





Eulogy for Buzz  
Julian Fleron  
August, 2017

It may seem inappropriate to start with beer, but Buzz always said, "A good beer is good for what ails you." So, with heavy hearts, let's start with beer.

Dos Equis – a brand of Mexican beer brewed for over a century – has this long-running advertising campaign featuring the Most Interesting Man in the World. The ads show a distinguished, often bearded gentleman drinking beer as tales of his great adventures are recounted in voiceovers. They end with his signature line, "Stay thirsty my friends."

Well, they got the wrong guy.

Buzz Hoagland is the Most Interesting Man in the World.

Of course, he wouldn't do the commercials when they approached him. "Sorry, I loathe advertising so I don't do commercials," he told them. And then he added, "Plus, your beer sucks. It's lawnmower beer. Why don't you try making an IPA?"

Buzz could ask that in all seriousness, because he made his own outstanding beer for many decades. They were diverse, beautiful creations. He has this old, three-ring binder with all his original recipes and notes. It's a wonderful cross between a cookbook and a scientific lab notebook. His beers had great names – Toad Spit Stout, Partisan Politics Ale, ... and he made great one-offs for important celebrations – Wedding Bliss Ale and Phil & Annie's IPA to name two.

Making beer was only one of the many areas in which Buzz was a craftsman. Another was his love for working on his big, old, Victorian house. He'd done some construction when he was younger and what he didn't already know he learned along the way. Whenever you'd visit he'd give wonderful tours, telling you everything about the house – from its great old, bones to its adornments and to his newest restorations. It's beautiful chestnut woodwork that he painstakingly stripped by hand with the help of his Dad. The high energy boiler with solar hot water assist that he installed. His beautiful trellis and gardens – with the wonderful scarecrow like birdfeeder he fabricated from left-over pipes. The shed and greenhouse he built out back. The beautiful quartersawn oak dining room table that he loved. His grandmother's spinning wheel which had made its way across the Atlantic. Two years ago the exquisite kitchen he created - with its beautiful bay window, striking walnut cabinetry and thin, red birch floors that he loved so. Last year was his crowning achievement – a 18' by 24' great room with barrel vaulted ceiling. He did it all, himself, with great pride - almost as if a challenge to his aging. With a beautiful semicircular window at one end to catch the moon's path across the sky and rows of LED lights gently changing colors along its length, this utterly unique ceiling was a magical crown to an ethereal place. With a bathroom door he'd made wide enough for a wheelchair, it was a place he expected to spend many more decades – enjoying the beauty of his yard, relaxing, playing pool, entertaining and enjoying this beautiful home that he had built for himself and Jonathan. It is a remarkable feat of design, craftsmanship and Buzz's vibrancy – barrel vaulted ceiling overhead, big windows, red birch floor, and bold colors, shapes and textures representing the sun and the ocean and the jungles of St. Croix.

St. Croix was both his home away from home and his lifelong scientific sanctuary. He'd typically go twice a year, making over 50 trips in his lifetime. He was the "Mongoose Man" - known and loved by the locals on the west end of the island, revered by the scientists and rangers who worked on island biology and ecology and enjoyed by the visitors who he always taught. On the ground in St. Croix

each day Buzz's mongoose research involved several hours of trapping, animal analysis, record keeping and scheming for the next day. The traps were small, live traps baited typically with chicken feet. 20 would be set in various locations – generally on Sandy Point National Wildlife Refuge. Each day included checking traps, retrieving trapped animals and setting new traps. Each of the two trips to the refuge would be an hour or more. After each there would be a swim. When it was time to examine the animals, Buzz put a cloth bag over the end of the cage, opened the cage and then coaxed the mongoose into the bag. Drawing the bag shut he would hang the bag from a scale, check the weight and then wait until the animal briefly stopped moving. Buzz then expertly snatched the animal around the shoulders with his free hand and rolled the bag back so we could all check it the hissing, spitting critter. An RFID chip reader was passed over the mongoose. If it beeped then it was a recapture. Buzz would describe physical characteristics of the animal as a helper recorded the data and then the animal went back into the cage for later release. Mongoose not already tagged were given small doses of ketamine, more carefully examined and then had an RFID chip implanted in their thigh. A good day was 10 captures. The trapping was done in dense underbrush. It was hot, prickly work. The analysis was the opposite.

The analysis of the mongoose that had been captured was done almost always on the grounds of Cottages by the Sea where Buzz and his cadre of students, friends and colleagues always stayed. It almost always involved a significant crowd, not just those that had come with Buzz, but vacationers staying at Cottages, scientists from the area, locals that had heard what he was doing, kids that had passed by and wondered what the crowd was. It was always a jolly mix of characters - all of them caught up in doing science. Buzz was in his element – fielding all sorts of questions about anatomy, reproduction, predator/prey interactions, whether the mongoose impacted the island's sea turtle population, population growth, trapping methods, history of the mongoose,... He let others hold mongoose, be photographed, suggest new ideas, scan chips,... These scenes always served as powerful reminders of people's natural interest in science. If more people's experiences with science were like this, our country would have an entirely different outlook on the role and importance of science.

As Buzz would remind us daily, it was “Just another day in paradise.”

Buzz believed that a fundamental purpose of education is to empower others to learn and grow. He modeled this in his classrooms, in his scientific work, in his service to the Westfield State community and in his friendships.

Early he saw the potential of open source software to do things differently, better and cheaper. So, what did he do? He set up a server, constantly found out about new, important software, started using it, got us all excited about it and then taught us to use it. Whether it was Drupal or R or SketchUp or NetLogo or... he got it up, going and used. Dozens of faculty had sites he helped us build on his server and integrated the tools he taught us into our teaching and research. We were launched into new orbits of teaching, learning and research by these connections to these new tools.

And it wasn't just technology. Buzz was always excited about something. I went back and looked and found over 100 emails from Buzz still sitting in my InBox that started out

Hey, Julian, check this out...

or

If you're interested in \_\_\_\_\_, then check out...

It was always a charge to see one of these arrive via email. “This is going to be cool!”

Of course, this is how he was every time you talked to him too. There was always something new, exciting, curious and interesting.

Buzz was always there when people needed him. Students were always in his office or he was helping them in the computer lab adjacent to his office – the lab that he set up and took care of for two decades. He would help them, but he always kept them squarely in the center of the learning experience and expected a lot of them. I had many opportunities to observe Buzz teach and was lucky enough to teach a course in Mathematical Biology with him. Our students gave a presentation on a population explosion of beaver in Western Massachusetts that included a state senator in the audience. Students were deeply changed through the learning experiences they shared with Buzz.

In many ways I was also a student of Buzz's. Among other things he taught me an enormous amount about renovation, restoration and electrical wiring. In the late spring of 2002 Buzz was part of a krew of friends who'd arrived to help tear out the ceilings and tear up the rugs in the living rooms of my old Victorian. Within an hour Buzz was explaining to one person after another how the part they were removing connected to another and then another and all of them "had to go." I remember vividly coming back inside from taking a load to the dumpster and seeing Buzz take a mighty, two-handed swing with a 4 foot crowbar. I was terrified by what was happening. 5000 pounds came out of my house on that one day – initiating a project that would fundamentally transform 25% of my house. Like with his teaching, Buzz had this great mix of high expectations, great energy to help get you started, trust in you that you could do it, being a great cheerleader and knowing when you could really use help. Buzz taught me how to rewire the cavern we'd excavated in my house, helped with plumbing, framing and insulating. Drywall, painting, stripping,... "that's crap work you can do yourself, I'd never expect anybody to help me with that." He'd check in regularly, on this and every other project, entering with gusto - "Hey, Julian, how's that \_\_\_\_\_ going?" One time I was working on the roof and chimney at the peak of my slate roof when Buzz made such an arrival. He came right up the scaffolding before I knew he was even there. "Hey, Julian, how's that roof coming?" He scampered right up the chicken ladder to the 45 foot peak where we sat marveling that from our perch you could see Mt. Tom 15 miles away.

