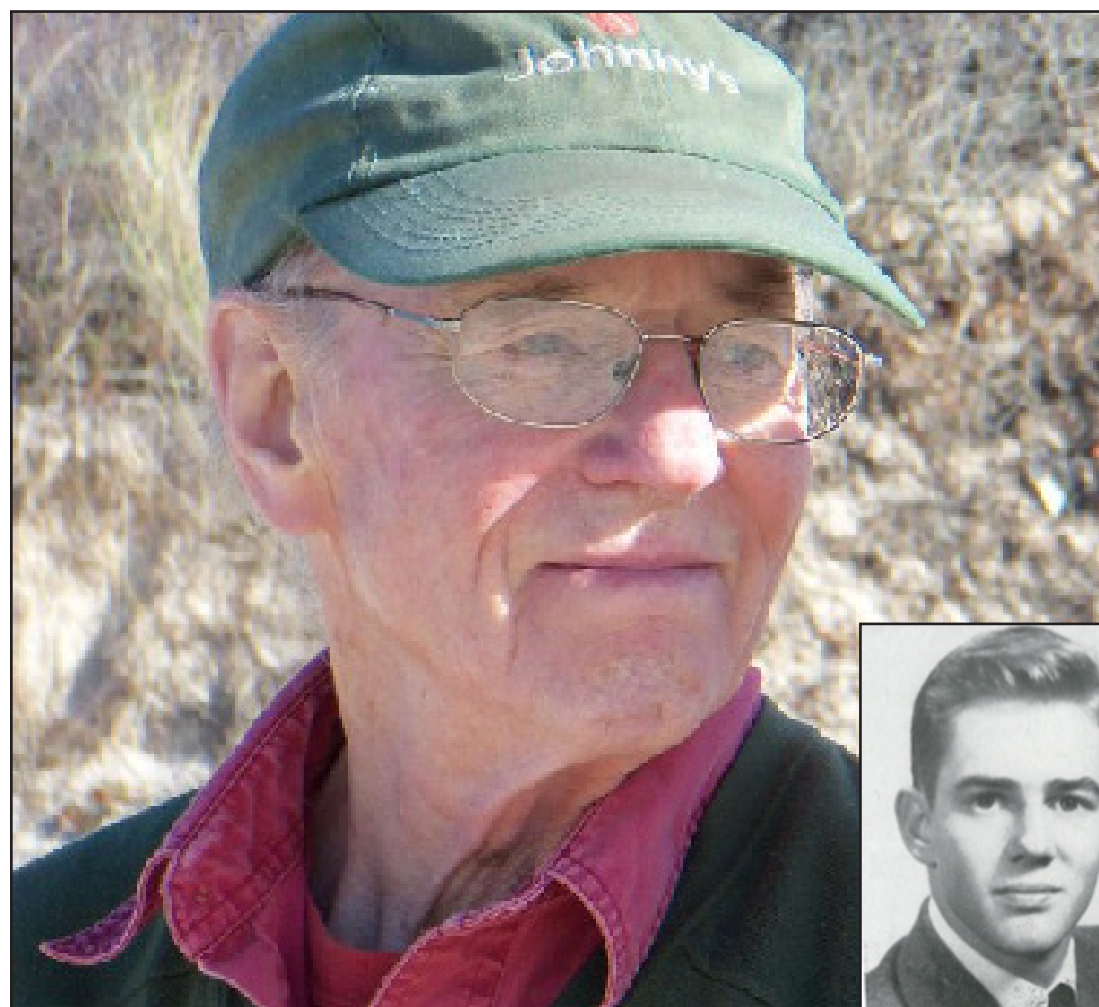
Rashid Rondon '93

Charles Smallman '73



Setting Type for the Owllet in 1946-47

By John R. Pattison, class of '48



Being a student at Hoosac in the years 1946 and 1947 - I graduated with the class of '48 - I was involved with the production of "the Owllet". Since this was a step above a mimeographed sheet or two with stories written by students, it was "printed" and probably mailed out to some constituency or other. I don't remember who our readership was, other than our captive in-house crowd. But, since it was actually run off on a serious press, I have to conclude there was more than house-only distribution.

Speaking for myself anyway, we wrote a lot of redundant stuff in those post WWII years, from the likes of Churchill's "blood, sweat and tears", and coming across as very serious, even a bit preachy. But, being published was a high in those teen years, and it took us all quite a while to get real about ourselves. It was good to have "the Owllet" because we were allowed/encouraged to participate and actually have a lot of say in our product.

