

## Memories of Frank P. Keefe

As told to Kristin Krebs-Dick  
Yale Swimmer, Class of 1993

## **Nick Nichols, Yale Assistant Coach 1993-1998, Amherst Head Coach 1998-2023 – Vanuatu, South Pacific**

For over two decades, Yanik and I have agreed that Frank Keefe saved our lives. After three arguably successful seasons as an interim swimming coach, I had struck out so often we were beginning to consider other possibilities – and then Frank called and said ‘you’ve been the designated hitter for a long time’ and offered me the job as his assistant. I’m thankful I took the job and didn’t check his references because he had a reputation for being demanding. He mentioned during our first visit that ‘nobody outworks me’ and though I thought I had a reasonable work ethic; challenge accepted.

To say Frank was demanding of everyone in his sphere is an understatement. He was in the office early and always stayed late, fueled by Yorkside pizza and soup, and a few beers along the way with Harold, the inimitable bulldog of a guard at Payne Whitney. I recall going out for a drink one time after a meet with Frank, Harold and Lee Lawrence, the Navy coach, and I snuck out the back door as they were ordering beers three at a time. I never said anything but on more than one occasion when I walked into his basement office as he was hard at work, I noticed that solitaire was reflected in his enormous glasses.

Despite his expectation for commitment from everyone in the program, Frank began to soften in his later years. It’s clear his swimmers and divers loved him and respected his advice and his own commitment to the program. He often said that he lived and died by what happened in all races. He was in that race as well and, honestly, I thought it would be the end of him at times. One of the most memorable races during my time with Frank was at a Women’s Ivy Championship meet at Harvard. Suzanne Heizer and Greta Stephenson were racing the mile and turned within a tenth or two for nearly the entire race. Frank was beet red, cheering and screaming on the pool deck. At the 1500 mark Greta pulled away and Frank was apoplectic. At the 1600 Frank left the deck – just as Suzanne stormed home for the win. That’s when I understood his commitment to his students and the work he did at Yale.

Beyond that, Frank was surprisingly supportive of my outside life - he was constantly telling me to go home and be with my family. And he reminded me of that in the piles of gravelly voiced, cranky messages he’s left at the house or my office over the past couple decades – never failing to ask ‘how are the girls?’ He told me once that he dropped Cathy off at the hospital to have a baby and then went to a meet. He was determined that I wouldn’t make similar choices. That was, of course, before Cathy was stricken with Alzheimer’s and he showed a superhuman level of love, caring and commitment as she slowly got worse. One of the most impactful moments I remember was at the retirement celebration at Yale when Tom Beckett, in his booming voice, glossed over Frank’s impressive won/loss record to read the Keefe wedding vows as he explained where Frank’s commitment lies.


There’s no chance I’d be a happily retired coach of swimming had it not been for this institution of American and collegiate swimming. He’s a coach who has forgotten more than I’ll ever know about the sport; he’s faced down the Russians and the East Germans in meets; he floored me with his ‘chalk talks’ on the walls of the Payne Whitney practice pool; he impressed me with his pre-meet speeches, which always went just one step too far and he showed how he cared about his athletes so much it nearly affected his health.

I called Frank before anyone else when I decided to retire last year but he didn’t answer. I tried several times over a few days and later learned that he had passed on the day I made the decision. I’m thankful for that call back in ’93 and happy that we stayed in touch at least monthly until he could no longer carry on a conversation. He is an absolute legend and it’s a testament to his impact on us all considering the numbers who showed up for his retirement celebration, his 80<sup>th</sup> and here today.

