

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

**INTERVIEWS WITH
ALEXANDER G. GILLIAM, JR.**

Conducted on January 19, February 2, and February 3, 2012

by Sheree Scarborough



**HISTORY ASSOCIATES INCORPORATED
300 N. STONESTREET AVENUE
ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND 20850
Telephone: (301) 279-9697
Fax: (301) 279-9224
hai@historyassociates.com**

Alexander G. Gilliam, Jr.

Biographical Statement

Alexander G. “Sandy” Gilliam, Jr. was born in 1933 in Baltimore, Maryland. He received his B.A. in history from the University of Virginia in 1955. Gilliam served a year in the U.S. Army in counterintelligence. Returning home, he spent a year in graduate school at the University of Virginia and taught at St. Christopher’s School in Richmond. In the early 1960s, he was in the Foreign Service, and served in both Israel and Africa. Later in that decade, he worked in the State Department under Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and studied Arabic in the Middle East. In 1970, he joined the administration of Virginia Governor Linwood Holton. In 1975, Gilliam returned to the University of Virginia, where over the course of thirty-four years, he served as assistant to three University presidents: Frank Hereford (1974-85), Robert O’Neil (1985-90), and John T. Casteen III (1990-2010). Gilliam also served as secretary to the University of Virginia Board of Visitors from 1991-2009. Since 2009, Gilliam has held the title of University Protocol and History Officer.

Interview Synopsis

Mr. Gilliam begins the interview discussing his family background and multigenerational ties to the University of Virginia. Both his father and grandfather attended the University. He recounts his memories of Charlottesville and the University as a child when visiting his grandmother who lived close to the Grounds. He describes his undergraduate years at the University, including courses, professors, fraternity experiences, and general University life. Mr. Gilliam shares colorful stories from his counterintelligence work in the Army while stationed in Germany; his time working in U.S. Embassies and the State Department; and his work in the administration of the progressive Virginia governor Linwood Holton. He narrates at length his experiences in the University of Virginia administrations of Presidents Hereford, O’Neil, and Casteen; and discusses such topics as coeducation, the capital campaign held during Hereford’s tenure, the evolution of graduation exercises, and Queen Elizabeth’s visit to the University in 1976.

The University of Virginia Oral History Project
Interview with Alexander G. Gilliam, Jr.
Conducted on January 19, 2012 by Sheree Scarborough

SS: Today is January 19, 2012. I'm here with Alexander G. Gilliam, Jr., "Sandy." He is currently the history and protocol officer of the University of Virginia. We're here to talk about his career. We're actually going to begin before your birth. (Laughter.) Usually I start an interview with somebody's birth. Your ties with the University go back further than that, so I thought you might tell me a little bit about how your ties with the University of Virginia began.

AG: Well, the Gilliam's have been coming here since 1829, which was four years after the University opened. In my direct line, the generations of my family are terribly confused. My grandfather Gilliam went off to William and Mary. I think it was four years after the Civil War ended. The only suit that he had was made of Confederate Army blankets.

He went to William and Mary, and then he taught school for a couple of years, and then came here to law school. I'm trying to remember the date. I believe he was here in 1874 or 1875. In those days at the University of Virginia—and probably most schools—people didn't follow the kind of curriculum that a college student follows now.

The pattern here was that people came for a year or two and you concentrated in various subjects. You would spend all of your time concentrating, let's say, in

classical languages. Then you would sit for the examination and get a diploma, and then you would start on mathematics, and then sit for the examination and get a diploma. They awarded the BA, but very few people took it. Probably the earliest degree candidates here were people who took the MD, and then later, the MA.

At any rate, for lawyers, the pattern, at least in this part of the world, was that you might go off to a university and read law for a year, but no more. Then you would be an apprentice in a lawyer's office and continue studying law under him. Then you would sit for the examination and be admitted to the bar. This is what my grandfather did. He was here for a year, went back to Petersburg, in the eastern part of the state, and read law in somebody's office, was admitted to the bar, and practiced law.

SS: You said that was your paternal grandfather?

AG: Paternal grandfather, yes. My maternal grandfather was a Charlestonian. The generations weren't quite so confused on that side of the family. He started studying medicine in the mid-to-late 1880s at the Medical College of South Carolina in Charleston. Charleston was desperately poor in those days. The medical college was so poor they could not afford to provide cadavers for their medical students. Instead, the medical students, at least, according to the family story, were told about likely graveyards they might rob.

My grandfather was so disgusted—so the story goes—that he quit, and told his parents he wanted to go to the University of Pennsylvania, which was the best medical school in the country, in those days. The story is that my great-grandmother took to her bed for a week at the idea of her only son going north. Then she rose up and declared that he was to go. He went to Penn and did his medicine there, and did his internship in Baltimore, where he met my grandmother. They got married and went back to Charleston to practice medicine.

On my father's side, my grandparents lived in Petersburg. My father was the next to youngest child in his generation. Two of his older brothers went to Hampden-Sydney College and two of his older brothers came here. He was the last in that generation to come here. He came here in 1923. He excelled at most things. He was a fairly good athlete and was small. He started boxing. Boxing was a very popular sport at the University in those days. He eventually was Southern Conference flyweight, the smallest weight.

He finished college in three years, and thought he wanted to go to medical school, but wasn't sure. His oldest brother had gone to China the year my father was born, to work for one of the tobacco companies. Uncle John got him a job in China, teaching at an Episcopal college in Shanghai, which he did. There was a civil war going on in China and the college had to close down early that year. By then, my father had decided that he really did want to go to medical school, so he

sailed around half the world, and came back here to medical school.

SS: At the University of Virginia?

AG: At the University of Virginia, where he'd done his undergraduate work. He tried to pick up boxing, and found that because he hadn't been doing it for a year, he was out of shape. He was getting punched around too much, and he said, "I would try to study at night and my head would be ringing." He gave up boxing and finished the medical school in 1931. He and my mother got married ten days later. It was the height of the Depression. They lived at my grandmother's house and my mother worked.

SS: Here, in Charlottesville?

AG: Here, in Charlottesville. My father got the princely salary of ten dollars a month, plus laundry for his uniforms. After a year of internship, they went to Baltimore to do his residency at Johns Hopkins. I came along a couple of years later. So I was actually born in Baltimore, when they were there.

SS: You were born in 19—

AG: Nineteen-thirty-three.

SS: Wasn't your father a famous doctor?

AG: What happened in Baltimore, he was doing a residency in internal medicine, a sort of general residency. He fell under the sway of a character called Wade Hampton Frost. Dr. Frost, who was from Fauquier County, Virginia, had done his medicine here and then gone to Hopkins. He had founded two things: the medical discipline of epidemiology and also the first school of public health in the country. At Hopkins it was not called School of Public Health, but School of Hygiene. Hopkins likes to be different.

So my father became a kind of protégé of Dr. Frost, and got a doctorate in public health. He was persuaded by Dr. Frost to join the U.S. Public Health Service, which was probably the only organization in the country, at that point, doing anything serious about epidemiology. When I was a kid, Father was in the Public Health Service and we were transferred around a lot.

His great interest, most of the time he was in the service, was polio. Right after he joined the service, he was sent to Los Angeles. There was a polio epidemic going on out there. He was working at the big hospital. I can't remember which one it was. In a lot of his patients, he was seeing symptoms that weren't quite classical polio symptoms and didn't go on into paralysis or any of those things. He wrote a long study about it. The story is that the people in the Public Health Service, the higher-ups, thought that he was wrong and his study was not

published for four or five years. He apparently was the first person to identify the symptoms of chronic fatigue syndrome.

SS: Really? That's interesting.

AG: It was only some years later that they realized that this was something new and different. At any rate, when the Second World War came, we were living in Washington. Father wanted to get overseas, and so he asked to be seconded to the army or navy in order to get overseas. As I recollect, it was right after Christmas of 1942, a year after the war began, that he was sent to the navy and put in something called the Typhus Commission. The commission was studying typhus, which crops up usually in war conditions, combat conditions.

He was sent to Egypt. The Germans were in Egypt. I think he got to Cairo a few weeks after the Battle of Alamein, so the tide had been turned. The head of the Typhus Commission, at that point, was a navy admiral, a doctor. Once the Germans were chased out of Egypt, the Typhus Commission shifted its main area of interest to the Far East. Father was sent to India first, and then eventually to China where, to his delight, a lot of his former Chinese students had become doctors.

He ended up in Chungking, which was the capital of China during the war.

Father renewed old friendships and so on. They had identified a new strain of

scrub typhus. It was a particular variation of typhus, and had been identified by some Japanese army doctors. It was epidemic in the Japanese army in Burma and we and the British were in the process of retaking Burma from the Japanese. So the Typhus Commission went there. Father came down with it, nearly died, and was sent home, as I remember, shortly before D-Day in the spring of 1944.

He always said that the doctor, who also had come down with typhus, but not as severe a case as my father—who was in the next bed in the hospital ward— saved his life. It was a doctor, Dr. Pepper, who was on the faculty at Yale and was from Philadelphia. He was called “Sarge Pepper.” Father said, “Sarge Pepper saved my life.”

Years and years later, in Richmond, I reported during Christmas one year, to the house of some friends of my parents. I was to pick up their daughter or their houseguest. I can’t remember which—maybe both—to take them to a dance. The houseguest was named Pepper. Her parents were there. I said, “Sir, are you by any chance kin to a doctor called Sarge Pepper?” He said, “I’m Sarge Pepper.”

I said, “You saved my father’s life.” He said, “Young man, I’m sorry. Tell me your name again.” I told him and he said, “Well, I’m not sure I saved his life, but he was in the next bed, and he was off his head. At one point, he was convinced he was a monkey. So I spent a lot of time disabusing him of that notion.” He

said, “That was probably good for both of us.” (Laughter.)

SS: What I read about him was that he was an anti-smoking advocate. He’d written a lot of studies about how smoking is bad for you.

AG: Well, that may have been his last medical specialty. Once they developed the Salk vaccine, the Public Health Service didn’t have to fool with polio anymore. Father was put on cancer, being from tobacco country in Eastern Virginia—and tobacco was the mainstay of the economy in Petersburg—Father felt a certain loyalty.

He wasn’t quite a chain smoker, but he smoked a great deal. Every Lent, he would give up smoking. At least in the Episcopal Church, if you have a saint’s day, and if the saint’s day falls during Lent, that’s regarded as a feast day, so you can break the fast. Father became an authority on the Medieval Church in England, and he managed to find saints’ days that everybody else had forgotten about, that would fall during Lent, so he really didn’t have to give up smoking except maybe for a day or two here and there. (Laughter.)

SS: That’s a funny story.

AG: Ironically, he died of cancer. Not lung cancer. It was colon and liver.

SS: I'm sorry. So while he was in the navy, you were here in Charlottesville with your mother?

AG: No. During the Second World War, when Father went overseas, we stayed in Washington. My grandmother was here in Charlottesville—my mother's mother. We would spend summers here. Then Father retired early from the Public Health Service to go back to Hopkins to be a professor of epidemiology. That's where he died, when he was professor of epidemiology at Hopkins. Of course, my parents moved to Baltimore. But by then, I was grown.

SS: Oh, you were?

AG: Yes.

SS: Where were you raised?

AG: More around Washington than any other place, because that's where the headquarters of the Public Health Service are. My grandfather, my mother's father, went to Penn. His professors at Penn were the group that moved to Baltimore a few years after he finished medical school to be the founding faculty of the Hopkins Medical School. My grandfather would spend a month every summer in Baltimore doing what I guess nowadays we'd call continuing education. He loved playing at surgeon.

My grandparents went to Charleston first, after they were married. I think my mother's older sister was born then. I don't know—the story is vague—she came down with yellow fever. Yellow fever is caused by the *Aedes aegypti* mosquito, and it was quite common in the low country of South Carolina.

At any rate, they left Charleston. One of my grandfather's professors at Penn suggested that they go to Charles Town, West Virginia. Charles Town is not to be confused with Charleston. Charles Town is in the eastern panhandle of West Virginia. It's just off the Potomac, near Harper's Ferry. It has always regarded itself as still being part of Virginia.

My grandfather started practicing medicine there. He founded the hospital in Charles Town. I think probably more to have a place where he could be a surgeon than anything else. We've got a wonderful picture of him and a couple of nurses and an orderly. There's an unconscious patient on a gurney and they're operating on him.

SS: So you were close to D.C. as a child, with your mother, while your father was overseas?

AG: Right.

SS: And do you have siblings?

AG: Two younger sisters—Laura two years younger, and Anne is six years younger than I am.

SS: Then you would come down here to Charlottesville?

AG: During the war, we came here in the summer. My grandparents ended up in Charlottesville.

SS: They were in West Virginia?

AG: They were in West Virginia and my grandfather decided to go back to being an academic. He had started off in Charleston on the faculty of the medical college there, in addition to practicing medicine. He was appointed to the faculty here. They moved down from Charles Town. They bought a wonderful old house just east of town, called Auburn Hill.

They had been there four or five months and my grandfather went back to Charles Town on business, staying with friends, and came in and went upstairs to change for dinner. Dinner was announced and they called him and there was no answer. They went up and he was sitting dead in a chair. He just dropped dead of a heart attack, leaving my grandmother with two daughters in boarding school, and two sons at the University of Virginia. My grandfather apparently was careless about collecting on bills from his patients.

My grandmother tried to run Auburn Hill as a working farm. She had a succession of either incompetent or not honest farm managers. So she did what was typical of this place in those days. She rented out Auburn Hill. She moved into town, bought a house near the University. The house is no longer standing. And the euphemism was: “she took in students.” Most students here, in those days, did not live in dormitories. The University had relatively few dormitories in those days.

SS: What days were these?

AG: We’re talking about the 1920s, late teens, early twenties. She did this, I think, about 1925. There were ladies all over town. I think the phrase is—I used it in a story in the alumni magazine last month: “Ladies of gentle birth but slender means.” In some cases, there were real boarding houses, where they actually provided meals. In most cases, they did not do that. It was a room. I lived in one right across the street. It’s a house that is now rented by the University. It was Miss Betty Booker’s.

SS: When you were a student?

AG: My second year as a student. Miss Betty Booker—her mother had built the house. Miss Betty apparently was a fairly talented opera singer in Europe. I don’t know whether her voice gave out or whether her mother was getting along

in years. She came back to Charlottesville and took over the running of the house. I lived there my second year in college. When I came back to graduate school after the military, I tried to get into Miss Betty's and she had no room. Her rival and cousin next door, Miss Betty Cocke, also kept a house like that.

You have to remember, in the South in those days—when I was growing up—the honorific “Miss” did not necessarily mean a lady wasn't really Mrs. My grandmother's cook addressed my mother as “Miss Laura” and my grandmother as “Miss Ethel.” But in both these cases, neither Miss Betty Booker nor Miss Betty Cocke were married.

SS: So when you came summers to visit your grandmother here, in Charlottesville, did you stay in her rooming house?

AG: Yes.

SS: So your mother and your two sisters and you, would you have one room or would you have—

AG: No, there weren't many students around in the summer, and particularly during the war, so there was room for everybody.

SS: Tell me about what Charlottesville was like and what the University of Virginia was like in the forties.

AG: It was a lot different. It was a smaller place. Nowadays there's a town-gown separation and that really didn't exist, at least to that extent, in those days. It didn't exist to that extent when I was a student. There were much closer ties between the University and the community. Charlottesville, in those days, had a fire department that was about half volunteer, half paid.

There was a horn that was on the roof of the main fire station downtown and the horn blew at noon every day. But also when there was a fire and they needed volunteers to report in, the thing would blow. I can remember that was a characteristic sound. You could hear it all over town.

I don't remember this, but the old Monticello Hotel downtown, which was Charlottesville's skyscraper in those days, ten stories tall, was built in the 1920s. At some point in the twenties or thirties, as a promotional gimmick—or it may also have been encouraged by the feds as a navigational aid for aircraft—they put a very large searchlight on the roof of the Monticello. Apparently, it revolved or could revolve. It was said that you could see it as far away as South Carolina. I don't know whether that's true or not, and I honestly don't remember the searchlight.

I had been interested in trains since I was very small and I continue to be.

Charlottesville was a wonderful place for that. We had two railroads and the old union station, what was called the upper station, still exists as the Amtrak station. The lower station, which just one of the railroads had, has now been made into offices. Life was sort of punctuated by the arrival and departure of trains and the sound of trains.

The two railroads were the Southern and the C&O. The Southern was a much bigger railroad and had much more traffic on it. That was north-south. The C&O was essentially east-west, with a branch going north. At Charlottesville, which is, of course, where the mountains begin, if you're going west, trains would have to take on an extra engine to get over the mountains.

All over town, you could hear trains arrive. One thing that I used to do in these summer visits at my grandmother's—I would hear trains on the C&O, the east-west line, starting up downtown. I would walk to what's called the Beta Bridge, on Rugby Road, which is not too far from my grandmother's. It was a wonderful place to watch trains. It's an overpass over the C&O Railroad. These magnificent steam engines were fighting to go up a fairly steep grade, and there would be doubleheaders—two engines to a train. That was an absolutely splendid sight.

My fraternity house was on Rugby Road, right by the railroad tracks. When I

started at the University, it was in the last days of steam and the beginnings of diesel. The C&O earned most of its revenue from hauling coal, so they stuck with steam engines longer than most railroads did. I can remember that walking back to the Beta house at night, the library closed at eleven, and particularly on a night this time of year, when sound carried, you could hear a steam engine way, way off in the western part of the county, either climbing or coming down and the whistle blowing. It was a wonderful sound.

SS: I had never really stopped to think about how cities sound different now, the different eras, and what you might hear. That's interesting. Would you come to Grounds?

AG: The Grounds.

SS: The Grounds, okay.

AG: I beat on the students all the time now for leaving the definite article off, because it's "the Grounds."

SS: The Grounds. I thought I was doing well to remember Grounds.

AG: (Laughter.) You'll get there.

SS: As a child, did you come to the Grounds?

AG: Very much so—particularly when I got old enough to be allowed to run around unsupervised. I guess my behavior would get to the point where my grandmother would say, “Go off and do something. Just go on. Get out of the house. Get out of the yard. Stop tormenting your sisters.” I would walk down to the Grounds. There are two things I remember most. The Rotunda in those days did not have the same configuration—rooms and floors—that it has now.

The Rotunda burned in 1895. The walls stood. It had had three floors and it was the library. They needed more library space, so when it was rebuilt after the fire they eliminated one floor and had stacks going all the way up to the dome. That was the library until 1937, when the Alderman Library next door was built. By the time I knew the Rotunda, there were offices on the basement floor, but not much on the upper floor.

There were a few offices that had temporary partitions that had been set up between the columns. The floor was bits of marble tile, terrazzo. Then right in the middle, there was, as I remember, a design of stars, I think, of glass brick. That was to illuminate and give extra light to the floor below.

Then there were little curving staircases built into the walls, which had been built for access to the stacks, when it was a library. That was wonderful, to be able to

run up and down those curving staircases. I discovered how to get out on the roof of the Rotunda, which I never told my parents. It was very useful information when I was a student.

SS: (Laughter.) We'll get to that. Don't let me forget that.

AG: (Laughter.) I've got a friend in town, a fraternity brother of mine, who was raised in Charlottesville. He is a year or two younger than I am. We were reminiscing about all this at one point. He said, "Well, I used to go roller skating in the Rotunda. It was a wonderful place to go roller skating, until finally some grown-up would come, and holler at us, and chase us out."

The other great place was what was called the Brooks Museum. It's a building close to the Rotunda. It was put up after the Civil War and it was the gift of a wealthy industrialist from Rochester, New York. There was no real tie with the University, but he gave us a building and he gave the University of Rochester a building. Our building is in High Victorian Style. When I was a student, we were taught to hate it. We thought it should be torn down. Now, I think I would die to keep it because it's just such a neat building.

SS: I've noticed it. It's beautiful. It has philosopher's names on the windowsills?

AG: No, on the lintels above the windows. It's got little animal heads there, too. It

was used for classrooms, but more importantly, a geological natural history museum. They had cases and cases of rocks and things like that. They also had stuffed animals. They weren't real stuffed animals, because they were prehistoric animals—most of them. There was a wooly mammoth; there was a saber tooth tiger; and there were all sorts of other things. They were made of plaster with fur that had been applied to the plaster. They looked pretty realistic.

By my time, they were beginning to get a little moth-eaten. Long before my time, apparently, a favorite student prank was to go in that place at night, and take the animals out, and transport them down the Lawn, and put them in front of a pavilion that belonged to a professor that they were mad at or had a daughter that they were interested in or whatever. By the time I got here as a student, they were gone, and the glass cases mostly were gone. The whole thing had been converted into lecture rooms.

There was an ill-tempered geology professor who had an office adjacent to the museum. If, as kids, we got too noisy, he would come out red-faced, "Kids, get out of here!" He was later famous, still bad-tempered, maybe even more bad-tempered than when I was a kid. But a couple of my fraternity brothers took the basic geology course that he taught and in good weather, the windows would be open and, of course, there were no screens. Some small squirrel would jump up on the windowsill, not come in the room, but sit there chattering at something.

This professor would interrupt his lecture, and poke around in his desk, pull out a shotgun, “Goddamn squirrels. I hate them.” Bam. (Laughter.)

SS: Well, universities really have changed, haven’t they?

AG: (Laughter.) Yes. To go back to Charlottesville, what it was like, nothing was on Route 29, north of town. The intersection of Barracks Road and 29, which is now where the first shopping center built in Charlottesville is. I have a picture in my office, an aerial view that someone gave me, that was taken in 1948 of that intersection. At that intersection, where the Bank of America is now, which stands out, was a small white building known as Carroll’s Tea Room.

The saying was: “No Carroll, no tea, and no room.” In my time, it was owned by a couple of recently graduated football players, and if you had a car, or could bum a ride, it was the favored beer-drinking place. It was always crowded. It overlooked a stream. The stream has now been put underground. And there was sort of a porch—maybe as deep as this table is wide—so it was pretty narrow. If the weather was decent, you would try to fight through the crowd to get out there because there was more room. The euphemism was: “Going outside to watch the duck races.”

SS: (Laughter.) That’s funny. Was there any question but that you would come to the University of Virginia?

AG: No, I applied. For some reason, I don't know why, I was interested in Bowdoin.

I had never seen Bowdoin. I applied there and was accepted there. But I think that was the only other school I applied to. I like to tell people that I was admitted to the University when I was four years old.

There was a personage who was at the University called Ivey Lewis. And Mr. Lewis was a professor of biology, but he was also dean of the University. The title "Dean of the University," doesn't exist anymore. It hasn't existed for years. Dean of the University was the chief academic officer, the equivalent to the provost now, and also equivalent to the vice president for student affairs.

My father majored in biology. Dean Lewis, who in some way, I think was remotely kin to us, had talked my father into going on to medical school. Dean Lewis's secretary was a lady named Miss Mary Proffitt. She was the one who really handled most of the student stuff. Dean Lewis lived in one of the pavilions on the Lawn, and he had taken over the two student rooms that were adjacent on one side of his pavilion for his office. Miss Mary sat in one office and he sat in the other. The door was cut through to connect the two.

Well, we were visiting my grandmother, and I was about four. My father wanted to present his firstborn to Dean Lewis. So he had them put me in clean clothes, and we walked down to the Lawn. Both of them—Dean Lewis and Mary

Proffitt—were still around when I got here as a student, but they both retired about my second year. They were both quite elderly by then.

Father said that if you were a student and Miss Mary liked you, then you could do no wrong. If you got in trouble, she would just get you out of trouble. If she didn't like you, woe unto you. Well, she adored my father. So we walked in to see Dean Lewis and they exclaimed over each other. I remember Miss Mary as a rather spare lady. By then, she had gray hair. I remember her sort of peering over her desk at me and pronouncing that I was to come to the University. That was that.

SS: (Laughter.) So your fate was sealed when you were four years old?

AG: Right. The SAT was just coming in, and as I recollect, the University made it optional. You didn't have to sit for the SAT as part of the admissions process. So, anyway, it was just assumed that I was to come. It was also assumed that I was to go on to medical school.

SS: I was wondering about that. You've got so many doctors in your family.

AG: (Laughter.) You know, I was not in revolt then and I didn't question that. So I decided, well, I was going to do it. I'd do like my father and get my BA in three years. Two things happened. I had taken biology in my second year, from

another great University figure called B.F.D. Runk. Mr. Runk succeeded Dean Lewis in the student affairs half of his job. Mr. Runk was also a biologist.

Anyway, I took a biology course from him. He was a good friend of my parents. He was a great teacher, and I did well in it; so I said I was going to major in biology. I had to double up my third year in order to get all this done. As a pre-medical student, you had to take basic chemistry, basic biology, basic physics and, worst of all, organic chemistry.

Organic chemistry was taught by a short little man who showed no sign of a sense of humor. He had a very heavy Viennese accent. We thought he was a war refugee. Turned out, years later, I discovered he'd been at the University since 1922 or 1923. His name was Alfred Burger; and he knew my father from student days.

The lecture part of the course had probably about two hundred people in it. Then it was split down into lab sections but the lectures were given in a kind of amphitheater. One day, in early November, Burger came in. I won't attempt the accent. He said, "Mr. Gilliam, where are you?" "Sir?" "Come see me after class." "Yes, sir."

I went to see him. He said, "You're not doing too well." I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "The deadline for dropping a course without an automatic failure is next

week. I suggest that you drop.” “ Well, sir, as you remember, we’ve got a big quiz coming up just before Thanksgiving, and I know I’m going to do well on it.”

