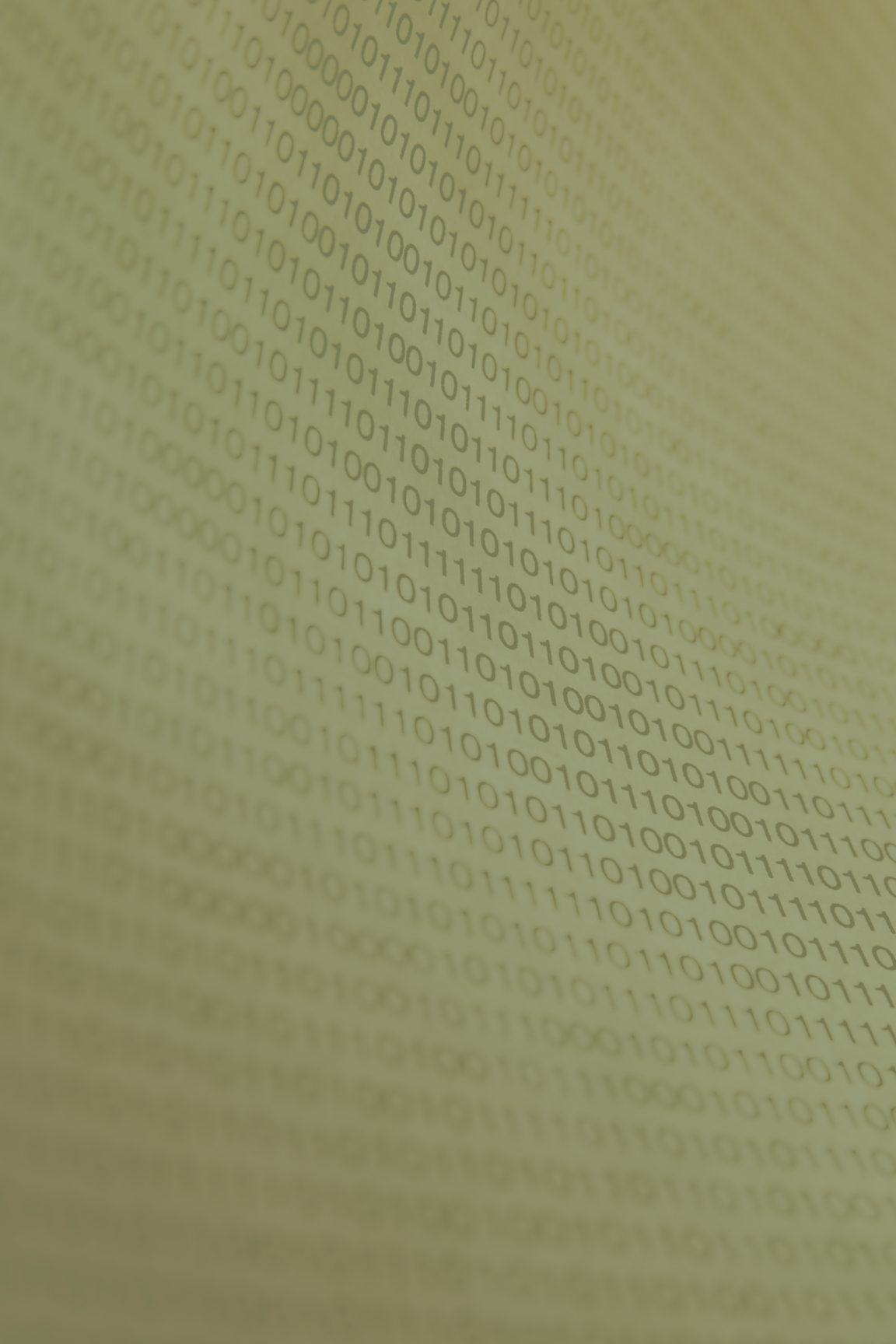
Catherine Ward Bishir

REBORN DIGITAL

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Chapel Hill, North Carolina • 16 May 2018



Catherine Ward Bishir

REBORN DIGITAL

Together with Tributes to Catherine Ward Bishir
on the Occasion of Her Acceptance
of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2018

16 May 2018

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS
Number 58
Jeffrey J. Crow, Editor

Wilson Library • Campus Box 3930 • Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890
www.ncsociety.org

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Introduction

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Wilson Library • Campus Box 3930 • Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890
Telephone (919) 962-1172 • Fax (919) 962-4452
www.ncsociety.org

Chartered on 11 September 1975 as a private nonprofit corporation under provisions of Chapter 55A of the General Statutes of North Carolina, the North Caroliniana Society is dedicated to the promotion of increased knowledge and appreciation of North Carolina's heritage through the encouragement of scholarly research and writing in and teaching of state and local history, literature, and culture; publication of documentary materials, including the numbered, limited-edition North Caroliniana Society Imprints and North Caroliniana Society Keepsakes; sponsorship of professional and lay conferences, seminars, lectures, and exhibitions; commemoration of historic events, including sponsorship of markers and plaques; and through assistance to the North Carolina Collection of UNC-Chapel Hill and other cultural organizations with kindred objectives. The Society is administered by an entirely volunteer staff and a motto of "Substance, not Show."

Founded by H.G. Jones and incorporated by Jones, William S. Powell, and Louis M. Connor Jr., who soon were joined by a distinguished group of North Carolinians, the Society was limited to a hundred members for the first decade. It elects from time to time additional individuals meeting its strict criterion of "adjudged performance" in service to their state's culture—i.e., those who have demonstrated a continuing interest in and support of the historical, literary, and cultural heritage of North Carolina. The Society, a tax-exempt organization under provisions of Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, expects continued service from its members, and for its programs it depends upon the contributions, bequests, and devises of its members and friends. Its IRS number is 56-1119848. The Society administers a fund, given in 1987 by the Research Triangle Foundation in honor of its retiring board chairman and the Society's longtime president, from which more than 400 Archie K. Davis Fellowships have been awarded for research in North Carolina's historical and cultural resources. The Society also sponsors the North Caroliniana Book Award, recognizing a book that best captures the essence of North Carolina; the William Stevens Powell Award to a senior student who has contributed most to an understanding of the history and traditions of The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; and the H.G. Jones North Carolina History Prizes for winners in the National History Day competition.

continued

A highlight of the Society's year is the presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award to an individual or organization for long and distinguished service in the encouragement, production, enhancement, promotion, and preservation of North Caroliniana. Starting with Paul Green, the Society has recognized Albert Coates, Sam J. Ervin Jr., Sam Ragan, Gertrude S. Carraway, John Fries Blair, William and Ida Friday, William S. Powell, Mary and James Semans, David Stick, William M. Cochrane, Emma Neal Morrison, Burke Davis, Lawrence F. London, Frank H. Kenan, Charles Kuralt, Archie K. Davis, H.G. Jones, J. Carlyle Sitterson, Leroy T. Walker, Hugh M. Morton, John L. Sanders, Doris Betts, Reynolds Price, Richard H. Jenrette, Wilma Dykeman, Frank Borden Hanes Sr., Maxine Swalin, Elizabeth Vann Moore, W. Trent Ragland Jr., W. Dallas Herring, John Hope Franklin, Betty Ray McCain, Joseph F. Steelman, William B. Aycock, Fred Chappell, Henry E. and Shirley T. Frye, Robert W. and Jessie Rae Scott, James E. Holshouser Jr., Bland Simpson, Lindsay C. Warren Jr., Lee Smith, Thomas W. Lambeth, Myrick Howard, Herb Jackson, Willis P. Whichard, H. David Bruton, Catherine Ward Bishir, and, on its sesquicentennial, the North Carolina Collection.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 2018

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ABOVE: The original cup is in the North Carolina Collection at UNC-Chapel Hill's Wilson Library.