Most of you don't know this, but I'm an older brother who grew up being called "Buzz" - in homage my Mom's nickname for her brother. I arrived at Westfield State in September, 1994 as a new Ph.D., as a new Dad, as a soon-to-be first time homeowner to start my first real full-time job. These were big, exciting, defining events in this man's life. Expecting many great things, I did not expect meeting another Buzz – one who shared not just a name, but many other things: great passion for learning, rich joy for life, deep-seated dedication to teaching, deeply developed sense of curiosity, spartan work ethic, robust sense of self-reliance, strongly held compassion for others, ... We were fast friends. For 23 years we were best friends.

Buzz was quite an athlete. Basketball, football and track among other things – and a story about switching from one to the other because his hair was too long for the coach – were earlier sports. As I knew him Buzz was a regular at Westfield State noon-time hoops. For the first decade, he played in old Chuck Taylors. He was a perfect complement to Henry Wefing's great knowledge of how to play – perfect pick and rolls and sharp, pin-point passing always dumbfounding the speedier, shot-happier students that would come play. After he blew out his Achilles playing one afternoon he acquired more modern skips to play in. Several years ago I blocked a shot of Buzz's – usually it was the other way around despite my size and age advantages. He missed the next game so I needled him in an email, asking if he was worried I might get another one. He wrote back,

Based upon my memory, which admittedly is not particularly good in my old age, you have blocked exactly two of my shots since 1994. Therefore, I don't expect you to block another of my shots until 2025!

He became an avid road cyclist and logged many thousand miles on the bike in Western Massachusetts. He rode so much that several years ago his sweat ate through the paint on his frame – the bike wasn't safe anymore. He would ride the cycling leg of the Josh Billings Triathlon each year. As he approached 60 he decided that a bigger challenge was in order – doing the ironman himself. And so he did. 27 miles on the bike, a 5 mile paddle and a 6 mile run. I remember his great amazement when he learned about Pedal2Pints – an organized ride from brewery to brewery to drink good beer? Wow – athletic activity and beer!

For Buzz it was natural to be good at things. And it was not because it came easily. It was because he was interested in, as Stephen Adams called it, the biology of everything. You figured out how things worked. You were thoughtful about your surroundings and responsive to what they were telling you. It was an exciting puzzle to understand how things worked. "...it is also just plain fun to learn more about our natural world!" he would say. This was a fundamental part of his character. It was a type of self-reliance. A type of responsibility to be carried in the world with you.

He was a 21st century Renaissance man. He had a wonderful reverence for the way things have been historically done and the people that continued to do things "old school" with pride. It wasn't just out of nostalgia, but because there is a great deal of wisdom in these things and we can learn a lot from the people whose callings/livelihoods/existence travelled along these rhythms. On the other hand, he was often out front embracing the best of what was new. His house with its solar energy, spray foam insulation, heat splitter, LED lighting and surround sound had its original woodwork, new hardwood floors milled right in town, was furnished with antiques and family mementos, and had its architectural history restored at every opportunity. He experimented with drones, minichips, remote tracking, fluorescent powders, genome sequencing,... in his research, but for 40 years he was out in the field with the same little metal spring traps.

These's lots that has been left out about Buzz - all as vibrant as one would image. Park ranger in Yellowstone for 6 months. Didn't care for parachuting, but did it. Department Chair of Biology and President of the Westfield State faculty union. He was a hunter and a fisherman. A hiker. A great gardener.

But the most important thing left unsaid is his remarkable role as Dad. He came to being a Dad late and not in the typical way. But he took to it with the vitality and love and interest that typified his passion for those things he valued most. He was a thoughtful, reflective, responsive, committed and loving Dad. Buzz and Jonathan played together, read together, laughed together, adventured together, did sports together, gardened together,... There were a great pair. The quintessential picture of the two of them is from St. Croix. Buzz is in five feet of crystal blue Caribbean water. He has just launched Jonathan six feet into the air. Jonathan has this rapturous smile on his face. And I can hear Buzz say, "Fly little boy, fly." Buzz was a great father to that great son. Buzz always had a story or an update about Jonathan. I heard hundreds and hundreds of them and, whether they were upbeat, funny or even involved some teenaged drama, they all ended the same way: Buzz saying, "I love that little boy" with a big smile on his face.

Most Interesting Man in the World? Buzz would say it sounds like summative assessment – something he derided given its overblown contemporary scope in contrast to its meager addition to learning, to discovery and to the development our curiosity.

So, I won't use the word "most." But I invite to think about Buzz and how much more interesting he made your world.

For me there is no measure – almost every part of me and my spirit has been enriched, enlivened and made more interesting by Buzz’s friendship in my life.

I started out these words with beer, perhaps offending some of you, but certainly tickling the mischievous side that Buzz had. I’m going to end with something about God. This would have evoked great debate from our atheist friend. He loved to debate. And since even I rarely got in the last word with Buzz, I’m taking this opportunity.

After Buzz died one of my overwhelming feelings – joining sadness, loss and grief – was deep confusion: Where did all of Buzz’s curiosity go? The universe felt so much drabber and less interesting. How could such a profound spirit of wonder just disappear? It makes no sense.

The famous, seventeenth century French mathematician and philosopher Blaise Pascal argued we should believe in God because if we are wrong we have only finite losses, while if we are correct we have infinite/eternal gains. This view is called Pascal’s wager.

Buzz, my heart really wants to think of you as still out in the universe in some form. Perhaps you are in some Heaven, trying to explain to some God why you hadn’t believed. Now there’s a dialogue I’d like to hear! If so, each of us will get to catch back up to you when our day has come. We’ll rejoice in meeting up with you again. And, we will be amazed by all of the new, wondrous things that you, our old friend, will share with us about your adventures since you left.

This would be grand.

But while I’m still here without you Buzz, I’m not siding with Pascal. Our time with you was finite – and certainly too short. But what I know is that your impact and importance are immeasurable and are unending.

It’s a really tall order Buzz, my friend. But here’s what I’m going to do. I’m going to try my best to see if I can keep the world as close to as interesting and as full as wonder as when you were here to help enlighten and enliven it. In doing so I hope to insure that our finite days in this plane will have been – like yours – richly spent making our existence, and the existence of those around us, that much more vital, full of love and interesting.

The beer was fine, but what having one with Buzz always meant was staying thirsty for life. We’re still thirsty, but we deeply long for a few more rounds with you my friend.

~Julian Fleron



Dear Colleagues--

What tragic and shocking news.

Words are insufficient, but I know that our hearts go out to Buzz's family, friends, colleagues, and students.

While we all understand intellectually that the mortal condition is an inherently fragile one, most of us move through our days as if the hold that we--and others--have on life is far less tenuous than it is.