“ I doubt it,” he said. But he said, “Fine, if you want to do that.” He said, “If you decide to drop the course after the quiz, I can arrange for it with the registrar, so that you won’t get a failure.”

SS: That was nice.

AG: Organic chemistry is mainly memorizing.

SS: I’ve never taken it.

AG: You’re lucky. It’s mainly memorizing formulas and diagrams of molecules. I don’t even like to think about it now. Unfortunately, that was the year I lived in my fraternity house and I deliberately got a single room, figuring I could maybe do some studying. I found I couldn’t study at all over there. I’d have to leave after supper, go find an empty classroom. At any rate, I really got to work, cramming for this quiz. The night before the quiz, I figured I’d gotten to the point in my studies where I could go to my room after supper, lock the door, and work. And that’s what I did.

Around eight o’clock or so, my lower right jaw started throbbing and it got worse and worse. I took aspirin. That didn’t do any good. It was swelling up and I

couldn't sleep and I couldn't study. The quiz the next morning was at eleven o'clock or something like that. Nine o'clock the next morning, I found a dentist and went to see him. He said, "Well, you've got an impacted wisdom tooth and it's infected." He said, "Do you want me to take it out?" I said, "No. I've got this quiz at eleven. Give me a painkiller or something." So he did.

I took the quiz and went home for Thanksgiving and had the tooth taken out. It turned out I'd made the right decision about not having the tooth taken out that day, because I really had problems with it. It wouldn't stop bleeding. At any rate, I got back to school, and the quizzes were handed back. "Mr. Gilliam, come see me after class." He said, "Well." I said, "Sir, I'd like to take you up on your offer." He said, "Wise decision." He said, "All right. I'll do that." He said, "I'll write to your father and explain."

Well, I didn't dare call home. We would have a fraternity pledge whose job would be to answer the telephone during supper. There weren't individual telephones in those days. So five or six days later, he called down during supper, "Gilliam, long distance call." So I went up and I just sort of held the phone away from my ear. I said, "Yes, sir. No, sir."

Years later, when my father died and I was summoned home—I was off on my first post in the Foreign Service. I was in Israel. I came home and was able to be at home for his last six weeks. When he died, I got the key to his office from his

secretary and got some boxes and started packing up his files. He still had that damn letter from Dr. Burger.

Well, so we got through organic chemistry. I continued majoring in biology that year and was not very happy about it. My father came to pick me up at the end of school and I said, "I don't think I want to go to medical school now and I'd like to change majors. I'd like to switch to history. In order that I not have to double up my last year, could I come to summer school?"

Father said, "You pack the car and I'll be back in about an hour." Father came of a medical generation that distrusted psychiatry in all its forms. But a guy in the medical school, who'd been a year or two ahead of him, and was a good friend of his, had dabbled in psychiatry. He was head of Student Health, Dr. A.D. Hart. Father thought A.D. was sound and so he'd gone to see Dr. Hart. When he got back, I had packed the car, and he agreed to summer school and to changing majors.

The condition he had set up with Dr. Hart was that I would go in every Monday during summer school at two o'clock to Dr. Hart's office in Student Health and sit with him for an hour and chat. I did that the first Monday of summer school. Dr. Hart said, "Boy, there's nothing wrong with you. You're not crazy." He said, "You're wasting my time and I'm wasting yours." He said, "I'll tell you what, let's just cut all this out." He said, "At the end of the summer, I'll write your

father a letter and certify your sanity, if you agree not to say anything about it.” I agreed. I found that letter, along with Mr. Burger’s. My father still had it when I cleaned out his office. (Laughter.)

Well, at any rate, the organic chemistry guy, Mr. Burger—nobody liked him, none of his students did. He really was not very nice to his students. I would run into Burger on the Grounds now and then during my last year. He would stop and ask what I was doing. He’d always say something like, “You know, it’s funny, you don’t look stupid.”

Burger died about ten or fifteen years ago at a very advanced age. He had no children. His wife was in a nursing home, and was completely out of it. It was around Christmas and the funeral was to be held in the funeral parlor downtown. I decided, “Well, there’s nobody left. I really ought to go to the funeral.” So I went and there weren’t many of us there.

The funeral was over and I couldn’t escape. We were all herded into the next room to greet the family and the family essentially was his wife’s sister. She constituted the receiving line. I couldn’t escape, so I went through the line and introduced myself. I said, “I was a student of Alfred Burger’s.” She clasped my hand with both of hers. She said, “You must’ve been one of Alfred’s favorite students.” I lied through my teeth. (Laughter.)

SS: Well, you might have been.

AG: No, I can guarantee I wasn't. (Laughter.)

SS: So then you did switch majors to history and you got your undergraduate degree in 1955?

AG: Right.

SS: You were here between 1951 and 1955?

AG: Yes.

SS: Who was the president of the University then?

AG: Colgate Darden.

SS: Did you have any consciousness of that part of the University at that point?

AG: We all, by definition, hated Mr. Darden because he was the president. I think that feeling is less so now. The president of the University is so far removed from the mainstream of the student body today. But in those days, by definition, no matter what he was really like, the president of the University was really the devil

incarnate. And we, on Rugby Road, were convinced that he was going to close down the fraternities.

My parents knew him. At graduation, the president and his or her spouse always have a mass reception for the graduating students and their parents. This was to be on the Sunday afternoon of Finals weekend, I think. My parents insisted on going to Carr's Hill. We got up to Carr's Hill—and they received in the front parlor. And they and my parents greeted each other, because like I said, they knew each other. Miss Darden said sweetly, and quite genuinely, “Well, we haven't seen much of Sandy these four years.”

When I came back here in 1975, the custom was to have something called a presidential retreat, which was a two-day affair. The heads of different student organizations and certain administrators would all go off to a place up in the mountains away from Charlottesville. The rule was you couldn't take a car up there. You had to go on the bus, so you couldn't escape.

The setup would be somewhat structured in that there would be a listed set of discussion topics; and one of the ones always was “president versus the students.” It wasn't called that, but something like that. Students would get up and say, “Oh, we never see the president. It's not like the old days.”

I listened to this for about an hour at my first retreat and finally raised my hand. I said, "Look, I was here in the old days. I spoke to the president of the University once before my graduation." I said, "My fraternity had done something. I can't remember what. Why me? I don't know. But I and another guy were summoned to Mr. Darden's office. Mr. Darden sat. We stood. The only acceptable answers were, 'Yes, sir. No, sir.' There was no interchange." I said, "So much for contact between the president and the students in the old days."

SS: What fraternity were you in, again?

AG: Beta Theta Pi.

SS: And was there drinking in those days?

AG: Oh, of course. (Laughter.) It goes without saying. You know, ever since I've been back, I've been involved in all sorts of student-type things. People will ask: "Was drinking more prevalent or less?" My conclusion is sort of yes and no. We had a real problem a few years back, as many colleges did. I think we're out of it now, for the most part, of binge drinking. I mean, just sitting down and getting as drunk as possible in as short a time as possible with some very tragic results. We didn't have that in my time. But there was a lot of drinking. You, in your research and conversations, may have heard something about Easter Weekend.

SS: Yes.

AG: In the old days, there were four big party weekends at the University: Openings, which came in November; MidWinters, which was February; Easters, which had nothing to do with Easter Sunday. It came usually around the end of April, which was always embarrassing, because that's when Garden Week usually took place in Charlottesville. You know what Garden Week is?

SS: No.

AG: Oh, well you haven't lived in Virginia long enough yet.

SS: No.

AG: Garden Week is usually about a two-week extravaganza put on by the Garden Club of Virginia as a fundraising thing. One day, it will be in Richmond, the next day in Charlottesville, the next day in Alexandria, the next day in Norfolk, the next day in Roanoke and so on. People will open their houses and gardens and you pay to go touring. Well, invariably, Garden Week in Charlottesville would coincide with Easters weekend and there were things going on that the Garden Club ladies had no business seeing. There weren't many women here. There were women students.

SS: Oh, there were?

AG: Oh, yes.

SS: In the 1950s?

AG: Oh, yes. Women students were admitted here as degree candidates for the first time in 1919. Theoretically, they were not admitted to the College. They were admitted to the Nursing School and the School of Education and the graduate schools. My father's medical class was something like thirty-one, thirty-two people, five or six of whom were women, in 1931. So coeducation caught on.

As I said, theoretically, there were no women in the College. Actually, there were. I had women in all of my classes, except maybe one or two biology classes. They were usually faculty daughters or, in any case, girls who lived in town. They were Charlottesville girls.

Undergraduate women in the Education School could only transfer in after their second year somewhere else. So they would start their third year. I think the rule was, quote, "Certified to be of good character." Now, what that meant, I've never been sure. (Laughter.) But at any rate, there were women in the College, half-legally.

But the result was there really weren't many women around here. And so what you did was take road trips, which meant Hollins, Randolph-Macon, Sweet Briar, Mary Baldwin, and to some extent, Mary Washington in Fredericksburg. I didn't have a car as an undergraduate and most people didn't. And so what you did, particularly if you joined a fraternity, you would go with a group, drive down to Sweet Briar. I probably spent more time at Sweet Briar than the others, because the guys in my house who had cars were dating at Sweet Briar.

For the big weekends, there were three-day weekends that began on Friday. Women were imported. There were very strict rules. All of the women's schools had very strict rules about where their students could stay. They had to stay in approved places. The girl had to pay for it, because if you paid for it, it would be a violation of the Mann Act or something, I don't know. (Laughter.)

Typically, there would be a professor's wife or a professor's widow, who had a spare bedroom, and she would set up extra cots there. She was responsible for enforcing the curfew of whatever school that her guests were from. That's the way it worked. I'll come back to some of that in a second.

The pattern of the big weekends—Finals was the fourth big weekend and that was really for people who were graduating. The rest of us didn't fool with that. There would be a formal dance on Friday night in Memorial Gym, which meant you wore a black tie or a white tie. The girls wore long dresses. We'd have big bands

and the big band would then give a concert on Saturday afternoon. If the weather was good, it would be outside in the amphitheater. If it was not, it would be in the gym.

And then, Saturday night there was an informal dance, coat and tie, and there were parties. All the fraternities had open houses and there were parties and so on. I remember after Openings the first year, my parents said, "Who did you have up for Openings?" They knew the girl.

They said, "Well, who did you trade off with?" I said, "What?" They explained that in their time, you'd invite a girl up for the dances and you would trade dates with all of your friends. There were lots more dances, because individual fraternities had dances. The idea was you would take your date, say, to the Friday night dance and then they also had dance cards. You would get your friends to sign up to dance with your date. You would then take his date to the Beta tea dance, for example.

SS: Right, you could meet more people that way.

AG: Yes. I said, "We don't do anything like that." My parents said, "You mean that poor girl was stuck with you for the whole weekend?" (Laughter.) Then Sunday, there were parties and there was a southbound train that came through here at

three o'clock in the afternoon, that stopped at Sweet Briar, stopped at Lynchburg, Randolph-Macon, and stopped at Roanoke for Hollins.

By three o'clock Sunday afternoon, unless you and your date were really serious about each other, you were sick to death of each other. That three o'clock train was known as the "Freedom Train." The best party at Easters was when the three fraternities that are right together, in what's called the quadrangle on Rugby Road, would have after the Freedom Train left.

SS: That's hilarious. Did you meet your wife here?

AG: No. My wife and I are sixteenth cousins or something like that.

SS: Something legal. (Laughter.)

AG: Yes. My father was gone by then, but my mother had known her parents, and had known them for years. They were from Petersburg. One of my aunts and my mother kept trying to get me to meet this girl. By then I was in the Foreign Service. I was still resisting any attempt by my mother to tell me, "She's really a nice girl," or whatever. We met really quite by chance. I had come back from Beirut and I went to a family wedding in Petersburg and met her at the reception. It was just sort of instant. We were married two years later.

SS: Love at first sight.

AG: At any rate—

SS: Are there other professors that stood out? What about your history professors?

AG: The best teacher I have ever had was Julian Bishko. He taught medieval history. I took medieval history that summer after I gave up on medical school and quit majoring in biology. I was so enthralled with him that I took a graduate seminar from him my last year. Then when I came back to graduate school, I was his TA. When we came back here in 1975, he was still teaching, but close to retirement and they were elderly.

One of the neatest things that I thought we did, was soon after we'd gotten settled in our house, we got them to come over for dinner. I ended up having to arrange his funeral. His wife was dead, and they had no children. And then about three or four months later, I arranged the University's official memorial service for him, because he was enough of a figure that we wanted to do that. He's still the best teacher I ever had.

SS: What made him so good?

AG: He was a very hard taskmaster. He was not an easy grader. His standards were

very high. That was part of it. He was a superb lecturer. He was a very kind man. He was not like the organic chemistry professor, who was not a kind man, but he was a taskmaster. But Bishko was every much as rigid a taskmaster as the organic chemistry professor. If you got a good grade on a paper that you did for him, you felt that you really earned it.

There was another professor in the history department. I think he was away my last year as an undergraduate. He was back teaching when I came back to graduate school. He was a Jefferson authority. He specialized in that late-eighteenth, early-nineteenth century America. I took a seminar from him in graduate school, where we had a paper every other week.

We had to present the paper to the class and then defend it. At least he got me interested in all kinds of things, writing papers and so on. When I came back to the University as a grown up, he was in the process of retiring. I picked up with him. I had not met his wife when I was a student. His wife was from Petersburg.

SS: Oh, my goodness. And what was his name?

AG: Bernie Mayo. His wife's father was a Presbyterian preacher in Petersburg. As it turned out, she and my father were not close friends, but they had dated and he had taken her to a cotillion or something, in Petersburg, when they were growing up. So I got to be really close with them when I came back. He dropped dead

one day, just before school began. I went over to see her. I said, “Can I help out with the funeral?” “Oh, I just can’t bring myself to have a funeral. I’m having him cremated.” I said, “Well, when you feel that you are ready, the University certainly will want to honor him. You just let me know and we can do the arrangements.”

Well, she had him cremated. She put him in a pot, which she kept on the mantelpiece in her living room. (Laughter.) My wife and I were coming out of some official dinner a couple of years later and she was at the dinner. We were all walking out together. I shouldn’t have said it, but I said, “Peggy, the offer still holds about the funeral.” “Oh,” she said, and fled. Well, she died, I don’t know, about eight or nine years ago and she was not cremated, but she was buried with the pot, with his ashes in her coffin. (Laughter.)

SS: What a story. Well, you seem to have found your forte—history. You found your subject matter, right?

AG: Yes. When I came back to graduate school, I was interested in the French Enlightenment. If I were doing it over again—I developed another passion early on in the Foreign Service and that was the Middle East. I would get my degree in some form of Middle Eastern Studies. I don’t think we even taught Middle Eastern history when I was an undergraduate. We certainly didn’t teach Arabic. I helped them, right when I first came back, get started teaching Arabic.

SS: In the 1970s?

AG: Yes.

SS: You graduated in 1955 and then you went to the army?

AG: Yes.

SS: Were you drafted?

AG: Everybody was drafted.

SS: Yes.

AG: I checked with my draft board when I graduated and they said, "Well, it will be about a year." I said, "Well, can't I get it moved up and get on with it?" I went in about maybe four months after I graduated.

SS: We were still in Korea, right?

AG: Oh, the Korean War was over, but we were in Korea. We were just beginning to get involved in Vietnam, to help the French. I went in and started basic training in October or November of '55. I went to Fort Jackson, South Carolina. The first

day that the company had been formed, we were marched off to sit for a long, written test. It was kind of an SAT-sort of test. It wasn't as long. It wasn't as complicated. The army used that, in theory, to decide what they would put you in.

The results of the test were ready a week or so later and we were marched over to some center where we sat down for two minutes, individually, with some guy who'd say, "Well, you scored da, da, da. Well, I think you should go wherever." He said to me, "Well, I've got something in mind for you. I can't tell you about it now." I said, "Well, I really would like to go into the medical corps." He said, "Why?" I said, "Well, I started out in school—" "Well, no, that's out of the question."

So a day or two later, at the first formation, at five in the morning, my name was called out and I was told to go to such and such a building, where I was given another test and then had long chats with several people. It turned out to be something called the CIC, which stands for counterintelligence corps. Not being wise in the ways of the military, I was still talking about medical corps and they ignored me.

So after basic training, I went to do CIC training in Baltimore at Fort Holabird. The CIC was just getting set up in Vietnam and they took the first people for Vietnam out of our class. I was sent to Germany, which turned out to be great.

We were in an industrial suburb of Frankfurt. Frankfurt was the great rail center of Germany in those days. You could get anywhere from Frankfurt.

We were in what had been a German mounted police barrack, in a residential neighborhood. It was a walled compound, built probably about the time of the First World War. The army had added to it by building a small barracks. But it wasn't a typical barrack. It was like a small college dormitory. There were double rooms, and triple rooms, and bathrooms down the hall, that sort of thing.

Most of the enlisted men were either just out of college or just out of law school. The junior officers were all ROTC, just out of college. The sergeants tended to be regular army. The senior officers tended to be regular army. We were allowed to live a life of relative ease. When we weren't in civilian clothes, working outside the barracks, we could dress in army fatigues, but you kept your shirt pulled out. Instead of wearing combat boots, which is what you wear with fatigues, we wore low quarters, which are normal sorts of shoes.

I did all this and it was great until one morning they said, "We need to get something into headquarters in Frankfurt. Can you go right now? Just check out one of the cars and drive in." I forgot the way I was dressed. I went in and the office was in the army headquarters building in Frankfurt, which was gigantic. I didn't get written up, but comments were made about my unorthodox dress.

We had a great time. Early on, a bunch of us were put on a detail. The French in Berlin had picked up a French soldier who had deserted to the East. Either the Russians had brought him back or—at any rate, he decided to come home. So they were flying him to Frankfurt, where the French military would pick him up and take him on to France. They were worried that the bad guys might try to do something, so we were told to dress in civilian clothes and go out to the Frankfurt airport.

I'm sorry to have to say that we all put on trench coats. So we were at the airport and we were wandering around. The plane hadn't come in. We attracted the attention of the Army CID, Criminal Investigation, who were in civilian clothes, so they started following us. The German customs police thought this looked suspicious. They were in civilian clothes, so they were following.

The German LfV, *Landesamt für Verfassungsschutz*, was the German equivalent of the CIA. They got suspicious and so they followed. It seems to me there was yet another group following as well. There were five or six different groups of spies following each other all around the Frankfurt airport. The plane came in, and this poor little French deserter was flanked by two big French sergeants in uniform. We got them to the French who were picking them up without incident. It all passed. (Laughter.)

SS: (Laughter.) Well, that's good. So that was sort of what you were doing in counterintelligence?

AG: Yes. The next spring, about a year after I had gotten there, we actually caught a spy—a real spy. The story was this. There was an American who had been an opera singer in Germany before the war, but really minor stuff. When the war came, he was back in the States. When we invaded Europe, the army put him in intelligence. He was not in our group, but in another one, because he was fluent in German.

He stayed on in Germany, as a civilian, after the war and married a German woman. She was from what became Eastern Germany. She had a brother who was a judge under the communists over there. She was allowed to go, twice a year or something like that, to East Germany, to visit her family. She got approached at one point and they threatened to do things to her brother. She got back and reported it.

At any rate, the army set him up and she and her husband, the American, who worked for an intelligence agency, were given false information to feed to the bad guys. The handler of the case in the East was an NKVD colonel. The NKVD became the KGB in Russia. He was a full colonel. The idea was to try to lure him over to the West, so he could be grabbed. This went on; we worked this

thing probably for eighteen months and finally got him over. He was promptly grabbed.

He was being held by another army intelligence unit in another part of greater Frankfurt, but we'd been involved in the case. My first involvement was they had this guy in a cell, and they were afraid that he would try to do himself in. So I had to spend the night sitting in his cell with him. His cover was that he was from East Prussia, which was surrounded by Poland. He spoke German with a Prussian accent. He was pretty good. I had to spend the night sitting there, watching him.

Then I was taken off that. The guy who had been the bait, the American married to the German, he and his wife and two young children lived in another suburb of Frankfurt. So then the worry was that the bad guys would come over from the other side and try to do something. These people lived in a house right across from a small park in the middle of the suburbs.

This other guy and I were in trench coats, forty-fives in shoulder holsters, trench coats buttoned up like that. We were skulking around in the shrubbery in the park, across the street from the house, listening for the sounds of an East German car, which made a terrific racket, which would mean that the bad guys were coming.

Well, Saturday night, eleven o'clock came and the movie theater let out. Couples

started heading for the shrubbery in the park. It got to be a little embarrassing. (Laughter.) Then the powers that be decided that, well, maybe that wasn't the way to do it and so they put us in the house with the family. The kids had been kept home from school. We were in civilian clothes, again, with forty-fives in shoulder holsters, buttoned like that, playing endless games of Monopoly and Spit and whatever with the kids and trying to keep from bending over so that they could see the shoulder holsters.

Every time the doorbell rang, one of us was supposed to go jump in the coat closet, which was right across from the front door, crack the door, and draw, and cock the weapon to shoot the bad guy, if, indeed it was a bad guy. Well, it never was a bad guy. This went on for four or five days. I was supposed to have about ten days leave, and was going to go to Spain, and I had worked all this out. I finally persuaded them that somebody else could do this job just as well as I could.

I went off to Spain and got back and was put on something else. There's a German weekly, illustrated scandal sheet. It's roughly equivalent to the old *National Enquirer*, called *Bild-Zeitung*, and it was published in Hamburg. A couple of months later, an issue of *Bild-Zeitung* came out and on the front page, the headline was, "The Notorious U.S. Intelligence Service Does it Again." The whole story of all this was out.

What had happened, the woman, the wife who was part of the bait, she had another relative who lived in West Berlin. I guess the army people had just sort of kept this couple in seclusion. He was worried, because he couldn't get in touch with his sister. So he went to *Bild-Zeitung* and spilled all this. There were all of our names; everything was in there.

Agencies with a lot more competence than we had came in from Washington, took the NKVD colonel back to the States on one plane, and took the whole family—the dog and the cat and whatever—on another plane, took them to the States. I, then, finished my time in the army and came back here.

A year or two later, there was an incident where one of our people in Berlin misstepped. He was over in the East and he got caught. He was somebody fairly important. Then there was to be an exchange of prisoners at Checkpoint Charlie, between East and West Berlin. Our guy, who the Soviets had, was important. The person that he was to exchange with was our old NKVD colonel. We really had stumbled, apparently, onto a major player in the spy network. At any rate, it was a very agreeable way to spend two years in the army. (Laughter.)

SS: Let's take a break here.

(Off record)

SS: We're back from our break. Why don't we take you to graduate school here at the University of Virginia? When did you come back?

AG: I came back in 1958. I should've gone to graduate school somewhere else, simply because I got back here and I ate at my fraternity house, just because that was a cheap thing to do. But I knew, as a graduate student, that I had to put aside the undergraduate stuff. I'd been pretty active in a lot of things as an undergraduate. I had to put all that stuff aside—extra-curricular activities, elective office.

SS: Student council?

AG: Well, not council, but that kind of thing. So I tried to limit it to taking my meals at the house. There are a couple of what nowadays are called secret societies. There was one called T.I.L.K.A. I belonged to it as an undergraduate, and I didn't want to have anything to do with it. But there was a guy in the Beta house who we wanted to get into T.I.L.K.A., so I reactivated just for that purpose.

This maybe illustrates the temper of the times at the University. The two groups, T.I.L.K.A. and Eli, were friendly rivals, and they used to tap on the same night, bid on the same night, and quite often, cross-bid. I mean, some guy would get bids to both. You had to accept at midnight at the south end of the Lawn, by the statue of Homer, in front of Cabell Hall.

We would be on one side and the Elis would be on the other. And there's a T.I.L.K.A song and there's an Eli song. T.I.L.K.A.'s have an obscene version of the Eli song and the Elis have an obscene version of the T.I.L.K.A. song. Students nowadays don't know those. This means nothing to them. They've forgotten all this.

At any rate, we'd be standing down there on the Lawn and a fair amount of drinking would've gone on as the evening progressed. You would come down and make your decision, Eli or T.I.L.K.A. Once everybody had arrived, T.I.L.K.A's sang the obscene version of the Eli song and vice versa. Then everybody formed a large circle around the statue of Homer. Let's say that the grass around Homer was then liberally irrigated. (Laughter.)

On this particular night, the tapping, it was close to midnight and there was a law student, a friend of mine, we'd been in T.I.L.K.A. as undergraduates and he was trying to stay out of it, too, but had activated for the same reason as I did. We had not been drinking. We were walking down the Lawn talking about something or the other and the howling mob was in front of us, going down the Lawn.

A student in his room on the Lawn opened the door to see what the noise was about. A girl appeared over his shoulder from the room. The absolute rule in those days was no women in the Lawn rooms. So, the mob started chanting, "Woman in the room. Woman in the room," and went charging over there. Well,

they slammed the door shut and probably piled furniture against it or something.

The mob hammered on the door for a little while. Then, I'm afraid, opened the letter slot and did things through it that they probably shouldn't have done.

(Laughter.)

Well, the next day, the law student and I were summoned by Mr. Runk, the old family friend who was now the dean of students, and we were lectured. I said, "Mr. Runk, we weren't involved in any of this." "Yes, but you're supposed to be responsible people, and you should've put a stop to it." I said, "Well, it probably would not have been possible." I said, "Besides, the guy in the room was violating the absolute rule about no women in the room." Mr. Runk put us on probation for a semester.

