

Pitt-Mason Pranks

With respect to this picture, it has been determined by one of our classmates, George Funkhouser, that it was Professor Hartt's Volkswagon that was the subject of the prank on the steps to Pitt-Mason Hall where I was a resident one year, maybe two.

Pitt-Mason Hall was particularly entertaining in the middle of winter when you were either late for chapel or late for class. This is because from Pitt-Mason to both the chapel and Tibbits Hall it was almost a straight shot down hill. We poured water on the hill from time to time to ensure that the two loafer width grooves we had made in the ice and down the hill would deliver us to class as quickly as possible. At the bottom of the hill there was an equally icy lip and a steep drop-off into the courtyard of the chapel. This accelerated the participants even faster to either an exemplary landing applauded by all present or a glorious wipeout with books, shoes, and other unsecured paraphernalia flying about which was also applauded by all present. We all made it to class on time.

George Hall '71

The VW prank of '72 was the inspiration for what we hoped would become an annual tradition for the sixth formers. A year later, in a very covert meeting at the Home Farm, the prefects along with the headmaster, (Ashton Crosby will have me tarred and feathered for revealing this,) a decision was made that the school needed something to "put a little spirit in the air." Having been inspired by the VW event a year before, I suggested the Vth form do some kind of a prank. Ashton went along with the suggestion but wanted to be washed clean of having anything to do with it and didn't want to know what it was we were going to do."

A few days later (it may have been the Sunday night formal dinner) at the end of the meal as the tables were being cleared for the evening announcements, the power was suddenly turned off and the dining hall went completely dark. The entire Vth form, who had supposedly been excused from dinner to hold a planning meeting for the senior skit, burst into the dining hall from both ends screaming in terror at the top of our lungs and, running down the entire length of the hall, proceeded to cover every table, students and faculty included, with bed sheets. The entire prank lasted just under 30 seconds and the last thing I remember as

we ran down the road was Mr. Long standing in the doorway yelling at us at the top of his lungs in a fit of rage, (I think the bed sheet knocked the coffee onto his lap.)

Needless to say, it was never disclosed that the headmaster was even remotely involved in this fiasco. It is only now, as the statute of limitations has run out, that am I am willing to tell this delightful little story.

Deus Regit.

footnote: I just remembered, the icing on the cake was that Maureen Thompson '73, (our resident concert pianist) sneaked into the dining hall as soon as the lights went out, sat herself at the grand piano in absolute darkness, and proceeded to play the "Funeral March" by Frederic Chopin.

Chip Jarman '73

We propped up the headmasters secretary's car on the dining hall steps as a prank! I forget the woman's name but she had a good sense of humor, thank God!

James Giacalone Walker '74

I recall a similar event ca 1969 where we moved the math teacher's (I can see him but can't remember his name) MG sportscar into the dining hall and tried to place it on his table. Seems to be a recurring theme!!

Rafe Boulon '70

The tradition continued annually all the way through my time at Hoosac from 75-78.

Of course, the ski lift was also working during that time and instead of skiing down the slope at the lift, we'd climb up the top of the hill after getting off the lift, then ski down through the campus past Pitt-Mason, past the Bell, across the driveway into the parking lot at the back of Tibbits Hall, down to the back road to the lower dorm and back down to the base of the hill. Made for a much longer run than straight back down the hill.

Jon Grout '79

It looks like the work of the class of '72. I recognize some of the bystanders and the BMW 2002 that belonged to Jorge Tristani the Spanish teacher.

There was a similar incident a few years prior when Father Cannon's Mercury rolled down the hill in front of Tibbits Hall that drew thunderous laughter!

Cheers!

Robert "Whitey" Russell '71



The fellow at the wheel was Jay Maragon. Dan Hannon is to Jay's immediate left. Was the guy second from the right named Shaw? It looks like the front of the Dining Hall, not Pitt-Mason. (P-M was CMU construction, and the front steps were/are multi-level.