Thank you, Buzz, for all of your service to WSU--your students, your colleagues.

Thank you all for sharing this precious and ephemeral time we have together here in our WSU community.

Maddy Cahill

Buzz and I were sitting together at a union convention. I asked him what it was like being in the leadership position. He said, "I never realized how many problems and issues people had."

I said, "Sounds a little like being a therapist." He laughed and said that was true and wasn't something he felt well prepared for, but then he added, "Sometimes people just need to vent, and I am learning how to be a good listener."

Tom Gardner

Hi Julian,

When I first read your email, I thought...10 years of memories, how can I choose one to share? When I sat down to write this, it was not difficult at all because the day I met Buzz was not only a fond memory, but one that truly captured who Buzz was as a person, a father, and a colleague.

My interaction with Buzz during my interview almost 10 years ago was influential in my decision to come to Westfield State. During my hectic interview day, I met with Buzz near the end of the day. His passion for student learning energized me and really assured me that the mission of the Biology Department and WSU were what I wanted. Equally important during my first meeting with Buzz was that I also met Jonathan. Jonathan was around 5 years old and was spending the day at WSU because he was home sick from school. He was playing in the computer lab. The way that Buzz spoke about Jonathan was truly touching and also showed me this wonderful family environment. My first impression of Buzz stays with me today - one of a passionate teacher and loving father. I could not have asked for a better colleague.

Thank you for compiling these memories, I am so glad that Jonathan will have these...

Take care of yourself and let me know if you need anything.

Best,  
Jen

Jennifer A. Hanselman, Ph.D.





Some memories of Buzz:

I think I met him at a start-of-the-academic-year party given by Mike Young 18 years ago when I first arrived at WSC (as it was then). He was one of the first people outside of my department I met.

I had very little furniture at the time, and Buzz said he had an old couch he would give me. Sometime during the fall semester a transformer fire during 4th period (it interrupted my General Physics I class) shut down Wilson for the rest of the day, so Buzz and I (with help from Mike Young) went to his house, loaded the couch into his truck, and got it into my upstairs apartment. The gift of the couch, and Buzz and Mike's time and labor, was an act of generosity I will always remember.

The dark blue pattern on the couch matched the folding chairs I had bought at Walmart (Buzz said he had bought it at a Walmart in Kansas, when Walmart sold more robust furniture than they do now). I had the couch for the 6 years I lived at Southwood Acres. When my wife and I bought a house we decided to upgrade to new furniture. I passed the couch on to someone at the College I didn't previously know whose name I have forgotten after 12 years, but I think he worked in the Admissions Department. I still have the folding chairs.

If the couch is still owned by a WSU person, think of Buzz when you sit on it.

Rick Rees

Hi Julian,

Thank you for doing this. It took me awhile to think of a memory when I realized that what some might call an ordinary memory is what makes Buzz special. The first memory, actually many memories, is talking with Buzz anytime about social justice issues. That, I can say, was one of his passions. The second memory is that of his generosity in opening his home for various parties each of which had its own set of memories, be they his home brew or his new pool table or his new room designed beautifully to take advantage of solar heat in the winter and shading from the sun in the summer. The combination of intelligence and kindness makes him a man that I will miss for a long time.

You may share this email with anyone you deem appropriate. Thanks again for collecting these memories. I am sure they will inspire and comfort Jonathan.

Steve O'Brien



Julian -

A brief collection of Buzz stories for you not necessarily in the best narrative format:

The Friday evening after I learned of Buzz's sudden passing I walked down to the local basketball courts with my kids and practiced shooting. As always, my shots were nowhere near as smooth as Buzz's, but the more I thought on him and our connection, the better things went and the more smooth "thwip" sound came again and again with the ball passing through the net more often than not.

I didn't meet him first on the court, but it's where I got to know him the best and where we had the most conversations. We connected initially because of a shared passion for union politics and the work of representing our fellow colleagues in good times and bad. He encouraged me to join the regular basketball games once my schedule was cleared for our start times and we certainly shared more than one or two beers together over the last 9 years.

Buzz was one of the experienced faculty members who worked as an unofficial mentor for me in several areas - we didn't always see eye to eye on issues, including when to cut to the hoop and when to shoot, but that's part of why I found him appealing. I liked the passion with which he developed arguments, the convictions, and appreciated the support.

As a fellow Westfield resident, Buzz was helpful in giving me ideas on how to fix parts of my house, was a fellow Juniper Park and South Middle parent with me (Jonathan being only two years older than my Willa), provided excellent beer and companionship for my 40th birthday party, and lent a helpful ear in troublesome personal life issues as well.

That ball moved through the net last Friday night in a steadier and steadier rhythm than is typical for me - yes I had the help of my son and daughter returning rebounds and made shots alike to me, but I think that it was another helper as well as Buzz's voice in my head resounded. "C'mon Nick...just shoot it."

You're gone too soon and deeply missed already Buzz.

Nick Aieta



Dear Campus Community,

It is with sadness that I inform you that Dr. Donald "Buzz" Hoagland, professor, Department of Biology, passed away unexpectedly Tuesday, July 18 while vacationing in Vermont. A vital part of the Westfield State faculty and community for nearly 23 years, the loss of his presence, humor, leadership, and teaching will be felt by many. Aside from his professional family at Westfield State, Buzz is survived by three children. Information on services and a memorial to be held at Westfield State will come at a later time. For now, please keep Buzz's family and friends in your thoughts and prayers.

Parviz Ansari, Ph.D.

Buzz brought an energy, a spark to our campus every day - we've lost a leader, an ally, a friend. Our thoughts go out to his family, close friends, department, and of course his students.

Tarin H. Weiss

One of his blog entries from his second home in St. Croix (U.S. Virgin Islands), where many students, but few of faculty and staff experienced him, shows Buzz's poetic side:

Fri, 03/06/2015 - 00:53 — buzzh

*Waking to the mournful calls of Zenaida Doves and the buzzy trill of the Bananquits flitting amongst the leaves as the day dawned was a sharp contrast to the sounds of the circulating pump on my boiler sending hot water to the radiators in my old house in Massachusetts.*

Karsten Theis

## INVITATION FROM BUZZ FOR THE JOSH PARTY:

Good Afternoon,

Team Zoobiquity (Claudia Ciano-Boyce - runner, Joe Camilleri - paddler, Patrick Heick - paddler, Buzz Hoagland - cyclist) invite you, your families, friends, etc. to the pre-JOSH Run-A-Ground party at Buzz Hoagland's House (5 Conner Ave., Westfield) from 3 to 7 pm on Sunday 9 September. We will provide dead animal parts (not roadkill) and fresh eggplant and butternut squash cooked on the grill. Please bring a side-dish to share. Also featured will be two new beers (Cream-Cycle Summer Ale and Run-A-Ground IPA) brewed especially for the event. Come enjoy a homebrew, good food, and great company.

~Buzz Hoagland

Jonathan...

You may remember this, not sure but a few years ago when you and your father were at his "Caribbean Retreat" I set up a "live" TV feed for a special College 101 (8th grade students at the University for a day) for your dad to speak to the 8th graders and explain/show what type of research and experiments he was doing. It was FANTASTIC! The students were spell-bound and followed his every word and move. You were also seen in the presentation – can't remember how old you were. It was terrific and it was totally your dad's idea.