SS: I see what you mean about why you shouldn't have come here. (Laughter.)

AG: Right. I just could never quite decide whether I was a graduate student or an undergraduate. I was so concerned about it that I sat for the GREs, because I'd been an undergraduate here and had done okay, I didn't have to sit for them to get in, but I took them and did fairly well and toyed with transferring. Then, the next year when I was here, I just suddenly got awfully tired of school. The result was that I did all my coursework for my master's, but I didn't get the thesis written and I left.

By then, I was thinking about the Foreign Service. I went to Richmond and taught in a boys' school called St. Christopher's, which was mostly a day school, but partly a boarding school. It was fun and very rewarding, in spite of the fact that all my parent's friends in Richmond would say things like, "Oh, I just think it's so wonderful that you're in school teaching. But what are you going to do when you grow up?" So I sat for the Foreign Service exams.

SS: This was in about 1960?

AG: This would be 1959. The Foreign Service exam used to be—and I guess still is—in two parts. There's a written part. I got through all of it. They said 10,000 people had sat for the written, and 1,000 had passed. Of those thousand, maybe 100 would pass the oral. Any rate, I passed the written. Took the exam in early December, found out in late January that I had passed and foolishly, as it turned out, made an appointment to do the orals in Washington sometime in early May.

I took the train up from Richmond, at the crack of dawn one morning. I was to go on about nine-thirty. They had streetcars in Washington then. I took the streetcar from the station to the State Department and walked into a room. There were ten pairs of hostile male eyes staring at me, no women. They were sitting around a table and I sat on the side opposite them.

There were all sorts of apocryphal stories about the Foreign Service orals in those

days. For example, the guy who, very nervous, comes into the room, trips over the sill, falls flat on his face, rises up and says, "Nice to drop in on you, gentlemen." They leap across the table and say, "Presence of mind! You are ours. You've passed."

The other is a nervous candidate who comes in, sits down. One of the examiners offers him a cigarette. Another one offers him a light and he lights up and looks around. There's no ashtray. The ten pairs of hostile eyes are watching to see what he does.

At any rate, I got in there and the question that did me in was, "Well, Mr. Gilliam, as you are aware, there have been coups in three countries in the last month: Philippines, South Korea and Turkey. Can you see any connection?" I said, "Not really." They frowned. I said, "From what I know about the three countries, this is the situation in Korea, this is the situation in Turkey and so on."

The exam went on and then they thanked me and they said, "Wait outside." They came out, brought me back in, and said, "You failed." I said, "Well, why did I fail?" "Lack of knowledge about current events." My parents were still in Washington, so my father picked me up to take me to lunch and then put me back on the train. He said, "Well, did you say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to them?" I said, "Well, of course I did. You taught me to." He said, "Never do that." He

said, “They were probably all northerners, weren’t they?” I said, “I don’t know. I guess so.” He said, “You don’t do that in front of people like that.”

I went to the station, stopped and bought that morning’s *Washington Post*, which I had not had time to buy and read coming up. I got on the train to Richmond, read the lead editorial, which said, “There is a connection between recent events,” which made me absolutely furious.

A day or two later, the head of the examining panel, who was a friend of my parents—he’d recused himself from sitting in on my examination—called me and said, “I’m sorry you didn’t pass.” He said, “Tell me your impressions.” I told him this, I said, “Mr. Simpson, I’m not sure I want to go into a Foreign Service where officers take as absolute gospel whatever the editorial editor of the *Washington Post* said that morning.”

I didn’t know whether I wanted to go in or not. I determined to go through the whole process again. I was not going to let them get me. I went out, got some cardboard boxes from the grocery store, and I read both Richmond papers every day, the *Post* every day, the *Times* most days. I subscribed to the *Christian Science Monitor*, which had the best international coverage in the country in those days. I would read the *Wall Street Journal* most days.

I labeled one box “Middle East,” one box “Africa,” one box “Southeast Asia,”

one box “Economics,” and so on. I would clip, as I read the papers, and throw the stuff in the boxes. I kept it all under my bed. I took the writtens again and did better than I did the first time, which was natural, and passed. They wanted to schedule me for an oral, so I scheduled it for a couple weeks after school ended. I told St. Christopher’s I wouldn’t be able to come back.

School ended. I went to the ten cent store and bought some cheap scrapbooks and I started going through my boxes and I put together a Middle East book, and an African book, and so on, pasted it all in and, in the process, read everything, got it all collected, and then went back, and back, and back, and then read, and made notes on trends.

I got into the exam, ten hostile pairs of male eyes. I knew I was doing okay. I still wasn’t sure I wanted to do this. Some guy smirked and said, “Well, Mr. Gilliam, you’re a Southerner. What would you do if you were assigned to the Congo?” I said, “I really resent that question. You don’t know me. I certainly don’t know you. You have no idea what my feelings would be, and you’re asking me that because I’m a Southerner, and you want me to say that I would, therefore, hate being posted to Black Africa.” I said, “As a matter of fact, I think it would be very interesting to go to the Congo. What else do you want to ask me?” I was mad.

This went on for about an hour and a half, and the questions were partly ones to confound you or get you riled up, and partly to test your knowledge. They sent me out, and twenty minutes later, called me back. The head of it was already signing forms and filling them out. He said, "Here, sign this. Sign this. Sign this. Oh, you passed. Sign this. Sign this. Now, before you leave the building, go down and take this bunch of papers to security and they will give you some more forms to fill out. Take this bunch to the health section and schedule a physical. Take this bunch to something-something-something."

I did all that. This was late June, early July. I said, "When can I expect an appointment?" "Not until the first of the year." They signed a letter attesting to that. I got a job for six months with what used to be a glossy historical quarterly, published by the Virginia State Library, on Virginia. I got a job working for them for six months and then went in the Foreign Service. We're having the fiftieth reunion of our entering class on Saturday night.

SS: How nice.

AG: It's going to be interesting.

Once we were sworn in, one of the first sets of forms that we had to fill out was something called post preference. Because of my interest in French, I put down number one, Paris, number two, a Francophone country, and number three, the Middle East. I had to put down three things.

About a month later, one afternoon, the people from the Personnel Office at the department came over to meet with us. It's like the way they announce medical school residencies. You know, they get everybody into an auditorium and the people torment you and joke around. "Well, we've got somebody going to Ouagadougou, I see. Who would that be?" They announced, "Gilliam, Tel Aviv." I went, "Tel Aviv? I guess that is in the Middle East." (Laughter.) So, I went off to Tel Aviv.

SS: Had you ever been to the Middle East?

AG: I had never been in the Middle East. At that point, I guess I had never been east of Southern Italy. My idea of the Middle East probably had been hearing my father talk about Cairo during the war, and then when he left China to come back to Medical School, he went through the Middle East and there were stories about that.

In the Foreign Service in those days, when you were going to your first posting, you were not assigned to a particular job. The idea was that you were supposed to learn about the workings of an embassy. The traditional embassy has four sections: political, economic, consular, and administrative. So in our first posts, we did six months in each one.

I got to Tel Aviv and it was a new program. I was the first one to do this rotation.

Well, they didn't quite know what to do with me, so I was put in the economics section. The head of the section was leaving on transfer a week later. His replacement was not coming out for six months, which would've been the time that I finished. So the acting head was supposed to supervise me and run the section. The result was I didn't have much to do.

My second posting was consular, and I had to fill in for a guy who left. His replacement was not coming for six months. It was as non-immigrant visa officer, or tourist visa, which meant I had to interview a couple of hundred people a day, which actually was a lot of fun. It taught me a lot about Israel that I hadn't learned at that point. After that, I did six months in the administrative section and then finally, six months in political, which was the most fun.

The guy who was the head of the administrative section was one of these people who could never delegate responsibility and he worked himself to death. His desk was piled high and the rest of us just sort of sat around trying to find something to do. I tell people about the Middle East. If you spend any time in the Middle East, you have a strong reaction to it. It has nothing to do with Arab versus Israeli, or Turk versus Persian, or Greek versus Turk, or anything else. You either really like it or you really hate it. If you really like it, then you start ganging up on different sides.

Say, if you really get interested in the Arab world, then there are people who claim that civilization does not exist outside the Nile Valley or that Damascus is the place or that the Gulf is—well, I got hooked on the Middle East. In the admin section and the economic section, where I didn't have much to do, I had a lot of spare time. I like to walk. The northern part of Israel, which is the interesting part, is eminently walkable, and in those days was where most Israeli Arabs lived. Israelis like to walk. So I, literally, walked over most of the country north of the desert. I really started getting interested in the Arabs and the Arab part of it.

In those days, Jerusalem—the old part of Jerusalem—the more interesting part, was part of Jordan. Normally, except at Easter and Christmas, one could not cross between Israel and Jordan unless you were a diplomat. In our case, we were allowed to cross over twice a month. I found Jerusalem absolutely fascinating, the Old City of Jerusalem. So, most months, I went over twice. I would go up on a weekend and cross over. I really got interested.

It attracted the attention of the Israeli spooks. I had a cleaning woman who came in once a week or twice a week to clean up the mess in my apartment. She was Jewish, but she was Libyan. We did not have a clear, common language, but we could communicate in bits and snatches of different languages. I went home one day at lunchtime, because I had forgotten something I was supposed to bring in, and she was still there.

She said, “Two people from the post office were here.” The telephone system was run by the post office. “They said your telephone was broken and so they were here for a while and they worked on it, but it seems to be working now.” I picked it up to make a call and I heard the telltale clicks. That’s part of the game. But it used to make me mad. I would’ve expected it in Syria. But the Israelis, on the one hand, were saying, “We’re your only friends in the Middle East. We’re the only democracy in the Middle East.”

SS: Then the U.S. sent you to Africa?

AG: I was supposed to go back to Washington. My father had died and I wanted to go back to Washington at that point. About six weeks before I was to leave, a friend of mine was coming who was changing jobs in Richmond, and was going to meet me in Tel Aviv. We were going the long way back—through Iran and India and Southeast Asia and Japan.

Well, I got this thing saying, “Report to the Chad.” I couldn’t remember where the Chad was. I had to look it up. It turned out I was the third or fourth person named to the job and the others had all been able to weasel their way out. My boss said, “I can get you out of this, if you want.” But he said, “You know, if I were you, I’d do it.” He said, “You’ll learn things that you would never learn in a post like Tel Aviv.”

So I did it and got out there. The Israeli woman in the embassy in Tel Aviv who worked out plane reservations for us wasn't really sure where the Chad was either. So I got routed in a roundabout way. I ended up in Marseilles, and I got on a prop plane, a DC-6, about eleven o'clock at night in Marseilles, and got to the Chad at six the next morning. I discovered in the Foreign Service, whenever I was changing posts on transfer, I came down with a terrific cold, which was psychosomatic, I guess. (Laughter.)

I got to the Chad, and I can't sleep on planes, so I hadn't slept. I could hardly breathe, and all I wanted to do was get to wherever it was I was supposed to be, take a shower, dose myself up, and go to bed. Well, the administrative officer and the general services officer from the embassy met me and said, "Well, we're going to take you by your house, but you can't stay there because there's a staff meeting this morning. You've got to get to the staff meeting." So I did all of that.

The embassy was in a building that had been built as an automobile showroom. After about six months, it was rebuilt into a more normal building, but you walked in and it was this one vast room, which had been the showroom, which went up to the ceiling. Then there was a gallery along one side, with about three offices and a staircase leading up to it. Everybody else sat down there on the main floor.

The ambassador had one of the offices, and the second man had another office, and then the third office was used for equipment, so I was down there on the floor. Well, I got on the main floor and this figure came running, literally, out of one of the offices, coming down the steps, obviously to greet me. He kept muttering to himself, “Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. You betcha. You betcha. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Good stuff. Good stuff. Yeah, yeah, yeah.” It was the ambassador.

SS: Oh, no!

AG: (Laughter.) So there was a staff meeting. I was sick. I was dead tired. I was in a daze. And I was told that I was expected to go to the ambassador’s residence for supper that night. They always gave dinner to each new arrival on her or his arrival day. Well, I went. I was offered a drink and I said, “I’ll have gin and tonic.” Well, something was produced. I don’t know what it was. It was clear. I don’t think there was any alcohol in it. They disapproved of alcohol.

The whole thing just got more and more bizarre. They had no children. The ambassadress talked in a very loud voice. They quizzed me closely on religion. I said, “I’m an Episcopalian.” “Well, we have this wonderful Nigerian evangelical church that we are interested in.” I’d say politely that really wasn’t my speed.

Well, it turned out, the ambassador came from Philadelphia and we had family connections with him. His brother had been with my father in Shanghai. Back

much further—in the late-eighteenth century or something—somebody married somebody. Well, he never told me that. His brother came out after I'd been there about three months. His brother was really a nice guy. The ambassadress didn't like him very much, so my job was to get him out of the house and take him around. He's the one who told me all of this stuff.

At any rate, it was a very unhappy embassy. The ambassador and the ambassadress made life hell for everybody. It turned out they fought constantly. I was the only unmarried officer; and so in due course, I had to take at least one meal a day at the residence, if not two, literally to keep them from killing each other.

SS: Oh, my goodness.

AG: There are all sorts of neat stories about that. (Laughter.)

SS: I bet. Unfortunately, we can't include them, as there is not enough time!

AG: I know. One of the best, which I won't go into, but the DCM, which stands for deputy chief of mission, is the second person in the embassy. Some years later, he and his wife came back to the States and they split. She went back to their native California and she went to work for Southern Cal. She started writing. She sent me a copy of her first novel, which was sort of neat. It's self-published.

They had served in Tunisia after the Chad. The novel is set in Tunisia. It's this very involved plot. But the ambassador and his wife are difficult people. The ambassador's aide is described as a well mannered, but hapless young Southerner, who is in a state of perpetual indignation at what's going on around him.

(Laughter.)

SS: That was true? (Laughter.)

AG: She describes an incident there that actually took place, that both she and I were involved in, things we were ordered to do by their Excellencies, which were just absolutely ludicrous.

SS: Fabulous.

AG: All of that's in the novel.

SS: How long did you have to put up with that?

AG: Three years. I was there from the fall of '64 to '67. Normally, African posts, and above all, the Chad, which was considered the most difficult post in Africa, you spent at most two years. But I had come on direct transfer. And usually, when you transferred from one post to another, you go back to the States for a couple of

months of home leave. Well, they needed somebody in the Chad, so I went without passing go.

It was about nine months later before I got home leave. When I got back on home leave and I went by the State Department to handle all sorts of stuff, I was informed that my two years in the Chad would be calculated from the time I got back there from home leave. (Laughter.)

SS: That's not fair.

AG: It really was unfair. I guess the ambassador and his wife and I, in a way, came to grips with each other, and maybe because I had to referee too many of their fights. It got to be as fun as it could be under the circumstances. I mean, physically it was a very hard post. The climate was terrible. All sorts of awful diseases were endemic. I got malaria and I ended up with hepatitis before I left. You couldn't go anywhere easily, because there were no roads to speak of. But it could've been interesting if you could get out in the country once in a while. But only the ambassador could use the embassy Land Rover and that was the only practicable way to get around the country.

There were all sorts of things you could get involved in in the country. It was fascinating. From an ethnographic point of view, the city, the capital was not an old place. It had been established by the French in 1912. But it was at the site of

an ancient crossroads, African cultural crossroads, where you got traffic from the Niger Valley to the Nile Valley crossing with traffic from the Congo Valley to Tripoli.

For example, on Sunday afternoons down in the mainly African part of town, there was a huge square around the mosque. There would be music and dancing there every Sunday afternoon. All these different ethnic groups—a group here, a group here, a group here, a group here—and they'd have their own musicians and they'd be doing their own dances. It was fascinating.

The town itself, the older part of the European part of the town, looked like the set of a Hollywood movie about the French Foreign Legion. There was a fort right in the middle of town. It was a mud wall fort with battlements that had been established by the Foreign Legion. There were neat things, but—

SS: You had to be there to—

AG: We couldn't do it. We couldn't go around. In a place like that desperately poor country, which depended on French subsidies to survive, there was a really tiny Chadian literate class, not even educated. I mean, literate who could read and write. So every government ministry had a French technical advisor or a Haitian technical advisor. It was someone who was educated. The way you did your

embassy business was you cultivated the French or the Haitian technical advisors. Above all, you cultivated good relations with the French Embassy.

Well, the ambassador and his wife got it into their heads that the French were wicked colonialist exploiters. They couldn't speak French. They thought they could, but it was pretty awful. The French ambassador was a guy who had come from being posted in the embassy in Washington. He spoke idiomatic American English. As a Gaullist ambassador, officially, he was supposed to be standoffish with Americans.

But he'd loved his time in the States and, you know, he tried to be nice. Our ambassador and his wife made enemies of them. The result was that the rest of us—really there were two of us, the DCM and I—had to sneak off in the dark of the night and make friends with people in the government offices that we needed to cultivate in order to find out what was going on.

SS: That's such a shame.

AG: On the other hand, it was as my last boss in Tel Aviv had predicted. He said, "You will learn things, and you will get a kind of experience that you will never get in a normal, big embassy."

SS: And that's true?

AG: Yes.

SS: So you came back?

AG: I came back in 1967, and had a great job. I was assigned to the Secretary's office, Secretary of State.

SS: Who was that?

AG: Dean Rusk. I was assigned specifically to what was called the operations center of the Secretary's office. We were divided into teams, a senior officer and two junior officers. It was a twenty-four/seven operation and you did it in shifts. You would go on for two days, a normal nine-to-five workday, and then two days of five-to-midnight, and then two days of midnight-to-nine. Then you'd have two days off and then repeat it.

We had a bank of telephones in there and machines of one sort or another. We had to read everything that came in from the field to the department, decide what the Secretary should see and then write a twice-daily précis of the important stuff, which would go to the President and the Secretary.

In the bank of telephones, there was one telephone that was a direct connection to the embassy in Saigon. You didn't have to dial. You just picked it up. As the

department would close down at the end of the day, as each principal officer would leave, his phone would be directed into us. So in the middle of the night, you get all these fascinating phone calls.

I remember one day, I was supposed to be on the five-to-midnight shift, and I had some business I had to attend to in the department. So I came in about three o'clock in the afternoon and put my stuff down and everyone was on a telephone. The Saigon phone rang and I picked it up. It was the Marine guard in the embassy in Saigon. It was the beginning of the Tet Offensive. He said, "The Viet Cong are at the door, trying to batter the door down, and we're holding firm." (Laughter.) Of course, I immediately got everybody involved. But that was sort of neat to—

SS: Be where history was happening?

AG: Yes.

SS: Well, shall we stop there for today?

AG: Yes.

[End of Interview]

**The University of Virginia Oral History Project
Interview with Alexander G. Gilliam, Jr.
Conducted on February 2, 2012 by Sheree Scarborough**

SS: Today is February 2, 2012. I'm here with Sandy Gilliam, Alexander G. Gilliam.

This is our second interview for the University of Virginia oral history project.

Sandy, last time we ended when the Tet Offensive began.

AG: (Laughter.) Okay. I'm not sure that's a propitious breaking point.

SS: This is in 1968, obviously, and then you have a couple of years where you continued to work for the State Department?

AG: After the Tet Offensive it must have been the winter of '68, I started Arabic in Washington around Labor Day of '68.

SS: Now, why was that?

AG: I had been trying to get Arabic training. Arabic is a magnificent language, but it is sheer pain. It's like organic chemistry. (Laughter.)

SS: We heard that story. (Laughter.)

AG: It just really is painful. There were four of us in that class. We started off in Washington, were there for six months, and then went to Beirut to do the rest of it. It was to be a twenty to twenty-six month course. The end was sort of vague. At any rate, I'd been at this for a year, I believe. I was not married at that point. Beirut was wonderful.

I got a message from the State Department saying that they needed someone in a post in the Persian Gulf right away and I should be prepared to go in six weeks. It was in a place which I think now is quite civilized, but then it was not, where everybody lived in compounds. There was the oil company compound; and there was the consular compound. The oil company compound was divided between the foreigners who worked for Aramco and the Saudis. There was the consular compound and the Saudi military had a compound and our air force was training Saudi pilots there. So there was a U.S. Air Force compound. None of the compounds had anything to do with any of the other compounds.

I had spent three years in which I figured I had done my duty for the time being in places like that. I also found that the job required a lot more Arabic than I had. I said no. Well, you don't say no. Messages went back and forth, and they sent what was called an eyes-only message to the ambassador, telling him to call me in and talk some sense into me. So I was summoned to the ambassador's office. He said, "What's this all about?" I told him. He said, "You're absolutely right.

They're a bunch of idiots." He said, "Stick to your guns. I'll send them a cable right now and tell them this whole thing is stupid."

Well, in due course, I got a cable from them saying, "Oh, there had been a big mistake. Somebody had made a mistake in the personnel department. But as they had already done the paperwork and made assignments, why didn't I be a good boy and do as I was told and go off to Dharan?" I borrowed a typewriter and sat down and pecked out a letter to the Secretary of State. "Dear Mr. Secretary, it is with regret that I submit my resignation." The details weren't worked out, and I wanted to mess around in the Middle East and Europe for a couple of months, so I took a couple of months to get home. Then I was to resign when I got back to Washington.

I got back to Washington and they tried to talk some sense into me. Another agency tried to recruit me. So then it was a question of what to do. I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do, but I ended up coming back to Virginia, going back to Richmond and becoming assistant to Governor Holton, who had been in office about a year at that point. His three principal assistants had gone to school here together. I was the youngest of the three. Our parents had been lifelong friends and that sort of thing. So we constituted a UVA/Charlottesville mafia. It was a lot of fun.

Governor Holton was the first Republican governor of Virginia in modern times, since Reconstruction. What you have to understand is that in 1971 being a Republican in Virginia was entirely different from being a Republican in Virginia in 2012. The parties, essentially, have switched. The Democratic Party in Virginia then was still more or less controlled by Senator Byrd, though not entirely. That was all breaking up. The Republican Party was based on what we call in Virginia the “Mountain Valley Republicans,” descendants of people who were Unionists in the Civil War, mainly small landholders who have been Republicans ever since.

That’s what the basis of the party was and that’s what Governor Holton was. He was from the far southwestern part of the state. He had gone to the Harvard Law School, and was a lawyer in Roanoke. He was determined to change things in Virginia. It was a time of turmoil in the schools. He said the courts have ordered this and this to integrate the schools, and we do what the courts tell us to do, and that’s that. Well, he took a tremendous amount of grief.

There’s a famous—at least famous in Virginia—picture of him escorting his oldest child, a daughter, to a school that was 99 percent black in a poor black neighborhood. The Governor’s mansion was neutral territory. Children of the Governor could go to any school in Richmond. But if you ignore the fact that the Governor lived there, it fell within a school district that was poor and black. So

there's a famous picture of him escorting her into school the first day of school.

They had no problems.

SS: That was an admirable stance that he took.

AG: Yes. A year or two later, the Governor was approached by some friends of his from Richmond and Norfolk who were the leaders of the UJA—United Jewish Appeal fund drive for that year. The drive wasn't going as well as they'd hoped that year, and so they came up with the gimmick of the "Governor's Mission to Israel." They wanted the Governor to go. It would be a five-day trip. They were inviting some of these people who they thought hadn't given enough or hadn't given at all to go along with him.

The Governor said, "All right. You've got three conditions. I want to take my twelve-year-old son, but I'm paying his way. I'm taking my assistant, and he is to have absolute and total and final control over my schedule." He told them that's the only way he could do this.

SS: His assistant was you?

AG: Yes. Somebody in the Israeli Embassy got in touch with me and said, "Let's talk about your itinerary." I said, "I've got to come up to Washington next Monday on business. If you're going to be in your office, why don't I stop by?" I did. He

was a good guy. He said, “Now, you’re going to do this and this and this and this.” I said, “You know we’re not going to do that.” They were propaganda sorts of things that they wanted him to do. He laughed and told me to set up a schedule. On trips like that, the Israelis absolutely exhaust you. They want you to see everything so they have you running around for eighteen hours a day. When you’re sitting, you’re being harangued. At any rate, an audience was arranged with Golda Meir, who was the prime minister then. I had dealt with Ms. Meir slightly, as the junior-most Foreign Service Officer in the embassy. But I certainly was not anything more than somebody she would nod to when she was foreign minister.

So the Governor and his son Woody and I went in. The Governor and the prime minister started talking. After about five minutes, they’d exhausted all the platitudes and it wasn’t going anywhere. The prime minister started talking about schools in Israel.

She said, “You know, we have a problem in this country. You can see it in Tel Aviv. North Tel Aviv is where Israelis of European descent live and it’s prosperous, with a higher value on education and so on. South Tel Aviv is where the immigrants who’ve come in from the Middle East live. They are usually very large families crammed into tiny apartments. The parents are not literate and there’s no push for the kids to do their lessons at night.”

She said, “The Tel Aviv municipality has worked out a program where they’re trying to pair kids in South Tel Aviv with kids in North Tel Aviv, and have some neutral place where they will do their lessons every evening.” She said, “It’s got some promise, I think. It’s coming along.”

The Governor said, “Well, Woody here can tell you about experiences like that. He’s in a school in a poor black neighborhood,” and so on and so on. The prime minister began to take an interest, and Woody, who’s always been irreverent, piped up and said, “Yeah, but what would you think of a mother who can’t or won’t help you with your algebra?” The prime minister went, “Oy, is that your mother? Such a mother!” (Laughter.) That broke the ice and they had a great conversation after that.

