

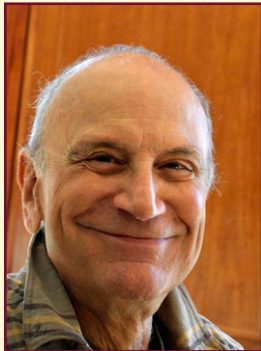


Wooster Class of 1964 60 Years Later

Photos, Fellowship, Reconnection



Reunion: Hanging out by the gym in October 2024 were (from left) Dick Malley, Chris Wakefield, Angus Compson, Jim Bonney, Jay Young, Terry Noyes, Rawn Fulton, and Herb Foster.



Ed
Hajj

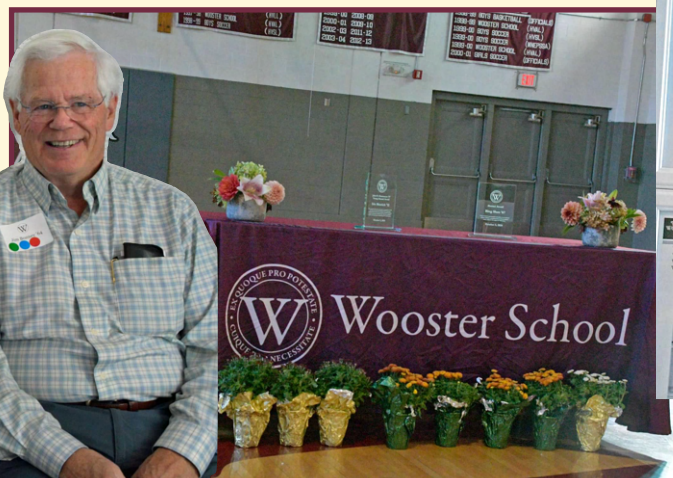
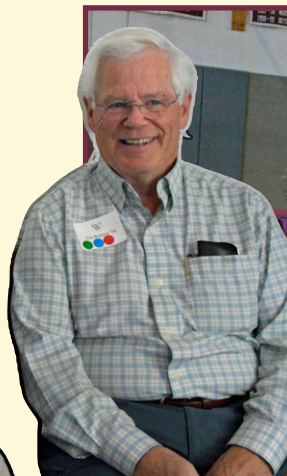
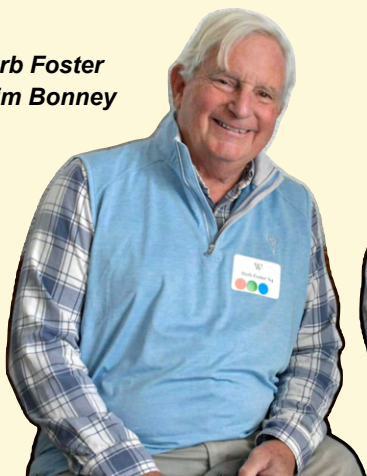


Terry
Noyes

Inside:

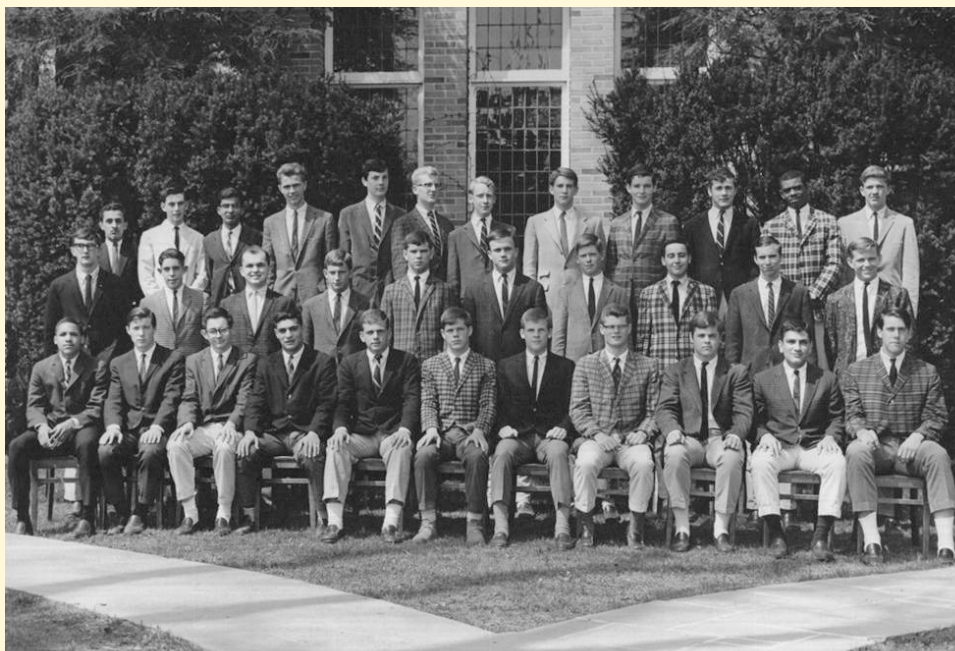
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Herb Foster
& Jim Bonney



60-Year Reunion

Wooster Homecoming ~ October 5, 2024



1964: Seniors in front of the Chapel.



2024: Senior citizens in front of the Chapel. From left: Herb Foster, Angus Compson, Christopher Wakefield.



Left and below: Chris Wakefield and Rawn Fulton greet Bill McGill and Terry Jones, who joined us by video call. That's Terry smiling on Jim Bonney's phone.



Terry Noyes catches up with Jim Bonney (in the WOO hat).



Ed Hajj



Jay Young

With Us in Memory

Ken Baiad
Sandy Bowles
Wic Carter
Brian Comstock
Frank Danforth
Larry Heilman
Charlie Kenney
Luigi Minetto
Peter Peltz
Craig Thomas
Steve Zaleta

(Underlined names link to obituaries and life stories.)



On Saturday afternoon, Wooster's Alumni Relations Coordinator Brooke Thaler found us on the lawn by the gym. Within minutes, she gathered 50 more alumni to stage the official Homecoming photo around us. You'll find a bigger version of the photo below on Wooster's [alumni homepage](#).



Classmate Updates and Messages



With all kind wishes for health and happiness in 2025.

~ Rick Coburn

Greetings from Rick Coburn

September 2024

Greetings Friends,

After forty years (Paris, Milan, Berne, Frankfurt) in the international school classroom (English grades 6-12, including IB English), I have recently retired to Split, Croatia, on the Adriatic Sea: beautiful city, beautiful people, lovely climate, and friendly cost of living (35% less than Germany). A few health issues under control.

I regret my absence at our 60th reunion at Wooster next weekend.

Wishing you all a warm and friendly get-together in Danbury.

Dispatch from Bob Brown

Wooster and Me

As for most of us, life for me at Wooster was the beginning of a long journey of figuring out who I was and what the heck did I want to do with my life. At Wooster, I learned critical thinking, even when it was “controversial” (Playboy nightshirts come to mind). I also learned how to write. But mostly I met people from all over the world, with different influences—especially musical. Early blues like Leadbelly, rock and roll, folk music, and the Beatles.

As life continued after Wooster the focus was starting and maintaining a band. And then the Army—and another band. And the publicist where writing was key. And then Alice Cooper—first as a publicist, sound guy, and tour manager—



Me, Ray Manzarek and Joe Walsh. I produced Ray's solo album in 1974.

which is like being a camp counselor to adult children. And now that I've retired I'm back to playing 3 sets a night in bars—just like 1965. But the obsession with a life in music started up on the hill and in the gym my final year (thanks Angus).



Season's greetings to all.

What a great idea. A proof-of-life picture shows us all aging gracefully as all Wooster men should.

~ Bob Brown



Update from Jim Bonney

Dear Classmates,

It's been 60 years since our graduation from Wooster, and I look back on our school days and all of you with much fondness and joy. Yet, I wonder what have we all been up to through these years? What events, achievements, and tragedies have occurred for each of us since our youth? Realizing you may wonder as well, I will share a bit of what has happened in my world these past few decades.

