

## One Last Night Out

By Tom Kurland '94

Before he was our Headmaster, Dean Foster began his career here (as many of his predecessors did) less auspiciously. He lived in the closet on the second floor of Pitt Mason commonly used as housing for young teachers surviving that baptism of fire that is their first year teaching at a boarding school. Like any other freshman faculty member, he had to enthusiastically teach whatever he was told to teach, coach whatever he was told to coach, drive wherever he was told to drive, and be responsible for a stable full of those intractable creatures more commonly known as spring trimester sixth formers.

It was the spring of '94, a year I remember vividly because I was one of those glib, complacent, often blasé and terminally unique Sixth Formers on that second floor hall in Pitt Mason. In my more empathetic moments, I periodically wondered how Dean not only endured us, but actually went out of his way to make our lives more comfortable and fun. Rather than retreat into hiding during the few available moments he had during any given day, he instead cooked burgers for us, let us use his phone instead of the hall pay phone to call a girlfriend with whom we "urgently" needed to get in touch, or sometimes he simply let us crowd into his already cramped apartment to watch a movie or just hang out. One warm spring evening when he probably would have been far happier in adult company, Dean even unhesitatingly agreed at the last minute to drive nine of us to a Phish concert two and a half hours away in Binghamton, NY.

This was before the days of our fleet of large, spacious Hoosac school buses we've come to take for granted in recent years. In 1994, Hoosac students traveled in not always reliable, smaller blue vans with HOOSAC SCHOOL emblazoned in white on the side. Ecstatic, and somewhat surprised that Dean would agree to drive us on such short notice, we gleefully crowded onto whatever van Dean was able to procure for the evening and off we went. This was also before the days of Mapquest, so getting to the concert venue in Binghamton proved to be something more of an adventure than it would have today, especially given that we were already running late. Late or not, lost or not, we were all in high spirits — laughter and music filled the little van. We felt on top of the world; graduation was only a few weeks away, the days were warmer and longer, and we were miraculously on our way to a concert that, only hours earlier in the day, we were becoming resigned to missing. We were young, free, and elated.

When we arrived in Binghamton, we soon realized parking the school van would be more difficult than any of us had bothered to consider. So, in a rush to get to the concert, we desperately gave up looking for a legitimate parking area and frantically left the van in a tiny church parking lot austere marked, "No parking — violators will be towed." We were obviously the violators unforgivingly referred to on the sign. Among us, only Dean had the foresight to at least leave on the van's windshield a note with the hurriedly scrawled words, "School trip — very late —

please, please do not tow!!!"

Feverishly running to the arena, we made it in on time, not missing a single song. We all had a wonderful time that evening, as only a group of nine sixth formers and close friends three weeks before graduation could have. With commencement nearing every day, we all knew our time together was coming to an end. A few hours later, sweaty and pleasantly exhausted from the Bacchic yelling and dancing, we made our way back to where we hoped the van would still be. Amazingly, it was. But, to our even greater delight, there was a message added to our note. It said, "I could never tow a Hoosac van! I'm a Graftonian, class of '65!" Apparently, the priest at the church, or perhaps the driver of the tow truck — we never did find out who our benefactor was — was one of our own. We were speechless.

As the years passed, each of us on that van gradually lost touch with one another. One of our group that evening went on to become an attorney in Baltimore; one of us became a successful public relations consultant and Hoosac trustee; I ultimately returned here to teach and raise my family, and one of us was tragically lost in a car accident a few years after that happy, carefree night. But, that night left me with something far more important than a pleasant memory. I knew then that the commencement ceremony that would happen in a few weeks wasn't an ending at all; it was my initiation into a story larger than my own. From that night on I knew that, whether or not I liked it, I was indelibly connected to everyone who had come before me at



Top: Tom Kurland, class of '94 and current English Department Head with his daughter, Violet. Above: Tom in 1994 with Midnight, a dog many will remember as a fixture on campus.

Hoosac and everyone who would come after me.

Unlike many of our peer institutions, Hoosac is unique because we embrace eccentricity in a student in a way that many other schools are afraid to; we teach the student others

will not; we celebrate the potential of the individual. I may never again get out of a parking ticket or towing fee simply because I went to Hoosac, but at least I know I always have a place somewhere — a home.



L. to r.: The Houran family; Jackie '02, Benjamin, age 4, Noah, age 6, and Aaron '01 in Jacksonville, NC.



Aaron and Jackie on Jackie's graduation day in 2002.