When I was in the embassy there, because I was the lowest ranking person, I would have to go out and meet VIPs who inevitably arrived in the middle of the night, and then escort them around. One of the people they always wanted to see was Ben-Gurion. Ben-Gurion had gone into semi-retirement by then, and so I’d worked out the protocol with Ben-Gurion’s office. I’m getting way off track.

SS: It’s interesting; I get caught up in it, too. (Laughter.)

AG: I’d worked out a protocol with Ben-Gurion’s office. We both had to do this, and knew when I needed to tell the congressman that it was time to go and that sort of

thing. We'd go over and sit there and Ben-Gurion and the congressman would talk. Mrs. Ben-Gurion was from New York. She was known all over the country by her first name—Paula. Tea would be brought out, and some kind of sticky cake or something. She would start in on me, "You're too skinny. Eat more of that. Go on, eat more." She said, "Have you got a girlfriend in Israel?" I said, "Well, not really." She said, "We need to change that." (Laughter.)

SS: You had been taken care of.

AG: Right. At any rate, we did not go to see Ben-Gurion. Maybe Ben-Gurion was dead by then. We did not go to see Ben-Gurion on that trip.

SS: What were your roles with the Governor?

AG: If you've ever seen the state capitol in Richmond, the central part of it was designed by Jefferson, and then there were two wings housing the two legislative chambers. They were added about 1905. Then, at the foot of the Capitol Square, sort of down the hill a bit from the capitol itself is a wonderful early nineteenth century brick tower, which was once the fire tower for Richmond. It has three floors, one room on each floor, although they've added a couple of bathrooms on one floor.

I had ill-defined duties at first. Then the guy who was supposed to be handling the Governor's correspondence quit about the time I arrived so I took over his responsibilities. I moved down to the bell tower and I had two secretaries on the ground floor. I was on the middle floor and I had another secretary upstairs who turned out letters and multiple copies, that sort of thing.

Initially, it was handling correspondence, of which there was a great deal. Then it evolved into all phone calls being routed to me. Then it evolved into just general troubleshooting and managing the office. You know, you learned when you could really be helpful to somebody who had a problem. You also learned what people were foolish, or had foolish requests, or foolish things to say, and you had to deal with those. It was very interesting. It would be grandiose to say that we had a sense of mission, but I think all three of us, and certainly the Governor, felt that we were making some real changes in Virginia.

SS: Was that Staige Blackford and John Ritchie?

AG: Yes.

SS: And yourself, when you say the three of you?

AG: Yes. John was the executive assistant. Staige was the press secretary. My connection with Staige went back to our grandmothers. Staige's mother and my

mother were good friends. Staige was a fourth year-man my first year at the University. He was editor of the *Cavalier Daily*, the student paper. I decided to go work for the *Cavalier Daily* my first year.

My first day in the office I walked in, and there was Blackford, tie askew, jacket off, sleeves rolled up, cigarette in one hand, talking into the phone with the other, standing with one foot in his chair. X-years later, my first day in the Governor's office, I walked into to Staige's office to say hello. There was Blackford, coat off, tie askew, sleeves rolled up, cigarette, only by then he'd graduated to a cigarette holder, one foot on his chair, cigarette holder in one hand, phone in the other, bellowing into the phone. (Laughter.)

SS: Some things never change. (Laughter.) If you had to say what you felt like your mission was, what would you say?

AG: It was a time of change. To be perfectly honest, it began with Governor Holton's predecessor, Governor Godwin, who was a stalwart member of the Byrd organization.

We didn't use the word machine in Virginia. Everybody who served on boards and commissions appointed by the Governor—there were a few token white women, no blacks, and there was nobody under the age of fifty or sixty.

Governor Holton changed all that. Probably the most notorious bureaucrat in the

state then was the head of the division of motor vehicles. He had been in that job for years and years.

I remember in Richmond, years before that, in the late fifties, I had gotten a new car and I had to go get the registration changed. I was teaching at St. Christopher's. It took me two weeks of going in every day, because I had maybe an hour or so off during business hours to go in and fight the battle. It took two weeks to get this done. And so one of the first things the Governor did was fire the head of DMV. Well, it turned out Governor Godwin had wanted to fire him, but he had political pressure put on him not to.

After I'd been in the Governor's office about four weeks, I finally got an apartment. I had bunked with a friend before that. It was a wonderful old apartment in what's called the Fan District in Richmond. There were two apartments on each floor and I was on the top floor. It was six apartments altogether. I noticed that there was an elderly couple on the floor below me. We passed going up the steps and I would say, "Good morning," or something, and they would cut me dead. It turned out it was the fired head of DMV and his wife. (Laughter.)

SS: Did they know who you were?

AG: Oh, yes.

SS: So the mission was to bring change and more diversity?

AG: Yes. The Governor appointed blacks to key positions on boards and commissions. He got young people in there and more women, and he believed that the state government should truly represent the people of the state. We began efforts to try to streamline government in the state. We thought we were on a roll. I honestly think we were, although governors in Virginia cannot stand for reelection.

SS: Oh, I didn't realize that.

AG: You can wait out a term and then stand for reelection. In modern times, it's happened only once. The Governor's predecessor decided to run again because the person who was running as the Democrat, he regarded as the anti-Christ, the devil incarnate. So he became a Republican. That's when the Republican Party in Virginia changed all together. All of a sudden, everybody who had been a Byrd Democrat became a Republican and people who had been Republicans became Democrats. So we were really Democrats, closet Democrats.

SS: Okay, I understand that, yes. So that was in 1974, when the change happened?

AG: Yes.

SS: So you weren't in that next administration, I take it?

AG: Well, we were getting ready to go out of office, and we hadn't worked out the State Department thing at that point. I don't know if I'd gotten into this. I'll come back to that in a second. Governor Godwin, who had been a predecessor, was the successor, got his campaign aide to come see me, and asked me if I would stay on. I was very flattered. I didn't want to do it. I felt I didn't quite fit in. Well, the Governor was not quite sure what he wanted to do.

SS: Holton?

AG: Holton. He was a moderate Republican. He was a friend of Nelson Rockefeller's and Rockefeller, everybody assumed, was going to try to run for president in 1976. So Rockefeller called Holton one day and asked him to come up and spend a day with him in New York. So John Ritchie and I went with him, although John had pretty well decided what he was going to do when we left office. We spent the whole day talking to Rockefeller and his people.

What Rockefeller wanted to do was form a sort of shadow campaign staff.

Holton was to be head of it, and he wanted John and me to be part of it. All of this sounded sort of exciting until the last person we saw at the end of the day was Governor Rockefeller's lawyer. He said, "You can't do that. The election laws say that you can't do it."

SS: You can't shadow?

AG: No. That ended that. But Henry Kissinger had started his political life as a protégé of Nelson Rockefeller's. So Rockefeller called Kissinger, and Kissinger called Holton, and said, "I would like to you come join me at the State Department." The Governor talked to me about it. I said, "Well, here are the questions I think you should ask him."

He went up to Washington one morning and came back saying, "It really sounds great." I said, "Well, what did he tell you about access to him?" "Oh, I'm going to be at his right hand, personal staff." I said, "Well, what's the job?" "Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations." I said, "Well, did he say this? Did you ask him that?" "No, no." He said, "He promised me." I said, "Governor, you have been impatient these four years with the state bureaucracy." I said, "You ain't seen nothing."

SS: (Laughter.) You knew.

AG: "Oh, you don't know what you're talking about," the Governor said, "He promised me." And the Governor said, "I want you to come with me." I said, "Well, let me go talk it over with Katharine Scott."

SS: So you were married by this time?

AG: Yes. We talked about it for several days. I went back to him. I said, “Well, can you get assurances from Kissinger of what my responsibilities would be, what my role would be?” “No, I don’t need to do that.” I said, “Well, I’d feel more comfortable if you did.” Well, he did.

The Governor went out of office about the middle of January, on a Saturday. He went up to Washington at the end of the next week. John Ritchie was going to go off to do something else. But he and I got VCU, Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, to lend us a vacant office. The Governor had some money that had been given to him by friends to wind up his affairs in Richmond.

What we were to do was to try to organize his personal papers, because he wanted all of it put in the state archives. It was sort of a mess. We had enough money to hire an elderly lady to type and help out. The first thing I did, after we went out of office, was come up here and spend a day with—

SS: To the University of Virginia?

AG: Yes, with Dumas Malone, the great biographer of Jefferson, who I had met, but I really didn’t know that well at that point. He became a close enough friend that when he died, I organized his funeral. I just talked to him about how one should go about doing this, and he gave me some very practical suggestions.

I figured it was going to take a couple of months to do this, and it did. John Ritchie left after a few weeks to go to what he was going to be doing. We finally got it wrapped up, and then I went on up to Washington, and my wife was teaching, so she couldn't come until the end of the school year. We bought a house. We were probably the only people in greater Washington at that time who bought a house and sold it a year later without making an obscene profit. I think when I figured it all out we cleared a couple of hundred dollars or something like that. (Laughter.)

The Governor soon found that all that he'd been promised just wasn't so. A typical Kissinger trick would be that he would ask the Governor to come up and see him at five o'clock in the afternoon, and sit with him and say, "Well, I want you to go up to Capitol Hill first thing in the morning, and go see Senator so-and-so and Senator so-and-so and Senator so-and-so, and tell them this is our position." So the Governor would dutifully go up there first thing the next morning, only to find that Kissinger had had breakfast with all three of those guys, and told them something totally different.

SS: Oh, my goodness.

AG: Kissinger was difficult, to put it mildly, though a very bright man. The Governor got unhappier and unhappier. His family was not with him at that point. They were all split up. The oldest child, the subject of the famous picture taken on the

first day of school, was in her senior year of high school in Richmond and she wanted to finish that. So she went and lived with a cousin. The rest of the family moved back to Roanoke to their house. They began looking for a place to live in Washington.

All of that took some months. He was living in a one-room apartment across the street from the State Department, so he was never happy about that. The bureaucrats would drive him nuts. We had a couple of people who were real characters. There was one lady from the western part of North Carolina who'd been a fixture around Washington since the New Deal. She had a whiskey voice, and she must have been well into her seventies by then. I forget what she was supposed to be doing. We divided the office up: You take care of Latin American stuff; you take care of the Middle Eastern stuff and so on.

At any rate, one day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I needed to get her to do something. I went across the hall to where her office was and her door was closed. I started to open it and her secretary said, "Mr. Gilliam, don't do that." I said, "Well, why not?" She said, "Well, um, she's taking a nap." I said, "For goodness sake." She was sleeping off her three martinis from lunch. I said, "Well, when she gets up, would you please ask her to give me a ring, and I'll come back over, because I do need to talk to her?"

About a week later, some staff aide, somewhere in the department, had to see her about something his boss wanted. He ignored the secretary's admonitions not to open the door. He opened the door and went charging in. She was there in her underwear, asleep, stretched out on her sofa. (Laughter.)

SS: I take it you didn't last long at the State Department, this time around?

AG: There was a young fellow, just out of graduate school, who had been raised mostly in Mexico City. His father was American and his mother was Mexican. He had gone to boarding school in the States. I forget where he'd gone to college. He was supposed to be handling Latin American stuff for us and he was very capable.

That person, in later life, surfaced as somebody called Bill Richardson, who for a while was in great vogue as the person to go talk to the North Koreans. At one point, maybe in early Clinton days, he was ambassador to the U.N. His father's family was from New Mexico, so he went back to New Mexico and was elected governor. He was a serious contender for the Democratic nomination for president four years ago. All of a sudden, he dropped out of the race, very early. It was rumored that there was a corruption scandal that touched him, but I never heard an explanation, one way or the other.

SS: Oh, interesting.

AG: He's out of office now. I don't know what he's doing.

SS: Wow, you do have a lot of interesting stories. You probably know where a lot of skeletons are hidden. (Laughter.) So is this the juncture where you were telling me that wonderful story the other day when we weren't recording—about how you decided to come to Charlottesville?

AG: Right.

SS: Would you tell me that story now?

AG: Oh, yes. Well, 1974 was also the year of Nixon's abdication. It was in the summer. So things were in a turmoil. All of us, in Washington, at the deputy assistant secretary level and above were summoned to a meeting in a government auditorium on Constitution Avenue. They had the goods on Nixon at that point. We were harangued by three or four people from the White House about how we had to stand firm—these people who were attacking the President were in the pay of the Soviets, they were after Nixon, and so on.

Then about a week later, Kissinger summoned about twenty-five of us up to the anteroom of his office and harangued us. He said, "I don't want any gossiping about what is going on." He said, "I have ways of finding out if you are doing that sort of thing, and I'll have your head." (Laughter.)

SS: He does sound mean.

AG: Then about a week later, there was the abdication. So things were in a turmoil that summer.

SS: Did you have personal feelings about Nixon or what was going on?

AG: Yes. I think he felt some real loyalty, as much as he can.

SS: How did you feel about it?

AG: Oh, the guy was a crook. (Laughter.)

At any rate, the Governor was more and more disenchanted by this point. His family had come up from Roanoke by then. They bought a house in McLean, so things were a little better there. But he had had it. He told me, I guess, in the early fall, that he was leaving. He was going to join one of the big Washington law firms right after Christmas.

My wife and I were part of a group of about eight or ten couples that used to go to a boy's camp in West Virginia the week after camp let out, for what they call "family camp." They would keep the counselors there and you'd bring your children. We didn't have any children at that point. They would take the kids off,

and the grownups could hike or go canoeing or drink or do whatever they wanted.

It was usually a week. I couldn't get away until about Wednesday or Thursday that year, but we went up and had a few days, and then headed back to Washington on Sunday.

We stopped off here, in Charlottesville, and had a drink with the Blackfords.

Staige had come back to the University to be assistant to President Shannon.

Shannon had announced that he was going to retire at the end of that summer, but Hereford was to be his successor. Hereford asked Staige to stay on.

Well, anyway, Staige told me that he had just been made editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. Staige was an old newspaperman and that's what he really wanted to do. He was not cut out to suffer difficult people in the president's office or the governor's office. He didn't want to do that. At any rate, Staige said, "I don't take office until next April," but he said, "Frank's going to have to find someone to replace me. Do you want me to give him your name?" I said, "Sure, that's fine."

Frank Hereford called me a week or so later and said, "Friday's my first day in office, and I understand you're a little restless at the State Department. You might like to come back. Could you take the day off and come down to see me?" So I did. We spent most of the day together. He said, "Fine, now. When can you come?" (Laughter.)

That was Friday of Labor Day weekend, and my first son was born the day after Labor Day, so I was sort of preoccupied for a while. At any rate, I came back, and the University gave me what they considered an extremely generous moving allowance. So I called the mover in Charlottesville—we're now talking about toward the end of February 1975—and they came up and did an estimate. We didn't have that much stuff. But it was two or three times what the University's generous moving allowance provided. So I rented the biggest truck that I felt comfortable driving and Katharine Scott and I packed up all of the heavy stuff—the china, the records, and the books.

SS: She had just had a baby six months before?

AG: Yes. We spent the day loading up this truck. My mother, who was living in Baltimore, had come over and helped us. She was going to ride down with me, because she had a much older sister in town who was very difficult and was being difficult again at that point. Mother felt she had to come down and set things straight. So she rode down with me.

We had been looking for a house in Charlottesville and couldn't find anything. The market, in those days, was very seasonal, and the season was April to October. We couldn't find anything we liked. So our agent said, "Well, I'll tell you what. I've just sold this big house on Rugby Road to some people who are in Beirut. They're not moving until sometime in the summer. They really would

like someone just to be in the house, so they won't charge you rent. Just pay the utilities." The house had eight bedrooms, which was great, because I unloaded my truck, and I just piled things up, and turned the truck in here in Charlottesville. One of the Blackfords drove me to the station. We were living in Alexandria. I took the train back to Alexandria.

We had to go to a dinner party that night. It was a Saturday night. The movers were coming on Monday. By Sunday night, I really wasn't feeling very well. Our next door neighbors on one side had invited us to spend Monday night and Tuesday night, because we figured it would take two days to get all that stuff packed and out of the house, and spend it at their house.

I woke up Monday morning with a raging temperature. Katharine Scott marched me next door and I went to bed. I was drenched in sweat. I just felt awful. She coped with the packers. Then she took me to a doctor at the end of the day who looked at me and he immediately put me in the hospital. I had pneumonia. So I was in the hospital for about five days. She had to cope with a fussy six month old and the movers. It probably came close to leading to the divorce courts.
(Laughter.)

SS: That sounds awful.

AG: I was released to the custody of my brother-in-law, who was a doctor here in town. Only we didn't tell the doctor in Alexandria that my brother-in-law was an OB/GYN. (Laughter.) So I was put to bed at their house, and we had to get a refrigerator or stove or something to put in the house that we were camping out in. That was going to take a couple days, so we were there for a couple days, and then moved into the house.

I was back on my feet shortly, because I was bored with lying around, but I had a cough that lasted all spring. I would wake up in the middle of the night, and not be able to get back to sleep. It was awful. Finally, by that summer, we found a house to buy that we wanted and moved in there. Staige moved over to the *Virginia Quarterly Review* in April, and I took over his job.

SS: Working for President Hereford?

AG: Yes.

SS: I just realized that there was another vignette that you shared the other day, which has also been written about, about when your doubts were resolved.

AG: Yes.

SS: Let's get that in the interview. I think that's a nice vignette.

AG: Well, I'd been to see Frank Hereford the first weekend in September, Labor Day weekend. He said, "When can you come to work?" Because the offer hadn't been made, I hadn't really talked it over with Katharine Scott and I said I had to do that. I was in a job where I could not leave in under six months. The baby was born and we got through all that.

Long about November, I began to have doubts about all of this—wasn't it yet another case of an old grad trying to go back and recreate a past that could never be recreated? We had a spell of gray weather, which made me gloomier than ever. I finally picked up the phone and called Frank. I said, "I can get off tomorrow. Can I come down and see you?" "Well, sure. Come on down."

I got down here and it was gray and gloomy. I parked my car in the alley behind the president's office, which in those days was on the Lawn. The room that I had lived in as a fourth-year student was right there, two doors up from the president's office. I came up the steps from the alley and walked past the door of my old room. The door opened and the girl who obviously lived there walked out.

I walked into Frank's office a few minutes later. I said, "Doubts have been resolved. I'll be here in March." He said, "What's this all about?" I told him and I said, "The girl who obviously lived in my old room—I saw her and I thought that was right and proper." You have to realize that unlimited coeducation came

to the University only in 1970 and this was 1974. The mythology here is there were no women at all and that's not true.

SS: You were clearing that up a little bit last time.

AG: Yes. Undergraduate women, when I was a student, were supposed to be in the nursing school or in their last two years at the School of Education. I was in the College and I had women in all of my classes. Maybe there were one or two science classes that didn't. So, there were women in the College, but there weren't many. There certainly were no women living on the Lawn.

So, the first unlimited, co-educated class arrived in the fall of 1970. So the first women to live on the Lawn wouldn't have been until the fall of '74. The girl who was in my old room was halfway through her last year in the University, and her year in living in number twenty-eight West Lawn.

SS: So you took that as a good sign?

AG: I took that as a good sign, yes.

SS: Should we take a short break?

AG: Yes.

SS: Okay.

(Off record)

SS: So you started with Frank Hereford in 1975?

AG: Spring of '75, yes.

SS: Did John Casteen start later that year as dean of admissions?

AG: He started later that year. What happened was that I was understudying Staige and getting back on my feet after the pneumonia. I'd been there about a month. Staige was getting ready to leave and he was showing me stuff. He handed me a computer printout. I said, "What's this?" He said, "Oh, it is admissions decisions. Maybe you ought to take a look at it."

So, he left and I looked through it. I saw a familiar name on there. It was the oldest son of a good friend of mine who lives in Massachusetts. I figured out that he had been put on the waitlist. So I took the thing over to the dean of admission, who was a professor in the engineering school, and said, "George, I met this kid when he was small. I really don't know him, but he's the son of a good friend who is an alumnus. I'm just curious, what does he have to do to get off the waitlist?"

He looked at me and said, “Well, I don’t know. Let’s get the file and take a look.” He looked at the file and said, “Well, he should’ve been admitted. I don’t know why we put him on the waitlist.” He said, “I’ll send him an offer letter right now.” Then I started hearing stories that the admissions office was not functioning very well. They had turned down a son of the president of the Alumni Association. They had turned down a grandson of the Rector. It wasn’t out of malice or anything. They hadn’t the foggiest idea, and had no interest in knowing who these people were. There were all sorts of other problems.

The admissions office was in disarray. Rightly or wrongly, the feeling out there among the alumni was that President Shannon had not cared about the alumni, wasn’t interested in getting children of alumni to apply to the University, and that sort of thing. There was a slight grain of truth to that, I think, but not nearly to the extent that people imagined.

At any rate, the place was in disarray, and Frank decided he was going to have to ask the dean to step down. Before he could do that, the dean called him up and said, “Could I come over and see you?” He said, “I had a cardiac episode two nights ago, and I’ve been to my doctor. It’s not that serious, but he says I need to stop being dean of admissions, and I need to take a semester off. I’m resigning.” That’s when John Casteen was hired. John, at that point, was at the University of California, Berkeley.

I did not know John. I never heard his name. I think he probably was encouraged to apply for the job by one of his mentors in the English department, a fellow named Bob Kellogg, who was a wonderful guy and later became dean of Arts and Sciences. I think Bob suggested to him that he apply when he did.

John was hired and he arrived sometime in the fall. His first day in office, I went over to see him, and introduced myself. He hadn't the foggiest idea who I was. I said, "There have been some real problems here. I don't know the full extent of them, but I can tell you what I know."

I said, "I'm here to suggest something that you and I might do. Frank Hereford came into office saying that we were going to have to raise private money. The first step is he's got to get better known among the alumni. He's known, but he needs to be better known." Also at this point one of my jobs was to do the, quote, "lobbying," unquote, in Richmond. I said, "We get political pressure." I said, "What if we struck a deal? I will let you know of applicants who are of interest to the president's office, and if you will keep an eye out and tell me about applicants that you think we should be interested in." I told him what the categories were.

I said, "What I will do is when somebody in this category applies, I will write a letter for Frank Hereford to sign, saying, 'Dear so-and-so, I'm delighted that your daughter has applied for admission. I can assure you that her application will be

read with great care. I do hope that it will be possible to have her with us in the fall as a student. In any case, I assure you that she will get every consideration.”

I said, “I have talked to the president about this, and he wanted to make it absolutely clear to you that he is not presuming to tell you what to do.” I said, “And I’m certainly not. I think we can work together on this. When your decisions come out, I’ll do another letter, either expressing ecstasy over the fact that Susie has been admitted or unutterable despair that she’s been turned down.”

SS: Just to make it more personal?

AG: Yes. So, that’s what we did. We worked it also into a system where I would sit down early in March, and go through my file of cases, and arrange them in what I thought the proper order of preference, most important to the least interesting. Then I sat down with the president and went over it. He would agree or say, no, I think that ought to be a number two, not a number one, whatever.

Then I would send the list over to John and, about a week later, go over there one day. It ended up, as the years went by, being a two-day affair. We would sit there, John with piles of folders on his desk. We’d go through every case that was on our list and he would say, “I can’t admit him. I mean, look at his test scores.” So, I would scribble notes. You can’t do this anymore, but it was at a time when I could actually write a letter to Susie Smith’s parents and say, “I’m so sorry, Susie

didn't make it. But, that D she got in algebra in the tenth grade, and her relatively low math score is what did her in."

SS: You can't do that specifically anymore?

AG: You can't do that now.

SS: Why? There's too many?

AG: You're not supposed to reveal that information.

SS: Oh, privacy issues?

AG: Privacy issues. Some people who did this kind of thing, and who got into it after I did, told parents of applicants things that they shouldn't have told them. What I do now is, you know, in a case like that, I say, "Get Susie to ask her college counselor to call admissions, because I can't go through her file and you can't either, as a parent. But the college counselor can and someone in admissions will go through the file with him or her, step-by-step, and say what was wrong." That kind of thing was particularly useful if an applicant was on the waitlist, because often whatever the problem was could be rectified. For example, they could retake the SATs or get to work and bring that French grade up. You know, you've still got three months to do it.

SS: Casteen must have agreed with you that this was an important thing to do.

AG: Yes. It was a very successful program, but I want to emphasize that the president's office was in no way telling the dean what decisions to make. I continued to do that under President O'Neil. When John Casteen came back, I guess that first year he was back, I did it. But by then I was moving over to be secretary of the Board, so I got into that.

SS: Right. Admissions seems to be an important subject here at the University of Virginia, I guess, because admissions are tight?

AG: Oh, this year was atrocious. I mean, 28,000 people applied for 3,000-plus places. Most students who apply here are bright and have decent records and the Admissions Committee has very difficult decisions to make. During the O'Neil years, the superintendent of schools in Fairfax County, which I guess is the largest school district in the state, was in trouble with his board or with the board of supervisors and about to be sacked. To divert attention, he started a very loud campaign, saying: "The University of Virginia is discriminating against students from Northern Virginia."

About three of us—I can't remember now who the other two were, maybe O'Neil himself, maybe the provost at the time, but I don't know—battled back. Over the course of that winter, I must have given talks at six or seven rotary clubs up there.

I spoke at a garden club meeting. I spoke at a friend's wife's book club preaching the gospel that this simply wasn't true and that we had figures to prove it.

I wasn't that familiar with the way rotary luncheons are set up at that point.

Maybe you are? I forget the exact number of minutes, but let's say you speak for ten minutes, no more, no less and that can be followed by five minutes, no more, no less of questions and it's cut off. I was never so thankful for that rule.