I'm not sure, but I think I might have taken the picture... :-)

Charlie Smallman '73

I think the driver w/his head out the roof, is Jay, our goalie from the hockey team. I apologize on forgetting his last name, it seems that it may start w/M??? could it be Mormon or Marmon?? Brad "74

P.S. did you get Scotty Meade's letter of our visit together?? It was more than great!! I couldn't have had a better vacation in Antigua due to he and his wife's help and the time they spent w/us...Amazing!!... It was like seeing family, that warm and welcoming!

Brad Gorea '74

I think that's the 1970-1971 school year (a year before my arrival at Hoosac)? While the color of Mr. Hartt's VW was white, that looks a lot like Carmela's baby blue beetle being maneuvered off the steps at Pitt Mason (past Jorge Tristani's new BMW) by Dan Hannon, George deMenocal and another Illrd Former whose face I can't see (Rusty Roma-

no?), while Jack Girard and Richard Reese are having a conference to decide who should get the conduct slip.

Somebody else will know more... Colletti?

Spoon Dickey '74



Chip Jarman '73 and Rosie



George E. Hall '71



Rafe Boulon '70



Charlie Smallman '73



Spoon Dickey '74



Jon Grout '79

Hoosac Connection

by Scott Meade Strassenburgh '74

Picture this: I'm living, working, and truly enjoying my life on a tiny island in the West Indies when, out of the blue, I get an email from old classmate, Brad Gorea. Here's the thing - at Hoosac, Brad and I were friendly but we were not super-buddies. Regardless, I was excited to see him. After all, it had been 40 years... curiosity alone made this worth it.

Truth be told, I found a picture of an earlier Hoosac reunion to see if I could place the name with the face... it had been a long time. It was an "Ohhh, *that* Brad!" kind of a thing.

But once we saw each other at the resort I live on, it took all of about one minute to ignite a new friendship. We had an absolute ball while he and his wonderful wife, Karen, were here. We laughed, told Hoosac and life stories: Think about it, we left Hoosac as young men and now, Brad is a grandfather. To say the least, there was just a wee-bit of catching up to do!

It took all of the ten days of his visit to truly get a good feel of what life has dealt each other.

At the end of the day, Brad and I connected in a way that was, at first, unexpected. It was swift and powerful. We're now great friends. Brad is a wonderfully refreshing, honest and friendly guy... and as I mentioned several times while he was here "I truly wish I had gotten to know you better forty-years ago!"

One of the funnier highlights, was Brad talking about Father Cannon's dog "Hamilcar" and a unfortunate incident with another dog during a meal in the dining hall...I laughed so hard I cramped during our dinner. (Search your memory banks; you'll start laughing very hard too!)

So our ten days in paradise reuniting and reconnecting was perfect. For me it was an eye-opener. I've lived outside the US for 20 years: London and now the West Indies (although my wife Shuna and I do visit the US every year). But because my time at Hoosac was, shall we say, "intermittent" (There for a year or so, gone for a year or so, back for a year or so), I didn't spend much time remembering. But after Brad's visit, I can't help but remember the close friendships back then and think about the possible new friendships with older, wiser souls that could be made now.

So I am very sorry I won't be at the reunion this year... a new project has got my wife and I bolted to the island. And although a journey to the reunion would be long and expensive, I know it would end up being totally worth it.

As for me: In short, life has been good. I'm happy, healthy and blessed.

So I wish all of you the very best. I send love, hugs and a smile to you all.
XO Scotty



Brad Gorea and Scotty Strassenburgh

Favorite Memories

by Mark Haven '74

Here are just a few of my favorite memories from Hoosac.

