

PREFACE

“ . . . I recall very well [Charlton’s] take on history in general. He said there are three kinds of history. The first is what really happened, and that is forever lost. The second is what most people thought happened, and we can recover that with assiduous effort. The third is what the people in power wanted the future to think happened, and that is ninety percent of the history in books.”

Michael Gruber: *The Book of Air and Shadows*

As I write these recollections at the urging of the late Jack Willis, Emeritus Professor of the Department of English at William and Mary, I am seventy-eight years old. He and I were colleagues at the College from the fall of 1962 until I left in the summer of 1979 for an administrative position at another university. Though I conscientiously avoid attributing any of my present failings to my age, it is worth noting that the events about which I have written here occurred as many as fifty years ago. We know our minds play tricks on us throughout our lives, but it is my experience, confirmed by this exercise, that the tricks become increasingly preposterous in our later years. Though I frequently can not remember where I put down the book I had been reading just ten minutes earlier, I dredge up from somewhere the names of persons I haven’t seen, haven’t even thought of, for forty, fifty, or sixty years. They just float up to the surface. Here I am – a guy who always kept my wife, Ellen, nearby at every university function to prompt me on names – remembering the names of persons I assumed had long disappeared from my neuronal network.

But more preposterous are the incidents which in recent years I have been certain happened at a certain time in a certain way, only to have to accept, grudgingly, that they didn’t happen then or in the way I recalled. As an example, I began having problems with my balance a year or so ago which caused me to stagger a little when I walked about and, as a result, to feel a bit seasick just about all the time. I went to my family doctor, who told me that problems with equilibrium happen to some people as they grow older, that nausea is an unfortunate side effect, and that there wasn’t much that could be done about it.¹ He prescribed something he thought might alleviate my queasy feeling. Sometime later I called the doctor’s office, explained to his nurse that I had been there a couple of weeks earlier about dizziness, and needed to have the prescription he gave me at the time refilled. She pulled up my record and said it was more than three months ago that I had come in about the problem, not a couple of weeks ago. I told her she had misread the record; I was sure it had been just two or three weeks ago. She said no, it was on such and such a date more than three months ago. I argued with her. I asked her to check again. Was it possible she was looking at some other person’s record, I asked.

¹ *Incidentally, there is something that can be done about my type of age-related dizziness, Benign Paroxysmal Positional Vertigo (BPPV); all specialists in neurology would know of the simple corrective exercise.*

No, she said, and not wanting to spend any more time on a seventy-eight year old showing signs of losing it, she said she would call in a refill to the pharmacist and ended the conversation. Not convinced, I called the pharmacy. The pharmacist looked in her records and said the prescription had first been filled three months ago. How could I have been so wrong?

So when persons are asked, as I have been, to make a contribution to an “oral history,” knowing our weaknesses in the power of recollection, should they agree to do so? Should I have? Can the product of an aging memory, with all its flaws, be worth the effort? Is a document purporting to be *history* have any value if parts of it, unknown to the author, are almost certainly untrue? Naomi Oreskes, the editor of a collection of essays she solicited from eighteen scientists who, thirty years earlier, played a role in the formulation of the theory of plate tectonics, thinks so. In her “Preface” to *Plate Tectonics: An Insider’s History of the Modern Theory of the Earth*,² she provides several reasons. “While memory is often faulty,” she argues, “it is not always faulty. People do remember important and formative events in their lives, sometimes in extraordinary detail, and they often remember connections that are not recorded elsewhere.” The documentation of contemporaneous events is not always available, and even when it is, it is selective: “Many things are never written down,” she continues, “and most of what is written down is not saved. The written record is most silent about the lives of ordinary people, and social historians have come to [rely] on oral accounts to capture the voices of people whose lives might otherwise go unheeded.” Further, as she points out, oral histories usually gather in one place “a multiplicity of perspectives” by persons with varying cultural and educational backgrounds, types of responsibility, approaches to their work, and levels of achievement – perspectives which are no less valid than they are diverse and conflicting. In sum, Oreskes observes, the persons whose recollections are included in her book

. . . are people who have made contributions early in their . . . careers. All have had an opportunity to work on other things, to make contributions in other areas, and to reflect on what made the 1960s such a special time. . . . Psychiatrist Daniel Offer and his colleagues call memories a form of “existential reconstruction” – a means by which people make sense of their lives. The stories presented here . . . may not be works of history, but they may well be works of wisdom.

When Jack talked with me he suggested I write about my time as the College’s first vice president for development. The title of *vice president* was used for certain members of the central administration for the first time in 1969, and in that sense I was the first *vice president* for development, but my appointment signaled a renewed rather than a heretofore untried or unsuccessful effort by persons acting on behalf of William and Mary to raise significant sums of money from private sources. It is an activity that dates back at the very least to James Blair, who served from 1693 to 1743 (a total of fifty years!) as the College’s first president and raised funds successfully in both England and the Colonies in North America.³ In modern times, J. A. C. Chandler, who served as the

² Westview Press, 2001

³ J. E. Morpurgo, *author of Their Majesties’ Royall Colledge: William and Mary in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, argues persuasively that one Patrick Copland, named the Rector of a proposed College at Henrico in June 1622, was the first to seek a royal charter and*

College's eighteenth president between 1919 and his death in 1934, also worked assiduously and effectively raising private money for the school. Because of him I can't even claim being the first fundraiser to organize a *capital campaign* at W&M, a fundraising program or strategy I thought was a distinctively mid- to late twentieth century invention. Chandler launched his "Improvement Fund" campaign around 1919 with a goal of \$40,000 (or \$496,000 in today's dollars), the success of which inspired him to quickly launch two more campaigns, by which a total of \$1,000,000 (or \$12,400,000 in today's dollars) was raised.⁴

When thinking about how I might best make my contribution to the oral history project, and I thought about it for a couple of years before I decided I could procrastinate no longer, I came to the realization that in retrospect my early years at William and Mary were for me the most affecting. My appointment as an Instructor in the English Department was my first job in the sense that I embraced it as the beginning of my life's work; all the others I had before it were just treading water. It was the culmination of four years of hard work for both me and Ellen, my wife, who supported us both while I was in graduate school. Ellen and I had a new child, our first. It was a new era at William and Mary, one that "many have termed the Golden Decade," according to President Davis Y. Paschall, as he modestly noted in a ten-year report to the Board of Visitors issued in 1970. Though I had never heard anyone call it the *Golden Decade*, it was undoubtedly special. It was a time of considerable change in the state of Virginia, the South, and on the campuses of the nation's colleges and universities -- change that might fairly be remembered as revolutionary. Furthermore, though I can not claim I was the first administrator to raise private funds for William and Mary, I can argue that I was, initially as Coordinator of Research and then as Director of Sponsored Programs. That is to say, I was the first person employed by the College solely for the purpose of tracking the increasing number and variety of federal programs through which Congress was first making large sums of money available on a competitive basis to American institutions of higher education.

So, despite Jack's eminently reasonable advice, I decided to start at what was the beginning of my seventeen-year relationship with the College and describe, from my vantage point and as I remember, deficient memory notwithstanding, how it and, to a lesser degree, I evolved over that time. Today, William and Mary's standing among the very best universities of the nation is undisputed and secure. As for me, I am pleased with how my life has evolved and the opportunities I was given to work at something with enduring value. And I am grateful for the recognition I received along the way. I've come up short in one important way, however. I remember a conversation I had with Nate Elliott, one of the Instructors in the English Department who were hired around the time I was. We shared an office and talked of many things – indeed, anything to avoid

successfully raise money on both sides of the Atlantic, so successfully, in fact, that before the Indian massacre of the settlers on the Virginia peninsula earlier in 1622, the news of which had not yet reached the powers in England, the proposed college had not only a rector but also a governing body, an administrative organization, teachers, a library, and perhaps several buildings.

⁴ "Measuring Worth," at www.measuringworth.com, using the CPI

marking-up freshman compositions. During one of our conversations, we talked, semi-facetiously, of what we would like to achieve in life and how we would like the achievement to be recognized. Nate said he would like to make the cover of *Time*, to have his picture on the cover of *Time* magazine. That would do it for him: it would both acknowledge the importance of his achievement and provide national recognition. Nat's standard has stuck with me. Whatever the value of my achievement, for better or worse, I've never made it to the cover of *Time*.

Truth is, I'm not all that sure that was an idea of Nate's

Note: In the pages that follow I have used the initials CW to cover, indiscriminately, the various forms of "Colonial Williamsburg," including the area in which certain buildings and grounds of the town of Williamsburg that existed between 1699 and 1780 have been restored and otherwise improved; the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, a tax exempt entity that operates the restored area as a not-for-profit living museum that is supported by the financial contributions of the Rockefeller family and an increasing number of benefactors; and the quasi-commercial enterprises operated by the *Colonial Williamsburg* corporation.

PART ONE

I

“How apt the poor are to be proud.”

William Shakespeare: *Twelfth Night*

In the late 1950s, early 1960s, the College of William & Mary was a kind of post Civil War Scarlett O’Hara: hopeful, resolute, working hard to keep up appearances, and dirt poor.

In 1959-60, the College had a total of 175 faculty members. The salary schedule on average was \$7,648, \$6,107, and \$5,454 for, respectively, full, associate, and assistant professors. Instructors were paid on average \$4,618. The all-faculty average was \$6,060.⁵ Of course, as persons of my age are wont to say, a dollar went much further in those days. But even so, the average salary then of \$6,060 was equal to about \$44,000 in today’s dollars, about \$8,000 less than the average public secondary teacher in Atlanta in 2010.⁶ In its 1959-60 report documenting the pay of full, associate, and assistant professors across the country, the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) gave William and Mary grades, in turn, of E, E, and D -- *A* being the highest, *E* the lowest.

The total revenue of the College in 1959-60 from all sources was just \$3.6 million (\$26.6 million today), including an appropriation from the Virginia General Assembly of \$1.2 million. Gifts, including bequests, received that year totaled \$72,618. Its endowment of just \$1.7 million produced \$72,192 in expendable income for the year. Grants and contracts obtained from the federal government totaled less than \$130,000. On the expenditure side of the ledger, \$1.3 million was squeezed out for “Instruction,” presumably virtually all which was allocated for faculty salaries; \$142,985 was made available for the library; \$113,118 for student aid; and a staggering \$35,110 for research, presumably over and above the meager \$130,000 obtained from the federal government for “research and other purposes.” Within the state, the University of Virginia stood head and shoulders above every other college and university, including Virginia Polytechnic Institute, then not yet transformed into a proper large and inclusive state university by Dr. T. Marshall Hahn, its eleventh president. The rap on William and Mary was that the

⁵ Highlights. *Much of the data on the College between 1960 and 1970 is from this source. It uses the academic year 1959-1960 as the baseline for most of its comparisons.*

⁶ From <http://Salary.com>.

Virginia elite sent their sons to UVA -- their daughters to W&M. It was seen by many of the citizens of the State as mostly a teachers' college, and no doubt many of the members of the Virginia General Assembly believed its value to the State was, in the main, as a producer of teachers, predominately female, for its elementary and secondary schools.

Surprisingly, even as early as 1959-60, William and Mary had a handful of advanced degree programs. They included Education, History, Law, Marine Science, Psychology, and Physics, but they were so sparsely populated it's hard to believe that previous administrations had taken them very seriously. The advanced degree programs in Education, on the other hand, were relatively large: of the sixty-four advanced degrees awarded by the College in 1960, forty-nine were MEds.

It is illustrative to look at the level of support the College felt it was able to provide its Law School at the beginning of the 1960's, law schools being highly favored by most universities. So too the Marshall-Wythe School of Law may have been favored at W&M, but in that year, as one of just two schools of law in Virginia, it had six full-time and two part-time faculty members and forty-eight students. It awarded a grand total of ten Bachelor of Civic Law degrees (equal to its Juris Doctor degree today) and three Master of Law and Taxation degrees. It had an operating budget of \$65,250; a library acquisitions budget of \$5,000; library holdings numbering 25,000; and a law review (*The William and Mary Law Review*) which was mimeographed for distribution. Its faculty's offices and classrooms were huddled in the basement of a men's dormitory. If indeed Law was one of William and Mary's favored programs, as we might assume, one can only imagine the level of support suffered by the others.

And yet, during my sixteen years of employment at William and Mary, I can remember hearing only one alumnus disparage the education he received there, and I had contact with many alumni after being named Vice President for Development in 1971. Virtually all seemed to believe that they had received a superior undergraduate education, one that prepared them for the advanced and professional degrees an inordinately large number of them later pursued. How could that be? Well, for one thing, notwithstanding the low, uncompetitive salaries it paid, the College had a good faculty: *good* not in the way ambitious administrators of the nation's celebrated universities would interpret that word and judge their faculties, but *good* in the way well-educated parents would best judge the faculty of the college chosen for the undergraduate education of their son or daughter. It was *good* as defined as *sound, dependable, congenial, and effective*. As I look over the pictures of the men and women who were my colleagues in the 1960s, my strongest feelings are ones of admiration and affection. Lord knows there were some jerks on the faculty then, some others who had long given up on their dream of academic distinction (if they ever had one), and some who had given up on all young people. But they, not the good guys, stood out as the handful of exceptions.

Here something of a digression, a *germane digression*, if that's possible: After I resigned from my job in an advertising agency and before I returned to the University of North Carolina to start work on a graduate degree, I taught junior high school for half a year. (I soon found out that though I had not been happy working for an advertising

agency, I was miserable teaching mathematics to thirteen and fourteen year olds. The knowledge that all kids of that age are rebellious, even believing they should be, didn't help.) There was a teacher at the school -- about thirty-five or forty I guess, a bit odd looking, given to wearing bow ties, and very kinetic, married with children, and admired as a teacher by both his students and colleagues -- who had something of a running argument going in the faculty lounge. It was his position that as a matter of public policy, the pay of teachers, including his own, should be kept low *vis-à-vis* other professions. He argued that only those persons who were dedicated teachers should be allowed to teach, and the only way society could judge their dedication in an ongoing way was to require ongoing sacrifice on their part. He believed that if it ever came to pass that persons could make big money in teaching, the profession would attract the wrong kind of people. He strongly pressed his case that persons who claimed they loved teaching should be expected to sacrifice for the privilege of doing so. Needless to say, he converted few, if any, of his colleagues to his way of thinking. I never bought into the argument, but it came to mind as I thought about the sacrifices the members of faculty -- and their families -- were making in the late 1950s and early 1960s to teach at William and Mary. They certainly weren't there for the money.

The retention of good faculty was aided strongly by the quality of the undergraduates who chose William and Mary. I have scrolled through the on-line list "Past Faculty" compiled by the Special Collections and Research Center of the Swem Library, and it is surprising and encouraging that many of the faculty I knew from the early 1960s retired from the College as emeritus professors twenty, thirty, or more years later. The students were the type of young men and women teachers always find it rewarding to teach. No doubt their quality was a large part of the intangible compensation realized by the faculty then and, no doubt, today. In the three years I taught full-time at W&M -- mostly freshman and sophomores -- I found the students to be bright, eager, and nice. *Nice* is not as descriptive as word as one might like, but it works for me.

Another digression: It probably took about fifteen of my almost thirty years as a university administrator to realize that when hiring, *nice* persons were the ones for whom I was looking. During interviews and in discussing applicants with their references, *nice* came to trump every other quality and credential. *Nice* trumped experience. *Nice* trumped advanced degrees. *Nice* trumped an ambitious Type-A personality. *Nice* with experience was good. *Nice* with an advanced degree was good. But *nice* was the *sine qua non*. Nice people, by their nature, take a job working at a college seriously. In my line of work, probably any line of work, a 70% success rate with new hires is doing well, but I did better hiring *nice* persons.

The College's penury notwithstanding, in 1959 more than 2,750 high school seniors applied for admission to the College. Of these 791 were admitted for the freshman class. It was a yield for which the admission offices of many other small colleges in the U.S. at the time could only wish. And each year thereafter the competition for admission became stronger. Ten years later, as an example, there were 5,772 applicants for admission to the freshman class, of whom 901 were admitted. During that same period, the average combined score on the SAT rose from 1030 to near

1240. Again, one might ask, how could that be? How could a college which was so badly under resourced attract so many highly qualified applicants?

I'd say there were three reasons, one of which is rare among small, liberal arts colleges and another which is unique. The more general of the three was that the William and Mary faculty provided its students a very good education, an education with which its graduates were pleased. And as the number of its alumni grew, the College's good reputation grew, particularly in Virginia, from which 62% of those admitted then came. The second reason was that small, selective, liberal arts colleges which were also state supported were rare. The financial benefit to the parents of freshmen who had chosen a state supported school over a private school was, and remains, enormous – both for Virginians and those from other states. I don't have the means to compare just how much that benefit was in 1959-60, but some idea can be drawn from a comparison of the tuition and fees charged an out-of-state freshman to attend William and Mary in 2010-11 to those charged by the best of the nation's private liberal arts colleges.⁷ W&M's tuition and fees for an out-of-state undergraduate student total \$16,882 (they are \$6,094 for an in-state student); the average of the charges levied by the top five private liberal arts colleges for tuition and fees is \$41,024.⁸ The discrepancy gives considerable potency to the way the Admissions Office describes William and Mary on its website today: "An Ivy League education at a public school price."

The third, the *unique* characteristic that the poverty stricken College of William and Mary had going for it in 1959-60 was, as it has today, its location. It is not just that it was in the nice town of Williamsburg – many small colleges were in nice towns – it was also that its beautifully restored Wren Building was a most imposing part of John D. Rockefeller's restoration of Colonial Williamsburg (CW). It stood as the western anchor of the Duke of Gloucester Street, arguably the most beautiful mile of historic buildings and gardens in the nation, for all the world to see. And see it, all the world did. The sights and programs of CW have attracted hundreds of thousands of families over the years, most led by parents with a better than average education and presumably a better than average interest in their children's education. As one of the largest restored buildings (and one for which there was no admission charge), few visitors would have completed their touring without an enhanced, sympathetic knowledge of the College. Further, they would have learned that William and Mary is the second oldest college in the U.S., second only to Harvard, and that Presidents Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Tyler are counted among its alumni, as are U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice John Marshall, Speaker of the House Henry Clay, and sixteen signers of the Declaration of Independence. They might also have learned that Phi Beta Kappa academic honor society was established there in 1776, and it was the first school of higher education in the United States to install an honor code for students. They might also have read that

⁷ US News and World Report *characterizes liberal arts colleges as [schools] "which emphasize undergraduate education and award at least half of their degrees in the liberal arts fields of study," a characterization with which, I believe, William and Mary would feel comfortable.*

⁸ Judged to be the *top five* by US News criteria, with tuition, are: Williams, \$39,490; Amherst \$38,928; Swarthmore, \$37,860; and tied for fourth are Middlebury, \$50,780 and Wellesley, \$38,062.

William and Mary had long been considered a “public ivy,” implying a prestigious degree at an affordable price. It had to have crossed their minds that it would be a very nice place for their adolescent sons and daughters to go to college.

. . . as it occurred to me in 1962, that the College of William and Mary might well be a very nice place to work.

II

It was impossible to resist. It was a small, attractive, liberal arts college in a pretty, if unusual, town. For all I knew it had a good academic reputation; certainly I had heard of it. It was not located in a college town, meaning the college was not the largest, possibly only, enterprise of any moment in the area; the friends we would make would not necessarily be limited to the other employees of the college. It was straddled by two large, beautiful bodies of water, the York and James Rivers, and only an hour’s drive to the Atlantic Ocean, overlooking which it was my wife Ellen’s and my ambition to live some day.

Dr. Thomas Murphy, the chairman of the English Department at the University of Maryland, where I was working on a doctorate, was contacted by Dr. Fraser Neiman, Professor of English at William and Mary. The College was looking for persons who had recently completed or were nearing completion of their doctorates to hire at the rank of Instructor. The deal was that we would receive a one year contract which would be renewed for two additional years. Our teaching assignment would be four sections per semester of English 101, 102, the freshman introductory class with its concentration on essay writing, and English 201, 202, a survey of English literature. Towards the end of the third year, the department would decide which if any of us would be retained, presumably as an assistant professor, and put on an employment track that could lead to tenure. The *sine qua non* of being retained was possession of the doctorate; those instructors who did not have it when hired would have to complete it before the end of the third year or find other employment. Not an unusual or unreasonable arrangement.

So sometime in the early spring of 1962, I drove to Williamsburg, Virginia, was shown around the campus by Dr. Cecil McCulley, Associate Professor of English, and talked with, as I recall, Dr. Glenwood Clark, the Chairman of the Department, Neiman, and perhaps one or two others in the department. Before heading back home I told McCulley and Neiman that I was seriously interested in the job. Not long after, I received a call from Neiman inviting me to make a second visit to discuss the job in more detail, meet other members of the department, and talk with the Dean of the Faculty, Dr. Melville W. Jones. I asked if I might bring my wife with me to see the College and its environs, and I was encouraged to do so. Ellen, had suffered two traumatic, late-term miscarriages in our four years of marriage, and she and I were hopeful we would have our first child in late June or early July. The impressions of the College and Colonial Williamsburg we both took away with us were both favorable and encouraging. Soon

thereafter I received a call from Jones offering me the job at \$5,600 for the academic year. I was told during my visit that the salary range was \$5,600 to \$5,800, so I asked why I was being offered the lower end of the range. He seemed a little put out by the question and told me he would get back to me. He did after a day or two, during which time I agonized over my presumptuousness, and offered me \$5,700.⁹ I accepted and was very pleased with myself: I was soon to be a member (if marginal) of the faculty of the College of William and Mary. I thought it best not to calculate how much the additional \$100 for which I courageously held out would increase my semi-monthly paychecks.

Looking back on my hiring by William and Mary, what impresses me most is not the low salaries my fellow instructors in the Department of English and I were paid but rather the informality of the hiring process. Neiman called Murphy. Murphy asked me if I was interested in the job. Neiman invited me down. The interviews were casual, indeed, pleasant. The Dean of the Faculty, himself, called to offer me the job. I accepted. Done. I'm not sure what I was expecting. Probably more of a grilling on all of English and American literature, something like the oral exam I had taken as part of my doctoral studies program at the University of Maryland. I do know I was surprised that the Dean of the Faculty himself called and offered me the job and proposed the \$100 compromise on the salary.

But much such delightful informality and casualness in the hiring practice changed significantly just two years later – not only at William and Mary but also at other institutions across the country – when Lyndon Johnson signed the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and issued the executive order that enforced Affirmative Action for the first time. It required educational institutions that accepted federal funding, that is “government contractors,” to take affirmative action to increase the number of minority employees in mid to upper level positions. This affirmative action was to be demonstrated in all aspects of hiring and employment. Institutions were henceforth required to publicize the opening, retain lists of all the persons they interviewed, and document the reasons they hired the persons they did and the reasons they decided against the others. I am not at all sure I would have been hired by William and Mary in 1962 had the Civil Rights Act and the policies of Equal Opportunity and Affirmative Action been the law of the land. But whatever the outcome, the process of hiring would have been more rigorous, almost certainly fairer, and in principle better for William and Mary and higher education throughout the country. Though apparently the federal government had no impact on my hiring, one way or another, it came to greatly influence the development of the College and the course of my early career beginning just two years later.

Truth be told, as much as I felt blessed to have a job at William and Mary, I was ambivalent about accepting it or any full-time teaching job before I had completed and

⁹ *My recollection of the salary I was paid for the academic year 1962-63 is a little hazy. I thought it was more. Ellen says she is sure it was \$5,700. She says the memory has stuck with her because it was less than she was making at the time as an elementary school teacher in Prince Georges County, MD. Whether \$5,700 or a few hundred more, it was also less than I was making for three months during the summer managing the swimming pool and teaching swimming lessons at a country club in Baltimore.*

been issued my degree. I knew persons who had not completed their requirements for a PhD before accepting full-time employment -- and then never did. I didn't want to become one of them. I had sworn to myself that I would not accept a full-time job until I had the doctoral degree in hand. So much for yet another oath.

But, as I have rationalized many times since, there were extenuating circumstances. First, it was clearly a very good first job, at the type of college I thought I would like to teach. And the college was in a beautiful town, thanks in large measure to CW, in a very nice part of the country. I had to ask myself what the chances were that such an attractive offer (salary aside!) would come along again. Second, chances were looking good that I would be a father in the spring, and the expectation of our generation, in the early 1960s, was that the father in a family would be the breadwinner, particularly if there were young children who needed their mother's attention. Ellen had provided the lion's share of our income the previous four years, God bless her. And third, I was being made nauseous by my graduate studies, my fifth consecutive year of such.

III

"There it was, there it is, the place where during the best time of our lives friendship had its home and happiness its headquarters."

Wallace Stegner: *Crossing to Safety*

My three years as an Instructor in the Department of English at William and Mary and Ellen's and my first years in Williamsburg were very happy ones -- for me, perhaps the best of my life. I was assigned an office in the North Outhouse, a small building, as the name implies, about twenty-five yards from the northeast corner of the Wren Building. It might well have been one of two privies that served the professors and students who had used the Wren Building before it and the other structures in the immediate area were restored by CW in 1928-31. I shared the small space with two other Instructors in the Department of English, Nate Elliott and Jackson Boswell, who were also new to the College: it was a three-seater. A number of the classes my office mates and I taught were in the rooms on the second floor of the Wren Building. Frequently tourists visiting the Wren Building would wander up to the second floor, open the door of a classroom while in use, and begin to enter it. When they saw that a class was in session, most would retreat quickly with mumbled apologies. Others, however, would enter and stand along the wall near the door and listen to lecture for a few minutes, assuming, apparently, that the class was being presented as a part of the CW experience.

Such quirks of teaching at W&M aside, it was liberating to be able to channel my energy into the four classes I was teaching. Whatever the financial benefits to universities of using graduate students to teach classes, as we did at the University of Maryland, when faced with the necessity of (a) preparing better lectures for one's

students or (b) doing the work required for one's own degree, the choice of graduate students was almost always made in favor of one's own education. It was a choice between doing better by others or surviving. Now, at W&M, perhaps unfortunately, I no longer felt the unrelenting and distasteful pressure of my graduate studies. There was no one to stop my ears with wax; no one to tie me to the mast. Now I was able to spend full time doing what I had been preparing myself to do for five grueling years. I threw myself into my job. I loved every part of it: the preparation of lectures; the lecturing in front of a class of, mostly, attentive students; meeting and counseling my students; reading what I wanted to read; having coffee in the Student Center with my colleagues and discussing our work and everything else of interest. I loved the campus politics, the machinations of the Instructors to overthrow those senior members of the department who were oppressing us. One of us at the time said we resembled the remnants of the royal family of Bohemia planning a coup. It was exciting to sit in on the gossiping of the senior faculty about the president and the other clueless members of the central administration and share in my comrades' suffering and outrage. It is illustrative that at the end of my second year, much to my surprise and delight, I was nominated and elected Treasurer of the W&M branch (or *chapter*, or whatever) of the AAUP, the American Association of University Professors, then the closest thing most faculties across the country had to a labor union. I loved it all.

Instructors in the Department of English usually taught four sections of freshmen and sophomores. Usually we were limited to the courses English 101 and 102 and English 201 and 202. The quality of the William and Mary students notwithstanding, the freshman English courses (101, 102) were dominated by the department's efforts to improve the effectiveness of the students' writing. Dr. Leroy Smith was in charge of the program, and I remember it to be well-organized, demanding, and effective. During each semester, the freshmen were expected to write something like ten compositions or themes of various types; e.g., a personal experience that was meaningful to the student, a description of a place, a description of a person, etc. The Instructors were expected to read them closely and point out where they went wrong. Errors of grammar, punctuation, diction, and the like were to be noted, not by the Instructors' correcting the error but by their noting the section in the *Harbrace College Handbook (Harcourt, Brace & World, Fifth Edition, 1962)* where such errors were addressed. As an example, if a student used a superlative when comparing two things, the Instructor was to underline the incorrect word and write *4c* in the margin of the paper, where he or she had to go find what was wrong and receive instruction, with examples, of "the appropriate forms for the comparative and superlative." For larger issues such as, say, a student not making it clear why the personal experience described was meaningful to the individual, the Instructor was to write a phrase, sentence, or small paragraph in the margin or at the end of the paper describing the shortcoming. A grade was then given to the composition, but that was not the end of it. The student was then expected to rewrite the composition, correcting all the errors and shortcomings, and return the improved (hopefully) version to the Instructor. The Instructor then reread the composition to ascertain if the student fully understood where she or he had gone wrong. It was hard to catch every error when fresh, and nigh impossible after reading twenty, thirty, or forty compositions in a sitting. But not catching them all had its advantages: whenever a student came to protest the grade he

or she was given, it was almost always possible for the Instructor to find a few errors that had been overlooked during the first reading and add additional references to *Harbrace* in the margins. Many indignant freshmen left those conferences feeling fortunate to have received the grade they did.

All such compositions were to be kept in a binder provided by the department, with the most recent composition or rewrite on the top, and it was that binder that was turned in to the Instructor after the student completed each new assignment. It was a grueling regimen for student and Instructor alike. For most of us who were Instructors at the College, the three years of teaching freshman English and correcting compositions for between two to four sections each semester came on the heels of three years of teaching the subject and working over compositions for two sections a semester while graduate students. Don Ball, who had already put in two years as an Instructor in the English Department before I arrived, told some of us that when at the beginning of this his third year he sat down at the kitchen table to begin marking up his first set of freshman compositions he became physically ill and had to set the pile aside for two days before he felt up to the task.

Dr. Cecil McCulley, whose duties, as I remember, were to oversee and coordinate the literature offered in the required courses, met with the Instructors from time to time. McCulley was a particularly mild-mannered and deferential person, characteristics that tended to embolden the Instructors to offer him a steady flow of increasingly radical advice as to how English 101, 102, 201, and 202 could and should be reorganized and taught. We of from zero to something less than three years of full-time service in William and Mary's, or any other college's, English department. Our debates became increasingly heated and personal. We thought of ourselves as being enlightened and forward thinking and McCulley, quite unfairly, as the embodiment of all that was unimaginative, conventional, reactionary, and repressive. And so it went until one of the meetings became particularly combative, and McCulley, his patience worn down to nothing and his face red, rose from his chair and said, "What are you people trying to do, make this into some sort of sixteenth century morality play? It is not. You will teach what I said you would teach and do it as I have said you will do it." He turned and, rather calmly I thought at the time, left the room. I don't believe he called another meeting of our particular group of Instructors again. Not all revolutions work out the way revolutionaries would hope.

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If the work was great, Ellen's and my life in Williamsburg was greater. We had our first child, Eve, in Baltimore, in June, three months before we headed south. We found a small house to rent on Harrison Street, next door to Althea Hunt, the captivating *grande dame* of the William and Mary Theatre. It was a block and a half from the campus and just a couple of blocks southeast of New Hope Road. There was a New Hope Road on the northern outskirts of Chapel Hill that I always passed as a student on the way back to UNC from Baltimore, and it never failed to affect me. Every college and university town should have a New Hope Road. A couple of blocks further to the

southeast was the College's end of the beautiful Duke of Gloucester Street. Fall, the season of our first months at the College, is the best season in Williamsburg. Spring is good, but fall is better. The early evenings were cool. The tourists, though I never found them bothersome, were fewer. The students had just come back, filled again with ambition and new hope. For academics, the fall, September, marks the beginning of each new year, and for the Heemanns, the fall of 1962 was overflowing with beginnings. It was the start of what I expected to be a career in teaching. It was life in a new town. There were warm new friends. And there was our first child, Eve. After dinner, Ellen and I would clean up the dishes, put Eve in her stroller, and take her for a prideful evening walk down the Duke of Gloucester Street. We reveled in every attention shown her along the way. Most of the details of our first months at William and Mary are lost to me, but I do remember my profound sense of well-being.

Williamsburg was a much different place in the early 1960s than it is today.¹⁰ I'm not one who believes the old days were the better days; for one thing, the life expectancy of a male back then was about sixty-five, so if it were still "the good ol' days" I'd probably be dead. But I think Williamsburg might have been a better place to live back in the 1960s than it is today. One had the feeling that wherever you went – for a walk, to the store, out for dinner -- you knew someone, that you were within the sheltering embrace of the community. And one had the sense that the restored area was a kind of elegant resort, with an overlay of pleasant history, of which the CW management allowed the W&M faculty to participate and enjoy. Those of us at the College could play on CW's Golden Horseshoe golf course; rent a locker in the Golden Horseshoe Club to keep our liquor between visits (one couldn't buy mixed drinks in much of Virginia then); eat in its restaurants, whether a club sandwich overlooking the first tee of the golf course or, if you could afford it, a full meal in the acclaimed dining room of the Williamsburg Inn; reserve rooms for visiting family and friends; and after the easing of the state's liquor laws, have a nightcap on the dark and wonderfully quiet patio of the Williamsburg Inn.

Williamsburg was also a lovely place to raise children. By 1965 we had our second child, Lori, and by 1967 we had a third, Paul. Ellen and I had a Christmas Eve routine we followed for years. While Ellen stayed home to do all there was for a mother of three small children to do on the night before Christmas, I would take the children to see the special Disney film CW showed around Christmas in its Information Center theater, have dinner with them at the Williamsburg Lodge, visit the Abby Aldridge Museum to see its elaborately decorated Christmas tree, return to the Lodge for ice cream, and then head home. Not only did this routine allow Ellen to get many of her Christmas eve chores done but it also made the kids somewhat more receptive to going to bed. Such were my onerous duties and sacrifices as a father. Earlier, in the run up to the Christmas holiday, CW organized an event it called the Grand Illumination. Those tourists and townspeople who wanted to participate assembled at the colonial Capitol and

¹⁰ *In 1960, the combined population of Williamsburg, James City County, and York County was 39,554. In 2000, the last year for which I could find data, their combined total was 224,397. The population within the constrained borders of Williamsburg grew the least, from 6,832 to 11,998. James City County grew the most, from 11,539 to 48,102. Source: Website of CensusScope.org.*

fell in behind CW's fife and drum corps, which was led by several men in colonial costume carrying blazing torches. As we "marched" the mile down the Duke of Gloucester Street from the Capitol to the Wren Building the restored houses along the way, one by one, lit their Christmas lights as we passed. At the College, as I recall, someone in colonial costume read a proclamation appropriate to the season, after which the crowd was served cider and cookies in Merchants Square. It was a glorious evening, but after several years the number of people participating in the event grew so large that Ellen and I became fearful that our children might be trampled if we lost our grip on their hands. As I said, I think Williamsburg was a better place back in the 1960s.

IV

"I doubt if there were over \$300 in cash in town, and that would start out on Saturday and after nearly everybody in Williamsburg had his hands on it, by Friday it was back to the ones who started it."

Dr. Henry M. "Polly" Stryker, Mayor of Williamsburg, 1948-1968, as quoted in Parke Rouse's *Cows on the Campus* (1973)

My three years as an Instructor in the Department of English (1962-1965) are now something of a blur, with the exception of a few momentous events. In February 1963, we began looking for a lot on which to build a house. We were giving serious consideration to buying one on the access road to, but not within, Queens Lake, a very nice subdivision developed around a large lake a couple of miles down the Colonial Parkway toward Yorktown. Assuming it was beyond our means, we did not consider buying in Queens Lake until Mr. W. L. Person, the father-in-law of Ellen's first cousin and the owner of the Ford dealership in Williamsburg, told us he thought we would be making a big mistake if we didn't buy within its boundaries. He offered to introduce us to Mr. R. C. Benschoten, the realtor handling the sales for the Queens Lake Development Company, Inc. The corporation had been chartered by five local businessmen/investors who together had bought the 636 acre tract of land and lake for \$75,000 from the Chesapeake Corporation, a timbering and paper mill operation based in West Point, Virginia. The Development Company, after selling off the hardwoods and pine to recover half their investment, then planned the subdivision, added roads, built a marina that had access to the wide and wonderful York River, and began selling off the lots for residential construction. To make a long story short, we found that though a lot in Queens Lake would cost more than Ellen and I had planned to spend on land alone, it didn't seem that much more. But there was another problem. The covenants for lot owners specified certain minimal requirements in terms of the square footage and quality of construction, and they, too, added up to more house than we had in mind. I discussed my concern with Mr. Person. He told us he didn't think the covenants would be problem for us, so we moved ahead. After some back and forth, our plans for a somewhat

marginal, nouveau middle-class house in the tony subdivision of Queens Lake were approved by some unidentified committee, perhaps a committee of one. The agreement was signed by Mr. Benschoten, as President, so I assumed he was one of the five businessmen/investors who were developing the property. A month or two later, to our surprise, Ellen and I learned that Mr. Person was another.

We met with a builder, Joe Terrell, who had been recommended to us, and he promptly persuaded us that we would be better off building a two-story home for which he had plans in his office rather than the one we had picked out of *Better Homes and Gardens* or some such. Granted, it would cost a bit more than the one in the magazine, but we'd have much more of a house. Terrell turned out to be rather eccentric guy. Unlike most builders, who took many months more to build a house than what they promised, Terrell said it would take him two months to build ours, and for the first couple of weeks, we began to think it would be completed in thirty days. We'd get a call from him at 6:00 am telling us we had to go down to Newport News that morning to pick out the cabinets for the kitchen because some of his workmen would be at the house the next day to install them. The whole process during the thirty days went pretty much that way. We soon learned we had to visit the house two times a day to be sure the carpenters didn't build something uncorrectable we didn't want. My means of resolving a dispute with Terrell was for each of us to state our positions and then sit and stare at each other silently for sixty seconds, 180 seconds, three hundred seconds, or more until either he would hurrumph and say he would do what we were asking, or I would swallow hard and concede that what Ellen and I wanted probably wasn't all that important. I think he would have completed the house in less than two months if we hadn't had a dispute over the color of the brick that resulted in his locking us out of what I considered Ellen's and my house. It was not that we did not like the particular color of brick of which the house was built but rather that the courses of brick that constituted the lower eight feet were darker than those above. He even offered to buy the uncompleted house from us, but I was not about to start the process all over again – with him or any other builder.

Mr. Person's advice turned out to be very good. I am sure that by locating our home in Queens Lake rather than any other place in Williamsburg we increased its value immediately. We made many friends among those who had built or would come to build their homes in Queens Lake. They were a healthy mix of persons who had been born and lived in other parts of the country before moving to Virginia and worked for a variety of companies and federal organizations up and down the Virgin Peninsula. They included Dow Badische, the chemicals giant; NASA Research Center; Camp Peary (a CIA training facility, I believe); Yorktown Naval Weapons Station; and of course Colonial Williamsburg and William and Mary. There was a roundelay of parties and other social events, and we were fortunate that some of our closer friends had boats at the Queens Lake marina and invited us to join them on excursions down Queen Creek to the wide and beautiful York River. The only thing better than having a boat in that part of Virginia was having good friends with a boat. Our kids also made good friends in Queens Lake and nearby areas as they worked their ways through the York County schools system and remain in close contact with them -- as we do with ours -- to this day.

Backing up a bit, after purchasing the lot I met with Mr. Robert Walker, President of the Peninsula Bank and Trust of Williamsburg, to ask to borrow the money to build a house. I told Walker that I was hoping that the nice corner lot we had bought from the Queens Lake Development Company, Inc., for \$4,500 in cash would serve as sufficient collateral on the loan of approximately \$18,000 needed to build a house. I added, conspiratorially, that though an \$18,000 house was a couple thousand or so below the minimum cited in the covenants of the development corporation, I thought I could get the plans approved because my wife's first cousin was married to the younger son of Mr. W. L. Person, one of four or five investors who comprised the Queens Lake Development Company. Walker smiled and nodded knowingly, we shook hands, and a few days later I received word that my loan had been approved. It was not until after we moved into our house in Queens Lake and began to become acquainted with some of our fellow homeowners that I learned that Bob Walker was the third of the five investors. I never learned who the other two were. The observation by Dr. Henry Stryker, Mayor of Williamsburg, quoted above -- that there seemed to be no more than \$300 in town, and it found its way back to the same people by the end of each week -- was of Williamsburg before the beginning of its restoration in the mid-1920's. But there was much about business in Williamsburg in the early 1960s that appeared not to have changed all that much.

So here I was, at the end of the first year of my three-year provisional employment agreement with William and Mary, the owner of a new house. I knew there was no wiggle room in the agreement arrangement with the College. There was no way I could stay employed if I didn't complete my doctorate, and even if I did there was absolutely no guarantee the faculty of the Department of English would want me as one of its professors. These realities notwithstanding, we built a house!

What was I thinking?

V

One of the responsibilities of the Department of English was to introduce all the College's freshmen to the use of the Earl Gregg Swem Library. It did so in a variety of ways, including an exercise in which students were given a list of books which they had to look up in the card catalogue and locate in the stacks. It was also the case back then that once a year each faculty member was asked by the acquisitions department of the library if there were books he or she it to purchase from the amount budgeted for new acquisitions. My sense was that there was more money available for new acquisitions than there were books requested by individual faculty members and that a considerable number of the books purchased each year were ones the staff of the Library's acquisitions department, which back then may have been one trained librarian and a secretary, decided the department should want. On first receiving the request from the chairman of the Department of English or someone to whom he delegated the task, I was flattered to

be asked, but my unspoken response was, *How should I know?* I suspected that the more conscientious faculty members made a mental or, better, a written note of books published in the previous twelve months that they judged to be important in their areas of specialization, but few would know what books of lasting importance had been purchased or not before they joined the faculty, which books of importance they had overlooked after they joined the department, and which of those that were purchased at their urging were no longer available because they had been lost, stolen, or misfiled among the stacks, and as such were as good as lost or stolen. Who knew?