(Laughter.)

SS: For limiting your comments or for limiting the comments from the crowd?

AG: For the ability to be able to have the chairman get up and say, "Thank you very much. Time's up." I laugh and tell people that I probably learned in the governor's office more than my first time in the State Department when dealing with questions like that from the media or from angry constituents. First—Governor Holton was very firm about this—I learned to be as open as you possibly can. You know, there are obviously some things that you can't talk about, but otherwise, be open.

I got myself in a little trouble when I first came back here on that question. I had a lady who was a secretary in the office of the Secretary to the Board of Visitors, and she had been trained to treat everything as a secret. I took a call one day from somebody who wanted the office phone number of a member of the Board of

Visitors, and so I gave it to him. She found out about it and said, “Argh, ra, ra ra.” I said, “We’re not going to do it that way now. We’ve got to be perfectly open. That’s something the public has every right to know. They don’t need to know their home telephone number, but their business number, that’s fine.”

I also learned the art of, how should we put it, gentle obfuscation where necessary. I’d been back here about five years and had an old friend who was teaching a journalism class. The idea was he would get a speaker in to talk about something. The class was supposed to take notes and then ask questions. He got me in a couple of times and the students asked questions. After I left, the students were supposed to write up, for the next class, comments about what I had said. He sent me some of the comments one time. “Gilliam can’t be caught out on anything,” was the general consensus. (Laughter.)

SS: So you had learned that lesson.

AG: Yes.

SS: With Hereford, you were lobbying for the University?

AG: The way the office was set up then, Frank had created the position of executive vice president, and Avery Catlin, from the engineering school, filled that position. But Avery had specific responsibilities that had not that much to do with the

president's office, per se. There was a fellow, Don Jones, who had been inherited from Edgar Shannon—he was supposed to handle minority affairs—and me.

SS: Three people in the president's office?

AG: Essentially, yes. I was sort of jack-of-all-trades. I very quickly got into all sorts of things. I had asked Staige Blackford, when he was leaving, what should I be interested in. He said, "You'll find out."

SS: What a good friend.

AG: Right. (Laughter.)

SS: So one of the things you did, you were in charge of Queen Elizabeth when she came here, right? Are there any good stories to tell about that?

AG: Oh, lots.

SS: Can you choose one or two?

AG: (Laughter.) The first thing we had to deal with was that technically she was the guest of the Governor. This had dated back to when I was in my second time in the State Department. Governor Godwin, who was Holton's successor, called me

up one day in the office and said, "Sandy, I'm leading a trade mission to England in a few weeks." He said, "You know we've got the Bicentennial coming up and I really would like to try to get the Queen of England to come over during the Bicentennial year, but I don't know how to go about it."

I said, "Well, I think the first thing we need to do is get in touch with our embassy in London. Let me call somebody over there and talk to them and I'll call you back." I called some guy that maybe I knew faintly, at any rate, put the problem to him. He said, "Well, when's he coming?" He said, "Tell him to get in touch with my office. What we'll do is work it out. He can't see the Queen. That's not possible, but we'll work out an audience with one of the Queen's people. He should come prepared to deliver a formal written invitation, but also to tell this assistant what he would like the Queen to do and when and that sort of thing."

So I passed that on to the Governor, and heard no more about it. He thanked me very much, but we heard nothing more about it. That was the fall of 1974. I came back here in '75 and when the General Assembly session began in Richmond in January of '76, I was running down there every day. Toward the end of the session, I got back early one day. Usually I was down there until five or six o'clock. There were some committee meetings I wanted to go to that were cancelled or something.

Frank Hereford called me in. He said, "I've just gotten a call from the Governor. The Queen is going to come to Virginia this summer. He told me that I would get a call from the British ambassador, and sure enough, the British ambassador just called and she's going to come on July 10." He said, "I don't know that all this is worth it. I guess we should start planning." He said, "How would you like to do it?" Graduation was the second or the third weekend in May. I started working on it right then, after he told me, but I did nothing else from the second weekend of May until July 10, except deal with that. And it, in most cases, was a lot of fun.

There was an assistant to the Governor called Martha Pritchard, who I'd known faintly, but not really well. We became good friends. Actually, she died within the last year. So we worked it out. In presidential staff and sometimes gubernatorial staff, you get people who think they're more important than they really are and who are obsessed with telling you what to do. We did not have that problem when we were in office, because if Holton had ever caught any of the three of us behaving like that, he would've had our hides. You just don't do that and so I didn't do that.

SS: You just wouldn't.

AG: Martha Pritchard turned out to be an assistant to the Governor in the mold of our kind of assistant to the Governor. We got along beautifully. We started working

it out. There was a young guy from the British Embassy who was assigned to do the grunt work. He ended up coming and staying at our house a couple of times during all this and became a good friend.

The Queen was to come to the University and she was to go to Monticello. There was a Bicentennial Center established on the edge of Charlottesville. It's too long and boring to get into the politics of why, but at any rate, it was a thorn in everybody's side. The guy who was running it was from Charlottesville, but he wasn't living in Charlottesville. He was difficult and the Governor finally decreed that he was to have no part of the planning. He could be talked to about only what would actually go on at the Bicentennial Center, which was about ten minutes worth of the visit.

The Secret Service assigned somebody from their Richmond office to help them plan all of this. He was a good guy. At Monticello, Jim Bear, who was the director of Monticello, was a fine guy, no problems there. The City of Charlottesville, early in '76 or late in '75, faced with the decline of downtown, had decided to make Main Street into a pedestrian mall, for what was then an enormous amount of money. It was several years before it caught on. More stores closed than opened. It's a roaring success now.

SS: Yes, I've heard. I haven't been there yet.

AG: It really is. You go down there any day or any night and there are crowds of people. At any rate, there was a member of city council who raised holy hell with me because, he said, “If the City of Charlottesville has to spend all this money for police protection for the Queen,” and so on and so on, “the Queen should come down and walk the length of the mall.” I said, “No. We don’t have time to do that. She doesn’t need to be bothered with that kind of thing.”

I remember the people started coming from London. The final visit was a fairly high powered one. It was the British ambassador and my friend from the embassy, who was a low man on the totem pole, high functionaries from the embassy, people from protocol and the State Department, people from Buckingham Palace, and people from the Foreign Office in London. There were enough of them to mostly fill a bus.

We went over the whole thing. Jim Bear had invited the whole gang to dinner at Monticello. We all went up to Monticello. The curator’s house is just a bit down the hill from Monticello. It’s a nice house for entertaining. That’s where dinner was. But you can’t get a bus down there. The bus had to be parked further up. It had been raining a lot. After dinner we returned to the bus but it was stuck in the mud. The driver said, “We have to lighten the load. Everybody get off and the men can get out and help push.”

SS: And you’re all dressed in your nice clothes?

AG: Well, we weren't really—we were in coats and ties. The ambassador sat on the bus and the rest of us got out and pushed. The ambassador's staff and the people from London were not happy with him.

A big problem was that everybody in the state of Virginia thought they should be invited to the state lunch, and we had to deal with that. If you've been in the Rotunda, the lunch was to be in the Dome Room, the top room. There were far too many people for that, so we took over two rooms on the next floor as well. The Board of Visitors room has a big table. The big table was covered over with blankets and then oilcloth. That was the staging area for the wait staff. We rigged up a television hookup, so the people who were downstairs could see what was going on upstairs.

It worked out well. It turned out to be a beautiful day. It was in July, but it was not abysmally hot. The big gun Secret Service people came down from Washington. They weren't as nice as the guy from Richmond. They said, "Well, to contain the crowd we're going to have to set up steel oil drums filled with water, with steel cables strung from one drum to another." I said, "What's going to happen when it's all over? How are you going to move the barrels?" "Oh, we'll just dump them out on the grass." I said, "You'll kill the grass with oily water. We're not going to have that."

I got our people to build wooden stanchions and we had nylon cord about this high. It worked perfectly. There were probably 25,000 or so people on the Lawn. It was a very informal crowd with small children and dogs running around. The royal party came in from the airport. The Governor met them at the airport and they came in over here, on West Range.

The Herefords were lined up there, along with the mayor and the chairman of the county board of supervisors. The Herefords' younger daughter had a bunch of flowers, because we had been told that no one must try to shake the Queen's hand. That's why you see her clutching a pocketbook all the time. So we decided the easiest way to get around that would be that she could clutch her pocketbook in one hand, and hold a bunch of flowers in the other. So Molly Hereford presented her with a bunch of flowers.

We walked from there to the front of Cabell Hall, where the platform had been set up. There were about ten minutes of speeches, which were quite bearable. They did what they call a walkabout up the Lawn. The Lawn had a big central aisle, roped off. The Queen and Frank Hereford took one side and Ann Hereford and Prince Philip, the other. They would go up and she would stop, or he would stop and they would speak to people and admire children, and that sort of thing. They knew, instinctively, without turning around to look at each other, when to cross over to the other side. It was this constant thing all the way up.

SS: Nice.

AG: I guess there were summer school students around, but there were no students in rooms on the Lawn in the summer. The British wanted us to fix up a room and put a student or two there. I said, “No, we’re not going to do that.” We compromised. I got the housing office to sweep out a room and hang a pair of curtains, and put a bedspread on the bed and that was it.

We walked them up the Lawn and we had this room. I found two attractive, articulate students, rising fourth year—one male, one female. I told them they had to put on their Sunday clothes and they stood in the room. The briefing papers that we handed out to the British made it clear that these people did not live there.

Well, I didn’t go in the room, because there were too many people. But I stood outside. The kids told me afterwards that Prince Philip came in the room and looked around, looked at the girl, looked at the boy and said, “Nice roommate you have.” The Queen shot him a dirty look. (Laughter.)

And then the idea was that they would have twenty minutes off where they could relax and have a drink. So I put the Queen and Prince Philip in the pavilion closest to the Lawn, with attendants. I put the foreign secretary in the next

pavilion down. I put the ambassador in the next one. I put the chief of protocol in the other one across there, back and forth.

The Queen's private secretary had ultimate authority in all of this. I asked, "What should we serve them to drink?" He said, "Gin and beer." I said, "Well, any particular brands?" He said, "No," but he said, "For God's sake, don't put Budweiser in there." (Laughter.) He said, "Unmitigated piss. That's what it is." (Laughter.)

On the last visit with all the people from London and Frank Hereford—we were going through it all—the Herefords, after twenty minutes, were to go to the pavilion with Governor and Mrs. Godwin and fetch the Queen and Prince Philip, and then they were to go up the steps of the Rotunda. The Queen's private secretary said, "Under no circumstances must anyone touch the Queen." Frank said, "Well, these steps are slippery. Suppose she slips and falls? I can't catch her arm?" He says, "Let her fall."

SS: (Laughter.) I assume she did not fall?

AG: She did not fall. We had some people and the Governor had about fifteen or so people that we wanted to be presented to the Queen before lunch. So what I did on the main floor of the Rotunda was arrange a sort of bulging horseshoe. Once

you were presented to the Queen, you had to get up the steps to the Dome Room, and get in place, and be in place upstairs at lunch when she got up there.

The first people were Dumas Malone and his wife. He was hobbling. That would give him plenty of time to get up the steps. The last person was the president of student council. I told him he had to take the steps three at a time, get up there in place.

SS: How can you remember all this? Your memory is really amazing.

AG: Well, there was a big crisis about ten days before the visit. By this time, I had worked it all out, exactly how many minutes it would take to get from this place to that. I translated it into exactly what time will they get to this place. So one day, about ten days before the visit, I set off with a stopwatch and went over the whole route at the exact times. You know, they were to arrive at 10:01 down here. So I stood there at 10:01 and figured out how long the greetings would take and by that time I knew how long it would take.

Anyway, I got to the Rotunda and we had her setting foot on the top floor at 1:03 or something like that. I got up there at 1:03, it was a bright, sunny day, and the sun was streaming through the oculus. There was to be a head table, with the Queen positioned in such a way that she could look straight down the Lawn. Well, the sun was coming in like this and would've blinded her. So I got a crew

from physical plant to come over and bring the tables. We spent several hours shoving the tables around—trying to figure out a way to maybe move the head table. None of it worked, because it always meant losing a table, which we could not afford to do.

So in good academic fashion, when I had started all this planning, I appointed a committee. I called a meeting of my committee and asked “What to do?” I had someone from the architecture school. He said, “Well, we can build this canopy over where the Queen would sit.” I said, “No, that’s too fussy.” One of the ROTC officers said, “Well, we could suspend parachutes down from the ceiling.” All of us said, “Great idea.” But I said, “How you are you going to get them up there?”

And Ray Bice, whose funeral was just about two weeks ago, was secretary to the Board of Visitors and a psychologist. Ray loved to tinker. Ray came up with the winning solution. If you look at the dome of the Rotunda from the outside, it’s stepped in such a way that you can actually walk up from the outside to the oculus. Ray said, “Let’s get butcher’s paper and cut it out to fit the panes of the oculus and put it down with water soluble paste,” because in Charlottesville, in July, usually it rains every afternoon about five o’clock. He said, “It will all wash away.” It did exactly that. So the event was saved.

SS: That was a fairly inexpensive solution.

AG: Yes. So after lunch the Queen and Prince Philip were to go back to the pavilion to retire for a minute. Then several of us were summoned and presented with signed photographs, which I've got at home. Then a motorcade formed by the chapel to drive through the streets of Charlottesville, stopping off at the Bicentennial Center for ten minutes and then going up to Monticello.

I was supposed to ride in about the eighteenth car back in the motorcade. It was a big car and everybody else in the car was from London. We were driving downtown—narrow streets downtown, huge crowds of people, all applauding. They were all peering in windows to see who was there. I knew a lot of them. I just felt embarrassed as hell. I said to the people in the car, "You know, I'm really embarrassed." They said, "Oh, do the royal wave." I said, "What's the royal wave?"

SS: The backward hand?

AG: So I started to do that. (Laughter.) At any rate, we stopped at the Bicentennial Center, and the Queen looked at it for ten minutes, and then we drove up to Monticello. Jim Bear and his wife led them on a tour. While they were in the house, I was hanging around with people from the embassy and people from London at the foot of the front walk. There was a crowd of spectators outside the fence there. One of the Brits looked up and saw that somebody in the crowd had a pair of corgis on leashes. He said, "Goddamn corgis. I hate the bloody things."

SS: I thought they were British, I mean corgis, aren't they?

AG: Well, it's the Queen's favorite dog. That's why they were there. Of course, a few minutes later, when she came out, she stopped and admired the corgis. This guy said, "The damn beasts."

SS: (Laughter.) Well, it sounds like a very successful event. And you were perfect at organizing it.

AG: Then the motorcade formed again and we went to the airport. The band from VMI played and they got on the plane and off they went. I went home. And my wife, and our older son—who was two—were out somewhere. I fixed myself a very strong whiskey and soda, and took it with me in the shower, and sat under the cold shower for about twenty minutes, drinking my whiskey.

SS: (Laughter.) You deserved that, I'm sure. Thanks for sharing that story. That was really good.

You know, there are some important things, obviously, that went on during Hereford's tenure. For example, the very successful capital campaign. I don't know if you want to talk about that. We have about fifteen to thirty minutes left today.

AG: Well, as for the capital campaign, we didn't have the foggiest idea what we were doing. None of us had ever been involved in something like this. The development office consisted of about three people, two of whom had had a little experience fundraising. The other didn't.

We could not get the thing started properly. We set a timetable, but we couldn't get a vice president for development in here. There were candidates who looked pretty good in the interview and they all turned us down. They said, "You all don't know what you're doing. You're not organized."

When you plan capital campaigns, you hire an outside consultant. So we hired a consultant, who was highly recommended, from North Carolina. He was a good guy. Well, candidate after candidate turned us down, and we were months away from the kickoff of the campaign. He said, "Well, I've got someone who worked for me at Duke. He's at Duke." So he was hired.

AG: There was the one alumnus who was a year from retirement and then a girl who had just finished the University. So I was supposed to go out and galvanize the alumni to the extent that we'd been told what we should do was have a series of mini-campaigns in different cities.

I sat down with Gilly Sullivan, who was the director of the Alumni Association and we picked out about fifty cities where the alumni population seemed to justify

it. I knew somebody in each of those places, except one. I would call up the person I knew and say, "Can you get together maybe a dozen people to sit down for an hour and a half over drinks after work one day?" I said, "I'd like you to get all ages, both sexes, both races, if that's possible. What I will do is bring around a computer printout, with enough copies for everyone, of all the alumni in Memphis," or whatever city it was.

I said, "We've got a rating system. I'm not interested in knowing specifically how much someone could give, but just a range, up to \$10,000, more than a million, that kind of thing. What I'm going to do is just read each of these names aloud and you all sing out the coding system." It was an A through H rating or something like that.

I said, "If you know nothing about this person's gift giving possibilities, tell me if they've taken an interest in alumni affairs here in Memphis. Or are they mad at us because a child didn't get in the University? Or what do you think their interest might be? Do you think they might be more receptive to a plea for money for the football team or for the English department?"

"If you know that, who do you think would be the best person to talk to him, somebody in Memphis, a favorite old professor in the English department or a retired coach or whatever it might be?" I said, "If you don't know anything else, just tell me, in looking at their address, what that means."

SS: Oh, that's smart.

AG: So we'd do that. I did that in about fifty cities and came back to Charlottesville and wrote it all up and then tried to quantify it as best as I could—taking into account all sorts of things. We ended up doing maybe twenty or twenty-one mini-campaigns. It was very interesting to me.

In the first place, people here would say, "You're not going to get people out there in the provinces interested in this kind of thing." Well, I found out almost everybody was flattered as the dickens to be asked to consider something about the University, other than the football team or the basketball team. I found that, in theory, there were alumni clubs in all these places. I found most of them weren't active. There were not very many organized alumni out there.

I ended up often playing one city off another. You've probably heard of the Jefferson Scholars Program. Well, the program was highly subsidized at first. I think there were maybe ten or a dozen scholarships. In some cases, two cities had to share that scholarship. One instance of that was Houston and New Orleans, both cities that have ancient ties to the University of Virginia.

So I ended up running campaigns in both cities at the same time. I'd go to Houston and say, "If y'all want to get your own Jefferson Scholarship, you need to beat out New Orleans and get a Houston scholarship." I'd go to New Orleans

and say, "People in Houston could take over this thing. You'd better come up with money for a New Orleans scholarship."

SS: I'll bet that was very successful.

AG: It was. In the case of both New Orleans and Houston, we came out of that campaign with actually two or three endowed scholarships from New Orleans and one or maybe two from Houston. Then once we decided on where we would do these campaigns, what you did next was pick a likely campaign chair. In most cases it was somebody I knew, but in some cases it wasn't.

I remember one of the last places where we did all this evaluation was Miami and Palm Beach. It was close to the end of the campaign, and I was advised to get so-and-so in Miami to do Miami-Ft. Lauderdale. I went to see so-and-so. It turned out it was an elderly lawyer. He'd known my father and he knew this relative and that. He was a great guy, but he had a busy practice. I had to run down to Miami every week for most of that last fall.

It was a lot of fun. But the accounting by the development office was slipshod and when the post campaign audits were done the next year, it was found that we had not raised the amount of money that was claimed. The vice president for development simply was not truthful and not very competent.

SS: Oh, my goodness. So the amount that is quoted \$150 million is wrong?

AG: It was less than that. I can't remember how much less. It took another few years before people realized fully what he was up to and he was fired.

SS: Before Hereford realized it?

AG: Well, it was after Hereford, because Hereford went out of office right at the end of the campaign. At any rate, the VP for development was fired for this and other reasons. I was called in by President O'Neil and the Rector. They said, "You're to be acting vice president for development." I said, "How long?" "Well, just until we can get somebody. We'll have plenty of help for you. The consultant is sending someone here to sit and do the day-to-day running of it."

Well, the guy the consultants sent was hopeless. Then O'Neil announced that he was stepping down as soon as his replacement could be found. I was told, "We can't do any more looking for a new vice president, because that would not be fair to the new president." So John Casteen arrived with a development program that was in total disarray. One of the first things he did was appoint a search committee and get started on finding someone who knew what they were doing to come in and run it. That's when Bob Sweeney came.

SS: And he's still here.

AG: He's still here, yes. He's done a great job.

SS: That's interesting. This was the first capital campaign that the University had?

AG: Well, not quite. We don't mention one that was done right after the Second World War. One of the great naval heroes of the Second World War had spent a year here as a student and then transferred to the Naval Academy. It was Admiral Halsey. He retired at the end of the war and he was persuaded to come back to Charlottesville and we were going to have a capital campaign. That lasted less than a year. No one knew what they were doing. They spent more than they raised.

I remember that President Hereford appointed a committee of alumni, Board of Visitors and so on, to a campaign steering committee. I don't think it was even called that at that point. It was to talk about the nitty-gritty of the campaign. How do we get it organized and what the goals should be and so on. I kept minutes at the first session. Several people talked about the aborted campaign of 1946 or '47, whatever year it was. I wrote it all up. At the next meeting, a couple weeks later, the minutes were distributed for approval. I was told to expunge all that.
(Laughter.)

SS: Oh, okay. We really don't talk about it, that kind of thing?

AG: Yes. It wasn't fair to the prominent alumni who were asked to do this.

SS: I see. But when you were doing this campaign, in the early eighties, it seems like that was sort of the beginning of the University's having capital campaigns and you were learning as you were going?

AG: Oh, yes.

SS: That's when the state funding starting going down. I guess Hereford saw that. Is that true?

AG: Yes. Hereford's mantra, when he came in, was: "The glory days of public money from Richmond and from Washington are done with. We've got to find other sources of income." He said, "We've got a role to play in this state. Maryland has got a state university system. They also have Johns Hopkins. Pennsylvania has a state university system and also Penn. Tennessee has got a state system and also Vanderbilt. North Carolina has a state system and Duke. We've got a plethora of good private colleges in Virginia, but none of them are major research universities, like Duke or Vanderbilt or Hopkins."

He said, "So we not only have to be the capstone of public education in the Commonwealth, but we also have to play the role that private schools and private

research universities play in other states. So we've got to go out and we've got to appeal to our friends and alumni to help us do this." It was very effective.

To show you how inept we were about this thing (laughter), we hired somebody, maybe it was done by our University Relations Office, to put together a beautiful slide show with pictures of the Lawn in the snow, pictures of the Lawn with azaleas and dogwoods in bloom, and pictures of the Lawn with beautiful fall leaves around, and with happy people saying nice things, and so on.

Well, I was presented with this thing. It was in a big, metal suitcase, with the projector. It was decided that when I had these evaluation sessions—for example, when I would go to Memphis and get people to evaluate, in order to get them fired up, I would show this slideshow. Then if we had a campaign in Memphis—we did not have one in Memphis as a matter of fact. But a lot of places where we did have a campaign, at the campaign kickoff there would be drinks, Frank Hereford would make a pitch, and then the slideshow would come on and it was hoped that everybody would get dewy-eyed and pull out their checkbooks and fill out pledge cards.

Well, several things happened. I'm not terribly mechanical-minded. The blasted projector always broke down. I did an evaluation session in Los Angeles, but the timing was all off. It was on the eve of the Los Angeles Olympics and that's all the people out there were thinking about.

But I did it. A friend arranged a lunch in his company's corporate dining room. It had all these people, and of course, a lot of Hollywood alumni. I was showing the slide show and the projector didn't work. A couple of guys came up to me afterwards just furious. They said, "How dare you bring a production as amateurish as this to Hollywood?" (Laughter.)

SS: Did they offer to make one for you?

AG: No, they were so mad, they wanted nothing to do with it. My next-to-last campaign kickoff was New York. The campaign chair was Charlie Brown, the CEO of AT&T. He was a wonderful guy, and became a good friend. He got so furious with the vice president for development he wouldn't speak to him.

The kickoff party was to be a heavy cocktail party in one of the great hotels up Fifth Avenue, above The Plaza somewhere. I can't even remember the name of the hotel. We were to go in, have drinks and hors d'oeuvres, and then go into this sort of auditorium, and have the speeches and the slide show.

Well, when I did my evaluation up there, the projector broke down and Charlie remembered that. I told him, "This always happens. I'm sorry." He said, "This just cannot happen at the kickoff." I said, "Agreed. I'm going to bring someone from the University Relations Office, who had a hand in putting this thing

together. He knows how the projector works and he's coming up with me for the kickoff."

So we got started. The cocktail party got started. Charlie came up to me, he said, "Are you sure that machine works?" I said, "Well, let me get the guy and we'll go in the other room and test it out." It worked fine. I came back and said, "It's working okay." "Good, that's a relief." So the time came for the speeches. Charlie did his thing and Frank Hereford did his thing, and it was time for the show.

SS: I already know the answer. (Laughter.)

AG: (Laughter.) In this last capital campaign, not the present one, the one before this, the development office worked out a very polished system of presentation. The chairman of the campaign was a fellow named Josh Darden, who is a well-known alumnus of the University. Josh himself wrote the centerpiece of the presentation, which was a letter to Thomas Jefferson.

The idea was that John Casteen would speak, and somebody else would say something. On the stage, Josh would get up and read the letter to Jefferson. We always had a student singing group sort of lurking in the background. The lights would be dimmed or raised, one or the other. On cue, the student singing group

was supposed to start going, “Hmm,” while the letter to Jefferson was being read.
(Laughter.)