## An Unexpected Path

By Jackie Hyde Houran '02

Even though I lived 5 miles down the road in Hoosick Falls, I had no idea that Hoosac was a private school in our area until I enrolled there as a junior. I was nervous about making new friends and scared of losing old ones. I wasn't sure if I was going to fit in, or if anyone would even like me. Little did I know that my attendance there would be life changing in all of the best imaginable ways!

I started school in the fall of 2000 as a day student. I drove my Dad's big gold truck and parked it by the art building. I walked into chapel with my cousin's who were also day students. (Tom LaPorte '01 and Matt LaPorte '03) They showed me where to sit and led me around to all of my different classrooms to make sure my first day was the least stressful as they could make it. I will always be grateful for that. Slowly, but surely, I started to make friends. Mostly other day students at first, but after a few months I made more friends who were boarding students.

I played almost every sport that they offered. This also led me to new friends. For the first time in my life, I actually felt like I belonged somewhere. I looked forward to going to school every day and seeing my friends. I looked forward to sports and games after school. Where, before, I just couldn't wait to get home. Now I enjoyed spending time at school.

In November, my life changed. During Yule Log rehearsal, I became friends with a fellow day student, Aaron Houran class of '01. Aaron later became my husband. I've watched him graduate from high school, and soon afterwards, Marine Corps boot camp. We were married on September 5th, 2004 on the east lawn of Tibbits Mansion. We figured it was the perfect place for us to exchange our vows since it was where we first met. Three days later, I waved goodbye to him as he set off for his first of, (so far) four deployments.

In November of 2006, we welcomed our first son, Noah Daniel into the world. Shortly after, in May 2008, we welcomed another, Benjamin Aaron. Today, we own a home in Jacksonville, NC. Aaron is currently deployed. We are thankful for modern day technology. We Skype with him almost daily. He gets to watch the boys grow up even while being so far away.

If it weren't for Hoosac, I wouldn't have met my husband, and I wouldn't have had my two beautiful sons. I cherish all of the wonderful memories I made there, and it will always have a special place in my heart.



## Four Years

By Crystyne Brown '07

I look back on my four years at Hoosac with both pride and wonder. Hoosac is a great place to learn and grow as a person. I remember my first day at Hoosac well. I was barely thirteen years old and the youngest in the school. I was both excited and nervous to great extents and had no idea what the next four years of my life would hold. I quickly made friends with my roommate Barbie. On the first night we thought it was routine for our dorm parent to lock us into our room so we couldn't sneak out. That was the end of my first day away from home at the age of thirteen. I thought I would be locked in at 9 p.m., every night, for the next four years. Barbie and I both called our parents frantically, saying "we are going on a hunger strike if you do not come get us right away!" Really, the door was just old and got stuck due to the sweltering summer heat coming to an end.

As it turns out, I loved my four years at Hoosac. I did not go on a hunger strike and I came back for three more years of crazy memories. I created enough memories to tell stories for a life time without ever repeating the same story twice. I could write a novel on my on my time at Hoosac, but this is not time or the place for that... In short, things that I will always remember: Advisor meetings with Mr. B - always ensured Dunkin' Donuts and other tasty treats, the ringing of the bell - and the way the weight of it took you up as you pulled the string, dish-room and pantry with Mary and Claudia - everyone knows not having to dress up is the best part, the ghosts of Tibbits Hall, Tibbits' grave, and the 'secret room', being 'Cow-belled' at 5 a.m., being named



Headmaster Dean Foster and Crystyne in the Dining Hall during her recent visit.

Senior Prefect, the way it felt to hold a lacrosse stick for the first time - inspiring me to play in college, and various traditional events such as Yule Log and ASADO day, which brought us together as a community. The friends and love that have lasted throughout the years are great reminders of my time well spent during my 'high school years'.

I have been back to visit Hoosac only a couple of times since I graduated, and the changes are outstanding. The food, buildings, physical environment, academics, etc. are all undergoing changes, which I would say are nice improvements for the future of the school.

Since my years at Hoosac, life has been good to me. Last June, I graduated with my Bachelors in Childhood Education, Social Studies, Anthropology and Sociology. I am currently working at Elmira College in the Office of Student Life and I plan on completing my Masters in Literacy Education next June. I love working at the administrative level and I am planning on pursuing my second Masters in Forensic Anthropology come the Fall of 2013. Best wishes to the graduating Class of 2012! Look back fondly on your time at Hoosac and all the memories this small school and home holds for you. You will never experience another place like it.

