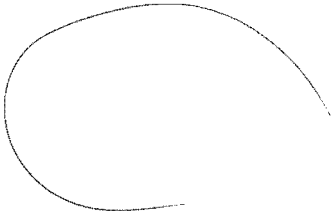


FRED L. FRECHETTE

Fred Frechette's enrolling in William and Mary in 1942 came from a chance meeting with a work-study recruiter in Massachusetts. After a year in this program he was drafted but returned to campus in 1943 to continue in the work-study project, serving in the first corps of waiters at the Travis House, operated by the Restoration. Soon after graduating in 1946 he began working on the Alumni Gazette, an association that continued over a number of years. After the alumni board voted to bar further articles on the football scandal he resigned as managing editor and became Williamsburg reporter for the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Later he moved to Richmond, where he was president of the Richmond alumni chapter. From 1972 to 1975, he was a member of the Society of the Alumni Board of Directors, Working as a reporter and in his public relations business he has remained in constant contact with the college and its officials. His interview covers a variety of subjects mentioned above.



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Interviewee Fred L. Frechette
 Date of interview June 15, 1976
 Place Holly Hill, Jamestown Rd., Williamsburg
 Interviewer Emily Williams
 Session number 1
 Length of tape 107 mins.

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work/study program during WWII	40 mins.
male life at W&M during WWII	8 mins.
"Flat Top Incident" (1945)	5 mins.
campus morale during WWII	3 mins.
local fraternities	3 mins.
postwar period	7 mins.
work on <u>Alumni Gazette</u> , involvement in athletic scandal	6 mins.
Porter as president	4 mins.
A.D. Chandler - dealings with, assessment of, problems of	10 mins.
Paschall as president	3 mins.
miscellaneous	2 mins.
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Henry Billups	1 min.
alumni work	20 mins.

Fred L. Frechette

June 15, 1976

Williamsburg, Va.

Williams: You were telling me of a special program you were in during the war. Is this the reason you came to William and Mary?

Frechette: Absolutely, absolutely. They recruited us. I learned later the background of this was that in the spring of 1942, with the war already having made inroads on the male population of William and Mary, John Stewart Bryan said, "We've got to do something about it" (I don't know if he used those words or not). It was Sharvy Umbeck who suggested the possibility [of a war-work program]. It was patterned after something he had witnessed or had heard of at the University of Chicago, as I recall-- the idea of bringing some boys in who might not otherwise be able to afford college, getting them some kind of work, and ^{letting them} working their way through. John Stewart Bryan bought the idea, and Umbeck started organizing it. But he had a summertime job as a tennis coach somewhere in the Chicago area, so it was dumped in the lap of Hib Corey. Hib, of course, realized that the idea was to go out and find the boys. This was a recruiting job. He did the smart thing: he got ahold of Rube McCray,

who was at that time assistant to "King Carl" Voyles, who was the ^{big} man in athletics. Rube McCray and Hib Corey rounded up several members of the faculty, the unlikeliest bunch of recruiters ever put together. Before he even started recruiting Corey had to find the jobs.

Williams: I was going to ask if the college lined up the jobs.

Frechette: Corey did. But he was lucky. He didn't have to go any farther than the Naval Mine Depot, which is now the Naval Weapons Station, down in Yorktown. They ~~said~~ they would hire anybody they could get. They were just absolutely desperate for help, as we found out later. The boys who were recruited gave me these names of people that contacted them: Professor Donald Davis of biology; Raymond Dousé, who was a music professor; Wayne Gibbs of accounting; Harold Phalen of mathematics; Tom Thorne; Ben Read, who was at the Norfolk division, I think; and "Pop" Werner, who was the freshman football coach. The most frequently mentioned was an assistant professor of biology named Dr. Albert Delisle, and he was the unlikeliest

recruiter you ever saw. He was not quite my height (I guess he was 5'7"), kind of balding, wore thick glasses. He was not fat, but he was not a prepossessing kind of guy. He apparently went everywhere, and boys from Danville, from Frederick, Maryland, and Johnson City, Tennessee, all told me they were recruited by Delisle. But he made his biggest haul in Massachusetts, and that's because he was from Massachusetts. As a matter of fact, he was from South Hadley Falls, and the reason I got lined up was that we used to live next to him when I was very little. He ran into me on the street in Holyoke, where I was working at that time. I was twenty years old, just waiting to be drafted. I was going to night school trying to get an education, and I told him [what I was doing]. He said, "Why don't you go to college?" I said, "I can't afford it." He said, "You can work your way through if you go to William and Mary." I said, "What's William and Mary?" I didn't know! He said, "We can get you a job and you can get your education." I said, "That's great, but with the draft, it won't be long before I go." He said, "We'll get you in the reserve corps. I thought, 'Well, I'll give it a whirl.'" As a matter of fact, he got twelve boys out of that immediate area of Massachusetts. I was among the ones.

I arrived here on a terribly hot evening after a train ride that started at seven o'clock in the morning. I got here about eight o'clock at night. In those days of coal locomotives, when you rode in the coaches you got coal dust all over you. I got off the train, and of course trains were crowded too because it was wartime, and this great big man came shouldering through the crowd, butchering my name (but I'm used to that). I realized he was calling my name. That was my first introduction to Rube McCray. He met me there! He made me feel like "Boy, we're glad to have you, son." He put me in his car, helped carry the bag, and put me in my room in Tyler Hall. They met every boy that came down here, and that was beautiful because if it hadn't been for that, most of us would have headed back.

We were jammed in the rooms -- like in my room in Tyler we had four boys. (It was meant for two.) Then they took us down to register at the Naval Mine Depot as second-class laborers. All that summer we were working there for ten-hour days in that terrible heat, and we were doing what everybody called "nigger work." In World War I there had been a naval air station there. In this great huge field near where the Parkway is now (you can't see it) they had been receiving TNT from the TNT producing firm (Dupont or whoever). It had been coming in faster than their people could handle it; they were just

short-handed. They had laid temporary railroad tracks

out on this field, and all these strings of boxcars of
were out there

TNT waiting to be unloaded, (Details of the TNT incident.)

That's mostly what we did for the first weeks was unload these boxcars.
We got very careless with the TNT because it looked like

soap powder.

To get back to the recruiting:

I circulated a questionnaire several years ago. The boys said they

heard about it in the newspapers or had heard it on the
the program

radio. There were at least 460 of

us. To work at the Naval Mine Depot you had to be civil

service, and it wasn't until after they got the boys on

their way down here that they found out that the minimum

age for civil service was eighteen. Most of the boys

were seventeen; some of them were sixteen because of the

eleven-year high schools. What they had to do was that

Corey had to hustle up to Washington to the Civil Service

Commission, and for the duration of the war, as a result

of this program, the civil service lowered its minimum

age requirement to seventeen nationally. For the few sixteen year-

olds, he got some work from private employers. There was

a pipeline being laid for the Newport News City water system,

which was coming up here and running down old Route 168. Several of the boys worked

on that.