It occurred to me that it was possible to combine the Department's responsibility for introducing freshmen how to use the library with its assumed desire to build a collection of the best of what had been written on English and American literature. Rather than ask all freshmen to look for the same books on a mimeographed list someone in the department compiled, we could ask each of them to look for a different list of books that someone, somewhere had determined a university library should have in his or her field of study. So rather than, say, the fifteen members of a freshman English class looking for the same twelve books, we would have those fifteen freshmen determine whether or not we had 180 books (15X12) of the books our professors deemed important to their fields of study. After discussing it with Clark and other members of the Department, I drafted a letter to all the members for Clark's signature which explained the plan and asked each to identify a recent and selective (rather than definitive) bibliography he or she wanted checked against the holdings of the Swem Library.

With the assistance of one or two part-time student assistants, we typed on a mimeographed grid the identity of ten to fifteen books (name of the volume, the author or editor, the publisher, and date of publication) and asked each student to indicate in vertical columns: (a) if the book was listed in the card catalogue, (b) if so, was he or she able to find the book in its proper place on a shelf in the stacks, (c) if not, had it been properly checked out. The students and I then compiled the results and provided them to the faculty member who had given us a bibliography so that he or she could request that the acquisitions department purchase the books we now knew with near certainty the library did not have in its collection. For the first time, the faculty had a good picture of the quality of the holdings in each specialty and what had to be purchased to fill in the gaps. The findings were valued by the professors because it gave them a rationale for requesting the library to purchase certain books, and they were valued by the library because it could be reasonably certain that those books were not already a part of the library's collection. After the first year, as I recall, we included other departments in the undertaking. Two years later the system proved to be of considerable financial value to the College in a way we could not have anticipated.

VI

"There is endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done."

In my second year at William and Mary, having made no discernable progress to the doctorate with which to ease my conscience, I signed up to take the comprehensive written examination, one of the obstacles in the Olympian steeplechase that was the doctoral program at the University of Maryland. I had passed the oral examination that was administered in the first year of doctoral studies; passed three years of course work; and passed two written examinations attesting to my competency, at least for the moment, in French and German (the fact that I had passed an examination in French that was part of my master's degree program at the University of North Carolina stood for nothing), having taught myself enough German to translate whatever passage from a German history of American Literature was selected that year for the test.¹¹ The comprehensive written examination at Maryland was taken over two days, had seven sections, and covered all of English and American literature. It was the seven water jumps of a steeplechase rolled into one. Then there would be a dissertation to write, and although I had a topic that I did not think I'd get hung up on, as many doctoral candidates do, it did have to be written. Thereafter there would be the oral defense of the dissertation.

As the end of my second year approached I knew I was not going to complete all the work outstanding on the doctoral degree before my three years of provisional employment were up. I began to weigh my options. One of them was to try to negotiate some part-time teaching of a couple of the sections of freshman English at the University of Maryland or some other part-time work in the department and resume on a more or less full-time basis my graduate studies. One of the Instructors who was hired by the Department of English at William and Mary in the same year and on the same provisional basis as I, was also up against the deadline and was planning to return to the University of Pennsylvania to do just that. Some time during my third and presumably final year at W&M, I received a call from Jack Willis (the same Jack Willis who asked me to write this contribution to the oral history), who, though a member of the Department of English, was also serving at the time as the Executive Assistant to the President. He urged me to stop by his office. I did so, and he said that judging from our having built a house in Williamsburg, Ellen and I wanted stay in Williamsburg indefinitely and perhaps remain with the College, and he wanted me to know there were three vacant positions in the central administration for which persons were being sought.

He explained that one, Coordinator of Research, had been newly created at the urging of Dr. Robert Siegel, the newly appointed Dean of Graduate Studies. The idea behind it was that given the College's interest in expanding its graduate studies program, the faculty needed to do more of the type of research with which graduate students could be trained, research which would attract federal government support from which graduate student stipends could be paid and equipment purchased. The second, Director of

¹¹ *It didn't help that a guy I talked with before the examination began told me he was a doctoral candidate in engineering, and this would be his eighth attempt to pass the foreign language test.*

Development, he explained, had been on the books for some time as Director of Development and Public Information, and had most recently been held by a professor of law, Dr. William F. Swindler, on what might best be called an *ad hoc* basis. (Yes, a fundraiser named Swindler.) It appears to me the title, which Swindler held concurrently from 1958 to 1964 with his appointment as Professor of Legal History, may have been a way for the College to cobble together a decent salary for the man; and for Swindler, who had at least one degree in Journalism, it may have been a way to get his foot in the door of the Marshall-Wythe School of Law, where I believe he had always wanted to be. It may seem strange that at this point in the College's evolution, from say, as late as 1960 - 1970 there was no one person employed by William and Mary whose sole responsibility was to raise money from all sources of private support. What money was raised was the result of either the President's rare forage in the field among a few wealthy and long-standing friends, or the efforts of the College's Alumni Secretary, Jim Kelly, who over time had made it his business to know personally a large number of William and Mary's former students but had not been charged with raising meaningful sums of money from them. The third was an appointment on the staff of the Swem Library as College Archivist. The man who had held the job for since 1948 was retiring. Many of us at the College knew him only as the person who could be seen hurrying across campus in rumpled black pants and a whitish, tieless dress shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbows and a stack of paper clutched to his chest. Of course I said I was interested. Jack urged me to think the jobs over, and he would make an appointment for me with the President to discuss my preference.

That thoughtfulness by Jack Willis was a pivotal event in my life. It was transformational. It created a broad, bright, and rewarding way forward. I saw Jack at a party about a year or so ago, and I tried to tell him how much his kindness had meant to me at that gloomy hour of my so-called career. I had wanted to do so for a long time, and the interest had become more insistent as I grew older and thought more about persons and events of the past, as old persons are wont to do. So here was my opportunity – and I blew it. I choked up, and before I could say all I wanted to say, he graciously waved off my comments, and before we had the opportunity to speak again at any length he left the party. Before doing so he asked me if I would write up my recollections of William and Mary in the 1960s and 1970s, with particular reference to the College's belated, persistent, and now increasingly successful efforts to raise money from private sources. He explained that he had asked others to share their recollections of the College in those transitional years. I understood I would be contributing to an "oral history," only in writing. So I'm trying to do all that Jack asked – and then some. I've written twenty pages, and I've only covered the first three years of my sixteen year tenure.

If ever one's failure was his good fortune, it was mine. There is the danger of rationalizing personal failure, and I am aware of it, but I know this: had I become a college professor I would have been conscientious, compassionate, and, I fear, no more than competent. I would have been, as Somerset Maugham described himself as a writer, "in the very front row of the second-rate." I do not buy into the lay assumption that there is a dichotomy between teaching and research. It seems possible to me that one might be a scholar and not a good teacher, but not a good teacher without being a scholar. I see the

two as parts of the same job, of the whole. And it is the researcher part that I don't think I would have done very well. I remember my fellow graduate students at the University of North Carolina, in good weather and bad (and there was some really nice weather in Chapel Hill in the spring and fall), heading to the library like a flock of homing pigeons. That was not me. The only real pleasure I found in the bowels of the Louis Round Wilson Library where the graduate student carrels were situated, several levels beneath the main floor, in the morbid darkness and quiet, was the crash that reverberated through the stacks when a graduate student fell asleep and off his chair. And then there was the day I noticed a fellow graduate student at Maryland reading a book titled *My Life in the Book* and thinking that would not be someone I want to know -- or be.

Dr. W. Gordon Zeefeld, a kinetic Renaissance scholar on the English Department faculty at Maryland was my first graduate program advisor. Zeefeld had a neatly trimmed Vandyke and wore a cape instead of a topcoat during the winter. It was said he once rode a white horse to campus after a heavy early morning snowfall made it difficult to drive a car. He and I discussed dissertation topics from time to time until the day I told him Ellen and I were going to Great Britain and Europe for the summer. He reacted with enthusiasm and said it would be a wonderful opportunity to do research in the storied Bodleian Library at Oxford. I don't know how much of my reaction he was able to read in my face, but I left his office thinking the man must be mad; if he thinks I would use Ellen's and my two months abroad, our first ever, doing research in a library, any library, he has to be out of his mind. And then there is the problem of finding a suitable topic for a dissertation. It seems to me that unlike the sciences and, to a lesser degree, the social science, where new findings beget new science and thus more to research, the English and American canon of literature suitable for a dissertation expands at the speed of Darwinian evolution, and the pickings for a dissertation, perhaps any research, become more and more attenuated and thus less and less interesting. Indeed, after leaving Zeefeld's mentorship, I began discussing possible topics with another professor in the department, a Dr. Meyers, as I recall. He didn't like any of those that I proposed, not one, not a bit. When I mention the reaction I was getting from Meyers to yet a third member of the department, a man with whom I felt a faint rapport, he said he was not surprised. He said Meyers is convinced that anything worth doing as a dissertation can't be done.

That said, I did then and I continue today to believe that serving as a professor at a highly regarded university, a professor who is admired by his students and esteemed by his colleagues, is the highest calling to which one might aspire. I regret that I had neither the intelligence nor temperament to realize that ambition. I am a rejected lover, but like most such pitiable persons, there was only so much I could do about it, and in due course other objects of desire came into view.

I had my interview with the College's president a day or two later. It was the first time I had met with him one-on-one. I found him to be low keyed, self-effacing, and a rather charming person. He told me he had heard about my library project. I said I understood that there would be three administrative posts available soon and would very much like to be considered for the Director of Development job. He told me that job had

recently been filled, that Jim Kelly, the College's Alumni Secretary, had been promoted into the job. He urged me to consider the Coordinator of Research position. He said, apologetically, that though called *coordinator*, it was on the same administrative level as the development job, but in creating it some members of the administration were concerned that the faculty might misunderstand its purpose if it were called the *Director* of Research. It was not intended that the person holding the job would *direct* the research of any faculty member. He said he would suggest to Dean Siegel that he talk with me about it.

I talked with Siegel. Though he had joined the faculty in 1962, the year I did, he did so as a full professor of physics, and in 1964 he had been promoted to the position of Dean of Graduate Studies. He had a reputation as an aggressive promoter of graduate studies and not someone to be taken lightly. I found him to be a nice guy with a vision for the College that was closely aligned with what I thought the president's was, a vision that made sense to me. He often gave the impression of being distracted, and even after working with him for a couple of years I could never be sure if he was mulling over a problem in physics, a problem in the Physics Department, or the ongoing politics attendant to the enhancement and expansion of graduate studies at William and Mary. He was persuaded by President Paschall to leave Carnegie-Mellon University and build a team that would hold its own in the intermediate energy physics research that was expected to be done at the Space Radiation Effects Laboratory, built by NASA, in Newport News, about fifteen miles from Williamsburg. Why he agreed with my being appointed to that particular position, I am not sure. You would expect that the person hired for the job would have had some experience finding money for his own research or, at a minimum, would have done some post-doctoral level research himself. I could claim neither. He did explain that the thinking among some members of the central administration was that someone with a background in the humanities or social sciences should be appointed to the position, given that the amount of research in those disciplines was modest and the funding for it was the most difficult to come by. I think it was also the case that the faculties in the sciences had become sensitive to the increasing amounts of the College's budget being invested in the natural sciences. Perhaps someone in the President's office had perjured himself on my behalf. More likely, Siegel thought I might be the best he could hope for, given the salary the College was willing to pay to fill the job. .

VII

"In public we say the race is to the strongest; in private we know that a lopsided man runs the fastest along the little side-hills of success."

Frank Moore Colby: *Constrained Attitudes*

The College's under-resourced faculty would not have risen in acclamation at the announcement in June 1960 that the Board of Visitors had selected Davis Y. Paschall its president. Except for years 1943-1945 when he served in the Navy, virtually Paschall's entire adult life had been spent working for the elementary and secondary public school systems of Virginia.¹² After graduating from William and Mary in 1934, he returned to Lunenburg County where he had grown up and took a job in the combined elementary and secondary school in the town of Victoria. Upon his discharge from the Navy in 1945, he took a job with the State Department of Education. In 1947 he was appointed Assistant Supervisor of Secondary Education. During the next ten years he quickly worked his way up the Department's career ladder. The positions he held included State Supervisor and Director of Elementary Education, Associate Director of Instruction, and Director of Teacher Education. In March 1957, then Governor Thomas B. Stanley appointed him State Superintendant of Public Education.

Further, the faculty knew that as a high ranking officer of Virginia's Department of Public Education, Paschall was inextricably linked to the General Assembly's immoral and potentially destructive maneuvering to prevent the implementation of federal law mandating the integration of the State's public schools. According to the narration provided for a 2004 exhibition on civil rights in Virginia, mounted by the Virginia Historical Society, which can be found on-line at www.vahistorical/civilrights:

In 1954, the political organization of U.S. Senator Harry F. Byrd, Sr., controlled Virginia politics. Senator Byrd promoted the "Southern Manifesto" opposing integrated schools, which was signed in 1956 by more than one hundred southern officeholders. [Paschall was most likely Director of Teacher Education in Virginia's Department of Public Education at the time.] On February 25, 1956, [Byrd] called for what became known as Massive Resistance. [Paschall was named State Superintendant of Public Education in March 1957.] This was a group of laws, passed in 1958, intended to prevent integration of the schools. Pupil Placement Boards were created with the power to assign specific students to particular schools. Tuition grants were to be provided to students who opposed integrated schools. The linchpin of Massive Resistance was a law that cut off state funds and closed any public school that agreed to integrate.

In September 1958 several schools in Warren County, Charlottesville, and Norfolk were about to integrate under court order. They were seized and closed, but the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals overturned the school-closing law. The General Assembly promptly repealed the compulsory school attendance law, making the operating of public schools a matter of local choice. But a simultaneous federal court verdict against the school-closing law based on the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment could not be evaded. Speaking to the General Assembly a few weeks later, Governor J. Lindsay Almond conceded defeat. Beginning on February 2, 1959, a few courageous black students integrated the schools that had been closed. Still, hardly any African-American students in Virginia attended integrated schools. [Paschall was named President of William and Mary in June 1960.]

¹² *I am indebted to Wilford Kale and Harry L. Smith, authors of the hagiography Davis Y. Paschall: A Study in Leadership. Dietz Press, Richmond, Virginia, 1990 (hereafter Kale & Smith) for the facts regarding Paschall's early life, rise through the ranks of the Virginia Department of Public Education, and his eleven years as president of the College of William and Mary. The assessment of the man and his accomplishments is, for better or worse, my own.*

Further, he had neither the presence nor credentials that could reasonably be expected in a college or university president. Short, balding, with a florid complexion, his dark, vested suits always appeared somewhat too large for him. Had any faculty been included in the search and selection committee, which they were not, they would have found his doctoral degree in Education and his lack of any experience in college or university teaching and administration sufficient reason to disqualify him without an interview. Had they interviewed him, they would almost certainly been put off by the corn cob pipe and country boy manners he affected. Had he told them the story of how his father told him “when they hitched the mules for a long day in the tobacco field, ‘today [with the help of Divine Providence] we will walk humbly and plow a straight furrow,’”¹³ or how as a boy -- a twentieth-century John Clare in the making -- he read and memorized poetry by tying a book between the handles of the plow,¹⁴ he would certainly have raised as many skeptical eyebrows as there were faculty members sitting in on the interview. And had they asked him for his definition of the liberal arts, he would have slipped irretrievably beneath the water: In his *Highlights of Progress 1960-70*, he wrote: “[Liberal arts] connotes the value gleanings of western man in his long, arduous gropings for release from the shackles of barbarism. It embodies the discernable fabric of our civilization emanating from the humane landmarks of the past that must become a dynamic, motivating force in the lives of our students if the hand of tomorrow is to be restrained in releasing the power that would return us to the cave.”¹⁵

Say what?

Truth be told, the history of William and Mary during the next ten years has proven that Chandler, unwittingly, and the Board of Visitors, probably knowing better than the faculty the skill set that was needed in its president in the 1960’s, made the right decision. It is possible that at that point in time there was no better person for the job in all the United States than Davis Y. Paschall. I say so for the following reasons:

- Paschall ingratiated himself with everyone he met. He was a born schmoozer. He did not seem to begrudge the deference he showed to those who thought they deserved such deference, and he behaved kindly and tolerantly to everyone else. Many saw it as calculating, and no doubt that was an aspect of such behavior, but there was more going in his relationships with others than reckoning the pluses and minuses of each. Like most of us, he wanted to be loved and admired, but he was willing to work at it more earnestly than others. And *work* may be the wrong word. His schmoozing seemed effortless and personally gratifying. He tells of the time when as a student waiter, first serving fellow students, then faculty, then J.A.C. Chandler, the president of the college, who when dining alone, “would occasionally invite me to eat with him” and “enjoyed having me tell him about growing and curing tobacco and the way of life in Southside Virginia.”¹⁶ And others of us, at the other end of his life, know first hand of

¹³ Highlights. “Guiding Maxims,” p.ii

¹⁴ Kale & Smith, p.4. *Who can forget the one of his earliest poems that begins, “I found a ball of grass among the hay / And propped it as I passed and went away.”*

¹⁵ Highlights. p. 4.

¹⁶ Kale & Smith, “Forward,” p.iv.

his courtly manner when we met him on the streets of Williamsburg, long after he was eased out of the presidency and had no need other than his wish to be loved and admired when he spent time chatting with us about the latest in our lives.

- He played the disarming role of good ol' country boy with great effect. Though there were growing areas of urban development in and around Richmond, Norfolk, and the counties of Northern Virginia that bordered Washington, DC, a large majority of the members of the Virginia General Assembly represented rural, Southern constituents who probably thought of themselves as good ol' boys. I have heard it said that Admiral Alvin Duke Chandler, Paschall's predecessor as president of W&M, was notably unsuccessful in obtaining reasonable levels of appropriation from the General Assembly because he considered most of the pols of the Virginia General Assembly as unworthy of his respect – he, a Rear Admiral, staff member of the offices of the Chief of Naval Operations and Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet in the South Pacific, Commander of five destroyer groups, and decorated veteran of the campaigns of Africa, Guadalcanal, the Solomon Islands, New Guinea, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. Paschall, on the other hand, appeared to love both the politicians and politics of the state. He did not seem to think of himself as above political maneuvering; indeed, according to Dean Olsen, who served as Paschall's assistant for two years and wrote the "Introduction" to the Kale and Smith book, *maneuver* was one of Paschall's favorite words. He loved the game, and he was very, very good at it. State Senator E. O. McCue of Charlottesville, with whom Paschall sparred, successfully, over the issue of teacher certification, was quoted as saying, "that fellow Paschall is the only educator I know who was born a political animal."

- In carrying out his duties for the State Department of Education for the fifteen years from 1945 to 1960, Paschall made it his job to personally meet and develop a working relationship with most of the persons whose support he needed to advance the interests of the Department, relationships he would continue to capitalize upon as the President of William and Mary. During his interview with Governor Thomas B. Stanley, in advance of his being chosen Superintendent, Stanley, according to Paschall's notes from the meeting, noted that "superintendants of schools from across the state had told him that [he] knew their [schools'] principals," to which Paschall replied "that my positions in the State Department of Education had required me to visit the schools, and to work with the principals and supervisors of instruction, and I [do] know them by name and what their schools [are] like." In an interview by Emily Williams in March 1975 for William and Mary's digital archive, Judge H. Lester Hooker -- for many years a judge on the State Corporation Commission, an active alumnus, and a prominent member of the Board of Visitors – describes Paschall in this way:

[He] was very popular with the governors always. And most anything he wanted he was able to get. In fact, I don't know of anything he wanted and didn't get before the General Assembly. He was very pushy. . . . I just don't know of anyone who was more popular with the General Assembly at that time than Dr. Paschall. Anything that he pushed he generally got. That's why he was an advantage as a college [president] because of his popularity as superintendent of schools. Of course, all the members of the General Assembly knew him personally. He had probably been in half of their homes when he was superintendent of schools.

Concerned, apparently, that they would not be consulted in the matter, as they had not been when Paschall's predecessor, the aforementioned Admiral Alvin Duke Chandler, had been chosen, the faculty had formed an advisory committee and composed a set criteria and a list of persons it favored. Representatives of the committee drove to Richmond to present its work to the representatives of the Board of Visitors. On June 11, 1960, at a special meeting of the Board, Chandler informed the Board that he had reviewed the faculty's report and taken into consideration other suggestions he had received, and concluded that Paschall was the best person for the job and recommended him to the Board. Paschall's was not among the names the faculty favored. Once again the faculty had been rebuffed.¹⁷ However, had the faculty at the College looked closely at what Paschall had been able to achieve during his brief time as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, almost certainly the most tumultuous three years in the history of the system, they would have had to be impressed.

I've always thought that if you could make it as a university administrator you could make it anywhere (paraphrasing Sinatra). But I have come to believe that being a superintendant of a state system of public education has to be far more difficult. University administrators have little power over anything or anyone, but state superintendants have even less over their much larger districts and the many, many more persons of much greater diversity they employ. Nevertheless, in his three years as Superintendent of Public Education in Virginia, Paschall was able to marshal sufficient support, both political and financial, from his many and diverse constituencies, not the least of which was the General Assembly of Virginia, to accomplish the following, as described in the Kale & Smith book.¹⁸

When Paschall took office, there was a need of \$146 million for public school construction across the State. Though \$12 million in loan applications had been approved for funds from the State Board of Education from its Literary Fund, a fund from which construction loans could be made to school divisions, a bottleneck had been created by the outdated requirements of the Advisory Research Committee of the General Assembly for such construction, as specified in its *School Planning Manual*. Paschall lobbied successfully for an early and extensive revision of the *Manual* which, among other improvements, resulted in changes in "administrative procedures at the state level to assure a faster review and approval of plans; quicker action on site approvals; more personalized consultation through field visitation of the School Building Service of the Department of Education; more research on school construction design and materials; and reflection of first-hand understanding of local problems by those who administer the regulations." In 1958, when the General Assembly convened for its biannual session, he

¹⁷ Hooker, in the before mentioned interview, said that many of the faculty knew Paschall well, "so there wasn't any dissent from the faculty [to his hiring], as far as I knew." Of course dissenting from a fait accompli is not the same as supporting it. I remember expressing my surprise to Frank McDonald, Chairman of the Department of Philosophy, during my first year at the College, that the faculty had not protested Paschall's appointment more energetically, to which he responded that I had never worked under Chandler. Not exactly a ringing endorsement.

¹⁸ Kale & Smith, pp. 72, 73.

succeeded in having the Literary Fund increased by \$10 million and the maximum interest rate that could be charged lowered to three percent, “a significant boon to localities seeking school building loans.”

Further, during the 1958 session of the General Assembly, Paschall was able to obtain an appropriation of \$17.3 million for the Department of Education for the biennium, an increment of \$26.7 million – an impressive 18.6% increase -- over the appropriation of \$143.6 million for the previous two years. These additional funds provided for increases in “special education, teachers’ salaries, testing, and other important items” in the budget, and, “for the first time, sufficient funds were made available to the localities to place all teachers in state-aid teaching positions at the appropriate steps in the State Minimum Salary Schedule, allowing full credit for prior public school teaching experience.” At the 1960 session, Paschall and the Department of Education did even better: the total appropriation – not including retirement program funding, Literary Fund (construction loans), and school construction – for the years 1960-1961 and 1961-1962 of the biennium totaled \$202.1 million, an increase of \$37.8 million, or 22.2%.

An editorial in the May 22, 1958, issue of the *Richmond News Leader* summed up the feelings of many about Paschall’s first three months as superintendent:

It is interesting-and marvelously pleasant-to look back at the changes that have come about in Virginia's system of public education over the past few months. This reorganization, with its fresh emphasis upon education, is only one of several steps that have been taken to beef up Virginia's schools in the interest of stronger academic and intellectual standards. A revision of requirements for teacher certification, by which new teachers will study more about their subjects and less about the techniques of pedagogy, has directed nationwide attention toward Virginia. . . .

Dr. Paschall, succeeding Dr. Howard as state superintendent of public instruction, is in a position to do many things that scarcely would have been accepted in the pre-sputnik era. Now he is moving rapidly toward educational goals of great promise for the state. He has Governor Almond's enthusiastic and active support, and he has a General Assembly that seems ready to back him up.

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Probably unremarked by many on campus, Paschall intervened substantively and beneficially in the affairs of William and Mary shortly after becoming Superintendent of Public Instruction and well before being chosen the College’s president. According to the section “The William and Mary Law School Library: A History,” in the catalogue of the Law School (<http://law.wm.edu/library/about/history/index.php>), the school went through many years of struggle and decline, closed on at least two occasions (1780, 1862), and took many forms and guises, including the Professorship of Law and Police (1779); the School of Jurisprudence (1923), as such, a division of the Marshall-Wythe School of Government and Citizenship; a downgrading to the Department of Jurisprudence (1938); and the freestanding Marshall-Wythe School of Law (1953). Apparently today, judging from its current catalogue, it wants to be known simply as the William and Mary Law School.

The two most serious threats to the school's continuing operation came in 1939 and 1957. In 1939, the Board of Visitors, acting on the recommendation of an ad hoc committee it formed to study the program, which had awarded but twenty-three degrees in the previous forty years, voted to close the school. When it publically announced its decision, the "outcry from current law students and law alumni forced the Board to reverse its action only a week later" and decide instead to strengthen the program. In 1957, the newly formed State Council of Higher Education in Virginia (SHEV), which was established a year earlier in part to eliminate duplicative programs in the state's burgeoning undergraduate and graduate programs, listed the W&M law school as number one on its list of programs it had prepared for action by the General Assembly. Paschall learned of the Council's decision at his first meeting of the Council, just days after being appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction, and, as an alumnus with high and intertwining ambition for the College and himself, he was horrified. Speaking to the members of the Council in his customarily laconic manner, he is reported to have said,

"[to] abolish the law school that Jefferson established would be like removing the very heart of the College that is, indeed, a 'Pearl of Great Price' to this Commonwealth. [Abolishing the school] would be a gross and callous disregard of the Biblical admonition: 'Remove not thy ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set.' Proverbs 22.28. It would constitute an unforgivable betrayal of priceless heritage, and its perpetrators would be silhouetted in infamy.

No doubt confounded and amused, the Council decided against including the School on the list sent to the General Assembly.

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There was probably no more impressive a display of Paschall's political skill -- and prescience -- than his *maneuvering* during his transition from the one job to the next during the years 1959 to 1962. In rough outline:

- On September 2, 1959, the U.S. Department of Education (USDE) delivered a report to the SCHEV, which the Council had commissioned, on the higher education needs of the Tidewater Virginia area. The Norfolk Junior Chamber of Commerce initiated and funded the study, the shakers and movers of the area being on record as wanting the Norfolk Division of William and Mary to evolve as quickly as possible into an independent four-year degree-granting state college. Among its eleven "Conclusions" the USDE observed that the essentials of post-high school education existed in the area, and that they could be expanded to meet the needs of the next decade, but that the post-high school programs of the several institutions in the area were disjointed and uncoordinated. Among the report's seventeen "Recommendations," the USDE proposed that (a) a Tidewater College System (TCS) under the Board of Visitors of William and Mary (BVCWM) should be developed; (b) that the BVCWM should be renamed the Board of Visitors of the TCS and that "as vacancies on the Board occur, appointments be made in the direction of developing a regional Tidewater representation and interest; and (c) the central office of the TCS should be located in the area but not on the campus of any one system institution. It can be assumed that Paschall, an ex officio member of both the SCHEV and the BVCWM (and the boards of all other state colleges and universities)

by virtue of his position as State Superintendent, would have received an early copy of the report.

- On January 6, 1960, the director of the SCHEV proposed that he and representatives of USOE meet with the BVCWM to discuss the conclusions and recommendations of the USOE report. Paschall -- notwithstanding the pressures of preparing and lobbying for the Division's budget for the 1960-1961 biennium and assuring a peaceful integration of several school systems that began admitting black students in February 1959 -- attended the meeting. No official record of that meeting was made, but Paschall made personal notes of what transpired. He also asked the aforementioned Judge H. Lester Hooker to attend with him. His notes indicate that he raised objections to changing the name of the BVCWM to the "nebulous" Board of Visitors of the Tidewater College System, questioned, the "inefficiencies" of the colleges described in the report, and argued, most persuasively, that to remove the "protective umbrella" that the William and Mary accreditation provided the Norfolk institution might well jeopardize the ability of its students to transfer to other accredited colleges and universities and grow in due course into a degree granting four-year college itself. Obviously, the last thing that those who requested the study wanted was an arrangement that would impede the progression of the Norfolk Division in its quest to become an accredited, independent, college.

- On March 3, 1960, at the urging of the SCHEV, the General Assembly of Virginia passed a bill that created a "system" that was considerably different from the one proposed by SCHEV in early January. Gone was the concept of a Tidewater College System and in its place something called the Colleges of William and Mary (CsWM). In this scheme the BVCWM would become the Board of Visitors of the Colleges of William and Mary (BVCsWM). The Colleges was to be comprised of The College of William and Mary "in Williamsburg"; the Norfolk Division of the College; the Richmond Professional Institute, also an affiliate of W&M; and the divisions in Newport News and Petersburg. Each entity was to be independent from the others and report to the BVCsWM through the Chancellor. The chief executive of the Colleges was to be designated *Chancellor*; the chief executives of the colleges granting baccalaureate degrees or higher were to be designated *President*; and the chief executives of the two-year institutions were to be designated *Directors*. Further, the bill specified that the BVCsWM was to appoint and fix the salary of the Chancellor, the other chief executives (including those of William and Mary), and the members of the faculty and staff. Finally, it called for the appointing and taking of office of the Chancellor by July 1, 1960.

- Under pressure to appoint a chancellor by the first of July, the BVCsWM elevated Chandler to the position of Chancellor of the system, effective July 1. In doing so, the Board created a vacancy in the position of President at William and Mary in Williamsburg. At a special meeting of the Board on June 11, it filled that vacancy by appointing Paschall its President.

- By the summer of 1961, Chandler had offended nearly everyone who had, or thought they should have, influence on the operation of the Colleges of William and

Mary system, including key members of the General Assembly, the Chairman and Director of the SCHEV, the chief executives of the five institutions in the system, and more than a few of the senior faculty of William and Mary. Interestingly, earlier that summer Dr. Dabney S. Lancaster, Chairman of SCHEV, had confided in Paschall after a meeting of the Council in Williamsburg, that Chandler had “antagonized” the Council and it might have “second thoughts” about the CsWM system itself.

- As Kale puts it, “Behind the scenes political pressure began to mount,” and on November 8, 1961, as part of its biannual report, SCHEV recommended that: (a) W&M, the Norfolk College of W&M, and the Richmond Professional Institute each stand on their own with their own boards appointed by the Governor; (b) the current president of W&M continue to serve as its president, but report directly to the BVCWM as previously constituted; and that the chief executives of the two two-year colleges would be given the title of Chancellor, and “report as directed by the Board of Visitors of the College of William and Mary.”

- On January 15, 1962, Governor Albert S. Harrison, in his first gubernatorial address to the General Assembly, expressed his support for the recommendations in the SCHEV report. Notwithstanding the active opposition of Chandler and a majority of the members of the BVCsWM, a bill was introduced in the House of Delegates by Russell M. Carneal of Williamsburg with more than a majority of the members of the House as co-sponsors, passed without any discernable opposition, and signed into law by the governor.

So there we have it. An organization is created that subsumes several other organizations, including one which has a problematical CEO. That CEO is “promoted” to Super CEO of the new, larger organization. Someone else is appointed CEO of that part of the organization vacated by the problematical CEO. The new, larger institution is then dismantled, leaving the Super CEO head of nothing.

What is interesting about all this and the reason I have bothered to relate events that occurred between September 1959, when the report of the USDE was transmitted to the SCHEV, and February 1962, when the CsWM system was dismantled, a time before I became a member of the faculty, is because of what it says about the Davis Y. Paschall I knew. We can assume that what came about was the result of either (a) a serendipitous series of events in which judgments of considerable significance to the State of Virginia were made, unmade, made again, only to be unmade again, or, more cynically, (b) a series of events that were managed, in the main, by Paschall, by which he unseated a misfit from a position to which he, Paschall, aspired and thereby secured it for himself. I opt for the more cynical explanation. I think it not too romantic to believe Paschall wanted to be the president of William and Mary from the time he waited on the table of J.A.C. Chandler, the president he so greatly admired -- the college Paschall no doubt loved and valued for the transformational effect it had upon him.

Why else would he leave the secure, prestigious, and very important position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction during a critical time in the integration of the

state's public schools. It was certainly not because the job or the times were too difficult for him. His performance during his three years and four months as superintendant won him praise and support from all quarters, including his staff, the organizations representing the teachers in the public school system, the Board of Education, the General Assembly of Virginia, the Governor, and the media. The thrashing about of the General Assembly in its opposition to integration had about ended, and an increasing number of the leaders of Virginia had come to accept it as inevitable. An editorial by the widely-respected author Virginius Dabney that appeared in the *Richmond News Leader* on June 25, 1960, summed up the feelings of many on hearing of his resignation from his position as Superintendent of Public Instruction:

Acceptance by Dr. Davis Y. Paschall of the presidency of the College of William and Mary is a gain for the College, but a serious and severe loss to the public school system of Virginia. Dr. Paschall's three years as State Superintendent of Public Instruction have been unusually distinguished.

Indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name a comparable period in which any head of the public schools of the Commonwealth instituted so many salutary and badly-needed reforms.

....

During the school controversy, which threatened at one time to produce confusion, if not near-chaos, in certain areas, Superintendent Paschall kept his head. He maintained a balanced viewpoint, taking the law and its requirements into consideration, on the one hand, and the vital need for public education, on the other. He was one of those responsible for the fact that a small amount of mixed schooling was reluctantly accepted in the Old Dominion without the slightest disorder.

....

True, Dr. Paschall had the benefit during his more than three years as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, of the biggest state appropriations for schools in the history of Virginia. But that, too, was in part a tribute to him, and an evidence of the confidence which Governor Almond and the General Assembly reposed in him. If the funds placed at his disposal made it possible for him to strengthen the public school system, the fact that so much money was made available to him was in itself significant.

So as Davis Y. Paschall prepares to relinquish his post of superintendent in order to assume the presidency of the College of William and Mary, we believe we speak for the state as a whole in thanking him for a task exceptionally well done. A similar level of performance in his new office should cause him to rank with the ablest presidents of that ancient institution of learning.

Given what Paschall seemed on track to accomplish for all the citizens of Virginia had he remained state superintendent of public instruction, his contribution to the education of a far more limited number of the citizens of Virginia as the President of William and Mary during the 1960's, though impressive, blanches in comparison. If he calculated how best to do the greater good for the greater number of persons when weighing the one position against the other, it is difficult to understand the decision taken.

Further, the College of William and Mary was hardly a college or university administrator's idea of a dream job, hardly an institution on the cusp of greatness. Kale describes it thusly:

When Paschall took over, the College's extensive property holdings had been transferred; its longtime historic seal had been supplanted; its president for the first time did not have direct access to the Board of Visitors, the governor, or the Virginia General Assembly, but "reported" through an administrative chancellor; it was on a par organizationally with four other colleges comprising the legislatively created system, "The Colleges of William and Mary;" and its historic identity was compromised and threatened under a system that Paschall later acknowledged utilized its resources and traded on its name.

The situation was exacerbated by several other factors: the College's critical need for instructional, residential and auxiliary facilities; meager academic programs, very few of which were at the master's level and none of which were at the doctoral level; and low faculty salaries. In addition, the College's future enrollment goals were indeterminate; its mission and purpose vague and plagued by controversy; its administrative organization heavily burdened; its student-teacher ratio excessive; its student-aid and endowment negligible; its law school officially identified for elimination; its public service activities minimal; and its prospect for state appropriations subject to comparison with those of the state-teacher institutions.

And then there was the person to whom he reported, the Admiral, who on the occasion of his controversial installation as president of William and Mary, is quoted by a reporter for *Time*¹⁹ magazine as telling his "crew," meaning, I suppose the faculty and administrators of the College, "I'm a great believer in loyalty. Loyalty up, and loyalty down. I give loyalty, and I expect loyalty of everyone at this college." It's puzzling that anyone with a job as prominent as Paschall's would accept a position subservient to Chandler. But Paschall did, foreseeing, I believe, from the time in September 1957 when the USDE submitted its report to the SCHEV Board, that the plan would fail, and Chandler, the logical appointee to the position of chancellor, would go down with it.

Paschall's first step was to keep the composition and authority (and influence) of the BVCWM intact, and he did so by persuading the SCHEV to disregard the USDE's recommendation to call the system in the region the Tidewater College System and proposing instead that it be called the CsWM. All the other changes related to the above, which returned CWM to its original independent status and left Paschall as its president, flowed from that early concession of the SCHEV.

Not content to have dismantled the CsWM and maneuvered himself into the presidency of his alma mater, Paschall then ran the ball considerably further down the field. He persuaded Dr. William H. McFarlane, Director of the SCHEV, that not only did the retreat by the Council from a system of Tidewater colleges that it had assembled just two years earlier look bad for the Council, but it also left the alumni of William and Mary with the impression that the Council had downgraded the College's role in the Tidewater area, especially at the graduate level. As a result, in December 1961 the Council circulated a "Statement on the College of William and Mary," a statement that Paschall had a hand in writing, which called on the College to advance existing programs; develop doctoral programs in the colonial history of America and marine science; add masters' degree programs in government and dramatic arts, and in due course, in chemistry and

¹⁹ "Education: Change of Command," *Monday, October 22, 1951*.

biology. The statement also indicated Council support for the construction of new facilities for the sciences. In his first address to the General Assembly, the newly elected governor, Albertis S. Harrison, expressed his support for the SCHEV recommendations regarding William and Mary.

Smith quotes Paschall as saying, reflecting on his maneuvering during those times, “I admit that although I detest the ideology of Andrei Gromyko, yet I admire his strategy – a combination of constructive ambiguity and flexible response. I employed that strategy from time to time. . . .”

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For me there remains one question unanswered: what were Paschall’s personal convictions on the integration of the public schools in Virginia (and, inevitably, all public life)? Smith quotes from a statement prepared by Paschall in 1959 in which he purports to reveal his personal views on the desegregation issue.²⁰ It can be summarized as follows:

He had always abhorred neutrality on significant issues, but he had seen persons he respected unjustifiably labeled integrationists for their qualified support of token integration. Had he been so labeled, certain doors to General Assembly committees would have been closed to him, and opportunities to speak objectively on issues affecting public education would be lost. Given that members of the State Department of Education and the Board of Education held various and differing views on integration, for him, as State Superintendent, to give evidence of a conviction might compromise the Department’s associations and performance. He felt that his role was one of stewardship, not a determiner of the integration crisis, because the people of Virginia would determine the fate of that issue. But if given enough time, he could bring the system to “a truly quality level, so recognized,” and that quality “would be a major determining factor when the controversy ran its course.”

The statement continues with what he calls his “*privately* held convictions,” but they come no closer to telling us what he, Paschall, believed to be the morality, or immorality, of racial discrimination and school segregation. Rather, he describes where he thinks matters stand and how he sees them playing out. He says that no plan of non-integration will work across the state: though something approaching massive resistance may be the position assumed by the people on the Southside, “his home area,” where the number of blacks was equal to or greater than that of the whites. But in southwest Virginia, Paschall continues, where whites were predominant, the people would not accept a policy of non-integration – particularly if it meant closing the schools. He also says he has observed “a certain comfort” among some NAACP attorneys with the slower, separate-but-equal doctrine because continuing litigation, though successful, “would break the back economically of the state and localities,” and, presumably, both black and white school children would suffer. He cites Prince Edward County, whose schools were

²⁰ *Kale & Smith, pages 50-52.*

closed, as an example. He then expresses support of the [Senator Garland] Gray Commission, the recommendations of which included support of “local option” on integration of schools; state-funded tuition grants for the children whose parents chose to send them to private, nonsectarian schools or public schools in other districts; and legislation that would modify the compulsory attendance law to provide that no child be required to attend a school where the races were mixed.

Accordingly, what Paschall elaborates upon in his statement of 1959 are not his views on integration but rather a strategy for remaining a viable superintendent during the political and moral crisis that was roiling Virginia and the school system. Implicit in that strategy was his conviction that the schools had to be kept open, and the best way to do that was for him, as superintendent, to greatly increase their quality and thus their value to the citizens of Virginia. Was it not enough, he seems to be asking, that I kept the schools open despite the machinations of Harry F. Byrd, Sr., and his popular and powerful political organization – and at once greatly improved them. Perhaps, but I suppose I would have even greater admiration of Paschall if there were some evidence in the record that he saw, or came to see, racial discrimination and segregation as the evil it was, as a perverse mindset that ran contrary to the principles most Americans were espousing in the closing decades of the twentieth century. Responding to a 1958 decision by Federal Judge Sterling Hutcheson on the desegregation of the Prince Edward County schools, the then Attorney General Albert S. Harrison wrote: “I wish to emphasize that my recital of these reflections is prompted by my belief that there are some agonizing periods in history during which one must have lived through in order to avoid imposing latter-day values and attitudes for those held at the time the events occurred.” Fair enough, but that was then, and the Kale & Smith book was published in 1990, thirty years after Paschall had resigned as Superintendent of Public Instruction and almost two decades after Paschall left public life. One wonders how, as he travelled across Virginia as the State Superintendent, he could have looked in the eager young faces of black elementary school children, visited the disparate facilities in which they were being taught, witnessed the critical difference in the quality of their instruction as compared to white children of their age, and not taken in, both intellectually and emotionally, that a terrible injustice was being perpetrated on the black children of Virginia. Children for whom he had, as State Superintendent, considerable personal responsibility. Children attending their inferior, segregated elementary schools, “the foundation,” as he himself put it, “of the structure of [their] public education.”