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD RECIPIENTS

1978 — Paul Green
1979 — Albert Coates
1980 — Sam J. Ervin Jr.
1981 — Sam Ragan
1982 — Gertrude Sprague Carraway
1983 — John Fries Blair
1984 — William C. & Ida H. Friday
1985 — William S. Powell
1986 — Mary D.B.T. & James H. Semans
1987 — David Stick
1988 — William McWhorter Cochrane
1989 — Emma Neal Morrison
1990 — Burke Davis
1991 — Lawrence F. London
1992 — Frank Hawkins Kenan
1993 — Charles Kuralt
1994 — H.G. Jones
1994 — Archie K. Davis
1994 — North Carolina Collection
1995 — J. Carlyle Sitterson
1995 — LeRoy T. Walker
1996 — Hugh MacRae Morton
1997 — John L. Sanders
1998 — Doris Waugh Betts
1999 — Reynolds Price
2000 — Richard H. Jenrette
2001 — Wilma Dykeman
2002 — Frank Borden Hanes Sr.
2003 — Maxine Swalin
2004 — Elizabeth Vann Moore
2004 — W. Trent Ragland Jr.
2005 — W. Dallas Herring
2005 — John Hope Franklin
2006 — Betty Ray McCain
2006 — Joseph F. Steelman

continued

2007 — William B. Aycock
2007 — Fred Chappell
2008 — Henry E. & Shirley T. Frye
2008 — Robert & Jessie Rae Scott
2009 — James E. Holshouser Jr.
2010 — Bland Simpson
2011 — Lindsay C. Warren Jr.
2012 — Lee Smith
2013 — Thomas W. Lambeth
2014 — Myrick Howard
2015 — Herb Jackson
2016 — Willis P. Whichard
2017 — H. David Bruton
2018 — Catherine Ward Bishir

NORTH CAROLINIANA IMPRINTS, NUMBERS 1-58 (1978-2018)

No. 1. *An Evening at Monticello: An Essay in Reflection* (1978) by Edwin M. Gill

No. 2. *The Paul Green I Know* (1978) by Elizabeth Lay Green

No. 3. *The Albert Coates I Know* (1979) by Gladys Hall Coates

No. 4. *The Sam Ervin I Know* (1980) by Jean Conyers Ervin

No. 5. *Sam Ragan* (1981) by Neil Morgan

No. 6. *Thomas Wolfe of North Carolina* (1982) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 7. *Gertrude Sprague Carraway* (1982) by Sam Ragan

No. 8. *John Fries Blair* (1983) by Margaret Blair McCuiston

No. 9. *William Clyde Friday and Ida Howell Friday* (1984) by Georgia Carroll Kyser and William Brantley Aycock

No. 10. *William S. Powell, Historian* (1985) by David Stick and William C. Friday

No. 11. *"Gallantry Unsurpassed"* (1985) edited by Archie K. Davis

No. 12. *Mary and Jim Semans, North Carolinians* (1986) by W. Kenneth Goodson

No. 13. *The High Water Mark* (1986) edited by Archie K. Davis

No. 14. *Raleigh and Quinn: The Explorer and His Boswell* (1987) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 15. *A Half Century in Coastal History* (1987) by David Stick

No. 16. *Thomas Wolfe at Eighty-seven* (1988) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 17. *A Third of a Century in Senate Cloakrooms* (1988) by William McWhorter Cochrane

No. 18. *The Emma Neal Morrison I Know* (1989) by Ida Howell Friday

No. 19. *Thomas Wolfe's Composition Books* (1990) edited by Alice R. Cotten

No. 20. *My Father, Burke Davis* (1990) by Angela Davis-Gardner

No. 21. *A Half Century with Rare Books* (1991) by Lawrence F. London

No. 22. *Frank H. Kenan: An Appreciation* (1992) edited by Archie K. Davis

No. 23. *Growing Up in North Carolina*, by Charles Kuralt, and *The Uncommon Laureate*, by Wallace H. Kuralt (1993)

No. 24. *Chancellors Extraordinary: J.Carlyle Sitterson and LeRoy T. Walker* (1995) by William C. Friday and Willis P. Whichard

No. 25. *Historical Consciousness in the Early Republic* (1995) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 26. *Sixty Years with a Camera* (1996) by Hugh M. Morton

No. 27. *William Gaston as a Public Man* (1997) by John L. Sanders

No. 28. *William P. Cumming and the Study of Cartography* (1998) edited by Robert Cumming

No. 29. *My Love Affair with Carolina* (1998) by Doris Waugh Betts

No. 30. *A Single but Huge Distinction* (1999) by Reynolds Price

No. 31. *Richard Jenrette's Adventures in Historic Preservation* (2000) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 32. *Sketches in North Carolina USA 1872 to 1878* (2001) by Mortimer O. Heath; edited by H.G. Jones

No. 33. *Roots and Branches* (2001) by Wilma Dykeman

No. 34. *Glimmers in the Gloaming* (2002) by Frank Borden Hanes Sr.

No. 35. *Coming of Age in North Carolina's Fifth Century*, by Maxine Swalin and *The North Carolina Symphony*, by John L. Humber (2003)

No. 36. *Reflections* (2004) by W. Trent Ragland Jr.

No. 37. *Photographers in North Carolina: The First Century, 1842-1941* (2004) Essays by Stephen E. Massengill, H.G. Jones, Jesse R. Lankford

No. 38. *North Carolina Conundrum* (2005) by John Hope Franklin

No. 39. *Poetical Geography of North Carolina* (1887; 2006) by Needham Bryan Cobb

No. 40. *The Goodliest Land* (2006) by Betty Ray McCain

No. 41. *Hayes: The Plantation, Its People, and Their Papers* (2007) by John G. Zehmer Jr.

No. 42. *Center of the Universe* (2007) by Fred Chappell

No. 43. *William B. Aycock: Our Champion* (2007) by Judith W. Wegner

No. 44. *Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina* (2008) by William S. Price Jr.

No. 45. *Robert Scott and the Preservation of North Carolina History* (2009) by H.G. Jones

No. 46. *A Historic Occasion* (2009) by Shirley Taylor Frye and Henry E. Frye

No. 47. *Surprise of the Century* (2009) by James E. Holshouser Jr.

No. 48. *The Colonial Records of North Carolina* (2010) edited by William S. Price Jr.

No. 49. *The Grandfathers* (2010) by Bland Simpson

No. 50. *A Resumé of Two Historic Adventures* (2011) by Lindsay C. Warren Jr.

No. 51. *Faces and Places of My Heart* (2012) by Lee Smith

No. 52. *A Love Affair with an Entire State* (2013) by Thomas W. Lambeth

No. 53. *Why Historic Preservation Matters* (2014) by Myrick Howard

No. 54. *A Place to Dig* (2015) by Herb Jackson

No. 55. *David Lowry Swain and the University of North Carolina, 1835-1868* (2016) by Willis P. Whichard

No. 56. *A North Carolina Country Boy* (2017) by H. David Bruton

No. 57. *Faith Perspectives: Essays about Religion in North Carolina* (2018) edited by Glenn Jonas

No. 58. *Reborn Digital* (2018) by Catherine Ward Bishir

Jerry Cotten

Jerry Cotten

Jerry Cotten

Jan Hensley

Jan Hensley

FIRST ROW: *James W. Clark Jr.*
SECOND ROW: *James Broomall, William A. Link*
THIRD ROW: *Timothy B. Burnett, Archie H. Davis*

Archie K. Davis Fellowship Celebration, 1988-2018

JAMES W. CLARK JR.

Welcome to the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the Archie K. Davis Fellowship program, sponsored by the North Caroliniana Society. I'm James W. Clark, society president. It gives me both pleasure and pride to introduce to you Dr. H. G. Jones, whose idea of this afternoon session has come to fruition. He is here with us to enjoy it. Also present is Jason Tomberlin with whom individual fellows have often interacted in recent years. More than four hundred Davis Fellowships have been funded since 1988.

By the flowers at the front of the stage is a white binder of statements by more than one hundred of these former Davis Fellows. One of these fellows is your mistress of ceremonies. Dr. Margaret Bauer has won three Davis Fellowships. She occupies the Rives endowed chair at East Carolina University and is the editor of the *North Carolina Literary Review*. Dr. Bauer will lead us through presentations by Dr. William A. Link, a former fellow himself, and Mr. Archie H. Davis, the son of the scholar and business leader for whom the program is named.