We sometimes walked from the former village campus to Hoosick Falls and the HF Standard Press where I clearly remember Mr. James Brahan, publisher, who taught us to set type so we could run the copies. Wish I had a copy now! But, please try to picture those days before the cell phone and laptop; before desktop publishing; even before TV!

Type was set in the news office by a lin-o-type machine - no, not by hand - into "galley" made of tin about two inches wide by seven or eight inches tall. Then the inked galley were arranged in the press so they would make contact with the paper and you had a printed page.

Trying to remember who would have done all this with me, I can think only of Al Robinson, maybe Willie Morriss or Tom Horton. Are there any readers out there who can help me with these fading memories? You can reach me at jr-pattison@yahoo.com.

Surely, I'm not the last man standing.

On Being an Owl

by Rashid Rondon '93

IVth Form. When I first came to campus in fall of 1990 I really didn't know what to expect. I was a young kid from Queens, N.Y. who had visited out of the city before but never imagined being away from my family for such a long period of time. I wasn't immediately prepared for the thought of not being in public school with friends that I was used to seeing daily. So many questions about how I would fit in. Would other students like me? Would I need to fight to earn respect? You hear stories and you wonder if they are true. They weren't. AT ALL.

My dorm Prefect, Leif COUNTER '91 and his twin brother Chris '91 immediately took my roommate Jonathan Collazo '95 and myself under their wing. They told us about all of the students that graduated and what they meant to Hoosac and how one day we could also decide to leave a legacy behind. I admit, I didn't catch on right away. I still had my public school work ethic: not doing homework, goofing off in certain classes, not really taking things seriously. Until one day another prefect Kairi Frame '91 sat me down and explained to me that this was an opportunity that not too many black kids get to experience. Teachers such as Mr. and Mrs. Krum, Father Clements, and Arnold Fallon to name a few. Teachers that genuinely care about our progress and our future. I decided to take his words to heart. I literally changed overnight. I focused in every classroom, I don't think I missed another homework assignment without good reason and yet I was still having fun. Actually, I started having even more fun than ever.

The first winter I was an Owl was probably my favorite. It was basketball season. We were the first team that played in the brand new gym. It didn't have all of the features that it has today but the basketball court with the scoreboard and the Deus Regit symbol was all we needed. Led by Mr. Ryan, we ended up having an amazing season. Although I still don't know how to run the high post shuffle, I believe we managed to have a 16-2 season. One loss coming via an impromptu game with Redemption Christian because Mr. Ryan said we thought we were too

good. Lesson well learned. Humility and hard work kept us focused and I have used that subtle lesson throughout my life.

Fast forward to my Vth form year, I knew that I had every intention to become a prefect in my final year. I decided to finally live up to my potential as not only a good student but a good person. I believe some of my favorite moments were when my favorite advisor, Father Clements, would take us to work in the soup kitchen and after to his house to play croquet. Things a kid from Queens would never fathom doing. I was an Owl now. I represented so much more. Most of my time in the dining hall was spent either working in the dish room or pantry with some lovely women. Mary, Claudia, Alice, and Eve. The smile they would have on their faces when we would walk in would always make my day. It was hard work but it was easily the best chore to have. Listening to Bob Marley, Led Zeppelin, Metallica and sometimes my least favorite, the Grateful Dead, thanks to Alex Beane '92 and Steve Berman '93. Things and times that I never wish to change.

Vth form. I was a Prefect. Mission accomplished. Along with our Senior Prefect Justin Smithers, myself, Kristin Norton, Justin Lovett, and Molly Clarke, all class of '93, we did the best we could to follow in the footsteps of those who held the position before us. We were still children so none of us will say that Prefect equals perfect but we did the best we could to be role models and lead by example, not just with words. A position that I'm proud to say I held as an Owl.

In my three years of attending Hoosac I made lifelong friends. I'm sure I could add at least 20 more names to this list. But I'll just say a few. Felix Garcia '95, Paul Diaz '95, Hasani Ewan '95 and my favorite girl whom I love so much, Nicole Constantine '93. I couldn't have a had a little sister that I would watch over and protect more than you. Being an Owl is an experience that you will never want to forget. I know that I haven't.

Deus Regit. Class of '93



Rashid with his sons, Rashid Jr. and Rashim



Rashid with Leif and Chris COUNTER '91 when Leif was the 2017 graduation speaker



Classmates!