Such it was in the 1950s and 1960s. I don’t remember teaching a black student during my three years as an Instructor, from 1962 to 1965. There may have been black students enrolled at William and Mary, but I don’t remember teaching any. But I never looked into nor advocated in a meaningful way for changes in the College’s admission policies.

During the winter of 1963 or 1964, one of the visiting basketball teams from somewhere north of Williamsburg was known to have a black member of the team, a freshman, and there was considerable speculation among both faculty and students as to whether or not the visiting team would bring him on the trip, and, if it did, whether or not

Paschall would allow him to play. I doubt that it ever crossed Paschall's mind to prevent the kid from playing, though I think that had more to do with practical political considerations than his views on race. I went over to Blow Gym that evening, as much to see what was going to happen as to watch the game. There was much buzz among the students sitting around me about the quality of his play and how he was, all things considered, a pretty good player. Not bad at all, the implication was, for a black kid. Some twenty years later I went to see my daughter Lori play basketball for her high school, which was on the north side of Atlanta, against a team on the south side. The game was at the school on the south side, and the spectators and opposing players were almost all black. When my daughter's team came out of its locker room to warm up, a black kid directly behind me said to his friend: "Do you see that? They're all white! I ain't never seen an all white basketball team before."

And during Ellen's and my first year in Williamsburg we went to the Williamsburg Theater, which I believe was owned and operated by Colonial Williamsburg, Inc. As we settled into seats in an otherwise vacant row about two-thirds from the back, an usher came down to tell us we had to move, that the row was set aside for "coloreds." Ellen and I dutifully moved, only to learn some days later that some of the younger W&M faculty were challenging that particular bit of segregation by purposefully sitting in those rows and refusing to move. Sometime later that year, the Williamsburg Theater solved the problem by not allowing any blacks admission to the only movie house in Williamsburg. One of those young faculty members explained it to me, seemingly without surprise or regret, as one of the unintended results of revolution. But not long after, Colonial Williamsburg abandoned such discriminatory practices, as best I knew.

VIII

"And wheresoe'r thou move, good luck shall fling her old shoe after."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*

On the Sunday morning in the summer of 1965 just before I was to assume my administrative duties, I went for the first time to the office Bob Siegel had arranged for me next to his in the William Small Physics Building. I thought I should organize my office and myself for my work as the college's first Coordinator of Research. The building appeared empty, and I sat at my desk and stared for an inordinately long time at the wall, wondering what it was I should do in my new job. Rolf Winter, a member of the department, was there, saw my door was opened, and looked in to welcome me to the building. I told him I had been sitting trying to figure out how best to go about my new job. I told him I thought there probably was much that needed doing, but I had no idea

where to start. In what I was to learn was his typically laconic way, he suggested that I “just do the next thing.” I thought that made eminently good sense, and so I did.

The Commerce Clearing House (CCH) had a subscription service that provided information on federal and state tax law, and, either as a part of that service or as an offshoot of it, detailed information on the rapidly evolving laws and programs of the federal government affecting higher education. These included all the new aid to higher education programs and the various studies and research initiatives being undertaken by the multifarious departments, divisions, and agencies of the federal government. I also found that a member of the administration of Oregon State University, presumably with a job similar to my own but on a grander scale, was publishing a newsletter summarizing those federal programs that appeared to provide grant and contract research opportunities and other support for university faculty and students. She sold the rights to other universities to either buy copies of the newsletter in bulk for distribution or to reproduce and distribute internally those parts of each issue a university thought might be relevant to the composition of its faculty. Corvallis, the home of Oregon State, is located in the center of the Willamette Valley, and the university is a center for agricultural research, so much of the newsletter was not germane to William and Mary, but there was enough of value to justify the subscription price. I sent my distillation of the CCH and OSU information to the chairmen of the science and social science departments (there was little to no research support provided by the federal government for the humanities) and urged them to circulate forthwith the information among the members of their department, with particular attention to matching the interests of particular federal agencies to members of their staffs with similar research interests. Whenever I saw a potential match myself, I’d send a separate copy of my communication directly to that faculty member, and before long I came to know the professional interests of more and more faculty. Believing that examples of some faculty members success might encourage others to submit proposals, I also took pains to see that all federal research grants and contracts awarded William and Mary faculty members were well publicized within the College.

However, it didn’t take long for me to realize that my efforts were having at best a modest positive effect on the amount of federally sponsored research pursued by the faculty. Though there were notable exceptions, most of the older faculty, several of whom had spent their entire careers at William and Mary, had not done any research in years, probably not since it was required as part of their doctoral studies. It had not been expected of them, and even if they wanted to, given the College’s new interest in post-baccalaureate education, their lack of a track record would now make it impossible for them to compete successfully for the finite amount of money available. The others, generally younger faculty who had done significant research as graduate students and continued to do so as tenure-track or tenured faculty, knew what agencies were providing funding for their type of investigations and how to go about making a case for a share of it. Indeed, they knew the sources, some buried deep in an agency, and the process of writing winning grant proposals better than I. Further, there was no way that I, with a concentration in English Literature, could write a proposal that would describe in persuasive detail the importance of some proposed research in the sciences; its

importance to the federal agency's mission; and how it was going to be undertaken. To sum up: those who hadn't done relatively recent and significant research were beyond my help, and those who had done such work didn't need it. But once again, good luck flung her old shoe in my direction.

The year 1965, in which I was appointed Coordinator of Research, was the beginning of a series of federal initiatives that rivaled in importance those of Roosevelt's New Deal thirty years earlier. Almost all of them were fathered and shepherded into law by Lyndon B. Johnson, and almost all of them had a powerful, salutary impact on America's institutions of higher education, including William and Mary. In 1961, as the statutory chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by virtue of his being elected Vice President of the United States, Johnson undertook a study, at Kennedy's request, of the feasibility of sending a man to the moon and back before the Soviet Union could. On April 28 he recommended that the US take up the competition, unleashing the most rapid evolution of certain of the sciences and technology ever experienced by mankind. America's colleges and universities, including little, ol' W&M, were major beneficiaries of the undertaking. Further, in 1963, days after succeeding the slain Kennedy, Johnson pledged support during a joint session of Congress for Kennedy's legislative agenda, including expanded efforts to advance civil rights and education. In an address at the University of Michigan, Johnson described his vision of an American "Great Society," and in the months that followed had introduced and passed legislation that either established, expanded, or enhanced programs of aid to education, protection of civil rights (including the right to vote), urban renewal, Medicare, conservation, beautification, control and prevention of crime and delinquency, promotion of the arts, and consumer protection. All of these initiatives had the potential to benefit colleges and universities either directly or indirectly.

There was no one in the College's administration who was assigned to monitor all these new federal programs, ferret out the parts of them that might be of benefit to William and Mary, bring them to the attention of the appropriate faculty members or administrators, do what was necessary to see that as good a proposal as possible was submitted, track the proposal through the agency vetting process, and, if the proposal was rejected, conduct a postmortem with an agency representative that would improve its odds for approval the next time around. So, not seeing much of a future in the job of Coordinator of Research as it had been defined, and not seeing any particular need or benefit of discussing the broadening of my responsibility with the higher-ups at the College, I took it upon myself to be that person.

Much of the 1965 legislation had short turn-around times; that is to say, there was only an unusually short time given the first year from the receipt of a letter from a governmental agency announcing a new program to the deadline by which a detailed proposal had to be submitted. There was much an agency had to do before it was in a position to solicit proposals implementing the legislative intent, but once it had, the agency wanted to obligate all its funds for that purpose before the next budget cycle; it would not do to have appropriated program money left over at the end of the fiscal year. I had promised myself that I would see to it that a competitive proposal was submitted by

William and Mary for every title of the Higher Education Act of 1965 for which we qualified. Further, there were other federal programs that I became aware of by studying the CCH material and other sources of information, including the printed material of the agencies themselves, that it appeared to me the College was either not taking full advantage of or was missing out on entirely, so I folded those into my promise to myself. More than just a few times I came across programs whose deadlines had already passed. It was hard work, not made easier by the fact that I was learning the ways of federal agencies on the job.

I was also learning the ways of William and Mary's faculty members, department chairmen, and administrators across the campus. There was very little I could do to succeed in my role without their active participation in the task of preparing various types of proposals for submission to one or another of the federal agencies then making money available. Almost all proposals required the endorsement of some combination of a faculty member, if so involved; the dean of the school or chairman of the department; the Dean of the College; the Burser; and, occasionally, the President. Those I dealt with fell roughly into three categories: those faculty and administrators who were interested in seeing the College flourish and willingly did their share of the work necessary to develop a competitive proposal; a somewhat smaller group who thought neither the odds of the proposal being approved nor the value of the benefits that would be derived would be commensurate to the effort needed to prepare the proposal; and an even smaller number who were concerned that if the proposal were approved it would mean additional work for them, work of which they were philosophically, politically, or constitutionally (i.e., by virtue of their physical makeup) opposed.

The resistance of those who thought the odds were poor that any particular W&M proposal would be funded was understandable. I figured that our odds were something less than 50/50 for each one we submitted, but they were zero for those we didn't submit, so I pressed ahead. Over time I learned the personalities of those with whom I had to work. One, as an example, was a man of considerable authority at the College who I, an upstart, found particularly difficult to deal with. He was both dumb and arrogant, a fatal combination of personal characteristics. (I have come to realize that a person who is dumb and self-effacing most often finds his colleagues congenial and supportive, and he will get along in a laid-back and forgiving organization like a college; and a person who is arrogant but very bright will also get along because he knows how to do things, and the value of his understanding and skill outweighs his presumptuousness.) Fortunately, the guy deferred readily to his superior, so I got the endorsement of the man above him before seeking his. There was another man in the same department who resisted everything new, or at least everything new that would cause perturbation in the smooth administration of what he saw as his responsibility. He was one of those people who never had a stray piece of paper on his desk, and the few sheets awaiting his attention were always stacked in a tidy pile on its front right hand corner. I found that any decision or other help I needed from him took three visits: during the first, he would tell me what I was asking for could not be done; during my second visit, he allowed that it could possibly be done, but there were grave problems in the doing; and during the third, he agreed to do it. It always took three discrete meetings and requests, separated by a few

days between each, for us to move from “No way” to “Well, alright.” All such personalities notwithstanding, within months federal program support began to roll in.

During my first year as Coordinator of Research, there were two proposals on which I did most of the work that I remember well. The first failed to produce any money but provided me with a valuable lesson about the preparation of proposals. The second was a one-off, and, almost certainly, its success could not be duplicated.

The National Science Foundation (NSF) had an on-going program through which it awarded money to support doctoral program fellowships. With the collaboration of the Dean of Graduate Studies and the Chairman of the Department of Physics, I prepared a proposal requesting fellowship funds for students in William and Mary’s rather new PhD program in physics. I thought we had a pretty good case and that I had presented it in a winning way, but much to my disappointment the department received a letter turning us down. I called the NSF and asked what about the physics department or the proposal did they find insufficient. The guy I was talking dug it out of the pile and said that the reviewers had graded the faculty pretty low, and that was the main reason the proposal had not been funded. There was nothing that could be done at that point, so I thanked the guy for his time and hung up. It wasn’t until sometime later that I realized what I had done wrong. I had organized the list of the faculty in a perfectly logical way, with the department head first, the full professors next, down through the associate and assistant professors. The problem with that was that the reviewers at NSF who evaluated our proposal had probably read two or three dozen proposals before getting to ours, and just as I had become less and less attentive to what I was reading after wading through thirty or forty freshman compositions, he had looked at the first few pages of resumes and not bothered with the remainder. That is to say, I came to doubt that the reviewers of our proposal had done much more than look over the resumes of the chairman and full professors on my list – those who were the department’s oldest and least productive, given what was expected of them in decades past. Of the full professors, only Bob Siegal, who was hired one year after I was, in 1963, would have had the credentials for which NSF was looking. So from that time onward, whenever a faculty list was requested, I put those with the strongest credentials at the top of the list and the balance in descending order to the weakest. It didn’t matter if the instruction from an agency stipulated that a faculty should be grouped by rank, or alphabetically, or whatever, I listed those with the strongest credentials first.²¹

The other proposal, which I doubt could ever be duplicated, was submitted under Title II of the Higher Education Act and required the US Secretary of Education to “hold institutions of higher education accountable for preparing teachers” who, among other

²¹ *In 1970, NSF awarded William and Mary \$610,000 through its science department development program, stating in its grant letter that it judged the Department of Physics “to have strength on which to build” and that it had “taken the initiative to formulate realistic plans for further significant development.”*

skills and competencies, have “training in the effective uses of technology in the classroom.” Accordingly, grants were offered on a competitive basis for the purchase of audio-visual equipment and materials. Though I didn’t see anything wrong with audio-visual equipment and materials, we had a much greater need for library acquisitions to bring our holdings up to the level needed to support graduate education. I called Washington, talked to one of the Title II program administrators, and argued that the U.S. Department of Education should allowed institutions to submit proposals under Title II requesting federal funds for the purpose of buying books because books were audio-visual materials. The guy I spoke to sounded very skeptical, as I expected, but said he would talk with others in the office and get back to me. Much to my surprise and delight, he called back and said his department would consider proposals that requested funds under Title II for library acquisitions, but the proper title, author, publisher, date of publication, and cost would have to be cited for every book we proposed purchasing with grant funds. In telling me of the specificity that was required for each and every book included in the proposal, he probably thought we would be discouraged from submitting such a proposal, but we found it no problem. Nat Elliot, my office mate in North Outhouse, had kept the freshman assessment of the holdings of Swem Library going after I moved into administration, and he had scores of lists with hundreds of books the departments wanted, and the students who worked for him had already compiled for each all the information Washington wanted. Our proposal was funded, and though I can’t remember just how much money we were granted for library acquisitions by that maneuver, it was a very big piece of the \$134,000 received from the Federal government between 1965 and 1970 with which the College purchased 22,000 new books, most in support of the College’s graduate program development. But, as I said, it was a one-off: the next year the description of Title II specifically prohibited defining books as audio-visual equipment and materials.

I should insert here that there were many Virginians at that time who did not think colleges and universities should accept federal funds – much less aggressively pursue them. The federal government had made it known that the violation of any of the laws it promulgated, including the far-reaching Civil Rights Act of 1965, could cost an institution any and all of the federal funds from which it might be benefiting. As a result, there were persons who argued that any college and university that accepted federal funds were turning their admissions and governance over to the “pointy-headed” bureaucrats in Washington, as George Wallace, the demagogic, pointy-headed governor of Alabama called them. For most colleges and universities, particularly universities that did, or aspired to do, significant research, that argument, if there ever was an argument, was long over. As an example, William and Mary had been an eager collaborator with NASA (and UVA and Virginia Tech) in the development of the Virginia Associated Research Center (VARC) in Newport News and in the sponsored research performed at the Space Radiation Effects Laboratory (SREL), about which more further on. It was inconceivable that the College would have chosen not to participate in the consortium or to opt out of the arrangement after the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1965. Indeed, it can be argued that VARC and SREL and the threat represented by the possibility of UVA and Virginia Tech offering graduate courses and doing research in a facility just thirteen miles from our campus, confirmed the political need and accelerated the development of

programs of graduate study, including doctoral level graduate programs, at William and Mary.

Such responsiveness to federal assistance for higher education was not the case with Virginia's southern neighbors. As late as 1962-1963, violence broke out when James H. Meredith registered at the University of Mississippi. A mob formed and attacked the force of several hundred marshals sent to protect Meredith, and two persons were killed. It took federal troops to restore order to Oxford, the location of the University. Further, Clemson University was the first public school in the state of South Carolina to integrate, but it did not do so until 1963. Also in 1963, the aforementioned George Wallace, Governor of Alabama, made his cynically choreographed stand in a doorway of a University of Alabama building to "prevent" (by one day) the enrollment of its first male and female black students. Sometime in what I remember to be 1965 or 1966, I had occasion to meet Judge H. Lester Hooker, whom I quoted extensively above, and talk with him a bit in his office at the State Corporation Commission. Upon learning that I was a member of the William and Mary administration with the responsibility of helping find federal support for faculty research, he told me that he had "told Pat [Paschall] that he should get as much of that federal money as he could." He repeated the statement in almost exactly the same words twice more during our brief meeting, perhaps for emphasis, perhaps not remembering he had already made the point. If the latter, I thought, how at his advanced age was Judge Hooker able to preside over the complex cases that came before him at the Commission. But the point is, he didn't see the acceptance of federal money by William and Mary as a forgone conclusion and thought it helpful to advise Paschall where he stood on the matter. The integration of schools may have been settled federal law, but the relationship of many southerners to the federal government was far from composed.

IX

"Academic politics is the most vicious and bitter form of politics, because the stakes are so low."

Wallace Stanley Sayre, Professor, Columbia University: as quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, December 20, 1973

My expanded responsibility and work with particular members of the faculty and administration gave me a much greater sense of what Paschall was up against as he tried to lead them through the transformation of William and Mary. By 1964-1965, the SCHEV had established a system of peer groupings by which the salaries of the faculties of state institutions were measured and set by reference to the same types of institutions nationwide. William and Mary sat precariously between the state's four-year colleges, mostly teacher colleges, and its two universities, the University of Virginia and the burgeoning Virginia Polytechnic Institute. It was designated an "emerging university,"

the only state institution so labeled. It was not a designation upon which the leadership of the College could stand pat: something can emerge only so long; at some point it either has emerged or it has retreated to its earlier position. Further, in the race to become the next public university in Virginia, the College of William and Mary -- with the constraints placed upon it by its alumni, its history, and its location in the restored colonial capital of Williamsburg -- was not the horse on which the smart money would have been bet. In a three horse race, the better bets were on the Norfolk and Richmond colleges to become comprehensive state universities before William and Mary, as they have. The challenge for Paschall was to display a sufficient number of the hallmarks of a state university to justify its being included in the peer grouping that the SCHEV said qualified it for university-level faculty salaries.

Many of the administration and faculty bought into Paschall's vision for William and Mary and acted upon it in good faith, but there were many others who, after years of grossly inadequate funding and unfulfilled promises, were justifiably skeptical. Paschall was saying: *Trust me; expand the existing programs and start new ones, particularly at the graduate level, and we'll receive larger General Assembly appropriations.* The faculty and some administrators were responding: *Show us the money; then we'll talk about new degree programs and other expansion.* But it was also true that some administrators and faculty were less fearful of the macroeconomics of the College's expansion than they were of the microeconomics of just how the changes would affect them personally. Would their level of contribution to the unambitious William and Mary of the past be sufficient in the future? Were they being asked, effectively, to work themselves out of a job? As an example, the unenviable fate of Mel Pittman as chairman of the Department of Physics was pretty much sealed the day he agreed to add Bob Siegel and his team to the faculty of the department.

Nevertheless, on campus the debate on campus over the build-up of graduate studies continued. The Student Association published the report of a study it had undertaken on the question of expansion in the February 18, 1966, issue of *The Flat Hat*. In it the Association defined the goals of the College, as it understood them, as "the desire to maintain or achieve 'quality education' . . . to the greatest feasible degree while meeting an obligation, if, and to the extent that one exists, to expand enrollment in the interest of offering more opportunities for higher education to the college-age students of Virginia." Such quality education, the statement implied, was tied closely to an education in the liberal arts. While conceding "that at the present time it is possible for the serious student to obtain a very fine education of this type at William and Mary," and that "quality education may be equally attainable at both large and small institutions," the authors of the Statement went on to explain that "what we fear is a decline in the closeness of faculty-student relationship; a decreased emphasis upon the self-expression of the student and upon subjectivity in teaching; a decline in the ratio of out-of-state students who enrich William and Mary with their varying backgrounds and opinions [to in-state students who presumably do not]; and, finally, we very gravely fear the ill-planned and ill-financed attempts to initiate costly graduate programs which sap the strength of the undergraduate school rather than enhance it."

The way forward, the Student Association argued, was to persuade the Virginia General Assembly to be more generous to William and Mary and at once allow it to remain – or become – a small, elite liberal arts college with high admission requirements and a good mix of out-of-state and in-state students, taught by much better compensated faculty, all in far better classrooms, laboratories, auxiliary facilities, and dormitories. This could be accomplished, it felt, by calling the state legislators’ attention to the fact that William and Mary was different. As an unnamed faculty member put it, “The point that can be made about William and Mary is that it is unlike any other public institution of higher learning; it has an ancient tradition and unique, if spotty, history. Virginia could build upon its unusual reputation to support a state college that exemplified the best in public higher education. At the same time, other institutions in the state should be supported to accommodate the ever-growing number of students clamoring for education.” The problem with this strategy, various forms of which I had heard and would continue to hear for years, was that William and Mary shared the state with the University of Virginia, and it presumed, justifiably, that it was already playing just such a role, as a state university “unlike any other public institution.” UVA managed to keep its undergraduate enrollment remarkably small and highly selective (relative to all other of the nation’s flagship state universities), and like the undergraduate student body of Harvard and Yale at the time, it was all male and its members were expected to wear a tie and jacket to class. No doubt it also believed that it was recognized nationally as “[exemplifying] the best in public higher education.” Further, I don’t see any way that the large number of influential UVA alumni, who had a disproportionately high representation in the General Assembly, would accept the role for it of accommodating “the ever-growing number of students clamoring for education.” William and Mary’s history, both actual and invented, could take it only so far in the scrum for appropriations each biennium, and Paschall was certainly already making as much of it as possible.

A month later, on March 24, *The Flat Hat* ran an article comprised of the opinions of fourteen members of the faculty from as many departments “on the feasibility of expansion into the graduate fields of study.” Perhaps I am slandering my colleagues of that time, suggesting that there may have been some reluctance on their part to go on the record with a view that ran opposite to the administration’s gentle but unmistakable push for more and larger graduate programs, but all fourteen expressed support, if qualified, of the idea -- some rather heavily qualified. None opposed graduate study at William and Mary on philosophical or professional grounds; rather, the *sine qua non* of their departments’ expansion was the funding necessary to initiate and sustain it at a level of quality that was equal to or superior to their current offerings. The recent history of the General Assembly’s financial support gave them little if any cause for optimism.

In 1966, toward the end of my first academic year in the administration, I was asked to meet with the President and Dean of the Faculty. They told about an allocation by the General Assembly of \$1 million to promote graduate program development among state schools; the money would be awarded by the SCHEV on a competitive basis; and the evaluation of proposal would be done by committees selected from the faculties and administrative officers of the State’s colleges and universities. Further, they stressed that it was important for the College to do well in the competition not only for the additional

money it would bring in but also for the endorsement it would imply by our peers at other institutions of our current graduate programs and our plans to increase such offerings.

Not long after, during the summer, the President and Mrs. Paschall left for a vacation in Europe. I believe it was their first trip abroad, and it was probably his first vacation in many years. I began to visit the chairmen of those departments that either had a graduate program or had been encouraged by the administration – tactfully and gently, I am sure -- to initiate one. I explained that only they could make a winning case for the change they were planning, but if they would give me their draft of that case and the other information being called for by the SCHEV to which I didn't have ready access, I would review the material to make certain it included everything the Council had asked for, organize it in accordance with the way it was requested (with the exception of what I had learned from my first NSF proposal, which I didn't get into with the chairmen), and have my secretary type it up. I believe all of them took me up on my offer, not so much for what I personally could add to the process, I am sure, but rather for the offer of secretarial assistance. I kept after all of the chairman as diplomatically as I could, pressing them to have their material in my hands sufficiently in advance of the deadline for me to get done my work on the final version of each proposal.

I might add here that when editing these proposals I tried to keep in mind what I had learned during that year. As an example, I found it useful when doing such work to imagine the figure of a proposal reader for whom my proposal would be the twenty-fifth in a row he would read, eyes fogged over, head nodding, barely holding on to consciousness as he struggled to absorb and evaluate all that had been placed before him. It was not unlike the way I felt and must have looked as I worked my way through yet another stack of freshman themes. Accordingly, for the SCHEV proposals I chose a style and size of font I thought was easy on the eyes. I underlined the phrases and sentences of which I thought the reader should take special note. And I made sure the reader knew we had provided all the information the agency requested, both by the use of captions for each section in which the information was provided or by incorporating the wording of the request in the response. If the agency asked that the College provide, say, “a description of the laboratories in which the research would be performed,” I would respond, “A description of the laboratories in which the research will be performed is as follows:”

Sometime in advance of the deadline for the proposals I received a picture postcard of some European scenery from the President. It read, “I think of you often in regard to the proposals for the State Council. Pat Paschall.” Not the kind of remembering that would warm one's heart. But in any event, sometime later, before the President returned to campus, Dean Jones called me over to his office and said he had just returned from Richmond and a meeting of the SCHEV to discuss the results of the \$1 million competition. He said that so many of our ten or so proposals had been recommended for funding through the peer-review process set up by the SCHEV that the Council had decided to cap the amount of money that would be awarded to William and Mary or any other one institution. As a result, Dean Jones explained, we had received a total of \$207,000, more than any other Virginia state college or university. It doesn't

seem like very much money today, but back in the mid-1960s it was significant. It was used to initiate graduate programs in History (PhD), Sociology (MA), and Government (MA), and expand the College's Masters Degree programs in Chemistry and Biology. As important, our success sent a strong signal to the SCHEV, whose approval was needed for our degree program expansion, that a jury of our academic peers endorsed our academic objectives and the plans that were described for reaching them.

In an April 1, 1996, edition of *The Flat Hat*, the students, with their customary irreverence, "reported" on the expansion of the College's course offerings and graduate programs without the financial support the faculty deemed necessary:

The administration has decided to carry out to the fullest the expansion of the graduate program, President Devious Young Raschall announced yesterday. Unfortunately, the progressive Commonwealth of Byrdginia has seen fit to curtail the magnificent financial resources which have formerly been allotted to the College. As a result, said Raschall, "the faculty of this ancient liberal arts college, set in the Spanish moss-encrusted heart of the Confederacy, has been cut to its original size as set forth by one of the College's numerous precedents." In 1729 the College became the first in the United States to have "a full faculty," which consisted "of a President, six Professors, an usher and a writing master."

X

In late 1965 or early in 1966, as best as I can figure, Paschall made an off-handed remark to some of us in the central administration about his interest in creating an undergraduate program in religion. He said a member of the Board of Visitors, Walter G. Mason, had broached the subject with him, and he was certain Mason would make a generous gift in support of such an addition to the curriculum, a gift that might be sufficient to establish an endowed chair in religion. And although the 1964 report of the self-study conducted earlier included the recommendation that the College consider initiating such a program, he expressed doubt that the faculty would support the idea. He thought that a proposal to create a new department at that time would not sit well with the faculty, given the stress on the budget that had resulted from the expansion of existing graduate programs and the creation of new ones. He also expressed concern that the creation of a department of religion would be "misunderstood" by the faculty and others in the state as a vehicle that would proselytize for the Christian faith or some part thereof, which, he asserted and I felt confident, was not his intention.²²

²² *However, proselytizing by Paschall through Virginia's public school structure was not unknown. In 1959, he sought the approval of the State Board of Education for adding an instructional unit to be taught as a supplement to the U.S. Government course required at the high school senior level that "would provide our youth the opportunity to answer objectively what has made America great, and the identifiable threats to that greatness, now and in the future." His justifiable unease with his idea may be read in his promise to the State Board of Education that it would not be asked to provide final approval of the unit until its content had been "reviewed by colleges, the Virginia State Bar Association, and the Virginia Commission on Constitutional Government in consultation with the State Board of Education." In 1960, the*

I, personally, thought that adding the serious, objective study of religion to the College's undergraduate program was a very good idea. My alma mater, the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, had established its Department of Religious Studies in 1946, and the courses it offered were among the most popular among undergraduates.²³ Further, I had become aware of a program offered by one of the nation's larger foundations – the Danforth Foundation, I believe – that provided grants to colleges and universities to bring professors from established departments of religious studies to their campuses to discuss the intricacies of the undertaking. So, shamelessly ignoring my reporting relationship to Siegel, the Dean of Graduate Studies, and encroaching on the turf of Kelly, Director of Development, I called the President's office and told the President's secretary, Jane Latham, who had always been friendly, that I'd like to meet privately with the President for a few minutes sometime soon. While I held the phone she apparently told Paschall of my request and came back with the suggestion that I come over that afternoon around 6:30.

In those days the President's office was on the ground floor of Ewell Hall. The President's "complex" of three areas (the President's office, a small area outside its door where two secretaries worked, and an even smaller room used by the assistant to the president) was off to the left as one entered. A larger group of four or five offices and rooms off to the right housed the admissions office, which at the time consisted of the director, two or three assistant directors, and three or four secretaries and clerks. There was a comparatively large reception area between the two groups of offices, just inside the front door, where those who had business with either the President or admissions office could wait. As I recall, the Department of Music occupied the back portion of the first and second floors.

When I arrived at the time suggested, the first floor of Ewell was deserted except for the President, who was at his desk. I told him I knew of his interest in establishing a department of religion, an interest with which I sympathized, and I offered to take some of the initiative needed to help bring it about. With callow presumptuousness, I suggested that having just come into the administration I might still have some influence with the faculty. (I, after three years as an Instructor!) I also told him that in reviewing the programs of the federal government and large foundations for sources of financial support for faculty research, I had become aware of a large US foundation that made grants to help colleges to move the idea of establishing such a department into serious

General Assembly appropriated \$10,000 for each year of the biennium to prepare teachers to teach it.

²³ *According to the UNC-CH Catalogue, "Interest in a religion studies department at UNC dates back to a proposed School of Religion in the 1920s. While that proposal did not win approval, the University did decide to develop courses in the history and literature of religion. . . . Nothing came of [the 1920s proposal] until 1946 [when] James A. Gray . . . endowed a professorship in biblical literature. . . . and . . . popular scholar and teacher Bernard Boyd filled this chair [in] 1950. . . ."*

discussions and planning. I began describing Danforth's grant solicitation process, at which point he smiled in a way I found a little disconcerting. It was not a smile that said, *That's very interesting, and I'm pleased you brought it to my attention*, or, *I already know about the Danforth Foundation, dummy*, which he might well have. It was rather like, *I'm on to you, Heemann*. But clearly he was interested in the subject. He asked a couple of questions and then stood up and signaled me to follow him and told me to keep talking. We walked through the empty reception area into the admissions area. As we did so, I explained that the Danforth program provided the expenses for a faculty member or two from a reputable university's department of religion to visit a campus to discuss the particulars of creating an academically credible department of religion with the president, the head academic affairs officer, and the head of the institution's board, and to groups which might be comprised of other representatives of the Board of Visitors, the administration, the faculty, and the students. As we got to the admissions office area he opened the door of a small restroom and signaled me to follow him in. Then, as I continued speaking, he started to pee. But I pressed on.

I told him it appeared from what I had read that Danforth did not require a proposal, as I had come to think of them, but rather just a letter briefly explaining our situation and how the visit of a member or two of the faculty of a department of religion of another institution would be helpful. He then zipped up, and we walked back to his office, talking all the while. Granted it seemed an odd way to discuss university business, but I wrote it off as evidence of the impossible demands on a college president's time. Poor guy, I thought. We continued to talk as we returned to his office and sat down, and I explained further that Danforth allowed applicants to choose faculty from other universities or, if requested, to recommend academics it knew to have the credentials and presence to do the job. I made the point that Danforth paid the cost of travel, accommodations, and food for the consulting professor and a stipend. I told him I knew of a popular professor at UNC who might be considered (it may well have been the Bernard Boyd mentioned in the footnote above), but no doubt there were others who would do a good job for the College. Concluding our discussion, Paschall told me he would talk with the Dean of the Faculty, and, in a politic way, expressed his hope that Jones shared his interest in hearing what the professor from UNC had to say. As I walked to my car, I thought what an odd experience. Perhaps some kind of Southern male bonding ritual.

What next steps were taken I can not remember. Though I remember the details of what the Danforth Foundation wanted in the way of a proposal, which was not much, I don't remember writing it. In any event, we received the financial support from Danforth. Close to the time of the visit, I learned that Boyd was not coming, and a professor from the Duke University Divinity School came instead. I was a little uneasy with someone from a denominationally-affiliated divinity school, but he did as well for us as I had hoped. I sat in on one or two of the discussions and remember him to be more than adequate for the purpose, which is to say he went well beyond alleviating any reservations some may have had about such a department to the point of successfully selling the idea to most of those with whom he spoke. My involvement thereafter, as was customary after federal support had been secured for an academic program or other

activity on campus, was limited to making certain that the financial and other mandated reports were submitted in accordance with the schedule set by the granting agency. And it would have been the same with a grant from a foundation, so I didn't know just what steps were taken thereafter to bring William and Mary's department of religion into being, but apparently all went well, and rather quickly.

The ease and speed with which the department was established was due, in large measure, to the presence on the faculty of David Holmes and the work he did to move the project along. Holmes had joined the W&M faculty in the fall of 1965 as an Assistant Professor in the English Department, with degrees from Michigan State University, Columbia University, and Princeton University, and postgraduate studies at Union Theological Seminary and Duke University Divinity School. In addition to his strong academic credentials, Holmes had (as he has today) the sort of open, winning personality that enables a person to move matters along in the complex, multi-tiered, sometime maddening, collegial organization that is an institution of higher education. Whether Holmes came to William and Mary with the idea of starting a department of religion, I do not know, but there could not have been a better advocate on campus for the idea. Further, what I presumed to be his interest in becoming a member of the new department gave it a leg up in its early evolution.²⁴ A search was conducted for a first chairman of

²⁴ *David Holmes and I have exchanged an email or two recently about the early evolution of what is now known as the Department of Religious Studies. Of his hiring and its relationship to the establishment of the department, he told me the following: "I was hired on March 1, 1965. At that time both Fraser Neiman and Jimmy Fowler told me of the tentative plans to form a department of religion. Neither seemed to have a problem with the idea. . . ." He goes on to say, neither Frank Evans nor Leroy Smith of the Department of English wanted to continue teaching its "Bible as Literature" course, and I had "the fortunate virtue of holding an MA in English and having taught freshman English at the College level and then having studied religion at the seminary and graduate level. No promises whatever were made by the two men about the establishment of a department of religion. But it was a definite possibility, and the recent self-study had recommended it." The report of that self study was issued in 1964. Holmes' and my recollections of the events described differ somewhat. I say above that one member of the Duke School of Divinity visited the campus under the auspices of Danforth; he recalls that two members of the School came up for the meetings with the faculty in the spring of 1967, and he names names: Beach and Richey. My advice is, dear reader, in differences in recollections between me and Holmes, take Holmes' word for it. 24 Livingston served as Dean of the Undergraduate Program from 1973 to 1978, a full Professor of Religion from 1974 to 1986, and the Walter G. Mason Professor of Religion from 1986-1998, when he retired. Holmes retired in 2011 as the Walter G. Mason Professor of Religion. During his tenure he received, among other honors, the Thomas Ashley Graves Award for Sustained Excellence in Teaching and the Thomas Jefferson Award "for significant service through his or her personal activities, influence and leadership." Last year, Hood College awarded Holmes the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters, recognizing him as "a leading American religion historian" and lauding him for his "lifelong contributions and commitment to the life of the mind." He is described further as a founder of the Department of Religious Studies, which he very much is.*

the department, and James C. Livingston, with degrees from Kenyon College; Union Theological Seminary, New York; and Columbia University was chosen for the post for the 1968-69 academic year. One might say Holmes and Livingston were, well, a godsend.

Today, the re-baptized department has nine full-time members of the faculty, one adjunct professor, and one visiting professor and describes its program in the *Catalogue* as follows:

The Religious Studies Department offers a wide range of courses in the world's religions and in approaches to studying them. Students may choose from the following areas: Introductory Studies in Religion, Biblical Studies, Studies in Asian Religions, Judaic Studies, Studies in Islam, Studies in Religious Ethics, Studies in Western History and Thought, and Studies in American Religion. Those completing the Major are familiar with Eastern and Western Religions and theories of religion, and they can discuss them critically.

As I read that description recently, in early 2011, working through this contribution to the oral history of the College, notwithstanding the great time and distance and early, modest role in the department's inception, for reasons not clear to me nothing that I have read about William and Mary's evolving excellence has made me feel quite as good.²⁵

XI

*"He was a gentleman on whom [they] built
An absolute trust."*

William Shakespeare: *Macbeth*, Act I,
Scene 4

By 1967, with more federal funds for which to account, I became increasingly concerned that the W&M Business Office was having problems with its management of those monies and the timely submission of the financial reports that were required by the federal government. I also began to have questions as to whether all the charges being made to the grants by faculty and other administrators were consistent in all cases with the detailed descriptions presented in the grant applications and approved by the federal agencies. I called Vernon Nunn, the Treasurer/Auditor in the Business Office and asked to meet with him about some problems in the accounting of several of our federal grants. Vernon Nunn was one of the all-time good guys in the administration. He was kindly and perpetually pleasant to everyone. He went to work as Assistant Treasurer in the Business Office upon his graduation from W&M in 1930 and worked there until he retired in 1969. As an employee of the state, he could not have made much of a salary during any of his thirty-nine years of employment. As Treasurer he was charged with collecting the tuition and fees from students with delinquent accounts, and, according to

Sam Whitaker, who as the Internal Auditor at the time worked closely with him, Vernon made personal loans and gifts to many students over the years who otherwise would have had to drop out of College.

At the appointed hour I went over to the Business Office to meet with Vernon, and much to my surprise I found myself in an office not only with Vernon but also the Vice President for Business Affairs, the Assistant to the Vice President for Business Affairs, and the aforementioned Sam Whitaker, the Treasurer. I didn't get very far into my explanation the problems I thought we might be having before Vernon's colleagues became visibly agitated and defensive about his work. I explained that I hadn't suggested the meeting for the purpose of accusing anyone of ineptitude or malfeasance, and I didn't know how the Business Office assigned its responsibility and who might be to blame, if anyone, for what I only suspected might be a problem. Truth was, I had called Vernon for the meeting because he was an easy guy to talk to, and, given his many years of service in the Business Office, he could advise me on how best to handle the matter. But the more I tried to explain, the more defensive and vocal his associates became in his defense. In due course – the hostility of the members of the Business Office notwithstanding – we came up with a plan suitable to all. Given the increased activity the Business Office had to deal with because of the increase of “those damnable federal funds,” the Business Office would add a person to its staff with accounting experience in the administration of federal grant and contracts. Vernon would oversee his accounting and his reporting responsibilities to the state and the faculty and staff members with a vested interest in a particular grant or contract, and I would assure that all charges to the grant were appropriate and that all financial reports required by the granting agency were accurate and adhered to the schedule that it prescribed. Thinking over what had just transpired on the way back to my office, I could not help but concede far greater admiration for that particular green eyeshade and pocket-protector group than I had been willing to heretofore: they were not about to let a young punk rough up their Vernon, a man who had worked diligently and competently for their office and the College for four decades, a man who had won day by day their loyalty and heartfelt affection. A few weeks later their rallying to his side became even more affecting when I learned that Vernon had told his colleagues in the Business Office he planned to retire at the end of the year.

In 1968 Vernon hired a local retiree of the Navy as its “Grants Fiscal Administrator.” My end of the deal was not the kind of additional work I relished, but it was important to the College's interest in bringing in as much useful federal money as possibly. That that objective would be made considerably more difficult if some part of the federal government came to see William and Mary as a poor steward of the public's money. All went well with that arrangement until about the time in 1970 I took on larger and more public responsibility at the Virginia Associated Research Campus, which had been a troublesome appendage of the College.

“I hope you are going to like it over here.”

Dr. W. Melville Jones, Vice President of
Academic Affairs, College of William
and Mary.”

In 1967 the broader responsibility I had assumed of pursuing federal support for all types of programs for all of the College’s departments and schools was recognized by the administration’s rewriting my job description, changing my title to Director of Institutional Resources, and shifting my reporting arrangement from the Dean of Graduate Studies to the Dean of the College, W. Melville Jones.

I was assigned an office on the second floor of The Brafferton, one of the restored buildings near the Wren Building, directly above the Vice President’s office. I remember its location well because just prior to moving in I put in an order for a large Xerox copying machine, an essential piece of equipment for someone required to send out multiple copies of proposals. It was to be placed in my secretary’s part of the office. I did not realize the machine, admittedly quite large in those days, required a 220v power line to operate.

The next day, while in The Brafferton checking out my new office space – with its plaster walls, high ceiling, ornate moldings, and large fireplace -- I was called down to Jones’ office. I knew I was in trouble the moment I entered his secretary’s office. There, against the white plaster wall opposite the door was a new piece of pipe running from the ceiling to the floor. On the console behind the secretary’s desk and the papers and books stacked there were small pieces of plaster and what seemed to me at the time a mountain of coarse plaster dust. I recognized immediately that the mess had been created by the Colonial Williamsburg workmen who had drilled through the ceiling and floor to run the conduit from the power source in the basement up to my office on the second floor. The gray steel pipe, which was probably no more than an inch in diameter, looked to me at the time to be at least six inches across and could not have stood out in greater contrast against the white plaster wall if had been painted red. Just then Jones emerged from his office. I apologized profusely. I told him I had no idea, and no one told me, that the copying machine required special wiring. I offered to find some other place on campus for the machine and do what was necessary to have the pipe removed and the ceiling and floor restored to their original condition. He just stared at me, my important new boss of just a few days, and then said, “I hope you are going to like it over here.” Not waiting for an answer, he turned, reentered his office, and closed the door behind him. Not a good start to my new reporting relationship.

0 0 0

I want to say a little more about W. Melville Jones. Though the number of years I reported directly to him were only about five, his presence in my life was felt from the time we negotiated the terms of my first year of employment at William and Mary in 1962 until his resignation as Vice President for Academic Affairs in 1971. If Paschall did

not look like a college president, Jones looked every inch the person one would choose for the role of an institution's chief academic officer. He was of above average height with, by the 1960s, a full head of white hair. His unassuming manner notwithstanding, he stood out in most gatherings and in all assemblies of the College's faculty and administration. He had a good sense of humor and seemed most amused by the incongruous behavior of those of us with whom he worked. He appeared above it all – without trying and probably without knowing it.