## School Master Bootcamp

By H. Ashton Crosby

Mid-winter 1964, at the age of twenty-three and tired of playing fourteen year olds off-Broadway, I phoned Fr. Blake. He was an old family friend—we all attended his summer parish in the White Mountains—and I reminded him of his invitation: "When, not if but when, you tire of the theatre, give me a call. You have the makings of a schoolmaster, and we could use you at Hoosac."

The next week I visited the school, and a week later returned with my wife, Ginger. We both loved the place. Sadly, hers was a brief infatuation; mine was the beginning of a life-long affair.

Fr. Blake invited us to join the Hoosac community the following September, and I returned to Manhattan with rekindled vigor to complete my Masters Degree in Theatre at NYU. As a brief tangent I must confess that NYU really didn't have a program in Theatre in those days. Anyone silly enough to pursue graduate work in Theatre must be headed toward teaching, so my studies were under the aegis of the School of Education. A far cry from the highly competitive conservatory training at NYU today!

Sometime later that spring, I received a call from Bill Reifsnnyder, Vice Rector and Head of the English Dept. at Hoosac. He suggested that I report for duty August 1st so that he could teach me how to teach. For that entire month, I attended daily tutorials, as he explained the arts of sentence diagramming, lesson planning and the teaching of reading and writing. He even gave me nightly homework!

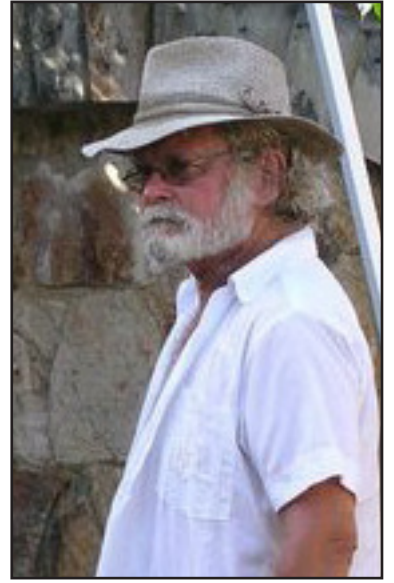
But it wasn't all work, no play. Ginger and I had time to explore the area and make friends locally. Gin-

ger was thrilled, auditing courses at nearby Williams. In addition, Fr. Blake suggested I offer my services to the Adult Education program at Hoosick Falls Central School, and soon I began leading a weekly Play Reading Series to local folk, mostly ladies, many very talented who eventually became the core of the Hoosick Valley Repertory Company, which we founded in 1968.

One afternoon, after my Reifsnnyder tutorial, I was accosted by Charley Henningsen, the school's night watchman. He asked me if I'd had lunch. When I said no, he invited me into his apartment in what is now the dormitory across from the Chapel. Charley lived there with at least a dozen cats. He offered me a milkshake. It was August, and I was thirsty and quickly quaffed two of them. Fifteen minutes later, walking back to Wood Hall, I felt the world beginning to spin beneath me. Charley's "milkshakes" were Brandy Alexanders! I spent most of the afternoon sleeping off his "lunch."

As we settled into the campus, we also became acquainted with Hoosac's Faculty, as diverse and eccentric a group as I've ever encountered. Our first friend and co-resident in Wood Hall was John Longstaff, who taught U.S. History with fierce passion. He was well over six feet tall, weighing almost nothing, with a complexion like parchment. Little did we know that he had leukemia and would die before his thirtieth birthday. John had a Volkswagen convertible and a huge Great Dane. The two of them in his tiny car were like Circus clowns crammed into an impossible space.

Other Faculty members included "Coach" and Mrs. Dickie, Pierre Van Quickenbourn, who was Bel-



Former Headmaster H. Ashton Crosby, Jr. on the set of the movie "Wind Jammers."

gian and taught French and owned only one set of (rumpled) clothes, Ted Geers who coached baseball and collected antiques, and Mr. Ritter who taught Latin and Ancient History. He had a big voice but mumbled a lot; we could never tell whether he was speaking English or Latin. He was Ancient History!

The dining room, Memorial Hall, had just been built, and Bill Lawrence was the cook. He was immensely talented and devoted to the school. In the twelve years I knew him, I never heard him complete a sentence.

We were a busy lot, teaching, coaching, running dormitories—the usual boarding school whirligig—and it was an exciting time to be with students. The Civil Rights Movement was in full bloom, the Peace Corps was firmly established, and Viet Nam was only a minor inconvenience. That was the world in which I "grew up," perhaps not chronologically, but intellectually and spiritually. And Thomas Wolfe was wrong: You can go home again. I've been doing so for almost fifty years.