	In what way(s) did he impact your life?	What is your favorite memory of Frank?	Is there something that Frank would say that you still remember?	Is there anything else that you would like to share?
<p><b>Allan LaPrino</b>  <b>Port Saint Lucie, FL</b>  I was an assistant to Frank at Foxcatcher Swim Club and made the move to Yale with him in 1978. After leaving for a California coaching position in 1980, I returned to once again work with my mentor/big brother from late 1983-1986.</p>	<p>As mentioned earlier, Frank provided me 1) a big brother to bounce things off, such as what time to leave for The Old Heidelberg 😊. More importantly, he provided me the confidence to lead programs of my own. My being named to multiple USA NATIONAL TEAM staffs was, without question, due in large part to the lessons learned from Frank.</p>	<p>A. Frank's swimmers learn early on, if you have a personal issue to discuss, never broach it during the hours set aside for training! However, discuss anything with him in the office and he will be the "parent" you need away from home.</p> <p>B. "Never to forget moment"; After his retirement, I asked Frank to come on deck to run a group for a team I was working with. At one point he pulled me aside and said, and I quote, "maybe you did learn something after all". #proud</p> <p>C. How quickly he forgave me at Dartmouth when I filled in for Eve Atkinson!</p>	<p>Absolutely - 8-4-4, 20 x 50 1 e 40.</p>	<p>Absolutely! I was blessed to attend a Foxcatcher Reunion in PA in 2022 w kids from all over the world. Frank asked me to speak on the Yale Swimming experience from my viewpoint. This is what I shared, "We all have "Frank lessons and memories" to share, but most importantly you made us better men and women and you taught us that the difference between good and great is Commitment! All you need to do is be the best version of yourself. The bottom line is Frank Keefe made us all better people and for that, FPK, we thank you and we love you.</p>
<p><b>Jim Richardson</b>  <b>Ann Arbor, MI</b>  Coaching...I was the women's coach at the University of Michigan for 27 years</p>	<p>Frank was a legend to me before I met him. We became friends due to our love of training in Puerto Rico. The first time I met him I knew that he and I were on the same page about swimming and life. I admired him and treasured his friendship.</p>	<p>Getting together in Puerto Rico.</p>	<p>Nothing specific...just his friendly personality such that he was fully engaged with you whenever we spoke.</p>	<p>I really do miss him...he was one of the good guys.</p>

<p><b>Kim Georgiades East Hampton, Ct</b> I was 14 years old and he started the New Haven Swim Club at Yale. I was one of his first swimmers for the start of the new team out of Yale.</p>	<p>There are so many ways Frank impacted my life. He was the best coach I ever had. I looked up to Frank and wanted to be the best I could be. I never wanted to let him down. When I coach today I still use many of things he taught me to help motivate my swimmers.</p>	<p>One of the memories that sticks out in my head the most was a meet at the Yale pool one Summer. I was going head to head with this swimmer from the Aqua Jets in the 400 meter free. I pushed super hard but she just touched me out. Franks only response was, "How could you let that little girl beat you!" That was Frank. He than looked at me and said, "See you at practice in the morning!" Everything was right in the world after he said that.</p>	<p>"Your swimming fast I not going to touch your stroke"! "Everyone has a different stroke, it depends on their body shape".</p>	<p>When my father died suddenly it was so hard to just breath. I was only 19. The thing that helped me keep going that Summer was swimming for Frank. The first day back he came right up to my sister and I and just hugged us. It meant everything and I still cry today thinking about it. Frank was my hero.</p>
<p><b>Bill Lapman North Haven</b> Coaching, Cheshire High School Diving Coach</p>	<p>His compassion and knowledge of swimming</p>	<p>His loyal and loving care of his wife</p>	<p>Our friendly conversations at the O</p>	<p>Glad I had the opportunity to know Frank</p>
<p><b>Brenda Borgh Bartlett and Dave Bartlett Wayne PA</b> Suburban Swim Club swimmers from the 1970s</p>	<p>Frank taught us how to swim and swim fast, how to persevere and how to enjoy the sport of swimming.</p>	<p>Many fun times traveling to swim meets all over the country. And more recently Frank and his best friend George Breen holding story telling sessions at the US Olympic Trials.</p>	<p>The door swings both ways so don't let it hit you in the ass on the way out.</p>	<p>Nominating Frank for the USA Swimming Award during COVID and seeing him win the award was very special. The USA Swimming Award is one of the highest honors in the sport of swimming.</p>