According to information in the Special Collections Research of Swem Library, Jones left Harvard University, where he was doing his graduate work, before completing his PhD, and took jobs as an Instructor in the English Departments of Ohio State University (1924-25) and the University of Richmond (1924-28), and joined William and Mary's English Department in 1928 as an Assistant Professor. In some year between 1928 and 1954 he was promoted to Associate Professor, though neither his entry on the Wiki of the Special Collection Research Center nor the Center's compilation of information under *Past Faculty* indicates which year that occurred. In 1953, some twenty-nine years after leaving Harvard to take the job at Richmond, he completed the requirements for the doctorate, was awarded his degree, and in 1954 was named a full Professor by the College. Four years later, in 1958, Jones was chosen Dean of the Faculty, and in 1964, Dean of the College. Then, as a result of the reorganizations of 1968 and 1969, which it was felt gave the College a structure more appropriate to a university, Jones was named the Vice President for Academic Affairs, which he remained until his retirement in 1971. He died in Williamsburg in 1992 at the age of ninety-one.

There are a couple of these dates that surprised me as I looked into Jones progression at William and Mary for this that I am writing, forty years after his retirement. The first is that he was appointed to his first administrative post in 1958, just four years before I was hired. Until a few days ago, I thought he had been a member of the College administration from the beginning of time. I don't know why, but that was the impression he gave. The other was that it took him twenty-nine years to complete his requirements for the PhD at Harvard. As I said earlier, the other four or five PhD candidates and I who were hired in the fall of 1962 as Instructors in the Department of English were given three years to complete the degree. Only one did while at William and Mary, Nate Elliott, who retired as Professor Emeritus in 1992 and continues to live in Williamsburg with his ageless and delightful wife, Betsy. Who knows. If I had been given twenty-nine years, I too might have completed my doctorate. But I don't think so.

My fondest memory of Jones was an incident that occurred during a grand dinner in the Great Hall of the Wren Building in early February 1968, a part of the celebration marking the Two-Hundred Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of William and Mary's founding in 1693. The Right Reverend and Right Honorable Bishop of London, Robert Wright Stopford, and Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the United States, Sir Patrick Henry Dean, and their spouses were the College's honored guests. The dress was formal, and the single table at which we were all seated stretched from one end of the hall to the other. The evening began with a round of toasts. Someone on our side, the Yankees' side, would rise, raise his glass, and say, "To the Queen," in response to which everyone

at the table would rise, raise their glasses, and repeat, solemnly, “To the Queen.” And then we would all sit down. A little after a bit of conversation with the person on one side or the other, someone on their side, the Brits, would rise, raise their glass, and say, “To the President of the United States,” to which we would all lumber up from our seats, raise our glasses, repeat “To the President of the United States,” sit down again, and resume our conversations. This up and down went on for another fifteen minutes or so, with a respectful amount of conversation between each pair of toasts: “To the Bishop of London”; “To the Rector of the Board of Visitors”; To Her Majesty’s Ambassador; “To President of the College.” After the third round of toasts Ellen and I were afraid to look at each other for fear we would burst out laughing and gravely embarrass each other and the College. Then there were the welcoming remarks to be worked through, which after too many persons took way too much time to say *Welcome*, many of us, if I were any indication, would have welcomed more toasts and fewer welcomes in order to stretch our arms and legs. The Great Hall is a beautiful space, but its dark paneled walls and candle-lit tables tend to put persons, including me, to sleep, particularly after forty-five minutes or so of cocktails.

It had to be near the end of the welcoming speeches, given we had not yet begun to eat, that our Chancellor, Admiral Alvin Duke Chandler, rose to make remarks. Who invited him to do so, if anyone, I don’t know. He no longer had any responsibilities at the College, but like a country preacher who is asked to say a prayer before the kick-off of a major university’s football game, he was intent on making the most of the opportunity. He had notes, and after about five minutes he seemed to be gaining momentum, warming to his ceremonial duty, and some of us from the College began looking at one another with growing anxiety: How long did he intend to drone on? But then he paused for a moment, I think to find where he was in his notes, and Jones leaped to his feet and began clapping vigorously. Then others of us in the administration, either as a Pavlovian reflex or because we sensed what Jones was doing quickly rose to our feet, pulling our spouses with us. The others in attendance followed our lead in the applause, which all sustained for a length of time commensurate not with a point well-made but rather what a speaker might hope for at the conclusion of his remarks. Admiral Chandler looked around the room, clearly surprised and confused by the applause, but after a few seconds he seemed to decide that if all those present assumed he had ended his remarks, he should. He mumbled his appreciation for the applause and took his seat, and all present, whether they fully knew just what had happened or not, were grateful to see the student servers come out with the first course of our meal.

There is another story that grew out of the two or three days of celebration of William and Mary’s 275th anniversary celebration that I like to tell, so I may as well do it here. By then I had been named an Assistant Vice President (more on that later), but because I was the junior assistant vice president (of two), Jack Willis, the other assistant vice president, was given his choice of which of our two distinguished invitees from the UK he and his wife, Anne, would escort while in Williamsburg. He chose the ambassador, Her Britannic Majesty’s Ambassador to the United States, Sir Patrick Henry Dean. That meant Ellen and I would be responsible for The Right Reverend and Right Honorable Bishop of London, Robert Wright Stopford, and his wife. I felt I had drawn

the short straw. It seemed to me squiring an ambassador around would be much more fun than a bishop: weren't ambassadors chosen for their interpersonal skills and bishops for, well, their piety. Boy, was I wrong. The Ambassador and his wife turned out to be insufferable, patently displeased with everything and everybody, including each other. But the Bishop and his wife were delightful. Ellen and I very much enjoyed their company throughout the duration of their stay.

After I picked the Stopford's up at Patrick Henry Airport and the three of us were driving to Williamsburg, Mrs. Stopford asked me to tell her something about Patrick Henry. Why was the airport named after him? I thought she might be putting me on,²⁶ but I explained: a Virginia patriot . . . a failure as a planter, businessman, and military commander but successful as a lawyer and politician . . . a firebrand . . . one of the strongest advocates of independence from Great Britain . . . "Give me liberty or give me death," and all that. I stopped there because, truth be told, I wasn't sure what happened to him after the Colonies gained their independence. Sometime later we attended a showing of *The Story of a Patriot* at the colonial Williamsburg Information Center, with Patrick Henry declaiming his love of our country fervently and often. I asked the Bishop and his wife what they thought of the film as we were leaving. Smiling, she said she thought it was all "a little corny." Thereafter we visited the Governor's Palace. I had arranged for a private tour by one of the docents, who did a very nice job, as those of us who have taken CW's guided tours have come to expect. There was a wonderful life-size portrait of Henry hanging in the Palace at the time, and Mrs. Stopford stood in front of it and examined it for some time. As we turned away to resume our tour she leaned toward me and said, *sotto voce*, "He has the look of the fanatic in his eyes, doesn't he?" I've been to the Palace many times since, and each time I take a good look at that portrait, and each time I say to myself, damn if he doesn't. At the end of the tour, the docent asked if she or the Bishop had any questions. Mrs. Stopford asked if anyone lived in the Governor's Palace after the Revolution and there were no more colonial Governors. The docent replied, yes, the governors of Virginia -- beginning in 1784 with Governor Patrick Henry. "My," said Mrs. Stopford; "Didn't he work that out well for himself?"

Up to the last day of his retirement in 1971, when Dr. Jones was seventy, he continued working eight to twelve hour days, often six days a week if there were meetings on the weekends of the College's many volunteer organizations -- ranging from

²⁶ *There was a little anecdote that appeared in the Readers Digest, probably in the 1960s, that provides confirmation, if ironic, of the impact on tourists of Colonial Williamsburg's program of interpretation. The author told of standing behind a visitor to CW who was talking to the individual manning the Information Desk at the Visitors Center. He overheard the tourist tell her that he and his family had spent several days in the restored area -- no doubt fully immersed in the CW treatment, with its costumed presenters playing their various roles, from lowly craftsmen to Thomas Jefferson and other distinguished leaders of the nation -- and were now about to start their long drive home to the New England area. He asked if she knew what the weather was like up the highway. She replied that she didn't, but she would call Patrick Henry to find out. Not waiting for an answer, the tourist turned away from the desk, rolled his eyes, and murmured, "Oh, for Christ's sake," and shuffled off to his car and family waiting outside.*

the Board of Visitors through the trustees of the Endowment Association and Society of the Alumni, on to the [Athletic] Educational Association and the Friends of the College. He and Mrs. Jones also attended the evening visiting and other faculty lectures, concerts, plays put on by the William and Mary Theater, and student events at which it was hoped he might make an appearance. There were times during the last year or two before his retirement that he would nod off in the middle of our conversation when just the two of us were meeting in his office. The topics of business I usually discussed with him were anything but stimulating, but it did create a bit of a dilemma for me. Should I sit and wait until he awakened? If so, how long would I have to sit there until that happened? Should I reach over and shake him a little? If he awakened with my hand on his arm, shaking him, wouldn't that embarrass him? If I dropped a book, wouldn't that startle and embarrass him? I always chose to sit and wait for him to awaken, finding when I did so that he hadn't realized he had nodded off. We easily resumed our conversation where it had broken off and carried on from there.

I did not have that experience often with Dr. Jones, and when I did they caused no lessening of my high regard of him: I thought of him as an aging warrior who had fought many long, hard, and triumphant battles and deserved his little nap. I can't remember any member of the faculty or administration pointedly criticizing him while I was at William and Mary, though given his position as the chief academic officer it would have been impossible for him to have escaped criticism. I do remember one member of the administration expressing the opinion that he was insufficiently independent of President Paschall, but given the President's accomplishments during the decade of the 1960s, I don't necessarily see that as a fault. I took a copy of an eight by twelve black and white photograph of Dr. Jones and President Paschall with me when I left the College in 1979 and have it the wall of my *study* (and I use the word loosely) today. Judging from their apparent age, the photograph must have been taken in the last year or two of their tenure. Both men are in their caps and gowns, Dr. Jones in the foreground, President Paschall by his side, walking past what appears to be some part of the Wren Building, both immersed in their own thoughts, on their way to another ceremony marking the passing of time for William and Mary and for them.

XIII

"When schemes are laid in advance, it is surprising how often the circumstances fit in with them."

Sir William Osler. *Aequanimitas, With Other Addresses*. . . . 1904

The administration of William and Mary was reorganized in 1964, approximately four years after Paschall was named its president and two after I was hired as an Instructor in the Department of English. I don't remember knowing anything about the reorganization of 1964, although by then I had been on campus for two years. Buried deep in the ranks of the junior faculty, I was oblivious to the changes it brought about.

But for Paschall, the reorganization must have been a matter of his survival, physically: before 1964, there were twenty-one administrative officers who reported directly to him, and he had “various degrees of responsibility” to twenty-two faculty committees.

In 1968 and 1969, the administration was reorganized twice again,²⁷ this time with a greater and longer-term effect on my tenure at the College. The Dean of the College, W. Melville Jones, as I noted above, became the Vice President for Academic Affairs; the Burser, Robert T. English, became the Vice President for Finance; and the Dean of Students, J. Wilfred Lambert, became the Vice President for Student Affairs. No changes were made to the titles or direct reporting relationship to the President of the Director of Development and the Director of Athletics, respectively Jim Kelly and H. Lester Hooker, Jr. (Yes, the son of the judge who served on the powerful Virginia State Corporation Commission and was an influential member of the College’s Board of Visitors from 1955 to 1963). I believe that Jack Willis, was working for Mel Jones at the time as Assistant Dean of the College and, as a result of the reorganization, was named the Assistant Vice President for Academic Affairs.

Now about VARC, the Virginia Associated Research Center, a troublesome appendage of the College, and SREL, the NASA Space Radiation Effects Laboratory.²⁸ After the wake-up call broadcast from the elliptical low-earth orbit by Sputnik in 1957, the establishment of NASA in 1958 by President Dwight D. Eisenhower, and the decision by President John F. Kennedy and the US Congress in 1961 to take on the Russians in a race to land a man on the moon, NASA was awash with federal dollars. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, NASA chose to build a laboratory to test the effects of radiation in space in Newport News, approximately fifteen miles from Williamsburg and just two miles as the crow flies from the historic Langley Research Center, where a considerable amount of NASA research and testing was based. The heart of SREL was its 600 MeV “synchrocyclotron” and two smaller accelerators used for the study of intermediate energy physics, the effects of radiation on materials planned for use in space, and such fields as radiation biology, astrophysical phenomena, electron reactions, neutron radiography, and nuclear chemistry. The cost of the construction of the SREL was shared by NASA, the state of Virginia, and local governments -- in what proportions, I do not know. Adjacent to SREL and the second building of the research complex envisaged by NASA for the Newport News tract of property was VARC, the Virginia Associated Research Center. It was comprised of one relatively modest sized building which included a few administrative offices, multipurpose research spaces, and classrooms. Its purpose was “(1) to manage and operate NASA’s SREL; (2) to develop research programs in which qualified institutions of higher learning and research organizations might participate; and (3) to develop a program of resident graduate instruction under the joint sponsorship of the participating institutions.”²⁹ The participating institutions were The College of William and Mary, the University of Virginia, and Virginia Polytechnic Institute. The Medical College of Virginia and Old Dominion University joined the consortium a few years later.

²⁷ Highlights, p. 7

²⁸ Highlights, pp.31-32

²⁹ Highlights, p. 31

I have no doubt that Paschall saw SREL as an opportunity for William and Mary, and VARC as a substantial threat. The College had a modest Masters Degree program in physics, but the construction of SREL so close to William and Mary, provided a reason for strengthening the Physics Department and initiating a PhD program in 1964.³⁰ It was an upgrading of William and Mary's degree programs that but few persons of influence on the faculty, at the State Council for Higher Education, or in the Virginia General Assembly could argue against.

There is no gainsaying the value to science research of the 600 MeV accelerator and two smaller accelerators that were built at the time. But why was it built in Newport News? True, it would be near NASA's large research operation at the Langley Research Center in adjacent Hampton, Virginia, but the number of NASA's researchers at Langley who were doing work that needed a 600 MeV accelerator had to be but a handful. And they would have gone wherever they had to in the US to get the time they needed to run their research on such an exotic piece of equipment, just as NASA's people based at other of its research centers across the country had to in order to use the SREL equipment. Further, there were locations other than Newport News where SREL would be near an established research university with a history of successful collaboration, say, Cal Tech near NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, the University of Maryland near NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, or Stanford University near NASA's Ames Research Center. William and Mary, on the other hand, had nothing in 1960 to contribute to the Nation's effort to beat Russia to the moon.

The reason for the choice of Newport News can be found, I believe, in the third purpose cited three paragraphs above for the construction of VARC: "to develop a program of resident graduate instruction under the joint sponsorship of the participating institutions." To their credit, many of the scientists and engineers employed by NASA/Langley wanted to obtain advanced degrees in their various specialties, but they could not do so as full-time employees of the government, and it would not do for the men and women who were employed to help the United States win the space race to take a year or two off to earn a master's degree or three or four for a doctorate. Further, the accreditation requirements of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools mandated at the time that at least the last full year of course work for a doctorate had to be taken on the campus of the degree granting university. As a few men in the upper ranks of NASA/Langley's management conceived the plan in the late 1950s, and they were not particularly circumspect about it, SREL, funded by NASA, would serve as a magnet (pun intended) for state funds to build the VARC campus. The building built at the same time SREL was being built would be only the first of some number of buildings at the site with classrooms and laboratories in which the scientists and engineers employed by NASA/Langley could complete their requirements for a graduate degree without resigning or taking a leave of absence. They could be in two places at once, with one foot in NASA/Langley and the other just two miles away at VARC. The courses would be taught by faculty from the University of Virginia, Virginia Tech, and,

³⁰ *A doctoral program in Marine Science was also initiated in 1964, and doctoral programs in Education (1966) and History (1967) followed close behind.*

theoretically, William and Mary as part of the consortium in which all three had agreed to participate. Never mind that the building then constructed and any number of additional such buildings would not, could not constitute a university in and of themselves. I suppose NASA believed those deficiencies could be overcome; after all, if NASA could solve the myriad problems inherent in flying to the moon, it could solve those presented by creating a new university from scratch.

When he became president in 1960, Paschall undoubtedly saw the threat VARC represented to his plan to move the College into the ranks of the other two state universities. If VARC became the location at which graduate degrees were awarded in eastern Virginia through a consortium that included the University of Virginia and Virginia Tech, there would be no need for William and Mary to have such graduate programs. And even if the College obtained permission from the State Council of Higher Education in Virginia to do so, who in 1960 would opt for a graduate degree from William and Mary if he or she could arrange for it to be issued through UVA or Virginia Tech? It became incumbent on Paschall to begin doing what is implied by what we know to be one of his favorite words: *maneuver*. Keep in mind he was taking on (1) the huge, politically powerful, and popular National Aeronautics and Space Administration just after the Soviets had landed an unmanned vehicle on the moon (September 1959); an extravagantly funded NASA–Langley, which was ramping up to beat the Soviets to land a man on the moon (July 1969); (2) the politically powerful UVA and remarkably effective and expansion-oriented J. Marshall Hahn, who was named VPI’s president in 1962; (3) numerous politicians in the General Assembly and on local governing bodies who bought into NASA’s vision for VARC (4); the State Council for Education in Virginia (SCHEV), the approval of which was required for the introduction of all new degree programs; and (5) a troublesome number of his own faculty members who were opposed to either the proliferation of graduate programs at the College or the teaching of graduate courses at off-campus sites, or both. He took them all on by adroitly slowing down the development of graduate programs at the VARC by other institutions while moving as quickly as possible to initiate and strengthen the range of graduate programs the College offered in the natural sciences, especially in physics. He was assisted in the slowdown by the unwieldy three-headed managerial structure imposed on VARC and SREL, comprised initially of the presidents of W&M, UVA, and VPI. The chairmanship of the group rotated each year among the presidents. Later, the presidents of the Medical College of Virginia and Old Dominion College were added to the governing committee, further complicating matters.

The path that led to William and Mary being recognized as a full university was paved with three formal statements of purpose that President Paschall engineered³¹. The first was a “clarification” of the College’s mission and purpose which was adopted by the Board of Visitors in 1966 in which is stated that given it is a “State institution,” William and Mary had certain responsibilities, among which was “to offer graduate programs that meet regional as well as state needs.” The next, in 1967, was a formal Resolution passed by the Board in May 1967 which states that “Whereas . . . William and Mary is recognized as an *emerging* university,” it [is] Resolved that “the Board of Visitors hereby

³¹ Highlights, pp. 2-3

records its formal recognition of the College of William and Mary as having attained university status in accordance with the modern definition of ‘university’. . . .” The third was promulgated the year after, in 1968, and was the most important of the three. In the third of these formal statements, the SCHEV, in its report “The Virginia Plan for Higher Education,” takes note of the College’s orderly growth in enrollment and a considerable expansion of offerings with increased emphasis on graduate programs” and declares that “William and Mary is in fact a “university” with limited programs of high quality.”

Meanwhile William and Mary’s expansion of graduate programs was moving ahead smartly. In 1963, Dr. Robert Siegel, an associate professor at Carnegie-Mellon, was hired, and he in turn recruited a team from Carnegie-Mellon and other institutions that, under his leadership, initiated a research program in Intermediate Energy Physics that capitalized upon the SREL equipment and competed with the best for federal research support. In 1964 Siegel was named the College’s first Dean of Graduate Studies and Chair of the newly created Graduate Council. Prior to Siegel’s appointment but after Paschall’s inauguration, new departments of Geology and Theater and Speech and, new Master’s Degree programs in Mathematics and Biology were established. Following Siegel’s appointment in 1964 and until he resigned the post in 1968, new bachelor’s degree departments of Religion and Anthropology, master’s degree programs in Chemistry, Business Administration, Government, Sociology, and Special Education, and doctor’s degree programs in Physics, Marine Science, Education, and History were created. Further, approval had been given to the initiation of PhD programs in Biology and Psychology and master’s degree programs in English and Foreign Languages, and planning was underway for the introduction of master’s degree programs in Geology and Philosophy and doctoral degree programs in Mathematics and Chemistry.³² If not offering all the graduate programs wanted by NASA, William and Mary was offering or planning to offer a sufficient number of them to lessen the need for a consortium of three of the Virginia’s state’s universities to serve the purpose.

Perhaps the first public sign that matters were moving William and Mary’s way was the appointment in 1968 of Siegel, then Dean of Graduate Studies, as Director of SREL. May 1969 marked the culmination of another period of masterful maneuvering by Paschall when the Governor of Virginia, Mills E. Godwin, Jr., announced a dramatic reorganization of VARC/SREL by which the governing consortium of five universities was abolished and William and Mary was assigned the responsibility of administering the facility. Additionally, the College was made solely responsible for providing all the graduate courses offered at VARC. The single exception was of courses in engineering, which were to be offered by Old Dominion University. But to further consolidate its position vis-à-vis UVA and VPI, William and Mary initiated a Master’s Degree program in Applied Science, conceived as a part-time program to be taught at VARC, “with specializations in applied mathematics, computer science, atmospheric and plasma science, and liquids and solids.” In order to satisfy the resident requirements of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, described above, the Governor decreed

³² Highlights, p.20

that VARC was henceforth an integral part of the campus of William and Mary and would be known as the Virginia Associated Research Campus.³³

No doubt it was a disappointing turn of events for the few at the upper levels of NASA/Langley who had dreamed of satisfying the needs and desires of its workforce by creating a graduate university from a 600 MeV accelerator, like so many charged particles. Whoever was serving as director of VARC at the time of the announcement I can't remember, but he resigned soon after the reorganization. Beginning to itch for something to manage larger than my desk, I suggested to Vice President Jones that he consider me for the VARC vacancy, arguing that my four plus years of liaison work with various federal agencies prepared me as much as any one person at the College to help VARC realize the three disparate purposes described in the 1962 bill authorizing its establishment: to manage and operate NASA's SREL, to develop research programs in which institutions of higher learning might participate, and to develop a program of resident graduate instruction offered in part at VARC. I pointed out that we now had a very good person in place to manage and operate SREL in Siegel and that he, as Dean of Graduate Studies, and I had worked well together in the past. I also argued that there were three retired servicemen on the staff at VARC, my staff if I were appointed Director, who had about fifteen years of experience among them administering the details of what would now be William and Mary's contract with NASA for the operation of the facility. And in regard to the creation of research and graduate programs at VARC, I contended that although I couldn't create such singlehandedly, I had learned my way around campus and had worked closely at one time or another with all the deans and department chairmen and most of the forward-looking members of the faculty. Concluding with what I believed might be my strongest argument, I said I thought I could handle both that part of my current responsibility that was concerned with the acquisition of federal grants and contracts for the College as a whole and the new responsibility of Director of VARC. I proposed spending two days a week at VARC and three in my office in The Brafferton. Finally, explained to him that though I was not looking for a big bump in salary for taking on the additional responsibility, I wanted as partial compensation the virtually cost-free concession of being named an assistant vice president. I mumbled something to the effect that it might look better at NASA if the College appointed an assistant vice president as its new Director of VARC. I did not acknowledge to Jones that I had calculated that the promotion would move me to within a half-step of a vice-presidency at some university somewhere, knowing that it was as high

³³ Highlights, pp. 31-32. *This solution to the SACS residency requirement reminds me of a story I heard from a good friend and faculty member at Imperial College, London. It seems the election of Margaret Thatcher as prime minister created a problem for one of the oldest private clubs in London, one which could claim having had as a member every Prime Minister who had served the country since the first, Sir Robert Walpole, from 1721 to 1742. The problem was that the club did not accept women as members, and there was no support for changing the rule. But not wanting to break their string (and, possibly, not wanting to offend the new prime minister), the governors of the club, after deliberating at length, solved their dilemma by declaring Mrs. Thatcher "a man" and admitting her. Whether or not she (or he) ever participated in the prerogatives of membership, I do not know.*

a position in a university administration to which someone without a doctorate could reasonably aspire.

Paschall and Jones bought what I was selling, and in 1969, on their recommendation, the Board of Visitors named me an Assistant Vice President for Sponsored Programs and Director of VARC, and I began spending three days on campus in my office in The Brafferton and two days in Newport News at VARC. Though great change was occurring in Virginia and, as a result, at the College, I'd say that the next two years were uneventful for me. The highest ranking of the three retired servicemen that I mentioned above, was something like the business manager of VARC. It is quite possible he, the Colonel, saw himself as the person who should have been named Director of the Center, but for whatever reason, he and I did not see eye-to-eye in regard to the future, or lack thereof, of the Center, and on my desk one morning, somewhat to my surprise, I found his letter of resignation. It was a most unusual document, written like a resolution of a board of some kind, with a long string of *Whereases* and concluding with a *Therefore be It Resolved* which said in effect that he quit. I didn't know quite what to make of it, and I imagine all the others to whom he sent it – including the newspapers in Newport News and Richmond, NASA, the four or five university presidents who were now overseeing the SREL/VARC operation, and their Boards of Visitors – had the same puzzled and bemused reaction. I never heard from any of them, directly or indirectly, about it. The next time I had a chance to speak to Paschall, when just the two of us were walking somewhere, I told him I regretted that the Colonel had resigned, particularly in such a public way. He told me, grinning, not to worry. He said that he and the other two presidents had interviewed several candidates for the job, and it came down to two men with similar credentials, the Colonel and another retired military man. He said the other candidate seemed to be much the nicer person, reasonable and almost certainly an easier person with whom to work, and so the two other presidents thought he would make the better business manager, but he (Paschall), the chairman of the presidents' committee at the time, had held out for our particular Colonel.

XIV

*“In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright”*
Arthur Hugh Clough, 1862

It's odd we have less a sense of change, even exciting and substantial change, when living it, than we have looking back on it. You'd think the immediacy of the transformation would be more affecting than a serene view of it from some distance. Hence one can not look back at the College's progress during the 1960s without realizing that its change during that decade was huge. If William and Mary was, as I suggested in the first paragraph of this undertaking, “a kind of post Civil War Scarlett O'Hara” at the beginning of that decade, she was by 1970 optimistic, self-assured, greatly admired within the state and much of the Southeast, and considerably more secure in her ability to

hold her own in the zero-sum game that was the biannual appropriation process in Virginia.

The data delineating this growth is scattered throughout *Highlights of Progress, 1960-1970*. But it seemed worth the effort to pull them together in the page or two that follow to provide what I believe to be a more telling description of what was accomplished by Paschall, his administration, and the faculty during his years as president. During the decade of the '60s:

- Over \$35 million had been committed for new construction and renovation, more than twice the amount, we are told, than had been spent on the College's physical plant from 1693 to 1960.
- The buildings constructed included the Earl Greg Swem Library, the William Small Physics Building, Robert Andrews Fine Arts Building, the John Millington Life Sciences Building, the Hugh Jones Mathematics Building, a general classroom building, a physical education building for women, a physical education building for men, convocation center (or arena), a student center, a student dining hall, and a college bookstore. More dormitory space was built or fashioned for that use from other buildings. The old library was attractively converted to classrooms, faculty offices, and library space for the exclusive use of the Law School. And as the decade ended, planning money had been appropriated for a new Chemistry/Geology classroom building, a new infirmary, a new power plant, additional tennis courts, other recreational areas, and new roads and landscaping.
- The reputation of the College among prospective students rose dramatically: In 1959, 2,759 applied for admission to the freshman class, of which 791 enrolled; in 1969, 5,772 applied for admission, of which 901 enrolled. The combined scores on the College Aptitude Test (SAT) of entering freshmen rose from 1050 to 1235. In 1959, 5% of the freshmen admitted were the valedictorian or salutatorian of their graduating high school class; in 1969, 13% had graduated number one or two of their class. In 1960, the financial aid made available to students by the College from a variety of sources was approximately \$260,000; by 1970, it was approximately \$750,000.
- A review and revision of the undergraduate curriculum was initiated, the first in thirty years.
- As described in more detail above, between 1960 and 1970, eight new master's degree and four new doctoral degree programs were initiated. At the end of the decade, two new master's and two new doctoral programs had received approval by the SCHEV, and two more master's degree and two more doctor's degree programs were in the planning stage.
- The decade also saw an increase in the number of faculty, from 175 to 408, and the AAUP rankings of average compensation for faculty, from C for instructors to B, from D for assistant professors to B, from E (the lowest AAUP ranking) for associate professors to B, and from E for full professors to C.

- Four departments – Marine Science, Education, Business Administration – were elevated to the more independent status of *School*, joining the Marshall-Wythe School of Law, their heads thereafter having the status of *Dean* in accordance with the advanced professional degree programs they administered.

- A Computer Center was established in 1966 in the Department of Mathematics' new Hugh Jones Hall; it served not only William and Mary's growing requirements but also those of six other public colleges and related research centers.

- If there were concerns about William and Mary assuming the management of SREL, they were soon allayed, and by 1970, "fifty-three organizations had used the facility, including most of NASA's research centers and approximately forty of the nation's graduate universities"-- including William and Mary, Virginia Tech, UVA, and the Medical College of Virginia Commonwealth University. It was by then operating "twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, frequently with several experimental groups using the massive equipment simultaneously."

- So too it was with VARC. By 1970 "a full complement of graduate physics, engineering, business administration, and education courses [had] been developed for the site." Further, William and Mary had developed a new master's degree program in Applied Sciences especially for part-time students and offered in the main at VARC. It included specializations in Applied Mathematics, Computer Science, Atmospheric and Plasma Science, and Liquids and Solids." The charge in the 1962 authorization that VARC was "to develop research programs in which institutions of higher learning might participate," was also being met. Contracts for research administered by VARC, according to *Highlights*, had been expanded beyond the several limited to the operation of SREL to include grants and contracts "to study ultra-violet radiation sources, the psychological effects of noise pollution, and the requirements for an oceanographic satellite."

- Not including the \$3,000,000 contract VARC received for the operation of SREL up to 1970 and the additional \$5,437,000 contract negotiated in 1970 to carry the operation until 1975, William and Mary increased its federal support for all purposes from less than \$130,000 in 1959-60 to a total of \$5,084,000³⁴ for the decade ending 1969-70. This included \$1,400,700 through NASA's Sustaining University Program; \$245,600 for Anthropology, Economics, Government, Sociology, and Psychology through the National Science Foundation's College Source Improvement Program; \$100,000 from the Army's Advanced Research Projects Agency and \$610,000 from the National Science Foundation, both for the Department of Physics, the later because it deemed the Department to have "strength on which to build," having "taken the initiative to formulate realistic plans for further significant development"; \$1,746,085 for various forms of student aid; \$1,776,753 for construction; \$134,000 for an estimated addition of

³⁴ *These numbers do not include the federal funds received by the College's School of Marine Science, which was separately funded by the State.*

22,000 volumes to the library; \$1,2235,695 (from 1958-59) for operation of a Summer Institute for high school teachers of chemistry, mathematics, and physics; and \$68,000 from the U.S. Department of Education in 1968 for upgrading the School of Education's Elementary School Teacher Education Program.

XV

“Thus not only does democracy make every man forget his ancestors, but it hides his descendants and separates his contemporaries from him; it throws him back forever upon himself alone and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart.”

Alex de Tocqueville. *Democracy in America, Part II*, Second Book, Chapter 2

Paschall's tenure as President of William and Mary, his increasingly visible accomplishments notwithstanding, became less and less secure as the decade of the 1960s moved to its close. The state of Virginia was changing and with it the political environment in which he had operated with such aplomb and effectiveness. The climate of William and Mary was also changing in ways that Paschall seemed ill-suited to manage.

Heretofore the line of ascension through the ranks of the Harry Byrd machine was more or less predictable. Every person elected governor of Virginia from James Lawson Kemper in 1874 until the end of the first term of Mills E. Godwin in 1970 was, first and foremost, a Democrat. Most had served an apprenticeship in the Virginia General Assembly, and many served terms as Attorney General or Lieutenant Governor before being picked to run for the governorship. Most, though not all, pledged fealty to the Harry F. Byrd organization and resolutely opposed the integration of the schools and much of the Civil Rights, Great Society, and immigration legislation pushed through Congress by fellow Democrat Lyndon B. Johnson. Johnson, upon signing the Civil Rights Act of 1964, is reputed to have told an aide, "We have lost the South for a generation," anticipating the reprehensible backlash from Southern whites against Johnson's Democratic Party. As predicted, Virginia elected its first Republican governor in one hundred years in 1969. Linwood Holton, an active member of the Republican Party for many years, was, ironically, a liberal progressive by even today's standards and to the left of most members of the Virginia General Assembly. Though Holton fought the takeover of the Virginia Republican Party by conservative Democrats, he was unsuccessful, and during the next few years most of the General Assembly's once conservative Democrats switched party affiliation and became conservative Republicans.

One of the indirect but beneficial effects on the College of the election of Holton as governor was the appointment of Carter Lowance to its newly created position of Executive Vice President. Lowance had served six consecutive Democrat governors of Virginia in roles of increasing importance -- from the second year of William M. Tuck's term (1946-1950) through the first four-year term of Mills E. Godwin, Jr., which ended in 1970. He tells us in his contribution to the oral history of the College, recorded in 1976, that Governor Holton urged him to stay on for his term in office, presumably in a position similar to the one he held under Godwin, but he had "reservations about how effective [he] could be with him in a new political setting when [his] background had been with prior Democratic administrations."³⁵ Undoubtedly that is true as far as it goes, but the story I had heard at the time, which I think credible, was that the leaders of the Democrats in the General Assembly at the time made it known to Lowance that they did not want him to stay on and help the newly elected Republican governor run the state.

However and why Lowance came to work at William and Mary, it would be a serious mistake for the reader to deprecate his value to the College during the four years he was there serving as its Executive Vice President. When I speak of Lowance's contribution, I do so from a couple of years of experience working for him: before he arrived on campus, I reported to the Vice President for Academic Affairs; after Lowance took up his duties, I was told to report to him for the Director-of-VARC part of my bifurcated position.

I admired and respected all the persons to whom I reported while at the College, but none as much as Carter Lowance. He was far from imposing: he was short and slight, so slight that he seemed fragile, but he impressed all those with whom he worked with his intelligence and, presumably from his experience in working deep in the thicket of ambitious politicians and bureaucrats, his impressive insight into the ways of men and the world. One would think that such experience would have made a cynic of him, but I saw no evidence that he had become one. When he smiled at you in his congenial, felicitous way each time you came again into his presence, he disarmed you. Whatever complaint you intended to share with him, whatever ill will you felt toward another member of the staff, became petty in his presence, somehow immature. Whoever was responsible for writing his obituary in the *Daily Press* in November 1989 did not know him, for if he did, he or she would not have written, "It is more appropriate to say he 'served' the governors than to say he 'advised' or 'assisted' them. As a college administrator, he 'served' the institutions rather than helped to manage them." To the contrary, it is fair to say it was he who *ran* the State for much of the last half of the more than twenty years he served in the office of the governor, while each of the governors consumed his time carrying out his ceremonial functions, presiding at his meetings, and travelling back and forth across the state and beyond attending conferences and trying to persuade corporations, domestic and foreign, to consider Virginia as the site of its next major expansion. The undated note in the Salem [Virginia] High School Educational Foundation and Alumni Association comes much closer to the measure of the man:

³⁵ *William and Mary Digital Archive. Carter O. Lowance Oral History Interview, July 23, 1976.*

From 1947-69, Carter O. Lowance faithfully served as Chief of Staff to six governors of Virginia: William Tuck, John S. Battle, Thomas B. Stanley, J. Lindsay Almond, Albertis Harrison, and Mills Godwin. No wonder that during this 22-year period he was fondly referred to as "The Little Governor." His 5-foot, 3-inch stature may have deserved this nomenclature but not his demeanor of which Gov. Almond once said, "When things got sort of stormy, 'Cahtah' (Carter) had an assuaging presence." Reportedly, before running for office, governors-to-be called to make sure Carter would agree to also serve.

The thing is, Lowance carried out his responsibility in such a composed and deferential manner that those whom he managed -- and manage he did -- hardly felt that he was exercising his authority over them. In praising Lowance at a dinner of the Board of Visitors, Paschall said to those assembled that often after meeting with him in the Governor's office to ask him to approve something or take some action on William and Mary's behalf, "I would get half way back to Williamsburg before I realized that Carter had said 'No.'" You knew his interest in you was heartfelt, and you, in turn, came to feel that it would be inconsiderate to lay off on him any of your less than insurmountable administrative problems. Those who witnessed and experienced his gentleness were inspired to be as clement as he in their work with others.

All this is not to say Lowance was lacking in forcefulness or was somehow deficient in his willingness to exert his authority when it was needed. To the contrary, he undertook what was expected of him and had the self-discipline to prevail in the most difficult of circumstances, whether of the making of the self-important members of the Virginia General Assembly or of the humility-challenged members of the College's faculty. Whatever their party affiliation, whatever their position on the issues that were roiling the relationships of the members of the College community in the late 1960s and early 1970s, all who had business with Lowance came away knowing they were dealt with fairly, unequivocally, and as earnestly as their particular bit of business merited.

Presumably Paschall, in the early 1970s, now almost certainly a conservative Republican in both spirit and formal party affiliation, continued to have influence with those members of the General Assembly with whom he had worked previously, but he no longer had the level of influence he once enjoyed in the Governor's Office. It can be presumed that the persons with whom Governor Holton surrounded himself did not know Paschall very well, and he did not know them. Practically overnight the President's good 'ol boy schtick had become anachronistic. Over the four years he was Governor, Linwood Holton, who held an undergraduate degree from Washington and Lee and a law degree from Harvard, exercised his prerogative and appointed persons to the vacancies that occurred on the state's various college and university boards who were considerably more youthful and, from my vantage point, considerably more progressive than those they replaced. That is to say, more like himself. The change to the William and Mary's Board of Visitors was not dramatic, but his earliest appointments were sufficiently persuasive to cause that body to think more critically about the nature of the leadership needed to steer the College through whatever the Seventies might bring.

The number of new faculty had more than doubled over the decade, from 175 in the academic year 1959-1960 to 408 in 1969-1970. Though I do not have access to data to support the statement, it appeared to me then that during the last years of the decade

the age of the faculty, on average, had dropped thirty years, and its congenial liberalism had become considerably more pronounced and public. In 1965, the U.S. began deploying combat troops in Vietnam, deaths mounted, and, taking a page from the civil rights movement, academics across the country began participating in, and often organizing protests against the war. The assassinations of John F. Kennedy in November of 1963, Martin Luther King, Jr. in April 1968, and Robert Kennedy just two months later left many Americans, and particularly the youthful idealists who make up a majority of most undergraduate student bodies, feeling that there was something horribly wrong with our government. The authority of those then in power at every level, from the President of the United States to the presidents of colleges and university – I'd say particularly the presidents of colleges and universities -- was challenged. One of the oft-repeated slogans of the time, born in the tumult of the University of California, Berkeley, was: "Don't trust anyone over thirty." And that pretty much covered every college and university president at the time, not least of all President Paschall. Though more liberal as a body, the faculty of William and Mary would be considered conservative by most of the standards of the day, but there were many professors on campus who supported the efforts of the students to change the students' relationship to the administration. Some did so publicly and vocally, but most kept their views to themselves or, at most, exchanged them within their circle of colleagues with whom they routinely shared complaints and coffee at the Student Center, as did I.

XVI

"In examining William and Mary's student activism in the 1960s, Paschall stressed that those developments must be seen within the context of the value system prevailing in the 1960s rather than what may exist in the 1990s. Failure to observe this principle, he cautioned, may distort history because conclusions are apt to be reached in terms of the 'now' instead of the 'then.'"

Wilford Kale, *Davis Y. Paschall: A Study in Leadership*. "Student Activism in the 1960s"

The *Kale & Smith* book devotes seventeen pages to student unrest in its penultimate chapter, "Student Activism in the 1960s," of which the final three pages bear the headings "A Federal Visitation Case" and "Federal "Encroachment." Kale draws heavily from Paschall's notes to describe not only the turmoil on campuses nationwide, including the relatively tame protests at William and Mary, but also, perhaps inadvertently, Paschall's unhappy reactions to them. His overheated descriptions, his take on what was happening illustrate how uncertainly equipped by age and culture he

then was for the time.³⁶ He described to Kale how he saw “shocking scenes of university buildings in flames” in California and New York, “. . . violent strife . . . silhouetted by students burning their draft cards . . . student masses in jeans, with beads and headbands, and long-haired hippies on drugs³⁷ . . . an indelible impression of ‘besieged campuses.’” “Columbia – a great university, [was] being brought to its knees.” The leaders of “The New Left,” a conglomeration of organizations and groups which included the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), W.E.B. DuBois Club, Young Socialist Alliance, Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, Socialist Workers Party, and the Black Panthers, attracted, Paschall believed, “huge numbers of non-revolutionary students who, often motivated by naïve idealism and ‘taken in’ by slogans, became – quite unwittingly the shock troops of revolution.” The so-called activists at William and Mary rallied around two issues in particular, “a demand for virtually unrestricted dormitory visitation by members of the opposite sex and a demand for adoption of a nationally proclaimed statement on students’ rights.” The leaders of the activists pressed Paschall for a response, knowing that if he granted their demands he would alienate the conservatives who dominated the Virginia General Assembly, and if he did not he would provide tinder for those he called “the aggressives” to enflame the student body. He describes the William and Mary students’ plan to disrupt the forthcoming Burgesses Day luncheon on campus of the Governor and members of the General Assembly to demand that their grievances be heard -- thereby inviting eviction by the police, state-wide publicity, and the sympathy of the other students – as an “ingeniously contrived diabolical plan.” In October 1969, he tells us he felt “the campus had, in a span of three days, moved under

³⁶ In his “Introduction” to Kale & Smith, S. Dean Olson, who served as an assistant to both Paschall and his successor, Thomas A. Graves, Jr., describes one of Paschall’s questionable decisions at the time: “In the late 1960s during a period of student unrest on campus, Dr. Paschall needed extra security one night for the Wren Building prior to commencement. He put in a call to the athletic department and before the sun set Lou Holtz and his entire football staff arrived to guard the building until dawn.” Setting student against student in what might well have turned into an ugly confrontation seems a particularly misguided decision for Paschall to have made.