## Hoosac Memories

By John Ober '71

to uphold longtime traditions such as the Yule Log festival, the asado roast and the Antonian/Graftonian rivalry, while promoting progressive teaching and critical thought. It's a great balance.

Of course, I have many great memories of my three years at Hoosac. I loved the impromptu activities. There was Mt. Snow day. We never knew when it was going to happen, but one day, instead of classes, it was announced that we were going to Mt. Snow for the day. Another day, we arrived at breakfast to learn that there was to be a Graftonian/Antonian capture-the-flag. How many kids have played capture-the-flag in a foot of freshly fallen snow? I loved playing hockey. As a southern boy there was nothing like getting out there on the pond, in our intramural rink of 2' boards, and running after the puck on the sides of my skates...what great fun we had! And then there were the more spiritual experiences, such as just walking through the snow to the dining hall in the early morning light, or being in chapel, thinking back on the day as Mrs. Sanderson played the organ.

## From The Classes of '50 & '51

By Ray (aka Dutson) Brown '51

Dan and Bill Adams, Lynn Bronson, Dut Brown, Russ Hergeshiemer, Paul Nash, Reggie Plesner, Dave Townsend, Jim West – Hoosac '51. May the souls of Daniel, Russell and Paul Rest in Peace.

It was a great class, the last for all purposes at the old buildings in Hoosick, and what a time we had. Father Wood and Father Dunkerly guided us well. Pappy took us all in arm wrestling. It is a testimony to them and others that Yale, Brown, Bard and other great universities accepted the fruits of their labors. Studies, sports, friendships and more than a few pranks on our teaches filled the days. Dances at St. Agnes and Emma Willard, chapel at All Saints, hockey, the Tibbits mansion and of course, the Boars Head and Yule Log echo in our remembrances. David Townsend remembers shoveling coal from railroad cars onto the old Ford truck and into the buildings for fuel to heat the antiquated buildings. A pre WWII Chevy suburban provided transportation. Old, cold, green showers, and ancient plumbing have not been forgotten.

It was but a short 61 years ago. We are now in our late seventies and early eighties with various de-

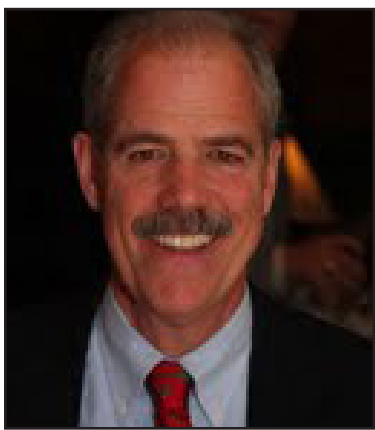


Ray Brown and his wife Joyce

grees of physical and mental health, but with many fond memories from those innocent days. Some went on to serve in Korea and Vietnam where we lost our innocence.

The graduating class of 1950 was small, only five. Bill Sharp, Bob MacFayden, John McLanahan, Art

Smith and Dick Algie, now deceased. They are a bit older than the class of '51, but shared many of the same experiences at the old buildings.



I can't be very objective when writing about Hoosac. Sometimes I sound like an advertisement for the school because my experience was so positive. I'd come from a very good school where I'd fallen steadily behind for the last two years without anyone noticing. At Hoosac, that was almost impossible. I'm often asked why I think my experience at Hoosac was so positive. It wasn't just that ever-changing vista. Was it the fact that the faculty, most of whom were in their 20s and 30s, were totally involved, in and out of the classroom, and on the playing fields? Or was it that, living in close proximity with the staff and faculty, with whom you interacted all day, every day, one was always encouraged and counseled if there was a need? It must say something about those men and women who taught us that I can remember each of their names, 40 years later! Add to this that somehow Hoosac has managed

## The Beginning of the Hoosac Trail

Dr. Clive Bridgham '68

How can you be 61 and reminisce about how you were from ages 13 to 17? Those were the first four years of my life at Hoosac from 1964-1968. We went from Father Blake as Rector of the school to Donn Wright as Head of school, with Father Cannon as an interim Head of school between them. I went from a scared, kind of pudgy IIIrd Former to a lean VIth Former. I returned to Hoosac as a teacher from 1972-1975, and as first chairman of the alumni advisory board when Donn Wright returned as Head of school.

