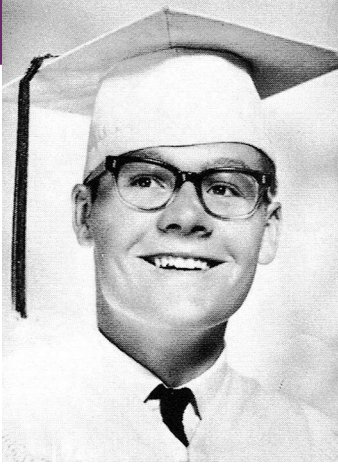


# Fred Scott



I remember our senior year at BHS as better than any college years. It is hard to believe it has been 50 years since we graduated. I have been reading the bios of our classmates describing amazing experiences, careers,

and families. A big thank you to the El Paso organizing committee.....We are going to have a great time this weekend.

My journey has been unusual, with lots of short stops and “ups” and “downs”. After graduation, I believed it would be a cinch to be a walk-on football player at Texas Western, thinking I didn’t need to work out a lot during the summer. Was I ever wrong! It took just one week to find out I was too small, too slow, and too out of shape to play college football. So, on to classes I went, taking five semesters to fail out and be drafted into the Army within five months, (the first “down”). I certainly was not the brightest bulb on the tree during the Viet Nam era.

Basic training took place at Ft. Bliss in the hottest two months of the summer, but at the end of it I learned that I had been accepted for Officer Candidate School (“up”). The second eight weeks of training was at Ft. Knox, Kentucky, and still no word about OCS. So I spent four months at the reception center moving inductees around, getting uniforms, haircuts, shots, etc. Finally, I got orders for Ordnance OCS at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland (“up”). During that six months I was in the best shape of my life (double time everywhere and lots of PT). About a month before becoming a brand new second lieutenant I was asked where I would like to be stationed. I convinced four of my friends to try for Ft. Bliss, TX. Well, we all received orders for FB, and I spent the next two years in an artillery training unit, then said good bye to the Army (more “up”).

I went back to what had become UT El Paso to finish my college education on the GI Bill. This time I focused on studying and finished up in two years with a BBA in Accounting and ended a five year marriage at

the same time. During the last year of college, I took a job as a bookkeeper for a land development company, keeping the books for underfunded home builders. After graduation, the owner told me I wasn’t making enough money as the bookkeeper and that I should become a builder. Fred Scott, Inc. was created, and I built 35 houses in the lower valley for low income families. During that time I became fully fluent in Spanish because all of the sub-contractors spoke almost no English and it was just better to conduct business in Spanish. As a head start, I had taken four years of Spanish at BHS and two years at TWC before the draft. Those guys were a lot of fun to work with and drink cervezas with after work (more “up”). The HUD program that subsidized the buyers of my houses ended; fortunately for me I had not started any new homes (a “down”). The owner of the company and his brother bought land in Austin and invited me to move there and develop the land into a large subdivision patterned after the ones in El Paso (“up”).

By that time, Judy Beckerman and I had been dating several months (a big “up”), the 10-year reunion being a date for us. We married in April 1974, Judy resigned from the Ysleta school district, and we moved to Austin (another “up”). My new son, Ron, was four at the time (“up”). At the end of June I received a call from my mentor in El Paso that the company was out of money and I would not be getting paid (oops another “down”). Judy quickly found a job as director of a day care center, and after a few weeks I fell back on my accounting degree, landing a job as assistant controller of a mobile home sales company division office in Austin. Whew!





That was a scary month. The Austin ISD finally got around to hiring Judy in late August and I was promoted to controller (2 “ups”). The Florida-based company decided to close the Austin office and said I could move to Baytown as assistant controller. Judy, Ron, I took the company books there and decided no way (“down”).

This “down” led me to begin my career. I was selected to be the controller at St. Edward’s University, right there in Austin, TX and, Judy and I both had jobs and professions again (2 “ups”). The financial VP who hired me was eight months older than I and had a long-range plan to stay at St. Ed’s until retirement. Judy finished her Masters in Counseling and Guidance at Southwest Texas State, and I completed an MBA in the evening program at St. Ed’s where I was working. After six years at St. Ed’s and armed with those new credentials, I decided to get into the private sector and found a CFO position with a young company that sold electronic equipment to television stations.

The company grew rapidly, and I learned a whole new language of acronyms for products used in control rooms of TV stations and for several years went to the National Association of Broadcasters convention in Las Vegas. Judy flew in near the end of each convention, so we enjoyed shows, very inexpensive food, and had fun in the casinos (mostly “ups” and a few “downs”). During the six years I spent in the TV equipment sales business, I kept in touch with friends at St. Ed’s. Six years after my leaving, the newly-configured controller’s position opened up, and I was fortunate to be rehired (big “up”) just in time for Ron to start college. My previous years working there, combined with returning to the university made it possible to afford the cost for him to transfer to St. Ed’s after one semester at Southwest Texas State. This time I stayed eight years at St. Ed’s (“up”).