I was one of the basketball players who played with your dad at the University for many years. A few years ago, he brought you along and you played – AND DID VERY WELL! He was so proud of you and you really did a good job. He always spoke of you; whether in sports, school or other – he truly loved you so much.

I was in athletics at the University almost all my career (baseball coach, athletic director) as well as involved in advancement and internships. Two years ago in the locker room of the old gym where we played basketball twice a week your dad and I were talking after a game when he was telling me about needing a last minute instructor for Anatomy and Physiology for the upcoming semester – he being the department chairman. He asked me if I could help him out (I had taught A & P years ago when I completed grad school). I told him I had not taught for 30-35 years (trying to get out of it...) but your dad countered by saying – "... Anatomy hasn't changed, so how about it? I reluctantly agreed and took the course/lab. I LOVED IT! Now, that's all I do and enjoy it every day – **THANKS TO YOUR DAD**; I owe him Jonathan, I'll always owe him.

If at any time there is anything I could possibly do for you I'd be thrilled to assist/help/advise – *anything*. I could never pay your Dad back but maybe I could help you in some way. I loved your dad Jonathan; not for helping me but for being such a good friend for so many years. I can still hear him telling me in a basketball game; **"...grab the ball, don't tip it"**. He will be missed and he will certainly rest in peace and will love watching you grow up. Believe me; **he will be with you every single day.**

God bless you Jonathan and your special Dad – Buzz, my friend forever.

Kenneth Magarian

It is difficult to write about Buzz without feel extremely sad, but also having a bit of joy simply by having known, worked and spent time away from the campus community with him. There are two things I would like to share. The first is that Buzz and I shared common childhood experiences. We were both raised in small towns where the passing of time revolved around outdoor activities. We often discussed the excitement of opening day of spring fishing season, fall deer hunting and cold dark mornings checking trap lines. Buzz and I shared the experiences of being a single parent of a son named Jonathan. Although my Jonathan is grown with children of his own we shared events, both good and bad, as they related to our sons. Buzz and I recently traveled to a local gun shop to purchase Jonathan his first shotgun. He was so excited that he would have a hunting partner to share his love of the outdoors.

Secondly, I have great admiration for Buzz's sense of right. He would champion any cause he though would right a wrong. It did not matter how small or seemingly impossible. This included unpopular issues such as taking on a university president.

I will always remember, and truly miss Buzz as a colleague but more as a friend.

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to share a small bit of my thoughts.

Bob Thompson

It wasn't frequent and mostly didn't involve beer. My connection to Buzz was always in a stimulating conversation. Planning our Josh Billings Run-A-Ground triathlon "strategy" for team Zoobiquity was a blend of silliness and excitement about training. He biked, made beer for the race and cheered us all. At our most recent graduation in May, I had my last conversation with Buzz. We hadn't seen each other in a while and instantly were engaged in a rapidly escalating conversation about what needs to be done in the political mess we're experiencing. We always resonated around those topics and again the mix of humor and ideas often felt like music making with Buzz or a game of tennis, volleying ideas back and forth. Our conversations were sometimes touching, intimate and emotional and those were always about our kids. That's when a softer, caring and gentle man would emerge and so too the depth of his love in his voice. His own kids, particularly his relationship with his growing son was a focus in his life. That meant that sometimes there was less humor in those passionate conversations and more vulnerability and feelings. I will and do miss him.

Claudia Ciano-Boyce

Hello,

I would like to share some personal thoughts about Buzz. I have worked with Buzz for the past nine years while at WSU. From the first day I met him I felt like we were old friends. He always showed a sincere interest in my life and in my experiences at WSU. When he was the department chair he demonstrated incredible support for my teaching and research endeavors. I always felt like I had an advocate in Buzz Hoagland. I think all the faculty looked at Buzz as a friend and a support. I will miss Buzz greatly and I feel my life is better for having known him.

Dave Christensen

Hello,

My name is Aaron Owen, a friend and colleague of Buzz's, and unfortunately I am unable to attend the event on Tuesday. I would, however, love to share the following and for it to be added to Buzz's "Book of Life":

With a heavy heart, I wish to give my many thanks to Buzz Hoagland, a friend and fellow mongoose scientist, and to sadly say farewell.

During the summer of 2015, I had the pleasure of being hosted by Buzz for 3 weeks on St. Croix while we worked together on separate mongoose projects. Buzz was instrumental not only in facilitating my most data-rich field season, but also in the design of an experiment I did after he left the island for the summer. He taught me many things about mongooses and St. Croix, he graciously let me use his equipment (even after he'd left the island), and he introduced me to many wonderful people. I am so grateful for his help, and I wish I had more time to soak up his vast knowledge of mongooses.

It is difficult for me to choose a favorite story or moment I shared with Buzz. Working so closely together every day for three weeks, we were able to have many in-depth conversations, which I greatly enjoyed. In addition to our shared research interests, I picked his brain on a wide range of topics, including building construction and renovation, biking, academia, job searching, pedagogy, rum, parenting, and many more. But more than his advice and insight, Buzz's friendly and cheerful demeanor and his eagerness to help in any way he could are things I will always remember about him.

My last correspondence with Buzz was just a few months ago. I was finishing my dissertation and I asked him for some insight and advice. To my knowledge, Buzz was the first person to study mongooses from an evolutionary perspective, and his work was incredibly influential on my own. Indeed, most of his publications are cited within my dissertation. I am happy to have been able to follow in his footsteps.

My heart goes out to his friends, colleagues, and especially Jonathan and his family.

Buzz, you will be missed.

**"It's another beautiful day in paradise."**

I had the pleasure of getting to know Buzz during a research trip to St. Croix in 2015. I came to assist my friend and labmate Aaron as he conducted research on mongooses for his PhD and Buzz generously offered to host us for the duration of our stay. On top of this, he often went out of the way to make our trip comfortable and productive - greeting us at the airport with Cruzan rum in hand, showing us around all of the best sights and places to find mongooses on the island, and connecting us to more people who could help us. Buzz often spoke about issues of education and what he did to improve things. You could feel how much he cared about his students and it showed in his interactions with me. He took the time to explain his work and provided opportunity after opportunity for me to help and learn. One day I mentioned offhandedly that I'd never seen a sky full of stars while growing up in New York, so that night he drove us to a dark corner of the island where we could see the sky and he pointed out the different constellations. All of this and I wasn't even his student! I know he had been going to St. Croix every year for about 25 years or so, so I can just imagine all of the lives that he's touched and mentored through the years. I am thankful for his kindness, good humor, and hospitality and am sad to see such a bright person leaving this world too soon. My deepest condolences to his friends and family, especially Jonathan, who was such a treat to have along for the trip.

My condolences,  
Aaron Owen

Hi Kris,

What a lovely tribute you wrote about Buzz and inviting some of us to his home on Tuesday. I would give anything to be able to be there with you all, but I am leaving tomorrow morning for Florida. My daughter, Lindsay, moved there a couple of months ago and she and her fiancé just closed on their first home this week. They got the keys to the house last Monday, and the movers delivered their stuff yesterday. So I will be with them this next week thru Thursday helping to unpack, etc. etc.

I so wish I could also be with the gathering on Tuesday

I would like to contribute the following to the book you are assembling for Jonathan.