In terms of career, I spent some 47 years in education—beginning as a teacher, evolving into serving as head of school at the Tower School in Marblehead MA, and culminating in consulting with schools nationwide. While I valued the opportunity to meet and consult with educators at schools across the country, I recall my years at Tower as the highpoint of my career. At Tower, we made a difference in many students' lives, and close friendships developed amongst the faculty that carry on to this day. I feel blessed to have served as part of that community.

This year my wife, Leeli, and I celebrated our 54th anniversary. We have three wonderful adult children (a girl-boy-girl sequence) and now seven engaging grandchildren ages 8 to 21 years. Leeli and I feel lucky to have such an extended family. To also have the good health to enjoy their company and watch them grow is, simply put, fantastic.

My good health today is all the more precious because it has not been a constant. Over the course of my marriage, I have been diagnosed with cancer no less than five times, starting in 1970. Facing one's mortality through a cancer diagnosis, especially at the tender age of 24, is a sobering event. It has shaped my life in many ways—ultimately good ways, I will emphatically say. I was fortunate to receive early diagnoses and excellent care, and I've been blessed with simple good luck. In gratitude,



Seasons greetings, dear friends.

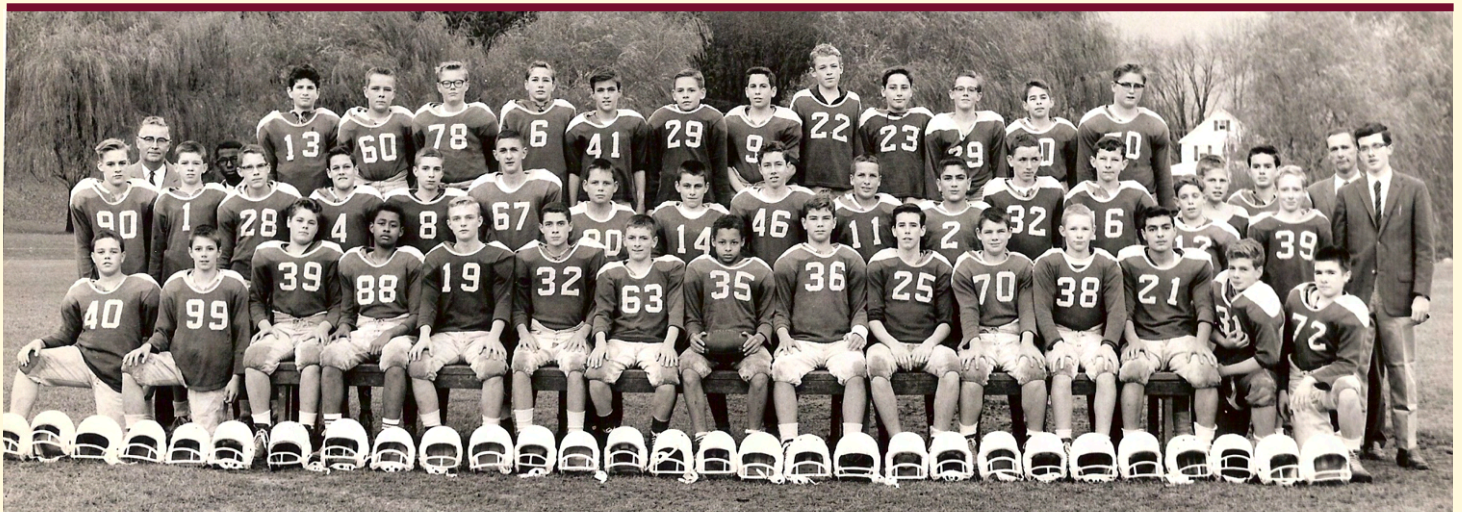
This photo with my wife, Leeli, was taken in September when we were visiting with our older daughter on Long Island. Amen to all of the wonderful, prior comments about our class and connecting this fall.