At an education association conference in 1996 I was visiting with the financial VP at St. Mary’s University in San Antonio when he mentioned that his comptroller was leaving to take a VP position. He also said that he would be retiring in a few years and it would be a good idea for me to be in the wings (sounded like an “up”). After taking the St. Mary’s position, Ron and Kim, his girlfriend of six



years married; Judy retired from the Austin Independent School District; and the two of us moved to San Antonio. Judy had a great time redecorating an eighty-year-old house we rented in the historic district. About two years after I started at St. Mary’s, the VP came by my office and announced that he had just signed a contract for another three years. Judy and I quickly started a nationwide search for a VP position found Centenary College of Louisiana in Shreveport. It was my first time to work in a Non-Catholic institution. During my time at Centenary, the Methodist college celebrated its 175th anniversary, opened three new buildings constructed under my supervision, and the stock market collapsed

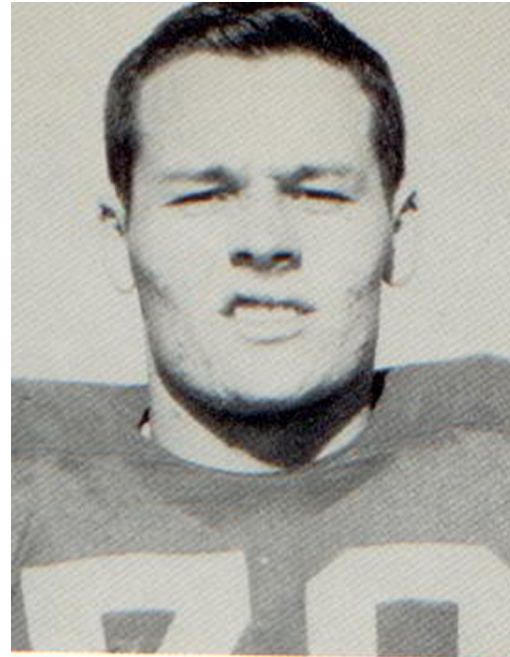
(“up” and “down”). A large endowment began to shrink at the same time the athletic program rapidly drained the coffers due to the college's leaving its athletic conference. Before the horrific 9/11 attack, Judy and I spent a week at Oxford University, followed by a wonderful tour of England, France, Switzerland, and Italy. While at Oxford we met some really interesting people who worked in community colleges in the Midwest (“up”). Sixteen-hour days at Centenary convinced us that it was time for another national search (“down”).

Remembering the messages from our friends from Oxford, we focused our search on community colleges, and I joined Southern West Virginia Community & Technical College as financial VP (another “up”). The house we bought was up one of the “hollers” that had a one-lane road running beside a babbling brook. WV actually has four seasons with lush green forests that turned brilliant colors in the fall and several significant snowfalls in winter. My boss, the president of the college was the wife of the area's state senator, who was also the president of senate. In WV the office of Lt. Governor is held by the president of the senate. Judy and I met a bunch of politicians while we lived in WV, including Gayle and Joe Manchin (now one of the U.S. Senators from WV) and my boss's husband, Earl Ray Tomblin (now the governor of WV).

About the time we were driving out of Shreveport toward West Virginia, Kim informed us that she was finally pregnant. After our first granddaughter, Riley, was born way back in Austin, we started the last nationwide job search for a college nearer Austin, Texas, than West Virginia. While we were working on that project, our grandson, Jackson, was born. On November 1, 2006, I started as the CFO at Brazosport College (BC) in Lake Jackson, TX, which is just four hours from Austin. In 2010, our second granddaughter, Sidney, was born. Please read Judy's bio for the neat things she has been involved in here in Brazoria County, the “Birthplace of Texas”.

As BC was just finishing a facilities master plan document when I arrived, the first four years here I had responsibility for a \$70 million transformation of the campus that included four new buildings and renovation of about 25% of the forty-year-old main

facility. It also included a grand new main entrance boulevard with stainless steel arches like those in the Galleria area of Houston. I'm in a more-than-six-year “up” and plan to retire in about three years when BC concludes its reaccreditation. Judy and I closed on a house a few weeks ago in Buda, TX, about twenty minutes from Ron, Kim, and their three beautiful noisemakers. The plan is to lease the house until we retire. The plan is to lease the house until we retire. : Life is Good!



FRED SCOTT  
Senior—Tackle