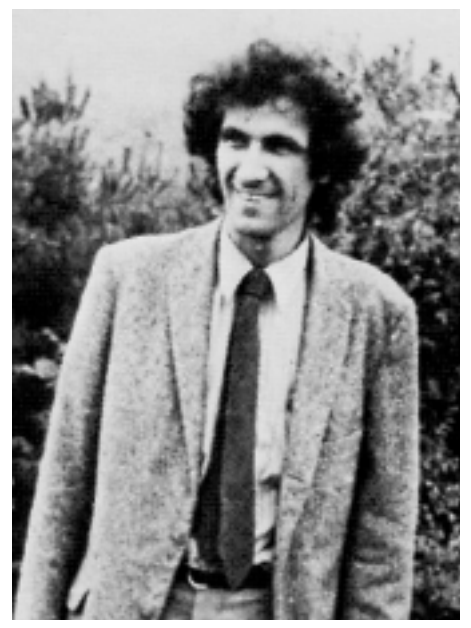
- Rooming in Tibbits with Hyde Clark and Harvey Lee as our dorm master.
- Music class with Christine Graham.
- Playing guitars with Spoon Dickey.
- English class with Dan Verdery.
- Science class with Richard Lomuscio
- Afternoon Chapel with Father Shattagan.
- Art History and Ethics with Sr. Tristani
- Violin lessons and learning Bach Double Violin Concerto with Carolyn Bond of Bennington College.
- Senior Theology with H. Brevort Cannon and Clive Bridgham (The Myth of the Fallen Angels)
- The Boars Head Yule Log festival was always a most special time.
- All of the amazing faculty and, of course, H. Ashton Crosby our excellent headmaster.



Fr. Shatagin



Clive Bridgham '68



Richard Lomuscio



Ashton Crosby



Jorge Tristani



Harvey Lee '68

ALUMNI EDITION OWLET STAFF

Sherri Klein Nancy LaPorte

Staff Writers:

Rafe Boulon '70

J. Kenneth Desmond '68

Spoon Dickey '74

Brad Gorea '74

Jon Grout '79

George Hall '71

Mark Haven '74

Edward "Chip" Jarman '73

Jim Millar '68

Robert "Whitey" Russell '71

Charlie Smallman '73

Scott Meade Strassenburgh '74

Wanda Wrzenski Williams '83

Tibbits Mysteries

by J. Kenneth Desmond '68

The article in the spring issue of Hoosac Today concerning the history of the bell brought back a few memories of my days at Hoosac.

I went there in 1966 which was the first year of Donn Wright's stewardship as Headmaster. Our dorm rooms were in the west wing of Tibbits Hall, both the first and second floors. There were eight juniors in three rooms with supervision provided by Master Ted Gears from the Home Farm. Needless to say this arrangement provided us a great deal of freedom to "discover" Tibbits.

One of the first tours of discovery lead us to the bell tower. Since the administration was basically all new, no one seemed to have a key to the tower and it certainly wasn't on anyone's list to search for it given the challenges facing the school. Being enterprising young men and certainly seeking an adventure "to go where no man has gone before" (reader, please bear in mind this time was the height of Star Trek) that somehow the locks were changed to accommodate us. So, for the next two years, we had one of the most perfect spots on campus to enjoy Hoosac life. It is my recollection that upon leaving Hoosac I gave Donn the key as a parting gift.

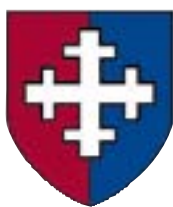
The other story (just one of many) that I thought might be of interest was our search for the "under ground railroad" that we believed existed and came into Tibbits Hall. There had been "stories" that Tibbits had been part of the under ground railroad for slaves seeking their freedom in Canada. The stories had talked about a tunnel going down to the river from the main house. Since the foundation for the mansion house was started in 1860 it certainly was plausible that a tunnel would have been conceived. Our search lead us to a set of stairs to the cellar from the first floor of the west wing. These stairs were closed off and unused but once again, to enterprising young men access was accomplished. We



Ken Desmond '68

discovered the stairs were hinged at the top and would have provided access to the outside. We were stymied though by a wall that had been constructed across the stairs, said wall happened to be directly under Donn Wright's desk. Even adventurous souls sometimes need to take stock of the situation.