³⁷At the end of the week during which in 2011 I was writing this part of my “History,” the family, including my ten year old granddaughter, went en masse to see the road tour production of the New York revival of Hair. It first opened on Broadway in 1968 and ran for 1750 performances. The citation in Wikipedia makes the point that “The musical’s profanity, its depiction of the use of illegal drugs, its treatment of sexuality, its irreverence for the American flag, and its nude scene caused much comment and controversy.” It adds that the musical broke new ground in its use, among other features, of an integrated cast. The revival has been a big success, but more so, I think, as a sentimental and mostly light-hearted look back at that period than for any irreverence and cultural controversy. The young people seeing the show for the first time must have been asking themselves: That’s irreverence? That’s cultural controversy?

these emotional developments to an alarming state of tension.” Wrestling with the dilemma, Paschall describes going very early that Saturday morning to the Wren Building, entering the Chapel, sitting there alone, and, in his own words, reflecting upon the situation:

One in a role of leadership finds it lonely when he must make a crisis decision. I had made many, but none that posed more of a frustrating dilemma in the way of alternatives, or required quicker action with less time for reflection, than the one I faced that day.

I began to recall that Ewell had sat there, and a great unseen company of generations before me, and that I had been wed at that sacred altar. They, too, had communed with the Great Spirit that pervaded that hallowed place, and I soon sensed a soothing serenity that flooded my soul, and lifted the dark glass from my inner vision.

My decision dawned. I would make no statement, thereby eliminating any provocation for overt action by the militants. . . .

If there were any “shock troops of rebellion” enflaming the campus, William and Mary survived them intact. To its credit, in advance of and during its particular time as one of the nation’s (mildly) “besieged campuses,” the College administration liberalized its regulations regarding student cars, off-campus housing, clothing, and consumption of alcohol. Though not in anticipation of the student unrest of the late 1960s, it helped that the design of new dormitories began the move away from their heretofore institutionalized character. Further, a new dining facility was constructed and the food service improved, the food service being a source of discontent on every campus in every generation. A new student center had been opened early in the decade, the recreational activities organized for students had been greatly expanded during the sixties, and a pub was created on campus for students and faculty.³⁸

It was also helpful that the Board of Visitors, or at least some of its members, were somewhat ahead of the administration, at least of Paschall. The restrictiveness of the College’s visitation policy was only a part of the gripe the students had about the dormitories. As enumerated in the Kale & Smith book, at the start of the Paschall presidency: “Four men occupied rooms designed for two in Tyler Hall; Brown Hall had 40 men beyond capacity; all of the single rooms in Old Dominion [dormitory] were used as doubles, while 55 men were housed in ward fashion in the attic.” The living quarters for women could not have been much better. The construction of Yates Dormitory for men in 1962 and duPont for women in 1964 was but a start on providing a response to the students’ demand for better housing. Even the completion of the new men’s dormitory complex in 1967 and the planning for a new women’s dormitory complex scheduled for completion in the early 1970s left many students in sub-par housing. Old Dominion, Monroe, Barrett, and other places where students were being roomed all needed renovation badly.

Taking the students’ complaints about the dormitory situation and other grievances to heart, Frederick [Rick] Deane, one of the new breed of the Board of

³⁸ Kale & Smith, “*Student Activism in the 1960s*” pp 156-172.

Visitors members appointed by Linwood Holton, decided, after one of the increasingly frequent direct discussions students were having with members of the Board, to spend a night in one of the dormitories. Deane was not a person who was taken lightly by the members of the Board. Born in Boston, he had a bachelor's degree from Harvard College and an MBA, with distinction, from the Harvard School of Business. He had enlisted in the Army in 1944, served in the occupation forces in Italy, released as a First Lieutenant in 1946, recalled to active duty in 1951 during the Korean War, and assigned to the Central Intelligence Agency until he left in 1953. He began his banking career in that year, joining the staff of the Bank of Virginia, now Signet Banking Corporation, as an assistant to the president. He then rose rapidly through various positions in both the lead bank and the parent company, and in 1965, at age 39, he was named President and Chief Administrative Officer of the bank's parent company, the positions he held at the time he was appointed by Holton to William and Mary's Board of Visitors. Deane had been, was then, and would become actively involved in a wide variety of banking and business organizations on the national, state and local level, sitting on twelve banking industry boards and societies and serving as a director of, among others, the CSX Corporation, Marriott Corporation, and Circuit City Stores, Inc. His resume lists forty-three important civic and community affairs organizations to which he had or would make significant contributions of his time and wisdom during his tenure at the bank. It was greatly to the credit of Holton and the benefit of William and Mary that he was persuaded to serve on its Board of Visitors.

What Deane expected to achieve by spending a night in one of the College's dormitory, I can not say with any precision, but I think it fair to assume he wanted to find out for himself just how bad the situation in the dorms was for the students and to have an opportunity to talk to them informally and at some length about their experience at William and Mary. I think also that at least as important was Deane's willingness to make a meaningful demonstration of the seriousness with which he and the Board took their grievances. He wasn't just talking the talk; he was walking the walk. I was only thirty-seven at the time, but I doubt that I would have volunteered to spend a night in a student dorm, my affection for the College's students notwithstanding. But in the telling to some of us in the administration of Deane's plan, Paschall could not have been more disdainful. His face more florid than usual and in a mocking manner he let us know how inappropriate he thought this new member of the Board was behaving. Did Deane not accept his reading of the situation? Was his approach to the restiveness of the students somehow wanting? Were his accounts to the Board of recent events on campus such that Deane had to find out for himself? In the light of Paschall's strong reaction, I began to question my own favorable reaction to what Deane was doing. Jeez. It had sounded like a good idea to me. I could not see any of the members of the Board I knew from previous years doing such, but that was to Deane's credit. Thinking the matter over later, it occurred to me that Paschall's reaction to Deane's action was an indication that not only was Paschall out of step with the students and faculty but he was also, probably for the first time, out of step with some members of the Board of Visitors.

XVII

“A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man, who in endeavouring to crush it gave himself a hard slap. Then said the fly jeeringly, ‘You want to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death: what will you do to yourself who have added insult to injury?’”

Phaedrus, Book V, Fable 3

And then there was this. I noted earlier that Paschall had been praised by members of the Virginia General Assembly as more of a politician than any of themselves. But the thing about politicians is that they rarely tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth as they work to advance their careers. Over time they come to lie more often and boldly, and we come to accept their behavior. ‘Well,’ we say, ‘he is a politician; what more can one expect.’ As an example, the untruthfulness of politicians seems particularly obscene today as the members of the U.S. House of Representatives and Senate wage war over Barack Obama and the Democrats’ Health Insurance legislation. The Republicans shamelessly claim it will “take coverage away from seniors,” result in “a government takeover of our healthcare system,” bring about a “European social welfare state,” and on and on.³⁹ The Democrats respond in today’s environment of communication-by-sound-bite with their own outlandish claims. And no calls these politicians the liars they are; no one other than their political opponents condemns them for alleging publically what they no to be untrue. We have come to expect it. Once on a trip to Richmond of just the two of us, I heard Paschall characterize a person as someone who will “tell lies to persons in high places.” I don’t remember whom he was talking about, but I do remember him saying it because it seemed such a peculiar form of condemnation. Was he saying that it was acceptable to tell lies to persons in low places? Did he tell lies to persons in low places? Am I anything other than a person in a low place?

There were times when I met with him and knew he was not telling me the truth, which presented me with a problem somewhat like the one I had when Mel Jones fell asleep while the two of us were discussing College business in his office. But now it was not *do I wake Jones or not*, but rather *do I call Paschall out when he is not being truthful with me -- or not*. I didn’t see how I could accuse him of lying to his face, but neither did I want him to think I was so gullible that I was swallowing what he was saying. I hit on the idea of allowing myself to smile at him when I knew that he was laying something on me that was not believable, smiling having become at some times hard to repress. By my smiling on such occasions he came to know that I knew he was not telling the truth, and in due course he began to smile back, indicating, I was confident, that he knew that I knew he was telling me another lie.

³⁹ “Paul Ryan Gets A Taste of His Own Shameless Demagoguery,” The Washington Post. May 25, 2011.

I do not know all of what Paschall was telling others at the time, but there came to be a wariness on the part of an increasing number of students, faculty, and administrators about what they were being told. A member of the Physics Department commented to me in the last year of Paschall's tenure, when the disenchantment with his leadership was spreading, that Paschall seemed to have lost his groove, his ability to thread the needle during his negotiations with the various factions of the College community. He said that when he first joined the faculty, which was about the same time Paschall became president, it was a marvel to witness how Paschall could assess the personalities of a group of persons with competing interests, say what each wanted to hear, cede enough to satisfy everyone, and come away from the meeting with the decision he had wanted.

Paschall announced his retirement "for health reasons," during the academic year 1970-71, effective September 1971. Whether he was telling lies in high places or perhaps got crosswise with the Board of Visitors in some other way, I am not sure. The decision came as a surprise to many, including me. Personally, I do not think Paschall resigned the presidency of his own volition or for reasons of health, as it was alleged. I based my suspicion on a couple of slender clues. Not long after Thomas Graves and George Healy were in place as President and Vice President for Academic Affairs, there were comments made by Paschall, both privately and publically, that he was not happy to have lost his position. Could it be that the Master Maneuverer was giving thought to getting it back? The signs appeared evident to me, so I asked a senior member of the administration who was in a position to know if he was seeing in Paschall's behavior what I was seeing. He gave me a bemused look and shook his head almost imperceptibly, which I took not as a *no*, but as an *I-can't-believe-it-myself* head shake. Some additional evidence can be found in the spin he put on several overt and implied comparisons he made of himself and Graves during his interviews for *Kale & Smith*. He was by then well beyond having any hope of reprising his role of President of William and Mary, but to me they indicate that even a couple of decades after he relinquished his post, Paschall harbored considerable resentment toward Graves for replacing him. Here are three examples:

In *Kale & Smith*, Paschall describes how he had laid the groundwork for William and Mary to leave the Southern [Athletic] Conference for the Atlantic Coast Conference, the ACC, "where its future would be more promising." He tells how he made informal contact with the presidents of four of the seven members of the ACC at the time, South Carolina having withdrawn from the group, and how he had been "'enthusiastically told' that they would welcome William and Mary as a member 'because the College's academic standards were respected.'" In a 1989 interview with Lou Holtz, head football coach at William and Mary from 1969 to 1972, his first head coaching job, Holtz is quoted in *Kale & Smith* saying that he believed in Paschall strongly, that Paschall told him "he was going to get W&M into the Atlantic Coast Conference," but Paschall became ill and resigned on September 1, 1971, and the new president, Graves, told him, Holtz, that "he wanted the football program to go in a different direction," that "he was looking more to the Ivy League type." Kale goes on to quote Holtz as saying that "had William and Mary gone into the Atlantic Coast Conference, I might have stayed there

forever.” Kale closes the chapter dramatically by pointing out that Holtz left William and Mary the next season to become head coach at North Carolina State University, “a member of the ACC.”⁴⁰ It is more than implied by Paschall, via Kale, that it was all Graves’ fault that William and Mary did not become a member of the ACC and thus lost the services of Lou Holtz, who most persons today would acknowledge was one of the more successful college football coaches from the 1970s into the 1990s.

Consistent with his won and loss record, Holtz was an incredibly ambitious man who was willing to pay, and have his family pay, the price of satisfying his ambitions. And his ego was second only to God’s. After graduating from Kent State University in 1959, he moved methodically as an assistant football coach through a series of university jobs to learn what he could from each. They included one year at Iowa (1960); three years at William & Mary (1961–63); two at Connecticut (1964–65); two at South Carolina (1966–67); and one at Ohio State University (1968), in which year OSU won the national championship. He returned to William and Mary for his first head coaching job and left after three seasons (1969-1971); after four seasons (1972–1975) at North Carolina State University, notwithstanding State’s membership in the Atlantic Coast Conference; after less than one season (1976) as head coach of the New York Jets, rescinding his commitment months before to Tulane University to become its head coach; an unprecedented, for Holtz, seven seasons (1977-1983) at the University of Arkansas, a football powerhouse; two (1984-1985) at the University of Minnesota; eleven (1986-1996) at Notre Dame; and after two years of semi-retirement and work as a commentator for CBS, five seasons (1999-2004) as head coach at the University of South Carolina. Since then he has been a motivational speaker and college football commentator (“Doctor Lou”) for television networks.

The point of all this is to say there is no way that William and Mary would be invited to join the Atlantic Coast Conference, not then and certainly not now. Although the academic reputation of institutions seeking ACC membership may well be given some consideration, the *sine qua non* is its ability to generate the revenue expected of each member year after year, and William and Mary did not have in the early 1970s anything near that ability, nor is anywhere close today.⁴¹ The size of the undergraduate

⁴⁰ Kale & Smith, pp.154-155.

⁴¹ *In 2008, the last year for which I have easy access to a university’s athletic program budget, the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill projected that its expenses would rise from \$54.5 million to \$61.2 million. Football and basketball revenue made up about \$36.5 million of its projected revenue; other revenue sources included scholarship money provided by its booster organization, student fees, concessions, and an equipment and apparel contract with Nike. If all went as planned, and I doubt it did, UNC-CH netted \$200,000 that year.*

⁴² *In 1970, the number of the College’s alumni was approximately 22,000; the number of contributors was 4250; the total given in one form or another was \$140,000; and the average gift was \$30. Highlights, p. 55.*

student body and thus the amount of money it could generate in student fees for athletics), the size of the stadium (and thus the amount that could be generated from ticket sales), the size of the alumni body, particularly of male alumni, and the fundraising tradition and capability of the College (and thus of the amount that could be raised annually through financial contributions)⁴² all militated overwhelmingly against the College's candidacy, if indeed Paschall or anyone else ever offered it as a candidate for the ACC. Surely Paschall knew that, and if there is any chance he didn't, Lou Holtz would have known. To suggest otherwise in 1970 or in 1990 when *Kale & Smith* was written is at best naïveté on the authors' part, cynical troublemaking on Paschall's part, and conscious rationalizing by Holtz for his leaving so quickly and abruptly the school that gave him his first head coaching job and the students he recruited for its team. Further, Holtz knew that William and Mary would never provide a stage for the national recognition to which he aspired. Holtz worked at eleven colleges and universities over a twenty-six year period before making it to Notre Dame and a national championship. Of those eleven, he resigned from ten of them of his own volition to accept another head coaching position he considered better. Could anyone with even a modicum of knowledge of the financing of university athletics believe Holtz would have been content to spend his coaching career at William and Mary?

The two other telling instances of Paschall's throwing punches at his successor well after both men had left office are, much more briefly, Paschall's comments, quoted pretty much verbatim in *Kale & Smith*, regarding Graves' unsuccessful effort to sack Carson Barnes, the Dean of Students, and Graves' inspired and badly overdue renovation of the Presidents' House.

Graves tried to remove Carson Barnes as Dean of Students sometime early in his presidency. Rather than accept his firing, Barnes chose to contest his termination. The battle was made public almost immediately. Such publicity was to the advantage of Barnes but to the disadvantage of Graves, who as an officer of the College could not comment publically on such a personnel matter. Graves was seen by many Southside Virginians as an Ivy League interloper who was unappreciative of all that Barnes did to save William and Mary from the hippies; Barnes, who had served as Dean of Men for ten years, was seen as a William and Mary man who evidently had done a good job during a difficult time and been recognized for that good work by being promoted by Paschall to Dean of Students.

As I try to look back on the dynamics of the student-administration relationships during that moderately troubled time, I think it fair to say that Barnes was more hard-nosed in his opposition to the demands of the students agitating for change, particularly open dormitories, than were a large number of the students, faculty, and administration. For certain he allowed little daylight between himself and Paschall in his response to what was going on and how it was handled. Apparently it was Barnes who was called upon by Paschall to distribute his written communications to the students in their dormitories, and it appears that those communications were on the stationery of the office of the Dean of Men. We know it was he who distributed Paschall's statement to the

students of Saturday, October 25, 1969, which reminded them of the dormitory regulations that barred male students from entertaining women in their dormitory rooms and laid out the process by which the students who did so would automatically be suspended from the College for the remainder of the semester. We are told in *Kale & Smith* that the notice “stipulated that it was being presented on behalf of President Paschall, to whom violators would be reported . . . [and] Paschall’s signature was appended to the notice.”⁴³ Paschall then asked Barnes to notify the ten students who were deemed to be in violation of the regulations to appear at the President’s Office on Monday, October 27 to be interviewed by the President to have their situation assessed. Another two pages on in *Kale & Smith*, Paschall says he “suffered the most anguishing revelation” when he learned that “one militant student at the Student Association’s stormy meeting had loudly referred to Carson Barnes [then dean of men] as the ‘King’s Executioner,’ and was joined by several others in castigating Barnes.”⁴⁴ Why the students’ opinion of Barnes came as an “anguishing revelation” to the president, I do not know. Calling him the “King’s Executioner” was hyperbolic but hardly inconsistent with the students’ *revolutionary* rhetoric of the day.

Having had worked for Graves for almost ten years, I am confident that the decision to end Barnes affiliation with the College came about after serious thought and discussions with others, including Wilford J. Lambert, the Vice President for Student Affairs. It was in all probably based on a number of considerations, but fairly or not, many of us in the administration believed Barnes’ working relationship with the students had been gravely, probably irreparably, damaged in 1969. And then Paschall could only have made that relationship worse by promoting him to the position of Dean of Students when Lambert was given the title of Vice President. In a most remarkable juxtaposition of two sentences, Paschall, reflecting on Barnes situation in 1969, is quoted in *Kale & Smith* as saying: “To think this man was being so reviled was unbelievable, and equally disturbing was the realization that further visibility of our association together in the near future could only encourage that type of chastisement of him. Some months later when the vacancy occurred as dean of students I promoted him to that position.”⁴⁵ Graves had his reasons, I am sure, but after a long legal battle, much of which played out in the area newspapers, Graves settled with Barnes by keeping him on the College payroll, though not as Dean of Students. Rather he was named the Director of the newly created Office of Special Programs, and he remained such for the next eighteen years. In 1976, Barnes earned a J.D. from the College’s Marshall-Wythe School of Law, but apparently, judging from the archives of Swem Library, he stayed at William and Mary in the capacity he had worked out with Graves and retired as such from the College in 1991.

Graves saw his public failure to effect the termination of Barnes not only as a serious blow to his credibility as the chief executive of William and Mary but also to his candidacy at some later date for the presidency of any other college or university in which he might have an interest. I know that he felt that way at the time, but I never understood why. He went on to serve successfully and with the respect of students,

⁴³ p. 165.

⁴⁴ p. 168.

⁴⁵ p. 169

faculty, and fellow administrators for over thirteen years, a geological era for a modern-day university president. I believed at the time, as I do now, that if and when he chose to leave he would probably have had his pick of any number of prestigious colleges or universities, but it may (or may not) be significant that when he resigned his position at William and Mary it was his choice to become the Director, CEO, and a member of the Board of Trustees for the Winterthur Museum and Garden in Wilmington, Delaware. I believe he never returned to college or university administration, though he and his delightful wife, Zoe, have made the Williamsburg area their home in retirement.

Paschall's praise of Graves' antagonist in 1971-72, quoted in Kale & Smith, could not be more fulsome. "Dean Barnes," Paschall tells us, "had been like a 'right arm' of assistance to me"; . . . that he doubted "that any dean of men in the history of the College did more to help so many students in overcoming difficulties of adjustment, and particularly those who became involved in some disciplinary matter"; . . . that "he had been a champion advisor to the Interfraternity Council, and it was largely his persuasive influence that had led to the new fraternity complex design"; that "he had initiated the residency counselor system in men's dormitories and appointed highly respected, and often needy, students to those positions"; that he had "confidentially advised me of students needing financial assistance when regular scholarship funds had been exhausted"; and that he had long since been regarded by the rank and file of men on campus as firm, but fair, and a friend who possessed patience and understanding." I don't know how many men comprise a rank and file, but we know from Paschall's own words that not all the students shared his high opinion of the Dean of Men. Barnes may well have merited such praise, but what is curious is the generous and singular amount of it Paschall lavishes on him in *Kale & Smith*. I can not find there any similarly generous praise by Paschall for any of the other administrators with whom he worked during his decade as President. Indeed, it is difficult to find even mildly complimentary descriptions and expressions of gratitude for those who were his colleagues then. Nothing of Carter Lowance, his executive vice-president. Nothing of Mel Jones, the chief academic officer of the College, who worked like a dog for him during those years, and nothing of his other two vice-presidents, Cy Lambert and Bob English. Jones, Lambert, and English had put in a total of ninety-nine years of service to William and Mary. Nothing of the deans and department chairmen. Only of Carson Barnes, Tom Graves' antagonist. Granted this was a kind of biography, written by others about Paschall, and perhaps the authors systematically excluded his praise of the others after Paschall had been interviewed, but I doubt it.

The third shot at Graves is found in the Appendix of *Kale & Smith*. In it we are told that "a major effort was undertaken by the succeeding College administration to renovate the President's House." That succeeding administration was, of course, that of Tom Graves'. Knowing how oppressive the Williamsburg heat and humidity was during the summer months, Graves set in motion efforts not only to have the building air conditioned but also to provide a more open first-floor plan that would make it more suitable for entertaining large groups of people, redecorate the first floor (the public space) with finer pieces of furniture, drapery, and art, and renovate the basement more suitably as a place in which one might work. Appropriately, Colonial Williamsburg

played a principal role in the undertaking. Such expenditures on the house of a president, whatever the college or university, can have serious negative repercussions for the president if not handled wisely, and Paschall, through *Kale & Smith*, appears eager to exploit that vulnerability. We are told that in 1967, the Board of Visitors, aware of the high inhabitability of the President's House then, urged Paschall to include money for air conditioning in the forthcoming budget, but, the authors tell us, Paschall could not bring himself to do it. "He was in the midst of the largest building program in the College's history, and, he told the Board: 'How could I ask for air conditioning for myself when we still need classrooms and faculty offices?' He felt any mention of a 'frill item' could endanger other important College projects that had been requested." Further, Paschall points out, he and his wife, Agnes, had the house renovated in 1967 with the consultation of Eleanor Duncan, then assistant director and associate curator of collections for Colonial Williamsburg. The more significant improvements made at that time, we are told, were the removal of paint from the rail of the banister, the construction of covers for the radiators, the addition of electrical sconces in three of the first floor rooms, the installation of wall-to-wall carpet on the stairs and second floor hallways, and the addition or replacement of draperies and curtains where needed. Finally, we are told that,

Paschall discouraged suggestions made to him by some people that an extensive refurbishing of the house be undertaken because he felt that the expense involved could hardly be justified when needs were so great for student aid and faculty research grants. He also expressed a strong fear that the house might take on some glitter characteristics of a formalized antique museum that would threaten the sense of warmth, comfort, and simple beauty to which visitors often alluded.⁴⁶

He need not have worried, and Paschall knew that when *Kale & Smith* was published in 1990. The blue ribbon committee Graves assembled was comprised, in the main, of recognized experts on such an undertaking. They did not have to be cautioned against allowing the house to take on "some glitter characteristics" or becoming a "formalized antique museum." They provided intelligent and learned guidance to the renovation, and they contributed both fine antiques and a portion of the money needed to realize the committee's ideas. They then sought contributions of funds and furnishings from others. Colonial Williamsburg participated significantly in the decisions regarding the renovation. Importantly, the work was completed without state funds from the contributions of persons who heretofore were either without affiliation with William and Mary or without the inspiration to provide such significant gifts. It was all done quietly and discreetly, pretty much under the radar of the faculty and students. The result was that the College at last had a president's house of which all could be proud and by which those who visited were fittingly impressed.

The story is told in *Kale & Smith* that when Governor Almond visited the College in 1961 with the members of the budget committee of the General Assembly, he took Paschall aside and said, "Pat, don't show us anymore of these desperate needs. This committee might decide that it's better to close up this place than to try to fix it!"⁴⁷ The comment was in reference to state appropriations, but it may be worth saying that early in

⁴⁶ *Kale & Smith*, pp. 182-184.

⁴⁷ *Kale and Smith*, p. 92.

my thirty-some years of raising money for colleges and universities, I learned that most wealthy people don't make large gifts – say, high six and seven or eight figure gifts -- because the recipient institution or organization is *needy*. They give because of pride of association, pride in being part of a prominently successful enterprise, and pride in being among those successful enough to make gifts of such magnitude. Why else, year after year, would Harvard with an endowment of \$36.5 billion, Yale with an endowment of \$22.8 billion, and Stanford with \$17.2 billion be among the top five universities in the amounts they are given?⁴⁸ They are hardly needy. I suspect state legislatures are affected by the same motivation: they appropriate sufficient funds to maintain the operation of all the colleges and universities within their purview, but they appropriate much more to their state's flagship universities in which they take particular pride. Absent Paschall's skill in obtaining unusually large appropriations for William and Mary during the 1960s, the College would have remained on a starvation diet, and the University of Virginia and, later, Virginia Tech, in which the legislators took great pride, would have continued to receive a level of financial support that allowed those institutions to thrive and compete for recognition with the nation's best state universities. All of which is to say the work of Grave's committee in the early 19070s did not transform the president's house into one that would have been described as *elegant*, but it was made very nice and far more inviting, and it did much to help the administration attract both a higher level of private financial support and, I suggest, more robust biannual state appropriations.

⁴⁸ *In fiscal year 2008, according to the National Association for College and University Business Officers*

PART TWO

I

“How old’s the president.”

Loretta Heemann. The first words out of my mother’s mouth after I called to tell her I had been named a vice-president of the College.

Thomas Ashley Graves, Jr., successor to Paschall and twenty-third President of the College of William and Mary, was a very different man than Twenty Two. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, Yale University (BA in Economics), and Harvard University School of Business (MA and PhD in Business Administration) and held faculty and administrative positions at Harvard Business School, IMEDE in Switzerland, and Stanford University. He returned to Harvard Business School in 1967 as Associate Dean, from which he was recruited for the presidency of William and Mary in 1971. Whereas Paschall was very much a man of the rural South, Graves lived and was educated in the northeastern United States and worked there, northern California, and Europe. He seems to have spent little if any time in the South before moving to Williamsburg. Whereas before being appointed president of W&M, Paschall’s knowledge of the management of institutions of higher education was limited to what he learned as an ex officio member of the governing board of the State Council of Higher Education in Virginia, Graves had had years of hands on experience as a member of the faculty and administration of Harvard and Stanford, two of the nation’s greatest universities. Whereas Paschall seems never to have been outside the United States and possibly never to have travelled a greater distance from the South than Washington, DC before being chosen the president of William and Mary, Graves had lived abroad for several years as the director of IMEDE, the prestigious *Institut pour l’Etude des Methodes de Direction de l’Entreprise* in Lausanne, Switzerland. Both had contacts important to their success at the College: Paschall with the heads of public education across the state and, crucially, with the legislators who funded their institutions; Graves, from his graduate school days, with the leaders of higher education and the business community across the nation and beyond. Saying this is not to demean either man. With his contacts, Paschall was able to transform the College into the competitive, in-state success

it was by the end of the 1960s. Graves, using his contacts from time to time, and with his higher expectations for the academic reputation of the College, was able, before he stepped aside in 1985, to elevate William and Mary to a level of excellence that made it possible for the College to compete for students and faculty from across the country.

I might add here a little bit of my personal take on Tom Graves and others in his administration. Graves was an excellent manager. He knew very well the lessons taught at the Harvard School of Business and the other institutions at which he served. He delegated responsibility appropriately and unhesitatingly to his lieutenants, responsibility by which we all became better at our jobs. He was very well prepared for the meetings of the Board of Visitors, which grew in importance as the Board became stronger and more business-like. He had a large measure of personal charm, though not as much, he would agree, than his delightful wife, Zoë. He never betrayed any arrogance in his dealings with others, whether immature student, junior faculty, or clumsy administrative underlings -- like me. George Healy, hired by Graves to replace Jones as Vice President for Academic Affairs, was an equally impressive addition to the College. Previously the principal dean at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, Healy, was an academic's academic. Tall, grey, and fit, he had a presence similar to that of Mel Jones, his predecessor in the job. He could easily have become the president of a top-notch college somewhere had he so chosen, and, indeed, in 1986 he was named Acting President at William and Mary before his retirement a year later. I believe he also served other institutions of higher education as their interim president while they searched for someone suitable for a long-term appointment. He too had a wonderful, highly intelligent wife, Dorothy, who added needed and appreciated delight to the sometime burdensome social responsibilities of the central administration. The other top appointment within Graves' first year on the job was that of Bill Carter as Vice President of Business Affairs, who served in that capacity from 1973 to 1983. He and Graves lifted the College's business and financial operations into the twentieth century, then just twenty to twenty-five years from the century's close. Carter's increasing, palpable anxiety as we grew closer to each meeting of the Board of Visitors was a phenomenon that created perturbation for us all. Carter's wife, Carol was another delightful person, with a mischievous sense of humor that made the best of her social responsibilities, like dinners that followed the meetings of the Board, and her anxious, driven husband. I believe for Ellen that Zoë Graves, Dorothy Healey, and Carol Carter, were a group of women who enjoyed each other's company and mutual supportive to a degree that was never close to being equaled at any of the other institutions at which I worked.

Sometime before the end of Graves first year, I received a call from him suggesting that we have lunch together that day. He said he had an idea he wanted to discuss with me. It was raining fiercely that morning, so I offered to pick up a couple of sandwiches from the Student Center and bring them to his office at the appointed time. By noon it was raining even harder, and by the time I made across the street to the Student Center and back to the President's Office, both I and the paper bag with our tuna fish sandwiches were soaked through and dripping. We all wore our hair longer in those days, and mine was by then hanging, dripping, down around my ears. My glasses were so spattered with water that I hardly knew where I was. He opened the door and laughed

at me. I handed him the soggy sandwiches, excused myself, and attempted as best I could, though largely unsuccessfully, to dry off with the paper towels in the men's bathroom. Not having a comb, I could do little but try to pat my head with the paper towels to soak up some of the water and use my fingers to move my hair away from my face. Looking hardly better than when I first entered his office, I returned, and the two of us began eating our sandwiches and discussing the reason he had suggested we have lunch together.

He said he had been thinking about my job and those which he saw as closely related: mine in sponsored programs; Jim Kelly's as Director of Development and Executive Secretary of the Society of the Alumni, Gordon Vliet's as Alumni Director, and Ross Weeks' as Director of Information Services. He explained that he knew there were some constraints on our ability to raise money from private sources – including the College being state-supported and having a rather small alumni body,⁴⁹ about half of which were women⁵⁰ -- but he thought we should be able to do better than we were. He reasoned that if those mentioned worked more as a team under a single manager, say as a vice president, with a set of fundraising goals we all bought into, we might be able to increase our annual totals significantly.

My immediate reaction was one of alarm, but I knew I shouldn't show it. I didn't want to be seen as responding negatively to a plan of our new President, but I didn't like it at all. I felt certain Kelly would be chosen as the new vice president. He was then the Director of Development and Executive Secretary of the Alumni, two of the four activities that would be brought together in this new arrangement. And Ross Weeks, whose several areas of responsibility including serving as editor of the *Alumni Gazette*, had been working with Kelly (and Vliet) for some time. As an assistant vice president, I was then reporting to the Executive Vice President and the Vice President for Academic Affairs, both men I admired and who pretty much left me alone to carry out my responsibilities. Having to report to a newly appointed vice president seemed to me a step down. And Kelly and I had had a couple of skirmishes over turf, as I implied earlier. *Hummm*, I murmured. *That's an, errrr, interesting idea. Certainly seems to deserve -- cough, cough, cough -- some thought.* Hemming: *Not, really, an unreasonable concept.* Hawing: *Might in principle be a good idea to pull those areas of responsibility together, but will it work at William and Mary? Have you discussed it with the others? . . .*

But as we talked further and the conversation became more focused, it dawned on that he was thinking of me as the new vice president. *Me?* Never in the history of college administration has a person turned a more graceless pirouette. *Me! Well. Now that I understand your thinking, it seems to be a very good idea. Indeed, brilliant. How soon will it all happen?*

Well, as those who were at the college at the time know, it didn't. As in the Barnes case, the President's interest in making the change was leaked to the area press. It

⁴⁹ *Approximately 22,000 at the end of the 1990s, of which approximately 4250 contributed.*

⁵⁰ *The prevailing wisdom was that after a husband wrote a check for his annual contribution to his alma mater, he wrote one for about half that amount to his wife's.*

was characterized as an attempt by Graves and Heemann to gain control of the Society of the Alumni, which, like many other alumni organizations, operated under the fiction that it was independent of the institution whose name it bore and whose resources it required to function. Some of those who were given reason to think about the relationship, primarily the executive secretaries of alumni organizations and their alumni directors, rationalized that in the long term the independence of alumni organizations was in the best interests of the institution: the “loyal opposition” thing. And Weeks argued, apparently successfully, that his integrity as the public information officer would be compromised if he reported to the College’s chief fundraiser. Presumably if he didn’t, no one would think to ask from what source, then, he was being paid, and for what purpose, and did not that arrangement compromise his integrity? Nevertheless, Graves went ahead and created the position of Vice President for Development and with the concurrence of the Board of Visitors, named me to it. To make it possible for me to appoint my own staff, he asked Kelly to give up his job as Director of Development to become his assistant. S. Dean Olson, whom I believe was serving Graves as his assistant at the time (he had done so for Paschall a couple of years earlier), returned to the information office to clear the way for Kelly’s appointment.⁵¹

Shortly thereafter I was in the President’s office with Graves and Lowance, and Graves made it a point to tell me that the College was having to raise the students’ tuition for the next academic year to fund my salary increase and the salaries of the other persons who it would be necessary for me to hire to staff the office. I got the point of Graves’ telling me that about my own salary, but I was surprised that he had anticipated that several more persons, both professional and support staff, would be necessary to create a functioning development program and had provided for them, without my asking, in the next year’s budget.

II

Within days of my appointment, Graves and I discussed my almost complete lack of experience in private gifts fundraising and how I might best begin my efforts to get up to speed. He suggested that he could arrange an introduction with the person who was in charge of fundraising at the Harvard School of Business (HSB) to learn how its program was structured, which I readily asked him to do. There were obvious differences between the fundraising program at William and Mary and the one at the HSB. The business

⁵¹ *For years following my appointment as Vice President for Development, I assumed that it was Paschall who suggested me to Graves for the position, and on at least two occasions, when I ran into him at gatherings of one kind or another on campus, I made it a point to thank him for doing so. He waved me off both times in what I took to be an oh-it-was-nothing gesture. Only after leaving the College did I learn from Dean Olson that it was he, Olson, then Assistant to the President, who had recommended me to Graves for the job.*

school at William and Mary offered both graduate and under graduate degrees and had alumni prospects who had come through one or the other or both of its programs; the HSB offered a degree at the graduate degree level only. And although persons who have both a bachelor's and advanced degree tend to favor the more emotional connection of their undergraduate institution, the value of the connections afforded the alumni of the HSB was a powerful incentive to be listed among its generous contributors. Additionally, William and Mary had comparatively few ties with business, even in Virginia, and even fewer alumni who were in positions from which they could influence their companies to make significant gifts, HSB had made a science of capitalizing on its strong, on-going relationships with American businesses and the officers, often alumni, who headed them. Further, unlike the HSB, the College did not have more than a few persons among its alumni who worked at or served on the boards of foundations and trusts; nor did the research and community service interests of its faculty match up very well with the stated funding interests of but a few of those foundations. Nevertheless, HBS had a program that covered the full range of potential sources of gift income, and it seemed to me early on that William and Mary's Office of Development should aspire to do the same. That is to say, we too should be organized and have staff to seek (a) annual, special, and estate gifts from individuals, including alumni, parents, and other individuals who saw themselves, or who could be persuaded to see themselves, as supportive friends of the College, and (b) annual and/or special gifts from corporations, foundations, and other organizations (such as civic, social, religious, and professional associations) which might be persuaded to make gifts to the College. Further, the HSB's fundraising operation maintained detailed records on its contributors, prospects, and the gifts and grants asked for and received from the beginning of its efforts to raise money. We had pretty good records of our alumni and the gifts they had made over the years, but they were far from definitive: one serious quirkiness was that large gifts, say \$100,000 or more, usually were made directly to the College's Endowment Association, and their documentation was often limited to what was necessary for accounting purposes – not for follow-up or relationship fundraising purposes.⁵² The HSB also had persons in its donor stewardship program who made certain that all gifts were promptly and graciously acknowledged and the ties between those who made those gifts and the School were tended and strengthened over the years. Its development office used, systematically, every means available to it to involve its better prospects in the life of the HSB and, when necessary, to create new mechanisms for that purpose.

And so Graves introduced me to the head of the development office of the HGSB, and he in turn set up two full days for me, as I remember, with various members of his staff. I, in turn, called the heads of development at Yale and Dartmouth, thinking that if I were going to pick the brains of persons in the field, I might as well pick some of the most successful. The person I talked with at Dartmouth did the same for me as the guy at Harvard, setting up about two days of discussions of the school's development program.

⁵² *As a result, I found that we might have, say, a Mary Jones endowment of some size with the Endowment Association, but nothing in the record to tell us who Mary Jones was and who, if not Mary Jones, was responsible for the gift having been made. The problem was exacerbated by the Alumni Society's purging of its files from time to times of the names of alumni thought to be irretrievably lost or dead.*

The guy at Yale didn't pick up on my suggestion that he might schedule meetings for me with various persons on his staff, and when I got there I had a half hour with him and only him. I don't know if he was suffering from some debilitating viral infection or was just badly hung-over, but my visit to Yale was pretty much a waste of time. The visits at the Harvard School of Business and Dartmouth, on the other hand, were terrific. The number of their alumni was at least comparable to that of William and Mary, so the scale of their development programs was something to which I could aspire. The eight or ten persons with whom I met talked me through the manner in which their programs were organized and executed, all in considerable detail. They gave me time to take copious notes. They answered all my questions and elaborated on their answers. I left each of their offices inspired and eager to get started building a program at William and Mary on the templates they had provided. I vowed then to be as sympathetic, forthcoming, and helpful to anyone who asked my advice. I believe I have remained true to that oath during my thirty-some years in the business – at least the *sympathetic* and *forthcoming* parts. How helpful, only they can judge.

Indeed, in one of those remarkable coincidences that punctuate our lives, I am reminded as I write this, of a letter I received a couple of years ago, in June 2009. It was from one Sean M. Pieri, currently (8/11) Vice President for University Development of The College of William and Mary. It reads in part:

More than twenty-years ago, in your office at the University of Chicago, you met with a young kid, sent your way by Jim Frick, who was interested in entering the development profession. Undoubtedly, this meeting isn't even a blip on your memory's radar screen, but it is something I will always remember. Seeing your photo in the recent CASE *Currents*, reminded me of that day, as do my periodic conversations with Bill McGoldrick, and the fact that I am now walking in a trail you blazed. . . . [And] thank you for what you have done for this wonderful profession.

Another source from which I sought guidance and instruction was that very CASE, the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education. It was founded in 1974 as the result of a merger between the American Alumni Council and the American College Public Relations Association. Indeed, for the two years following my appointment and before the merger, my conversations were primarily with John Leslie, the salaried chief executive of ACPRA, who I had learned was an alumnus of William and Mary, and who, given our connection, took a special interest in my training. Its website describes CASE today as follows:

The Council for Advancement and Support of Education is a professional association serving educational institutions and the advancement professionals who work on their behalf in alumni relations, communications, development, marketing and allied areas. CASE helps its members build stronger relationships with their alumni and donors, raise funds for campus projects, produce recruitment materials, market their institutions to prospective students, diversify the profession, and foster public support of education.

CASE also offers a variety of advancement products and services, provides standards and an ethical framework for the profession, and works with other organizations to respond to public issues of concern while promoting the importance of education worldwide.

Beginning in 1974 and until my third and final retirement, I was an avid consumer of the services and products of CASE, and in due course I became a volunteer; a member of various ad hoc and standing committees; a presenter at conferences and workshops; a contributor of articles to *CASE Currents* and other publications; and the principal author of several research reports disseminated by CASE to its membership, including the seminal 1982 *Management Reporting Standards for Educational Institutions: Fundraising and Related Activities*. I also served as a member of its Board of Trustees (1980-84, 1987-91) and the Chair of the Board in 1988-89. As important as the lessons I was taught were the friendships with which I was blessed with persons doing similar work at colleges and universities across the country and abroad. The value of those friendships is immeasurable. I never made a call to a CASE colleague that wasn't returned and never asked for advice that wasn't thoughtfully provided.

It surprises many people that those in college and university fundraising are as open as they are about the details of their programs. There are few if any trade secrets as far as fundraisers are concerned. The only exception to this openness is the information associated with the history of gifts and pledges of individuals, and even in that area, institutions urge its benefactors to make their gifts public to inspire other persons to make gifts. The acronym *CASE*, we learn soon after becoming members of the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education, is not derived from what we first assumed, but rather the motto *Copy and Steal Everything*. Indeed, newcomers are cautioned not to overlook references to the institution from which they were borrowing when using its copy for one's own purposes. The beneficiaries of this openness, cooperation, and collaboration are not just those persons working in alumni relations, communications, development, marketing and allied areas but also, most importantly, the colleges and universities at which their work endures.