As we went out on our buses, we would see them

they were already on their job; they even had longer

hours than we had.

Williams: Did special arrangements have to be made with your classes for you to work there?

Frechette: None of us had started classes that summer. When we came down here we thought we were going to have classes, but the idea was that we ^{would} work during the summer and stash our money away and be able to make a down payment. Well, that was a great theory, but first of all, we didn't make that much money, and secondly, ^{there} was always been to be ^{had} at Chownings, and ^{we were} always wearing our ^{out} clothes or needing something, so we didn't save very much. But the college didn't mind -- they let us go on and register.

Williams: Did your job pay your tuition?

Frechette: No, I'll get to that. We were making about \$27.50 a week during the summer. Oh yes, I wanted to tell ~~sth else~~ we sneaked a couple of bombs out of the depot that caused a great commotion. Incidentally, ^{at} in connectinn with those bombs, we did it because we were mad at the Marine guards; we wanted to show them they couldn't bully us around. Everybody had TNT in their room; we had bags of it. When these bombs were spirited away the word got out, and somehow the alert was sounded that there was going to be search of the dormitory rooms for the bombs. The boys hurriedly got

[the TNT].
 rid of it. There used to be a little frog pond
 right by the Wigwam--a little place just east
 of the dining hall area, kind of between the
 old infirmary and Tyler ^{there} was a little frog pond
 which has now been covered over with a patio. Down
 there to this day I think you ^{could} find twenty-five
 to fifty pounds of TNT. That's where it was thrown
 that night when the word came around that they were
 hunting for it! ~~It~~ In September the idea was to break us
 into two shifts: some of us worked Monday, Wednesday,
 and Friday and ^{went} go to classes Tuesday, Thursday, ^S and
 Saturday (of course, in those days there were Saturday
 classes). The others would work Tuesday, Thursday, ^S and
 Saturday and go to classes Monday, Wednesday, and
 Friday. We were permitted to carry two-thirds of the
 regular load; for most of us it was two or three-
 hour classes and a five-hour science, plus they gave
 us a credit in physical education because of our work
 we were doing at the Naval Mine Depot. I thought that
 was very nice of them because we deserved it! We all
 put on weight that summer and built up muscles ~~because~~
 we didn't know ~~we~~ we had. The theory was that by

going to summer school, we could make up the three hours a semester that we were missing. Some of the boys almost immediately were able to get other jobs, or they came in September and were given better jobs. For example, I know a boy named Dick Duncan; he never went ^{to} the Naval Mine Depot; he was selling shoes at Casey's. Fred Flanary here in town was a war-worker; he was selling shoes; I think he was on the pipeline job, and then he got a job as a shoe salesman. A fellow named ^A Herman Hoffman was a theatre usher and worked at the college library. Tommy Smith and ^{JOHNNY} Donnie Warner shifted over to waiting on tables in the college dining hall. They were also musicians, and they supplemented their incomes by playing in the college dance band. It was a very difficult thing working the way we did; we were getting up before sunrise; it was getting colder, ^[we were] and riding often in open trucks, working like ^{fiends} down there. They used to dump us at College Corner at 5:15 or 5:30.

We were dirty, grungy, tired, and all these pretty girls coming down ^{on} the way to the post office -- the greatest thing in the world. It wasn't for one's ego. We [^] ^{bit} felt a little apart from the campus.

It was pretty hard to feel [#] apart of it when your'e
 away three days a week like that. The
 financial and monetary ^{needs} pulled us all together.
 When the freshman class elections were held, we put up
 two war workers as president and vice president, and
 we voted for them en masse! It was block voting!

Williams: I wonder [#] how the students felt about ^[the workers] because you
 were a distinct group.

Frechette: I found that the girls were particularly sympathetic.

Some of the guys looked down on us, and that is natural:

None of us had any money ^{or} any standing anywhere.

Another thing too that scared the heck out of them:

we were eager beavers; we wouldn't have been here if

we ^{hadn't been} weren't. Most of us did fairly well in class

because we knew the value of that education. I suppose

we upset a lot of applecarts, but ^{I guess the} war was a big

factor that prevented it from becoming too big,

[#] In December all the air force reserves were called up

and pretty shortly thereafter all the army reserves.

The rest of us were in the navy, and we all went out

in the spring. What happen^{ed} during the fall was that

there was an impossible situation, particularly for

out-of-staters. I couldn't remember what we were

making working three days a week, ^{but} One of the boys,
 Jimmy Carpenter, said it was \$13.93. ^{and}
 Dusty Ash said it was \$13.65.

Whatever it was, we were falling in
 debt rapidly. We just couldn't make both ends meet;
 that's all there was to it. So a lot of the boys
 dropped out. This became very obvious to Shary Umbeck,
 who was back by then, and Jack Pomfret, who had ^{to} succeeded Mr. Bryan as
 President. They tried as much as they could to shift
 the boys over. I ^{to} talked to John Green about this,
 who was at that time Executive vice-president in
 charge of ^{the Inn and Lodge and who helped put this all together.} Just before the War, the Restoration
 operated three restaurants: one at the Lodge, one
 at the Inn, and the other at the Travis House. In the
 fall of '42, the Inn had become a rooming house for
 army and Navy wives, and they closed the kitchen
 and dining room. The labor shortage forced them to
 close the Travis House. Green said that Kenneth
 Chorley, who was president of Restoration, said
 "We need more places to eat: open the Travis House!" Green said, "I didn't
 know how -- I didn't have anybody."
 Green apparently must have mentioned this to Vernon
 Geddy, who was Executive Vice-president and sort of
 resident manager, (because Chorley was generally away).

As I said, the Geddys and the Pomfrets were real close, and they played bridge frequently. Jack Pomfret said there wasn't anything he was afraid to talk about with Vernon Geddy. He said he thinks perhaps over a bridge table in November he said something to Vernon about the trouble the college was having ^{with} about these boys who were working at the Naval Mine Depot. He said it just wasn't working out. ^{They} had these boys down here, and they weren't making enough money. It was too hard on their studies; it was difficult. ^{Vernon} He said,

"John Green is just desperate for somebody to work in the Travis House. We've got to open it." Pomfret said it was in this casual way that the thing was hammered out. ^{Chorley was} enthusiastic about it when ^{Vernon} told him about it. John Green said ^{Vernon and Chorley told him,} "Get Shanvy Umbeck; they're going to supply the men you need." A couple of the boys were hired to be dish washers; the rest of us were hired to be waiters. And then I remember, I think it was in January, ^{there} must have been sixteen of us ^[who] were brought down there and given instructions in how to wait on tables. We went through a two-week course. Around the first of February they opened up with us as waiters. That's how the work-study program got started. ~~Of~~ Of course, it was very successful. It made all the difference in

the world to all of us because we were able to make decent money. The Travis House ^{was} only open for dinner. It was closed Mondays and Tuesdays, so it served one dinner on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and on Sundays it served dinner both at noon and in the evening. You would ^{have} time to do your studying and still make good money on the tips, because it was good money.