Many students at the time searched for a tunnel entrance down by the river but all to no avail. I don't know if anyone since has solved the mystery, but even now I wonder why would a set of stairs in a cellar be hinged?

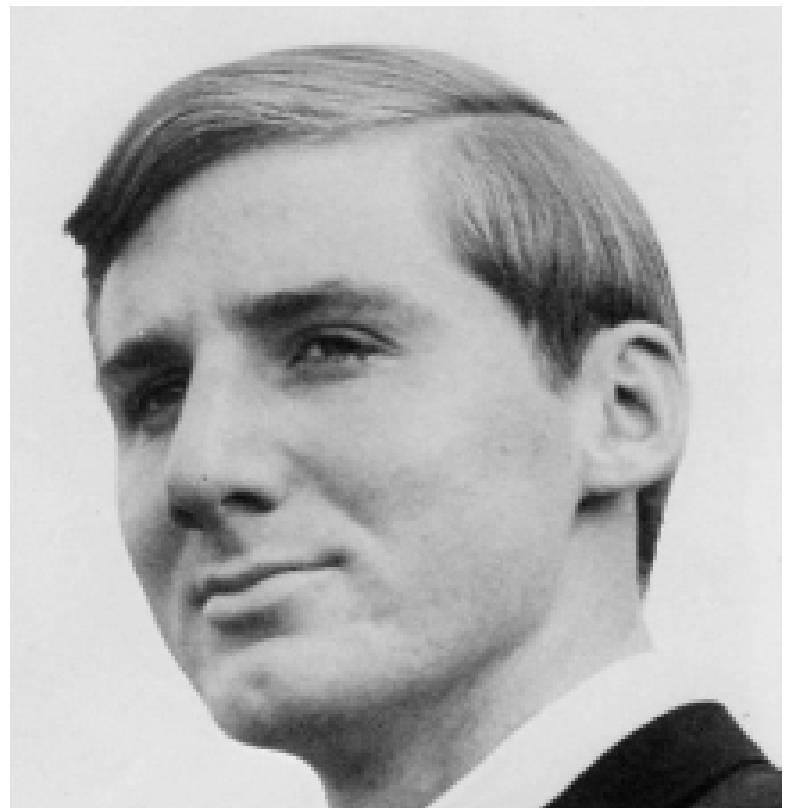


To quote Fr. Blake, Headmaster at Hoosac in 1964, my freshman year, "Attending boarding school is not a happy experience," until you graduate and then look back, then you see one's self in a different light and it is sometimes quite comical. Hoosac at that time was an all boys school, Fourth Form through Sixth, modelling itself after a typical English boarding school. With the goal of turning out Christian gentlemen who were bound for college. This was a tall order considering my academic prowess at the time. My freshman class consisted of five other students. Clive Bridgeham, Jacki Oshei, Jim Thompson, Jim Nunnick, and Louis Pierce. Bridgeham, Oshei, Pierce and I were the true diehards that completed all four years. The Assistant Headmaster in my freshman year was Bill Reifsnnyder, fondly known as Reify. He was the Dean of Discipline, also an English teacher, and ran the work program, but he was best known for his strict discipline and the red bench outside his second-story apartment in Tibbits which accommodated those so lucky as to be invited to his breakfast club. If you were late for meals, caught out after curfew, missed assignments, were inappropriately dressed, hair too long, etc., you were to report to the red bench for breakfast club which was held very early in the morning, prior to breakfast where one would be assigned trivial tasks to work off demerits. To this day I can remember the arduous task of having to polish the brass statue that still stands in the library. Discipline was very strict and vacations rare. September to Thanksgiving break was the longest stretch without any time off. In comparison with my experience in public school Hoosac was very structured with discipline, and no free time except on Sunday afternoons. I am not sure if it still exists, but in the sixties we had a work program run and managed by the prefects. There was an hour put aside each day after lunch where every student was assigned a task for work job that would consist of dishwashing in the dining hall, dusting, sweeping and mopping floors in all the dorms and classrooms. Mops, brooms and dust pans were issued out of the mop room in the basement of Tibbits Hall. Visitors and parents would marvel at how clean everything was.