Introduction of William A. Link

JAMES BROOMALL

It is my great pleasure to introduce today's speaker, Professor William A. Link. "Bill," as most everyone in this room knows him, is the Richard J. Milbauer Professor in the Department of History at the University of Florida. He earned his Ph.D. in 1981 from the University of Virginia and has had a distinguished career since leaving Charlottesville. Bill is something of a polymath, having written on

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nineteenth- and twentieth-century southern education, the Progressives, the secession crisis, Civil War-era Atlanta, North Carolina politician Jesse Helms, and, of course, dearest to this audience, William C. Friday. To further endear him to the Carolina family, he is now working on a biography of Frank Porter Graham. Threaded throughout these works is an interest in power and its manifestations across time and space. His reputation is international in scope even if his demeanor is defined by humility. He has conducted yeoman service to professional organizations such as the Organization of American Historians and the Southern Historical Association, which, I was thrilled to learn, Bill will lead as president in 2019. He is a familiar, friendly face at academic conferences and a trusted friend of colleagues near and far.

I first met Bill at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro where he spent twenty-three years on the faculty. And it was there where I first had him as a professor. In fact, I earned my lowest grade in grad school in one of his classes. I think it was an A-, maybe even a B+—Bill, do you still have those records? I say earned, not given, because, as I knew him then, Professor Link held exacting standards and I had much to learn. I went on, despite the bad grade, to work with Professor Link as a Ph.D. student at the University of Florida. By then I had read his first book, *A Hard Country and a Lonely Place: Schooling, Society, and Reform in Rural Virginia, 1870-1920* (1986), and his seminal study, *The Paradox of Southern Progressivism, 1880-1920* (1992). Professor Link became a trusted mentor—as well as a mean competitor on the racquetball courts. With time Professor Link became Bill, an affable, kind man, almost father-like. Yet, I continued to learn from him and through his works. Bill challenged us to rethink what we knew about the secession crisis and its origins in *Roots of Secession: Slavery and Politics in Antebellum Virginia*. He highlighted the rich history so many here love so dearly in *North Carolina: Change and Tradition in a Southern State*. And, quite remarkably, Bill turned his sights within for *Links: My Family in American History*. Not one to rest on his laurels, he went on to publish *Southern Crucible: The Making of an American Region* in which he fully displayed his writing acumen, gift for narrative, and remarkable historical and historiographical knowledge.

Bill is so prolific because his passion for the craft of the historian is so great. And that, I think, is why he continues to inspire students and scholars. I am one among many of his devoted advisees and the fierce allegiance with which we regard Bill is, I hope, a measure of our collective gratitude to a man who was always so much more than a mentor. Please join me in giving Professor William A. Link a warm reception.

William Friday, Archie Davis, and the UNC Ethos

WILLIAM A. LINK

I'm delighted to be a part of the thirtieth anniversary of the Davis Fellowship program. The dividends from this program, I'm happy to say, have been well worth the investment. I am proud to call myself a Davis Fellow, and also to call a number of my students the same. Today, anyone working in North Carolina history usually ends up with some sort of Davis support, and it continues to produce the best work in the field.

So I must thank the progenitors of this program for its unique and valuable contributions to scholarship and for keeping the flame of truth alive in these difficult times for the humanities and the study of history. And it is perfectly appropriate that we reflect on these two men, William C. Friday and Archie K. Davis, and their working partnership, considering their central importance in creating this vital program.

I should preface my remarks by saying that, in preparing this talk, I learned a lot more about the nature of this relationship. Most of my evidence comes from the oral-history interviews that I conducted thirty years ago—as well as the interviews done by the wonderful Southern Oral History Program here at the University of North Carolina. If I have too much of this material in my talk, forgive me. But I would like you all to hear the voices of these two men so that I can let them speak for themselves.

The Davis Fellowship program was and is, in many ways, the product of the same public spiritedness that helped to create the modern University of North Carolina in a state that, at the turn of the twentieth century, ranked among the two or three lowest in education, literacy, poverty, and economic underdevelopment. Somehow, this very poor state created one of the best public universities in the nation, and, furthermore, used higher education as an engine for economic development and social transformation. Between World War I and the 1960s, UNC underwent a sustained growth of faculty, students, and buildings, among other things, that transformed the institution from a sleepy southern institution to a world-class center of scholarship and innovation.

The key to this remarkable transformation was an unusual partnership—not really duplicated anywhere else in the country—between UNC leaders and North

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Carolina's leadership class. During the early twentieth century, some American public universities adopted radically different notions of their mission. The notion that the boundaries of the public university were also the boundaries of the state became a popular concept in Wisconsin as early as the 1890s. This so-called "Wisconsin Idea" involved state-building and modernization through universities; reformers used it to justify new interventions in social policy. A series of University of North Carolina presidents, beginning with Edward Kidder Graham (UNC president 1914-18), adopted the Wisconsin Idea, applying it more enthusiastically than any other southern state. What developed by the time of Graham's death—he was a victim of great influenza epidemic of 1918-19—was what might be called a "UNC ethos." And, pretty much, Edward Graham's successors—especially Harry Woodburn Chase, Frank Porter Graham, and Bill Friday—adopted the UNC ethos. His goal, Frank Porter Graham announced at his 1931 inauguration as UNC president, was to make UNC into a "stronghold of learning and an outpost of light and liberty among all the frontiers of mankind."

This stated goal—that the boundaries of the public university were also the boundaries of the state—meant that the university played a particular role in North Carolina's public affairs. The legislature regularly devoted a large portion of its resources to higher education, some would say at the expense of elementary and secondary education. Frequent struggles about the fate of public universities became central to the politics of modern North Carolina, and the state's leading newspapers devoted their best reporters to the higher education beat. University presidents, as a result of this high-stakes game, were major players who enjoyed substantial attention and, for the most part, the confidence of the political system.

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William C. Friday was born in July 1920 in Raphine, Virginia, though he grew up in the small Gaston County textile town of Dallas, North Carolina. Attending Wake Forest College for one year, Friday transferred to North Carolina State College, where he was graduated in 1941. After World War II, Friday attended UNC law school and, never practicing law, remained in Chapel Hill for the next seven decades, working first as an assistant dean of students, then as right-hand man to Frank Graham, and then as an assistant to Gordon Gray, Graham's successor as UNC president. In 1956, at the ripe age of thirty-five, Friday became UNC president, serving in that capacity for the next thirty years.

As UNC president, Friday fully accepted and even expanded the UNC ethos—that its mission lay beyond Chapel Hill in remaking the state, and in using academic

knowledge in a way that benefited the people of North Carolina. In an interview in January 1991, Friday explained how the UNC ethos shaped his presidency. In the eight years prior to becoming president, Friday internalized the Chapel Hill ethos, realizing that the generations of UNC leaders after Edward Kidder Graham's death in 1918 remained committed to the concept. Along with alumni supporters, UNC leaders constructed a network of public school people, editors, and librarians that stood ready to help the university through tough political times.

This was a distinct group of men—white men, all of them—who embraced and communicated an ethos of state service. As Friday said, this generation believed in "aggressive, intellect contact." It believed that, rather than being passive, in Friday's words, "Get to the people. Don't wait on them to come to you." All this resulted in an "enormously strong base of public support for Chapel Hill," he continued, and sustained UNC "in the days of the Monkey Bill debate, or the Speaker Ban Law, or any other stress point." The UNC ethos, Friday said, "brought out the faithful." These early and mid-twentieth century men communicated to the people of the state that the university not only cared for them "but [also] loved them and wanted them to stay in touch with them, and wanted to lock arms with them in the building of a better state." This was, Friday said, "an asset that was of enormous value."

Possibly the most skilled practitioner of the UNC ethos was Frank Porter Graham, who became president in 1930 and served for nineteen years. Full disclosure: I'm now working on a biography of Graham, and in my study of him, among other things, it's absolutely clear how he lived, breathed, and practiced the UNC ethos. Friday studied at his feet, literally, served as aide-de-camp and often as a driver (Graham, of course, didn't drive) while he was UNC president and when he campaigned for the U.S. Senate in 1950. According to Friday, Dr. Frank "moved right in" on the UNC ethos, massaged it, and in some respects perfected its practice. Expanding university extension in what was then known as the Greater University—Woman's College, State College, and Chapel Hill, all consolidated by legislative enactment in 1931—meant a wider reach.