Within my first two years as Vice President at William and Mary, I pretty much had a staff in place, the principal members of which were chosen for the varying set of skills and types of experience each brought to the particular job for which they were hired. That is to say, I hired persons not primarily for their years of experience in fundraising at a college or university but rather because of what I thought was their suitability to seek funds from the various sources of gifts available to institutions like William and Mary. Only one of the persons I hired that first year had previous experience in university fundraising, and that was sketchy: Len Meyers came from Washington University in St. Louis, where he had taken a relatively low-level, low-paying position after selling his small, perhaps one-product pharmaceutical business to a larger company. What he told me about that business suggested to me that his success as a businessman was due more to his marketing skills than to the usefulness of the product. And what are annual giving programs but the direct mail marketing of colleges and universities? So I hired Meyers as our Director of Annual Giving. He gave us a few good years building up that program for us before leaving for the head director of development job at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Florida. We also hired Julie Littlefield, wife of a faculty member, for the Parents Annual Fund and related activities. Her enthusiasm for what we were trying to do with the development program was almost embarrassing, but I loved her for it. She worked for me again briefly at the University of

Chicago, where she had moved to be closer to her parents. Sometime later I learned, if you can believe it, that after her parents died she bought a huge ranch in the north central part of the US – like Montana, one of the Dakotas, or Wyoming -- and raises and markets buffalo.

For our Director of Special Gifts -- the person charged with soliciting six and seven figure gifts from the limited number of persons our research told us were good prospects for those gifts -- I hired Bill McGoldrick, who was then the director of public relations at Oswego College, a unit of the State University of New York. The evening we concluded the deal, Ellen and I took Bill and his wife, Betsi, to dinner at one of the Colonial Williamsburg restaurants, and both said how much they were looking forward to moving from up-state New York to Virginia. Bill said the town of Oswego, which is situated on the southeastern shore of Lake Ontario, averages over 140 inches of snow each year, and parking is prohibited on many of the streets in the town not from 8 am to 5 pm, as it is in many cities, but from October to April. When I drove Bill and Betsi out to the airport the next morning, I told them that had I known Oswego averaged 140 inches of snow each year before I offered him the job, I would have negotiated a much lower salary. Bill became not only a great member of the staff but also a cherished friend. Our wives also became friendly and helpful to each other. Bill and I remain in touch to this day.

For the job of Director of Estate Gifts, which we might have been calling “planned gifts” back then, I hired Andy Parker. He had a JD from the College’s Marshall-Wythe School of Law and had been working as an aide to a member of the US House of Representatives. He had been an active alumnus of the School and contacted me shortly after my appointment was announced, made several suggestions about the development program, and allowed that he might want to work at William and Mary as something like director of estate gifts. He, too, had no prior fundraising experience except as a volunteer, but was a personable guy, and as a graduate of the law school, he appeared to have good contacts among that group. He was a good employee, but there was a dust-up among the staff, and he resigned abruptly to accept a job in the same capacity at Duke University.

To cover foundations and trusts, I hired Stella Neiman, wife of Fraser Neiman, the member of the Department of English who was probably as responsible as anyone for my being hired as an Instructor nine years earlier. But the hire was not about Fraser but rather Stella, who was a member of the Williamsburg City Counsel, and, as a long-term resident of Williamsburg, otherwise active in the community. We called the position Director of Sponsored Programs, my old title, with responsibility for raising funds from foundations and what little was left of my first administration job, the procurement of funds from federal agencies. It was near impossible to develop strong proposals for foundations without the close collaboration of deans and department chairs and the members of the faculty, and Stella, with an advanced degree herself, knew well just about all of them. She also knew the College inside and out and what foundation programs would work there and which would not. Her prior service on the Williamsburg City Council also helped a time or two. I found it to be an excellent appointment, both because of the intrinsic value of her work and also because of the increased credibility she brought to the development program among the faculty.

My efforts to find a suitable person to make more systematic and successful the raising of money from businesses were more complex than the filling of the other positions, and I am really unsure of my recollections on this one. I had served as chairman of the Committee on Student Aid and Placement beginning in 1968, and it was clear to me that the person who managed those two programs was not doing as good a job as the students deserved. I do not remember if Stan Brown was then working for him or if I was able to hire him after I became a vice president, but one way or another he became our head of corporate fundraising as well as, initially, the assistant or associate director of student aid and placement. It seemed to me that there was some true synergy to be realized by the melding of the three areas or responsibility: (1) it was good for the students to know that the development office helped provide financial aid to those in need of it; (2) it was also good for them to know that the office helped them find a job in advance of or following their graduation, or at least tried to do so; and (3) Brown's ongoing interaction with corporate recruiters provided him with contacts within those corporations who would be inclined to assist us to secure gifts and grants from their companies. In time, Brown became the undisputed director of the program and, as best I can remember, the three responsibilities remained in his hands for as long as I was at the College.⁵³

⁵³ *As Vice President for Communications and Development, I pulled together a similar arrangement at Georgia Tech, though it didn't include the student aid responsibility. I brought in someone as Director of Corporate Relations and Placement. I made the person who had been the Director of Placement – and had run the operation with little oversight and an obvious love of the attention and other “benefits” lavished upon her by the corporate recruiters – the Associate Director of Corporate Relations and Placement. She didn't at all like being named an associate director and lobbied the recruiters to help her undo the new arrangement. Most were prudent enough not to interfere with an institution's managerial decisions, but she persuaded one to come see me and express his displeasure with the new structure. He said whether it was the case or not, the new arrangement gave the appearance that the office would channel the best engineering graduates to those companies that made the biggest gifts. I asked him if there was any evidence we were doing that, and he said No, but companies could get that impression. I told him I would think about the matter and would appreciate hearing from him if he found that someone in the office was doing what he alleged some suspected. He thanked me for his time and left one of his cards with me. I don't remember his name, but I remember his title: Director of University Support and Recruitment.*

⁵⁴ *It's not unusual for a college or university to have hundreds, even thousands for large state universities, of “lost” alumni in its files. It's actually rare for alumni to notify their college or university of an address change after moving, particularly young alumni, who move often in their first several years after graduating. Now, with the advent of the internet and such search engines as Google, it's much easier to find lost alumni, but it could be done back in the seventies if an institution was willing and able to assign staff (and thus money) to stay on top of the problem. When at Dartmouth learning about their fundraising program, I spent a good amount of time with the man who headed their records operation, and I asked him how many lost alumni they had in their system. He told me “three,” only three of all their former students who they did not know were dead or alive and if alive where they lived. It's a bit of data that still blows me away.*

⁵⁶ *According to Wikipedia: “From 1965 to about 1971, Wang was a well-regarded calculator company. . . . Wang calculators cost in the mid-four-figures, . . . had varying degrees of programmability, and exploited magnetic core memory. One model had a central processing unit*

Toward the end of my second year as VP, we hired Jeff Shy as an Assistant Director of Annual Giving. The job was far more important than the title indicated. Shy's responsibility was to greatly expand and improve the quality of the basic information that had been kept by the Society of the Alumni on the College's former students. It included, ideally, the name, address, telephone number (on some), class year, and history of giving to the William and Mary (annual) Fund. But there were hundreds of "lost" alumni in the file, meaning those former students for which we did not have a valid current address and thus did not know whether they were alive or dead.⁵⁴ And for those we had a name, bits and pieces of the other information we wanted was missing. Further, there was little background information kept centrally on individuals who had made gifts but were not alumni; on some of the largest gifts from both alumni and non-alumni individuals if, like bequests, they could not be considered gifts to the William and Mary Fund; and gifts and grants from corporations, foundations, and other organizations. Importantly, we did not have a system that was both comprehensive and interrelated, meaning we did not know for certain which of our alumni worked for or served on the boards of the corporations and foundations which we were targeting, or should be targeting, for major gift solicitations. All this data was necessary to our work. We knew that as a development program we could be no better than our records. But given the data, which we dug out over time, we still needed the means to mine and manipulate it. How is described Section III below.

Shy had worked for us in the Development Office as a part time student employee for a couple of years before receiving his undergraduate degree and had impressed us all. He was the elected president of the Key Club (a student version of the Kiwanis Club) on campus, and he had received considerable attention in the regional press for the extensive tutorial program he had organized. Through it William and Mary student volunteers were matched with minority public school students in the area who needed help with one or more of their subjects. He was smart, hard-working, as good with City Council members as young students, and had an interest in computers – in the mid 1970s a burgeoning technology. He built our and the College's first computer-based record system. It ran on a Wang Laboratories creation. Anyone remember Wang computers?⁵⁵ So while working

(the size of a small suitcase) connected by cables leading to four individual desktop display/keyboard units. . . . In the early seventies, Dr. Wang believed that calculators would become unprofitable low-margin commodities, and decided to exit the calculator business. . . . His first attempt at a word processor was the Wang 1200, first sold in 1972. . . . The labor and cost savings of this device were immediate, and remarkable: pages of text no longer had to be retyped to correct simple errors, and projects could be worked on, stored, and then retrieved for use later on. The rudimentary Wang 1200 machine was the precursor of the Wang Office Information System (OIS), which revolutionized the way typing projects were performed in the American workplace." Remarkably, Shy was using Wang Laboratories technology to develop and implement the William and Mary computer-based, development record system about as fast as Wang invented and brought its products to the market.

to maintain our records, processing gifts, and making certain every gift was promptly and properly acknowledged, Shy did the programming and all the other work necessary to create the College's first computer-based development program record systems, and he did so in less than his first twelve months on the job. It was one of the earliest such systems in the country, particularly for a college of our size. Indeed, many large universities were no better off: the University of Virginia heard about our system and offered Shy a substantial consulting contract, which he dutifully asked my permission to accept. In 1976, he resigned his position with us to start his own company selling and installing the Shy (or William and Mary) computer-based, development program record system to other institutions of higher education. It may seem to some that I did wrong by approving his arrangement with UVA and thus facilitated his leaving us and starting his own company, but I never regretted doing so. Years later he told me that without the arrangement with Virginia that I approved, it would have taken him a decade to build up enough of a cash flow to strike out on his own. When I moved to Georgia Tech in 1979, I contracted with him to develop a record system for its development program. We have kept in touch since, and as recently as three years ago I called him and asked for his help picking a system for an Atlanta non-profit in which I am involved as a volunteer. By then there were a number of development program record systems on the market, so the problem was no longer developing such a system for the type organization to which I then belonged: it was determining which of the many systems out there was the best for us.

Over time, the skills and experience I thought important for each job evolved, sometime rather drastically, as my own experience with staff and contributors deepened. As a couple of examples, I was initially biased in favor of middle-aged men for the position of director of special gifts, given the seriousness with which such gifts should be taken and the fact that it would probably be a middle-aged to older man who would make the decision for the family. But in time, I came to believe that women of almost any age were better at that job. They had better success getting first appointments with their prospects because the prospects usually knew why they had been called and apparently felt less threatened discussing a gift with a woman than with a man. Further, I came to believe women were inherently insightful in regard to the nature of each of the persons they were cultivating and asking gifts of and were thus better able to discern the purpose and amount of the gifts each might be inclined to make. Further, they were by nature more likely to build and sustain over years the cordial relationships between themselves and their prospects and donors that was often required to complete large gifts. During a break in the program of a conference I was attending many years ago, I mentioned to the woman sitting next to me that I thought women possessed greater insight than men in regard to their prospects as fundraisers, but wasn't sure why. She said it ought to be obvious to me, that for tens of thousands of years, the very survival of women, always relatively much smaller and weaker than men, depended on their "reading" of the men they met and possibly became involved. Another woman on whom I tried my theory told me, "Men listen to what other men tell them and act accordingly; women listen to both *what* and *how* they are told and act accordingly."

As another example of how my opinion evolved regarding the skills and experience I thought important for each job, in my first several years as the manager of a development office I thought it important to find a person with legal training and experience to solicit planned or estate gifts (gifts through wills, trusts, and insurance policies), given that they were complex, often involved the participation of the prospect's spouse or other family members, almost always carried serious tax consequences, and usually involved the participation of the prospect's personal attorney. Accordingly, in my early years as a manager of William and Mary's fundraising program, I looked for persons who held a law degree, especially ones who specialized in estate planning and tax law, to fill the position. That is, I did so until I hired a guy with a law degree who, despite the good leads he was getting from our newsletters and other printed materials, was not closing any gifts. There always seemed to be some problem or another that scotched the deal. When I began to monitor his work more closely, I realized he was doing was just what his legal training and practice had taught him: he was ferreting out and explaining all the problems that could arise for his client, cum prospect, if they made such a gift. That is to say, rather than finding reasons and ways for his prospects to make gifts, he was finding reasons for them not to. Thereafter I concentrated my recruiting efforts for planned gift officers on bank trust officers and insurance agents, person who generally are hired to secure new business for their firm,.

Just as a person never forgets their first love, I never forgot those early hires, and it may be, all-in-all, that that particular team was the most enjoyable with which I've ever worked. Perhaps it was because we were all inexperienced and learning together. Perhaps we were too young to imagine failure. Perhaps it was because the College didn't have much of a track record in fundraising, and whatever we bought in each year pretty much set a new record. Perhaps. But I think those years were as pleasurable and rewarding as they were because there was respect and admiration among us all for each other. We shared in each other's success to a degree that I have not experienced since. A number of years ago, Ellen was with me at whatever out-of-town CASE conference I was attending, and while I was in a morning session she spotted Jeff Shy in the coffee shop of the hotel. He joined her for breakfast, and, as would be expected, they talked about families and friends and the time almost two decades earlier he and I worked together. Ellen congratulated him for the success he had made of his company, and, in response, he told her that whatever his success since, those years working in the William and Mary development office were the best of his career, that it has never been better for him. Ellen told me of Jeff's remarks, which were very, very nice to hear.

III

"Whose office did you say you were describing?"

Barbara Rose. A member of the staff of the Development Office which I headed at Georgia Tech, the organization and functioning of which I had just described as a presentation at a CASE conference.

No doubt due in large part to what was then the fascinating information provided me during my visits to Dartmouth and Harvard Business School and the advice given by the staff and various members of CASE, I chose to spend my first months as Vice President for Development reviewing the fundraising programs then in place and organizing new ones for sources of potential on which we had not yet capitalized. I believed then, as I do now, that a structure had to be put in place that would provide the College with streams of money each year that were both dependable and increasing. As an example, heretofore the rare gifts of parents and other persons who were not alumni (called *friends* in this context) were included in the yearly totals of *The William and Mary Fund*, but I believed that it would be more productive if we organized two additional and discrete annual funds for those particular contributors. We named them, imaginatively, *The Parents Fund* and *The Friends of the College Fund*. Each of the three, then, would have its own prospects, identity, marketing and messaging, volunteers, and goal. The upper limit or “market” of the William and Mary Fund would become known after we gave greater attention to the quality of our alumni records and would increase rather predictably as students graduated each year and a much smaller number of alumni died (given the much smaller graduating classes in earlier years). The number of prospects in the pool of The Parents Fund was even more predictable, increasing only by modest increases in the undergraduate enrollment and the very small number of parents who continued to support the College after their children graduated.⁵⁶ The number of prospects for The Friends of the College Fund, on the other hand was, theoretically, unlimited and constrained only by our ability to identify persons who might well be interested in becoming and remaining a contributor to the College. Our location in Williamsburg gave us some reason for being optimistic in that regard. And there was reason to seek them out: in the 1960s and 1970s, and possibly up to today, colleges and universities were reporting that more money was being contributed to them each year by persons who were not alumni than those who were. It’s counter-intuitive, and I never knew for certain why that was the case.⁵⁷

⁵⁶ *Though parents who continued to contribute to The Parents Fund after their children graduated were few, they tended to be wealthy and were good prospects for major gifts during, say, a capital campaign.*

⁵⁷ *It’s possible that in reporting to CFAE, some schools credited estate gifts arranged by alumni to their wives if they survived their husbands, and many of those wives may not have been alumnae. It’s also possible that a significant number of colleges and universities counted only degree holders as alumni. It’s really dumb to do so, but it was a source of some debate at a number of colleges and universities in the 1960s and 1970s, as more state-supported schools got into fundraising in a serious way. Once, I was told proudly by a college’s director of development how they got around the issue of whether or not a person who attended but did not receive a degree was really an *alumnus*: they renamed their Alumni Association the Association of Former Students. And it’s also possible, which reason I favor, that institutions were doing a good job identifying, cultivating, and obtaining large gifts from the wealthiest persons in the city or town in which they were located, persons who were not alumni but would be known for their wealth and generosity and enjoy the relationship.*

In addition to producing a steady stream of unrestricted income for the institution, annual funds also served as means of identifying prospects for major gifts. Persons who contributed faithfully over several years at what were the upper levels of annual giving, say, \$1000 a year, identified themselves as major gift prospects. But it was not the only way major prospects were, and, indeed, needed to be, identified. There were former students who we found to be quite wealthy who had no record of giving to the College, or at best one which was modest and sporadic. As an example, there was a man I worked with who had to drop out of William and Mary in his freshman year during the Great Depression, but he was retained on the list of our Society of Alumni for forty years without ever making a gift. He had probably been retained on the list because he had taken a number of the alumni tours the Society offered, and that number increased after he had married rather late in life and retired, but otherwise he was unknown to the College. One day, out of the blue, the President's secretary received a call from him requesting an appointment with the President, which fortunately she gave him. During their meeting he told Graves that he had to drop out of William and Mary during the '30s, in the midst of the Great Depression, and had moved to Florida, where he believed the prospects for getting a job were better. In due course, he explained, he began selling and buying real estate, and, possibly conditioned by his and his family's experience during the 1930s, he lived frugally. Now, he told Graves, he had decided to leave all his money to the College to create scholarships for needy students so that such students would not have to forego or drop out of school as he had. Needless to say, we clutched him to our collective bosom and found ways to involve him in College activities. Much to the delight of both, he and his wife rubbed shoulders from time to time with the President, other members of the central administration, and faculty. We also made a point of introducing him to some of the needy students who were on scholarships provided by others. Unquestionably, he and his wife enjoyed the activities and attention, and good to his word we received the generous bequest at his death. One bit of eccentricity of his I remember was that whenever we ate lunch or dinner together he always ordered, at the end of the meal, a cup of hot water and, separately, a tea bag. He then dipped the bag in the hot water for absolutely no more than two or three seconds, pulled it out, sat it aside, and drank the contents of the cup as it cooled. His wife saw me watching the ritual, laughed, and said, "That's how he likes his tea."

The hiring of McGoldrick and Parker were important additions to the staff because it was clear to me that the Development Office could not justify the investment made in it on annual fund income alone. We had to pump up our year-end totals by securing a decent number of major gifts, either outright or through bequests. On more than one occasion in the past thirty or so years, McGoldrick has thanked me publically for having patience with him; he would tell others that he realized after about four months on the job as our Director of Major Gifts that he had not brought in a single major gift, indeed, probably no gift of any size. But in truth, I was not indulging him. I believed then and continue to believe that major gift prospects merit a heavy investment of time by the institution's major gift officer but also others identified with the college or university. In the end, solicitations are made most successful by involving the President in the process, both to advance the process to a point where the asking for a six or seven figure gift would not scare the prospect away or to solicit the gift himself. And I felt strongly that before the Development Office requested Graves to solicit the gift (*make the*

ask) we had to be reasonably confident that he would come away from the encounter with some amount of money. That is to say, if the prospect did not give Graves the, say, \$500,000 he asked for, he would agree to make a gift of \$250,000, or \$100,000, or something. I didn't want the President to come away empty handed. Further, I did not want us to use the President to solicit anything less than \$100,000, which in the 1970s was a pretty handsome gift. I was well aware that McGoldrick was out of the office much of time in those four months making contact for the first time with those persons he believed were major prospects, and that is all I thought he should be doing.

Parker's area of *estate* or *planned* gifts, and neither name of the area is fully satisfactory, included gifts made through bequests, charitable remainder trusts, insurance policies that are no longer needed by the contributor, gifts of property, usually a house, either outright, in trust with continuing residential rights, or by the terms of one's will. Parker was also making his first contacts with those persons whom the thin records of the Development Office indicated had either (a) informed the College that they had made provision in their estate plans for such a gift; (b) made inquiries about the methods for making such a commitment; or (c) for some other reason seemed good prospects for an estate gift. In the case of the latter, there wasn't much to go on, and we, like other colleges and universities working to secure such gifts, had to mount something of an advertising campaign to turn up prospects. I imagine everyone reading these pages has seen evidence of such efforts. Alumni magazines and/or newsletters are the preferred vehicle, and they usually consist of display advertisements extolling the virtues of including William and Mary in one's estate plans. From time to time, the message is also conveyed through stories in one of the vehicles mentioned, about big bequests the institution has received from good and, preferably, well-known alumni or trusts that someone has set up with the institution's help which provides them with an immediate tax benefit and allows them to support an area or program that means something special to them. The tax benefits realized by the donor or the donor's heirs are important to the marketing of estate gifts, and charitable remainder trusts come as close as any type gift to helping a living person avoid paying some taxes, though in the end, no one living can make a gift to a charitable organization without, sooner or later, diminishing his assets. I always thought that complex gifts were the best kind of gift to suggest to certain types of people: physicians, as an example, seemed so attracted to the prospect of avoiding paying taxes to the federal government that they will bankrupt themselves through one scheme or another trying to do so.

As indicated in Section II above, we had need of a considerably more sophisticated record system than what had been used heretofore, but sophistication is relative. It was 1971 after all, and the use of punch cards,⁵⁸ if not index cards, and hand-written or typed reports for information storage was more common than not. The discipline of writing down the results of visits with major prospects by those who made such calls – whether the president, a member of the central administration, a dean, or

⁵⁸ According to Wikipedia: “During the 1960s, the punched card was gradually replaced as the primary means for data storage by magnetic tape, as better, more capable computers became available. Punched cards were still commonly used for data entry and programming until the mid-1970s when the combination of lower cost magnetic disk storage, and affordable interactive terminals on less expensive minicomputers made punched cards obsolete for this role as well.”

member of a development office – challenges the best university fundraising programs, and it seemed lacking from what we could find in the College’s files. Either there had not been many calls made on major gift prospects, or the results of the calls that had been made had not been documented. What was needed was a system that was flexible and capacious enough to store not only the giving records for all our contributors but also the evolved history of the relationships of our best prospects with the College. As a simple example, if the president had called on a major prospect, say Jay Johns, and been told that he had provided for William and Mary in his will, the results of that meeting, including the details of their conversation, needed to be recorded in the permanent records of the Development Office. Further, information needed to be kept that described the relationships of our alumni, parents, and other friends of the College with other individuals and organizations from which money might reasonably be sought. As another example, if John Doe, W&M ’22, knew a highly placed executive in Reynolds Tobacco or a member of the board of trustees of the Lettie Pate Evans Foundation, that information needed to be linked to Mr. Doe’s alumni file in the records maintained by the Development Office. That is to say, whether looking at Mr. Doe’s record or, independently, that of the Lettie Pate Evans Foundation, the reader would be aware of the relationship of the two.

In the next couple of years we added additional staff to cover the initiatives that were being taken. We hired someone to do prospect research for the office. Her duties were to identify and assemble information on the persons thought to be major prospects. Such information would help us to decide how large a gift to solicit, what interests they had at the College that might elicit a large gift, and which College-affiliated persons would be the best to cultivate their interest and solicit a major contribution. It may have sounded as though we were undertaking some nefarious intrusions into our prospects privacy, but that would be crediting the Development Office with a greater capability than we, and those at other such offices, possessed. Such information was almost always a part of the public record. Other data would probably be picked up from alumni screening and strategy sessions. The job was more a matter of assembling a file from disparate sources and locations and keeping it current by conscientiously adding new pieces of information to the file when they became available. We had a policy to add nothing to a prospect’s file that would embarrass that person or the College if he demanded to see the file.

Over time other persons were added to the staff, usually to the area of operations for which Shy was responsible. Building our files by adding more persons and organizations – such as the “lost” alumni we were able to find, parents and other individuals (friends), corporations, and foundations – and considerably more detail on all -- meant more work and additional persons to do the work. We were rolling.

0 0 0

I think I might provide a bit of antidote for the boredom you have been feeling while reading the previous stretch of description of the development program of William

and Mary in the 1970s, description that only an apprentice fundraiser might find interesting, by telling you my favorite personal fundraising story from that time.

While making the rounds of W&M alumni on the west coast we had identified as major prospects, I visited one we believed to be among the wealthiest of them all. After his graduation, he founded a high-tech company that had become very successful, and notwithstanding the location of his home and business on the other side of the country and his immersion in the corporate and charitable activities of that city, he maintained an interest in the College and was a regular and generous contributor to the William and Mary Fund. When I called to set up a meeting he urged me to stay at the company's guest house, which I did. During our delightful time together he told me of the College in the days when he attended and his experience there and, good-humoredly, of his courses in physics, his major, which he felt the department was poorly furnished in both professors and equipment to teach. He had excelled in four or five sports while at William and Mary, and as a smart, strapping, good-looking guy, he had been, I had no doubt, a big man – a very big man – on campus. He exuded confidence and bonhomie when I got to know him in his fifties, and if he possessed those characteristics when he went to William and Mary, they had to have over-the-top reinforcement while there for the next four years. I have no doubt that his self-assurance and robust good-nature was a key ingredient in his great success as a high-tech entrepreneur and businessman.

Before leaving for my trip back to the east coast, I had a chance to talk with him privately, and I used a line I had used with others when angling for a major gift, though I kicked it up a notch: “You know,” I said, “you are William and Mary's most successful alumnus.” He paused, reflecting on what I just said, and replied, “Well, there was Thomas Jefferson.” I was taken aback momentarily but pressed on, and after finishing my pitch he walked with me to my rental car. Just before reaching it he patted me on the behind, and wished me well, one jock to another, just as he had patted his teammates' butts as a sign of encouragement and camaraderie during his glory days at W&M. He has continued to take an interest in William and Mary and has contributed to it most generously. To this day and for many generations of students yet to matriculate, his name will continue to be part of the conversations among students and alumni, as indeed it should.

IV

A year or so in to my tenure as a vice president, I became involved in the College's effort to persuade an organization called the National Center for State Courts to establish its national headquarters in Williamsburg. The concept of such a center grew out of the First National Conference of the Judiciary, held in Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1971, at which Chief Justice Warren Burger, picking up on a suggestion made by Richard Nixon earlier in the conference, called for the creation of a central resource for the state courts—a "national center for state courts." He envisioned a clearinghouse for research information and comparative data to support improvement in their judicial administration. As might be expected of a suggestion made by the President and fleshed-out by the Chief Justice, funds were made available, persons appointed, and The National Center for State Courts (NCSC) began operations that same year at the headquarters of

the Federal Judicial Center in Washington, D.C. Perhaps because it was focused on the states' courts, proposals were sought for the location of its headquarters.

The administration of William and Mary knew well that having such an organization in Williamsburg would be advantageous to the College and, particularly, to its Marshall-Wythe School of Law. The School was desperately in need of new facilities, and discussions ensued about the possibility of using the leverage of the construction of the NCSC to obtain the funds needed from the General Assembly to construct them. There was a sizeable tract of land about four to six city blocks from the front of the campus to the southwest that was not just suitable but very attractive for the location of both facilities.⁵⁹ It was suggested internally that the College propose that off-campus site for both the School of Law's new facilities and those needed by the NCSC as part of a master plan for the site's development.⁶⁰

At that point in time, neither entity had developed even preliminary construction plans or obtained tentative commitments for the necessary funding. Indeed, there was no indication from the NCSC that it wanted to establish its headquarters in Williamsburg. But Williamsburg had some unique advantages when making its case. First, the "father" of the NCSC, Chief Justice Berger, loved the Colonial Williamsburg ambiance and was known to come often and stay long, not so much to soak in the history as to enjoy the beauty and placidity of the place. How much influence he had in the selection of Williamsburg as the site of First National Conference of the Judiciary, at which he proposed the creation of the NCSC, I do not know, but it's fair to assume that he would not have used his considerable influence to steer the decision away from Williamsburg and the College. His affection for them both continued after he stepped down from the Supreme Court, and they for him, and in 1986 William and Mary named Burger to the honorific post of Chancellor. Secondly, the Colonial Williamsburg conference and meeting facilities were superb, and the very nature of the NCSC required the means to accommodate in a felicitous manner its many conferences, workshops, and other programs. the First National Conference of the Judiciary referred to above, was attended by the President of the United States, the Chief Justice, the Attorney General of the U.S., and over four hundred other members of the legal community. It was said to have been the largest and most diverse group ever to have gathered to discuss judicial administration in the state courts, so it was not necessary to introduce them to the charm of Williamsburg and the high level of competence of the organization of Colonial Williamsburg. Thirdly, Governor Holton took a special interest in the effort to bring the NCSC to Virginia and was ready, willing, and able to press William and Mary's case at the highest levels of the nascent structure that had assumed the responsibility for making the decision. A fourth advantage we had in making the case for the location of the proposed NCSC grew out of the fact that the economic impact of such a steady stream of

⁵⁹ *I can not recall if the tract was owned at the time by the College (the State), Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., or the city of Williamsburg. I'm inclined to believe it was owned by the College because I can not recall any negotiations by the College with Colonial Williamsburg or the city for its transfer.*

⁶⁰ *The degree programs of the Law School and the School of Marine Science in Gloucester were the only two offering all their courses at the graduate level and therefore did not present the problem of moving students and faculty back and forth from the main campus to other locations.*

well-to-do and influential visitors was not lost on Carl Humelsine,⁶¹ the president of Colonial Williamsburg, and Vernon Geddy, mayor of the city of Williamsburg and himself an attorney. They threw their considerable influence and resources behind the effort; whereas the economic impact might appear inconsequential to a large city, it was seen as significant for a town the size of Williamsburg and its primary business of tourism and conferences.

I was asked by Graves to develop a proposal and meet with the committee charged with moving Burger's recommendation forward. I did so with the able assistance of others in the Development Office, most particularly Stella Neiman, our Director of Sponsored Programs who was responsible for proposal development for foundations, and Andy Parker, our Director of Estate Gifts. Both had previous experience that was helpful: Neiman, as mentioned earlier, had been a member of the Williamsburg City Council, and Parker had been an aide to a member of the US House of Representatives. I recall that we believed Denver, Colorado, and Washington, DC, were our principal competitors for the NCSC headquarters, though I faintly remember Reno, NV being in the mix. Therefore, much of the data we assembled in support of our proposal compared Williamsburg with those cities. We believed Washington was something of a default candidate: though we thought the NCSC preferred to be out from under the federal umbrella that DC represented, it was more than likely that the NCSC would stay in Washington, where it was assigned temporary space, if an attractive and viable alternative did not present itself. Given what we knew at the time, and as part of our proposal, we ranked the cities in several categories, including, as examples: proximity to the nation's major population centers, airline service, cost of living and housing for resident staff, quality of life, and the value of any financial incentives those cities and their states were offering.

Some notes on these evaluations: Washington was the clear winner in the category of proximity to major population centers; Denver was a distant third, its closest major city in the early 1970s being Dallas. We saw airline service, based on the number of arrivals and departures in a day, as a big problem. Both DC and Denver had major, international airports, and Williamsburg's Patrick Henry Airport, in Newport News, could not be considered *major* by any stretch of the imagination. But when we added to those of Patrick Henry the number of arrivals and departures to and from both the Richmond and Norfolk airports, each of which were within an hour's drive from Williamsburg, the amount of air traffic we could claim went up dramatically, rivaling DC's and exceeding Denver's by a healthy margin. Though Williamsburg's cost of living was considered high by those of us who lived there, it was lower than both Denver and Washington, with the latter, including its suburbs, very much higher. Measuring and

⁶¹ *Humelsine had served in the State Department under four Secretaries of State before joining the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation in 1952 and becoming in turn its Executive Vice President, President, and Chairman. He worked out an arrangement with State by which many heads of state visiting Washington would be flown, I assume, to Langley Air Force Base or Norfolk Air Force Base, driven to Williamsburg, spend the night to recover from the long flight, and transported to D.C. for their grand entrance at the White House.*

comparing the quality of life among the three cities was highly subjective, of course. If one were an enthusiastic hiker and camper, there were few states, if any, that were better to live in than Colorado, but Virginia was also a beautiful state, and with Atlantic Ocean beaches to the east and the Appalachian Mountains to the west, it too offered much for outdoor types. And I felt often while Ellen and I lived in Williamsburg and raised our young children, that there could be no better place in the States to do so. As I was fond of saying, as the number of tourists increased relentlessly every year, Williamsburg was a wonderful place to live, but I wouldn't want to visit it. In regard to the financial incentive category, we thought the offer the College was prepared to make to the NCSC was very strong: an ample and attractive piece of prime real estate abutting the restored area and all its facilities in proximity to the modern and capacious facilities that the College planned to build for its burgeoning Marshall-Wythe School of Law. We didn't see Denver, and certainly not DC, offering better real estate on better terms.

In due course, Graves asked me to meet with the limited group of state chief justices and others charged with deciding where to locate the headquarters of the NCSC. The idea was, as I recall, that I would elaborate on William and Mary's proposal, as deemed necessary, and answer any questions about it that were asked. I had grave doubts that I was up to the task. It's one thing to prepare a written proposal, address a group of faculty, or publically defend one's professional opinions before colleagues, but presenting and defending a proposal before a group of judges, indeed chief justices, was a different matter altogether. How rigorous would their cross-examination be? Would they be peering down at me from an elevated dais? Would they be dressed in black robes and powdered wigs? When I learned the meeting would be on Nantucket, I felt a little better. I might bomb, but at least I would have had a couple days on Nantucket Island. I urged Ellen to come along, and she did.

It rained continually on Nantucket, and a strong wind blew off the ocean the entire off-season time we were there, but contrary to what one would expect, the weather enhanced Ellen's and my visit. The whitecaps, the gray skies, and the rattle of the rigging on the sailboats along the pier had a beauty all their own. The night before I was scheduled to speak, Ellen and I found our way to a local tavern on the waterfront after our dinner. We spent a couple of hours there, talking and drinking beer with some of the men and women who lived on the island year round and made their living on the water or off the tourists. Other patrons in their foul weather outfits came hurriedly in and went reluctantly out the tavern's heavy wood door. What peculiar accents they had, we thought, and what peculiar accents we had, they said. After awhile, too long a while, we returned through the rain and wind to our hotel, where we and the group to which I was to speak were staying. I had planned to rework once again my remarks that evening, but it was too late and I had had too much beer, so I asked for a wake-up call for early the next morning, probably about 6:00. I thought that would give me ample time to polish up what I wanted to say. But after rolling out of bed with an awful headache, taking a shower, dressing appropriately for the occasion, and having a queasy breakfast (I thought it best to have a little breakfast), I realized I wasn't going to have as much time to prepare my presentation as I thought. I found a corner in the vicinity of the room in which we were to meet to do as much editing as time allowed. Unfortunately, the corner was near

the path of many of those attending the meeting, obliging some of them and me to introduce ourselves and chat briefly. So when I was called into the room in which all were meeting to do my bit, I was feeling something best described as a washed-out panic. My anxiety was made worse by the knowledge that what I had left unprepared was the part of my presentation that I thought might be the most important -- and most difficult to get right. I had decided before arriving on Nantucket that my remarks should not be a summary of what we had included in the proposal. Presumably they had read the proposal, and it would be a waste of the little time I was given, if not an insult to those assembled, to go over it all again. What I thought -- actually only a wisp of a thought -- was that I should use the occasion to describe the intangible, evocative atmosphere of Williamsburg. It was that atmosphere that urged many of us, subtly but persistently, to think more often than those who lived elsewhere about what had happened two hundred years earlier: how very well a group of men of the time had done their work, of all the good that issued from that work, and of all that might still be done. I believe it was that atmosphere that brought Chief Justice Burger back time and time again to Williamsburg, and I was persuaded that it would have the same effect on many of the worthy staff of the NCSC if they would come and live in Williamsburg.

But it was too late now. I was not a good public speaker, as my wife was wont to point out after attending some of my CASE presentations. I was called into the room and found a small group of causally dressed men with smiling faces and congenial manners welcoming me. With their heartening encouragement I began. I touched lightly on the criteria I felt recommended Williamsburg over other places we thought they might have under consideration. I then talked about the intangibles of living and working in and near historic Williamsburg: of the cultural richness to which the College and the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation contributed; of the good fortune my wife and I enjoyed in being able to raise our children in such an environment; of the pervasive eighteenth-century sense of order of the restored area; of the beauty of its nooks and crannies; of the serenity one felt when walking alone in the restored area late in the evening; of the apparitions of great men with which our town was endowed.

Sounds more than a little over the top as I reconstruct my remarks today in Atlanta, but it worked. About halfway through my rather brief and mostly extemporaneous remarks I felt it was going very well. I felt I was on a bit of a roll. Those present appeared particularly attentive. I had described Williamsburg and the sources of my wife's and my love of it for family and friends many times since moving there in 1962, so I had an idea of what I wanted to say, but it all came together that morning better than I could have hoped. In looking back, it was a blessing that I had not prepared more. I had put myself in a position of having to speak from the heart, and from the heart I did.

There were some additional meetings of the NCSC board and committees and there were many other persons who were involved in the effort. There was a second meeting of the judges involved with the NCSC in Williamsburg at which I spoke, feebly, in a plenary session. And I remember a committee meeting, after which our Governor at the time, Linwood Holton, who attended the meeting and took a special interest in

bringing the NCSC to Virginia, asked me to find out how he could ship a barrel of Virginia oysters to Paul Reardon, Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Reardon was either the head of the NCSC board or the chair of the committee making the decision on where its headquarters would be located. I mentioned Vernon Geddy, Jr., and Carl Humelsine above. I remember that Howell Heflin, then a member of the supreme court of Alabama and later the U. S. Senator of that state, sat next to my wife at one of the NCSC dinners during the process and gave her kindly advice about the future with the son we had just adopted.

The NCSC began operations at the headquarters of the Federal Judicial Center in Washington, D.C., and moved to its permanent headquarters in Williamsburg upon its completion in 1978. Former U. S. Senator William B. Spong, Jr., who practiced law and lectured at the Marshall-Wythe School of Law from time to time, was appointed Dean of the School in 1977 and served in that capacity until his resignation in 1985.⁶² Which is to say, the NCSC building was nearing completion, and our new dean had hardly gotten his feet wet. I remember feeling more than a little anxious that the NCSC building was being built and nothing had been done on the proposed Law School building: after all we promised the representatives of the NCSC that all sorts of mutual benefits would flow from our having the two adjacent to each other in Williamsburg. However, like Paschall before him, Spong used his knowledge of the appropriation process and his friendship with the members of the Virginia General Assembly to win approval for site preparation and utilities for the School's new building, and in the next biannual session, for the construction of the building itself. It opened for business in 1980. I witnessed some of Spong's steering of the appropriation of the money for the building through the General Assembly, and it was impressive. I assumed those seeking appropriations prowled the halls of the Capital to try to assure that the appropriation bills they were most interested in became law, but Spong appeared to have enlisted a few members of the Assembly as his influential and dependable lieutenants, remaining in continuing contact with them by phone and orchestrating the whole process from Williamsburg. I remember thinking, *Man, you ought to be up there twisting arms like Lyndon Johnson or rubbing elbows through a threadbare suit and shoveling the crap like Pat Paschall*, but Spong wasn't either and didn't. He knew well what he was doing, and as a result netted not only a very large state appropriation but also a future for the Marshall-Wythe School of Law. Whereas Jefferson was the founder of the Law School, and President Paschall its savior, Spong assured its continuation and bright future.

⁶² *Spong, a member of the Virginia State Senate, ran in 1966 for the U. S. Senate against the twenty-year incumbent democrat A. Willis Robertson. He did so with the active support of President Lyndon B. Johnson, who was upset with Robertson for voting against his Civil Rights and Voting Rights bills. His victory over Robertson was an astonishing upset and "marked the beginning of the end of the Byrd Organization's long dominance of Virginia politics." Spong was an unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1972. See the entry "William B. Spong, Jr." in Wikipedia.*

V

“Can you come up and stay a day or two with us.”

James Monroe to James Madison

July 13, 1790

In late 1974, the College received word that Jay Winston Johns, Jr., of Charlottesville, VA, had died and bequeathed to William and Mary, along with other valuable assets, Ash Lawn-Highland, the home of President James Monroe. As described on its website,

Ash Lawn-Highland is an historic house museum, 535-acre working farm, and performing arts site in Albemarle County, Virginia. President James Monroe and his wife, Elizabeth Kortright Monroe of New York, owned Ash Lawn-Highland from 1793 to 1826 and made it their official residence from 1799 to 1823. After the Monroes' death, the name of their farm was changed from "Highland" to "Ash Lawn"; today both names are used.

Ash Lawn-Highland was opened for public visitation in 1931 by philanthropist Jay Winston and Helen Lambert Johns. Upon his death in late 1974, Johns bequeathed Ash Lawn-Highland to the College of William and Mary, alma mater of James Monroe. Accepting the Johns bequest "to operate this property as a historic shrine for the education of the general public," the College initiated new programs in restoration and interpretation at Ash Lawn-Highland.⁶³

Johns had made his fortune as a coal industrialist in Pittsburgh, moved to Virginia, became interested in the preservation of the homes of famous Virginians, and was a founder of the Virginia Trust for Historic Preservation. He also was active in the pre-Lyndon Johnson Democratic Party of Virginia. For all of the above reasons – his wealth, his interest in Virginia historic preservation, his political connections, his ownership of the former home of William and Mary alumnus James Monroe and of many of Monroe's papers – Johns came to the attention of Davis Y. Paschall and was courted by him.