Standard dress code was slacks with jacket and tie with the top button on the shirt buttoned and all ties cinched snugly around the neck. Dinner time dress code was white shirt and formal suit - no exceptions or demerits were issued. At all meals proper etiquette was mandatory. One was taught that when passing the salt and pepper they were never used first by the individual, and they were always passed together, never separately. All serving was done from the left side and anyone reaching across the table (ie: boarder house reach) would be smacked on the knuckles with a heavy serving spoon. You were expected not to start eating until everyone was served and grace was said. You were expected to chew your food with your mouth closed, eat with one hand placed on your lap, and hold your knife and fork with the palm of your hand as opposed to your fist. As the food was passed around everyone was required to eat at least a little of everything. As an example, I found brussel sprouts and califlour repulsive, but I was

Looking Back

by Jim Millar '68



required to eat some at every meal where it was served. The thought was that you would develop tastes for different foods. It never worked on me. If a lady come to the table or entered a room everyone was expected to stand. I am proud to point out that all my kids know these rules of etiquette very well. The dining hall was run by students appointed as Chief Stewards. The Steward assigned any given week was required to arrive at the dining hall at 6AM or earlier and manage the student assigned dining hall duty that week to set the tables and prepare all the serving dishes required by the cooks so that when the faculty and student body sat down the food could be served. When I was given the opportunity of being a Steward, I quickly discovered that I was not cut out for the restaurant business. I must confess that while I was at Hoosac the food was excellent.

With all the hard work and effort of the faculty to turn Hoosac students into Christian Gentlemen the train would sometimes go off the rails. One morning at breakfast Billy Oshei, who was a senior prefect at the time, noticed that the dining hall had been vacated by all the faculty. All of a sudden my table received a massive incoming of pancakes from the opposite end of the dining hall; this was then complimented with return fire from our end. We had great fun until a faculty member arrived. Coach Dickie, who understood boys better than anyone, and was like a second father to all of us, had the keen observation that after a Yule Log or a parents weekend, all the mothers could not stop raving about how well dressed and good mannered the boys were, albeit Christian Gentlemen. With great amusement he would point out what they never saw at long weekend, Thanksgiving and Christmas recesses, when he would observe the impeccably well dressed Christian Gentlemen heading directly to our favorite watering holes, be it German America Club, Hilton Lounge or Greyhound Lounge at the bus station after dropping us off the bus at the Albany Train Station. In those episodes we anointed ourselves Christian Gentlemen. To learn more, ask my brother about the New York Central Bar Car.

As time went by one became ingrained with a school spirit and camaraderie among the student body. This was very apparent on the athletic fields when Hoosac, led by

Coach Dickie, would beat the likes of Darrow or Lenox Academy who at that time easily had double the enrollment that Hoosac had. I will never forget the time Chip Tuelon scored in overtime at a soccer game at Darrow. He was inside the box and the ball bounced up about a foot or two off the ground and he drilled it into the upper right hand corner of the net. Then there was ice hockey which used to be played on Tibbits Pond until Father Blake built an outdoor rink with boards that were square in the corners as opposed to being rounded. The rink was located where the gym now stands. The hockey rink required a lot of maintenance, getting up early in the mornings to flood the rink, and a lot of shoveling to clear the snow. I can vividly remember two great games, both in the freezing cold when we beat Darrow and Lenox in overtime. There were times when you look back and have to laugh. Such as when Chip Tuelon and I were circling back after a puck turnover in our end, we were both looking at our goalie and ran into each other. He, being about six feet tall and me, being five feet five inches tall. I got up and my legs were so wobbly that coach was yelling at me to get off the ice. Needless to say I was down for the count.