My first memories of Hoosac were with my father and mother in 1964. We came up to Hoosac as a family for an application interview and the Asado. Sweet smells of roasting lamb on a spit. Back then that was the alumni reunion weekend. We drove up to Tibbit's Hall, a red sandstone building with impressive black walnut wood doors. It was late spring, and spring was in all its glory, a bright, warm, sunny day. The majestic mountains were to the east. That bright sunny day ended with the words, "Bridgham, Bridgham, he's dead!" I looked at my dad and mom and knew we weren't dead. I was only 13 and I was concerned. My Dad looked up the steps of Tibbit's Hall and smiled. I couldn't understand why. Later he told me he immediately recognized the voice. Coming down those front

steps of Tibbits was his Headmaster, Julian Hillhouse, whom he had last seen in 1924. Julian thought my dad was dead, maybe killed in WW2 or in a car crash, who knows.

Well my dad recognized Julian. I don't know if Julian recognized my Dad. It's kind of like that. As boys we grow up and change, but our teachers still retain some physical resemblance of their former selves. Both Julian and my Dad are long gone, but in that instant I was hooked on Hoosac. From then on all I ever wanted to do was go to Hoosac. I entered as a IIIrd Former in September 1964.

That weekend we ate roast lamb, cooked by Chef Bill Lawrence, and met Father Blake. I heard my dad reminisce about Hoosac with Mr. Hillhouse. You know it was under his leadership that a large section of the Appalachian Mt. trail was built with many Hoosac students including my father Samuel Willard Bridgham, class of 1924. His name is still on the Tibbit's Hall stairs as senior prefect.

Those are my first memories of Hoosac. The next four years varied from scared to sacred to profound, and to well, at least R rated, but that's my coming of age novel and I'm still writing that. I promise all names will be changed to protect the innocent and the guilty. (Promises are made to be broken.)

## Eating Spaghetti with a Fork

By San Hung '02

"Eating noodles (it was called spaghetti as I learned later) with a fork and knife?! How am I suppose to do this?!" This was the experience of my first meal at Hoosac. Although I knew how to use western tableware, usually on steaks, I never tried eating noodle-like food with a fork; chopsticks were what I usually used. I was embarrassed and panicked as the spaghetti seemed uncatchable with the red sauce splashing around. What made it worse was that we had to dress up, which I hated, and felt uncomfortable. Luckily the meal was over soon and I could finally stop fighting with food. Then, Mr. Lomuscio started his speech, and as expected at that time, I did not understand a word.

I was the only Chinese girl at Hoosac back in the year 2000. It was hard for me to understand anything in the first few months, especially Mr. L's after-dinner talks. Thanks to my dorm parent, my roommates, and friends patiently explaining to me the important announcements after dinner day by day and helping me to quickly catch up in my English. The person I want to thank most is our nurse, Ms. Klein, now my lifelong good friend even after I left the States.

My first encounter with Ms. Klein was not because of being sick. My first work job was the nurse's office. I remember little about how I first introduced myself and explained what I was there for, but the feeling at that moment would never be forgotten. With Ms. Klein, I felt comfortable, warm, and not as confused. For the first time in days, my brain was not as foggy because somehow



I understood what Ms. Klein was saying! From then on, my friends and I really enjoyed staying in Ms. Klein's office at our free time, not for bed rest, but to hang out and share thoughts and cultures. It lasted for two years till my graduation. These precious moments brought me much joy and alleviated my cultural shock and homesickness.

Time flew by before we knew it. With the help and support of friends and faculty, my English improved dramatically, and I well adapted into American high school. I became a Prefect in my second year. At graduation, I left Hoosac, but the friendship continues.



San in the egg race at ASADO day

## Hoosac Remembered!

By Chaplain (Colonel) Malcolm Roberts III (US Army Ret.) '62 & George Wayne Butler '62

OMG (Oh My Gracious), 50 years, are you kidding me? Where has the time gone? Where have WE all gone? What has happened in our lives and along our life's paths? So many questions and so few answers. George and I could answer these and it would be a one way dialogue, not what I want; remembering the past, family and friends, all important in my life now, but not so important 50 years ago.

Mal

I was more blessed than I deserved to spend two years at Hoosac School. I have a lifelong friend in George Wayne Butler, and two years of memories, some faded, and some extremely vivid to this day. Hoosac provided the perfect school for me to be away from home for an extended period of time. It also provided a rich environment for study, sports and spiritual awareness and growth, providing, and at times demanding, body, mind and spirit engagement with staff and faculty. I cannot fully express in words the many and varied enriching experiences Hoosac provided not only for me but for all. I will always remember going to Williams College to hear Robert Frost read his poems, and a myriad of cultural events we were provided. Grandma Moses art work, trips during Thanksgiving to New York City, even the trips home via Greyhound to Louisville, Kentucky. I loved working one summer for Coach Dickey doing grounds work. There is a saying, "that which does not kill you makes you stronger." Hoosac was an integral part of my development during a most impressionable time of my life and for that I am most grateful.