<p><b>Susan Teeter Estero, FL</b> I met Frank in 1985 at my first dual meet against Yale as a Head Coach at Princeton</p>	<p>Well, Frank would want me to tell you that he was a pain in my ass! Frank and the Yale teams over my 33 years, kept the Princeton teams working hard as they were always a formidable opponent.</p>	<p>My favorite memory of Frank was watching him wheel his wife's wheelchair in the back door of the Princeton pool and parking it right by the Yale team area. We often talked at every meet back then about his wife and the work it took for him to balance caring for her and coaching full time. I always felt that while it was the greatest gift he could give his wife, it was also such a display of mentoring for his athletes, male and female, to see what true love and commitment is all about.</p>	<p>"JESUS...(attach any name to this)"</p>	<p>Thanks for including those of us who spent our careers with Frank.</p>
<p><b>Tim Murphy State College PA</b> I met Frank while working at the Wilton Family YMCA. Then later he allowed me to be a volunteer coach with Yale. Competed against him while I coached at Harvard.</p>	<p>Frank went from being a mentor, to a colleague, to a friend ! Tremendous impact both personally and professionally</p>	<p>Pretty much every interaction I had with Frank. He was straightforward, honest ( at times brutal), and provided both short and long term insight to the question at hand. His laugh was as good as it gets!</p>	<p>He told the AD at Harvard to "give me a shot"when I was applying for the HC of the Men's team. He didn't need to say anything else. That was as good as it gets and everyone knew Frank's word was as good as gold. I got the job.</p>	<p>He took the time to get to know me, mentor me, believe in me, support me, laugh with me, and become friends with me!</p>

<p><b>Melanie Ginter '78</b>  <b>New Haven CT</b>  I got to know his father first, Frank Sr, when he supervised the third floor Practice Pool at PWG. Then I met Frank, and his mom and his brother, Sean. They were a close family that folded you in.</p>	<p>Frank called himself a “fan” of mine; he was always interested, positive and supportive of me, my work and my volunteering. I felt like he looked out for me, even though I never swam for him. He liked that we were both from Philly, and would seek me out to talk Philly after one of his visits home. From early on, he called me Mel, as if we were lifelong friends—and so we were.</p>	<p>I still remember seeing Frank at the 1984 LA games. He was so proud to be part of the US team—he walked around with a huge grin on his face—and finally told me he couldn’t be “cool” about it if he tried.</p>		<p>Frank was one of a kind—friendly, warm, direct and tough—he had high expectations—and I always left smiling after seeing him.</p>
<p><b>George and Nota Koutroumanis Yorkside Pizza &amp; Restaurant, LLC</b>  <b>New Haven, CT</b>  We met Frank over 40 years ago when he had started coaching at Yale and coming to Yorkside</p>	<p>Frank was like an uncle and just an all around great guy!  He was open to talk about everything and anything! And loved clam chowder and seafood bisque but his go to, was a meatball grinder!</p>	<p>One of the memories was when he would come by the restaurant and pick up Feta buckets so his swimmers can drag behind them during swim practice...or so he said lol!  We enjoyed catering the swim team banquets and their in house dinners. The coaching staff and swimmers were all phenomenal  It was our privilege and honor to serve them and be a part of Frank’s life!</p> <p>We also had the honor to host Frank’s 80th birthday at Yorkside and it was so nice to see alumni coming back to celebrate him!</p>		<p>Frank was a great coach, mentor, friend, father and most of all and great husband as he loved and cared for his wife!</p> <p>We miss him dearly!</p> <p>George and Nota  And the Yorkside family  </p>

<p><b>Laurie Finneran Calder '85</b></p>			<p>I always smile when I think of Frank trying to include the divers in his pre-meet pep talks. After spending substantial amounts of time dissecting each of the individual swim races to come, he often would conclude with: "And divers, take it up, spin it around and drop it in." I'm not sure a diving expert could have summed it up much better!</p>	
<p><b>Scott Dickinson '85 Estes Park, CO</b> I met Frank for the first time during my recruitment visit in spring of 1981. I knew instantly that I wanted to swim for Frank for my college career!</p>	<p>Frank was my father away from home and later in life I realized that my father and Frank were almost exactly the same age! The most powerful impact Frank had on my life was the story I retold at the 2010 Frankquet after giving me the famous advice to reject the rejection regarding my first career position post-Yale! That advice guided my entire career and we remained close until his passing. I loved the man dearly!!</p>	<p>One of my favorites is when Frank comically told me I was the greatest 175 yard Butter Flyer of all-time!</p>	<p>Hips Dickie Hips!!!!</p>	<p>I will always cherish my swimming career at Yale with Frank and my teammates!</p>