I first got to know Buzz when our daughters were in school together. Buzz always cared so much and was one of the Dads who was always there at school events.

Thru the years I saw Buzz more and more at the college and at parties, and he always seemed relaxed and happy.

He always struck me as someone who cared deeply.....about Jonathan and his family; about his career and his students; about his friends who became another family to him; about the environment; and standing up for the right thing even if it wasn't popular.

For some reason, it was important to me that Buzz respected me.....because I respected him and his values and what he stood for.

Buzz's was a life well-lived.

Losing him is like a light has gone out in the world.

I pray he is but waiting for us, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner, and that all is well.....

Respectfully and with great caring,

*Debbie Samwell*

Perhaps it was Phil Hotchkiss's first Tour de France brunch and bike ride two or three years ago, or at least the first of these events that I had attended anyway, where Buzz schooled me on the finer points of "cracking" on a bike. We all took off from Phil's place on a long ride for me, but a rather typical one for Buzz, Phil and a few others. I had been riding a bit that summer and felt ready. I was, but I didn't realize how fast of a pace Buzz was setting until it was too late. I stayed with him for longer than anyone else, but paid a price later. Everyone had wait for me to struggle up the long hill on 189 south of the Scoop. (Phil stayed with me. Thanks Phil.) We arrived at the Scoop to find Buzz happily enjoying his ice cream. I chose not to have any ice cream lest I get to enjoy it a second time exiting my body the wrong way. That day I developed some additional respect for this driven man 13 years my senior who left us all in the dust. I hope to continue to draw inspiration from that for the rest of my life. Ride on Buzz.

Edward Orgill, D.A.

Buzz and I started at Westfield State the same year. We were the class '94. My daughter babysat Jonathan when he was young. When Jonathan was four my daughter had a baby and Buzz brought a car load of stuff over for us: toys, books, clothes, blankets and a wonderful stroller. Now ten years later those things are still being used by my daughter's nine-month-old. Whenever I take him for a walk, wrap him in a blanket or watch him shake that cow rattle I'll think of Buzz and his amazing generosity.

Trudy Knowles

When our daughter, Madeleine, was in high school, she had a WSU student teacher in a science class. He showed them a pod cast of Buzz doing research in the Caribbean and his son Jonathan appeared on the video. She was stunned to see the little boy she had baby-sat so long ago, enthusiastically contributing! Jonathan clearly lived helping his father do research!

Suzanna C. Adams, MA, NCC, LMHC

I have many memories of Buzz that I cherish, but one of the most personal and meaningful moments occurred in March 2009. In the late 90s or early 2000s, my father was diagnosed with Parkinson's and Lewy Bodies Syndrome, which creates dementia and is often misdiagnosed as Alzheimer's. While on my first trip to St. Croix with Buzz, my Mom called and told me that my father had fallen out of bed and had been taken to the hospital. I was very upset that I couldn't help her or my father. One night Buzz and I sat on one of the verandas at Cottages By The Sea and talked for several hours about my father and his health issues. Buzz listened to me through the evening and was incredibly supportive. This was very representative of the kind of person that he was; it meant a lot to me then, and still does today.

Phil Hotchkiss



When Mike and I got married in the year 2000, Buzz and Sherry were two of our biggest cheerleaders. About ten days before the wedding, for example, Buzz and a few others whisked Mike off for a baseball game in Pittsfield and a trip to Ben and Jerry's, while Sherry hosted a shower for me in those beautiful gardens at the Conner Street House. They also helped bring color and flavor to the day itself. Not only were they there that day to help celebrate, Sherry planted some pink impatiens along the edge of our yard at the Granville Road House, site of the ceremony, and Buzz crafted a special wedding ale for our friends and family to enjoy. Scattered around our house today in a few different places are both some empty and full bottles of this brew, with their bright blue labels, reminding us of Buzz's generous love and friendship.

### Beth and Mike

Buzz was one of the first persons I got to know at WSU outside of the mathematics faculty—mainly through his role as chapter president of the faculty union and as a noontime basketball player. We talked of many things during basketball—WSU (teaching, politics, and mongoose research), basketball, his youth in upstate NY, his son Jonathon, and IPAs.

I would look forward to our basketball hour hoping Buzz would be there, whether as his teammate or opponent. Buzz was great team player—setting picks, using the pick-and-roll and give-and-go, and hitting that running floater. Although more fun as his teammate, the times I was marked up on him I certainly had my work cut out for me.

He knew the importance of fundamentals, whether in the classroom or research or on the court. I will miss his valued conversation and beautiful basketball. Rest in peace.

### Jim Wright



Dear Jonathan,

I have many stories and Buzzism's.....None of which stand out more than the other. There are many things I will miss about your dad.

I will miss his curiosity about things, even though I felt like he knew everything there was to know. I will miss him telling me about how IPA is better than a lager and that I should drink my beer warm. I will miss his keen eye to detail and pointing out where we should fine tune an area or go bigger in a project. I will miss his brownies even though they came from a box. I will miss the games of pool and how he would hand me my ass in a game, although I think I won once. I will miss helping him pick out bright colors. I will miss his 5 dollar words to describe a plant, a bird, an organism. I will miss his dry sense of humor and hearing his laugh when he cracked himself up. I will miss hearing about his next project (even though Julian can keep up pretty well). I will miss him being our cheerleader for our projects and us his. I will miss the talks between he and Julian about their vision, their teaching ways, kids, houses, friendship, biology, mathematics, biking, the universe. I will miss the political conversations even though I hate politics. I will miss how much he loved you. I will miss him coming through the back door just to say hi and see how we are coming along. I will miss hearing his excitement of his next trip to St Croix like it was his first time. I will miss his stories of growing old. I will miss his smirk and his laugh. I will miss that we didn't get to be friends longer.

Buzz loved and lived life! to the end.....I hope knowing this Jonathan gives you some comfort during these times and inspires you through life to enjoy it all.....

Love, Kris

I will long remember Buzz's enthusiasm on the basketball court—his sheer joy—in weekly pick-up games. He was a talented, athletic player, and he always wanted to play one more game and pushed others to keep going. I remember a play, perhaps twenty years ago, when Buzz still played basketball like it was football or some other full-contact sport. One moment I was going for a rebound, the next moment I was flat on the floor. When I called a foul, he said "That's not a foul; I was going for the ball." I pointed out that you can't simply run over someone who's between you and the ball, and after some discussion he accepted the call. In later years his style of play mellowed a little, but he was still always "going for the ball" and going hard.

That same enthusiasm and dedication was a hallmark of his work as a professor. In recent years I had the privilege of seeing his work as department chair and union chief at first hand, and what always struck me was how he was always thinking of the interests of students first and foremost, not of his own interests. He could be zealous and even a little fiery—you didn't want to get between him and what he saw as the education of his students!--but it was this dedication that earned him the respect of so many colleagues and kept the focus where it belonged.

Buzz gave everyone he knew a uniquely passionate and humorous presence, celebrating home-brewed beer and bicycling and the biology of everything, sporting his collection of Hawaiian shirts. He's died far too early, but memories of him will for many, many years bring a chuckle and a smile.