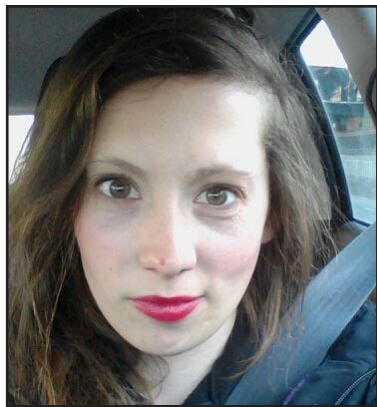


Prize Day awards!

Small World

by Julia Johnson '07

"I chose Hoosac to prepare for college, but I didn't expect to get so much more. During my two and a half years at Hoosac I learned a strong work ethic that provided a foundation to build my life upon. Hoosac encouraged a full schedule of academics, athletics, and art that taught me how to truly seize the day. Hoosac teaches students to think independently, to hone their skills, and broaden their worldview.

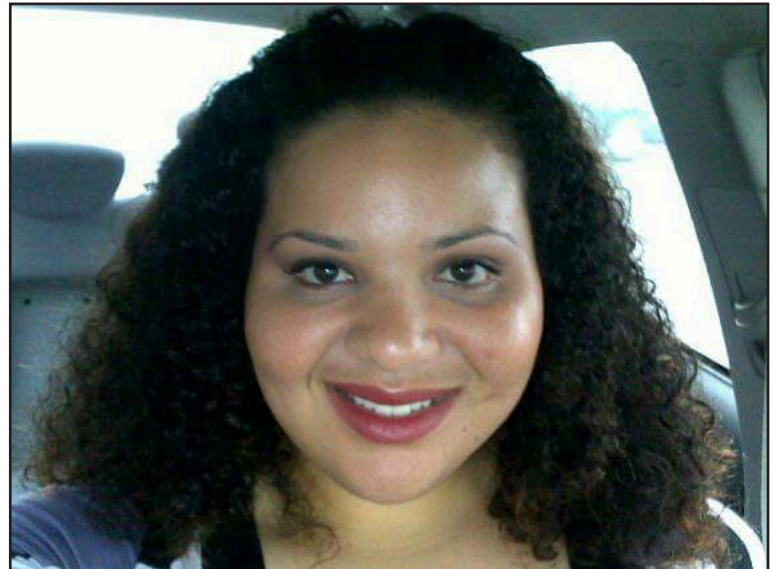


A Sense of Belonging

by Jontia Jones '01

Hoosac School left a huge impression on me. For 4 years it was my home away from home. The small campus and family atmosphere gave me a sense of belonging that I wouldn't find at a traditional high school. The countless memories of friends and the many life lessons I learned along the way I hold dear to this very day. One of my fondest memories is sitting in the Nurses Office talking with Nurse Klein. Her

caring and compassionate demeanor left an everlasting impression on me, which is most likely why I too became a nurse. I hope that I can leave that same impression on others. I can honestly say that without my experiences there I wouldn't be the person I am today.



Hoosac Memories

By Blake Boyer '07



Looking back at my time at Hoosac brings nothing but happiness. I think some of the greatest memories are the underappreciated ones. The ones that at the time seemed mundane and common, but years later are the times we cherish the most. The late nights with the boys, Lavino hallway hockey, bus rides to hockey games, dinners with Mr. Thompson and Mr. Bittenheim, playing baseball for "Ryguy," and of course, the numerous memories that will never be spoken of. At

least not publicly in the Owlet! (Sorry Mr. Foster).

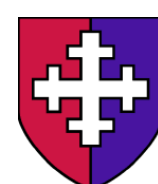
I think Hoosac is a place like no other. A place where you can experience freedom for the first time while being provided the necessary guidance to help shape who you will become for the rest of your life. The lessons that I learned, both in and outside of the classrooms, as well as the friendships that I made, will last a lifetime.



Left top: Blake at graduation.

Right top: Blake and Kayla at their wedding.