<p><b>Matt Homer Meade '87 Pittsburgh, PA</b> As a walk on, unrecruited member of the Class of 87 I filled out an index card form that showed my interest and went to my first practice and met Frank on deck. He told me what lane to go to and we were off!. Little did I know how he would change my life over the next 4 years.</p>	<p>Frank taught me the value of toughness, perseverance and resilience every day at practice and meets. For example, he stopped an LCM practice in Puerto Rico my first year because I had broken stroke during a set of 10x200 fly. He made me get on the blocks in front of the entire team and swim a 200 fly. I did it and realized I could do anything I set my mind to if given the opportunity. I have brought these traits from the pool to my professional and personal life which has contributed immeasurably to my life.</p>	<p>By the time I reached my senior year in 1987, Bert Hazlett and I were the only 2 of the original 11 freshman that remained on the team. While I was not the fastest swimmer by any means, I will never forget when Frank told me he was giving me an opportunity to anchor the top 400 freestyle relay in one of my last home meets at Yale. The feeling of winning that relay and seeing Frank on deck after the race has always been a great source of pride.</p>	<p>Midway through my senior year I contemplated quitting the team. I went to Frank's office and he said 2 things I will never forget. It has taken a lot for you to hang in there for this long. If you quit you will regret it forever and then with a grin, he said take your equipment I will see you in the pool. After suffering hypothermia at the practice pool because of low water temps during a morning practice I came back for afternoon practice after spending several hours in DUH with Molly Meyer. I told Frank that Molly said to take it easy. He said great you have been doing that all year!</p>	<p>Shortly before Frank passed away, I spoke with him on the phone. I told him how much he had meant to me. He was definitely winded but he took a breath and said it was always about the great memories of all the wonderful kids he coached at Yale that filled him with so much pride.</p>
<p><b>Gary Langhans '88 Armonk, NY</b> I was an age group swimmer for the Sharks out of Greenwich, Connecticut. Swimming at the Yale pools getting to know Frank was part of growing up swimming in the state.</p>	<p>In addition to being a coach, Frank became a mentor, a friend and an additional parent. Along with my parents, Frank was always someone I wanted to make proud and someone who's praise always made me feel accomplished.</p>	<p>There are too many memories to recall. But if there was one thing, it was the pride that he had in the multitude of swimmers he coached when he would recall them from prior years. A smile would come across his face that spoke volumes.</p>	<p>I will always remember the sound of Frank yelling my last name, "LANGHANS!"</p>	<p>Yale without Frank is just different. I loved Yale and still love coming back whenever I get the chance, but I think each visit to Yale was as much about seeing Frank and getting his approval for whatever was going on in my life as it was about being back on campus. E has been a part of my life for over 45 years. He will be greatly missed.</p>



<p><b>Lisa O'Dell Rapuano '88 Baltimore, MD</b> I first met Frank on my recruiting trip to Yale in 1984. He was my coach for four years at Yale and we went through a lot together.</p>	<p>Frank let me come around to my commitment to swimming, and when I did, I was all in. If he had pushed me, I think I would have never allowed myself to commit. He was undoubtedly in my corner. He made me feel like I could do anything. At the same time, he didn't really know how to coach a sprinter, so I had to nudge him and give him guidance, which was an interesting experience. But he listened! And as a girl from Cocoa Beach Florida who had never heard of Yale before I applied, this gave me a profound level of self reliance I never knew I had.</p>	<p>My favorite memories are sort of an amalgam of him playing a Foreigner cassette in the practice pool, the ridiculous sets written on the chalkboard and no doubt 8x4x4 warm up.</p>		
<p><b>Sal Hazday '93 Chicago, Illinois</b> I swam for Frank my freshman and sophomore years</p>	<p>He gave me a chance to build incredibly important friendships through shared hard work</p>	<p>Him grabbing me by the back of my suit on the blocks to get me to jump further/faster/who knows?!!!</p>	<p>Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out.</p>	<p>I appreciated his dedication to Yale and to our program</p>