But Frank Graham went further, expanding "even more fully the E. K. Graham attitude of relationship with the state." Graham worked tirelessly—"very strenuously," in Friday's words—"in that he'd go out and speak a lot to people." Graham was "always energizing situations that dealt with social action. . . . His contact points were everything from the church, . . . the school, the university, the public organization, the social organization." After World War II, according to Friday, Graham's "largest and most aggressive effort"—and the effort of many others—was the Good Health Program, which eventually began to transform the unhealthy conditions existing for most North Carolinians. The university "stretched the relationship" with the state, Friday told me. There was a "straight line," he said, between his predecessors at UNC, who articulated and refined the UNC ethos, affecting thousands of people who otherwise saw no relevance to what took place on university campuses.

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At the same time, Bill Friday developed a style quite unlike Frank Graham—less controversial and more managerial and consensual, better adapted to the ways modern organizations operate. But Friday, through his career, remained informed by a desire to make the university a part of the state's leadership structure. Under Friday's watch, UNC underwent the largest expansion in its history in terms of enrollment, faculty, facilities, and research and teaching. Between 1956 and 1986, UNC joined the ranks of comprehensive multi-campus systems in the country, as it expanded from three to sixteen campuses. For Friday, the modern public university now should have four functions. There were traditionally three functions in a university—teaching, research, campus service—and Friday articulated a fourth function, "extended service." Public universities, in order to succeed, had "to make the whole population its problem."

For Friday, the modern public university now should have four functions. There were traditionally three functions in a university—teaching, research, campus service—and Friday articulated a fourth function, "extended service." Public universities, in order to succeed, had "to make the whole population its problem."

While Friday attended Dallas High School, Archie Davis attended Woodberry Forest, the Virginia prep school. Like many others, he claimed a rich UNC heritage that included his father and grandfather, a Civil War veteran. Like his father and grandfather, as a freshman, Davis lived in the second floor of Old East. In an oral-history interview in 1991, he recalled that he dove into his schoolwork and the public life on campus. "I just couldn't get enough of it," he remembered, and the UNC experience "really took hold of me." Graduating Phi Beta Kappa in just three years, Davis was an academic star.

Davis experienced something of an intellectual transformation during his last year at UNC. In a fascinating oral history in October 1991, conducted by the Southern Oral History Program, he remembered two people who were especially influential. The first was Samuel Huntington Hobbs and his popular sociology course, "North Carolina: Social and Economic." Hobbs was a protégé of UNC rural economist Eugene C. Branson, and both men led the way in fulfilling the Wisconsin Idea and insisting that the obligation of the university was to serve the state. Davis recalled that Hobbs's course was "considered to be the finest crib course at the university," and it was possible to pass the course with putting in little effort. But for him the course "did as much for my future as any one course" by providing him with a "deep, abiding understanding of the problems that were affecting our state." He became "so fascinated" by the course and Hobbs that he "read everything I could get my hands on." As a result, when he graduated, though he had "always had a great love of North Carolina," Davis had developed a "sense of the problems we were facing, and probably would face."

The second person shaping Archie Davis was Christopher C. Crittenden, who

inspired another of Davis's lifelong loves, a love of history. Then a young and newly minted Ph.D. from Yale, Crittenden supervised Davis during his last term at UNC when he wrote a term paper on Moravian gardening in colonial North Carolina. Crittenden was so impressed with Davis's work that he encouraged him to go further in the study of history. He had made, Davis said, a "powerful impression" on me, and "there's no way you can repay the debt to the professors that have had that kind of grip on you."

Davis decided against graduate study, instead going on to a very successful career as president of Wachovia Bank, as well as developing leadership nationally in the banking community. When he retired in August 1974, forty years after encountering Crittenden, Davis followed his advice and began graduate school at UNC, where he wrote a master's thesis that became a book, *The Boy Colonel of the Confederacy: The Life and Times of Henry K. Burgwyn Jr.*, published by the University of North Carolina Press in 1985. Usually books that academic presses publish don't sell—a thousand copies is considered a best-seller. *The Boy Colonel of the Confederacy*, according to Davis, had sold more than 4,000 copies by the early 1990s.

As a side note, the University of North Carolina Press also greatly benefited from the Friday-Davis partnership. When it was established in 1922, the first university press in the South and one of the earliest in the nation, the press was seen as an important manifestation of the UNC ethos—a way to telegraph the intellectual activity, dynamism, and excitement of scholarship occurring on campus across the globe. At first, the press published primarily the work of UNC scholars, but eventually that expanded to include the work of scholars from around the world. Under the directorship of William T. Couch, it became a force in many different respects.

When Matt Hodgson took over as director in 1970—he would continue in that capacity for twenty-two years—he found a press with a distinguished history but with a great need for revitalization. It produced 27 titles in 1970, but by 1980, it was producing 58. Today, it produces 110. Even more important, the press suffered from a shaky financial situation in 1970, with a $500,000 debt. Hodgson later observed that, during his first week on the job, he was greeted by the faculty and by bill collectors the second.

UNC Press is now a jewel in the university's crown, and it ranks among the top presses in a variety of fields, thanks in some degree to the work of Friday and Davis. Financial support came in the 1970s as a result of major gifts from the Mellon Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Kenan Trust, and key individuals like Thornton Brooks and Fred Morrison. Later, in the 1990s, Friday helped to secure two major challenge grants from the William R. Kenan Trust. What became a significant endowment insulated the press from the changing economics of academic book publishing today, in which many university presses are on the verge of going under. There are a number of reasons

continued

this occurred, but certainly the Friday-Davis alliance played a part. Bill Friday was a long and steady supporter of the press, through thick and thin. When he retired, appropriately, in a house located directly across the street from the press, he often offered advice. Especially under Matt Hodgson, Friday became a cheerleader, sponsor, and fundraiser, but he continued this role with subsequent directors Kate Torrey and John Sher. Torrey remembered that Friday was "a source of much wisdom and knowledge about the press's relationship to the campus and the university," and in reminding people how essential the press was to the university's success. Kate noted that Friday would often "call with an idea or an answer to one of my questions, always opening the conversation with 'Hello, neighbor, how are you doing?'" Equally so, Davis became a dogged supporter, serving on its board and often working behind the scenes to improve its position. Both men worked especially hard to secure the financial position of the press.

Notably, Davis's book *Boy Colonel* reflected the strong interest that he and Hodgson shared in Civil War history. A new series from UNC Press, Civil War America, began attracting its first titles in 1987. The series started as a personal interest of Hodgson but was subsequently passed on to Gary Gallagher, then a young historian at Penn State University and later one of the nation's most prominent Civil War historians, just retired from the University of Virginia. The Civil War America series has become one of the primary venues for the best work in Civil War history—I published in it in 2003, as will Jim Broomall next year.

So, with Archie Davis, Bill Friday shared this same historical sense and the same reverence for history. I experienced Friday's reverence for the integrity of history first-hand. Nearly thirty years ago, I got into the enterprise of writing a biography of a living person when I decided to write about Bill Friday. It wasn't my idea.

So, with Archie Davis, Bill Friday shared this same historical sense and the same reverence for history. I experienced Friday's reverence for the integrity of history first-hand. Nearly thirty years ago, I got into the enterprise of writing a biography of a living person when I decided to write about Bill Friday. It wasn't my idea. In 1989, Matt Hodgson approached me at a meeting of the Southern Historical Association in Lexington, Kentucky, with a novel idea. He proposed that I write a study of Friday, yet enjoy his assistance with complete scholarly independence. I was skeptical. What person of Friday's stature would tolerate such a book without trying to control it? How could I maintain my scholarly independence? Matt set up a dinner meeting with Bill about a week later. Like most people who met him, I left charmed by his presence. He exuded integrity and vision. I also came away convinced that Friday wanted a biography but one that was written according to the standards of historical scholarship. At that dinner, in a sense, he conveyed to me his own interest in history and his dedication to preserve it.