No doubt Paschall had competition for Johns' affections. Johns played a leading role in many organizations during his life in Virginia, and each had reason to expect that it might be the recipient of much, if not all, of his estate. They included the Lee-Jackson Memorial, Inc., which he founded; the Virginia Trust for Historic Preservation, of which he was a founder; the Virginia Military Institute, of which he served as a member of its Board of Visitors and whose Alumni Association made him an honorary member; and the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, of which he served as a Trustee. He became blind in the late 1950s, and his wife, no doubt a great help and comfort to him in his blindness, died in 1964. Thereafter, and until his death in 1974, he came to be viewed by some as an increasingly cantankerous old man who had become unnecessarily parsimonious, bizarre in some of his behavior, and suspicious of many of those on whom he was dependent. It is very much to the credit of Paschall that Johns was persuaded to leave virtually all his considerable wealth to William and Mary, including certain assets that could never be

⁶³ www.ashlawnhighland.org/aboutus.htm

duplicated, like certain of his papers and the Monroes' principal residence during twenty of the President's most significant years.

I recall visiting Highland⁶⁴ several years before William and Mary inherited it and remember it as a puzzling disappointment. I suppose I thought of presidents' homes as either Monticellos or log cabins, log cabins in which it was astute for a politician to be born but not end up after serving as president of the United States. Highland was quite different than either, but from my perspective, much closer to the log cabin end of the curve. It was for good reason, I thought, that Monroe called it his "cabin castle." It just seemed hard to believe that such a structure had served for twenty-four years as the home of a distinguished president and his family. Most first time visitors to Charlottesville, as were Ellen and I back then, went for the purpose of seeing Monticello and took in Highland with whatever time was left in the day. And Highland suffered egregiously by comparison. When I asked a staff member at Monticello about it and how to get there, he did not advise us to avoid visiting it, but he said nothing that could be construed as encouragement to do so. It appeared that Highland was something of an embarrassment for the residents of Charlottesville. He told me there was serious doubt among many in the area that Highland had been Monroe's home.

What we and other visitors saw as they approached the structure up the long tree-lined drive – that is, one's first impression – was a two-storied, white clapboard structure surrounded by huge boxwood shrubs. It was nice enough, with sufficient presence to qualify as the home of an American president of modest means. It was through a door in this façade, with an American flag hanging above it, that visitors entered the house. But once inside, in the entrance hall, expecting to be shown around and learn something about our fifth president, our "guide" told us that what we first saw as we approached the building and the entrance hall in which we were then standing was a Victorian-style addition built in the 1880s to replace the original one-story wing that burned down. That meant, I figured, by the time the two-story addition was constructed, the Monroes had not owned the property for half a century. Perhaps because a first impression is often the strongest, I felt a little unsettled by that information, a little disappointed: I was not standing, exactly, in the home of James Monroe. Perhaps it was because by living in Williamsburg I was more attuned to, indeed, could not escape, issues of architectural authenticity. As we moved through the portion of the house built by Monroe, my feeling of disappointment grew stronger. The walls needed painting badly, the windows washing. What rugs there were needed cleaning or, better, replacing. The furnishings of the rooms were sparse and tattered, and even I could see that they were of different styles and periods. To me the only aspect they had in common was their threadbare appearance. The grounds were overgrown and poorly maintained. And as disappointing and puzzling as the poor condition of the house and its furnishings were, the indifferent manner in which the house was presented to the public was more so; it was, after all, the home over two decades of one of the great presidents of our country. Our "tour" of the house by a disheveled member of the family that lived on the second floor of the addition lasted at best five minutes, after which we were encouraged to look around. No questions

⁶⁴ Hereafter, for the sake of simplicity, I'll use the name "Highland" when referring to the property, which is what James Monroe called it from the time he bought it in 1793 until he sold it in 1837 to Alexander Garrett. Garrett changed its name to Ash Lawn.

were invited and none was offered. Leaving, I understood why the staff member I spoke to at Monticello was reluctant, indeed unable, to encourage us to visit Highland. Poor James Monroe, I thought, then and now.

The terms of Johns' will would require William and Mary "to operate this property as a historic shrine for the education of the general public," which meant in perpetuity. Several of us in the central administration had reservations about the bequest. To just what was the College agreeing if it accepted the property with such an ongoing legal obligation? How much of a burden, fiscally and administratively, would it become? What was the risk to the College's reputation if it became associated with this controversial and much ridiculed piece of property? What if what was being called Ash Lawn was not Highland, the site of the Monroe family's home in Albemarle County, as some argued. The College could hardly represent the structure as Monroe's home to attract fee-paying visitors if we came to find out it was not; and if it were not, it appeared doubtful that anyone would pay to see the place. Whichever, the College had no experience running a museum of any kind, much less one over 120 miles away. So Graves asked me, the College's vice president for development to sort through it all and prepare a written recommendation to the Board of Visitors and him to accept or turn down the bequest and to include in the presentation, in detail, my reasoning behind the recommendation.

We had not yet received a reckoning of the full value of the several pieces of the bequest, but knowing the Board was intensely interested in learning what the administration thought should be done with this high profile and problematic gift in waiting, I began to agonize over how to deal with Graves' charge. Though I came to change my mind as I got more deeply into the reckoning of the value of the assets being conveyed, it appeared to me, at that early point, the decision turned on the authenticity of the site and structure: if it were not the principal residence of James Monroe between 1799 and 1826 everything would change. How then to find out, one way or another?

One approach was suggested by Dr. Norman Barka, a professor of Archeology at the College. He was interested in having his students undertake excavations near the site of the house, particularly toward the rear where, if Highland were a working farm when the Monroes lived there, as we understood it to be, the foundations of a number of ancillary structure would be discovered. There was only one or two such building standing at the time, as I remembered, and their purposes during the Monroes' time at Highland, if indeed they existed back then, were unclear.⁶⁵ In some manner or another we came up with enough money for Barka and his students to begin digging.

⁶⁵ *The assumption that the property to the rear of the house was once the site of a number of ancillary structure proved to be correct, though the confirmation was obtained years later through a search of the surviving legal documents of the day. Christopher Fennell, in a report which was commissioned in part by the Ash Lawn-Highland Museum and for which a copyright was obtained in 1998, quotes a document which describes the property at the time of its sale by Monroe to Edward O. Goodwin as "a commodious dwelling house, buildings for servants and other domestic purposes, good stables, two barns with threshing machine, a grist and sawmill with houses for managers and laborers . . . all in good repair."*
www.histarch.uiuc.edu/highland/ashlawn1.html.

It also occurred to me that we might commission an architectural firm that specialized in the restoration of distinguished old buildings to study Highland's type of construction and the materials used in the hope that it could determine if the structure had been built in the late eighteenth century. I believe such a firm was recommended to us by someone on the staff of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation. My recollection is that the firm was located in Charlottesville or Richmond, and it knew something of the claims and counterclaims associated with Highland. When I asked its senior associate if what I wanted could be done, he indicated that he and his colleagues would be interested in studying the building, but except for a miracle – like, say, finding copies of house-related documents from 1794 signed by Monroe, perhaps tucked up, like John Shakespeare's "Spiritual Testament," in the roofing of the house – his firm would not be able to prove that Monroe lived there. They would be able to tell us only that there was nothing their inspection and analysis uncovered that indicated that the building was constructed at a time other than the late eighteenth century. But that was something, and so we commissioned the study.

Finally, I had learned that the historian Harry Ammon, who in 1971 had published what historians agreed was the definitive biography of Monroe, had spent what I assume was a sabbatical year in Charlottesville while working on the project. Of Ammon's *James Monroe: The Quest for National Identity*, Dumas Malone, then a professor of history at the University of Virginia and the author of the monumental biography of Jefferson, of which the fifth of six volumes was being readied for publication in 1974, praised Ammon's biography highly, writing, "At last we have a biography that does full justice to James Monroe, who has often been undervalued by historians." And Ralph Ketcham, who later published what many consider the best one volume biography of James Madison, writing in the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, stated, "One feels sure that we now have, for a long time to come, *the* book on Monroe to which all will turn." Certainly, I thought, Ammon had visited Highland while living in Charlottesville and working on his biography of Monroe. And if Dumas Malone, an eminent scholar himself and also a resident of Charlottesville, praises Ammon for his scholarship, then Ammon's opinion regarding the authenticity of Highland as the residence of the Monroes in Charlottesville, would almost certainly end the debate. So I wrote Ammon and described how William and Mary had come into the property and the controversy associated with it and asked his opinion on the matter.

While Graves, the Board of Visitors, and I were waiting for the results of these three lines of inquiry, the College received additional information on the Johns' bequest from the executor of the will, an accountant/attorney in Charlottesville, whose name I can not recall. Though we were still months – actually, years -- away from a final valuation of the assets bequeathed to the College, we had enough information to know it would be very large. In addition to the house and out-buildings, Highland encompassed 535.5 acres, part of which was a beautiful rolling valley across which the Monroe house had an unobstructed view of Monticello. (Apparently, Jefferson sited the Monroe house with that in mind while Monroe was living in Paris and serving as minister to France.) There were also various papers of Monroe that Johns had collected over time, some of which were stored in Swem Library on indefinite loan to the College. Further, there were within the Charlottesville city limits the large furnished house in which Johns had lived

and the land on which it was built, plus an unimproved parcel near that house, all of which were included in the bequest,. Finally, there was John's portfolio of stocks and bonds which had a roughly estimated value of \$1 million. The estimated \$1.6 million plus for the combined value of all the assets bequeathed to William and Mary constituted the largest gift the College had yet received in modern times.⁶⁶

Those numbers came to mean the question before us was no longer whether or not to accept the bequest: we were not about to reject a gift of such size. The question had become how we could honor the conditions attendant to the bequest -- "to operate this property as a historic shrine for the education of the general public" -- in a way that would avoid its becoming a perpetual embarrassment and onerous burden to the College. The first step, it seemed to me, might be to meet with the executor of the Johns estate in Charlottesville, both to establish a cordial working relationship with him and to feel him out on his interpretation of Johns' conditions. I also planned to drop in unannounced on the family we learned was living on the second floor of the 1880 addition. As we understood it, Johns, or perhaps his accountant/lawyer/executor, had a deal with the family for nominal or free accommodations there for its agreement to maintain the house and grounds and show visitors around. I also thought it would be nice if I made a courtesy call on the head of operations at Monticello and perhaps the chairman and/or some other members of the entity through which Monticello was operated. I was aware, as I mentioned earlier, that those who saw themselves as the presenters and protectors of the Jefferson shrine had a low, to disdainful, to hostile opinion of Highland. All three of those meetings were highly revealing: of those with whom I met and of our benefactor, Jay Johns.

I went first to Highland. The front door was unlocked, and I let myself in. The entrance hallway was empty, as was the rest of the first floor, but clearly there were persons on the second floor. They could be heard talking loudly among themselves. After calling up the steps several times, a woman came down into the hallway, acknowledged my presence in a way that could hardly be construed as welcoming, told me to look around, and returned to the second floor. I did as I was told. If anything, the place looked more run-down than I remembered from my visit a couple of years before. I looked around the inside of the house, took a little more time walking around the grounds adjacent to the structure, including what was once a formal garden at the rear, went back

⁶⁶*Last year, in August or September, 2011, Ellen and I visited Charlottesville for a couple of days and renewed acquaintances with Carolyn and David Holmes. It had been thirty-some years since I left William and Mary to accept a position as a vice president at the Georgia Institute of Technology. I do not believe we saw each other more than a time or two during all those years. Carolyn and I have corresponded by email since then, mainly to conform our recollections of the monetary value of the Johns bequest for my contribution to the "oral history" of William and Mary during the 1960s and 70s. On September 24, 2011, she wrote about the matter at hand: ". . . the more I think about it, the more I'm thinking the \$1.6M is correct. Given the condition of the buildings and land values in [19]74-75, I can imagine that ALH [Ash Lawn-Highland] might have been valued at \$500K. With the addition of the other two parcels, you quickly arrive at \$600K, plus or minus. That leaves \$1M for the S&B [stocks and bonds] value." I've already written about the immeasurable contribution David Holmes has made over his career to William and Mary. I'll write more about Carolyn's at the end of this section.*

inside the house, the first floor of which was still deserted, and left. I could have made off with a sofa and couple of chairs, and no one would have been the wiser. I had to believe that Johns, who went blind in the late 1950, and whose wife died in 1964, had no idea how run-down Highland had become and how poorly he was being served by the family who lived there. It was no wonder the persons at Monticello wanted nothing to do with the site and that many living in the Charlottesville community or visiting from other parts of the country had trouble accepting that it was once the home of President James Monroe.

From there I drove to meet Johns' accountant, cum lawyer, cum executor. When I arrived at the modest building in which his office was located, a thin, gray complexioned, tweeds clad, softly speaking man answered my knock and urged me to take a seat in the chair across from him at his desk. A man straight out of a Charles Dickens novel, he seemed. There was no secretary present, and indeed there seemed to be no second room or other area in which one might work. I remembered that he had picked up the phone when I called, so it seemed possible he had decided to spare himself the expense of hiring anyone. As he settled into his chair and I into mine, I saw that his desk was covered from side to side and front to back with loosely formed stacks of papers inches thick. That in itself was hardly shocking to me, given I had met in the offices of many faculty members at William and Mary with desks similarly enriched. I had a desk that looked much the same, Ellen would often point out, though she exaggerated. Even the approximately twelve by twelve space directly in front of his chair, which most faculty kept relatively clear as a work area, was also pretty much covered by stacks of pink three by four inch slips of the kind on which telephone calls are noted – apparently telephone messages for him, taken by him. As he dug through the piles of paper to find the documents related to the Johns bequest, I looked around the room. Stacked against the baseboard around all four walls of the room were more papers. Oh boy, I thought; his settling of the Johns estate is going to take quite a while. *Jarndyce v Jarndyce* came to mind.

We chatted amiably. I remember only one bit of it. With the burdensome provision that William and Mary operate the “property as a historic shrine for the education of the general public” very much in mind, and knowing how poorly Highland was then being operated, I asked him if he didn't agree that it would be consistent with the terms of the will if the College, after fixing the place up, would open it to public visitation and interpretation for, say, full eight hour days on the weekends but by appointment only on the other five days. He responded immediately. He said that he would consider such an arrangement contrary to the expectation of Mr. Johns and the terms of the will, and he would consider the entire bequest invalidated. So much for that idea. His quick response suggested to me that he had anticipated that William and Mary would try some way or another to get around the provision that we operate Highland as a shrine for the education of the public, and he would use his authority as executor of the will to prevent our doing so. Today, having been involved in the drafting of the terms of estate provisions and the settling of others, I think I would have wanted to look again at the will and determine for myself if (a) he wrote it for Johns or could in some other way persuasively claim to be privy to his thinking, and (b) if a case could be made to sever the Monroe house from the other assets bequeathed to the College. But it is also my

experience that any college, or any other 501(c)3 organization, loses in the court of public opinion if it challenges the terms of a properly executed will. And in this case, he, the accountant/lawyer/executor of the estate had much to gain financially by a protracted fight in the courts. It appeared to me, we had very little wiggle room in the matter.

My third meeting of the day was at Monticello. There were only a handful of persons present: two or three Foundation members, two or three staff, and me. But before describing more of the meeting, let me pause to observe that for most of us there are episodes during one's working years, perhaps two or three if we are fortunate, when events conspire to make up for all the petty forms of abuse we have suffered. Those few life-enhancing episodes are, well, *luscious*. Though possibly as brief as an offhanded remark, they are often cherished for life. My meeting with representatives of Monticello and the Thomas Jefferson Foundation on that day provided one such moment.

I thought there might be more persons affiliated with Monticello interested in hearing what I had to say about the house of one of Jefferson's best friends. There were but three or four who were gathered, but so be it. I thanked them for meeting with me. I confirmed that Jay Johns had bequeathed what was known locally as Ash Lawn to William and Mary. I intended to add that those of us in the administration at William and Mary were aware that there were persons living in Charlottesville who had doubts that the place had been the home of Monroe when he lived with his family in the area. I also intended to say that we knew that there were many more who were concerned about its declining condition and the unfortunate manner in which it was being presented to visitors. But before I got much of that out of my mouth I was interrupted in mid sentence by a member of the Jefferson Foundation board. He leaned forward in his chair and told me, pointedly and rather dramatically, speaking presumably for the staff and the other board members, that if the property had been bequeathed to the Thomas Jefferson Foundation, "We would not have accepted it." He leaned back in his chair, visibly pleased that he had told the representative of William and Mary where matters stood in Charlottesville. I had stopped talking, of course, and I had the feeling that he felt his comment would pretty much put an end to the meeting. Well, I said, be that as it may, in addition to what many others believe to be the Monroe house, you should know that Mr. Johns bequest to the College includes the 535 acres on which the house is situated, a reasonably large house in Charlottesville in which Mr. Johns had lived, a second parcel in Charlottesville on which a house has yet to be built, a number of the papers of Monroe that Mr. Johns had collected over the years, and approximately \$1 million in stocks and bonds. With a combined value of approximately \$1.6 million,⁶⁷ I added, you can understand why William and Mary would not be as quick to turn the gift down. My remarks were directed at the guy who said the Thomas Jefferson Foundation would have turned the bequest down, and for the first time ever I actually saw someone's jaw drop. He shrank deep into his chair and remained silent the balance of our discussion. It was lovely to see. It was a luscious moment.

The results of the three lines of inquiry we initiated to determine the authenticity of the house provided answers over time. Archeological digs are excruciatingly painstaking and slow, so there was not much I could point to as definitive in my

⁶⁷ "Measuring Worth," at www.measuringworth.com, using the CPI

presentation to the Board, but Barka and the students' careful and shallow trenching both east to west and north to south on the land just behind the house did provide evidence that a number of small buildings of the type that would be found on a working farm had been erected there over time. They had the sort of insubstantial foundations one would expect beneath such structures, but they provided useful information on their outlines, size, and positioning on the Monroe farm. We could not wait for more evidence to be unearthed before reporting to the Board, but what was found had value.

The report of the architectural firm that specialized in the restoration of historic buildings was also helpful, positive in its negative findings, concluding that after boring holes in the walls, taking core samples of some of the larger wooden beams, scraping paint, and removing bits of wallpaper, its experienced specialists could find nothing that contradicted the presumption of residents of Albemarle County whose families had lived there for generations that it was the home of the Monroe family in the early 1800s.

The most compelling argument, however, came from Monroe's biographer, Harry Ammon. In a two page response to my inquiry, he stated, unequivocally, that the house and grounds known at this time as Ash Lawn, minus its two-story Victorian addition, is the same house in which the Monroes lived from 1799 to 1826 and called Highland. There were none of the hedging words used by many historians. No "appears to be"; no "one can reasonably assume"; no "the weight of the evidence supports the argument." Rather, Ammon wrote, *that is it*.

It followed that the recommendation in my report to the Board of Visitors was that we accept Mr. Johns' unusual and generous bequest. I assume that Bill Carter, the College's Vice President for Business, provided the Board with a closer estimate of the value of the estate and William and Mary's financial exposure in accepting it. There would be the ongoing costs of the maintenance of the house and grounds and the salaries and wages of custodial staff and guides. There were no impediments written into the will that kept us from selling Johns' house and property within the city of Charlottesville, and the proceeds of the sale of those properties could be invested to provide offsetting income for some of those costs. There was the big question as to how much income could be produced by paid admissions to the property, but we had information on the number of tourists that visited Monticello in the course of a year, and it seemed we would not have to capture a large fraction of that business to make Highland self-sufficient. Capital improvements in the property were badly needed, but Carter and I shared the belief that there should be state, federal, and, possibly, private foundation money available for improvements to a site of such historical importance. I also mentioned that I thought that the larger businesses that profited from tourism in the area might be persuaded to contribute to the development of another attraction in Charlottesville, though it would take time to win them over.

As I had feared, it took an unconscionably long time for Johns' accountant/lawyer/executor to settle the estate and make its assets legally the property of the College. We told him of our intention to terminate the arrangement with the dysfunctional family occupying the house at Highland and make secure the house in Charlottesville. Carter had the College's chief-of-police assign one of his officers the full-time responsibility of policing Highland and the house and properties in Charlottesville. The man chosen was single, moved to Charlottesville for what he

understood would be an undetermined but finite time, and lived in Johns' old, dusty, and creepy house in the city. After pressing John's representative for months running into years, Carter ultimately had to threaten him with legal action to get him to do what he was bound by law to do. Though it was a large and somewhat unusual bequest, it was not a particularly complex one. There was only one other beneficiary: Johns' housekeeper, who received \$10,000 in cash and forgiveness of the mortgage loan Johns held on her house.⁶⁸

The College then had a stroke of good fortune that rivaled the Johns' bequest. It was the type of good fortune that has kept on giving, now almost forty years later. David Holmes, whom I talked about earlier, made it known that his wife, Carolyn, had an interest in managing the restoration of Highland. As I saw it, such restoration would eventually include refurbishing the interior, assessing the furniture and doing with it what should and could be done, preparing a proper program of presentation for visitors, winning over the moral support of the history-minded citizens of Charlottesville, and attempting to make Highland self-supporting. I had no doubt that Carolyn had a passion for the restoration of grand houses that were well beyond their best days. Ellen and I had been invited by the Holmes to a cocktail party in their large, old house in, I believe, Surry, Virginia, that she and David had purchased and planned to renovate. Carolyn showed us around during the party. They planned to live in the house as they renovated it. As I recall, they had no heat on the second floor, and I could see the stars in the sky through a rather large hole in the ceiling of their bedroom. *Oh my God*, I thought. *Do they have any idea what they have undertaken?* Building a *new* house, as Ellen and I had in Queens Lake, with, admittedly, a particularly taciturn builder, was stressful enough. But if that is what she enjoys doing, I suggested to Carter, we should hire her before she changes her mind. Carolyn is beautiful, highly intelligent, creative, and well versed in Virginia history. She has such a winning personality that within the first year of her employment she had won over much of the Charlottesville community. She was the perfect first-hire by William and Mary for Highland. The great credit to the College it has become is due to Carolyn Holmes.⁶⁹

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It is fitting that his alma mater has helped maintain interest in the historic contributions of James Monroe to the United States. As Dumas Malone, observed in 1971, Monroe "has often been undervalued by historians." I'd like to think that William and Mary is helping rectify that neglect. He is a man who lived his pledge to his

⁶⁸ *As noted in a September 27, 2011 email from Carolyn Holmes.*

⁶⁹ *Any questions about Highland being owned and occupied by James Monroe and his family between 1799 and 1826 have now been laid forever to rest. I made note of the publication of James Fennell in a footnote above. Additionally, Carolyn Holmes wrote in her email to me of September 22, 2011 the following: "You might also be interested to know we have mapped the metes and bounds of the entire estate, including the original purchase of 1,500 acres (not 1,000 as we were told) and each of the additional contiguous parcels (seller name and date of purchase) for a total of 3,500 acres. Lots of documents which further attest to Monroe's ownership."*

countrymen of “his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor.” When he was able to give his farms his personal attention he built them up to an admirable level of productivity. But when he was called to serve his state or country, as he was time and time again, in increasingly important posts both in Washington and abroad, the assignments took him away from his property for extended periods of time. When he returned, he found, more often than not, his property in disarray and decline. He would build it up once again to produce financial support for his family, only to be called away again, turning it over, by necessity, to hands less competent than his own.⁷⁰ As a result, Ammon writes, at the end of his second term as President, “. . . all Washington knew, [Monroe] was on the brink of financial disaster. If he were to salvage anything from his estate, it was essential that he pay off the heavy debt accumulated in the two decades since his second mission to France.”⁷¹ When he should have been able to enjoy the leisurely life of a gentleman farmer and the affectionate attention of family and friends, Ammon continues, “. . . most [of his] intensive energies were directed toward lifting the debt of \$75,000 which burdened his estate. . . .”⁷²

Providing a detailed accounting, Monroe petitioned Congress for reimbursement of the expenses incurred during the two decades of his service to the federal government, starting with his first mission to France.⁷³ The total of \$53,000 he was owed would have gone far to reduce his indebtedness. But notwithstanding his lifetime of service to his country, his appeals were ignored or put off from one session of Congress to the next, mostly because of the political infighting of Adams and Jackson and others of those in power in Washington. Eventually he swallowed his pride and began requesting the support of friends of influence in Washington and elsewhere to advance his just cause.

It appears that in building a house at Oak Hill, Virginia, near Leesburg, given his heavy indebtedness, he had made a decision to sell Highland, the larger and more valuable property, as early as 1819. It was a time when the country began to suffer a major nationwide economic depression. When in 1825 he put Highland for sale the offers he received were so far below the appraised value of \$167,000 that he withdrew it from the market. Ammon notes, “His need for money was so great, however, that he parted with 900 acres of the best land for twenty dollars an acre, even though it diminished the value of the residue.” The proceeds of that sale reduced the amount owed to the Bank of the United States to \$25,000. He had no choice other than to begin again his demeaning pleas to Congress to pay the money owed him, which he calculated to be \$53,000. Eventually Congress relented, grudgingly, and on the last day of its spring 1826 session it authorized a payment to him of a niggardly \$29,513. Monroe did not accept the amount as payment in full for all that he was owed, and he continued his petitioning of Congress. Still anxious over his indebtedness, he put Highland on the market again,

⁷⁰ *A idea of the quality of Monroe's farm management can be found in Ammon, Harry. James Monroe: The Quest for National Identity. University of Virginia Press, paperback edition, 1990, pp. 547-548.*

⁷¹ *Ammon, p. 546.*

⁷² *Ammon, p. 553*

⁷³ *Perhaps he should have started his calculation from the day he signed up to serve in the Continental Army while a seventeen year old student at College of William and Mary. He served from September 1776 to January 1779.*

deciding on an auction in a hope that the bidding might result in a better price, but when none of the bid reached his minimum he had set, he offered all but 707 acres of the estate to the Bank of the United States as payment of the \$25,000 he owed it. He believed the property to be worth much more, but, predictably, the bank thought it worth less. In the end, in September 1828, it accepted the property to settle the debt, only because the board of the bank, in its uncouth words, thought it best “to treat this distinguished citizen and old servant of the public, with liberality and indulgence.”

Monroe’s requests to Congress for the money he was owed, aided by the circulation of a petition by friends in Albemarle, continued, but to no avail. On September 21, 1830, Monroe’s son-in-law George Hay, on whom he had relied upon for advice in matters both public and private, died, and just two days later, on September 23, Monroe suffered the greatest loss of his life when his wife, Elizabeth, died. The next year, in early February 1831, Congress awarded Monroe \$30,000, about half of what it was believed he was owed but an amount sufficient to settle almost all of his remaining debts. Now too ill to leave his room, he decided nevertheless to sell his much loved Oak Hill and live near his daughter Maria in New York. The Oak Hill sale also fell through. On July 4, 1831, harboring a desire to make a last trip to Oak Hill, Monroe died. By his last will and testament, he divided his estate equally between Eliza and Maria, his two daughters. As a result of the persistent, self-sacrificing, often personally demeaning efforts he undertook to pay his debtors, what remained of his estate, including Oak Hill, passed to them debt free. How apt Jefferson’s appraisal of his good and great friend: “Monroe was so honest that if you turned his soul inside out there would not be a spot on it.”

I bother to say all this to support my suggestion that now, after Carolyn Holmes has made Highland both self-sufficient and a tourist site of which all of Charlottesville can take pride, it is opportune for the College to honor James Monroe by taking Carolyn’s work to the next level by continuing its restoration along lines the research tells us are even closer to what Highland was when the Monroe family lived there.

VI

*“There are some people who, if they don't
already know, you can't tell 'em.”*

Lawrence Peter “Yogi” Berra

You may recall that in the Part One of this exercise, at Section XIV, Lou Holtz, the College’s football coach from 1969-1972, is quoted in *Kale and Smith* stating that Paschall told him “he was going to get W&M into the Atlantic Coast Conference,” but that new president, Graves, told Holtz that “he wanted the football program to go in a different direction,” that “he was looking more to the Ivy League type.” What followed I recall happening not long after Graves was inaugurated in 1971, but my assiduous (!) research leads me to believe it was much later, toward the end of the decade, in anticipation of the NCAA’s splitting its top tier of football programs into Division I-A

and Division I-AA.⁷⁴ Just what year it happened doesn't make much difference as far as the moral of the story goes.

Graves was not the only member of the W&M community who wanted the College looking more to the Ivy League type in sports. I'd say a majority of the faculty would have been pleased if football were dropped entirely, and among those remaining, most would have been happiest if the College were to become a member of the Ivy League. That, of course, was not in the cards,⁷⁵ so the Athletic Director, Ben Carnevale, was publicly urged to play Ivy League teams in football and other sports and to operate the W&M athletic program with the same objectives, principles, and constraints. Those include: intra-League competition; athletes who are academically "representative" of each institution's overall student body; common practices in academic standards; and need-based financial aid, with no athletic scholarships.⁷⁶ I think Carnevale, who had been the AD at Navy, did what he could to move the W&M athletic program toward the "Ivy League type," and as a result it became something of a hybrid, with (1) recruits who appeared able to meet the College's academic standards (i.e., "Ivy League"); (2) schedules that included both (a) large universities, with programs those schools intended to be competitive with other large universities (i.e., not Ivy League), and (b) smaller colleges, including on rare occasions an Ivy League member, that had academic programs with which the William and Mary faculty felt reasonably comfortable (i.e., Ivy League); and (3) athletic scholarships (i.e., not Ivy League).

The College probably could have bopped along with that type of compromise model indefinitely, but in the late 1970s the NCAA, or rather the member schools with big football programs, forced the issue by dividing Division I football into two groups: Division I-A and Division I-AA. The members of Division I-A, among other requirements, had to play most of their games against other Division I-A programs, had both a maximum and minimum number of full athletic scholarships each could award, and had to have a stadium with a stipulated minimum number of seats. The requirements for Division I-AA schools were considerably less demanding: as examples, they did not have to play any Division I-A teams if they didn't choose to, had a much lower maximum number of athletic scholarships they could award and no minimum, and they did not have to have stadiums with no less than a specified number of seats.⁷⁷ Why, you might ask, if

⁷⁴ *A few years ago Division I-A was rechristened Division I-FBS (Football Bowl Subdivision) and Division I-AA the Division I-FCS (Football Championship Subdivision).*

⁷⁵ *It appears the term Ivy League was first used in print by AP Sport editor Alan Gould on February 8, 1935, describing the same eight private, northwestern universities that comprise the League today: Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale. The odds of William and Mary being invited to join that group with its seventy-six years of prideful tradition, seem to me as long as they could ever be. See www.ivyleaguesports.com/history/timetable/index, year 1933.*

⁷⁶ *www.ivyleaguesports.com/history/timetable/index, years 1945 and 1954*

⁷⁷ *If you would like a more detailed information on these classifications, which I can't imagine -- go to www.ncaa.org/wps/portal/ncaahome. I think more revealing are the names of the institutions that populate the two classifications: The universities that have been the consensus National Champions in Division I-FBS for the past decade are: Oklahoma, Miami, Ohio State, USC (twice), Texas, Florida (twice), LSU, and Alabama. Those which have won the Division I-*

there were also a Division II and a Division III, didn't the NCAA renumber them all and have four divisions: Divisions I, II, III, and IV. Wouldn't that be less confusing? The answer is probably that it would not have been *politic*. Very few if any of the forty-five institutions that in 1981 comprised the second tier of what was heretofore known as Division I wanted to have to inform their alumni and other financial supporters they chose to be a Division II institution. *Division One-AA* looked and sounded a lot better than *Division Two*. There were battles fought on campuses between the camps that favored opting for, to use some of the loaded words being thrown around, an *ambitious, nationally acclaimed* Division I-A program over a *settle-for-second-rate, unambitious* Division I-AA program; or, as the latter would describe the camps, those who favored an *over-the-top, inappropriate, and unaffordable* Division I-A program over a *more reasonable, academically justifiable* Division I-AA program. William and Mary's campus was no exception. Division I-A or Division I-AA? Which should it be?

In anticipation of the need for the administration to decide on a course of action, recommend it to the Board of Visitors, and defend the recommendation, Graves asked the development office to prepare, as one factor in the decision, a report on the impact on alumni and other giving that would result from a decision to opt for a Division I-AA football program. The report would be sent first to the Board's Development Committee for review. It was expected that the Committee would discuss it, make any changes in it deemed necessary, and send it on to the full Board for consideration and endorsement. Those of us in the central administration who were aware of the financial constraints on the College, favored playing Division I-AA football, but for alumni it was not a settled issue. One of the unknowns was the amount of private, donated financial support which would be lost if we formally and publicly elected to play Division I-AA football.⁷⁸ Would the big financial contributors to the athletic program stop giving altogether, not only to athletics but also, possibly, the whole College.

It appeared to me at the time we received the Graves' assignment that those pushing for Division I-A football were decidedly in the minority. About half of the alumni of William and Mary were women, who to their credit thought football, like all sports, a recreational pastime for students -- but otherwise inconsequential. As for the males, I believed the support for William and Mary's playing big time football was thin -- but highly vocal. Those highly vocal fans⁷⁹ caused the support for Division I-A football to appear much stronger than it was, but, they did include a few members of the Board of Visitors with whom the administration had to reckon. They included the Chairman of the

FCS championship during that period are: Georgia Southern, Montana, Western Kentucky, Delaware, James Madison, Appalachian State (three times), Richmond, and Villanova.

⁷⁸ *It needs to be noted that all these classifications and designations were centered on, as they are to day, football programs. It was and is permitted for a Division I-AA school to play games, possibly all its games, against Division I-A universities if it so chooses, and it is not in a conference that requires otherwise. Also, a college could opt for a Division I-AA football program but Division I-A programs in all other sports, both men's and women's.*

⁸⁰ *From "fanatic" or "fanatical": from the Latin fanaticus, inspired by orgiastic rites, pertaining to a temple," from fanum, temple.*

Board's Development Committee, Blake T. Newton. As Vice President for Development, I customarily provided the staff support for the Committee.

Meanwhile, the fact that the administration was deliberating the matter became public knowledge. The more rabid of the football program's fans put on their jocks, pads, and helmets and stirred things up. Allegations were made that Graves wanted to abolish football altogether. Never mind that such a course of action was never considered. Deemphasize at most, but the word *abolish* enflamed much more passion than *de-emphasize*. And the truth be told, there was not much de-emphasizing being considered, given the schedule the College was playing at the time. Nevertheless, the members of the Board of Visitors were lobbied by the larger contributors to the Athletic Educational Foundation. Petitions were circulated from row to row, seat to seat, during home football games, the signers of which pledged their life, their fortune, and their sacred honor to the William and Mary football program. They called on the Board and Graves not to, for God's sake, abolish football!

I took my assignment seriously, if for no other reason that I had no idea how to go about it. Graves and most of the members of the Board would have liked me to say something like, "If W&M opts for Division I-AA over Division I-A, I guarantee that all of those who have been contributing financial support for academics and/or athletics will continue to do so – in the same or in greater amounts." But how could I possibly make such a statement? I don't think anyone anywhere could see into the future and make such a definitive statement. But the future of such support was an issue, and I knew the Board wanted to hear something on the matter from the administration. I discussed the problem with the development office staff, and in due course, I came to decide, as I did for the authentication of Ash Lawn, that there might be two or three lines of inquiry that could be pursued and types of evidence gathered, and though no single one of them might prove conclusive, all of them together might support a reasonably solid assessment. I gathered the records of giving to the William and Mary Athletic Educational Foundation (AEF),⁸⁰ the Society of the Alumni, the Endowment Association, and the College proper and learned just who had been giving each year for the last ten years or so and how much. I then made four projections.

⁸⁰ *When Graves arrived on campus, virtually all contributions made in support of athletics were made to an independent 501(c)3 entity managed by the Athletic Department named The Educational Foundation of the College of William and Mary. Given that all contributions to it were used exclusively in support the College's intercollegiate athletics, its name was a bone in the throat of many of the faculty and alumni. They thought that the name was a sham because they had come to believe intercollegiate athletics had little to do with education. Some argued that because of the Foundation's name some people had made contributions to it, thinking the money would be used for academic programs and merit or need-based scholarships, though I never heard of anyone making that mistake. In any event such an error was easily remedied. Graves brought the issue to the new Athletic Director and, in turn, to the board of the foundation, and after some grumbling, they agreed to submit the necessary papers to the IRS and change the name to the Athletic Educational Foundation (AEF).*

For the first projection, I took the total gift income of best year of those I looked at and calculated the amount of money that would be lost if 25%, 50%, or 75% of the donors to the AEF stopped giving because they disagreed with the administration and Board's opting for Division I-AA football. I found that even if the decision caused 50% of the AEF donors to withhold their support, which I thought was improbably high, the College should be able to afford to field a Division I-AA football team. Truth was the AEF was not raising all that much money at the time, and being in Division I-AA would allow the College considerable flexibility in the number of athletic scholarships it offered. I don't remember if I tried to make the same calculation regarding stadium ticket revenue, but if I didn't I should have, such revenue also being important to the athletic department.

For the second projection, I matched those same AEF donors with the list of donors to the William and Mary Fund in the same year. I found that those who gave to both funds tended to be the larger donors, as might be expected, and subjectively, from what I knew of each individual, I tried to determine who, as a result of a Division I-AA decision, would most probably (a) stop giving to both funds; (b) support one but not the other, and which one that would be; and (c) continue to support both funds. My assumptions resulted in totals that were more optimistic than those projected from just a 25% decline in gift revenue for the AEF in the first projection, above. Interestingly, virtually all those individuals who made the larger gifts to both funds, made the larger of the two to the William and Mary Fund.

For projection three, I assumed that I should be able to determine the effect of an institution's de-emphasis of football on the gift revenue each college and university reported each year to the Council for Financial Aid to Education (CFAE), a nation-wide body. CFAE had been collecting such data for a couple of decades. I called the NCAA and asked if it could provide me with a list of institutions that had de-emphasized football sometime in the past ten years. I found that it did not have such a list, but it could give me the names of those colleges and universities that discontinued their intercollegiate programs in football altogether during the past five years or so. There were perhaps a half dozen. Armed with that list, I dug out the past annual reports of CFAE. My idea was to document, as examples for my report, how much each of the six institutions had received, on average, from alumni and other individuals for the three years prior to discontinuing football, and how much for the three years immediately following the fateful decision. However, as I studied the CFAE reports it soon became apparent to me that they were useless for my or probably, any other's purpose. The problem was that at the time CFAE provided a minimum of information to colleges and universities on the nature of what revenue should be reported, how the gifts should be valued (which was highly debatable for such gifts as those made through a trust, insurance policy, or as a gift in-kind), and whether the gifts to a school's free-standing 501(c)3 foundation, alumni association, or athletic association should be included in the total reported by the institution. The numbers were all over the place. It was nigh impossible not only to compare results among institutions but also to compare year-to-year results at any one of them. I found, as an example, that if the CFAE report had been compiled by the head of development, the numbers reported usually included the monies given to semi-independent alumni and athletic associations, and, as a result, the total tended to be

relatively high. If on the other hand, the head of the business office compiled the report, it usually included only those contributions made directly to the institution and were thus legally under control of the business office. Those numbers tended to be considerably lower. My asking the institutions in my study to redo their reports for six years was a non-starter, so I tried another tack.⁸¹

I was able to get the names of the persons who were the heads of the development program at those half dozen or so institutions that discontinued football. Perhaps half of them were still at the schools in question; the others had moved on to other jobs, but I had the good fortune to reach all six, as I recall. I had extended and helpful conversations with them. Central to those conversations was the question: *In what way did the discontinuation of football at the institution affect its gift income totals in the years immediately following the decision?* To a man they said the decision had an immediate effect on the amount of support contributed to the athletic program, as would be expected, and thus on the bottom line of total gift income realized (i.e., the totals reported to CFAE), but it had little if any effect on the financial support of the academic program. One of those I talked with said he thought that the negative effects the decision had on his school were both inconsequential and short-lived. But, he added, even those negative effects could have been avoided if the administration had alerted its alumni to the discussions that were underway and given more details for its decision in advance of its announcement. Another director of development, who was obviously a sports fan in general and supporter of the university's football program in particular, told me he had to admit that its discontinuation had very little effect on the alumni's financial support of the academic program, "But," he said, "we now have some pretty dreary Saturday afternoons around here in the fall."

When called upon by Blake T. Newton, Chairman of the Development Committee of the Board of Visitors, to present the report, I walked the Committee through our "methodology," the numbers it generated, the problems encountered, my conversation with the directors of development at the colleges and universities that had closed down their football programs, including the comments one had made about the wisdom of preparing alumni for whatever decision was made -- and the wistful comment of another about the dreary fall Saturday afternoons he was now suffering (which got a couple of

⁸¹ *In 1979, at my urging, CASE organized a committee of six officers from colleges and universities of various types and sizes. Three were development officers, three business officers. I served as chair. Its purpose was to develop standards for the accounting and reporting of gift revenue of all types. Funding was provided by the Exxon Educational Foundation. The product of the committee's deliberations, of which I was the principal author, was reviewed by the appropriate staff of CASE and the College and University Business Officers (NACUBO) and approved by their Boards. It was published in 1982 as Management Reporting Standards for Educational Institutions: Fund Raising and Related Activities. In the Preface it was noted that the Standards were to be recognized as "evolutionary in nature and that changes are not only inevitable but desirable." Today, thirty years later, titled more economically The CASE Reporting Standards & Management Guidelines, the publication is in its Fourth Edition and reflects current IRS regulations and the manner in which such exotica as donations of intellectual property and patents, conservation easements, and corporate partnerships are to be counted.*

laughs). I concluded with the observations of the development office staff and my personal take on the matter and conclusions. I was cautious about what I said and how I said it because I knew Newton, my chairman, was a sports fan, attended most of the W&M home football games, contributed rather generously to the Athletic Educational Foundation, and almost certainly favored the College's playing Division I-A football. I summed up our so-called findings by saying that I did not believe a decision by the Board to participate in NCAA football at the Division I-AA level would cause a significant falling off of total contributions, particularly if it was handled properly. Then, to drive the point home, which was almost certainly a strategic mistake, I added that football probably could be abolished at William and Mary altogether without causing an irreparable and long-lasting diminution of private financial support for the academic program.⁸² Then I sat down, expecting Newton to call for questions from the other Board members present. Instead there was silence. After a few moments Newton stood, thanked me for my report, and summed it all up by saying, "Well, as Warren said, there would be some dreary Saturday afternoons if we deemphasized William and Mary's football program.