Williams: Was it true what I read somewhere that the boys were getting so prosperous in this job that there was a revival of poker playing on campus?

Frechette: Well, I don't know about others, ^{but} I was very fortunate. I was a waiter in the spring of '43, and ^{then} like everybody else I went into the service; I went into the V-12 program. But I got discharged. I came back the first of February in 1944 ^{--there was no problem in going back to work.} But very shortly thereafter the gal who was handling the wines at the Travis House -- she was a chief petty officer's wife and her husband was transferred and she left. Mrs. Reynolds, the manager, was desperate for a wine steward, and since I was the only boy there over twenty-one, I became the wine steward. ^{When I became a senior} I retired because I was making so much money; it was ^{en}frighting. There were days at the Travis House as a wine steward I walked home with

over \$200, and in those days a dollar was a dollar. It was incredible! Not every day was that good. All we served ^{were} champagne, cocktails and wines, and most of our clientele were Army and Navy officers. ^{We'd play "Old Black Joe" to them about} working our way through school, and boy, they tipped, I mean they tipped! What made it great for the wine steward was they didn't take reservations, and it was the only place ^{within} fifty miles in either direction ^{that} was a decent place to eat. You went there when the place opened; they were always lined up waiting when we opened our doors at 6:00. We would fill the place up, and then we would take names, and you would have to be there when your name was called, so most people would just go upstairs in the lounge and sit. All we could serve them were champagne cocktails, and they were \$1.75 apiece. Two of them were a \$1.56, and I always got the change from \$2.00 or more. By the time they had five or six champagne cocktails they were paying as much as for a tip as they were for the champagne cocktails. I was making them as fast as I could. It was fantastic! Literally! And if somebody ordered a bottle of champagne, that would be eight, ^{fifteen} ten dollars. The tips were pretty good.

I shared the job with my roommate through my senior year. There were six meals a week; I would work three or four, and he would work the other meals, and he would make out very well, too. Two of us were being supported by one job. I put so much money in the bank that along about March in my senior year I retired and turned the job over to another veter^an and had plenty left; I had enough left to fly home to California after I graduated. I don't know about the boys working serving the food; they did ~~alright~~^{it}, but that wine steward job was an absolute bonanza. Of course, we were not foolish enough to publicize it; we kept it quiet. But we were working three meals a week, ^[and] I was making \$50 to \$100 ~~more~~ a week.

Williams: A little earlier you were telling me a very lovely story about Mr. Pomfret and the war-work boys.

Frechette: This would be the work-study boys. During the fall of 1942, about the time the Travis House started, all of a sudden you didn't hear the words "war-work" anymore; you began to hear "work-study." I never had a chance to talk to Sharvy because he died before I could, ^{but I suspect} Sharvy decided that "war-work" was not a dignified ~~title~~, and he liked "work-study" because that's what they used out at Chicago. When he came back he ~~kind of~~ decided to change it. There were still boys working at the depot--just a handfull--but they worked right through. Poor guys; it was terrible.

This would be after I came back from the service. During the holiday periods, of course, the Travis House did not close. It was part of the deal when you took a job there, there would not be vacation time. You couldn't go home or where^{ever}. You would have to stay there half the time and staff the Travis House. Personally it was no problem because I couldn't afford to go home to California; I stayed^{anyway}. For most of the boys it was a hardship; they were a lot younger than I was. What we used to do was to flip coins. For example, ^{when} Christmas vacation came up in 1945, everybody flipped a coin. About half the boys had to stay through Christmas. Then they would go home and the other boys would come in and work. We either got Christmas or New Years. Well, on Christmas Eve of 1945, I was on my way to check my mail and then go to work about 5:00. At College Corner I ran into John Pomfret. By that time I ^{had gotten} to know him, as a student. I didn't get to know him well ^(as I did until later), but he still recognized me. He said, "Frechette, what are you doing here?" And I explained to him that somebody had to be here to keep the Travis House going. He said, "You mean that there are boys here on Christmas Eve?" And I told him unfortunately, yes. "Well, what are you going to do?" I think I was

very fresh with him. I think I said something like,
 "They're probably going to get some beer or champagne
 or something and have a little party." He said, "That's
 terrible. That's terrible. I tell you what you should
 do: You get all those boys together, and as soon as you
 get out of work, bring them to my house, and we'll have
 a Christmas Eve party." Well, I explained this to the
 boys. They didn't believe ^{at first,} me, but I finally convinced
 them it was true. It was a slow night; we got through
 about 8:30, and everybody of course ran back to
 the dormitory to get cleaned up and we went over
 there. From a personal standpoint, the interesting
 thing was that the Geddys and the Pomfrets were having
 dinner together that night, ^{because} their sons were in the service.
 The Geddys also had their daughter, Caroline, with them,
 who at that time was sixteen. As we came in she
 was introduced to all the boys, and that's how I met
 my future wife. Shortly thereafter the Geddys left
 and the Pomfrets had just a ^{very} nice party, ^{for} I think there
 eight of us who had to stay to keep the Travis House
 open. I think it was a warm and gener^ous thing that
 he did, because he didn't have to do that. It showed me
 that he was a very nice man, that's all there is to it.

Williams: Was this program you were in unique in Virginia institutions?

Frechette: I think[#] it was; I don't know. I never heard of it being in effect anywhere else. I understand that a lot of places[#] do that now. I think we had a unique situation, ^{it} if ^{had} it not been for the Restoration and the kind of organization that was ^{it} it wouldn't have worked. It did work. It has worked. Of course I don't know ^{how} it is today because I'm not that close to it, but over the years any number of boys (like Jim Kelly--he was at Travis House and King's Arms; I think he did both)--the number of young men (I don't know of any women) that have used that program as a means of getting their education, I think, is considerable. I wish somebody would find out sometime. I have always had a great pride ⁱⁿ having been on the ground floor, breaking the trail for all those that followed. We could have screwed it up badly!

Williams: Apparently you set it on the right track.

Frechette: That was purely accidental, though. I suppose if we hadn't had the kind of boys that stuck it out at the depot and showed that they were willing to work and do well in spite of everything, the college and the Restoration might not have been interested. It was a

great experience; I wouldn't trade it for anything.

Williams: You had said something about that there were so few men [at William and Mary during World War II] that made ^{it} a different situation for you.

