

## 30 Years

By Lizzette Hayes Winters '83

30 years!!! So very hard to believe that 30 years ago I graduated from Hoosac School. I still laugh at the memory of when I first stepped on the campus. Allow me to set the scene first. . . my dad was in the Coast Guard and I mainly grew up in California. He and my mom decided that our family would enjoy a "better" (not my word, at the time) life in upstate NY. I was a junior in high school, president of my class, loving life in sunny San Jose and BAM!, off to Hoosick Falls. I will never forget stepping foot off the airplane into 10 degree weather, and I immediately turned back around!

We quickly, though not happily, settled into our farm house and began searching for schools. Public school first, no, didn't like it; St Mary's, no, too many locals and cliques, Hoosac--hmmm, beautiful campus, small community, non-local students...Bingo!

I loved Hoosac from the moment I set eyes on it. I was embraced by the students and teachers and felt like I was home. Even though I was a day student, I still had my shared dorm room, and really enjoyed staying over night when I was able. The dining room was the best place for me. I loved eating together and to this day I still serve on the left and remove on the right.

I was fortunate enough to bring my son with me to our "reunion" last July. He thought Tibbits Hall was magical. He played with Dean's (Foster's) kids and made fast friends. That night as we drove away, he said "Mommy, I want to go to your school some day." For all the mistakes or regrets that may have occurred in my life, Hoosac will never be one of them. I have made forever friends and learned about love and life. "Yes, Brenner, I hope you get to go to Hoosac too."



Left to right: Lizzette '83, Lucretia Stone Bailey 83, Holly McGrath Phillips 84



Lizzette and her son, Brenner

## Hoosac Memories

By Kevin Backus '90

It hit me now that I am a class agent, and even before that, I often thought about Hoosac and the fond memories that I have of the school and the friends that I made there. You don't really realize it while you are at the school living and learning, struggling to make yourself prepared for the real world.

It seems to hit you later in life that while you were there you were surrounded by people who really cared for your well-being and development! The faculty works very hard to prepare you academically for the whole college experience as well as to ready you for life's next set of challenges. Sometimes you may

even take for granted the friendships that you have made there, or not realized how true those friendships are until later in life. One thing I have found and realize is that they are long lasting friendships no matter the distance between or lack of communication. It is true that all Hoosac Alumni have a common bond and a feeling of unity, which shines at all the reunions. We are also fortunate with all the social media to be able to stay in contact with each other and be able to see how everyone's lives are going.

I can now look back at all the times at Hoosac, whether it is hanging in the Squealery, or during sports, or just hanging on campus with friends. The whole Hoosac experience is what made me who I am today, and has given me some great friends that I can always count on! I feel that it has made me able to handle all life's challenges that arise... Believe me when I say that life seems to deal you tougher and larger challenges as you get older, so enjoy your time at Hoosac and embrace the experience and friendships! Deus Regit



Captain Kevin at work with Mr. Muskie Charters on Lake St. Clair in Southeast Michigan near Detroit.



Kevin and his daughter, Molly

## Four Years

By Lewis G. Pierce '68

I look back on my four years at Hoosac as being perhaps the most valuable years of my life. My parents sent me away to school because they were both sick, and could not handle bringing me up due to their health. The teachers were so influential towards the raising of a 15 to

18 year old. If it was not for Hoosac School I probably would have been a juvenile delinquent. The school taught me values and respect for others, something that is invaluable to ones future. I have nothing but fond memories of those years. Thank you Hoosac. Deus Regit.



Lewis Pierce in 1967



## Winter in New England

By Chip Jarman '73



I had always thought that if I ever had a chance to return to Hoosac for the Boar's Head Pageant, I would want it to be snowing. On December 16th, 2005, thirty-two and a half years after my graduation, it did. Of all the memories I have carried with me throughout the years, those of my teenage years at the "Hoosac School for Boys" in upstate New York are the most wonderful. I have held onto them through seven deployments overseas and clung to them in life and death situations more than once. Hoosac was a powerful place for me. It was my home. Why I ended up at an all-boy's religious coat & tie school, I'll never understand. I loved chasing girls, I wasn't religious, and I didn't like having to dress up for dinner. What's more, I hated academics. The spoiled son of a Navy captain, my turbulent teenage years in Columbus, Ohio culminated in my being picked up by the police for unruly behavior and nearly flunking out of the 8th grade. My loving parents, as anxious to get me out of the house as I was to leave, had given me the opportunity to attend the private school of my choosing. My choices were narrowed down to either Hoosac School or East Hill Farm School in Woodstock, Vermont where a student body of about forty kids, ages eight to eighteen, ran the farm and occasionally attended class in a "little red school house" type of setting.

There were two reasons I picked Hoosac - The campus and H. Ashton Crosby. The latter, as anyone can imagine that has had the pleasure of knowing Ashton, can fill volumes. But the Hoosac campus was the only

place where I really felt comfortable. I always thought of it as my home. From the first day I arrived, I connected with something at Hoosac - something indescribable and very personal and so real to me that when I returned to Hoosac thirty-two and a half years later, it was as profound and uplifting within me as it had been the day I graduated. The sun had set and it was a cold winter night as I drove my rental car from the Albany airport across the bridge that would take me east to Hoosac. I marveled at the huge amount of traffic as the red taillights of commuters spanned the bridge all the way into Troy. How the city had grown. I remembered the Trailways bus depot in Troy where a half dozen or so young boys dressed in coat and tie looking like something from a J.D. Salinger novel would wait together for the Hoosac School

bus to come and pick them up after their holiday vacation. Tonight I was an alumnus and I couldn't wait to get back to school.

It was late evening by the time I arrived at the South Shire Inn Bed & Breakfast in Bennington, Vermont. I was the only guest registered for the evening and I felt like a king in my stately room with wood fireplace and a comfortable armchair to settle into. There was a layer of snow that had remained on the ground from the last snowstorm that passed through a few days earlier. But what I woke up to the next morning took my breath away.

There is a silence in the air when it snows that is like magic. Every memory I have of Christmas, Vermont maple syrup, and "Peace On Earth" comes to the surface when I see a snow covered landscape and its almost blinding brightness in the morning sun. On this morning, the day of my return to Hoosac, I opened the curtains in my 2nd floor room and beheld the first snowfall I had seen in many, many years. It was beautiful, it was absolutely silent, and it was a gift that I had longed for, for so many, many years.

( to be continued )



Left to right: Tom Wright '70, Clive Bridgham '68, Seton Ijams '75, and Chip Jarman '73



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A blast from the past - I was left wing on the Hoosac varsity hockey team, Hoosick, NY 1973. can you spot me? hint: I had a "fro."

Left to right: Front row - John (Jay) Church '73, Robert (Ted) Phillips '73, Philip (Nip) Smith '74, Edward (Chip) Jarman '73, John (Jay) Maragon '73, Marcel Rodriguez, Keith Williams '73, David McGraw '75.

Back row - Don Coletti '71, Charlie Smallman '73, George deMenocal '74, ?, Dan Hannon '74, Rich Montgomery '73, Herb Elkington '74, George Fulton '75, and the coach, The Rev. Henry Brevoort (Brev) Cannon '23.