Concurrent with the lobbying of the alumni and other individuals who wanted William and Mary to play Division I-A football, a group of faculty and students led by David Holmes, organized, loosely, something they called the Alonzo Stagg Society. Why they chose to name their organized effort for Alonzo Stagg is hard to say. Stagg appears to me to have been immersed in college sports, both as a divinity student at Yale University -- where he played football, basketball, and baseball and was a member of the school's track and field team -- and as a college coach of football for fifty-six years. It is obvious that he was an exceptional athlete and coach: he was named to the first ever football All-American team as a student, and as a coach he won two national, seven Big Ten, and five NCAA championships. He was inducted in the College Football Hall of Fame as both player and coach. And he was the first football coach to be paid, by Williston Seminary no less, a secondary school, in 1890. So Stagg was not a person who dabbled in sport while engaged in more noble humanitarian pursuits. Sport was his life, and my guess is that today he'd be another Nick Saban, Steve Spurrier, or the scores of other coaches, doing what was necessary to compete with the best of them. I guess Holmes named the anti-Division I-A effort after Alonzo Stagg because Stagg held a divinity school degree. Be that as it may, the Society helped combat the efforts of the supporters of Division I-A football, which included, among other NCAA mandates, a major expansion of the William and Mary football stadium. Right there on the edge of restored Williamsburg.

⁸² *The point here, though often obscured by supporters of big time football, perhaps deliberately, is that if an institution were to discontinue its football program the football buffs would almost certainly discontinue their financial support of the institution, and the total amount it raised each year would go down. But the cost of running the institution, including the athletic department, which heretofore had included the football program, would also go down. In brief: no football program, no need for football program donors.*

So in 1981, the College joined forty-four other colleges and universities that moved from Division I-A to I-AA. Thirty years of playing at that level, winning some, losing some, and from time to time contesting for a national championship in Division I-AA, as the sportswriters predicted the football team would in 2011-12, indicates to me that Graves and the administration made a wise decision.

VII

“an optimist is a guy that has never had
much experience”

Donald Robert Perry Marquis
archy and mehitabel

There were a number of faculty and administrators who thought the College had been criminally negligent when in 1968 it allowed its 275th anniversary to pass without undertaking a major fundraising drive, a big capital campaign. Occasions such as anniversaries are times of assessing the past, which, through the beneficial nature of memory, are remembered by most as a happier time, and contemplating the future, which is as yet unsullied by reality. They are the win-win milestones of life. Further, the celebration of such occasions provides opportunities to bring alumni and friends of the school back to campus and otherwise draw public attention to it. It is in no way necessary to wait for anniversaries to launch a capital campaign, nor is using one a guarantee of its success. Perhaps a special occasion such as an anniversary improves the odds of a capital campaign's success by a point or two. Perhaps an anniversary's only benefit is that it provides an excuse to have a campaign.

Whatever, Stella Neiman, Andy Parker, and Len Meyer particularly, became strong advocates of our using the bicentennial of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence as the occasion for publically launching a capital campaign. It would be the College's first such undertaking since the early years of the tenure of Julian A. C. Chandler (1919-33).⁸³ Having had only two or three years of private fundraising experience, I was not entirely confident it would be a success. But I was optimistic. If you are a fundraiser you have to be an optimist; you have to believe that everyone out there is willing to make a nice gift if asked properly. I knew we in the development office were putting ourselves out there by publically announcing, as is customary, the dollar amount we intended to raise and the date by which that goal would be reached. Nevertheless, we charged ahead and began our planning. We knew the goal had to be large enough to create a bit of drama: it would not do to set a goal that many persons would consider a slam-dunk. And if I felt a bit uncertain, Tom Graves was apparently more so. Without saying flat out that he would not approve our initiating the campaign at the time, he made it apparent that he did not favor the idea. I think he didn't believe we were up to it. Having been involved as a dean in capital campaigns at Harvard and Stanford – Harvard, then as now, the world's greatest university fundraising machine, and Stanford not far behind -- Graves had every reason to be dubious. If we knew what

⁸³ See p. 3, above.

he knew, we too might have felt the same way. But we didn't, so we moved ahead with our planning.

It is common for universities, colleges, and other charitable organizations contemplating a capital campaign to hire a fundraising consulting firm to assist with its planning and management. This is true not only for first-timers but also those organizations and staff members that had considerable experience with the process. They do so for several reasons. The more established firms have worked on scores of campaigns, often several at the same time, and, given that virtually all capital campaigns run a minimum of seven years, including a two-year preliminary phase, there are few persons in the employment of charitable organizations who have had experience in more than three capital campaigns. Another reason is that if the chief development officer is smart and does the due diligence necessary to identify and vet several of the best fundraising consulting firm for the job, he will arrange for members of the board to be involved in selecting and contracting for the firm's services. In that way the board buys into the campaign and, presumably, will give credence to the consultant's advice. I suppose it is human nature for board members to be skeptical of the advice of the staff of the organization they govern but more readily accepting of the same advice when it comes from the mouth of an external consultant. All directors of development, some with twenty-five, thirty years of productive experience, some with a couple of successful campaigns behind them, have had the experience of laying out detailed capital campaign plans with ambitious goals -- in response to which a member of the board expresses the opinion that given the amount of money that is to be raised and the importance of it to the university, the board should "bring in a real pro" to do the job, "at whatever salary it takes." Best not to stand up and say what the hell do you think I am. Best to stay seated, grin, and bear it.⁸⁴

We too hired a fundraising consulting firm -- Brakeley, John Price Jones -- based in Connecticut. We opted for, as I recall, twelve months⁸⁵ of resident support, meaning that Brakeley would have one its men live in Williamsburg to work with the development office staff and me to plan and execute the campaign during its early months. What I knew of the fundraising consulting business back then was very little, but I had been warned that (a) a consulting firm's value to its client would be equal, for better or worse, to the overall quality of the person it assigned to the job; and (b) it was not always possible for consulting firms to maintain a stable of knowledgeable and experienced staff consultants with the presence and interpersonal skills necessary to the work. That meant, optimally, that in addition to the type and quality of experience being sought, consultants had to have what it took to be effective with a range of personalities that ran from just-

⁸⁴ *It is also the case that one who is promoted from within after serving in other capacities is never considered to have the same expertise for the job as someone who has done the job elsewhere, no matter how briefly or poorly.*

⁸⁵ *I believe that as the first year of the arrangement approached we added a second year of resident support, and thereafter George Brakeley III, the president of the firm, or a senior surrogate visited on something like a quarterly basis to review our progress and advise us on the management of the campaign. During those quarterly visits, with my encouragement, Brakeley met with the president, members of the Board, and others whose active support and participation in the campaign was needed.*

out-of college staffers, through middle management development officers, through the deans and faculty who needed (or elected) to become involved in the campaign, through the president and other principal officers of the institution, and up to the members of the governing board -- governing boards which were often populated with some of the most successful, prominent, and demanding persons in the country. Indeed, one had to ask why a person with those qualities would choose a job that required them to live away from home, family, and friends for months at a time. Our contract called on us to pay for the transportation home for our consultant one weekend a month, provided they did not have company business to attend to.

As if to confirm the admonitions we had heard, the first two persons assigned to us by Brakeley, John Price Jones did not work out. One, a senior member of the company, had recently been divorced as a result of action initiated by his wife of many years. He was so traumatized by the divorce he, quite literally, had difficulty talking. It was as though he had an obstruction in his throat that did not allow him to express a full sentence. He choked, coughed, cleared his throat, and struggled through every sentence. His difficulty communicating was similar to someone with a bad stutter, but it wasn't a stutter. For the first time I understood how strong emotion could cause the proverbial lump in one's throat. I didn't complain; I liked the guy. He was a kind of classy middle-aged Ivy-League type, knew his business, and was the first consultant with whom I had ever worked. But Brakeley himself came down to Williamsburg to tell me he was laying the poor guy off, and he would be filling in until another person could be found. He described him, a colleague of many years, as "a broken reed." The next guy Brakeley assigned us was in love with computers. It was at a time when their capabilities for fundraising were first being utilized, but Jeff Shy was leading the way forward for us in a way that kept us fully satisfied. We didn't need a computer guy. I was about to tell Brakeley he was doing nothing for us when he disappeared from the face of the earth. Without warning, he just didn't show up one morning. After a couple of days I called Brakeley and ask what was going on. He said he didn't know, but he would find out. He called me a couple of times more during the week that followed to ask if I had heard from him, but I hadn't. Apparently no one knew where he was. Brakeley went on about how he would make it certain that his missing consultant would never work in fundraising again. Anywhere. The third guy we had from Brakeley was more normal, if normal was having, as I recall, seven children from the ages of one or two to the early teens and taking a job that kept him away from home for weeks if not months at a time. Knowing how much of a strain the raising of our three kids, then ages nine to fourteen, placed on Ellen, even with me home most evenings and weekends, I was staggered by the thought of how hard our third guy's type of work must have been on his wife. Or maybe, more cynically, his having seven children was reason enough for him to take a job out of town. More likely, with Brakeley having to pay generous salaries to retain decent consultants and the client obligated to pay a fixed amount of each consultant's expenses, the job was probably the most lucrative he could find at the time.

Choosing and enlisting our Campaign Committee was also a challenge. William and Mary's not having had much of a fund raising program during the Paschall years, the cultivation of Jay Johns being a notable exception, meant that we had few if any alumni or other persons who had experience raising money, especially five and six figure

donations. Although there were many alumni who expressed a desire to be helpful to their alma mater, raising money was hardly ever what they had in mind. Nor had they been asked. Similarly, there was not much of a tradition of giving in the amounts necessary to reach the goal we had in mind. In fairness, except for two or three persons, the members of the Board of Visitors had been chosen either for their influence with the Governor and General Assembly (which, after all, was from where the big money was coming), their prominence in the State's business community, or their service on one or another of the College's affiliate organizations (like the Society of the Alumni or the Athletic Educational Association). Even those serving in the latter did not see their service on those boards as requiring "giving or getting" big gifts. An early campaign experience is illustrative.

After several months of planning, Brakeley thought that he and I should begin discussions with the Board of Visitors about its role in the Campaign, that being for each of its members to help the Campaign Committee (which was yet to be enlisted), the President, and the Development Office staff to raise the money being sought. We had given considerable thought to what the goal should be, and pressed the Brakeley firm to help us decide, weighing all they knew of the history of giving to the College, its needs, and its fundraising capability. It was apparent to me that we needed to get that number right, but I had little sense of what it should be. After reviewing the giving for the past decade or so and compiling a list of major gift prospects, the Brakeley firm and I, with input from the staff, decided on a preliminary and tentative number of about \$20 million⁸⁶. It was tentative because, as is customary, we would not announce the campaign's public kick-off and its goal until the Brakeley firm had interviewed a good number of our major prospects to discuss their attitude toward the College and the Campaign and feel them out on what size gift they were inclined to make. Graves and I thought it best that George Brakeley and I make a presentation to the Board at its next meeting to share our thoughts about the Campaign goal and the roles the members would (or *might*) be expected to play. Before the fateful day, Brakeley told me that his firm's experience was that generally about 25% of a capital campaign's goal would come from its board. I told him that I didn't think there was any possibility that William and Mary's Board of Visitors would contribute a combined \$5 million to the campaign. We agreed that he would suggest 15-20%, or \$3 to \$4 million.

At the meeting, I described the staff's and my assumptions regarding the campaign and our planning to date. I told them that our thinking to date was that the goal should be around \$20 million, dedicated to both current operations and capital purposes, the particulars to be determined in the weeks and months ahead. Brakeley then said his piece about the responsibility of the Board to actively assist the administration to raise the approximately \$20 million by (1) helping the development office to identify major gift prospects; (2) by calling on major prospects, normally with another Board member, the president, me, or some other member of the development office staff; and (3) making personal gifts of a size that would signal the Board's full backing of the campaign and raise the sights of our major gift prospects. Whereas, Brakeley continued, in the past \$10,000 might be considered by all to be a major gift, we needed its definition in the immediate future to be more like \$100,000 – and more. He concluded his bit by saying,

⁸⁶ About \$76 million today, using the CPI.

as we had agreed, that the aggregate gifts of the boards of colleges and universities across the country to a capital campaign generally accounted for 15% to 20% of the campaign goal, or \$3 to \$4 million, if all agreed on a \$20 million goal.

I watched the faces of the Board as Brakeley made that challenge, and it was obvious from the looks of some of the seventeen or so members that the prospect of their being asked for a gift from each of them of, on average, approximately \$150,000 to \$250,000 was terrifying. It would be to me too – then and now. One of the more distressed, an alumnus who worked at NASA – i.e., a government employee – did some quick math and some quick thinking and proposed to the chairman that each member of the Board present write the amount he or she was prepared to give to the campaign and sign it. Those pledges could then be added up and the campaign goal extrapolated from the total. *Oh no*, I thought, and jumped up. *If they make their pledges now they'll probably be for an amount approximating what they have been giving annually, and that would not be anywhere near what we had in mind.* Thinking somewhat quickly myself, I told the Board that we'd much prefer that they wait until we could fully develop our Campaign plan and materials, including the case for the Campaign and a list of "giving opportunities." I reminded them that our presentation today was meant only to apprise the Board of our thinking to date, and it would be premature for anyone to give or pledge anything until the Board had the full picture and formally approved the Campaign. Fortunately, no one else supported the suggestion of our guy from NASA – or at least admitted to doing so – and to my relief the Board turned to other business.

More important to the success of the William and Mary campaign than the Board of Visitors was, by far, a good campaign committee and a chairman who could prevail upon major prospects to make large "leadership" gifts. As chairman, we chose Ed Zollinger, an alumnus, retired IBM executive, respected member of the Board of Visitors, and faithful donor to the College. As I recall, he made annual gifts in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 range. I don't remember what large gifts he made to the College, say \$50,000 or above, for construction or renovation or the establishment of an endowment, but I'm certain he did. An interesting indicator of his generosity is that he also contributed to the annual funds of his children's and grandchildren's colleges. A complicating factor was that he and his wife lived in Fort Lauderdale, making meeting with him regularly and engaging him in the solicitation of the largest gifts problematical. His selection would create another problem for us, a big problem, but that was down the road a bit.

We chose the members of the Campaign Committee from among the most prominent of the alumni, well known businessmen, and other elites, such as Carl Humelsine, the president of Colonial Williamsburg. Those who agreed to serve, we thought, would give the campaign some added reach and credibility beyond Virginia. As the campaign progressed we found that our reasoning regarding the type of person we chose for the Campaign Committee was deeply flawed. Those chosen were impressive on paper, but they provided little help to us in raising money, and since we chose them that was more our fault than theirs. As individuals, they did not match up productively with the individuals we considered our best prospects for major gifts, and I was reluctant to ask them to make cold calls on persons they did not know or to ask them to tag along

as window dressing on calls by other volunteers or staff.⁸⁷ I soon began casting about for roles they might play and finite tasks they might undertake that were suitable to their station in life. It was not a good place to be. We also found that the duties of their position and the distances they had to travel militated against their attending the scheduled meeting of the committee, however rare, and even major campaign events – including the big kick-off we hoped for.

In due course we settled on a three-year public campaign with a goal of \$19 million dollars. We planned to count all gifts to the College proper and its 501(c)3 affiliates, such as the Athletic Educational Foundation and the Endowment Association (today the William and Mary Foundation). We would count gifts for both (a) current operations (as were gifts to the William and Mary Fund and the Athletic Educational Foundation for athletic scholarships) and (b) capital purposes, such as gifts to create or add to endowments, or for construction or renovation. The campaign period would include the fiscal years 1976-77, 1977-78, and 1978-79, but gifts made in response to campaign activity during the twelve months preceding the kick-off in 1976 and large campaign pledges with payments that ran beyond the end of the campaign period would also be counted. After some debate we decided to call it, with coruscating imaginativeness, *Campaign for the College*.

Why not round the \$19 million campaign up to \$20 million, you may ask. We in the development office, with the urging of George Brakeley, came to believe the figure of \$19 million left the impression that the administration had given serious thought to the current needs of the College for which we needed to raise private funds. And given those needs totaled \$19 million, we weren't going to press our alumni and other private funding sources for money we didn't need. That was mostly fiction, of course: after studying the amounts given to the College and its affiliates over the last five years and adding up all we would be asking for from our best prospects and reducing that total by a large percentage, we figured we should be able to raise \$19 million to \$20 million over three plus years. I was nervous about the whole enterprise, and as we approached the public launching of the *Campaign* I became more so. I liked \$19 million more than \$20 million only because it was less. I had been fourteen years at William and Mary and knew most of the people in the central administration and virtually all the faculty, and failing to reach the publically announced goal would be beyond humiliation. I felt certain that if the campaign failed I'd have to find a job elsewhere, and looking back, I think that was the case.

Factors in our deliberations on the size of the *Campaign's* goal and the purposes for which we were going to raise the money were the assumptions held by many that given William and Mary was state supported, (a) many alumni and businesses would not contribute to the College because they felt that they were already providing financial support to it through the state taxes they paid, and (b) even if they did, the sums given

⁸⁷ *I came to realize we had the process ass-backward. Our first step should have been to determine who our very best prospects were for gifts of, say, \$1 million, and then to recruit a campaign committee composed of (a) individuals who we believed most able to make such a gift or (b) individuals who, because of their relationships, were able to successfully obtain such gifts from others.*

would serve only to reduce the amount of tax revenue appropriated annually to the College by the General Assembly, much in the way tuition and fees were considered the State's revenue in the budgeting process. To counter those theories, we pointed out in our solicitations and campaign materials that the Society of the Alumni and Endowment Association were stand-alone 501(c)3 organizations, and gifts to them were sheltered from the State. But we knew, as, I am sure many of our prospects did, that 501(c)3 organizations were required by federal law to report their gift income and expenditures each year, and although a state would have a monumental battle on its hands if it tried to expropriate the gift revenue of its colleges and universities, there was nothing to stop state budget offices from studying such 501(c)3 reports and tailoring their appropriations to reflect that gift income.

All college and university campaigns have printed documents called case statements, which attempt to describe (1) the institution in terms guaranteed to elicit large contributions; (2) the goal of the campaign and the "needs" that comprise it (scholarships, endowed professorships, new buildings and money to renovate others, etc.); and (3) the various ways individuals and organizations can make their gifts (outright, as a pledge, in trust, in-kind, etc.). They also include lists of the members of their boards, campaign committee, officers of the College, and the senior staff of the development office, all of whom, presumably, endorse and support the undertaking. Such booklets are customarily available at the public announcement of a campaign and are distributed to volunteers and major prospects and as part of the solicitation process.

However, I had a problem with ours, particularly the part that was supposed to describe William and Mary in terms that captured what the College meant to those who had attended it over the years: its *spirit*, its *essence*, or as Brigadier General Jack D. Ripper would call it, its "precious bodily fluids." I drafted several versions. I believe Ross Weeks and others in the Public Information Office tried their hand at it. The head of public relations at Colonial Williamsburg referred us to a freelancer his office used from time to time (who eventually submitted what I thought to be the least inspiring statement of them all). As a result, the College's case statement was nowhere near ready for distribution at our campaign announcement, nor was it available for another six months or so. Did its absence hurt us? We'll never know, but I seriously doubt it.

Over the years I came to see case statements less as tools for soliciting big gifts and more as security blankets for campaign volunteers. It was something to have in one's hands when making a call and to leave with the prospect when taking one's leave. Certainly some volunteers and prospects read the case statement, but many more leafed through it for the photographs and put it aside to read later, which it is likely they never did. Several years later, after we had completed the campaign at William and Mary, I served as a member of a panel of development directors who spoke about their experience in managing a capital campaign and answered questions from the audience. The audience was made up in the main by persons at other institutions thinking about or actively planning their first campaign. One young fellow stood and agonized over his inability to get the higher-ups to develop a long-range plan and from that an agreement regarding the school's priorities. I told him that from my experience if he waited for an academic community to develop a long range plan and to decide which parts of it should

be considered the highest priority for fundraising purposes, he would never have to do a campaign.

We kicked the *Campaign* off on a day that we thought would yield a sizeable turnout. The president, vice presidents, several of the deans, a few other administrators, a handful of campaign committee members, two or three members of the Board of Visitors, and every last one of the development office staff were there for the announcement; few others showed up. I think many of the no shows, including many we considered our best prospects, stayed away because they were concerned they would be asked for a gift on the spot. Nevertheless, we soldiered on. We improved our cash flow from such annual funds as the William and Mary Fund, the Athletic Education Fund, and the Parents Fund (which we had started), and we brought in new money from the customary sources of alumni and other individuals, foundations, and businesses. Businesses and foundations are not particularly felicitous sources of support for William and Mary and other such small liberal arts colleges. They are not the type institutions to which businesses turn to recruit recent graduates, the exception being the College's School of Business Administration, which had initiated a master's degree program in 1966 and was working to persuade Virginia firms that it represented a reasonable alternative to the University of Virginia's business program. Nor, in the main, was William and Mary a particularly innovative institution, and by their nature most largish foundations chose to make grants to those colleges and, particularly, universities which seek support for innovative programs that would serve as templates for innovative educational reform. Nevertheless, we were tracking closely our monthly projections of the amounts that we had to raise to reach our goal of \$19 million in three years.

Then disaster struck. While in Baltimore with my family, I was called by someone in our development office to tell me that Ed Zollinger had died. He had suffered a heart attack while playing golf. My family and I started our long drive back soon after receiving the news so that I could be a part of the small William and Mary coterie that would attend his funeral. Now what, I thought. Where do we go from here? A respectfully few weeks later, we began soliciting suggestions for a replacement. I knew it would not be easy to find someone with all the attributes Zollinger brought to the leadership of the *Campaign*. I made a list and began working my way through it in my head. We needed someone who would make a credible campaign gift, would help us solicit major prospects, and was not concerned with what others might think of him or her as a second choice to a man who was known by all alumni to have served the College with effectiveness and distinction for many years. There were not many baseball players who would choose to bat for Ted Williams.

After being turned down by the first two or three persons I believed I knew well enough to approach myself, I began to feel a bit anxious, so I enlisted Tom Graves to join me in my meetings with prospective chairmen. He participated in the chit-chat over lunch or whatever, but there came a time in our socializing when he would look in my direction to signal that it was time for me to make the pitch. After the next few candidates on the list told the two of us thanks-but-no-thanks, I began to feel more anxious and started playing down what I considered the responsibilities of the campaign chairman. It would be helpful, I said, if the chairman made a nice gift to the campaign -- but added that doing so was not that important. Later, as I grew more desperate, I took it a step further (or

backward): I explained that it would be helpful if the chairman would solicit campaign gifts from some of our very best prospects -- but we could find others to do that. Still later, growing even more desperate, I added, there was no need for the chairman to come to Williamsburg for campaign meetings -- it would be easy enough for me to meet with him in his home town or wherever he chose. I began wondering, what if we couldn't find anyone willing to serve as campaign chairman? I had already begun to question the efficacy of using volunteers to raise money, so I began toying with the idea of moving ahead without a campaign chairman. Had that ever been done? Was the campaign successful? I thought we might have to try it. Then we thought of Roy Charles.

Charles had served graciously – though quietly – on a number of the College's boards, including the Board of Visitors, for which he served as secretary for two terms (1952 to 1960); the Endowment Association's Board of Trustees; and probably the School of Business Advisory Council and the Athletic Educational Foundation. He was known to be well off, and he had contributed to William and Mary fairly generously and steadily over many years for a variety of purposes. At the spring Commencement in 1975, the College had awarded Charles an honorary LL.D., citing him as a philanthropist and civic leader. An added bonus was that he lived in Norfolk, where we could meet with him regularly and often. What I knew of Charles and witnessed made me feel that he would be someone with whom it would be easy to work.

Graves and I invited Charles to have lunch with him in one of the nicer Colonial Williamsburg restaurants. He was not what any one would describe as voluble, not someone to fire-up either the volunteers or prospects, but he was indisputably a very nice person and seemed admired by everyone who knew him. As we approached the end of our meals, Graves looked in my direction, and, as was expected, I made my pitch. I told him how very important that someone of his caliber accept the position, how important it was to William and Mary's future, and mumbled through a description of duties he *might* have as chairman of the campaign. I then waited nervously for his response. I think I would have told him he didn't have to do anything, not anything, if he would allow us to use his name as Chairman. Now no one would call Charles voluble, and in this case he and we sat there without saying anything more for what seemed an awful long time. But when he broke the silence it was to say he would do it. I could have given him a big wet kiss. In retrospect I came to believe that he took a couple of moments to think over how big a campaign gift we were expecting of him and how big a gift he would give.

Somewhere about halfway along in the campaign, we lost our second Brakeley, John Price Jones resident consultant. The next person assigned to us, let's call him JS, I liked very much. He was a Yale graduate with a decent amount of campaign experience at good institutions. He was short with a big belly and florid complexion that made him look like he was going to explode at any moment. A smoker, he was prone to prolonged fits of heavy and deep coughing that made me think he would soon begin spitting out chunks of his lungs. And mercifully he also had an over the top sense of humor. On a plane flight together somewhere his seat was a couple of rows behind mine, next to a boy of about four or five, named Joey. JS kept Joey and many of the passengers laughing from the time he sat down. After all were in their seats, suddenly, in this booming voice, for all to hear, JS announced, "This is Joey, your pilot. Prepare for take off." And a few minutes later, "Joey to passengers: We're cleared for take off. Fasten your seatbelts."

Then intermittently for the rest of the flight we were favored with announcements from Joey the pilot. “Pilot Joey to passengers: we will be flying at thirty thousand feet, and expect to reach our destination at 1500 hours.” “Pilot Joey to passengers: prepare for landing.” JS had the whole plane smiling and Joey giggling so much he must have wet his pants.

But JS had his weaknesses. His addiction to alcohol was never evident during his working hours, but there was always that great uncertainty about what might lie just around the corner. As an example, at one evening occasion of the campaign to which he had been invited – a large gathering of alumni for drinks and dinner – he showed up so obviously and loudly drunk that the staff stationed at the door saw the condition he was in and shuttled him off to the side and made arrangements to get him back to his apartment before the other university administrators and I even knew he had come. Evenings and weekends were apparently the hardest on him – as they were depressing for me when I was traveling and away from my family for any length of time. On one occasion, a Saturday morning, I was phoned by a neighbor and College administrator who had come across him in a pizza place where he had passed out in a booth. I drove hurriedly to where my neighbor had seen him, got him into my car, and drove him to his apartment. On Monday, back in the office, neither one of us mentioned the incident, and it remained unmentioned for the remaining several months of his work with us.

I think of JS much as I do of my alcoholic uncle, Vernon. He and his wife lived with my family and me in a three story row house in Baltimore when I was a boy. He too was a binge drinker, and when on a tear he was at once wretched and piteous. He was a handsome man, with a ramrod straight posture and perfect grooming. He had a pencil thin mustache and wore tweeds that purposely made him look like an English aristocrat, like, say, David Niven, though an aristocrat who had been worn down a bit at the edges. Like JS, my uncle was an unusually charming man and solicitous of everyone he met. Both had presence, had flair, were larger than life, and were not constrained in their bearing and demeanor the way others of us are. And both lived tragic lives. We know alcoholism is complex, with its roots in a person’s physiology which is often inherited, but I’ve wondered if one of the reasons both took to drink was because the world had greatly disappointed them, that it had not lived up to their expectations, that it was not suited to their oversized personalities. They and the world were the worse for it.

As the months of the campaign turned into years we kept at it, and though our results were not spectacular they were nothing of which we were ashamed. I’ve heard campaigns described as undertakings of many disappointments and a few happy surprises and that pretty much characterized ours. We on the staff and most of our volunteers were undergoing on-the-job training. Many of the outcomes were very disappointing, but even a few of those made us laugh. As an example, early on I asked a former member of the board of Society of the Alumni to go with me to solicit a current member. The man I invited along was the head of a large automobile dealership, and I thought for sure he, a successful salesman much of his life, would make a good campaign solicitor. On the drive up to Richmond, I told him I thought he should “make the ask,” one board member of another. Reluctantly he agreed to take the lead, and we discussed that type of College need our prospect would be most likely to support. As we drew near our prospect’s place of business our discussion turned to the size of gift for which he should ask. I told him

our thinking in the development office was that this particular prospect should be asked for a gift of \$200,000, possibly to establish an endowment bearing his and his wife's name, the income from which could be used for whatever he and the president agreed was a high priority need. Our solicitor was incredulous; a gift of that size from the man we were calling on, he said, was out of the question. In reply, I said our prospect's commitment could be made in the form of a pledge that he could pay off over a number of years, but he was not persuaded. There was no way, he argued, that the person we were about to call on could or would make a gift of that size. I told him we had done a little research, pointed out that we did not want to ask for too little, and it was better for us to err on the high side. He wasn't convinced, and by then we had reached our prospect's office and were ushered in. After pleasantries, my volunteer took the bit between his teeth. "He," he spit out, meaning me, "thinks you should make a gift of \$200,000. You couldn't do that, could you?" Our prospect readily agreed. So we left with me mumbling something to the prospect about our talking about it all again sometime later.

The president, Tom Graves, who I mentioned was hesitant about the development office's starting a capital campaign to begin with, did not play a large role in its execution. As with our lunch with Roy Charles, he was very good about chatting up a prospect, but he deferred to me when it came time to ask for the money. I was OK with that; his willingness to allow us to use his name to set up certain appointments and accompany me or another staff member or volunteer on a call was valuable. It would have been more effective in most cases if he had asked for the money, but I learned in the years to come from my own experience and that of other vice presidents for development, that presidents varied greatly in what they would do in the way of fundraising and how well they would do it. You took what you could get and worked around the deficiencies. Ellen recalls that Graves told me early on that if the campaign were a success he would take the credit, and if it failed I'd have to take the blame. I think what he said was not that bald. I think he said something like, *You know how this works; if a campaign succeeds, the president gets credit, and if it fails the vice president takes the blame.* But it is true that the chairman of the Board of Visitors came over to me at the Board's dinner following its first meeting after the *Campaign's* completion and said quietly that he knew I understood that the president always gets blamed for everything that goes wrong, so in his remarks about the campaign he was going to give credit to the president for its success. He added that he hoped I was alright with that. I nodded. By then I had been in the business long enough to know that's how it worked, and that's how it should work. It is probably the only way it would work.

My monthly meetings with Roy Charles, in his little office in Norfolk, were hard. As I said above, Charles was a man of few words, and I struggled to find ways to discuss the *Campaign* with him. I believed he was interested, but he rarely had questions or made observations about it. I probably could have been in and out of his office in five minutes, and he probably wished I were, but surely I owed my campaign chairman more time. With increasing frequency I took someone with me to help with the meeting. That helped a little. I always thought, rightly I believe, that the difficulty was of my making – after all, I'm not a particularly loquacious person myself. Not the hail-fellow type many persons expect a fundraiser to be. But knowing my shortcomings did not help me get

through my meetings with Charles in a satisfactory way. I included suggestions for topics for discussion and questions I might ask with my meeting material, but they didn't help much.

Then one day about two-thirds into the campaign, after struggling through most of yet another meeting agenda, Charles said, rather quietly, that he had decided what he was going to give as his contribution to the *Campaign*. It would be \$1 million. I was stunned. I wish I could say I had brought him to that decision through personal charm and considerable skill in the art of fundraising, deployed over several months of meetings, but that was not the case. I am sure I brought up the matter of his "participation" in the *Campaign* from time to time, but we had never gotten as far as discussing a dollar amount, and if we had I probably would have screwed things up by suggesting an amount considerably less than \$1 million. Maybe after our string of awkward meetings he felt sorry for me. In the years to come, I would tell my staff, particularly those in the major gifts part of the operation, that if they were surprised by a major prospect making a gift for which they had not gotten around to asking (as I had), or if they were surprised by being given a gift much larger than they had asked for (as I was), they were not doing their job. Charles was the object lesson. Would Charles have made a bigger gift if I had worked on him to do so? I'm reasonably comfortable with the assumption that he would not have. I think he had decided what he was going to give during the lunch Graves and I had with him and asked him to serve as the chairman of the campaign. I think the amount was what he was deciding when he took some time before agreeing.

Given the amounts that have been given to colleges and universities by individuals the first decade of 2000, a gift of \$1 million in 1977-1978 seems pretty modest, even when adjusted for inflation.⁸⁸ We received no larger gift from an individual during the campaign, and it did serve to set the bar higher for both William and Mary's prospective donors and the staff of the development office. Perhaps more important at that particular time, a \$1 million gift made it far more certain that we would achieve our campaign goal of \$19 million by the date we had set a couple of years before. The amount raised turned out to be \$21,400,000. We announced the successful completion of the *Campaign for the College* from the balcony of the Wren Building to those assembled on the lawn near the building's front entrance. As with the campaign kick-off, the number of *Campaign* volunteers, other alumni and friends, faculty and staff who responded to our invitation to the event was disappointingly small.

Nevertheless – a word I find I favor as much as Paschall favored *maneuver* – I think it was a solid start to a development program of the size and with funding appropriate to the College of William and Mary. Had our team in the Development Office faltered, or had the Campaign for the College turned out to be an embarrassing failure, the budget needed to support an aggressive and sophisticated fundraising program would have been much more difficult to come by in the years immediately following. Such a failure might also have given prospective contributors cause to hesitate to make large gifts to William and Mary, reasoning that if others were not giving in the amounts

⁸⁸ Or about \$3.7 million today. "Measuring Worth," at www.measuringworth.com, using the CPI

anticipated, they, too, might be wise to hold back. A failed fundraising campaign has many adverse implications. But ours wasn't, and in the years that followed, others built success upon success.

In his letter referenced in Part Two, Section II, Sean M. Pieri, the College's current Vice President for University Development, also wrote: "I am happy to report that this past fiscal year represents the best ever in the history of William & Mary as we topped \$50 M in contributions for the first time (bet there weren't many days you could imagine that while walking the Sunken Garden)." He's right. The total of \$50 million in one year is 250% more than we raised over the three-plus years of the *Campaign for the College*. I can't say I could never have imagined such success, but such thoughts would have had been the stuff of daydreams. Nevertheless, I'm not above claiming a sliver of the credit for such a record-setting year for those of us who comprised the College's first Office of Development back in the 1970s.

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POSTSCRIPT

“Everything will be all right in the end. If it’s not all right, then it’s not the end.”

Sonny Kapur, played by Dev Patel
The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel, 2012

I left the College of William and Mary in 1979 for the newly created position of Vice President for Communications and Development at the Georgia Institute of Technology. I had been at William and Mary for seventeen years, and although Ellen and I probably would not have been unhappy to spend the remainder of our lives there, I thought it time to move on. When I got to a point of grumbling about where the flowers and shrubs were being planted on the campus, I realized I had developed such a vested interest in everything being done at the College that our relationship had become unhealthy.

Georgia Tech was coming up on its One Hundredth Anniversary, and its President, Joseph Pettit, and others saw it as an opportunity to raise some big money. The President and Board of the Georgia Tech Foundation approved a five-year campaign with a goal of \$100 million, but about three years or so into the campaign we were doing well enough to announce an increase of the goal to \$200 million. After the last penny had been counted at the close of the campaign, we had raised \$202 million.

While at Georgia Tech I received a heartening number of inquiries about open vice presidencies at other universities, including, I am proud to say, one from my alma mater, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, but for one reason or another, none appeared better to me than the job I had at Tech. In late 1987, about the time I was starting my seventh year at Georgia Tech and the fourth of the campaign, I was awarded a Fulbright Fellowship. Notwithstanding our being in the midst of a major campaign, the president and foundation board allowed me to accept the honor.

I decided to spend my six-months at Imperial College in London, an engineering and science-oriented institution not unlike Georgia Tech. Margaret Thatcher was Prime Minister at the time, and she had let it be known that she believed British universities should act more like American universities and begin charging tuition and raising money from private sources. By the time my family and I had arrived in England, many of the heads of the UK colleges and universities had grudgingly appointed directors of development. Those unfortunate enough to be so appointed were provided virtually no operating budget and even less guidance on how to do their jobs. So given that those awarded Fulbright Fellowships had almost total freedom to do whatever they thought useful, I decided to provide pro bono consultation to any and all UK college and university directors of development who requested it of me. I also made presentations and conducted workshops on fundraising for groups. And not wishing to neglect my host university, I also prepared a detailed plan for the introduction of programs in alumni

relations and fundraising at Imperial College -- in consultation with whomever there would discuss such exotica with me.

Then, on a dark and windy night in London, I received a call from one of the trustees of CASE informing me that the board had chosen me its Chairman-Elect, effective shortly after I was scheduled to return to Atlanta with the family. After resuming my duties to Georgia Tech and beginning to attend CASE board meetings again, I began lobbying the CASE president (the salaried CEO) and its trustees to respond to the need I had found so critical in the UK. Within a year or two, with the near unanimous support of the CASE trustees, the director of development of Canterbury University was hired as the manager of CASE UK (now CASE Europe), an office was organized in London, and the first CASE programs and services were offered in the UK in the fields of alumni relations, communications, development, marketing, and allied areas. It was a humble beginning, but today, there are more than 61,500 advancement professionals who work at more than 3,350 CASE-member institutions worldwide. In addition to its headquarters in Washington, D.C. and the office in London (CASE Europe), CASE now has offices in Singapore (CASE Asia-Pacific) and Mexico City (CASE América Latina).

President Pettit died of cancer during the culminating events of Georgia Tech's centennial celebration. Around the time of his death, I had received an inquiry from the University of Chicago via Alan and Judith Sanderson, whom I knew from William and Mary. Chicago, they explained, was coming up on its centennial, and its leadership, as had the leadership of Georgia Tech, wanted to use the occasion to launch a capital campaign. I met with Hanna Gray, Chicago's president, and several others there, and, in brief, in 1988 I became the Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations at the University of Chicago.

I was very proud to be a vice president of the University of Chicago. And in addition to the intangible benefits of being associated with a school of such a distinguished academic reputation, I was paid very well and had generous benefits. Gray had a reputation of being a difficult person for whom to work, and I found early on that the reputation was well-deserved. Over time our relationship became if not mellow at least workable. We agreed that a five year campaign with a goal of \$500 to \$600 million was appropriate for Chicago. We announced \$500 million, but in the development office we thought \$600 million was possible -- given a few happy surprises. One of the issues in projecting the amount of the goal was whether Gray would choose to remain as president until the end of the campaign and if she didn't what her leaving and our having to work with an as yet unknown successor would mean. She didn't so choose, announcing she would retire after fifteen years as president effective June 1993, two years after we had kicked-off our *Campaign for the Next Century*.

Gray's successor had been the provost of Princeton University prior to Chicago. Within his first year as Chicago's president, he had requested the resignations of the University's provost and four of the five vice presidents, including me. My colleagues in the central administration seemed to take their firings with equanimity. I did not. I was bent out of shape and had trouble getting past the experience for a couple of years. I had just turned sixty, and had limited marketability. It did not seem to matter that the Campaign had been going well: with thirty months or half of the five years of the campaign behind us when I left, we had commitments totaling \$310 million. A straight

line projection would have put us at \$620 million at the end. My plan was to finish up the Chicago campaign gloriously and retire. But it was not to be. In 2000, seven increasingly divisive years after he had been named president, the man from Princeton resigned. He then skittered over to Chicago's Department of Economics and slipped into a tenured professorship. He is there today.

Thereafter, I sought employment with Grenzabach Glier and Associates, a large fundraising consulting firm based in Chicago. I was named a Senior Vice President and Managing Director, one of several. Ellen and I loved Chicago, but the weather – not for me so much the cold, which was bad enough, but the unrelieved gray of the skies from September to May – and the cost of decent housing in the city's downtown, where we would have wanted to live, persuaded us to return to Atlanta. My territory for GG&A was the southeast United States, the United Kingdom, and Europe. It was enviable territory, but the continual travel and long periods away from home, even in the British Isles and Europe, gets to one. After three years with GG&A, I resigned to accept the position of Vice President for Private Support with CARE International, the large relief and development agency headquartered in Atlanta. After less than a year on the job I was diagnosed with prostate cancer, had an operation, stuck around CARE for another half year or so as a consultant, and decided life had begun feeling too short to spend what years remained for me raising money. That was thirteen years ago!

In 2009, CASE and its 61,500 representatives of member institutions presented its *Lifetime Achievement Award* to me, its fourth such award in its history. The citation described me, in the perjuring language customary for organizations when carving such tombstones, as a “consummate on-the-job professional, immense contributor to [our work], and extraordinary volunteer.”

Not my picture on the cover of *Time*, but nice enough.

WARREN HEEMANN

Instructor, in English, 1962-65

Assistant Professor, 1965-73

Associate Professor, 1973-79

Coordinator of Research, 1965-67

(Reporting to the Dean of Graduate Studies)

Director of Institutional Resources, 1967-1969

(Reporting to the Dean of the College)

Assistant Vice President for Sponsored Programs, 1969-1971

(Reporting to the Vice President for Academic Affairs)

Vice President for Development, 1971-1979

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