Frechette: It really did. ^{We all went around with the sword of Damocles} hanging over our heads. My freshman year, which was '42-'43, Jack Camp was the dining hall announcer, and ^{he} would occasionally lower the boom and announce, "All Air Corps reservists will report in three days" or something, and of course everyone would go, "Oh!" Some of the girls whose boyfriends were Air Corps would get pretty ^ssad. Jack Camp himself reported and he never came back. By the spring of '43, I think our male student body had dwindled considerably--only a couple of hundred of us left, and most of us met on the University of Richmond ^{campus} on July 1, 1943, for the V-12 program. We left William and Mary after final exams in June, and two or three weeks later ^{all of us} met again up there at the University of Richmond. Some of us during the fall flunked out for physical disabilities and what have you. I was one of them. I went back home to Massachusetts and had to report back ^{to the draft board} and I was rejected again. # After working for a while (it was too late to get ⁱⁿ for the fall semester) I returned to the campus around the first of February of 1944, and things had changed.

^{some}
 The girls pretty much were still there. But a whole
 new generation of boys were there. All these freshmen
 boys--the Harvey Chappell's. (Harvey is one of my closest
 and dearest friends. At that time my roommate was a boy
 named Tommy Smith--^{Tommy Smith and I viewed him as an upstart.} We'd been here
 before; we were freshmen class officers together. All of a sudden there were
^{new}
 officers, honor council; two local fraternities had
 sprung up in the few months ^{the other men had been gone.}. As a matter of fact,
 Smith and I and a couple of others counted, and there
 were approximately two hundred boys on the campus,
 and to the best of our ability, we could ^{only} count seventeen
 that were over seventeen years old. (Of course, we were
 among them.) Only about three of that group of
 seventeen had been in the service. We both ^{we} had been in--
 not for long, but at least had discharges to prove
 we had been there. [#] Some funny things happened as a result:
 I remember I was walking on my way to class between what
 is now the president's office and the law school, and I
 ran into a girl named Marilyn Kaemmerle, who was the
 editor of the Flat Hat. I was with Tommy Smith, and she
 stopped and said, "You know, there are no men on the Flat
Hat staff". We said we didn't know that, ^{but gee, that's terrible.} She said, "Why
 don't you do something? Come on, join up". Tommy had done

a little sports writing for his high school paper, so he became a sports writer or a sports editor.

She looked over at me and said, "why don't you come, too". And I said, "I've never done anything like that." I was joking, but I said, "I've always wanted to write a column." She said, "Alright." And just like that, I became a Flat Hat columnist. That set the pattern; I remember not too long (afterwards) the same sort of thing happened in the old post office. I ran into Althea Hunt, whom I didn't know very well. She said, "I want you to try out for a play." I said, "Really?" She said, "Yes. I want you to give it a try. Have you ever done anything?" I said, "Well, not really". I had mentioned I had done something in junior high one time. "Well, you come on. We're going to have tryouts. We've got to try you out." Because there was nobody else I wound up as the male lead in Quality Street, and me--I can't act my way out of a paper bag! I remember they wanted cheerleaders, so I did a little cheerleading one time. I absolutely didn't go for it all, but that's the way it was; there was nobody else. So I compiled this fantastic record of undergraduate activities because I ^{just} happened to be there! I operated under false pretenses; I got O.D.K., ^{President's side}, all this ^{because} simply during those wartime years there were no

men around to do those sorts of things. If there had been I don't think I would have quite so active.

† I remember being an undergraduate in that period ^{before} the boys came back (and they began to really pour back in the fall of '45). Poor girls; I'm telling you, they had a terrible time socially. First of all, they were older than most of the boys, and there were not that many boys around. Their blind dates was what kept them going socially ^{with} guys from various Naval installations and Army installations. It wasn't very easy. As a matter of fact, if I were working at the Travis House (as I did so often) on a Saturday night and there was a dance at school or something ^{and} I could get through by 9:15, I would call up about 9:00 or 9:15 and literally have a choice of who I wanted to take. I don't think I made very many friends by doing that sort of thing! It was not a humbling experience for a man, to put it very honestly. † During this period we had in February of 1945 an early issue (of the Flat Hat) after the first semester exams. It was the first or second issue. We used to have an office up in Marshall-Wythe (now James Blair) on the third floor. ^{I would go up and hunt and peck my column.} There would always be two or three of us around, usually Marilyn Kaemmerle, who was the editor, and Nancy Easley, who succeeded her, and two or three others like that.

Kaemmerle was having a terrible time; she had to write the editorials. She took it very seriously. She asked me what to write about that day, and I ^{don't} remember ~~not~~ telling her anything. She said, "Well, I'm going to do something appropriate for Lincoln's Birthday." She could type much faster than I could. She finished hers before I could finish mine; I was having trouble writing mine. She said, "What do you think of this?" I looked at it, and I said "I wouldn't print that! No way, Mac." She said, "Well, I don't know. Maybe I will. If I can think of something better, I won't print it." Well, she printed it. Wow! Did it ever get her in trouble! It was absolutely true what she wrote, but it wasn't the time or the place, and ~~a~~ lot of people didn't like what she said. I remember some kids from Toano came down to throw rocks at students,

A lot of boys here were Southerners. I remember we had a series of meetings in G-21 Taliferro, which became a command post.

What happened was that James Gordon Bohannon and that crew* all said, "We've got to have some kind of control over what these kids do." Of course, students being students, we didn't like that idea. We took the position that we may not ^{have} agreed with what she wrote, but she had a right to do it. When the pressure got fierce

*the Board of Visitors

some of the hotheads (and there were some) wanted a strike. Jack Pomfret called together what he described as the leadership of the campus. We met in old Phi Beta Kappa Hall; there must have been thirty of us, girls and boys. He told us if we persisted and went ahead and had a student strike that he would have no recourse but to resign. That kind of sobered up some of us. Some of us went back and did our best to cool things. And we did; we succeeded. No strike took place. There was some readjustment in the way they cleared Flat Hat stuff; nothing really changed, but it was a big tempest-in-the-teapot for a while. It kind of colored Mac Kaemmerle's life, though; I think she had to give up being editor. Ruthie Wiemer

succeeded her.

(She became very active in that kind of thing after she graduated.) That was big excitement.

Williams: What could you say of the morale on campus during the war, generally?

Frechette: I think morale was pretty good. There was a little more [an attitude of] of "Live today and let tomorrow take care of itself"

I think it was normal under the circumstances. Just recently, when I moved down here, I uncovered these

old Flat Hats from way back, and I read all my columns.

Its amazing; change the dates and print them today --

the same complaints about food, ^{the ways} professors grade -- some things.

Nothing changes. That's one thing I have learned as I have ^{gotten} older is that people don't change; just the dates and the circumstances change.

We were shook up frequently by the deaths of people

we knew real well. But ^{like a death in} the family you get over it. ^{Campus morale wasn't bad.} We put up with a lot

of things because we couldn't do anything about them.

Food was terrible because we had ^{ings} ration and I think that might have actually prevented us from raising hell about the kind of food they were serving us.