<p><b>Siobhan Donofrio '90 Boston, MA</b> I swam for Frank at Yale 1986-1990 but I knew him before that from growing up swimming in CT.</p>		<p>My favorite memory of Frank was when he decided that he was going to go on a diet and lose weight my Freshman year. He set up a stationary bike on the pool deck of the Ex pool, and coached us while riding it. I don't think that lasted too long - maybe only a few days. The bike disappeared and I saw him drinking a diet coke and eating a Snickers bar soon after.</p>		<p>I know a lot of people talk about what a tough coach he was. He definitely had high standards and yelled if he thought a swimmer wasn't giving their best effort. But, he also had a soft side. If he liked you, he could surprise you with kindness, especially after you graduated. I walked into his office years after I graduated and found he had placed the birth announcement and photo I sent him of my first child under the glass that topped his desk. I don't recall how many years it was there, but it was very heartwarming to see.</p>
<p><b>Kate Bazemore '93 Boerne, TX</b> While looking at colleges during my senior year of high school, I immediately connected with Frank and his coaching style. As a swimmer I, like so many others, spent hours in his office talking about swimming and non-swimming related life. The team was my home.</p>	<p>Frank was a role model for me, demonstrating consistency and the importance of commitment. I returned again and again to his teaching when I faced a challenge.</p>	<p>His psych speech before our meet with Princeton our senior year was just EPIC. We were united as a team, knew we had a chance to really do something special, and Frank put our eyes on the prize. He was an absolute class act of a competitor and coach.</p>		

<p><b>Steve Johnson '92 Kennett Square, PA</b> I owe my life to Frank. Literally. In the summer of ~1962, Frank brought Dad (Tom Johnson), an emerging talent for Aronimink and Suburban swim clubs, to swim in the 50-meter pool at Philadelphia Country Club, where he also coached Mom (Stephanie Walsh) in the summers. Dad and Mom met, got married, hatched my brother, and I soon followed. I imagine I'm not Frank's only second-generation swimmer, but I'll stake a claim to being the first.</p>	<p>Yale immeasurably changed my life, and Frank alone was responsible. I was an unheralded recruit – for good reason. But I had genetic potential and I swam for George Breen, Frank's best friend. Frank often told me that recruiting me was like buying a lottery ticket — if I had half my parents' talent, he'd have won. He'd then shake his head and tell me I didn't have half their talent! We butted heads early on, but he pushed me to the edge and I gained confidence by doing the work and seeing the results. And I always felt his support, even if it was often accompanied by a kick in the ass.</p>	<p>Frank was in his element on the pool deck, but he was really in his element at his house in Drexel Hill, PA every December 26th, where he and Kathy hosted a party for his swimmers. Kathy was her consistently beautiful and gracious self, and Frank, of course, held court, a luminary amidst Olympians, World Champions, and winners both inside and outside of the pool. I was typically the youngest of his swimmers there, and it was a gift to see a life beyond swimming with Frank and how much his former swimmers loved him and how much he loved them back. I miss those parties, and I miss Frank.</p>	<p>Frank's periodic mangling of the English language was the source of great amusement on the pool deck. To start, he mispronounced Toyin Fayemi's name for an entire year. But my favorite "Did he really just say that?" story comes from one high energy speech before an early season practice in the upstairs pool. Frank was on a roll, with one call to greatness after another, all leading to the payoff exhortation: "We're going to turn this program around 360 degrees!" Greg Reihman and I turned slowly toward each other, raised a quizzical eye, and somehow managed to stifle a full-on laugh.</p>	<p>I have a particularly fond memory of breakfast with my wife Penny and Frank at 2004 Olympic Trials in Long Beach, California. Frank's stories were constantly interrupted by fellow diners sharing well-wishes; it felt special to have Frank all to ourselves for 90 minutes. It was a joy later to introduce him to our kids – one of whom swam for Westtown School against Frank's Shipley School team at the Friends School League championships. He wasn't precisely a third-generation swimmer for Frank, but it was close enough for me.</p>
<p><b>Mike Englesbe '93 Ann Arbor, MI</b></p>	<p>Frank masterfully balanced tough and kind. He was the ideal coach. I am so very grateful to have spent 4 years with him. At Yale, he was really the only "adult" who I knew I could always rely on if I was struggling.</p>		<p>I could barely ever understand him when he bellowed out commands at poolside.</p>	