Stephen Adams, PhD

## Dr. "Buzz" Hoagland

Dr. Hoagland was one of the most influential people I have met in my life so far. He was a go-to person for me at Westfield State seeing as he was my advisor, but he was also a good friend. I always got great advice when I was stuck and needed it, or a funny story when I dropped by his office just to chat. Last summer, (2016) I was lucky enough to be able to travel with Buzz and some of his colleagues down to St. Croix to observe his research and conduct some of my own. This is the best professional opportunity that I have been offered, and it only happened because I stopped by Buzz's office one day just to chat. I remember the moment I arrived in the airport and he was waiting there in one of his Caribbean shirts (like always) and immediately gave me a hug and led me over to the free samples of rum. Buzz was one of the smartest people I have ever met, and somehow managed to mix his professionalism with his incredibly funny and fun-loving personality. The entire community of Westfield is going to miss this incredible man; he was one of the most knowledgeable, caring, and involved professors I've ever met. I was lucky to be able to learn from Buzz and have him as a mentor, even if it was only for a short time, but I know that everyone who was ever lucky enough to know him will carry his love for life and science with them always.

Colleen Andrews  
Senior Biology Student

May All Buzz's memories give you the strength you need for all the days ahead. Buzz would want nothing more than for all of us to keep loving life, keep learning and keep exploring. He was and will ALWAYS be a great friend. He surrounds each of us by what he has left behind in each of us.



I met Buzz in 1998 when I was invited to interview for a position in the Biology Department at Westfield State. We spoke at some length during the interview, and he took me back to the airport following my visit. We were subsequently colleagues in the Department for 18 years.

Buzz was always welcoming to new faculty. When we first arrived in town, Buzz invited my wife and me over to his house for a cookout to welcome us to town and the campus.

Buzz was also always willing to help out others. Our “new” house needed a new back door, and Buzz volunteered to help me install it. The door turned out to be a slightly different size than the older door that I was replacing. Without his tools and expertise, it would have taken me at least three times as long, and an indescribable amount of frustration, to install the door.

I never had a mundane conversation with Buzz. Buzz questioned everything. Many interpreted this as a lack of respect for authority. Over the years, I came to understand it instead as an insatiable curiosity. To Buzz, questioning was a way of understanding why things worked the way they did and why they were done the way they were done. Questioning uncovered misconceptions, revealed gaps in knowledge, or suggested better ways to do things. His eagerness to use new technology (sometimes to a fault) was part of his ingrained desire to delve deeper, understand better, and continuously explore. His pervasive curiosity made his students and colleagues better scientists and citizens, even if it was sometimes reluctantly.

There was nothing that frustrated Buzz more than close-mindedness – a refusal to accept that there might be a different interpretation of a set of data, or a better or more efficient way to do something. He also abhorred secrecy; he believed that transparency and open dialogue were always the way that affairs should be conducted. He had strong opinions, but they were always based on careful and logical consideration. He would argue a point, but always listened critically to an opposing viewpoint, and could be convinced to change his stance if presented with a sufficiently convincing counter-argument. I did not always agree with Buzz, but I always respected his opinions and his dedication to all that he embraced in life.

He will be missed.

Carl Grobe



Dear Jonathan,

You probably don't remember me—I'm two generations and hundreds of miles from you. But we share a common deep tragedy, the sudden loss of our father while we still really needed him for security, guidance, stability, comfort and love. So I'm writing to send you hope and love, and express our fond, proud connection to your father and you through Julian and Kris.

It was a car accident that took my father's life when I was eleven years old, the oldest of three children. Like yours, my world changed in an instant and yet it took me months or years to actually realize it. Some part of me just went right on, like I guess we have to.

And some part of me never was again—the part that was my earthly relationship with my Daddy. It stopped right there, frozen in memory, locked in longing.

You probably already know, the loss makes you literally feel lost for a while. But you will find your way. I'm writing to say that you will find your way! And your path will lead you to joyful heights hard to imagine through the clouds today! And you will be guided by the treasured memories, the unique wit, the intelligent energy, the values, and the very soul of your Dad. That never leaves you and in fact it grows stronger within you over time. It centers in your core being and makes you stronger, better, richer, and more connected to others. It's an inner guiding warming light.

It's hard to think of blessings now. I can remember that I was angry, felt unfairly cheated. But the day will come when you can think of your time with your Dad as a pure blessing. A blessing that keeps on giving you joy. And your life will open up many new joys that you can't imagine today, joys that you'll share, without conscious thought or words, with your Dad.

Like your father, mine was a great outdoors guy who could do anything. To this day, 65 years later, I feel his presence in my garden or walking among fishermen on the pier. And that feeling makes me very happy. Not sad at all. Very happy. As a kid, I'd try to guess which star was him, but it really didn't matter, he could be any of them, because for sure, he was there.

Many people will help you keep and share the memories and unique joys your amazing Dad added to this wide world. The more you share, the more you'll keep. His love for you will always be with you! Today you may have to take that from me on faith or hope, but I promise you, you'll find it to be the truth as time goes by.

From me to you. . . .and from our family to yours. . . .

we're sending you heartfelt sympathy and love!

Lou Jean and Jack

Dear Jonathan,

I write this letter to you with a heavy heart for many reason. Some of which are obvious.

The loss of your dad and our friend has been a very difficult time for all of us. Buzz made such an impact in everything he did with everyone in his life. We are blessed to have had him no matter the duration. We will miss him terribly. You already know this.

You've been surrounded by people, most you know very well, crying, hugging, laughing, telling stories, catching up..... I am sure it's been good and hard all at the same time. You know.....it's a time for people to heal. To embrace what we've lost. To remind each other how important we are. To reflect on what we had. To speak about the future.

I write this letter to you, for you. You are one of my favorite people. I know you know this too. I have had the privilege of being in your life and watching you grow into a fine young man. One who is beyond smart, one who is adventurous, one who silly, one who is responsible, one who is practical, one who is chill, one who cares. I will treasure all the times we had laughing, making ridiculous faces, scheming, talking about life, frustrations, mongoose, girls, school, bikes, friends, snorkeling, swimming..... These are such important parts of my life. Ones I will think about often.

There is a community of people here in Westfield that truly care about you and will do anything and everything to see you succeed in life....whatever that success is. We will be here for you if you ever need anything.

Moving on is hard, even as an adult, especially as a young person. Events take place in life, most of which we have no control over and some we do. Keep alive all the spirit you carry. It's awesome! Keep making good decisions, but remember you will make mistakes. When things get hard, remind yourself it's a moment in time and it's okay to feel off, to be angry, to be sad. It will pass with time. Push yourself to make changes in the world, but take time for yourself to really enjoy what's around you. Travel to places you never been before, but remember to visit the ones that are familiar. Meet lots of new people and remember the ones you know that care and love you. Where ever you go in life is home, because it's what you make it, but always know where you started in life is home too.

My thing I want to say most is, that if you ever need myself or Julian for anything, promise me you will call. I told your dad many times, I would keep an eye out on you. I would like to keep my promise. My phone is always on. Call me even to say nothing. Text even it's an emoji. My door is always open. Even for a visit.....no matter the length of time.

Be well my friend. Be strong. Be happy.

Peace and love,  
Kris

## Memories of Buzz

I met Buzz not too long after meeting my husband, Phil Hotchkiss. Phil has such a loving, friendly and accepting friend group that I met most people including Buzz at a happy hour. About a week after I met my husband to be, Buzz stole him away to St. Croix for one of his many trips to study the biology of Mongoose.