Looking back, Hoosac was an amazing experience. The spiritual learning instilled in one a moral compass making it easy to distinguish between good and evil. Due to the faculty and culture of Hoosac it instilled in one a sense of humanity and morality. I find it shocking to see leaders in the U.S who are in politics, law or corporate America who are products from some of our country's finest educational institutions who are void of empathy for others, ignore their moral compass if they have one, do not have any sense when it comes to doing the right thing, and are not well grounded in common sense due either big egos or greed.

Despite my lack of academic prowess in my freshman year, Hoosac gave me the tools to graduate from college and have a very happy and productive life as a moral and supporting member of society.

In my four years spent at Hoosac among my peers and the excellent faculty we had, I developed an intense pride of being a preppy, and as I have always stated, once a preppy always a preppy.

Hoosac Family

by Wanda Wrzenski Williams '83

In a word "Experience." As a 15 year-old I would never understand the opportunity placed before me to attend Hoosac. From the incredible education to the ability to meet people from around the world and learn so much about things you could only dream of knowing. Hoosac has always been a family oriented school. You may come alone but before

any time passes you are part of this amazing family. As a day student it was a bit different yet you were still a part of the family. I remember vividly my first Yule Log experience, it was mandatory that even the day students stayed on campus for the entire week before performances, I was so excited to be able to "be a boarding student" for a week. We worked hard

every day and came together once again as the Hoosac Family for a tradition that has passed from generation to generation.

I was privileged enough to have attended Hoosac under the Headmaster Sam Greene. It was said best in the 1983 yearbook:



Dedication

Each year the senior class dedicates its yearbook to a certain person who they feel has contributed the most to their life at HOOSAC. We, the class of 83, have chosen a person whom we feel deserves this special honor.

If we listed everything this person has done for HOOSAC, we would go on for pages. While at HOOSAC, he has brought on great social and economic changes as well as enhancing the physical appearance of the school. He is very dedicated to the school and has always put the needs of the school before the needs of his own.

It is with great admiration and thanks that we, the 1983 Senior Class of HOOSAC SCHOOL, dedicate our yearbook to our own Headmaster, Mr. Samuel S. Greene.

List of Jesters

We are obviously missing some years. We hope that those listed are accurate. Please let us know the name of the Jester from your year so we can fill in the blanks!



Dannielle Hall '03

- 2013 Jon Schmer
- 2012 Amy Qian
- 2011 Kikyuan Yan
- 2010 Bebe Wang
- 2009 Ian Richter
- 2008 Niko Langlois
- 2007 Anna Montagna
- 2006 Brandon Burns
- 2005 Brandon Burns
- 2004 Richard Fields
- 2003 Drew Ransom
- 2002 Dannielle Hall
- 2001 Cindy Radcliffe
- 2000 Frances Parsons
- 1999
- 1998 Young Je Kim
- 1997 Jeff Urquhart
- 1996 Noelle Mastrangelo
- 1995 Ben Murray
- 1994 Jordi Vivo
- 1993
- 1992
- 1991
- 1990
- 1989 Oman Frame
- 1988 Mark Ruiz
- 1987 Cliff Ashley
- 1986 Bryan Green
- 1985 Alison Shyer
- 1984 Austin McGrath
- 1983 Roy Headwell
- 1982
- 1981
- 1980
- 1979
- 1978
- 1977
- 1976
- 1975
- 1974
- 1973
- 1972 Arnie Fallon
- 1971
- 1970 Nick Samstag



Austin McGrath '85



Young Je Kim '99



Roy Headwell '85



David Bliss '54



Anna Montagna '08



Brandon Burns '07



Frances Parsons '01