<p><b>Mike Faro '93 Wilton, CT</b> Met him for the first time on my recruiting trip to Yale, but got to know him meaningfully my Freshman year on the Swim Team.</p>	<p>Frank improved my endurance and made me work harder. My high school program wasn't very robust, and I had trouble making the adjustment to college swimming. Almost every evening after practice when I was a freshman I would have dinner and then go back to my room and just sit on my couch for an hour. I was so tired from the workout that I literally couldn't move! I just wasn't used to the yardage. But by the end of that year I had adapted and finished with lifetime bests in every event that I swam.</p>	<p>Throwing Frank into the pool after the very first HYP meet in 1993 because we won the Ivy League for the first time in 20 years. We had come VERY close the year before but just couldn't get past Princeton. Beating them...and winning the league...is something I'll always remember.</p>	<p>Not a specific phrase, but I remember that Frank's pre-meet speeches (especially for home meets) were always super inspiring. When we'd walk out of the Team Room single file doing the coordinated clapping we were all really pumped up because of the speech we'd just heard Frank deliver.</p>	<p>When I showed up at Yale in the fall of 1989 there were 14 freshmen on the Men's Team. Only 4 of us made it to the end of our senior season. As you all know, swimming is a very hard sport. And Frank was a hard man. He kicked my a\$\$ for three years. But in the fourth year he backed off. I think he was aware of the high attrition rate, so if you made it to your senior season he became a pretty nice guy. But looking back, I am so glad for the a\$\$-kicking. Anyone who survived a Frank Keefe workout (especially the ones where he screamed in your face) is better for it now. I certainly am.</p>
<p><b>Lyn Askey Jutronich '94 Solana Beach, CA</b> Recruiting trip senior year of Hs, then swam all four years at Yale</p>	<p>He was a tough but caring coach. Always strived to get the best out of you and pushed past where I thought I could go. Made me a stronger person.</p>		<p>Not one in particular stands out. Just all the crazy sayings he had!</p>	<p>He wrote my first recommendation letter after graduation, and it was apparently really good. I was really touched.</p>

<p><b>Kristin Krebs-Dick '93 Florence, Italy</b> Frank was the first person I ever met from Yale. I was a high school senior and planned to apply. No one from my school had ever gone to Yale, and I knew noone who had ever attended. Frank was there in the stands at a regional meet where I was swimming. One of my coaches brought me up the stairs to meet him. He was wearing a navy blue jacket with the Yale crest embroidered. He had his trademark glasses. My 17-year-old-self remembers him as authoritative and kind, and that he made me realize Yale could be a possibility for me.</p>	<p>I don't think I appreciated how Frank impacted my life until I was older. Technically he transformed my stroke, and over the course of my career at Yale my performance improved dramatically. I grew to appreciate that he moderated how he interacted with and motivated his swimmers based on how he assessed they responded best. When I decided to stay in New Haven and train the summer before my senior year, he was there for me, giving individual workouts, and helping me see I could become an even strong contributor to the team. After I graduated, I appreciated his friendship through the years.</p>	<p>Most definitely it is the meet where we came to Princeton to beat them and did. We warmed up at a pool nearby - not in their pool - and then appeared at the top of the stands where Frank gave us his pre-meet talk - the Princeton band had been called to play. It was like they were playing for us - at the conclusion of his talk, Frank proceeded to rip off his shirt and growl (or yell?). We went crazy! I have to check but this should have been early spring? of 1992.</p>	<p>He had what we considered catch phrases depending on the season. T-shirts filled with these phrases have been made and worn... Ride the Bus... Get on the Bus... was one of the more memorable things. I also remember that he would wear different colored socks of the teams we were going to compete against. He was stomping the competition out on the day of the meet.</p>	
<p><b>Alexis Lerner '95 Larchmont NY</b> I swam at Yale for Frank from 1991-95</p>	<p>My fondness for Frank began my senior year and continued for decades.... I was so scared of him for much of my time as his swimmer. But with maturity I realized he cared for me as a person beyond my ability to swim fast and I loved catching up with him as I became an adult and ventured back to campus for career development events.</p>	<p>After I graduated I came back to run a roundtable discussion about careers for the team and he gave me a big bear hug and told me how proud he was of me and that he knew I was going to do great things in life but that coming back to Yale to help others was one of the best.</p>	<p>"You gotta do what you gotta do when you gotta do it" From 2/17/95 at Ivys (we won)</p>	