I was going to share how I managed to almost be expelled during my VIth Form year, or how by blind luck I graduated 12 of 13. You can thank your luck stars for Hoosac School or you can thank God, I choose to thank God.

Wayne

While different, my experience was similar to Mal's in many ways. This too was my first experience

of being away from home, other than summer camp. I was sent off the Hoosac for my junior year (Vth Form) because I was underachieving in the large high school I attended in New Jersey.

Because of Hoosac's size, everyone had a one-on-one relationship with our Masters, like it or not. Everyone played sports. If you didn't make the varsity, you were J.V. Every one sang. If you didn't make the choir, you were in the chorus. I discovered new skills and interests, not the least of which was being thought of as a good leader, which bolstered my confidence and self esteem. With the help of the faculty, I also learned something about the art of compromise.

Hoosac also had an impact on me spiritually. With daily chapel and required religion classes, taught by Messers Gilman and Yarborough, and the abiding care of Frs. Barrett and Blake, I was provided with a firm foundation without which I would not have experienced a very fulfilling spiritual journey, primarily in the teaching and mentoring of young people.

I am a graduate of the Hotel School at Cornell University, and spent most of my working life in the hospitality field. How I have attempted to treat others is largely attributed to the wisdom and compassion of Coach Dickey. His model is exemplified by Hebrews 13:2 "Be not forgetful to show hospitality to strangers, for some have entertained angels unawares."

I cherish my memories of Hoosac, mostly pleasant, some not so much. I am looking forward to our reunion and hope that others from our class will be there too.

If you are unable to attend, please let the school know what you've been up to all these years, so it can be printed in Hoosac Today.

David Bliss '54 and Jester '53, attended the 2011 Yule Log and reminisced:

"In those days, It was a real tutelage to become a Jester. The Jester practiced in secret for weeks ahead of time, mentored by a faculty mem-

ber. Classmate Gerry Guild (Beef-eater '53?) added that at Halloween one ceased to be a 'new boy' and became an 'old boy' – which meant the end of the hazing. After Halloween, Yule Log rehearsals began. The Jester was a very big deal and dominated the second act. You had to rehearse a lot in order to use a completely different voice, come out in a black shroud, then throw off the black and reveal yourself as the Jester in a half red, half yellow costume and painted face. "Let the revels now commence" the Jester calls and the fun begins, as do the pranks.

David Bliss remembers the prank he played on guests during the show. The Jester and his cronies prepared a dozen eggs by blowing them out, filling them with rice, and sealing the end. Into the show the Jester would carry this basket of eggs – but conceal a raw egg under his cloak. He'd raise up his basket of eggs for all to see, but pull out the raw egg and drop it splattering on the floor. Then he would reach for the fake eggs and throw them into the crowd – 'oh no' the crowd shrieked, thinking they were getting a raw egg thrown at them. On to the Jester's dance – he'd call upon a young damsel in the audience (his girlfriend) and dance her under the Mistletoe for a tender kiss and to rub his Jester's makeup on her face.

In those days, the show contained only 8 boys, no girls. So the Jester was also a sword dancer. They walked in with swords pointed up in the air by their chin and began the detailed choreographed steps. They'd repaint the torches time and again, because they used to be painted to match the costume of the carrier. Gerry and David recognized some of the costumes! But Mr. Bliss admits – we have nicer swords now."



## A Legacy

By George Funkhouser '71

It is strange to imagine that 41 years have transpired since my graduation at Hoosac in 1971. In the years following I often recollected with fond memories my time at Hoosac, and when my daughter Holly was born in 1983 it wasn't long afterward that I envisioned making her part of the experience. Moreover, to share and continue in some pleasant way the experience and even create new memories of Hoosac with her at my side...something she could remember even with my passing.

As far as those memories? There are many fine ones for both my daughter and myself. Something I am sure many alumni have as Hoosac tends to spawn them enmass. But in discussing this with my daughter, the one which stands out most prominently is that of my mother Ma-

mie, who made all this possible by bringing me to Hoosac from Albany Academy. I interviewed with Ashton Crosby on the lawn in front of Tibbits. Unfortunately she was not able to see Holly (2002) graduate as she passed a few years prior, but nonetheless she groomed her from her adolescent years to be a Hoosac graduate and my fellow alumnus. This has certainly and continues to bode well for us.