Many times we had for breakfast apple butter instead of margarine or real butter for our toast, and we'd have fried spam instead of bacon. We didn't like it, but

I think we were ^{for} tolerant. And those of us who smoked, finding cigarettes was terrible. I'll never forget it;

I became acquainted with Murads! I never knew they existed! You took whatever you could find, ^{because things were short,} travel was very difficult.

When vacation break came Greyhound just couldn't provide enough buses, and the trains were out of this world. I remember kids actually getting in the baggage compartment underneath the buses to get a ride to Richmond. They weren't supposed to, but

the aisles would be jammed; they did the best they could for them. If anything ^{had} happened, they

would have been lost.

Williams: You mentioned the local fraternities. Were you in one of them?

Frchette:

No. They had to run class elections every semester because of the rapid turnover, and Smith and I and one or two others ran for some office right after we came back, and we got defeated. It was the only time we ever got defeated in an election. The reason we got defeated was because of these two local ^{fraternities} things that engineered the whole thing; there was no chance. So we deliberately organized a club, the Sovereigns Club, for only one reason: to use it as a means of getting even, and we did. We had a lot of fun with it. ^{We serenaded; we designed a pin.} We used it as a political [#] weapon!

Williams: So you were a fraternity without a Greek name.

Frchette: Not really. ^[Smith and I] We were both members of fraternities.

We just called it a club. We gave it some of the trappings of a fraternity ^{to attract kids who liked that sort of thing,} but we carefully avoided it, because Smith was a KA and I was a Phi Tau. We just gave it the aura of one.

Williams: The national fraternities had been suspended for the duration of the war.

Frchette: That's right. When the guys came back they were immediately reactivated.

Williams: There was no thought then to keeping these local ones?

Frechette: We never gave it a thought; I don't know about the others. We automatically disbaned^d when the fraternities came back. The fraternities all lost their houses while the war was under way. I was not privy to all of that. I pledged a fraternity when I was a freshman. We had a beautiful house, and then all of a sudden we didn't have it. I never really kept up with it; ^{I was never a very keen fraternity man.} It's all right for a time and place. When they came back I thought, "Gee, here's a great opportunity to start from scratch and make fraternities have a positive influence." Nobody was interested, so I deactivated myself, and I [#] have been deactivated ever since. I guess I was trying to be a do-gooder, and do-gooders aren't very popular.

Williams: By the time you graduated in 1946, had there begun any of this post war veteran crush that I know came later?

Frechette: Oh, yes. We began to get veterans back in the fall of '45, in a trickle at first. A lot of guys I knew in my freshman year came back in the fall of '45. They really began to hit us in the spring of '46. ^{A lot of them were back.} They didn't want any part of making a fraternity ^{anything but a} fun thing. [#] It was a difficult time for the college because you had

^{who} guys had been away for three ^{or} four years ^{(Some had} been gone before I was a freshman) and who were

mature, They had all kinds of experiences, not all of them good. Liqueur and everything else. When they tried to tell these boys not to drink it was ridiculous. There was no way they ^{were} going to keep them (from doing that). I'm sure an awful lot of girls were brought farther along sexually than they might otherwise have ^{been,} You figure that all of a sudden the average age of your male student body jumps to be about three years older than the average age of the girls. Those who had to deal with student affairs had no bed of roses. I remember being called in ^{by} a man who for a time was dean of students, a man named (George) Armacost. - terribly miscast. He became a president of a college in California - Redlands or something. But at that time he was trying to be the dean of ^{students,} He was a very straight-laced, Bible-type person; I don't remember him too well. He called me in with Tommy Smith, my roommate. He asked us what could he do to cope with the drinking situation? That kind of broke us up because I did more drinking as a college undergraduate than ^{I've done} ever since. It was the thing to do. We really couldn't tell him anything, and I thought

it was kind of ridiculous to ask us for advice.
 Even today it's ridiculous to ask students to
 help run things because you've got to set the
 course. You couldn't prohibit it. Sharvy Umbeck, who I think
 was one of the really great men, I was probably
 right. He came into our room one night. We used to
 get a bottle of Canadian Club or something and
 just really have a party. We locked the door and put
 a blanket up over the transom. We weren't afraid
 of disturbing anyone; the guys knew we had it, and
 they were going to drink it on us! We were quietly
 drinking ourselves into oblivion, and there was a
 knock at the door, and we said, "Go away." A voice
 said, "Sharvy Umbeck." We let him in and he sat down.
 We were just high enough to say, "Hey, have a drink
 with us," and I think he did. He was asking us about
 something, and he said, "Well, as long as you do it this
 way, it's okay." I was twenty-three years old, and how were
~~they~~ going to tell me I couldn't drink? Guys had
 even if it was state property?
 been over in Italy, France, North Africa, and hitting
 a couple of those islands; you're not going to tell
 those guys that are old and hardened and had risked
 their lives (I'm not talking about myself... Some of
 these guys had flown over Germany and all) - you're

not going to tell these guys they can't drink! No way!
 So it was pretty wild for a while there. I think it
 took all of four or five years for the last of that
 group to ^{get} through. Some of them stayed around
 forever. They rode the GI Bill for all it was worth.
 I think they deserved it. ^{They had} given a big hunk
 of their lives. I was in Williamsburg, although I
 was no longer a student. I knew they were ^{having a} rough
 time, but the college [#] survived. It always survives.

Williams: You were by this time working on the Alumni Gazette ?

Frechette: No, my first job after I graduated was with the
 Restoration in their hotel operations. I worked there
 for almost four years. In the meantime, I had been
 working, helping Charlie McCurdy with the Alumni
Gazette. He offered me a full time job at peanuts
 because he didn't have the funds, but it gave me a
 chance to learn more about journalism. We worked
 very well together. We made the Alumni Gazette one
 of the ^(best ten) alumni magazines in the country. It was Charlie's doing; he
 was a very able man. [^] Then we took on [athletics].
 Charlie was not very much in favor of
 athletics, but I was. It's as much a part of college
 as the ivy on the wall. ^{Intercollegiate} Athletics should be a healthy
 thing, provided the boys who play it are bona fide
 students. Well, we all knew that some weren't.

There were some pretty unsavory characters, ^{that came out of there from time to time.} We

weren't going to attack them; we just wanted to say,

"We can have an athletic program, but does it have to be like this?" So I started to do ^{a lot of} research on these

things to find out for example how many boys were they bringing in, and of that ^[number] how many stayed in class very long, ^{their} failure rate and all these things.

It was very hard information to come by. We blocked

out a series of articles. We got our first one

written, and KABOOM! ^{awfully} A lot of people got mad about it.

^[the alumni board] They told us we couldn't print any more of those, so

Charlie and I decided we would just resign, which was

a smart thing for me because I fell into this lovely

job as a reporter for the Times-Dispatch, and ^{he} went

on to greater things. In retrospect it was understandable.

I think that sort of thing today would not raise as ^{big a fuss.} You mean the articles would not raise that big a fuss.