Despite the skepticism of my wife about the nature of this project, I dove straight in. And I'm here to tell you that Bill Friday lived up to what he said. Never did he interfere, never did he keep any documents or leads from me, and never did he read a word that I'd written until the book was published. To me, that indicates a clear love of the value and integrity of history.

In the many hours that we spent together in the course of writing my book, I had the same experience as did most people who encountered him. Let me read here how Archie Davis described his personal touch. "How many people," Davis remarked to me in January 1990, "would come and go through his office . . . and . . . when you walked in, he shut the door and you sat down. He gave you his undivided attention. Always with his usual grace and charm, and a smile, and something pleasant to say—always a little joke of some kind. . . . [Friday] had this remarkable ability to get the confidence of people and take an interest in people simply because everybody knew that Bill Friday was not out for himself. He was for the state of North Carolina and the University of North Carolina."

This was also my experience—the personal contact, the empathy, and the ability to connect. But I was also amazed by two rather small things. The first was that Bill Friday loved Diet Coke, and, after working with him, I developed the habit—even the addiction—of drinking it too. So the usual pattern of our interactions in interviews in his office in the Kenan Center was that I was greeted with a Diet Coke, which I thought was a nice touch. (I've since weaned myself from the vice.) The other thing that amazed was his control of time and topic. There were a number of occasions when I used one tape cassette—we used those back in the dark ages—and, after I flipped the cassette over to Side B, it clicked off at exactly the time that he indicated that the interview had ended.

In many interviews, I never subsequently found a single occasion when he distorted the record, when I would check his interviews against an abundant documentary record. There were times when he was evasive, either from a lack of recall or perhaps because he didn't want to answer the question—in my experience, all human beings are guilty of this to varying degrees. Friday was a verbal person who enjoyed taking the measure of his companions and shaping the conversation in a way that made you feel that his friendship was real and that he was deeply concerned about you. He felt most at home in conversation, and the telephone was his frequent companion. His longtime assistant Zona Norwood once told me that the only time the normally cheery Bill Friday was in a bad mood was when the phone wasn't working.

From the beginning of my project on Friday, he provided me with the names of people as possible interview subjects. Not surprisingly, one of my first interviews, in January 1990, was on a visit to Archie Davis's home in Winston-Salem.

He was a good interview, but I was a little surprised that Davis wanted to begin with a written statement. Rereading what he had to say nearly thirty years later, I can see why he wanted this included in the record. In his statement, Davis

continued

described Bill Friday as an "intimate friend" of many years. In Davis's assessment, there was "no individual . . . that could match Bill Friday from the standpoint of his contribution in higher education." "For thirty years, Bill has been constantly exposed to the public . . . and political arena." There was, in his assessment, "no more highly respected citizen in the state." The Bill Friday of the 1990s was the same as the Bill Friday of the 1950s, Davis said. Practicing a "quiet diplomacy," he had the "highest integrity" and was "profoundly dedicated to whatever he . . . [undertook]."

In 1991, Friday described his long alliance with Davis. Friday and Davis did not share the "the same political philosophy at all." He said that Davis was a "very interesting man" who "had within him a very deep sense of social consciousness." They had a "mutual understanding" in which "we don't talk politics, . . . because we would disagree." But that didn't stop them from "building the relationship we have," which he described as one of the "truly greater experiences of my life." "There are not many people," Friday went on, "about whom you can use the word 'Christian.'" But that term applied to Davis, who never used a profane word and made his life about uplift—trying to "lift them up where they were."

But the two men also shared something perhaps more important—first, a faith in the importance of UNC and, second, what Friday called "a very strong desire to see that state move on." Over the course of thirty years, Bill recalled, "We played a little game with each other. He'd have something come along, [and] he'd try to talk me into doing it. And I would repay the compliment by getting him to do it."

Davis exhibited the same mutual regard, the same sense that the two men had an effective working relationship. There were "some issues on which we did not necessarily have the same point of view." But, Davis noted, Friday always permitted people to take opposing positions, and "he would handle it in such a fashion that whether you won, lost, or draw, you never wound up feeling that you'd been in an antagonistic confrontation with him." Friday, Davis said, was "a solid color philosophically." He also declared that he "never saw a man spend thirty years . . . taking care of a University with less concern for his personal welfare," and this meant he earned the "highest admiration," a person with whom it was "very seldom that you would go pointedly at odds."

Davis described one experience illustrating Friday's political style—and Davis's confidence in it. The 1960s were not a decade in which the tenure of university presidents lasted long. In February 1969, the mostly African American food workers at UNC went on strike, setting off the most serious campus protest in UNC history. Like the Speaker Ban of 1963, in which the legislature attempted to limit the allegedly leftist inclinations of UNC liberals, Friday's political problem was in communicating to a conservative legislature and a conservative board of trustees that free speech and independence at a university were something worth preserving. As the food workers' strike evolved into a more generalized protest by students in the Black Student Movement about, really, the heritage of white supremacy at UNC, Friday faced a similar challenge of warding off external interference. He was at least partially unsuccessful in March 1969, when the

mercurial governor, Robert W. Scott, sent in the state police to evict protesters from Lenoir Hall. But he was more successful in maintaining the support of trustees, despite their utter miscomprehension and suspicion about the Black Student Movement. As a member of the trustees' executive committee, Davis had a birds-eye view of where, prior to the expansion of the UNC system in 1972, the real decisions were made. He remembered that, during the food workers' strike, a "philosophic difference" emerged between trustees and Friday, though he admitted that Friday's insistence on university autonomy rallied support. "With a man like Bill Friday," who always worked "with great equanimity of spirit and attitude," Davis recalled, this crisis "could always be handled and finally worked out."

The same Bob Scott that sent in the state police to the UNC campus in 1969 also triggered the most significant structural change to UNC since the early 1930s—the transformation of the university system from a six-campus to a sixteen-campus system. During the 1960s, East Carolina University had become a formidable force in higher-education politics, and under its president, Leo Jenkins, it came to embody grievances that the old white teachers' colleges held against Chapel Hill, as well as the sense of grievance felt by the eastern part of the state. Scott decided to force a solution by bringing all campuses into a single system that would replace the old UNC system. Davis worked on a trustee committee and opposed the Scott move, because of Davis's reverence for Chapel Hill and his fear that the Scott restructuring plan would dilute UNC excellence. Friday's strategy was subtler. In part, he agreed that the divisive scramble for university resources in the legislature was likely a losing political battle. Although Davis was "very disappointed" in the complicated legislative politics of 1971, Friday was able to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat by ensuring UNC's lead position within the new system.

There will doubtless be others who will say more, but it's hard to imagine the successes of the North Caroliniana Society without the leadership and constant support of Friday and Davis.

The two men's partnership yielded a number of results that I want to discuss during the remainder of my talk. There will doubtless be others who will say more, but it's hard to imagine the successes of the North Caroliniana Society without the leadership and constant support of Friday and Davis. And the Davis Fellowships, notably, came from a donation of $500,000 from the Research Triangle Foundation (RTF), an investment that has, as I've said, reaped rich rewards over the years.

It was appropriate that RTF provided this support, considering how instrumental Davis and Friday were in the creation of what became the Research Triangle Park, perhaps the single most important generator of economic change in modern North Carolina. Indeed, it was there that their partnership, with all the characteristics that I've described, really came into being.

Friday's predecessor as UNC president, Gordon Gray—for whom Friday

continued

served as right-hand man—had become involved in early discussions in the mid-1950s about creating a new industrial complex, located in the pinelands east of Chapel Hill, that would draw on the research expertise of Carolina, Duke, and N.C. State. Governor Luther Hodges, along with business leaders such as Robert Hanes of Wachovia Bank, had spearheaded the effort. At first this was organized around a private land-development company, Pinelands, Inc.

