

Scott Huntley Creelman (1/11/1943 – 9/21/2011)



Scott and Joanna Creelman with their children, daughters-in-law and grandchildren

Scott Huntley Creelman of Deerfield, MA died on September 21, 2011 of melanoma. He came to Dartmouth from Melrose High School, where he was a star athlete and was inducted into the school's Hall of Fame. He repeated his athletic performance at Dartmouth in both football and baseball and was a standout performer, receiving the Blackman Trophy (football) and All-Ivy recognition in both football and baseball. Scott was a member of Beta and Casque and Gauntlet. He majored in sociology.

After graduation Scott went to Columbia Business School, where he was a roommate with Tom Spangenberg '64 and they were teammates on the rugby team. During his graduate school years he met Joanna, his future wife. MBA in hand he went to work for Scott Paper Company (1966-73). Thereafter, he worked for 35 years at Spalding Sports Worldwide.

He started as business manager of the tennis group at Spalding and quickly worked his way through the ranks. Throughout his career he held various positions including managing director,

international; Vice-President, International; Vice-President Golf Products Worldwide and Executive Vice-President, Spalding Division and eventually President and CEO. Scott travelled all over the world growing the various divisions of Spalding and even resided in Cambridge, England from 1979 - 1983. His incredible management style was known throughout the industry and working for Scott was considered the gold standard. He finally retired in 2008 after leaving an unforgettable mark on the brand to which he had dedicated his professional life.

Always trying to give back, Scott served on many boards throughout the years including: Historic Deerfield, The Sara's Wish Foundation, The Bement School, Alliance Corporation, Western Massachusetts Economic Development Council, and the Western Massachusetts Food Bank. Scott served as the Honorary Chairman of the Volleyball Hall of Fame and won the Henry Butova Award, which honors a football player or individual from the region who is devoted to the game and has distinguished himself after his playing days.

Scott enjoyed relaxing with his family on their vacations and is remembered as a kind, friendly person who always put his hand out first. He participated in Dartmouth activities, having served on the Alumni Council and belonging to Dartmouth clubs in Philadelphia, London and Springfield, MA (Pioneer Valley).

Scott and Joanna have three children, Craig '94, Elizabeth and William and five grandchildren. Scott and Joanna attended the 45th reunion of the class of 1964 and looked 40 years younger as they danced on Tuck Mall.

Recollections from Tom Spangenberg:

Scott and I met freshman year at Dartmouth playing for the Pea Greens. He stuck out his hand and said simply Scott Creelman. He had a great run at Dartmouth as he had at Melrose High in Massachusetts from whence he came. Football and baseball were his mainstays but he also fancied himself a hockey guy. He had a great wrist shot, world class, but he could not skate. In the other two sports he was all-Ivy. He loved people. He majored in sociology. We were in Beta together. He was a human rolodex. After Dartmouth we decided to venture forth with a lot of other Dartmouth graduates and raid NYC to attend Columbia Business School. We were indifferent students, but had a great time, played rugby for the Old Blues, discovered Irish bars and lived in a grand old building in an apartment we named Toad Hall. Then Scott met Jo and a fantastic partnership ensued. Meanwhile, Scott had met everyone in NYC and it was off to Scott Paper in Philly. We kept in touch, but the big move back came when Scott moved on to Spalding in Massachusetts. He spent the rest of his career there and survived at least five mergers and acquisitions with the company and all the turmoil that entails. That is some kind of record. He became the face of the company through good times and bad. Mid-career we both decided to build a house together in Hubbardton, Vermont on ten acres on our own lake for 10

grand. We built a post and beam structure from trees felled on our various properties, hewed them, did the joinery, laid up the dry wall foundations and then, from a scene out of the movie 'Witness' we had an old fashioned barn raising. Most of the labor was provided by Scott since at that time he knew everybody in the world and convinced his ten top friends to come up for the big event. We spent many a happy year there, skiing and enjoying the kids and all that you do at a weekend retreat. The years flew by. Scott and Jo bought into the family compound in New Hampshire, and we drifted apart a bit until we caught up again at my second wedding held in Vermont some 12 years ago. It was time to reconnect. We did, and it was a conscious effort. Five years ago Scott told us about his cancer. He beat a lot of odds. He always went way out of his way to get together. The conversation was almost always about other things. In the fall Scott came home to die. I saw him several times, but when I first went to visit he stuck out his hand and said "Scott Creelman". Full circle. What an amazing human being.

Commentary from the eulogy delivered by Scott's good friend, Charles Schewe:

I have hated this moment for 5 ½ years now. I have thought at great length about how I would address Scottie's passing. At one time, I thought it would be good to see what Google offers about putting together good eulogies. It said to keep it short, 10 minutes but no more. And focus on experiences you had with the deceased and on the person's character. I thought that would be impossible...to sum up Scott in 10 with respect to his character and our mutual experiences. Impossible!! That thought reminded me of the Sound of Music's refrain "how do you hold a moonbeam in your hand!!" There is too much to say.

To try to capture the essence of Scott, I went to Caringbridge, the website where visitors could write their thoughts, their messages to Scott [words not spoken while Scott was alive], and condolences to the family. I figured that these messages would unveil some others' perceptions of Scott. I found the following: Scott was

- Always positive
- Full of fun and life
- Bright and wise
- Had a memory like a steel trap
- Generous
- A great leader
- Had a great presence
- Self-deprecating
- Always interested in my children and really cared
- A great teacher and mentor
- Passionate
- Encouraging excellence

- Warm and made everyone feel important

What these descriptors say about Scott could and often is said of others...yet Scottie was 10 times bigger on each. He was everyone's hero. Chris Nader, his long-time administrative aide at Spalding, told me recently how she would sort of dread blue Monday, going back to the workweek. She would be at her desk and look out the window and see Scott coming in from the parking lot, briefcase in hand, sun on his face from a great weekend, and whistling. From that moment on, the workweek became enjoyable. Tom Ashley, my good friend, once said "Even if you met him for the first time, you walked away a better person."

I met Scott when I first moved to Amherst over 35 years ago. Scott and Joanna lived in a farm-like house in Leverett, where they had chickens, pigs, and a horse named Nero. I imagined Scott as having 3 lives at that time...all rather different. He was a gentleman farmer. He was a marketing executive running the Spalding tennis business. And he was a kid because he drove between farm and office in his little red Porsche roadster!!

I last saw Scott the Thursday before he passed away. When I came into the room, he recognized me and called me by name...then shook my hand firmly. His hair was longer than usual and he had a couple days' growth of stubble. And he was stripped to the waist where his sheet came. Instead of looking ashen, gaunt, and overly thin with ribs showing, I thought he actually looked quite well...almost disarmingly so. My wife Anne, John and Kay Bardzik and I agreed that Scott looked almost regal...like a king surrounded by loving servants and family...or even like a Pharaoh lying in state. It was extremely reassuring. Wendy Kohler who also loved Scott suggested that perhaps we should refer to him as "Prince Valiant" to remember his "valiant fight" against his unseen enemy.

In closing, I would like to offer an inscription on an Irish Tombstone:

Death leaves a Heartache No One can Heal!

Love leaves a Memory No One can Steal!!