Williams:
Frechette:

Yes. The scandal was what prompted us to do

the series. I don't know anything first hand about

the scandal. I was here in town, working for the

college, and heard all the rumors; I have my theories

about what happened, but I can't add anything of an

historical nature. I can just comment that ^{the} tube

McCray was a very fine person. I don't think that

he, himself, although he took responsibility for it,

was the kind of person to do the things that were done. He proved the kind of man he was; he went down to North Carolina to take over that boys' school and did a fantastic job. I remember him because he was the man that met me the day I arrived in Williamsburg. I would run into him over the years. I never played football for him or anything like that, but he always impressed me as a gentleman. A rough, country boy, [but] an honest boy. ^[He was] not a tremendously intelligent man, but I don't think he was sneaky, and he was man enough to take the responsibility for what happened. I always had a sneaking suspicion that Jack Pomfret on his side (who of course had to take responsibility) might have been glad to have it over with and behind him. He would duck. I remember talking to Jack Pomfret; I got to know him pretty well during the late 40s. I remember sitting with him in his study ^{and} in the president's garage, hearing him just as clear as day. He was sitting with his back to this case of books and typewriter and everything, and ^{he} said, "This is what I like the most," which is what he spent most of his extra spare time doing; historical research. He loved history, he really did. I think he was terribly miscast as a president of a college. I don't think he wanted it; he didn't want to be

bothered or didn't want to hear about things that kept him from his first love. He was a unique man.

Williams: Why do you think he did it then and became a president?

Frechette: Well, I can't give you a first hand account; I can give you my theory. His wife, Sarah, who also is a very nice person, was the sister of a man named Jack Wise. Jack Wise ran the Richmond newspapers for John Stewart Bryan. I think the inference is quite obvious. I don't know ^hwether it is true or ^hwether it happened that way, but it would seem to me that Jack Pomfret wound up as president of the College because of that connection. He may never admit it, () I don't think he really wanted it, but he wound up in it. It was one of those things. He was a dean at Princeton* when he was tapped to be president of William and Mary. I think he should have remained a professor of history. I think he might admit to that today. As I recall, somebody told me not too long ago that he has been known to say that. He has been happy as a lark out there in the Huntington Museum doing what he likes to do. It's too bad: ^{maybe nobody else could have prevented it, but} the fact remains that he did not do his homework as a president. As much as I respect him and admire him, he did a lousy job as president of this college. He permitted things to go on that should not have gone on. He is responsible.

*Vanderbilt

He looked the other way or didn't look at all. You can't run an institution that way; you've got to know what's going on. You've got to take the time and the trouble to go after them and clean them up. He didn't. ^{Alvin Chandler, his successor,} tried harder; ^{he was} completely opposite from Jack Pomfret in that Jack didn't want to know anything, and Alvin wanted to know everything! He wanted to do it all himself. I remember early in my career as a reporter for the Times-Dispatch working here in Williamsburg, doing a long interview with Alvin.

I asked him why,

after having been an admiral in the navy, why ^{he had} he come back to the college. ^{What came out of that was that} his father was J.A.C. Chandler, and he was a fantastic man. The connection between J.A.C. Chandler and Alvin is very direct: Alvin's motivation was ^(I think) vindication of his father, because J.A.C. Chandler did a financial juggling act here to build up this college. He scratched and really fought to get things built. But in the doing he did so much financial juggling that, although he never made a nickle on it and there was no dishonesty involved, he got things pretty messed up, and there was a cloud over his head when he died in office. It was pretty messy trying to get it

straightened out. I'm convinced that Alvin's motivation was vindication of his father; he always felt bad about the cloud under which his father died because of this situation. There is no doubt in my mind 1) that he really revered his father and 2) that he loved William and Mary. Which came first I'm not sure. He was determined to straighten this place out, but he was not the man for the job. Alvin was really a mixed-up combination of characteristics. The man loved to fight. As I told you earlier, occasionally when I was covering stories at the college I would get a story from Alvin one evening and would put it in the paper the next morning, then read the afternoon paper or the Daily Press and find out he had said ^{a hundred and eighty} degrees opposite. (I can't think of a for instance.) I was as direct as he was; I would go storming into his office, and Miss Pearl Jones, who was his secretary, never tried to stop me. I remember telling him in one of our heated exchanges that "the best thing he could do for the college is resign." But the son-of-a-gun, I think he liked it; I think he loved it. After one of our worst arguments he turned around and nominated me for the distinguished service award given by the Jaycees here in town, and as result of that I got it. I remember when I told him I was going to leave the Times-Dispatch

and work for Reynolds (Metal Company) he literally had tears in his eyes.

I think maybe if he had had a couple of men around him during the years he was here that would have fought with him that he might have done a better job. I don't think many people fought with him because he was pretty frightening, particularly if you worked for him. He was hell-bent, full-speed-ahead, damn-the-torpedoes, a bull in a china shop. I think if he had an Achilles' heel, other than his bluntness, it was his talent for believing what he was saying at that moment was the absolute truth. He couldn't recognize that he might have changed his mind from yesterday. He told me one thing one day and another thing another day; that's what used to get me so furious about him. He wasn't trying to lie when he said, "I didn't say that;" he really didn't believe he said it. I think the man was one of these people with the sincere ability to think of only what he is saying at that moment.

‡ Of course, that is absolutely hopeless in a college atmosphere; you can't do things like that. I'm not sure he was the right man at the right place at the right time. He was here; we had to live with him. He was in constant turmoil with the faculty and the administration; they just hated him. Poor Alvin Chandler couldn't go down the hall and go to the john without someone calling me up and telling me about it! He had no loyal help; ^{they were disloyal to him.} People very close to him were snitching on him all the time. I remember ^{during} some of the big controversies, when practically every story coming out of William and Mary was a front page item, a headline story, I would beg some of these people ^{(I'm not going to name any names),} I would say, "Let me quote you!" "No. But maybe you can find somebody else." In those days the Times-Dispatch would not print a story without attribution. Absolutely. So I had all this information and I couldn't use it. Russ Carneal, who was in the House of Delegates, told me time and again, "If one of these idiots would stand up and speak and let us have something we can put our teeth into, Alvin Chandler is gone. The governor is ready to fire him." James Wilkinson Miller, who was head of the philosophy department, finally spoke up, but not until he had himself lined up a job

at McGill . This sort of thing went on too often. I asked Jim Miller a number of times to stand up, but he wouldn't do it. I'm not saying that he was one of those that snitched, but ~~Alvin~~ Alvin was surrounded by snitches. He may have been bad, but I don't think he was as bad as he was painted. In retrospect he looks pretty good to me because at least he was his own man. He was a sincere man with some clay on his feet. He was a miscast, just as Jack Pomfret was a miscast. ~~We~~ We didn't get a really good president until "Pat" [Paschall] came around. "Pat" did a helluva job. I think he overstayed his leave; he was a man who couldn't delegate. In his heyday when he was really sharp, before he had some problems, I would help Jim Kelly with the Alumni Gazette, so I would get involved with "Pat" occasionally. ^{would} I talked to him about something, and "Pat" had that great talent for never seeming to be going in the direction he was going. I think one of the reasons he was so successful in state bureaucracy was because he was a devious man--I don't mean that in a bad sense--~~shrewd~~ shrewd, but devious. It took me ~~awhile~~ while to catch onto him. He wanted to go from here