But there were significant differences about the ways in which the relationship between private enterprise and academic research would be mediated. Originally, the plan began as a land-development idea; in the end, it became less a for-profit enterprise than an exercise in both economic development and independent research. At an especially crucial moment in these discussions, in August 1958, Archie Davis joined the discussion. Friday and Archie had first met sometime in 1958 or 1959, when Davis served in the North Carolina state senate. Davis remembered that Friday made a point of looking him up—at the suggestion of longtime UNC vice-president Billy Carmichael—while he was a state senator and about the time that he became president of Wachovia Bank. Now that relationship began to bring results.

Hanes, suffering from a terminal illness, had stepped down as head of Wachovia; Davis replaced him, joining the Research Triangle debate. Early on, Davis was spectacularly successful at raising money, and by the end of 1958, he had raised $1.5 million in startup funds, after tapping sixteen banks and insurance companies.

Friday's triumph, in the end, was the establishment of the Research Triangle Institute, which would exist as a research enterprise within the RTP structure. The key here was not that Davis and Friday agreed on all the details of this formula, but that they came together to support it in what was the first example of their partnership. Friday navigated the dangerous waters of academic enterprise; Davis provided crucial support in raising money and delivering the support of the business community.

I've simplified a very complex process a good deal here, but the point is that the Friday-Davis partnership was crucial in establishing what became Research Triangle and in making it an enterprise that extended university academic expertise to benefit the state through economic development.

The second example occurred about twenty years later. In the late 1970s, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences led an effort to establish a National Humanities Center somewhere in the country that would draw the very best scholars in the humanities on visiting fellowships. Academy officials were interested in locating the center in RTP, but there were also very competitive offers on the table from the University of Texas and the University of Michigan, among other places. Part of Friday's case about locating the National Humanities Center in the Triangle was that its academic sponsors would be three universities, not a single one, and that this might work to ensure that the center was not under the control of any one university.

During the summer of 1975, Friday and Davis swung into action and in sixty days were able to line up the crucial details of funding and the support of the three Triangle universities. In a familiar formula, Friday facilitated while Davis provided crucial support. In August 1975, Davis—who later recalled that he "was at home, minding my own business"—was summoned to a meeting at the Carolina Inn, summoned because he was president of RTF. He met with Friday and academy officials for four hours, which Davis later described as "four of the most fascinating hours I ever spent." Friday, making his pitch, argued that attracting the center to the Triangle would "advance higher education in this state by fifteen, twenty years, or more." Support came in the form of a fifteen-acre tract of land, while Friday also secured university financial support. RTF was willing to provide a site, but the crucial piece was Davis's ability to raise funds for the building, necessary to convince the academy, all completed in an astounding thirty-two days. On October 1, 1975, Davis flew to Boston to inform the academy that he and the RTF were committed to providing the land and building, and, in early 1976, the academy decided to locate the National Humanities Center in North Carolina. Subsequently, Davis spearheaded efforts to endow the NHC generously.

Friday described this incredible effort as "a long, steady, persistent effort" by both men, "working very hard to put this thing together." Davis later said that Friday's leadership was crucial, not only in working with the universities but in steering—often, subtly so—the project through sometimes treacherous political waters. He was always "willing to use his influence and his help and his guidance to the hundredth degree," according to Davis, "and you could just count on him for 100 percent support and help and advice. And if I had a problem, I would go and sit down and talk to Bill, knowing that if he knew the spirit in which I was coming—never had to apologize or explain anything." Friday clearly understood the nature of their friendship and alliance. The National Humanities Center was, Friday told him, "the same concerted activity that built the Park in the first place."

It's safe to say that there are few people around today of the caliber and commitment of Bill Friday and Archie Davis—selfless, committed to an ideal, able to break through large bureaucratic structures and accomplish great things that benefit many people.

It's safe to say that there are few people around today of the caliber and commitment of Bill Friday and Archie Davis—selfless, committed to an ideal, able to break through large bureaucratic structures and accomplish great things that benefit many people. This is what happened because of these two men. In Archie K. Davis and Bill Friday, you have a perfect example of the ways in which the modern University of North Carolina derived its power from the dynamic relationship between the state and the university. These two men were a significant part of a large puzzle that explains the state's transformation in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

Introduction of Archie H. Davis

TIMOTHY B. BURNETT

You came here to hear remarks from Archie Davis about his father, the Archie Davis, instead of an introduction by me. But a couple of facts are in order.

Like his dad, our speaker enjoys acclaim on many fronts:

- Community leader and civic volunteer
- Banker extraordinaire
- History buff
- Devoted father and family man
- Great good friend to many (including me)
- Additionally, sportsman—particularly fishing—who is quite skilled with baits such as cut mullet, night crawlers, and crickets; no dry flies for this fellow.

The saying goes that an apple does not fall far from the tree, and that is certainly the case here. Please welcome Archie H. (Hilliard) Davis to reflect on the other Archie Davis as in Archie K. (Kimbrough) Davis.

Archie K. Davis: The Father We Knew

ARCHIE H. DAVIS

At last year's annual meeting, Dr. H. G. Jones asked me if I would be willing to give a talk on our father, Archie K. Davis. Dr. Jones specified that this portrait should focus on Archie K. Davis the person, as opposed to the public, civic figure. Since Dr. Jones was one of our father's most cherished friends, I replied that I would be delighted, on behalf of myself and my siblings, to take on this assignment.

The work was a labor of love, and it necessarily involved the collaboration of my sister and brothers: Bonnie Bennett of Atlanta, Haywood Davis of New York City, and Dr. Tom Davis of Todd, North Carolina. Nearly nine years separate the ages of us siblings. Therefore, our collective input was important to create an accurate portrayal, a credible composite of our father's personal life. Of course, we were given a head start of the finest variety, as our father had authored a private

autobiography in 1992, six years prior to his death. His work was entitled "My First 27 Years—1911 through 1938," which provided valuable and accurate material.

Our mother, Mary Louise Haywood Davis, passed away in June 2010 at the age of ninety-three. She was born in New York City on July 25, 1916, to Thomas Holt Haywood and Louise Bahnson Haywood. Both were natives of North Carolina—he from Haw River and she from Salem. Our mother is also very much a part of this story as she and our father, married for some sixty years, defined the atmosphere in which we all grew up. They were a true partnership, and although he set a certain tone in the house when he was there, it was she who kept the home fires burning. She was a strong supporter of anything and everything that she perceived as an opportunity for her children, a way to enrich and deepen the experiences of our lives. Our parents together nurtured and reared us in a loving, positive environment.

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Archibald Kimbrough Davis was born on January 22, 1911. His father was Dr. Thomas Whitmell Davis, and his mother was Frances Conrad Davis. He was the third of four sons and was named after two of his uncles. One was Commander Archibald Hilliard Davis, a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and on duty in Havana harbor when the U.S.S. *Maine* exploded in 1898. He also commanded two naval vessels in the course of the First World War. The other uncle was Kimbrough Jones Davis. He was a self-taught engineer who helped lay out the original textile mill for the Cannon family in Kannapolis, North Carolina. He spent much of his time on his farm in Saluda raising apples. During a visit one summer, our dad—later known to all of us as "Pop"—was helping Uncle Kim harvest the apples for sale in the market. He told Pop, "Be sure to separate the good apples from the bad ones. That is also a good thing to remember when picking your friends."

Dad's father, commonly known to three generations as "Doc," was born in Franklin County, North Carolina. The Davis family had originally settled in Perquimans County after Tom Davis arrived from Wales in 1703. Doc attended the University of North Carolina and subsequently graduated from the Medical College of South Carolina. Upon graduation, he returned to North Carolina to become a general practitioner in Mayodan and later opened a practice in Winston. He continued his medical studies at the Johns Hopkins University where he specialized in eye, ear, nose, and throat surgery and treatment. His medical studies finally took him to London. In fact, he was in Vienna when the U.S. entered World War I. He tells of being escorted out of the war zone as the lone occupant of a rail passenger

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car guarded by armed German soldiers. To say the least, Doc's entire family was relieved when he arrived home safely.