It worked except one time. It was at the Mariners’ Museum in Newport News. There were several glitches in the presentation, but eventually we got to the point where Josh Darden read his letter to Mr. Jefferson. The damn singing group didn’t pick up on their cue, so the, “Hmm,” didn’t start when it was supposed to and there was a long awkward pause.

SS: Well, that campaign was pretty successful, anyway.

AG: It was. That was a successful campaign.

SS: Well, maybe we should stop today.

AG: Okay.

SS: Do you feel comfortable with that?

AG: Yes.

[End of Interview]

**The University of Virginia Oral History Project
Interview with Alexander G, Jr.
Conducted on February 3, 2012 by Sheree Scarborough**

SS: This is Sheree Scarborough and it's February 3, 2012. This is session three with Sandy Gilliam and we're here at his office at the University of Virginia. This is for the University of Virginia Oral History Project.

Sandy, one thing I neglected to ask you yesterday, and I wanted to start with today, just for fun. We talked about your first meeting with John Casteen. When did you first meet Leonard Sandridge and Gordon Burris, if you remember?

AG: Leonard probably soon after I got here. Leonard worked in the financial office. There was a figure named Vincent Shea, who probably was the most powerful person at the University. For years and years, he was the *éminence grise*.

SS: You'll have to translate that for me.

AG: It's an expression that goes back to a king of France, Louis XIII or Louis XIV, I forget which one. If it's Louis XIV, it's before he really came into his own, and the person who was really running things was Cardinal Richelieu. And he was known as the *éminence grise*, the gray eminence.

SS: Thank you.

AG: At any rate, Mr. Shea was enormously respected, not only in the University, but outside the University. Leonard was in his office; I can't remember what he was doing when I first came here, but I remember the first Christmas that I was back here. It was the Christmas of 1975. There was a University holiday, but maybe not a state holiday, the day after Christmas. The General Assembly goes into session around the tenth of January.

President Hereford was a little concerned about something arriving in the mail, having to do with the General Assembly session. I said, "Well, I'll come in and check the mail." But we had an ice storm Christmas night. We live a mile and three-quarters from the Rotunda, but I slogged in. Leonard and I were the only people around. Leonard's office was in the basement of the Rotunda and I was in Pavilion VIII on the Lawn. Leonard had volunteered to come in and go to the post office box and bring all the mail back.

We went through it and separated the stuff that was addressed to the president and the president's office. I'd met him before that, but that's probably how I first knew him. Then a couple of years later, Leonard was made the budget officer. So we had, obviously, a lot of interaction at state budget time in the General Assembly. That's how I first got to know him.

Gordon, I have no idea. Gordon had come here as a coach before I came back and he was working in the admissions office, but he was owned partly by admissions

and partly by Alumni Hall. I think half and half. So I must have met him at some point the first year I was back here.

SS: All right, thanks. Where we really left off yesterday—we were in Frank Hereford's tenure—and we were going to talk about the controversies or issues that were going on. I don't know which one you want to speak to first—one was the country club, and the other one was the *Cavalier Daily* issue.

AG: Chronologically, the Farmington issue would have been the first one. In the spring that I got here, Frank told me that there was some agitation for him to resign from Farmington.

SS: Which is a country club?

AG: Country club, yes. Farmington is sort of unique or at least it was then. It is unique now in that it's used a lot for official entertaining in town by various organizations around Charlottesville that have no connection to the club and by the University. Farmington was organized in the late twenties and it was organized as a stock corporation. I can remember my parents telling me that my mother bought a share or bought shares in it before my parents were married. They were married in 1931, when Father finished medical school.

By then, the Depression had hit full force, and his official salary as an intern in the hospital was ten dollars a month. So the share or shares in Farmington were gotten rid of. Farmington really had two boards. There was the corporation, which owned it, and then there was the ordinary club board.

Frank told me, he said, “We don’t even use Farmington. We never go there though we’ve belonged to it for years.” Everybody belonged to it. Frank and Ann were great tennis players and the tennis courts at the Boar’s Head were much better then and are still much better than the courts at Farmington. Frank said, “I think Farmington needs to change its policies.” They didn’t even allow black guests, much less black members.

SS: Where was the pressure coming from for him to resign?

AG: It started out from some junior faculty members, as I remember. Frank said, “I don’t care about the place. I really don’t. And I’d just as soon resign tomorrow, but I think I need to try to effect some sort of change.” Well, this went on. I’ll come back to an incident, but it went on, it revived again the next fall, the fall of ’75. The Farmington Club board, as opposed to the corporation board, was getting worried because shareholders were dying off. Shares were passing on to Lord knows who. There was great concern that somebody like Marriott would buy up shares from deceased holders’ estates and make it into a resort.

There was a movement on the club board to buy out the corporation and that became known. Sometime in November that year, Frank wrote a letter to the club board and said, "As a member, I understand this is going on." And so on and so on. "But as a member, I would like to have clarified, if the club board does decide to buy out the corporation, what are the membership and guest policies going to be?" Frank got a couple dozen other people to cosign the letter.

The club board had an all-night session. On the eve of Thanksgiving, literally, Wednesday morning, the day before Thanksgiving, the word got out around town that they had voted to change the membership and guest policies. Frank wrote a letter that morning to the president of the club board, who's dead now, congratulating him on the decision of the club board. He said, "Ann and I are going out of town at mid-day today, and we won't be back until Sunday night. I assume that when the word gets out about this, the press will be calling."

He said, "We'll be away, so they can't get to me. But if they do, I'm just going to tell them that they need to talk to you, the president of the club board." He asked me to carry the letter down to the president's office downtown, which I did. He wasn't in, but I gave it to his secretary and said, "Could you please get it to him straight off?" When Frank got into the office Monday morning after Thanksgiving, there was a letter from the president of the club board saying, "I don't know what you're talking about. The club board made no such decision."

The club board did make that decision, but he, the club board president, had pressure put upon him by a figure here in town, who's also gone now, who said, "No, we're not going to have this." All this got into the press and there was a lot of back and forth sort of stuff. Then the club board announced that they were going to poll the membership. They were going to send out a ballot, and ballots had to be in by the week after New Year's.

Farmington has always had a very large out-of-town membership. Well, we all knew what the result of the poll would be, which would be "No, we're not changing." Sure enough, about the tenth of January, the club board announced the results of the polling, whereupon Frank and 200 and some other members resigned. Frank issued a directive that no University department could put up people there—Farmington has hotel rooms. No University department could have any official entertaining there. It was nearly the death of Farmington.

But they came around. It took probably three or four, maybe more years. I don't think they really changed things that much until close to the end of Frank's time. I'm hesitating, because I remember when Bob O'Neil came, which would have been '85. By then, the corporation had been bought out, and the then president of the club sent Bob a fairly sharp letter, saying that Farmington had changed its policies and it was time the University started using it again. Bob wouldn't do it.

There was still a residue of resentment and this went on for a couple of years.

Then, finally, the University rule about not putting up guests and not entertaining was relaxed, because by then there actually were some black members. It's not a problem now. What has happened at Farmington now is that the initiation fee and the dues are so high—nobody can afford to belong to it anymore.

SS: Right. Okay, thank you.

AG: But to back up a bit, the *Cavalier Daily* elects an editor around April, before classes end in the spring. They elected a new editor that year—this is 1975. I still can't tolerate the guy. He turns up now and then. They jumped into the Farmington bit with all four feet. At that time, the new editor would stay around in the summer, or somebody would stay around in the summer, and publish a weekly edition of the paper. Well, this guy picked up some sort of cause. I don't remember exactly what it was—but he accused some poor secretary in the medical school of embezzling or something like that.

The woman called me in tears and asked if I had heard it, and I said, "Yes, but we have no control over it and I suggest you see a lawyer." Well, she did. The lawyer got a cease and desist order or whatever, and then the editor said, "Well, it's the University that's ultimately responsible and not me." I called him and I said, "Which way do you want it?" I said, "You had no business writing stuff like that about anybody—unsubstantiated rumors."

So relations were not good and he organized a meeting sometime in the fall of 1975, a public meeting where students were going to discuss the president's membership in Farmington. The president was asked to come, and he said, "I can't. We're entertaining some significant donors that night, and I can't do it. I'm sorry." Well, what the Herefords did was give these people dinner and then they all went to the University theater to a play.

The editor and his gang found out about it, and they invaded the theater. So the Herefords went back to Carr's Hill, and all these kids swarmed into Carr's Hill, and were hollering and yelling. Ann Hereford was furious. Frank didn't let it upset him that much, but these people were in her house, and standing on her furniture, and so on.

That editor, when he graduated, went on and got a job with the paper in Miami. He later quit the Miami paper and formed a group that advises people in political elections. Apparently, the specialty is stirring up ethnic animosities.

SS: He found his calling and he learned it at the University.

AG: Right. About four or five years ago, he announced with great flair of trumpets, that this was the whatever anniversary of the *Cavalier Daily's* confrontation with the president at Carr's Hill and so there was going to be some kind of commemoration up here. There was to be a symposium in one of the big

auditoriums. I, literally, could not go. We had out-of-town people to entertain, which was a longstanding commitment.

I talked to the current editor of the *CD* who I knew fairly well. I said, “Let me tell you what really happened,” and I said, “I don’t want this to turn into a Hereford bashing thing.” Frank Hereford was dead then. I said, “If you let him do that, then I’m going to get involved in this.” He promised me he wouldn’t, and he did hold it down.

SS: That clears that up. That leads to the *Cavalier Daily*.

AG: Right. The great *Cavalier Daily* controversy. When I came back here to graduate school after the Army, Colgate Darden was still president. The editor of the *Cavalier Daily* wrote an editorial questioning Mr. Darden’s sanity. The editor was a nice guy; I haven’t seen him for years. But Mr. Darden didn’t like that. So he formed something called, I’m making up a name, but it was something like the “media review board.” It was supposed to oversee things.

There was a humor magazine called the *Spectator*, and the *Spectator* about that time had brought out an issue which was packed with unacceptable obscenities.

The media review board was supposed to look into things like this. It was to be a student committee.

When I came back here in '75, the media review board was still around. The membership changed every year, and the president of it was supposed to make an annual report to the Board of Visitors. Well, the Board of Visitors has to hear lots of annual reports, and that's one they didn't pay much attention to.

Until one year, when the president of the media review board took his job seriously. All student publications, every fall, at the beginning of the year were supposed to sign something saying they agreed to abide by the decisions of the media review board. At any rate, he complained to the Board of Visitors that the *Cavalier Daily* had refused to sign it.

I wasn't in that Board meeting; it must have been a slow day or something. They got exercised, and said, "We can't have this." So they directed the president, Frank Hereford, to make the *Cavalier Daily* sign the agreement and if they didn't, they were to be kicked out of their offices in Newcomb Hall in the University union building.

Frank didn't want to fool with it. Frank had been a reporter for the *Cavalier Daily* when he was an undergraduate. He didn't like the idea of the media review board, anyway, and he thought it was a wrong and a damned nuisance. He didn't do anything about it. This Board meeting would have been in January. Well, the Rector or somebody kept nagging him about it. "Have you done anything about it?"

Finally, sometime in March, Frank called in the editor of the *Cavalier Daily*.

They had just changed editors, I guess, and talked to him and said, "I've got no choice. The Board has told me to do this. Please sign this thing by the end of the week." Well, the end of the week came, and they hadn't done it, so a new deadline was set up. They didn't comply. There was another deadline, and they didn't comply. Frank had to go out of town, out to the West Coast or someplace, for a meeting, for three or four days.

He turned it over to Avery Catlin, the executive vice president. Avery set another deadline, and they didn't meet it. So they were told they could stay in their offices, but they could not publish the paper from their offices. They couldn't do any work. About two o'clock the next morning, our phone rang. The phone is on my wife's side of the bed.

She handed me the phone, and said, "It's the director of Newcomb Hall." He was sort of half-whispering in the phone, he said, "They're in there." I said, "Who is in where?" "The *Cavalier Daily*, they're in their office." I said, "Well, they can stay in their office. They just can't publish the paper." "Well, I know they're publishing the paper." I said, "You woke me up at two o'clock in the morning to tell me this, and you've been snooping around." I said, "Go home and go to bed and leave me alone and leave them alone."

Well, about five or six that morning the phone rang again, and it was a guy who'd been an editor of the *CD* a year or two before, who I knew well. In fact, they were our guests New Year's Day of this year. He was working for the paper in Atlanta at the time. He said, "What's going on up there? I've gotten calls about this, and it's violating the First Amendment."

I explained the situation, and he said, "Ah, for goodness sake." He said, "It doesn't sound like their First Amendment rights are being trampled on." I said, "Well, if they really want to talk about it, they probably ought to talk to a lawyer." He said, "Good idea. Who would you recommend?" I recommended a friend of ours, who has looked kindly on students, a friend here in town.

Two hours later, the lawyer called me. He said, "What in hell is going on? They've called me." I explained the thing. He said, "That's not a First Amendment question. Well, if you don't mind, I'll just tell the editor to get in touch with you and talk." I said, "Fine." Nothing happened until a day or two later, and I got a call from the editor. He was calling from a phone booth somewhere. He said, "Can we meet?" I said, "Yes." I think we met at the downtown McDonald's, away from the University where nobody could see us.

He said, "I'm prepared to sign the letter." He said, "You know, my staff would not be in favor of this." I said, "Well, you've got to work that out, but I think you're making the right decision." He called later that day, another phone booth

call, and said, "I'm bringing the managing editor with me. We're going to come over to the president's office after it closes." I said, "Fine, I'll leave the door unlocked."

I got a copy of the letter they were supposed to sign, and they came in and I took them up to my office. I said, "Here's the letter." I said, "I'm going to leave. I'll be downstairs, but I'll close the door and you all talk about it. Come out when you're ready." They came out about half an hour later, and they said, "We'll sign," so they signed it. That was that. Then the next summer, Frank very quietly without telling anyone abolished the media review board, which he had wanted to do anyway.

Toward the end of the summer, one of the people on the staff was the older son of Governor Holton, and I knew him pretty well, obviously. He called me and he said, "I want to talk about the media review board." I said, "It doesn't exist anymore." He said, "What?" He said, "Well, what's the status of the *Cavalier Daily*?" I said, "They agreed to abide by the conditions." "They did what?" The editor and whoever had come with him that day to sign never told anybody at the *CD* that they capitulated.

Probably eight or ten years later, there was an anniversary for the *Cavalier Daily*, when they were seventy-five years old or something. They put out a special issue where they invited all the former editors they could track down to each write just

a short piece about their time as editor. The kid who had been the editor during all of this wrote some totally fictitious piece about how he had faced down the University on this and won. The freedom of the press had been preserved, and so on and so on.

The then-managing editor called me up soon after that, and she said, “I’m doing my senior thesis on the closing of the *Cavalier Daily* and could I come and talk to you?” We must have talked for a couple of hours.

Switch back to the General Assembly session of ’76. It was my first General Assembly session here. There was a very conservative student organization. It was a national organization at the time, and the chapter here was called the YAF, Young Americans for Freedom. Student organizations here are supported by the student activity fee that every student has to pay in addition to tuition. Appropriations from the student activity fee are allocated by student council, with some supervision.

Council had decided, at some point in the early seventies, that it was not right to fund religious organizations or partisan political organizations. Young Democrats, Young Republicans could not get money from the student activity fee. Well, they classified the YAF as one of those. So the YAF bided its time. There was a distant kinsman of William F. Buckley who had been a student here. He lived in Fairfax County.

He got to his local delegate or somebody in the General Assembly—maybe it wasn't his delegate—who had ambitions to run for statewide office, and apparently fed him this nonsense about a Communist front consisting of the student council and the *Cavalier Daily*. As a result, a bill was introduced by this delegate in the General Assembly, which would have abolished student council and abolished the *Cavalier Daily*, because the *Cavalier Daily* supported council on this measure.

I went down there and fought it. I took the president of student council and the editor of the *CD* down with me and we testified. For political reasons, it was tied in with something else, and, for political reasons, the chair of the committee, instead of killing it off, which he wanted to do, referred it to a study committee, which meant that it was carried over until the next year, or the next session of the General Assembly.

The study committee was then supposed to have hearings on it over the summer. Well, they had one hearing up here, and I got our kids organized and they were great. There was another hearing at the next General Assembly session, and the bill was killed very quickly. At any rate, going back to some years later when the managing editor of the *CD* came to see me about her *CD* thesis, and she was getting ready to leave.

We'd finished and she was packing up her stuff and I said, "Susie," or whatever her name was, "Tell me," I said, "I'm curious. You all have come out with an editorial supporting so-and-so for governor. Why'd you do that?" She said, "Oh, well, you know the Managing Board makes those decisions." I said, "Do you know what that guy tried to do in 1976? He tried to abolish the *Cavalier Daily*." And she said, "What?"

SS: Did she turn the recorder back on? No? Now it's on the record. Well, you have a million stories like that. I wish we had twenty hours to talk about them all. Yesterday we did talk that we were going to mention on record about Hereford's daughter, the tragic accident.

AG: She and a friend had gone to Washington. They were college students. She was at Brown, and they had gone to Washington for a rock concert or something and were driving back past midnight. It was New Year's Day, actually, I guess. The concert was a New Year's Eve concert. They took a shortcut. They didn't come back on U.S. Route 29, but they took a road called Route 20 in Orange County, which is a country road. It's essentially an eighteenth century road that's been paved, and it wanders around.

There was a head-on collision. The two girls were killed; the other driver was hurt, but not killed. It devastated the Herefords. She was their youngest child and a nice kid. She was a really sweet girl. They withdrew for a while, and I think

toyed with the idea of stepping down. Then Frank started coming back to the office and picking up his duties, but they did not entertain for several months after that.

SS: So it was in 1980? Was that the middle of his term?

AG: Yes, it was before the campaign started. Several of us took over. It was General Assembly time and it was basketball season. We would entertain in the president's box at basketball games, members of the General Assembly and so on. I can remember the Governor had been invited for this particular game. The host for that game was Harry Mueller, who was a cardiologist and vice president for health affairs, which is a title we don't have anymore. Harry was taking the box that night.

I was in my office on the Lawn, and when everybody went home, the last person out, except me, would flick a button and the calls came in on my phone. A call came in. It was Governor Dalton, who I knew. He said, "Sandy, I'm supposed to come up to the basketball game tomorrow." And I said, "Well, I hope you're coming." "Wouldn't miss it; wouldn't miss it," he said.

"I got an invitation from someone called Mueller for supper before the game, and who is he?" I said, "Governor, he's the vice president for health sciences." The *Richmond Times Dispatch* about two weeks before had done their annual story on

state employees who made more money than the Governor. They were all academic doctors. He said, "Is that that son of a bitch who makes more money than I do?" I said, "Well, that's what the *Times Dispatch* says." "I'm not coming to dinner and argh, argh, argh—" I thought, "Oh Lord, what am I going to do? He'll go ballistic when he arrives at the box and sees that Harry Mueller is the host."

I worked it out with the state trooper who was bringing the Governor from Richmond. I said, "Look, I'll meet you in the parking lot." The Governor was going to come up a little bit late because of the General Assembly. "I'll have our police set up, and the place will be marked, and they'll be there, and I'll meet you all there." I met him, and the game had already started. We walked into the box and Harry was sort of down here, and I walked the Governor in over here. I spent the whole game trying to keep the one from seeing the other.

SS: One thing you mentioned yesterday, too, was that you were very close, personally, with Frank Hereford.

AG: Yes, I was certainly closer to him than to either of the other two presidents. That doesn't mean anything.

SS: Doesn't mean you weren't close to the others?

AG: Yes. We just hit it off. I had known him slightly as a student, because I think we must have been on the same faculty-student committee for something or the other, but I didn't really know him. Ann Hereford's mother was a little bit older than my father, but they had grown up together in Petersburg. Ann's father was a stockbroker in Washington. At one point when we were living there, he and my father were on the vestry of All Saints' Church at the same time and were fairly good friends.

Frank was a very bright guy. He was a physicist. He came here from Lake Charles, Louisiana, in the late thirties as an undergraduate and stayed for graduate studies. His great mentor was the famous physicist Jesse Beams. The war came, and the scientific establishment in the country, or at least part of it, began to get serious about nuclear research.

Beams was one of the leaders of this. The question at that point was how do you go about splitting atoms? Beams's way of doing it was by centrifugal force, and he invented the centrifuges to do this. The physics department in those days was in a building down on the Lawn, that's now the commerce school. I can remember as a kid visiting my grandmother during the war. They built a temporary annex on the back of the physics building and had put up a barbed wire fence and they had armed, uniformed troops guarding it.

Obviously, something was going on. In the end, the centrifugal way of doing it lost out to the cyclotron. But Frank was Beams's right-hand man in all of this. Beams petitioned the military not to take Frank, that he was too important for this research. Frank had his PhD by the time he was twenty-three. He was a full professor by the time he was thirty. He was very bright.

Edgar Shannon is credited, and rightly so, with building up the faculty at the University in the sixties. But Frank was his provost, and it was the two of them together who did it. Frank did not make decisions on a whim or anything like that. He thought the problem through, but he acted quickly and decisively, once he did.

SS: Is that what made him a good president or one of the things?

AG: Yes. When I came back here to work for him, the president's office, of course, was in Pavilion VIII on the Lawn. In Pavilion VIII, there was a big room upstairs, which had a long table, much longer than this. It served as a general meeting room, and it was where the Board of Visitors usually met.

Well, every morning at ten o'clock, Frank and his vice presidents and the legal advisor met around that table. Sometimes just for ten minutes, sometimes a bit longer. The mail had arrived by then. The mail had been brought up and put in

front of Frank's place. They would go through the incoming mail. I watched this a while.

I said, "Frank, can't I save you some time? Can't I go through it? I've got a pretty good idea of what's important and what's not. If I don't know, I'll ask."

He said, "You miss the whole point of this." He said, "Of course, you could. Of course, Lois," his secretary, "could do it, too. We pass each letter around. It gives me a chance to talk about whatever the issue of the day is, with everybody there together, and everybody chimes in."

Edgar Shannon, apparently, used to call each of his vice presidents in daily, but individually, and they would sit there for twenty or thirty minutes together and go over whatever was on Edgar's mind, which took much more time, and it did not have the benefit of collegial participation. I may have alluded to this before, but when John Casteen came in as president, we were faced with probably the biggest state budget crisis of modern times. The Governor was making noises about cutting appropriations for higher education and it would have hurt us really badly.

So we talked about it and we organized a mass meeting of the faculty in Cabell Hall. But also John decided that maybe a letter signed by the living ex-presidents to the Governor pointing out what this would do, would be appropriate. So he and I—mostly he—drafted a page-and-a-half letter. I set out to take copies to the three ex-presidents—Shannon, Hereford, and O'Neil. They lived in three

different parts of town. I dropped it with them and said I'd come back the next morning.

Well, Frank said, "Wait a minute; let me read it while you're here." He said, "Looks good to me. You want me to sign it now?" I said, "No, I've got to wait to get Edgar and Bob to sign off on it." President Shannon and President O'Neil were very careful letter writers. I ended up having to go back and forth, and back and forth over a period of several days, because—

SS: Pre e-mail.

AG: Yes, this is pre-e-mail.

SS: It took up so many people's time and energy; it's amazing.

AG: Yes. Finally Frank said, "Let me just sign a piece of paper and you all can reproduce it." He said, "We're going out of town. As long as the letter adheres to the spirit of what the first draft said, it's fine with me." He did that. We had a deadline. We had to get the letter to Richmond by a certain time, and we had a University policeman who was going to drive it down there. He had to leave by four o'clock—I'm making up the time—to get down there to deliver it.

I finally told the other two, I said, “You know, we’ve got to get this thing out.”

So with great reluctance, they signed it that afternoon. I took it back to the office and we put it together, put it in an envelope, and sent it off with the University cop. He had no sooner taken off when Edgar called, “You know, I have second thoughts about the next to the last line of the first paragraph.” I said, “Well, Edgar, I’m really sorry.” We chatted for a minute and hung up. A little while later, the phone rang, and it was Bob O’Neil, “You know, the middle line of the last paragraph, I think ought to be changed.” (Laughter.)

SS: That does give a window into the different personalities. I’ve wondered why it was that Bob O’Neil lasted only five years?

AG: Bob is one of the most thoroughly decent people I’ve ever known, but he was so attached to the collegial way of doing things that he couldn’t make decisions on his own, much less quick decisions. Whenever there was a problem, a task force would be formed. When he arrived, he announced that his door would be open to anybody, which is an admirable thing to do. But it literally was open. And the ambulatory insane of greater Charlottesville found their way over there. (Laughter.) None of us could get in to see him because there was always a crowd. After about a week of this, Bob decided that maybe he’d better close his door. (Laughter.)

SS: You stayed on as assistant to the president through that transition?

AG: Yes. But, for whatever reason, too many things could not be pulled together during his administration. His provost was disloyal and bad mouthed him from the time he, the provost, came to the University and later the vice president of development, once he was fired, and his wife, both extremely manipulative people, actively conspired against Bob and his wife, Karen.

The first capital campaign worked because of the sheer force of Frank Hereford's personality. When he retired, all effective University wide development efforts ceased: Bob did not have that kind of personality and the various schools and foundations had so little use for the vice president of development that they ceased to pull together for the common good of the University. This preservation of turfs at the expense of the whole University extended to things beyond fundraising and this place seemed to be more and more out of control with no strong central authority running things. It was a tumultuous time and some mornings I just hated to come in to work.

SS: Now, didn't you tell me that you held two interim positions during this time in addition to your assistant to the president position?