to there, but you didn't know that when he started because he started to go about one hundred seventy-five degrees in the other direction, and all of a sudden, he is attacking you from the rear, where you're most vulnerⁿable. In other words, that is how he convinced you that you ought to do it his way; he wouldn't just come out and say something. But if he thought you were wrong, he had a way of doing it and being very smooth about it. When he was after something, you might know he was coming after

it, but halfway through the conversation, you would become convinced he wasn't after it. And all of a sudden, you were giving it to him! He had a talent for achievⁱng what he wanted to achieve. This campus we have here today is a testimonial to that. I'm not familiar with the details of his breakdown or

anything like that because I was not here. I have no first-hand knowledge. I suspect a part of it is that he

tried to do too much himself. He was not a great administrator. He'd give a man a job, but he wanted

to do it himself because he could do it better. He

probably could, but that's what breaks a man down. I think Tom Graves is a fantastic man, but it's much too early to talk about him in an historical sense.

I remember a few of the people that I've run

into [about whom] I can make meaningful comments. I think you've

probably heard of Dr. Swem--a fantastic man. A^{bustling,} energetic

little man, always bubbling over. He was ^{so} proud of everything he was doing--and rightfully so.

Williams: Friendly to the students?

Frechette: It was a funny thing; he was always friendly to me, and he didn't know me from a hole in the ground. You'd say, "Hello" to him, and he would come back with a "Hello" - a bright, cheerful man. We had some characters around here. I remember we had a pair of Spanish professors named Itur^ralde; one particularly was bald, and when he walked, he bounced! He was everybody's joke when he walked. I was in Jimmy Fowler's class the day he gave his final lecture before going in the Navy, and we all went. I wasn't even taking history, but ^{was taking his class,} this girl I was dating ^{was taking his class,} Everyone was jammed in Washington Hall that morning to hear it. It was the first time I had heard him lecture and the last, as I recall. Everyone came in there because it was his farewell performance. They couldn't have gotten another human soul in that room. When he finished his lecture there was a standing ovation; it was really something. I didn't know him, but it made me feel kind of ^a chill running up and down my spine because he was going off to the war. "Cy" Lambert called everybody by their first name. Of course, I saw him when he was "commanding the ship" for the chapl^ains. The proudest little man you ever saw, marching at the

head of all these guys. They marched everywhere--to the dining hall and all. It was something to see "Cy" the shortest man out there, leading ^{them} up there; I think he loved that. Just a short time after I came back after I was discharged in February of '44. The Army Specialized Training Unit marched away to war. I used to hate them; I used to be in Taliferro, and they would come to breakfast about 3:00 in the morning singing at the top of their lungs! We had enough of that, and when they marched away Smith and I were not very unhappy, but a lot of girls were. Some of those boys came back to William and Mary.

I remember Henry Billups. I talked to him a few times -- that's all. He was a legend in his own time. All the years I knew him he used to ring the college bell, and he didn't have to do that. Apparently the old alumni in those days (and they're [#] all dead now) knew him because earlier than that he used to be a waiter in the college dining hall, and in those days he got to be very intimate with the boys. They would come back to see Henry, and they would embrace him; they really liked him. Of course, when I knew him he was a ^{very} old man, and he was beginning to get ^{into} on his dotage. But he was very precise about that, ^(bell). He used to have a gold watch he

carried on his belt. There's nothing very memorable there.

Williams: I know you've been (since you moved to Richmond) president of the Richmond alumni chapter. Can that group have a great deal of influence in Richmond in the sense of working with the General Assembly, or is this something that one thinks there in Richmond that they must have influence?

Frechette: Oh, they can have a tremendous amount of influence. It all depends on the situation. ^{Let's put it in perspective:} I was an officer and a president of a chapter, and we didn't do much of anything as a chapter. As alumni we can do a lot; we have on occasion risen up and ~~done~~ a lot. Generally speaking it's not through the chapter so much as it is through ^{kinship,} gathering for the common cause. We may ^{not to} go to the chapter meetings, but ^{when} the time comes we try to press the buttons we know best how to press. We used to have a big thing for the members of the House ^[of Delegates], but that's no longer done. I've never been much of a lobbyist, but some of the men in Richmond who are William and Mary people know and can and do. The only thing I ever did was I did my damndest to get "T." Waller on the Board of Visitors, recently, and fortunately we got him on there. It's hard for me to put a label on ^{our work} it because we get together and talk to people; how do you define that?

Williams: It's not a lobbying group, in other words.

Frechette: No, definitely not.

Williams: Do other Virginia schools use their Richmond-based alumni this way?

Frechette: I don't think so. You figure that half of the General

Assembly are University of Virginia people, [although]

we've got some good William and Mary

people in the assembly. I have been asked to contact

people, but I haven't. I don't think it does much good

unless you already know a guy. I wouldn't mind talking

to Bill Murphy or Jimmy Dillard, who are both in the

house, because I know them; I know them real well. Or Johnny Dalton -- even
Mills Godwin.

^ I think that's the way it works; in other words, if

we want to achieve a certain thing, the way it's done

is not to hit Delegate Joe Blow, [#] you say "Hey, Johnny

Smith knew Joe real well; they were in school together, or

practiced law together, ^{or} play golf together. Hey

Johnny, how about talking to Joe?" That's the way it's

going to work. They're not going to listen to a stranger.

They'll be polite to you, but a friend can make points.

I think that's the way legislators, legislatures, and

even Congress works; I don't think they're going to listen

to people putting pressure on them. I think they resent

pressure; I would if I were a politician. I'm not saying

that you couldn't operate in an organized way through

the Richmond group; we've got a very large group of alumni in Richmond. I think most of us, without ever coming out and saying so, realize that the only way

to work is by working through people that know people. Of course, we all rallied on this athletic thing almost two years ago. I think we put a tremendous amount of pressure not on the board (the board didn't need it), we put a lot of pressure on the college itself.