So the experience continues but even nicer are the fond feelings I get when I think of the additional bond it has brought between father and daughter. This is the most special warm feeling I get when I think of Hoosac 41 years hence and my daughter Holly ten years thereto. An enduring legacy of us and Hoosac for sure!



Holly Funkhouser '02 and her dad, George Funkhouser '71

# Now You're a Hoosac Boy

By Richard "Dick" Phair '43, as told to Sherri Klein

## Class of 1943



Richard James Phair

*Dick Phair's graduation photo, taken from the 1943 yearbook. Dick served as a Prefect*

The beginning was quite something. Way back when I got out of grammar school, my Dad sent me to Gilbert where I was a young kid with a '34 station wagon, a couple of nice girls, and whoopee – did I raise hell and have the time of my life (or so I thought). I flunked every subject my first year and barely passed the second year. And then one day, in the boy's room, a guy shoved me. I turned around and laid him out cold. So...I was called up to face the Head. "Mr. Phair", he said, "it'd be better for you, your Dad, and for Gilbert School if you'd find a different institution of learning."

I went home. Our minister called Fr. James L. Whitcomb at Hoosac School. Father Whitcomb drove to our home, visited with my Mom and Dad, and then visited with me. The more I visited with him, the more I loved the man. At the close of our visit, Fr. Whitcomb said "I think you could do the 4-year prep program in 3 – do you?" I replied "Yes, I think I could." Fr. Whitcomb held out his hand to me and said "Now you're a Hoosac Boy." He became a second father to me and changed the reckless direction of my life.

When I try to tell people what Hoosac means to me, it's hard to explain. After Hoosac, I would serve in the military, finish pharmacy college, enter a good career, and marry Mary Elizabeth. Boy, there was a doll – we were married for 69 years. I never missed a day without kissing her goodnight and good morning – she meant the world to me. Would I have had all that without Hoosac? Fr. Whitcomb inspired each of us to do our best in life. In the old common room, we were lined up on two sides – the whole school – when Fr. Whitcomb dropped the bomb that he would not be back the next year. Every kid in the school cried.

When I arrived on campus (the old campus), I met Francis Hale Whitcomb. I always thought Fr. Whitcomb had charged his son with the mission of looking out for me, but he didn't. "Franny" and I just sort of bonded, a friendship that has lasted since 1940. I think we've hit



The Baseball Team

*The baseball team that Dick speaks about in this article. Dick is in the middle of the second row. Fr. Wood, the Headmaster, is on the left and served as the coach.*

almost every Yule Log since I got out of the army in 1945. I always wait to see my friend come through the door, then I call out "Francis Hale" – I'm the only one who calls him that. I love coming back to see the Yule Log – it's still the same – same songs, same words. I was Fair Saba one year and planted a sloppy kiss on the forehead of Keith Marvin's father, who was editor of the Troy Record at the time – a lot of fun!

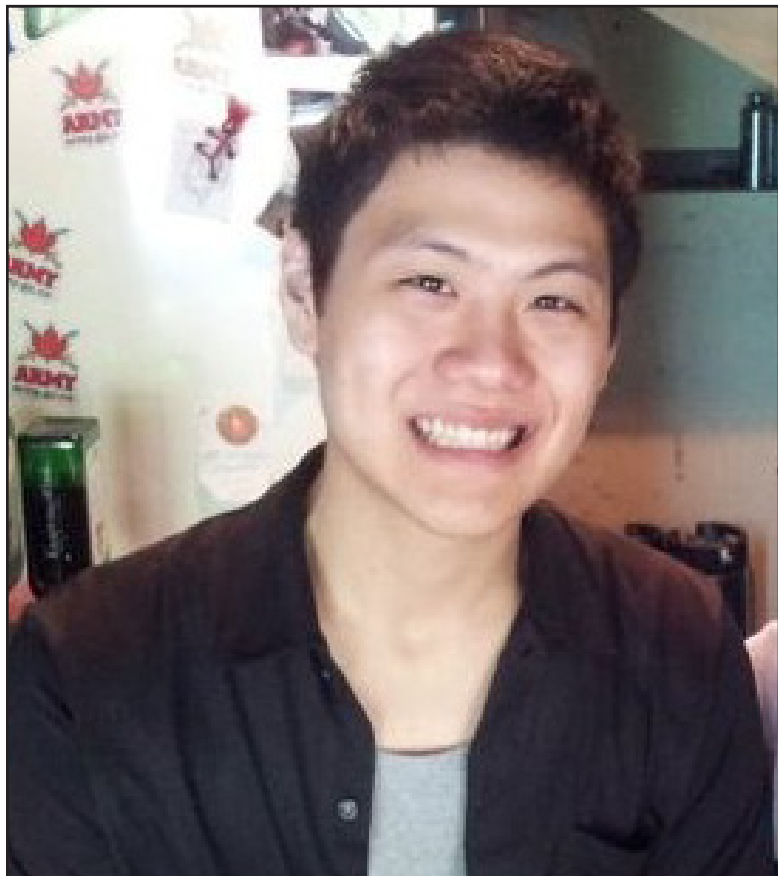
As Captain of the baseball team I had to recruit from the little fellows in the Squealery in order to get a 9-man team together. Every evening on the old campus, one of us older boys would go over to take care of them. They were so darn young. We