<p><b>Eva Scalzo '94</b>  <b>Newport Beach, CA</b>  Swam for Frank Keefe at Yale 1990-1994</p>	<p>I would have never made the US National Swim Team and had the opportunity to train at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs without Frank. After our regular Yale swim season, he dedicated hours upon hours off season to help me train and win a spot on the US National Team. I am forever indebted to him for this experience. He believed in me and my abilities but more importantly taught me to believe in myself and that I could accomplish anything which I've carried forward in every aspect of my life.</p>	<p>Winning the Ivy League Title in 1992.</p>	<p>I know you can go faster.</p>	
<p><b>David Antonelli '98</b>  <b>Montclair, NJ</b>  was on the swim team when he coached</p>	<p>Frank was a key reason why I wanted to go to Yale. This made a big impact on my life. He had high expectations and was 100% in your corner. He even helped me after college when I was trying to figure out what career I wanted to pursue. He sat down with me in a local establishment, heard me out and gave great advice. It was clear how much he cared.</p>	<p>It was probably the first time that I met him, when he graciously chatted with me and my dad on our college visits. It meant a lot, and was a key reason I wanted to go to Yale.</p>		

<p><b>Nikki Kolhoff '94</b>  <b>Santa Monica, CA</b>  Swimming for Yale 1990-1994.</p>	<p>I am lucky to have been coached by Frank, in the pool and in life. The program he ran at Yale was very special and our lives were better for it. Frank was tough and also very funny, and he really cared about his swimmers as people. He was a father figure for many of us since he was the adult we spent the most time with during those formative years. We kicked off each season with pizza at Yorkside followed by a midnight game of sharks &amp; minnows as soon as NCAA let us in the pool. He ran a combined men's and women's program, which Yale uniquely continues today.</p>	<p>After studying abroad all junior year and not swimming, I asked Frank if I could come back, but to swim butterfly instead of backstroke. I had been a flyer in high school, but Yale had a lot flyers so I swam backstroke freshman and sophomore years. Frank asked, "Why do you want to swim butterfly?" I said, "Because it feels better." He said, "I like that answer. Welcome back."</p>		
<p><b>Steven Gold '99</b>  <b>Jacksonville FL</b>  As a coach</p>	<p>Frank impacted my life in many ways but most notably in allowing me to continue to be part of the team while sick or injured which allowed me to ultimately drop time and score for the team in the major meets.</p>	<p>Him wearing his beaten up "Y" sport jacket with holes and wrinkles to every meet until we surprised him with our senior gift of a new "Y" sport coat from J Press as our senior gift. He just lite up in appreciation.</p>	<p>"Goldie" he called me that .... ready to kick some butt today? (meet days)</p>	<p>Just still remember his warm ups 5,4,3,2,1 or 4,3,2,1 ....</p>
<p><b>Ilene Solomon '02</b>  <b>Toronto, Canada</b>  1998-2002</p>			<p>"We are the most normal team in the Ivy League"</p>	

<p><b>Tom Stebbins '96</b>  <b>Los Angeles, CA</b>  I met Frank when I started training club at Yale in my junior year of high school. He was always the imposing, scary guy in the office just off the ExPool pool deck.</p>	<p>Gave me admission to my favorite University in the World!</p>	<p>My favorite memory of Frank was the pre-meet speech he gave the team prior to the Cornell dual meet (maybe junior year?), when he was wearing red socks and started stomping around the middle of the room screaming about how we were going to stomp those guys all the way back to Ithaca! That one or the one time on the way home from Penn and we got just outside Philly and he told the bus driver this was good enough and jumped out of the bus on 95 at a dark exit in the snow to walk home to visit his wife(?). This part was never clear....typical Frank!</p>		<p>Just that once getting to know Frank, long after being an athlete, how concerned and caring he was for all of his athletes. He always pushed for you to be the best version of yourself. Not always in the kindest, gentlest, or smoothest way, but it was the best way he knew how.</p>
<p><b>Matt Lee '11</b>  <b>Columbus, OH</b>  Swam for him for 4 years</p>	<p>Frank taught me to never be intimidated by anyone. He had high expectations for us and sometimes I'd get frustrated when I thought I was doing enough, but he knew I could give more. I remember his steadfast dedication to Kathy. He was a man of great love and dedication. Those are lessons I'll keep carrying with me.</p>	<p>We were still in college I think it was for the 110 year YSD celebration? It was incredible to see all the people whose lives Frank had positively impacted. I'm glad we got to show him our appreciate at that time</p>	<p>Success is being the best you can be</p>	