Buzz always had an impish grin on his face. This worried me at first as I never knew what he was up to. I soon learned it was due to his perpetual curiosity about life and desire to stir up debate about what ever tickled his fancy at the time. This didn't always feel welcomed but I learned to love the debates for what they became for me, which was a deepening of my thinking and improvement in my arguments.

When Phil and I decided to tie the knot, we had a co-ed, children welcome, wedding shower. Buzz was there, full of energy. My favorite memory is about the dancing that occurred that night. He had me both laughing with joy and terrified for my joint health. He swung me around and twirled me like I was a rag doll. I hope you can imagine how this would be both exciting and scary!

In later years, there was a shared trip to St. Croix where I got to join Buzz, Jon, Phil, Steve, Julian and Kris in working on Mongoose research. I didn't do much, but I learned lots. Buzz shared his knowledge and love of this Island with anyone who wanted to learn. A few of my favorite memories from this trip were playing keep away with Jon and Kris in the ocean, preparing meals on the beach, lounging at night with a nice drink, and swimming in the ocean in unison with the others who stayed upright and dry as they walked along the beach.

What always touched me deeply is his love for his son, Jon (who would always be called Jonathan by Buzz). He was such an enthusiastic father and so interested in raising Jon to be a curious, unconventional, intelligent, loving person. Jon, I love the person you are and hope that you know we are always there for you should you need us.

This last year, Buzz spent a lot of time hanging in our backyard drinking IPA's after a long hard ride with Phil and Goopeel. On one such occasion we had a lively discussion about what sex vs sexuality and since Buzz was a biologist, I was shocked to learn that this was not as settled a question as I thought.

There are so many little memories. These are just a few. Buzz, you will be missed so much.

Love,  
Annie Hotchkiss

On Tuesday, July 18, 2017, Phil Hotchkiss and I set out with our great friend Buzz Hoagland for an epic road trip to Vermont to visit craft breweries and bring home some select examples (hopefully including Heady Topper) to share with friends. Buzz had spent the previous week or two researching breweries in Vermont to find the best IPAs to sample. He had compiled a mammoth set of pages and had printed them out with all the data: breweries, maps, lists, pictures, and addresses. He handed this thick bundle of pages to me when I got into the car and I joked he that he must have printed out the whole internet.

We drove to Bennington, Vermont where we stopped at a brewpub for lunch and then headed next to Middlebury, the second stop of eleven Buzz had planned out. We had one beer at the Drop-Inn Brewery, but when we got back in the car, something happened. We realized something was wrong, but by the time we'd gotten around the side of the car, Buzz was already unconscious. Moments later, he stopped breathing. And just like that, he was gone. It was the most heart-breaking moment of my life.

I had to travel to Wisconsin to meet Buzz Hoagland. We were both at a BioQUEST Curriculum Consortium workshop in... 1997? 1998? Something like that. We were all biologists and teachers, but he was also a Mac user. And he had a beard and wore glasses. And he liked drinking good beer. We hit it off. It was only as the workshop was coming to a close that we discovered that we lived less than 50 miles apart. John Jungck used to say that the purpose of BioQUEST was to "begin conversations worth continuing." It certainly achieved its goal with us.

Buzz was due for a sabbatical that fall. He expressed interest in co-teaching my class with me for his project, which I welcomed and arranged. The class met once-a-week in the evening. Afterwards, we would go to drink a beer (or two) and debrief about how things had gone and to plan for the next class. I remember we had a hard time finding someplace that served beer that was also quiet enough to have a conversation. Eventually, we went to the Chili's in Hadley, in spite of the mediocre selections. I remember telling Randy Phillis how amazing it was to teach with someone and then go out for a beer and conversation, marveling at the simple pleasure of it. He quipped, "Well, I used to have these things called 'friends'..."

After the class, was over, we continued to work on new projects and to meet and drink beer. When we first met, he was still making homebrew. His Partisan Politics ale found a fan in me. Lucy, my mom, really liked a cream ale he could make. And his Toadspit Stout was something to marvel at. He could even make root beer! He gave me some advice when I wanted to try making homebrew which I did a few times (with mixed results). As the craft beer revolution took off, however, he eventually found he could purchase better beer than he could make. And so he pretty much quit making beer, except as a tribute to friends for parties, as he did for my 50th birthday party. Or weddings, as he did for Phil Hotchkiss.

Our relationship was multi-faceted. We discussed biology and teaching. But we were also both interested in technology and were Free Software advocates. We did web development and used Drupal together. We both loved cycling. We developed on-line classes together. We were both active in faculty unions and campus governance. We both had families and children. And passions. And problems. Buzz was someone I could always talk to about anything.

On the other hand, we were very different people too. Buzz was outgoing and charismatic. At a meeting, he would always be in the center, like a star, surrounded by other people. I would tend to sit in the corner by myself. I always felt a bit invisible—a bit self-conscious—when I was in a group with Buzz, because he was so present and so popular. And yet, time after time, he would come to me. And spend time with me. And invite me to spend time with him. I couldn't quite believe it at first and never did wholly understand it. But as the years wore on, I came to depend on the bond of trust between us that was as real as anything in my life.

A few years later, our relationship deepened when he invited me to join him in St. Croix to participate in his mongoose research. Buzz had been visiting the island off-and-on at that point for 30 years to study mongooses. But after that first year, I started going regularly. I couldn't go every year, partly due to finances, but also due to my other interests (cf. Esperanto.) But it was always the highlight of my year to visit St. Croix and be met by Buzz at sunrise every morning with "It's another beautiful day in paradise..."



I have so many memories of Buzz. Many were from our adventures in St. Croix: Driving back from the field, coming up over the rise, and seeing the brilliant blues of the Caribbean sea laid out before us... Watching bats under the Tamarind tree... Going shopping at Plaza Extra... Taking an "easy walk" with him to tide pools... Racing in jeeps along the "scenic road" (or, more accurately, scenic "road") to Creque Dam... Getting chased and stung by Africanized bees and jack spaniards... Snorkeling on the Buck Island tour... Seeing baby sea turtles for the first time... Watching the sunset and looking for the Green Flash...

But many are just part of my everyday life: Working on manuscripts together... Cooking steaks on the grill in his back yard... Building a server together... Meeting at "high noon" for lunch with friends at Opa Opa. Or Hangars. Or the Northampton Brewery. Or the Student Prince. Visiting breweries and craft beer festivals... Riding from brewery to brewery in Pedal2Pints... Every day was like an adventure with Buzz.

It was a terrible shock to lose Buzz this way, so suddenly. He always seemed larger than life: like he was a man of brass. I never doubted but that he would live into his 90s like his father. I just assumed he would live forever—that he would live longer than me, anyway. But I can't be sad. The time I got to have with him was such a gift.

My friendship with Buzz Hoagland was one of the most transformative experiences of my life. I will treasure each of the moments of his life that he chose to share with me. I will never forget his generosity of spirit and the model he made of his life for his family and students and friends. I am certain that for the rest of my life, whenever I watch a sunrise or drink a glass of IPA, I will remember my dear friend Buzz Hoagland and be glad for the time we had together.