One thing that I'm proud of and worked very hard to achieve while I was on the alumni board is something I believe in very firmly: the college is made up of many families. You've got an undergraduate family; you've got a faculty family; you've got an administrative family. But they tend not to count the alumni as part of the family, which is a very bad mistake. I believe that we alumni should

be considered a viable part, not only in terms of going out and asking us for money. We can give a lot of input there. Over the last couple of years I helped rewrite the rules (I didn't do it myself), ^{I was one of the committees.} We set up a new committee organization in which we actually have a committee meeting regularly with the president, setting up channels of communication with the undergraduate ^S faculty, administration, and with the Board of Visitors, which I think you've got to do to run an institution properly. ~~§~~ One thing I didn't have a chance to follow through on

that I was trying very hard to do when I had to go off the board ^{concerned this:} was I believe there is a tendency in the teaching on ^a college level to operate within an ivory tower atmosphere, separate from the real world. And there are a helluva lot of men and women ^{who could} out in the real world [^] come back and give some input pertinent to the various disciplines that would be helpful. For one thing, I think we ^{could} ^a show that [^] liberal arts education is not to be sneezed at. You don't have to be a specialist, ^{and} there are a helluva lot of history, art, [^] English majors doing things today in business of all kinds and being very successful at it. They can come back and say, "Look, you don't ^{have to} [^] be a trade school graduate to make it today." A liberal

education is the best thing you can have for a lot of things, particularly if you want to go into business for yourself. We can tell you how and we can tell you what's good about this, because liberal arts institutions are unfortunately beginning to be on the defensive. Kids expect to be chemists or engineers -- all these one-dimensional people. I've run into so many over the years as a reporter,^{as} a public relations man, and^{as} a film maker. They're so shallow! They don't know it. All they know is their speciality. Nothing is worse than to deal with them sometimes. They wouldn't know literature if you threw a book at them! Their whole training has been on some special, narrow track. Of course, there is so much they have to know; that's all the time they've got to do it, so we've got to have specialists, I suppose. It's a shame.

Williams: Do you see this as something that the alumni could do now?

Frechette: I think we^{could} help out in that respect if the faculty people gave us a chance; I think they're a little jealous. I've got a funny attitude about people who tend to be faculty people. I go back to the kind of guy^{I went to school with} who became a faculty person. He was already off by himself; he was not very competitive, generally (Nothing is universal). But generally speaking the non-competitors went into things like teaching and the ministry. The competitors went into business.

Well, this is too bad, because they ^[noncompetitors] tend to downplay competition. The trend is there, and that's not the real world; it's competitive and if you can't compete, you're in tough shape. There should be more of this. Now I'm not talking about Charlie Quittmeyer and his group -- they know what the score is.

Liberal Arts-type professors are definitely non-competitors, except in a very cerebral level. Unfortunately that's not the level that's going to help a kid a whole lot. All of a sudden they come out and they find out that they've got to get their hands dirty. It's a big shock to them. ^{a lot of} I think the best thing that can happen to them is to have to work; that's why I think work-study is so great. That kind of negates some of the bad effects of this uncompetitive type that they're listening to who is not in touch with the real world. These kids are smarter than we give them credit for, but I think they can be much smarter if they have to go out and work. Some people say, "It was terrible that you had to work your way through school; that was the best thing that happened to me!" They ought to make every kid who is eighteen support himself for a year before he goes to college--no help. He has to go out and find a job and dig ditches or whatever. That teaches him something about life. He gets his car and TV and then is given his college education; you know, that's not healthy. You find a lot of problems that we've had are because of that very nature. Things

have been too easy for them, and what they have is a guilt feeling. They get so bleeding-heartish about everyone that doesn't have things. They're guilty; we shouldn't have this. They ^{ought to} have to go out and work for some of it. They soon find out that some people don't have it because they don't have the initiative to work for it; all people are ^{not} equally educable; all people aren't equally going to work. There are a lot of sneaky people in this world; there are all kinds, and you have to make allowances for that. But I'm on a soapbox now.

Williams: From your alumni work and having been on the alumni board, what do you see as the greatest challenge facing the William and Mary alumni?

Frechette: I wouldn't call it a great challenge, but there are two things that I think the college needs. One is to bring the alumni into the mainstream of the college. The other thing is a little more time. You see, we ~~don't have~~ ^{haven't had} an alumni body; we're beginning to have one. But for all intents and purposes William and Mary is a new school. We don't have that great, big backlog of alumni behind us. We've got to continue to crank out top-flight kids who can build, if the tax structure ^{will} permit it, success in the monetary sense--property, whatever. Because until we build that

big backlog we're not going to be able to raise the kind of money to do the things this college needs. They think they can raise \$18,000,000;

I think they may be able to, but I think it's not all going to come from alumni. It's going to have to come from other sources, which is fine; we need that, too. What we need now is time, because you only build an alumni body over a length of time. You think back that it wasn't until 1939 that we got selective with our admissions. Before that anybody could walk in here, and it shows because we've got a zilch alumni body; ^{if you worked in the alumni office you would} know that we get no response from the classes through the late '20s and '30s that were on the surface big in numbers. One in four would graduate. A lot of people (27,000 or 28,000) are on our alumni rolls but a lot of those were here only a semester; they're lost. When you turn out seventy-five ^{to} eighty per cent graduating, then you're building an alumni body. These kids I went to school with in war-work, a considerable number of them stayed here, and they're just now beginning to get a little of the wealth. They are beginning to be successful. These guys are in their fifties, and it takes a little while. We weren't graduating that many. You've got to give this

thing time to build up. That's not a challenge, but that's the way it's going to go. Alumni are, on the average, in the first ten^{to} fifteen years out no good because they are preoccupied with building a home, building a family, getting ahead in their occupation. They then begin to get interested; they might ~~pay~~^{make} a nominal ~~thing~~^{contribution} every year. Then they begin to turn back to school, and that's when we begin to get them. There again, they^{'ve} got to have something to give, and that takes time ~~to~~ develop. So I wouldn't call it a great, big challenge; I would just say let's be realistic about it. We need more time; we're getting it. The future of William and Mary is magnificent. It is unique. There is no school anywhere that's like it. There are a lot of schools that can say that, but I think ~~we have a lot to~~ be proud of here, and as long as we are a tough school and we make kids cry over their grades a little bit... The things you remember in life are the things that are hardest to achieve, and kids that go through William and Mary have a tough time getting through, but they get through. They are the ones that will look back with the most pride. The only way you can build pride is to make ~~somebody~~^{somebody} work for something; you can't do it by giving it to him. The marines used that for years; if you survive basic training in marines, man, you are always

a marine (ask Jim Kelly). That's what pride is based on:
 a common experience that wasn't easy, it was hard to
 come by. That's why you will always find anybody who
 went through our war-work program would be proud of
 that. We use to call each[#]other F.E.s[#] I wouldn't tell
 you what that means because it's an obscenity, but we
 called each[#]other F.E.s with pride. Anybody who knows
 what that means knows we went through hell, and we were
 proud of it.

Williams: This manuscript that you were telling about--when
 is that to come out?

Frechette: Mr. Kelly has been promising to print it for three
 years! I've offered to pay for it, but he wants the
 college to pay for it, coming out of the president's
 discretionary fund.

Williams: I want to thank you for taking the time this morning...

Frechette: I love to talk about William and Mary!