Merry Christmas to one and all and may we enjoy a prosperous and peaceful new year.

~ Jim Bonney

and thanks to values nurtured at Wooster, I have actively sought ways to give back to the cancer community. I can only hope that my volunteering time and energy, and offering occasionally a smattering of wisdom, has made it possible for other cancer patients to lead equally healthy, happy, and rewarding lives.

At Wooster and throughout my life, I have found beauty and power in strong interpersonal relationships. Such bonds were evident this fall, as nine of us reunited to share Wooster stories, have some laughs and enjoy a few meals together. Ain't life grand, especially in the company of good friends!



Fall 1960 Midgets, including: Ed Hajj #2, Rick Coburn #8, Angus Compson #36, Chris Wakefield #39, Jay Young #40, Wic Carter #78.



Toasting all a very Happy New Year!

Dear Classmates All,

I've been a bit under the weather this Christmas, but I'm still standing and here are proof of life photos. This is Linda Marie, an extraordinary artist, poet, playwright, and feminist. I'm now 79 and Linda Marie is 75.

We've had a memorable year, to put it mildly. In January we traveled to the Yucatan to visit friends and Mayan cities. In May a tornado tore through our neighborhood in Tallahassee, damaging our roof and bringing down hundreds of tall trees and utility poles; it took months to clean up and restore power. In summer and fall we took cover as several hurricanes came close to Tallahassee. In November we traveled to Cuba (first visit) and learned a lot about that poverty-ridden island nation. Throughout the year we attended and read at poetry gatherings.



Wishing all of you a profoundly peaceful and soul-satisfying holy days season and while bracing ourselves for a chaotic 2025, settle your mind that we'll endure whatever lies ahead!

~ Bill (since 1984 Gordon) Magill

Gordon Magill on His Time at Wooster . . .

I entered Wooster at 16 with a chip on my shoulder. My dad felt I was a "rebel without a cause" in public school, and indeed I had been suspended several times for truancy. After we toured private boys' schools from the mid-Atlantic to New England, Wooster took me in with a small scholarship despite my lackluster record.

First among many benefits I received at Wooster was the daily practice of self-help: caring for the physical school, and the self-discipline this taught us. Another was the companionship of roommates and teammates throughout the school year. Third was the chance to

compete in team sports, which I would not have had in a larger school. Fourth was the the inclusion of Black classmates in our community, as Wooster was among the first private schools in America to integrate before the 1960s. I think my experience living and studying with these students was a factor in my involvement with civil rights activities a few years after graduation. And fifth was Wooster's very small classes, and the encouraging attention of our teachers.

I don't know anywhere else I could have learned as much about self-reliance as I did at Wooster.

Dick Malley on Wooster's Influence

My experience at Wooster was powerful. There was much more to Wooster than grades and athletics. We had a self-help system. We had one maintenance man for the entire school. The students cleaned everything and the prefects oversaw the self-help system. It was perfect for me. This is what I do best. I like that kind of responsibility and work, and I was good at organizing jobs so they got done well and quickly.

I left Wooster with the self-confidence I needed to make it through Kenyon. My Wooster experience was so positive for me, that I decided I wanted to be part of a boarding school community when I graduated from college and to help high school students gain their bearings just as Wooster had done for me. Thirty-seven years later, I stopped working at schools.



My wife, Kathy, and I when the Dodgers (yes, I am still a Dodger fan) got the last out!



Recent jam with longtime friends in New Hope, Pa.

Angus Compson on Wooster's Influence

In 1926, Wooster founder Aaron Coburn, contemplating his ministry to adults, set out to save more souls by opening a school for boys. In 1959, my divorced single mother sought to place me in a good school where I could learn and grow with strong role models, student camaraderie, and even daily choral chapel singing. Thanks to them, and to John Verdery and many other well-loved teachers, and to my schoolmates, I experienced the gift of a lifetime in my years at Wooster School.