<p><b>Brendan Woo '08 New Haven, CT</b> I met Frank on a visit to Yale. I think he was about 20 minutes into a spiel on SAT scores before I said anything!</p>	<p>In high school, my club coach told me I would not be able to swim at Yale. Frank told me I could, so I did and it was the most important formative experience I had in college.</p>	<p>The pools were poorly maintained, causing respiratory issues across the team, and no one was doing anything about it. After a couple years, I got a test kit, gathered data that showed the chemical balance was wrong, and submitted it to the Athletics Director. Not long after, I was asked to attend a meeting with some Athletics and Facilities staff. I asked Frank if he was going, and he said in his gruffest, grumpiest, surliest Frank voice, "I don't attend meetings with students." He was at the meeting, of course, and offered me a ride back afterwards. His bark was worse than his bite!</p>	<p>"8-4-4" "Lights on lights off" "My name is Frank. If you call me Coach, I'll think you don't know my name."</p>	<p>Each year on Commencement, Frank would watch the parade on Elm St. and hand out bagels to the swimmers as they passed by. But he also seemed to know half the people in the procession, and he'd spend the time between swimmers shouting wisecracks at most of the senior university officials.</p>
<p><b>Steph Wriede Morawski Harvard Women's Swim Coach 1997-2023</b></p>	<p>"Frank Keefe was an Ambassador for the sport and a mentor to younger coaches. I always appreciated Frank's friendly and supportive advice as well as the good sportsmanship that he exhibited. I'm thankful to have known him. He was a legend."</p>			

**Maura Costin Scalise  
Harvard Women's Swim  
Coach 1984-1997**

"Frank Keefe was one of the best coaches in the country. He was a fantastic role model and clever motivator for all his swimmers. As an opposing coach, he was the most challenging coach to beat due to his ability to have his swimmers prepared and improving every year! He also had an uncanny ability to maneuver his lineup as the meet was in progress which was always a challenge! Sometimes it was easier beating a top-20 team than beating Frank. He was a smart, thoughtful, and wonderful person and a very respected coach. I learned a great deal from Frank Keefe and was a better coach because of him."

<p><b>Jim Henry</b>  <b>New Haven, CT</b>  I first met Frank when I took the Peddie School job in 1995. As a young 26 year old coach coach 26, who was living away from Texas for the first time in my adult life, Frank took me under his wing with regular calls and check-ins. It was uplifting to see him at meets along the east coast, and at national competitions. Our thirty year friendship continued over time and became closer when I came to Yale in 2012.</p>	<p>Frank's mentoring &amp; advice guided me especially in my early years getting to know YSD. His storytelling over meals with me, normally at Yorkside or Tommy Sullivan's was a crash course in all that was YSD. He visited the team every year to give his unique perspective &amp; words of wisdom. I relied on his regular phone calls for laughs, strategy, and support. Always direct and to the point, Franks never was one to beat around the bush. Frank had definitely been there and done that and his experience was invaluable. His friendship was immeasurable.</p>	<p>Sitting in his booth at Yorkside discussing the sets he used to give the team during training trip.</p>	<p>He would call me after every Ivies and HYP to tell me how proud he was of me, and the team. It was the same message regardless of how we actually did. I looked forward to that call. I kept a voicemail on my phone from him that I play ever so often when I want to hear his voice again.</p>	<p>I don't think I would have come to Yale without Frank's help and encouragement. I am grateful for his willingness to help me time and time again.</p>
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