AG: Yes. In Bob's inaugural address he listed the things he wanted to accomplish, of course, and he gave more lines to International Studies than anything else. He said we needed to take advantage of our contacts in Washington, our friends and alumni in International Studies, we needed more foreign students, we needed

more students studying abroad, and we needed more faculty establishing relationships with faculty from abroad.

And then after a couple of months he instructed the provost to set up a search for a dean of International Studies. In due course, the search committee went to work and did its work in three months or so. The provost sat on it until O'Neil asked him to give him the list. At this point, he knew that some people on the list had gone on to other things or were no longer interested. The provost gave the list of those who were still available to his secretary to set up appointments. She was inexperienced and so she set up appointments with the candidates when the provost and president were away. I had to see all the candidates; and they were put out that they weren't getting to meet with the provost or president. At the end of the school year, nothing much had happened.

Meanwhile, there was a history professor who was supposed to establish International Programs, and there was a woman who was advising foreign students—who had no business advising them.

I got called in to establish this position of dean and start the search process all over again. O'Neil called me into his office and told me that he was firing the history professor because he was incompetent. So, I was appointed interim dean of International Studies. This was probably in 1987 and I served until '88.

My appointment was announced on a Friday afternoon. The woman advising students called and said we needed to talk but she couldn't see me for six weeks because she was going abroad for conferences. I called the history professor. He had a screaming fit. I had to listen to his tirade for half an hour.

Well, the adviser who was on the European junket called me from London and said she had just gotten a fantastic job offer, but she didn't want to leave Charlottesville. She said she would stay if she were made associate dean. (Laughter.) I told her I would talk with her about it when she returned. She came back about a week later and I told her it sounded like a good offer and that she should take the job. The whole thing was pure poison.

I found someone else to take charge of the Study Abroad process. One day he called and asked if he could come see me. He walked into my office holding a check out in front of him as far as possible. It was for \$5,000. The woman who had been advising foreign students had gone to work for a consortium of Study Abroad Programs. And the check was, in effect, a bribe to send students her way. My new Study Abroad administrator asked me what he should do with the check. I asked him what he thought he should do. He said, "I think I should send it back registered mail." I told him that is what I would do.

Eventually, we got the search process going again. There were three candidates that were viable. I wrote a note to the provost and said that Candidate #3 was the

best choice, #2 was second best, and #1 was not going to work. Well, the provost offered the job to Candidate #1. And he let the job stay open until April because the candidate wasn't available until then. April came and went and we were back to where we started.

I finally told O'Neil that I couldn't do the interim dean job anymore with all the other things I was supposed to do. I suggested we find a faculty member to run the program. He thought that was a good idea. So, we found two possibilities. One refused and the other, who agreed to the job, was caught taking bribes from students. He was fired from the University.

So, the second year we started the search we were worse off than when we originally started the search. It was dumped into the lap of the dean of the College. We have had trouble with the position ever since then. However, we have a faculty member serving in it now who is doing a marvelous job.

Then in the spring of 1989, I was appointed acting vice president of development. The Board of Visitors was meeting, beginning on Monday, in southwest Virginia at the College at Wise, which is our branch down there. Bob O'Neil and the Rector, two days before graduation, Friday before all this, in the afternoon, called me into Bob's office. They said, "We're firing the vice president for development and we're firing the provost. We're going to replace the provost, and we want

you to be acting vice president for development.” I said, “Geez, for how long?”

“Well, long enough to find a real vice president.”

SS: Is this the vice president of development who cooked the books?

AG: Yes. It was announced publicly at the Board meeting in Wise the day after graduation. Bob, the next fall, it must have been at the next Board meeting, which would have been in probably early October announced that he was going to step down as soon as the Board could find a replacement.

SS: So, soon after that, I guess, it was announced that John Casteen was going to be president?

AG: John was elected the following March. I had nothing to do with the search. I was not secretary of the Board then. I was just acting vice president for development.

SS: And assistant to the president, right?

AG: Yes.

SS: That must have been two important positions to be held at the same time.

AG: The presidential search got bogged down and I don't know why because I was not privy to any of that. It wasn't anything I needed to know, anyway. By early March, they had not come to a decision. The Rector went out of office in those days on the first day of March. We didn't have a Vice Rector in those days. In the absence of a Rector, for whatever reason, the chair of the finance committee was Rector pro tem.

And the Rector was personally directing the search. So the Rector pro tem took that over, and he jump-started it. By the end of the month or not more than about six weeks later, they elected John Casteen. On the strength of that, the Rector pro tem was elected Rector.

SS: Then he made some trips down here where you were involved? You were directing his inauguration committee?

AG: I was co-chair, but the chair was away all summer, which was when we had to do our work. We pulled it off. We were blessed with magnificent weather. I had talked to Monticello, and they offered to have a cocktail party up there before the inaugural dinner. Inauguration was on a Saturday morning and there was to be a dinner the night before. It was in October, and there was a full moon. It was just absolutely magnificent.

I left before everybody else to come down to make sure the other part was in order. The other part, the dinner was to be in the Rotunda, and we had put luminaries down the middle of the Lawn to a certain point and then over to West Lawn to one of the entrances to the alleys. The buses came down the street over here, let people out, and they were met by students.

Someone had given the student guide service period costumes, the period of 1825, so there they were in all that. They were carrying torches, and they led the guests from the buses over to the Lawn. They walked up the center of the Lawn, with the pathway marked by luminaries. I had one of the University singing groups standing on the portico singing as they got to the Rotunda. So it came off well.

SS: And ended twenty years later. Here we have the last, maybe, hour of your interview to talk about your twenty years or close to it as secretary of the Board of Visitors.

AG: The position of secretary of the Board of Visitors, I guess you can say is the oldest administrative office at the University, because the first Board was appointed in 1819. The University didn't open until 1825; and we didn't have a president until 1904. Thomas Jefferson decreed that there not be a president. His idea was that the faculty could govern themselves.

SS: (Laughter.)

AG: There was to be a chairman of the faculty, who would serve for one or two years, elected by his peers. Well, that lasted for about three years and the Board took over appointing the chairman of the faculty. The terms got longer. What happened here, the Rotunda burned in 1895. The Rotunda had an ungainly annex; it was built in the 1850s. It really was bad and fortunately was not restored with the rest of the building.

The burning of the Rotunda marked a great change at the University. For the first time since the Civil War, the state was prosperous enough to at least be in the position of supporting the University decently. They didn't always do it, but the wherewithal was there. The University had to go out and find the money to rebuild the Rotunda and put up the buildings at the south end of the Lawn. The University Hospital was organized about that time and a number of buildings were put up.

The University did not have a PhD until the 1890s, because the requirements for a master's degree at the University were more rigorous than those for a PhD anywhere else in the country. So the PhD was instituted. The first serious conversations about coeducation began. It was a period of great change and they realized that Jefferson's way of administering the University just would no longer work.

In 1904, they sent a telegram to the president of Tulane, who was a North Carolinian, and said, “You’ve been elected president of the University of Virginia, do you accept?” He made a secret visit up here to look around, and he knew people here, of course. So it took him a couple weeks to accept. His name was Alderman, hence the library over here.

He was certainly the most distinguished college president in the South at the time. Tulane is based on an ancient institution, but it didn’t take its present form until close to the end of the nineteenth century. It was the gift of a rich sugar and cotton merchant named Tulane. It was regarded as very progressive, very innovative, and so on. Alderman went to the University of North Carolina and had been president of it when he was recruited by Tulane. His wife died in Chapel Hill, and he was distraught, so after a few years in New Orleans, he married again. Came up here and, of course, since we’d never had a president, we never had a house for a president.

The Board sort of vaguely told the Aldermans, “We’ll be able to provide quarters for you.” Well, the Aldermans lived in a succession of boarding houses in town. Finally Mrs. Alderman, who apparently was a strong-minded lady and had money of her own, engaged the services of a fashionable New Orleans architect. He drew up plans for something to be put up on Carr’s Hill. It was a house that would have looked great on St. Charles Avenue in New Orleans, but not on a hilltop in Albemarle County. The Board was appalled.

During that session of the General Assembly, the University had gotten an appropriation to build a proper building for a law school. They could never get away with this these days. The Board simply took that money, engaged Stanford White as the architect, and had Carr's Hill built. And went back to the General Assembly the next year and got another appropriation for the law school. That story was not written down. It was told to me by Mr. Shea, the *éminence grise*, that I was talking about earlier.

An old friend of my parents and father of a good friend of mine, John Ritchie's father, who had been a professor in the law school and then gone on to be a law school dean, in his retirement, wrote a little history of the law school. Mr. Ritchie was a meticulous scholar. It's a short book, but it's beautifully done, and when it came out, I took my copy over and asked him to sign it for me. I said, "Mr. Ritchie, you left out a story." And I told him about the Minor Hall Law School-Carr's Hill appropriation." "My God," he said. (Laughter.)

SS: See the importance of oral history?

AG: Where were we?

SS: Somehow that was connected to your term—

AG: Secretary to the Board of Visitors, yes, okay. I was elected secretary in the fall of 1990, just after John Casteen took office, but the Rector had told me the previous spring that he wanted to do this.

SS: He knew about your good work?

AG: Couldn't find anybody else, I guess; I don't know. I became the secretary of the Board on the first day of January in 1991. That was the year that we went to the Sugar Bowl. So on the first day of January 1991, I was in the Superdome in New Orleans. The game was on New Year's Day, and we had driven down there. We took the boys with us and had driven down there. We have friends in New Orleans and it was a chance to see people.

SS: What was his name?

AG: Ed Elson. The Board office in those days was in Madison Hall. It had been in Pavilion VIII, with the president's office. And then the president's office moved over to Madison Hall, which reminds me of something that we touched on and I said I would talk to you about—Hereford and the Rotunda—don't let me get away from that.

At any rate, Ed Elson wanted to separate the Board office from the president's office. He felt they should be two separate sorts of things. As the years went by,

I grudgingly accepted the idea. I did not at that time. I was secretary-elect. I flew up to New York one morning to see Ed, before I became secretary and I said, "Ed, I don't think it's a good idea to move the Board office away from the president's office." We argued about it, and he was adamant, so that's what was done. I guess in the same sense that an auditor doesn't report to the CEO, it's a separate sort of thing. I think that's what was in his mind.

SS: It does make sense. However, putting you as secretary to the Board after you've been assistant to all these presidents, seems to me, is sort of blending things.

AG: I continued with a lot of assistant to the president sorts of things, and I had that title until I retired. I was secretary to the Board of Visitors and assistant to the president. But I did less and less strictly president's office sorts of things.

SS: So you were a bridge?

AG: Yes. At any rate, there was a controversy, in the winter of '91, Ed wanted me to go around and find portraits in the University collections of former rectors. Well, the University art collections were scattered all over the Grounds. Nobody knew where anything was, and they're still finding things in closets that nobody had bothered to check. I was able to find half a dozen or so. Ed wrote to all the former rectors and asked them to send portraits or portrait photographs to be hung in the Rotunda.

None of the former rectors took kindly to that idea. A former rector in Richmond called me that winter and said, "I've drafted a letter to Elson, let me read it to you." He took him to task and said, "You're just trying to get your own portrait over there, and I think you ought to resign." I said, "For God's sake, don't send that letter." I said, "There's nothing served by it."

I thought I'd talked him out of it, and then three weeks later, a shown copy of the letter arrived in my mail. He had toned it down a little, but not much. I don't think Elson ever quite understood the Jeffersonian concept of "visitor," someone who's in charge, comes occasionally, but is not involved in the day-to-day running of the place. He was retired, and he just was here all the time.

He came up from Atlanta on one of his visits, stuck his head in my door, and I spoke to him. Then he went to the secretary's door to pick up his mail, read it, and came back and accused me of having conspired with this former rector to write the letter. I said I had nothing to do with it. I wasn't going to tell him about my conversation with the former Rector, which was none of his business, but I said, "I had nothing to do with it." He never believed me, and I had a hard time.

SS: How long was he Rector?

AG: Another year.

SS: Okay, not too terribly long in your tenure. Then somebody else came in and it was fine?

AG: The secretary to the Board of Visitors, in modern times, had evolved into something that I think was not quite right, in the sense that I think the secretary to the Board of Visitors should be more involved in the Board's work than she or he is now. I don't know how to put this, because I'd have to go into a long explanation of how the thing is organized. The secretary probably should be more closely associated with the decision-making done by the Board. During my time, it was sort of off and on, depending on the Rector, depending on the situation. But I don't know; my successor is extremely capable, and I'm hoping that gradually she can establish a more active presence in what I'm trying—not very well—to articulate.

SS: Oh, you're doing a good job. But your time as secretary, depending on who the Rector was, you had more say in the decisions being made by the Board than other times?

AG: It just depended. It depended on the Rector. It depended on the situation. It depended on the individual Board members. The secretary can smooth over a lot of rough spots in the relationships between the Board and the administration, and the Board and the faculty, and so on. Sometimes I could do that and sometimes I couldn't.

SS: Speaking of that, I was going to ask you as we went along, I don't think I did, about the relationship with the Board of the different presidents. I'm sure it must have changed as the Board changed.

AG: It did. Hereford, I think, had an excellent relationship with his Board. For one thing, he had an established and distinguished academic reputation. He had money of his own, and he used to say, "You all hired me to run the University, and that I will try to do. If you're dissatisfied, tell me. I'll quit." He meant it. I think of the three presidents that I worked with, he had the best relationship. I can't speak to Darden. Darden probably had a closer relationship than any president in modern times, because Darden had been governor of the state.

SS: Right. He appointed the Board.

AG: Yes. He knew all the figures in Richmond. In those days, boards like the Board of Visitors at the University were made up of people who were part of the Byrd organization and they were all people that he knew. I remember Billy Zimmer. I believe he became Rector about my second year back here. He was a lawyer in Richmond, but he was from Petersburg, and our families had been connected. Zimmer was a great character.

Frank learned that during football season, he could expect a call from Zimmer every Monday afternoon about two o'clock. There's an institution in Richmond

called the Commonwealth Club, which is a men's club downtown. It is a very old organization. There are formal dining rooms, but there's an informal dining room and a bar in the basement, and the gym is down there.

Zimmer would go there for lunch in the basement, and on the Monday after a football game where, inevitably, we had done badly, Zimmer would have to take all this grief from his buddies down there. When he got back to the office at two o'clock, he would call Frank with suggestions about how to change things with the football team. (Laughter.)

Then Frank also knew that after home basketball games that the Rector attended, the next morning he would get a call, because by then, we had coed cheerleaders. There was a subsidiary, a group of women students, who were sort of auxiliary cheerleaders who danced. Well, Billy Zimmer's wife thought they were scandalous. (Laughter.) Frank would get a call on the morning after the game: "Argh, argh, argh."

SS: The trials of being a college president. What about O'Neil and his relationship with the Board?

AG: You know, I think it started off well, and then they began to see some of the problems. So it didn't end well.

SS: How about Casteen?

AG: Up and down, which I think was probably Edgar Shannon's relationship with his Board. You know, depending upon situations.

SS: Well, over twenty years, it's bound to be up and down.

AG: Yes, I think that's inevitable. I think one thing that probably helped Frank was that the first capital campaign dominated his time as president. The Board was united on that; they wanted to see that succeed. So I think that worked.

SS: When Casteen came in, wasn't there another capital campaign about the same time?

AG: No, this unfortunate vice president for development was supposed to have been doing the groundwork for another campaign, and that's when the Board discovered his inadequacies. When John Casteen came, one of the first things he did was start the search for a vice president, which resulted in Bob Sweeney. The first thing Bob Sweeney was charged with was to get ready for another capital campaign.

SS: What were the issues that dominated? That may be a hard question to answer over twenty years of the Board meetings.

AG: Well, inevitably, it was money, state budget shortfalls, progress of campaigns, that kind of thing—the relationship between the University and Richmond. That was a very important thing that John Casteen, the president of Virginia Tech, and the president of William and Mary, worked together on to try to redefine the relationship in a way that would give the three institutions a little autonomy, so that they wouldn't have to go through three sets of bureaucracies in Richmond to increase the paperclip order. It was almost that bad.

I think that was one of the great successes. Academic hospitals went through a period ten or so years ago—I think most all over the country—of being in trouble, and ours was no exception.

SS: Financially?

AG: Financially, yes. That was cleaned up. That was a joint Board-administration effort, and Leonard Sandridge has got to be given credit for most of that. Leonard, poor Leonard, at one point, in addition to being executive vice president and chief financial officer, also had to be the acting vice president in charge of the hospital. I remember soon after I came back here, I went downstairs to Frank's office to ask him something, knocked on the door, he said, "Come in." He was just getting off the phone, and he sat there with his head in his hands.

It was some crisis in the hospital or the medical school, and he said, “I guess that old story about the University of Hell is true.” I said, “What story is that?” He said that’s an old academic joke. A guy who’d been a college president dies, and he goes to hell. And the devil is interviewing him for a job, and he said, “Well, how would you like to be president of the University of Hell?” The guy said, “Oh, well, yeah, I’m a college president.” The devil says, “I just want to warn you, the University of Hell has two medical schools.”

SS: (Laughter.) Well, since you are talking about Frank Hereford, why don’t we go into that story that you didn’t want to leave out?

AG: Edgar Shannon announced at least a year and a half, if not two years, before he intended to step down that he was going to step down on September 1, 1974. In 1972, the University got a large grant from a private foundation and an equally large grant from some federal agency to restore the Rotunda. When the Rotunda burned—the Rotunda had three floors, as it has now, and the library was on the top floor. By 1895, the library had outgrown that. So when Stanford White restored it, he eliminated one floor. You had a basement floor and then the library floor, which went up to the roof. It gave more stack space. The library moved out in 1937, when Alderman was built.

When I was a kid and we would visit my grandmother here in the summer, it was a great place to play. There were little curving staircases built in the walls and so

on, but the main floor was not used very much. There were temporary partitions between some of the columns and there were some offices there, but not much of anything. Any rate, the idea was to restore it to the way Jefferson had designed it. They had this money, so they started to work on it.

This was in '72. Edgar probably announced his retirement in '73, and Frank was elected. The person who was in charge of the Rotunda restoration, the administrator-faculty member, was an assistant to Edgar and he was also the archivist of the University. He had a mind of his own, and he didn't particularly care for Frank. I didn't find this out until I got up here and got in the middle of some situations. At any rate, so Frank was elected, and by that time, the restoration of the Rotunda was far enough along so that you could see where the interior walls were and get some idea of what the rooms were going to be.

When you've been in the Rotunda, you know on the main floor there are two big oval rooms and one small oval room. So Frank was told, "Now, this room over here on the right will be your office." Frank said, "That's enormous. That's too pretentious." "Well, your staff will be over in the room across the hall," and Frank said, "Everybody in there together and no partitions?" "Of course, there won't be any partitions." Frank said, "No, I'm not moving the president's office over here."

So Frank, in order to calm him down, said, “Well, should there ever be a situation where the president’s office could be moved out of Pavilion VIII to someplace else that’s suitable, I will move the president’s office.” He forgot about it.

Madison Hall was built at the beginning of the twentieth century. It was the first college YMCA. The college YMCA movement was a big deal. When I was a student, it functioned as a student union building. That’s where all the offices were, the newspaper, the radio station, and so on.

When Newcomb Hall opened, the YMCA had an office over there, and they continued over there. Then they rented the rest of the building out to the University, and the University at some point in the sixties bought the building from the Y. Madison Hall has a wing that sits out in back; that originally was an auditorium in my time. The auditorium was done away with and two floors were put in, and it was divided up into offices. The financial offices were outgrowing all of that space. Finance was over there, and personnel was there. The State Farm Life Insurance Company regional office was in a big building across from the Barracks Road Shopping Center. State Farm had outgrown that and was building a new building on the edge of town. They offered the old building to the University at a price that the University couldn’t turn down.

We bought it, and all the financial, personnel, and so on offices were consolidated over there. So Madison Hall was empty. We couldn’t let it stand empty so it was

decided to move the president's office over there. I fought it kicking and screaming. I said, "We do that, and we're creating an admin building, which we've never had. The president's office is on the Lawn. It's right in the middle of everything." Frank would leave his office at midday to walk over to Carr's Hill to lunch and stop and chat with students on the way. We all did.

Suddenly, there we were, over there. Frank was reminded of the promise that he had made twelve years before, or whatever it was. So we moved over there in the summer of '84. For Frank's last year in office we were over there. I still think it was a mistake. I told John Casteen, partly seriously, when he was coming here, I said, "I think you really ought to think seriously about moving the president's office back to the Lawn." Well, it was obviously not feasible, and I was only half serious.

SS: That's the story, then?

AG: That's the story.

SS: You have been on this campus for most of your life. I mean, of course, you were in Europe and Africa. But you've been around the campus. You told me one time, off record, and I'd like you to put it on here, if you'd like to, the one time you thought about leaving University of Virginia, after you came in '75 or '74, and then why you didn't.

AG: I wasn't thinking seriously about leaving, but I was tempted. It was during the O'Neil years. It was a rocky time. An old friend of mine, who was two years behind me here at the University, and our mothers had been roommates in school. He joined the Foreign Service several years after I did, and stuck with it, and became an African specialist. He called me one day from Washington and said, "How would you like to go back to the Chad?" I said, "What's wrong? You can't find anybody to go?" He sort of laughed and said, "Well, yeah, you got it." I said, "Well, I don't really think so, but let me go home and raise the subject at the dinner table."

It was to go back as ambassador. Chad had just come out of a civil war, and so conditions there were bad. At least I figured they were worse than they were when I'd been there. I raised it at the dinner table, and my wife said, "All the stories you've told about that place, you really want to go back?" I said, "Well, I'm thinking about it." She said, "Well, if you want to go, go. The boys and I are staying here."

SS: Your sons were fairly young then?

AG: Yes. There would have been problems about schools. They were too young to be put in boarding school. I didn't really think seriously about it. I called my friend the next morning and thanked him kindly but said I thought not. I went back for the fiftieth reunion of my entering Foreign Service class a couple of weekends

ago. Maybe as much as a quarter of the class was back, maybe less. Very few of them had stuck it out until retirement; most had quit for one reason or another.

It was a very pleasant evening. It was great to see some of those people. I felt at the end of it, that I had made the right decision to leave. I worried at the second time I left the Foreign Service, by that time our older son had been born, that it would be a missed opportunity for the children to get overseas experience. But then that was risky, because my experience with the children of Foreign Service colleagues was that a small minority of them really benefited from it. For most of them, it was a disaster. They had all sorts of problems.

SS: Growing up in another culture?

AG: Yes. So I didn't regret it.

SS: That's a good feeling, not to regret it.

AG: A student will come see me and they're thinking about the Foreign Service, and I will say, "Go ahead, sit for the exams. If you pass and they offer you an appointment, get it in writing as to when that appointment will be. Go on and do it, but with the understanding to yourself that after a couple of assignments, four or five years, you—and if you're married by then, your spouse—will sit down and

rethink it. You will probably decide to get out.” It’s just not a lifetime career anymore.

SS: You’ve seen a lot of changes on Grounds. I finally got it. It’s not “the Grounds.”

AG: No, it is “the Grounds.”

SS: Oh, no.

AG: You got it wrong. It is always with a definite article. (Laughter.)

SS: I thought it was without an article!

AG: No, the only time you can eliminate it is when it is awkward. For example, we’ve got a department over in the Housing Office called “Off Grounds Housing.” They help people find apartments. That’s okay, because it’s awkward to say “Off The Grounds Housing.”

Yes, there have been a lot of changes. But there’s a basic spirit about this place, a basic outlook, a basic way of expressing oneself that hasn’t changed. That has nothing to do with whether or not something’s politically correct or anything of that sort. It’s just that U.Va. alumni are hard not to spot. It is not just people who are waving pennants or wearing U.Va. sweatshirts or things like that, it’s an

attitude, I guess. I can remember when I was in the Chad. It was the summer before I left. A new administrative officer arrived with his wife, and their daughter was a student at one of the universities around Washington, GW or American University. She came with them for that summer, and then left at the end of the summer to go back to the States to school. There was a party for them, and about five minutes into my initial conversation with her, she said, “You went to U.Va. didn’t you?” It wasn’t just because I was wearing khaki trousers and had on Bass Weejuns. (Laughter.)

SS: Can you describe that attitude?

AG: It’s hard to describe. I really can’t. This is fraternity rush and if you hear a lot of hollering and yelling later this afternoon, this is bid day. The way the fraternities do rush now is that by this week, they try to put on a dinner of some sort, a gathering outside of the fraternity house, for their hot rushees. Typically it’s a dinner. These are guys they’re really interested in, but they’re not necessarily going to get them. My fraternity has been revived, and so I’ve gone to this dinner for the last three or four years, and given a talk.

Before it was revived, I used to go to another fraternity; they would ask me to get up and do the same thing for them—talk about the old days. But just talking to these first-year kids the other night, they were seated at tables about eight at a table, and I was the only “grown-up” at my table. All but two of the kids were

rushees. Maybe they were quick learners, but I would like to think that they were comporting themselves the way they did because they were already imbued with the spirit of this place.

SS: Do you think it has something to do with self-governance?

AG: That's part of it. The way we orient first-year students, nowadays, is that students who've accepted offers of admission come back with at least one parent in July for a day and a half. They have sessions together and then they're separated. The parents are taken off and told about the evils of drink and that sort of thing. The students are given practical information, and they meet their faculty advisors for their first year, who help them choose courses and that sort of thing.