Because of Wooster's welcome presence in my mind and heart, I went on to become a teacher, administrator, and athletic coach at an independent school, where I was fortunate to focus my career on cultivating goodness and strength in young people. As a teacher and coach, I emulated my Wooster mentors and aimed to bring similar encouragement to the next generation. Plus the musical bond I shared with you all each day grew into a lifetime habit of playing and singing in company with fellow musicians for all these years.



Dear Wooster '64 Brethren,

Wishing you a hearty Merry Christmas and another great year in 2025.

It was a treat to connect with so many of you this past year in person, by phone, digitally, or all of the above. I'm grateful for the times we have spent together before June 1964 and since.

Thank you. Peace.

~ Gus Compson



OK—here's my picture for the police blotter...

~ Herb Foster



My annual "Proof of Life" photo.

~ Christopher Wakefield

Angus, thank you for expressing my feelings to the gang. It was magical for me too. How easily we reconnected after so many years. I've been thinking of you all this reflective time of year. I hope to see some of you again in 2025.

Best holiday wishes,
Christopher (and Annette)



Message from Rawn Fulton

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. To me, ten thousand wouldn't be enough for this one. Here we are in 1984, at age Wooster plus 20. Clockwise from the top: Whitman (age 10), Heather (age 8), Elgin (age 3), Laurel (age 3), Cynthia (age 37), and Yours Truly (age 38). Another 40 years on, this remains as my most precious and meaningful work...



Ok Ok Ok—here's a photo of me, so you'll know which one is me when Terry & I join you in the restaurant Friday evening...

~ Rawn

PS: The irony is, of course, that I barely recognize myself...

Christmas Message from Terry Noyes



This is me last September on my little boat Penelope, where I am happier than I have any right to be.

~ Terry (Newbold) Noyes

My proof of life and my Xmas card this year. After the good times we had at the October reunion, I keep hoping that I have been dreaming since the night of the November election returns & one morning I will wake up to better days but every morning I find that I am already awake & it's bitter days ahead. As they say, it is what it is... If I had all of your addresses I would have sent one to each & every one of you but this will have to do. My card read:

*In the bleak midwinter,
Frosty winds made moan.
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone.
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter,
Long long ago.*

— Christina Rossetti



"I was at Wooster only for 1½ years, but they were the most important and happiest of my life."
— Ravi Rikhye



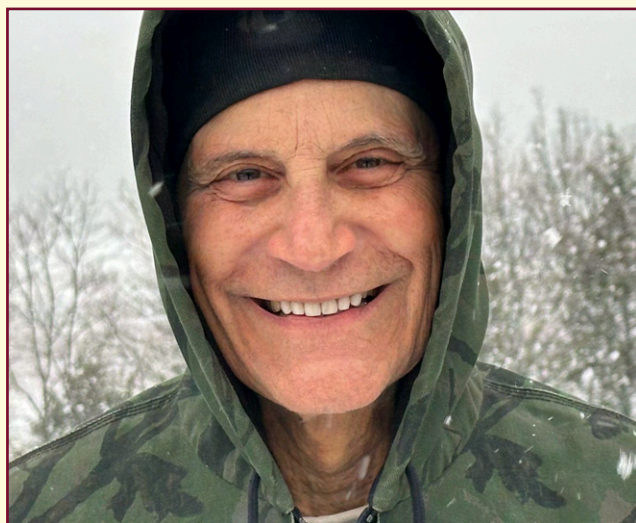
So good to see you all in October and looking forward to our next get-together.

Merry Christmas to all!

— Jay Young



Ed Hajj,
lighting up
the seasons.



Keep in Touch

Class of 1964 Email Addresses

Jim Bonney	jimkbonney@gmail.com
Bob Brown	rabrown531@gmail.com
Rick Coburn	rgcoburn1@gmail.com
Angus Compson	gus.compson@gmail.com
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Rawn Fulton	rawnfulton@gmail.com
Ed Hajj	ehajj92@gmail.com
Terry Jones	rtj5961@aol.com
Gordon (Bill) Magill	tallyman01@comcast.net
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