From our father's perspective, Doc was a strong, quietly courageous, and almost stoic figure. He delivered his oldest son Jack at home and performed mastoid ear surgery on our father. Walking home one afternoon from his office in the O'Hanlon Building, he was confronted by an armed man who demanded his money. Doc looked him in the eye, and asked, "What do you mean?" He then turned around and walked away. His confidence in our father was also a strong motivator and standard. We heard dad say on many occasions, "I wish I were more like Doc."

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Our grandmother, Frances Conrad Davis, was born in Salem and was a graduate of Salem College. The Conrad family had been in the area for many years and traced their lineage back to Jacob Loesh, head of the party of Moravians who came in 1753 to what was known as the Wachovia Tract. She was known to her grandchildren as Granny. Her closest childhood friend was Carrie Bahnson, who died at age sixteen of typhoid fever. Carrie was, ironically, our maternal grandmother's sister. Where Doc was the kind, strong stoic type, Granny was what we would call today a raging Type A personality. Opposites certainly attracted in their case.

Despite her strong personality—or perhaps because of it—she went to great lengths to support her husband and "her boys." This included disciplining her "cubs" when necessary. This applied in all cases except one. When older brother Jack found a parked car with the keys inside, he "borrowed" it without the owner's permission or knowledge. In spite of his stoicism and preference to remain above the fray, Doc had to handle this himself.

Our grandmother also had a keen eye for southern antique furniture, particularly from rural northwest North Carolina. She collected many primitive pieces that she sold in her shop, known as the Chimney House, in Salem. She supplied a number of fine pieces to her grateful sons, many of which remain prized heirlooms in our families today. Pop also inherited his appreciation for furniture, architecture, and art from Granny.

Granny was less successful as a driver than as an antiques collector and dealer.

In order to keep up with the times, Doc had purchased a Franklin automobile and, for some reason, he could make only left turns. Then Granny took the wheel. She proceeded to drive between a parked car and a moving street car, removing both front and back fenders of the Franklin. The family then made the sound decision to hire Charlie Cuthrell to drive for them. He was still alive and in his nineties when Pop interviewed him as part of the 1992 autobiography.

Our father and mother, who were distantly related, shared a common heritage that included both the Moravian church and Wachovia Bank. More about that shortly.

Our father's boyhood years revolved around the children in his neighborhood: there were seven girls and seventeen boys. Daily life in the outdoors consisted of games, pranks, and the boys' daring each other to go higher or faster. Dad was certainly one of the dare devils. One of the common pranks for the boys—and one in which our father took part—was to come up behind a street car, grab the rope holding the electrical connection to the overhead power line, and pull it. This stopped the trolley. The conductor then had to get out and reconnect it. Once Pop got caught doing this, however, he never tried it again. He talked of riding his bicycle while standing up on the seat. In later years, he bought an Indian motorcycle. Even though it had only a single cylinder, it could reach speeds of around 80 miles per hour. Dad's brother Bill shot a movie of him riding it while standing on the seat. After a few months, he wrecked it. I suppose you could say that this accident made an impression on him, as this became the only vehicular prohibition that he placed on Haywood, Tom, and me—no motorcycles. Two other memories stand out from Pop's boyhood: the first was the day the Twenty Mule Team hauling borax from Death Valley came to town. It was followed days later by Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Wild Bill's descendants, still with the name of Cody, were neighbors of ours.

Our dad's interest in education began when he was nine years old. In the fourth grade, he was demoted to a lower class because he could recite only eight of the twelve multiplication tables. This set-back perhaps embarrassed him or perhaps served as a wake-up call of sorts. In either event, it brought on a new level of determination that never left him, and he remained a deeply determined person throughout the rest of his life.

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His interest in education really began to ramp up in fall of 1921 when he entered Miss Crawford's fifth grade class at the West End School. There he was first introduced to the history of "The Old North State," a passionate interest that never left him. During that same period of time, he was also introduced to the study of the Latin language.

In the fall of 1923, Pop's sixth grade teacher, Mrs. Jackson, told him that he needed to skip a grade. So in January 1924, he entered the eighth grade at Reynolds High School. This unexpected event served both as a recognition of his scholastic ability and as a motivator to strive for the best. The summer of 1925 saw him go to Woodberry Forest for summer school in preparation for admission in the fall of that year. In his own words, he applied himself "diligently henceforth."

Woodberry Forest School was the place where his oldest brother Jack had studied. This was the beginning of a whole new phase of his life. The educational aspects of Woodberry and beyond will be discussed in a bit. Athletics and the desire to succeed in same really took hold. Track and field as well as football became the focus. After a somewhat dismal experience throwing the discus, Pop took up pole vaulting. After clearing 9'6" he fell and broke his left wrist. Before his athletic career was finished at both Woodberry and Chapel Hill, he managed to break, in addition to his wrist, his left arm (a compound fracture), his right thigh, and his right arm. Although he was rather light and short, he played on the first string varsity football team his senior year at Woodberry. The team won all nine games and scored 224 points against their opponents who were held scoreless. Only eleven forward passes were completed against them, with only four of them gaining more than eight yards. His real forte seemed to be the high hurdles in which he excelled at both Woodberry and UNC. He had a bad fall at a track meet at Episcopal High and carried cinders from the track in his knee for the rest of his life.

In addition to sports, Pop was also devoted to his paternal grandfather, Captain Thomas Whitmell Davis or "Grandpa." Captain Tom was born in 1840 in Franklin County and had served as an officer in the Confederate army. He died in 1927, and his many stories kindled our father's interest in the Civil War. In conducting research for his book, *Boy Colonel of the Confederacy: The Life and Times of Henry King Burgwyn Jr.* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1985), Pop discovered evidence that Grandpa and Harry Burgwyn were acquainted before Harry transferred to the Virginia Military Institute where he came under the tutelage of Stonewall Jackson. Of further interest, Julia Preston, Stonewall Jackson's granddaughter, was a friend of our family and gave Pop a spoon from the Jackson family silver service. It now resides in the Jackson House Museum in Lexington, Virginia.

When Pop returned home from Woodberry at Christmas time in 1927, he was informed that Doc was going to take him and his brother Whit on an around-the-world cruise. Their ship, the *Franconia*, was scheduled to depart from New York City in January 1928 and return to New York five months later. In preparation, dad bought a Cine' Kodak camera, the first mass production movie camera available.

Today our family still has those movies, now on a CD. In the course of the cruise, Pop and his traveling companions visited some twenty-five ports of call. One of our favorite photos was of Doc, Uncle Whit, and Pop taken outside of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore. He kept a diary that he used extensively in the writing of his autobiography. While in Egypt near Cairo, he ran up the side of the pyramid in which Cheops II's body is buried, did handstands on the ten-square-foot surface at the top, and then jumped from stone to stone on the way down, all of this in direct conflict with Doc's orders. The dare devil still lived.

This trip certainly did much to convince our father that travel was an integral part of education. While he was a student at UNC, he and his friend Thornton Brooks spent two months bicycling in Europe, spending very little money. He and our mother provided many opportunities for all of us to travel, believing that this experience was an integral part of our education. We were urged to seize every opportunity to travel. They also taught us that you can do so without staying at the Ritz every night. If you really want to go, there are many ways to do so without spending an arm and a leg. Our family still maintains many of the relationships that our parents forged around the world in Pop's tenures as president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the American Bankers Association, and those friendships continue to pay such rich dividends in unforgettable visits and experiences.

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Upon his return from the cruise, he redoubled his scholastic and academic efforts at Woodberry, graduating in 1929. At this point, the economic downturn was beginning to take hold. In light of this, and the funds expended in the around the world cruise—some $19,000 at the time—he decided that he should finish his college education in three years. He accomplished this, and graduated Phi Beta Kappa on June 1, 1932. He majored in history. During his a senior year as an undergraduate, he took a "crib" course on North Carolina history that required a short written essay. His professor remarked that this looked like the beginning of a master's thesis. His interest in North Carolina was rekindled, and this experience may have been the spark that later led to his book, *Boy Colonel of the Confederacy*. When he entered the master's program at UNC, there were two solicitations from MasterCard issued in the names of Archie K. Davis. Low beginner rates along with a low credit limit were offered. He received one, and so did his grandson and namesake, Archie K. Davis II, who had just entered his freshman year.