Left bottom: Blake (on right) and friends, Kristen Del Rosario '07, Anna Montagna '08, Alexandria Halbin '07, Nick Ponzio '09, and T.J. Kilbride '09



Hoosac Family

by Erika Seitz '00

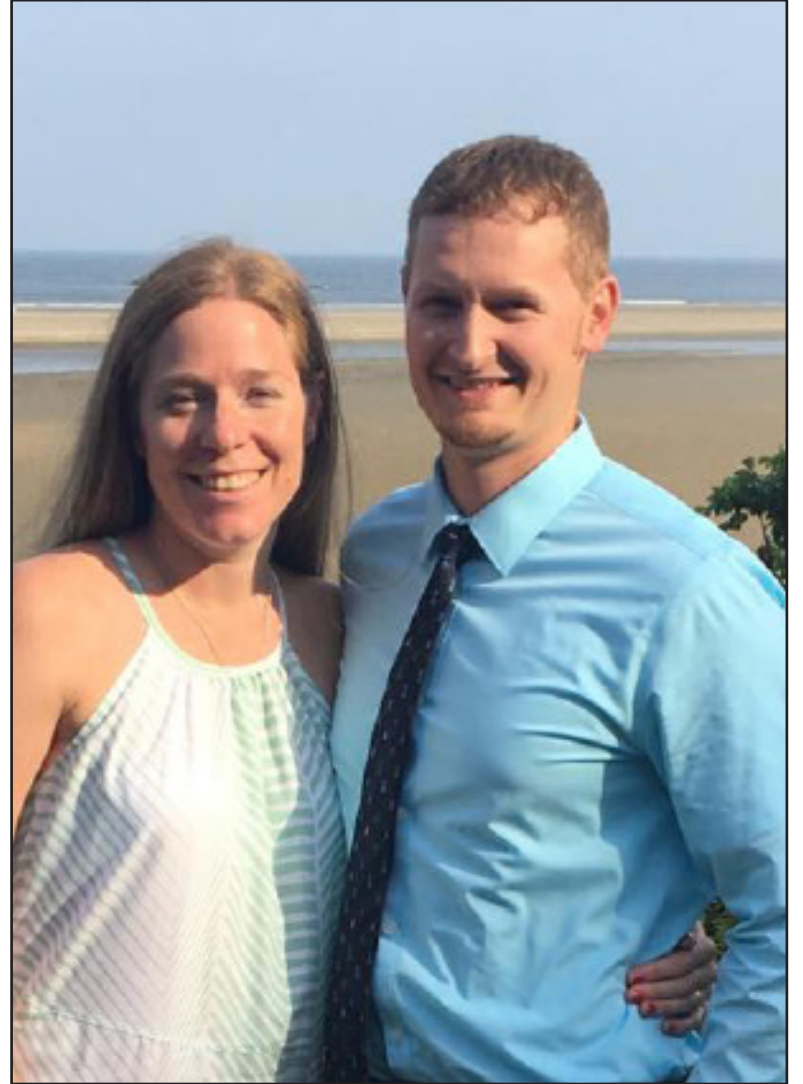
Today was a very special day. I visited a place that I hold near and dear to my heart. Hoosac school was my true high school and a once in a lifetime experience for me. Hoosac is much more than a boarding school/prep school- whatever you want to call it.

It was a place that taught me responsibility, accountability, diversity, school spirit, good sportsmanship, and a true perspective of ethics. The teachers believed in me when I didn't believe in me. They didn't judge me or tell me what to do. They allowed me to think for myself, which is a very special thing.

I walked through the halls and felt love. The students greeted us and the teachers smiled. I was able to share one of the most vulnerable times of my life with Josh.

It felt like yesterday that I was walking through campus -class to class, building snowboarding jumps when we were dumped with snow, or having dorm room parties with the girls. I certainly found myself in fair amounts of mischief, but Hoosac allowed me to learn from my mistakes and was always fair. Thanks to Dean S. Foster and all who are a part of the Hoosac community.... Much love my family

Ericka visited Hoosac



Hoosac Yule Log Memories

By Hank Coolidge '53

Editor's Note: After receiving an email blast from Hoosac entitled, "The Boar's Head & Yule Log Pageant," Hank Coolidge wrote to us.

Seeing the email newsletter brought back many memories, especially that of playing Fair Saba in my Sixth Form year, and my first audience laugh. After clearing my throat in my natural bass voice, I played the entire scene in falsetto. The audience response was wonderful, and gave me confidence I never knew I had. Thank the Lord for my six years at Hoosac, and for Fr. Wood.

My ego imagines that I would thoroughly enjoy bearing the lead arms of the Boar's Head platform, assuming that is still done. My memory of Keith Marvin, '43, carrying it every year, singing in his lovely bass, "The Boar's Head in hand bear I," Just a fleeting thought of an ancient graduate, and a Frank Butcher trained bass.

Deus Regit.

Shown below, Hank Coolidge '53, served as a Senior Prefect during his time at Hoosac.

At right, a Yule Log scene from 1953, held in the Dining hall of the old school before three hundred guests. It was the sixty-first performance.