Steven Brewer





**Heather Gladwin** added 2 new photos — with Buzz Hoagland.

13 hrs · Millbury · 🧑🏻‍🤝‍🧑🏻

**Buzz Hoagland** "Just another day in paradise". Thank you for it all my friend. Rest easy.



**Yvonne Card Rudd**

23 hrs · 🧑🏻‍🤝‍🧑🏻

I just need to say what is on my heart tonight. We lost a classmate, **Buzz Hoagland**, who I was never close with in school nor after school. The last time I saw him was at our 40th class reunion when he showed up with some home brews. He was so full of life and zest and it is so hard for me to fathom that he is gone, like a very sick joke... My heart is literally aching for him tonight. God's peace to his family and loved ones, may he be greeted in Heaven by all those he knows who have gone before him. Life is sooo short, embrace it, live it, love it... May you rest in peace my classmate of 1973, I will never forget you.



Tiffany Caisse ▸ Buzz Hoagland

21 hrs · 🌐

I hadn't seen Buzz in forever, but will forever remember how much he taught me, and how much he loved Jonathan and his mongoose research. We chatted a few months ago about beer, and it was so great to catch up. Wanted to share a few of my favorite moments from the time I was able to go to St Croix with him. He was always there when I needed advice, and always pushed everyone to do more- to love more, research more, do better quality work, and to experience more. Cheers to you, Buzz. — with Buzz Hoagland.



Kristina Ann ▸ Buzz Hoagland

6 hrs · 🌐

Buzz was a professor of mine and I will always be grateful for his challenging and creative teaching practices and his constant passion for research in the science community. I will never forget collecting data on the maple trees near Westfield state or the times he brought Jonathon to class so he didn't have to cancel it. I can't thank him enough for giving me the opportunity to travel to St. Croix with him and experience his little piece of heaven. I am a better person and teacher because of you Buzz, rest easy.





Adam B. Smith ▸ Buzz Hoagland

22 hrs · 🌐

Buzz was one of my college biology teachers, and the person who started me on the path I continue today. As a junior bio major I knew I loved the subject but given my experience in class thought if I pursued bio I'd be stuck inside the rest of my life doing experiments on things growing in test tubes. Then I heard a student of his was conducting research \*outside\* where I wanted to be. So went to Buzz and asked him about it. He went out to the field with me and taught me how to trap small mammals, then set me up analyzing his mongoose data. Today I still analyze data on small mammals.

Buzz invested a lot in his students. He personally drive me up to U of Kansas where he introduced me to colleagues and had me talk at a professional conference. And he had high standards for us as incipient scientists.

From Buzz I learned to let the data speak--an experiment is only a failure if you learn nothing from it. This is a hard lesson, and even today I wrestle with colleagues senior to me who already "know" how the analysis is going to turn out. I'm sure I still wear my blinders, but if it weren't for Buzz's Socratic debriefing after every lab, I'd be flying blind.

Buzz lived scientifically: I found him very opinionated yet open to changing his mind. It was hard sometimes for me to like him because of the former, but I admire him greatly for the latter.

Over the years I tried every now and then to contact him and let him know the role he had in shaping my life. He never answered, perhaps because an email from a long-ago student looks like spam or because he didn't want to--he was hard for me to read and understand. But this very last time he did reply and sounded happy to hear from me. I was able to communicate my appreciation, and today I am especially glad we did communicate one last time. And I'm sad the world is a little darker.

### Buzz's Last Science Project

In June 2017 Buzz and I tackled mongoose mitochondrial DNA extraction and amplification of the D loop. Then we sequenced the mtDNA at Genewiz. When Buzz saw DNA on the gel he was ecstatic.

Tip for success.

Resuspend your mtDNA in 60  $\mu$ l of TE buffer, not 600  $\mu$ l!

Buzz was AMAZING! I  
am so fortunate to have had  
him as a friend. Jonathan -  
you are strong and I know he  
was so proud of you. ♥

my ~~memory~~ <sup>memory</sup> to share would be when  
he married my mom & moved us to MA.  
at first, I was heartbroken. Really,  
it was the best thing that could've  
ever happened to us. He took on a family  
"ready made" and treated us as very much  
his own. I was a most difficult child for  
He never wavered from his responsibilities.  
He gave us all a full life. Especially,  
Jonathan. I'm forever in his debt.

I've written a longer piece for  
email consumption & sent it  
to Julian but this just occurred  
to me -

I committed to work via bike for  
several years. At least twice a  
week, Buzz would catch me  
and approve of the commute but  
reprove me for the lack of helmet.  
Nicholas Dieta

Thanks Buzz for making a new  
faculty member feel welcome and  
supported. For always answering my  
many, many questions, for being a  
wonderful mentor, for always having  
an open door and a smile.  
Remembering you always -  
Kim Pouliot

July 25, 2017

Dear Buzz,

You will be missed so much!  
Thank you for sharing  
wonderful moments with  
us!

We will remember you as  
our dear friend forever....

Love,  
Goopul, Casey, Brian & Leo ♥

We could talk politics, teaching,  
training for triathlons, parenting,  
and relationships. He had  
a curious and active mind -  
never settling for easy answers.  
I can never look at another  
flowered, light shirt without  
thinking of him. Can't believe it...

Claudia

My best memories of Bazz are a funny mishmash  
of ~~shrimp~~ genetics, + the All University Committee. Every time  
Bazz would bring shrimp, I would praise him  
while stuffing my face and then apologize for not  
controlling myself. Bazz would laugh and say  
"No one else is enjoying them as much so eat away -  
oh, and try a bronié!" often this would occur  
during a lively discussion of genetics - Bazz had  
given me the book "Four Inner Fish" and I  
peppered him with questions which he'd be amused,  
and then challenged my wrong assumptions -  
over →

I always left those evenings exhilarated and  
stuffed to repletion with food and ideas.

That ability to touch with a love for  
argument also was present during the 2 years  
we served on AUC together. Bazz would  
pointedly, yet gently, explain procedures, all  
while expecting me to think for myself.  
Laughter, food and conversation ~3  
things I'll miss. Sryuz Lawson

The measure of a life is not money or possessions, for they are easily used up or disposed of, disappearing beyond memory or care. True richness and success is reflected in one's works, family, and friends, and a continuing curiosity. Buzz is truly one of the richest people I have known. He is missed.

Jonathan,  
The first time I met your dad, I was new to the department and we were talking about things he was passionate about. During the conversation your dad told me he was a fan of "Mongoose" I thought for a second and then I said

What sports team is that?  
When he finished laughing he told me they were a mammal not a sports team!  
Your dad was an amazing man and I will remember him forever.

Mary Masse  
Biology Dept

## **A Heartfelt Good-Bye**

**As we mourn the loss of our dear friend Buzz,  
We celebrate his life, the man that he was.  
A father, a son, a brother and mentor,  
A cyclist, a cook, a friend and professor.  
Always helping others, a trait we adore,  
He was so many things and much, much more.  
His love of the mongoose and trips to St. Croix,  
The science, the adventure, oh what a joy!  
He lived life to the fullest, embraced it with passion,  
As a brewmaster, fine beer he would fashion.  
Now, we share fond memories of the man we all knew,  
As we toast his friendship and share a cold brew.  
Though words can't express the loss that we feel,  
His impact on others was ever so real.  
Our hearts are now heavy, we'll miss him so much,  
But we know he lives on in those he has touched.**

**by  
Don Martin**





**Buzz Hoagland** @BuzzHoagland · 20 Apr 2016

On a journey to . . .