Then when they get here, they have to arrive by a certain Saturday, and they check into the dormitories. On Sunday night, the parents, everyone hopes have departed. That's not always the case. There's a convocation on the Lawn. Now graduation is done at the far end of the Lawn, so you progress from the Rotunda, down there. This is just the opposite. It's done right in front of the Rotunda. The kids don't progress in; they're seated facing the Rotunda. The president and the deans and so on process in from the direction of Cabell Hall. They don't come all the way up the Lawn.

We talk about the honor system and that sort of thing. The president of the student council—you have to remember that the chair of the honor committee is generally considered the principal student officer. Not always, sometimes it depends on the personalities. The president of the student council one year was just hopeless, and the president of council always makes a speech. This guy got up and talked about the usual things, and then he said, “I am your leader. Follow me.” The entire first-year class burst out laughing, which reassured me that they were okay. (Laughter.)

SS: So it’s not just what happens to them when they’re here, it’s something about students who get in or choose to come here?

AG: Yes.

SS: And one of your sons graduated from U.Va.?

AG: Right. Yet, curiously enough, the West Point son is the one who really has this thing about U.Va. memorabilia. We were visiting them last weekend, and I must have given it to him, but in their living room is a framed old photograph of the Rotunda. It’s chilly at night in West Texas at this time of the year and so they both pulled on, well, it’s not quite a sweatshirt, but it zipped up and it’s a woolen thing. They were blue with a large V on it, and both of them went to West Point.

The older son, who went here, is an architect, and I think he thinks that one just shouldn't do that.

SS: Right. Well, so now you've moved on to history and protocol officer. Do you have plans to retire?

AG: Oh, one of these days. I'm partially retired now, which means that it's an excuse to come in late, I guess, in the morning. Otherwise, my hours are somewhat the same. I'm more of a night person than a morning person. My pattern of work here over the years has always been that I'm the last to leave at night, because that's when I can get things done. The phone isn't ringing and people aren't fussing with me about something or the other, and I can maybe sit there and actually get some work done.

The only problem with being over here, in this library, is that when the University is not in session, it closes at five every day. When the University is in session, it closes at five on Friday, and it doesn't open on Sunday. I used to get an awful lot of work done on Sunday afternoon or come back after supper and work.

SS: Do you have a key to get in?

AG: With eighteen copies of the Declaration of Independence downstairs? Lord, no.

SS: But you must be as valuable to this institution as those are.

AG: (Laughter.) At any rate, I'm supposed to have time to do some writing.

SS: Memoirs?

AG: Not necessarily memoirs, but just writing in general. I don't. I get caught up in doing things that I've always done here.

SS: Of course, who else is going to do it?

AG: Right. I just don't have time. What I've been doing is a lot of sort of small papers on various aspects of the history of this place. I did one last week, a two-pager, on what in my time was considered a rather scandalous book, anonymously published in 1930. It's a book of bawdy songs that were sung by students in the nineteen teens and the 1920s called "Lyra Ebriosa." I know who did the book. One of the authors, I think, was an uncle of mine. He and some of his friends put this thing together.

For some reason, a couple of weeks ago, I had to look up something in it. When I was a student, it was restricted. The library's copy was kept locked up in the librarian's office, and you had to get permission to look at it. I never tried to, so I never figured out whose permission had to be gotten. But this uncle was a law

professor, and he retired back to Charlottesville soon after we came back here, so I borrowed his copy and copied it. Then I inherited it when he died.

After the Second World War and the 1960s, the book is pretty tame. In fact, it's pretty boring. In my fraternity, we sang a lot, which was not that common when I was a student. Partly it was because we had some good musicians, and there were a couple of law students who had resurrected some of the old bawdy songs, and they were very good about improvising these things that would go on, verse after verse. Then we would bawl out the chorus, after each verse. That sort of thing works only late in a party, after a number of drinks. You look at these songs in broad daylight and they're pretty boring.

At any rate, the library's copy of it is now downstairs. It's not restricted. I decided that I should write up an explanation of what it was. I said I know who wrote it, but they preferred to be anonymous, even though they're all long dead. I think that I should respect their desire for anonymity.

SS: I think you should keep working on these monographs. For example, the secret societies that we talked a little bit about yesterday, off record. We didn't have time to go into that today, but that's another thing that you have an institutional memory of that is going to be lost if you don't get it down in some way or another.

AG: I'm trying to. I found in the attic at home a couple of weeks ago a poster that's about four years old that a student that we knew very well had done.

SS: Forty years old?

AG: Four. This kid lived on the Lawn. The custom has grown up in the last ten or a dozen years of students on the Lawn having tailgate parties before football games for their sororities or their fraternities or friends. This particular year, the parties got out of hand and they had to put a lid on them. One of the problems was that people instead of going to the toilets were just—

SS: Oh, dear.

AG: This guy did a really funny poster. He's a member of a group called the IMPs. And the IMPs are great rivals and mortal enemies are the Zs.

SS: I see IMP written on buildings.

AG: And you see Z written on the buildings, too. The membership of both groups probably represents the true undergraduate leadership of the University. But at any rate, I've got the thing here in my chair.

SS: (Laughter.)

AG: It worked.

SS: Oh, really?

AG: They made copies of that and all the kids who lived on the Lawn tacked them up on their doors.

SS: The poster says, “I CUP”?

AG: I-C-U-P.

SS: I-C-U-P, okay, thank you. Stop, pee in the toilet. It’s a really cute little poster, with tuna fish –

AG: On the Z.

SS: On the Z, yes. (Laughter.) So you’re going to donate that to the library? And now we’ve got it on record what it is.

AG: At any rate, I need to write it up and show an explanation of it. I just don’t have time to do that right now.

SS: Well, this has been fascinating. I only wish we had more time.

AG: Well, thank you.

SS: I appreciate the time that you've given me.

AG: You know, in one sense, I tell people that this place just doesn't seem to be as colorful as it used to be. The faculty is less eccentric than it used to be. I was telling this to a fraternity brother who was back here for something, and he laughed and said, "Well, I'm delighted to see that you're trying to carry on the tradition."

SS: Do you think you're colorful?

AG: Eccentric.

SS: Yes, yes. Well, thank you very much.

AG: Thank you, Sheree.

[End of Interview]

INDEX

A

- Aedes aegypti*, 11
- Alamein, Battle of, 7
- Alderman, Edwin, as president of University of Virginia, 158
- Alderman Library, 18, 158, 168
- All Saints' Church, 145
- Arabic training, 39–40, 69–70
- Aramco, 70
- Army CID, Criminal Investigation, 43
- Auburn Hill, 12–13
 - running of, as working farm, 12–13

B

- Bank of America, 21
- Barracks Road Shopping Center, 170
- Beams, Jesse, 145–146
- Bear, Jim, 114
 - as director of Monticello, 106, 107
- Bear, Mrs. Jim, 114
- Ben-Gurion, David, 75–76
- Ben-Gurion, Paula, 76
- Beta Bridge, 16
- Beta Theta Pi, 17, 31–32
- Bice, Ray
 - death of, 114
 - as secretary to the University of Virginia Board of Visitors, 114
- Bicentennial, 104
- Bicentennial Center (Charlottesville), 106, 114
- Bild-Zeitung*, 46–47
- Bishko, Julian, 37–38
- Blackford, Staige, 77–78
 - advice from, 103
 - as assistant to President Shannon, 89
 - as editor of *Virginia Quarterly Review*, 89, 92
 - understudy of, 95–96
- Blackfords, 90, 91
- Boarding houses, living in, while attending Virginia, University of, 13–14
- Boar's Head, 130
- Booker's, Miss Betty, 13–14
- Bowdoin College, 22
- Brooks Museum, 19–20
- Brown, Charlie, 124–125
- Brown University, 142
- Buckley, William F., 140

Burger, Alfred, 24–26, 27, 28
 death and funeral of, 28
Burma, World War II in, 8
Burris, Gordon, as the budget officer, 127, 128–129
Byrd organization, 78, 80, 164

C

Cabell Hall, 48, 109, 147, 176
California, University of, at Berkeley, 96
Cancer, father's work with, 9
Capital campaigns, 2, 116–118, 121–122, 150, 166
 Casteen, John, and, 167
 Darden, Josh, as chair of, 126
 hiring outside consultant to plan, 116
Carroll's Tea Room, 21
Carr's Hill, 30, 134, 158, 159
Casteen, John, 1, 125–126
 at California, University of, at Berkeley, 96
 capital campaign and, 167
 as dean of admissions, 95, 96–100
 development program problems and, 120
 election of, 155
 first meeting with, 127
 inauguration of, 155–156
 location of office, 171
 as president, 147, 154, 160, 166
 relationship with the Board, 166
 search for vice president, 166
Catlin, Avery, as executive vice president, 102–103, 137
Cavalier Daily, 78, 129, 133–142
 abolishment of, 141
 election of editor, 133
 Hereford, as reporter of, 136
 managing editor of, 141–142
 unsubstantiated rumors in, 133–134
Chad
 first assignment of Gilliam to, 59–66, 175
 Gilliam's decision against returning to, 172
Charleston, 2, 4, 11
Charles Town, West Virginia, 11
 founding of hospital in, 11
Charlottesville
 decline of downtown, 106
 first shopping center in, 21
 Monticello Hotel in, 15
 in 1940s, 15–16

- railroads in, 16–17
- turning of Main Street into pedestrian mall, 106
- Checkpoint Charlie, exchange of prisoners at, 47
- China
 - Chungking as capital of, 7
 - civil war in, 4
 - father's travels to, 4
- Christian Science Monitor*, 53
- Chronic fatigue syndrome, father's interest in, 6–7
- Chungking, 7–8
- C&O (railroad), 17
- Cocke, Betty, boarding house of, 14
- Coeducation, 33, 93–94
- College at Wise, 153
- Commonwealth Club, 165
- Corgis, 114–115
- Counterintelligence corps, 41–47

D

- Dalton, John N., 143–144
- Darden, Colgate, as president of Virginia, University of, 29–31, 135, 164
- Darden, Josh, 125–126
 - as chair of capital campaign, 126
- DCM (deputy chief of mission), 62, 66
- D-Day, 8
- Democratic Party, 72, 80
- Dharan, 71
- Duck races, watching the, 21
- Duke University, 122

E

- Easters Weekend, 31–32, 36
- Eli (secret society), 48–49
- Elizabeth II, visit to University of Virginia, 1, 103–115
- Elson, Ed, 160–161
 - interest in finding portraits of former rectors, 161–162
- Éminence grise, 127, 159
- Epidemiology, medical discipline of, 6

F

- Family camp, 88–89
- Fan District in Richmond, 79
- Farmington Country Club
 - boards of, 130

- change in policies at, 132–133
- Hereford's membership in, 129–133, 134
- organization of, as stock corporation, 129
- out-of-town membership of, 132
- Finals, 34–35
- First Amendment, 138
- Foreign Service exams, sitting for, 51–56, 173–174
- Fort Holabird, 41
- Frankfurt, Germany, 42–43
- Fraternities, 35–36
 - Darden, Colgate and, 30
 - rush for, 175–176
- Freedom of the press, 140
- Freedom Train, 36
- Frost, Wade Hampton, 6

G

- Garden Club of Virginia, 32–33
- Garden Week, 32–33
- Gilliam (father), 129–130
 - boxing interests of, 4, 5
 - cancer work of, 9
 - college studies of, 4
 - death from cancer, 9, 10, 26–27
 - doctorate in public health for, 6
 - interest in chronic fatigue syndrome, 7
 - interest in polio, 6
 - marriage of, 5, 129
 - medical career and studies of, 4–6
 - in Navy, 9
 - as professor of epidemiology at Hopkins, 10
 - residency of, at Johns Hopkins, 5
 - retirement from Public Health Service, 10
 - Sarge Pepper and, 8
 - service in Typhus Commission, 7
 - service in World War II, 7–8, 10
 - son's studies in organic chemistry, 24–25, 27
 - travels to China, 4
 - at U.S. Public Health Service, 6–7
- Gilliam (maternal grandfather)
 - academic career of, 12
 - in Charleston, 11
 - Charleston heritage of, 2, 4
 - in Charles Town, West Virginia, 11, 12
 - death of, 12
 - marriage of, 11

- medical career of, 11, 12
- medical studies of
 - at Medical College of South Carolina, 2
 - at University of Pennsylvania, 4, 10
- purchase of Auburn Hill, 12–13
- Gilliam (maternal grandmother), 4
 - in Charleston, 11
 - move to Charles Town, West Virginia, 11
 - running of Auburn Hill as working farm, 12–13
 - yellow fever in, 11
- Gilliam (mother), 90
 - in Charlottesville, 9–10
 - marriage of, 5, 129
 - ownership of shares in Farmington Country Club, 129
- Gilliam (paternal grandfather)
 - curriculum studied by, 2
 - degrees obtained by, 3
 - in law school at Virginia, University of, 2
 - in Petersburg, Virginia, 3, 4
 - practice of law by, 3
 - as teacher, 2
 - at William and Mary, 2
- Gilliam, Alexander G., Jr.
 - as acting vice president of development, 153–154
 - admission decisions and, 95–98
 - admission to Virginia, University of, 22
 - in Alexandria, 91
 - Arabic training for, 39–40, 69–70
 - as assistant to Hereford, Frank, 89–90, 92–93, 95, 144–145, 150
 - as assistant to Holton, Linwood, 71–81
 - on being open, 101
 - biographical statement of, 1
 - birth of, in Baltimore, 5
 - birth of first son, 90, 93
 - children of, 172–173, 177–178
 - in counterintelligence corps, 41–47
 - decision on returning to Chad, 172
 - decision to switch majors, 27, 29
 - direction of Casteen's inauguration committee, 155
 - draft of, into Army, 40
 - early life of, 9–11
 - family camp and, 88–89
 - in Foreign Service, 26–27, 36, 39–40
 - assignment to Chad, 59–66
 - assignment to Dharan, 71
 - assignment to Tel Aviv, 56–61

exams for, 51–56
post preference form for, 55
at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, 40–41
in Frankfurt, Germany, 42–43
in graduate school at Virginia, University of, 48
graduation of, 40
as history and protocol officer of Virginia, University of, 2, 178–180
interest in Middle East, 39–40
as interim dean of International Studies, 151–153
interview synopsis, 1
marriage of, 36–37, 82–83, 84, 88, 90–91, 172–173
as member of Beta Theta Pi, 31–32
as member of T.I.L.K.A, 48–49
military service of, in Korea, 40–41
monographs of, 180
organic chemistry studies by, 24–25, 27
rental of house on Rugby Road, 90–91
retirement of, 178
Sarge Pepper and, 8–9
as secretary to the University of Virginia Board of Visitors, 100, 101–102, 156, 160–163
siblings of, 11–12
sitting of, for GREs, 50
at summer school, 27–28
summers of, in Charlottesville, 15
as teacher at St. Christopher's School, 51, 54, 79
as teaching assistant to Bishko, Julian, 37
ties to Virginia, University of, 2
undergraduate studies of, at Virginia, University of, 23–24
visit of Elizabeth II and, 103–115
work with Rusk, Dean, at State Department, 67–68
Gilliam, Anne (sister), 12
Gilliam, John (paternal uncle), 4
Gilliam, Katharine Scott (wife), 82–83, 84, 88, 90–91, 93
Gilliam, Laura (sister), 12
Godwin, Mills E., Jr., 78, 79, 80–81
firing of head of DMV, 79
trade mission of, to England, 104
visit of Elizabeth II and, 103–115
Godwins, 111
GREs, 50
Grounds, 17–18, 28, 174

H

Halsey, Admiral William, 121
Hampden-Sydney College, 4

- Harper's Ferry, 11
- Hart, A. D., as head of Student Health, 27–28
- Hepatitis, 64
- Hereford, Ann, 109, 111, 131, 145
- Hereford, Frank, 1, 125
 - appointment of campaign steering committee by, 121
 - Beams, Jesse, and, 145–146
 - capital campaign of, 2, 116–118, 150, 166
 - Cavalier Daily* and, 129, 133–142
 - concerns with General Assembly session, 128
 - creation of position of executive vice president, 102–103
 - death of, 135
 - Farmington Country Club and, 129–133, 134
 - Gilliam as assistant to, 89–90, 92–93, 95, 144–145
 - interest in raising private money, 97–98, 122–123
 - as president of University of Virginia, 115, 129, 146–149, 168
 - relationship with his Board, 164
 - as reporter for the *Cavalier Daily*, 136
 - tenure of, 115, 129
 - vice president for development and, 120
 - visit of Elizabeth II and, 105, 109, 111
 - Zimmer and, 164–165
- Hereford, Molly, 109
- Hollins University, 34, 36
- Holton, Linwood
 - appointment of blacks to key positions on boards and commissions, 80
 - assignment of Gilliam, Alexander, as assistant to, 71–81
 - as being open, 101
 - disenchantment of, 88
 - friendship with Rockefeller, Nelson, 81–82
 - interest in joining Washington law firm, 88
 - Kissinger and, 84–85
 - mission of, to Israel, 73–74
 - organization of papers of, 83
 - at State Department, 82–83
- Holton, Woody (governor's son), 74, 75, 139
- Homer, statue of, 48
- Honor system, 177
- Houston, Jefferson Scholars Program and, 118–119

I

- I CUP, 182
- IMPs, 181
- International Studies, 150–151
 - search for dean of, 151–153
- Israeli Embassy, 73–74

J

Jefferson, Thomas, 83, 125, 156, 157, 169

Jefferson Scholars Program, 118–119

Johns Hopkins University

father at professor of epidemiology at, 10

medical School at, 10

residency of father at, 5

School of Hygiene at, 6

Jones, Don, minority affairs and, 103

K

Kellogg, Bob, as dean of Arts and Sciences, 97

KGB, 44–45

Kissinger, Henry, 84–85, 87–88

as protégé of Rockefeller, Nelson, 82–83

Korean War, 40–41

L

Landesamt für Verfassungsschutz, 43–44

Lawn, 20, 23, 49, 50, 94, 95, 110, 111, 113, 123, 129, 144, 146, 147, 156, 158, 171–172, 177, 181, 183

Lewis, Ivey, as dean of the University, 22–23, 24

Los Angeles Olympics, 123

Lynchburg, 36

"Lyra Ebriosa," 179–180

M

Madison Hall, 170–171

Malaria, 64

Malone, Dumas, 83, 112

Mann Act, 34

Marriott, 130

Mary Baldwin College, 34

Maryland, state university system in, 122

Mary Washington (Fredericksburg), 34

Mayo, Bernie, 38–39

Mayo, Peggy, 39

Media review board, 135, 136

Medical College of South Carolina, 3

obtaining of cadavers for medical students and, 3

Meir, Golda, 74

Memorial Gym, 34–35

Memphis, campaign in, 123

Miami, Jefferson Scholars Program and, 119

Middle East, 56–59
MidWinters, 32
"Miss," use of, as honorific, 14
Monticello, 106, 114, 155
 serving of dinner at, 107
Monticello Hotel (Charlottesville), 15
Mountain Valley Republicans, 72
Mueller, Harry, as vice president for health affairs, 143–144

N

National Enquirer, 46–47
Newcomb Hall, 136, 137, 170
New Orleans, Jefferson Scholars Program and, 118–119
Nixon, Richard, abdication of, 87–88
NKVD, 44–45
North Carolina, state university system in, 122
North Tel Aviv, 74–75

O

Off Grounds Housing, 174
O'Neil, Bob
 decision to step down, 120
 inaugural address of, 150–151
 as president of University of Virginia, 100, 132–133, 147–148, 150, 151, 165
 relationship with the Board, 165
O'Neil, Karen, 150
O'Neil, Robert, 1
Oral history, importance of, 159
Organic chemistry, 24–25, 27

P

Palm Beach, Jefferson Scholars Program and, 119
Pavilion VIII, 128, 146, 160, 170
Penn State, 122
Pennsylvania, state university system in, 122
Pennsylvania, University of, Gilliam (maternal grandfather) at, 4, 10
Pepper, Dr. (Sarge Pepper), 8–9
 as anti-smoking advocate, 9
Persian Gulf, 70
Petersburg, 145
Philip, Prince, 109, 110–111
Philippines, coup in, 52
Polio
 father's interest in, 6

- invention of Salk vaccine and, 9
- Potomac River, 11
- Presidential retreats, 30–31
- Pritchard, Martha, as assistant to governor, 105–106
- Privacy issues, 99
- Private research universities, 122–123
- Private schools, role of, 122–123
- Proffitt, Mary, as secretary to Lewis, Ivey, 22–23
- Public Health Service, Gilliam's father at, 6–7

R

- Randolph-Macon College, 34, 36
- Rector, 96, 120, 137, 160, 162, 163, 164, 165
 - firing of vice president for development and the provost, 153–154
- Rector pro tem, 155
- Republican Party, 72, 80
- Richardson, Bill, 86–87
 - as ambassador to UN, 86
- Richmond, Virginia, 76
 - Fan District in, 79
- Richmond Times Dispatch*, 143–144
- Ritchie, John, 77–78, 81, 83–84, 159
- Roanoke, Virginia, 36
- Rochester, University of, 19
- Rockefeller, Nelson
 - formation of shadow campaign staff by, 81
 - friendship with Holton, 81
 - Kissinger, Henry as protégé of, 82–83
- ROTC, 42, 113
- Rotunda, 18–19, 128, 169, 176, 177
 - annex of, 157
 - burning of, 18, 157, 168
 - dome of, 114
 - Dome Room in, 108, 112
 - restoration of, 157, 169
 - rooms in, 169
- Rugby Road, 16, 30, 36, 90–91
- Runk, B.R.D., 24, 50
- Rusk, Dean, 67–68, 71

S

- St. Christopher's School (Richmond), 51, 54, 79
- Salk vaccine, invention of, 9
- Sandridge, Leonard, 127, 128
 - as executive vice president and chief financial officer, 167

SAT, 23
Saudis, 70
School desegregation in Virginia, 72–73
Scrub typhus, identification of, 7–8
Self-governance, 176
Shannon, Edgar
 alumni relations and, 96
 as president, 96, 103, 146, 147–148, 166
 relationship with the Board, 166
 retirement of, 89, 169
Shea, Vincent, 128, 159
Simpson, Mr., 53
Southern (railroad), 16–17
South Korea, coup in, 52
South Tel Aviv, 74–75
Spectator, 135
Spies, 44–45
State Farm Insurance Company regional office, 170
Study Abroad Programs, 152
Sullivan, Gilly, as director of the Alumni Association, 116–117
Sweeney, Bob, 120–121
 as vice president, 166
Sweet Briar, 34, 36

T

Tel Aviv, assignment of Gilliam to, 56–59
Tennessee, state university system in, 122
Tet Offensive, 69
Thphus Commission, 7
T.I.L.K.A. (secret society), 48–49
Times, 53
Tulane University, 158
Turkey, coup in, 52
Typhus, study of, 7

U

United Jewish Appeal fund drive, 72
University Hospital, 157
UVA/Charlottesville mafia, 71–72

V

Vanderbilt University System, 122
Vice president for development, 120
 firing of, 153–154

Vietnam, 40–41, 41–42
 Virginia, desegregation of schools in, 72–73
 Virginia, University of
 admission of women to, 33–34, 93–94
 admissions office at, 96
 Alderman, Edwin, as president of, 158
 Alderman Library at, 18, 158, 168
 art collections of, 161–162
 big weekends at, 34–35
 boarding houses as dormitories for, 13–14
 Cabell Hall at, 48
 capital campaigns of, 2, 116–118, 121–122, 150, 166, 167
 Casteen, John, as president of, 147, 154, 160, 166
 Co-education at, 93–94
 Darden, Colgate, as president of, 29–31, 135, 164
 Elizabeth II's visit to, 1, 103–115
 fire department in, 15
 fraternities at, 30, 35–36, 175–176
 Grounds at, 17–18, 28
 Hereford, Frank, as president of, 115, 129, 146–149, 168
 institution of PhD program, 157
 Lawn at, 20, 23, 49, 50, 94, 95, 110, 111, 113, 123, 129, 144, 146, 147, 156, 158, 171–172, 177, 181, 183
 memorabilia from, 177–178
 in 1940s, 15–16
 Nursing School at, 33
 O'Neil, Bob, as president of, 100, 132–133, 147–148, 150, 151, 165
 presidential retreat as custom at, 30–31
 road trips to surrounding universities, 34
 Rotunda at, 18–19, 108, 112, 128, 157, 168, 169, 176, 177
 School of Education at, 33
 Shannon, Edgar, as president of, 96, 103, 146, 147–148, 166
 undergraduate leadership of, 181
 University Relations Office of, 123, 124–125
 Virginia, University of, Board of Visitors, 108
 Bice, Ray, as secretary to, 114
 Gilliam, Alexander, as secretary to, 100, 101–102
 meeting of, at the College at Wise, 153
 Virginia Commonwealth University (Richmond), 83
Virginia Quarterly Review, Staige as editor of, 89, 92
 Virginia State Library historical quarterly, 55
 Virginia Tech, president of, 167
 VMI, 115

W

Wall Street Journal, 53–54

Washington Post, 53
West Point, 177
West Range, 109
White, Stanford, 159, 168
William and Mary College
 grandfather Gilliam at, 2
 president of, 167
Women, admission to Virginia, University of, 33–34, 93–94
World War II, 7–8, 10, 42–43, 121, 180
 Alamein, Battle of, 7
 D-Day in, 8
 Far East theatre in, 7–8

Y

Yellow fever, 11
YMCA movement, 170
Young Americans for Freedom, 140
Young Democrats, 140
Young Republicans, 140

Z

Zimmer, Billy, 164–165
Zs, 181, 182