played Lenox, Cranwell, Albany Academy. Those were the good old days. And yes, I'm an Antonian! At the first supper, the head Antonian and head Graftonian picked names out of the wassail bowl in the center of the room to see who would be Antonian or Graftonian. My dear friend and classmate, (John) Keith Marvin, was a Graftonian – too bad, he would have made a good Antonian!

In 3 years, I did complete the 4-year program at Hoosac. I was called up for the draft in my senior year. I graduated from Hoosac with honors on June 15, 1943 and reported to the U.S. Army June 16. They sent me to the University of Maine where I completed a one year engineering

course in 4 months. The program was disbanded and I went to Tennessee Swamp, Yankee Division Infantry and was sent overseas. We landed at the Utah Beach September 9th. I was shot twice, once in the shoulder and then later in both legs with a burp gun at the Battle of Metz in Germany. Two Purple Hearts. We did what we were told. I lost a lot of good buddies.

I went on to Albany Pharmacy College, became a pharmacist and enjoyed many years of my wonderful family, but I never forgot what Hoosac did for me. I hope the students now at Hoosac realize what they've got – a chance of a lifetime.



Ryan Shin

I believe I was one of the busiest students in Hoosac School. I was an editor of the Owlet, founder of Leadership Society, founder of Go Green Club, head assistant of Peer writing and math assistants, member of science club, choir, and proctor of Whitcomb Hall. Well, I still do not understand why I was involved in so many different activities, but I really appreciate that I have a lot of fond memories from those activities. When I first came to Hoosac, I

thought the school was way to traditional, conservative, and strict. However, soon I realized that without club and sport activities, students have a lot of free time although the school schedule seemed pretty intense. As a result, I realized that I can use this free time either just waste it or make it productive. That is why I joined the Owlet.

When I first went to journalism class, Mr. Moss, who was the faculty editor of the Owlet, gave me

very skeptical stares as if he does not think I can be a staff writer. As an international student, I understood that Mr. Moss could worry about my writing skills, but I was very disappointed when he read my writing and said that my writing skill was terrible. However, Mr. Moss generously accepted me as a staff writer and helped me to write properly. I suggested that while I improve my writing skills, I want to interview faculties so that students and alumni can know more about faculties and make stronger connection to them. Accordingly, I interviewed every week each faculty from Mr. Foster to Nurse Klein for two years. It was such incredible moments in which I could learn more about faculties' personal lives, opinions, and interests. Also, it was amazing and cool that students read my article and talk about it; as a result, I fell in love with the Owlet. As my enthusiasm for the newspaper grew, my position in the Owlet moved to junior editor and, eventually, to senior editor. Even though I had to spend a lot of time to the Owlet, I loved Friday when I printed out the newspaper. I can still remember that every Friday about 4:30 p.m. I do the final editing of the newspaper, print out copies in Tibbits Hall, and take the copies to

the dining hall; it was as if I give a birth to the articles and the photos. It was like the newspaper was saying to me. "Hey, you made it!"

I believe every student has priceless, fond memories in Hoosac School. When we were young, we might not see how precious the moments are. Since we had to go through assignments, papers, exams, and SAT, we might think that lives are tough, frustrating, and stressful. However, as time goes by, we face the real difficult situations from work, love, and economy, realizing that we miss the past; when we strug-

gle from those situations, we wish we can go back to old days in which we were naïve and had less responsibilities. Consequently, we think of the past as pleasing memories. Like other many alumni, I feel so good and happy whenever I reminisce the old days in Hoosac School. And, these fond memories will last forever in my mind, helping me to go through whatever hard ordeals that I face.

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# Fond Memories

By Seung Hwan "Ryan" Shin '08

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