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Upon graduation from UNC, our dad went to work at Wachovia Bank on June 15, 1932. He remained with Wachovia until his retirement in 1974 as chairman of the board. He had originally planned to apply to Princeton to study international law, but the Great Depression and a job offer from Wachovia quickly changed his mind.

The Moravian movement was started by John Hus, a Roman Catholic priest, who was burned at the stake in Prague in 1415 because he vehemently opposed the selling of pardons by the pope in Rome. His followers formed the Unitas Fratrum, or United Brethren, which became known as the Moravian church after their homeland. Moravia was located in what is now the Czech Republic. Nikolaus Zinzendorf, a German nobleman (1700-1760), became a Moravian bishop and supported the movement from his estate in Herrnhut, Germany. He strongly supported the concept of bringing Christianity to the Indians in North America. Consequently, he dispatched Augustus Gottlieb Spangenberg and a group of Moravians to Pennsylvania in 1735. A group was also sent to Savannah that same year. On board the same ship to Savannah along with the Moravian band were John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the modern-day Methodist church. The ship encountered a terrible storm, and both Wesley brothers were impressed by the calmness of the Moravians, who sang hymns at the height of the tempest. The Wesley brothers recorded their experience with and appreciation of the Moravians in their subsequent writings.

After only five years, the Savannah Moravians were recalled to Pennsylvania. Savannah was an English military bastion between the Spanish in Florida and the wealthier English in Charleston. The Moravians were pacifists at the time and refused to take up arms in defense of the Georgia colony.

In 1753, the Moravians bought 100,000 acres in North Carolina in what is now Forsyth County. Jacob Loesh was chosen to lead a group of men to establish a settlement. This effort is best described in a letter to our sister Bonnie from our dad dated June 9, 1992: "He [Jacob Loesh] arrived in northwest North Carolina on November 17, 1753, in charge of 15 Moravian Brethren who had come down to take possession of their 100,000-acre tract of land, which had been purchased the previous year from Lord Granville, one of the eight Lord Proprietors. The cost was approximately $5,000."

The tract was named Wachovia after the Wachau Valley in the Czech Republic. Both of our parents are descendants of Jacob Loesh. George Fredrick Bahnson, a Moravian minister, was born in Denmark and sent down from Pennsylvania to Salem. He was our mother's great grandfather. He married Anna Gertraut Conrad, our father's ancestor, thus forming the connection between our parents. Their son, Henry T. Bahnson, broke the pacifist tradition by becoming a sharpshooter in the Confederate army. He was at Appomattox when General Robert E. Lee surrendered and actually saw the general emerge from the courthouse with a tear coming out of his eye. After the war, he enrolled in the Medical School at the University of Pennsylvania and was a physician in Salem

until his death in 1917. His handwritten memoirs of his service in the Confederate army reside in the Southern Historical Collection at UNC.

Both families are also associated with the founding of the Wachovia Bank. Israel Lash (new spelling from the German) opened the Bank of Salem in 1866. Our great grandfather John Calvin Conrad was a board member. Lash's nephew closed the bank and moved the operations to Winston. A new bank was formed, and the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company emerged. The president was Francis Fries, our mother's great uncle, who ran the bank until 1931. He was succeeded by his nephew Henry Shaffner, who was chairman until 1941. Mr. Shaffner was the grandfather of our current member and our cousin Dr. Randolph Shaffner.

Our father's tenure at Wachovia was greatly influenced by Mr. Shaffner's successor, Robert M. Hanes. Mr. Bob urged our father to run for the North Carolina Senate representing Forsyth County. He did exactly that, and he served two terms. Mr. Hanes also urged him to become involved in the American Bankers Association. He served as its president, the same office Mr. Bob had held many years before. This led to the presidency of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and many relationships around the globe. Again at the urging of Mr. Bob and the support of Governor Luther H. Hodges, our dad raised the initial capital of $1,500,000 for the founding of the Research Triangle.

Our dad always left his business at the office, which all of us appreciated. We always ended the day around our dinner table when we were at home. Although he did not bring his business home, he was sometimes in deep thought as we shared supper. Our mother used to admonish him for his silence. Once our sister Bonnie—or Bonce, as she is called—decided to get Pop's attention by standing behind him and tipping his chair backwards. Unfortunately for both of them, she passed the point of no return, and he flipped over backward. That got his attention.

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Each of my siblings enjoyed a unique connection to our father. Being the only girl in the family, Bonce had a strong and special father-daughter relationship with dad. Our sister has a natural musical ability that we think came from Grandmother Haywood, who was a concert pianist. Bonce could play by ear, and both mom and dad supported her musical endeavors. When Bonce was about to turn sixteen years old, Pop—bursting with pride over his daughter—traveled to New York with some diamonds he had inherited from his grandmother. He met with a jeweler in a private, felt-lined room at Tiffany's. He opened the leather case and rolled out the

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diamonds. He told the jeweler that his only daughter was turning sixteen, and he wanted to have a special ring made, not only to celebrate her birthday but also to serve as a token of his love and respect for her. The jeweler, lope in hand, carefully picked up one of the diamonds and examined it from all angles. He then picked up another stone and carefully examined that one. Letting out a sigh, he said, "I hate to tell you this Mr. Davis, but these are made of glass."

He did his best to expose his three boys not only to organized sports but also the outdoor sports of hunting and fishing. We practiced pitching baseball in our side yard, and Tom and Haywood set up a course on which they could practice pole vaulting and high hurdles. Both Haywood and Tom lettered in football at Woodberry. Haywood was named to the Virginia All-State football team as a tackle. Pop's athletic ability remained with him through most of his life. When I was five years old and living in our home on Forest Drive, I remember Pop walking down the back porch steps on his hands.

Before we all left home for good, Pop would take us down to Lake Mattamuskeet for duck and goose hunting at Christmas time. Our Grandfather Haywood owned Arden Farms outside of Winston, so there were many opportunities to go dove hunting as well as bream and bass fishing. I remember quail hunting with Pop without the benefit of a dog. We flushed a covey, Pop shot one time, and three quail fell. He turned to me and said, "That's how you do it, Boy." Another time we were duck hunting off of Cedar Island some eighteen miles southwest of Ocracoke Island. We saw a lone duck sitting on the water some distance away. Pop decided to stalk it. Fifteen minutes later I heard a KABOOM! I looked, and the duck was still there. When he returned, I asked, "How did you miss that?" He sheepishly replied, "It was a decoy."

To us he was always just Pop—actively supportive of our worthwhile endeavors, especially those related to education. He often stated that the greatest investment he ever made was in the educational opportunities he provided for his children.

On one important occasion, I persuaded my then-girlfriend Sally Johnson from Georgia to visit Winston-Salem for the first time, and she joined us for her first supper with our family. The meal was served family style and included a bowl of beets. When there was only one beet left, the bowl was passed to Pop who exclaimed, "That beet's all!" Everybody broke out in laughter. Sally looked at me with a puzzled expression. I explained to her later that that was Pop's favorite joke! To us he was always just Pop—actively supportive of our worthwhile endeavors, especially those related to education. He often stated that the greatest investment he ever made was in the educational opportunities he provided for his children.

Pop was so pleased when he attended the graduation of his youngest son Tom from UNC, making it four-for-four! The graduation took place on a very hot

June night in the old Woollen Gym. As Pop flipped through the list of graduates, he was unable to find Tom's name. He turned to me in exasperation and exclaimed, "Tom didn't graduate!" I pointed out to him that Tom's name was in the front of the program—the Cum Laude section. He then smiled, and said, "I never had this experience before!"

Another of Pop's interests is worthy of note: his fascination with trains. As a child he could hear from his bedroom on West End Boulevard the nightly Camel City Express laboring up a steep grade on its way to Asheville. Some evenings, the load was too heavy, so the train would have to back up, take a running start, and try again. Later, Pop took all his boys on train trips: Haywood and Tom on the California Zephyr from Chicago to Salt Lake City; Tom and his son Whit to the Southern Railway yard in Spencer, North Carolina; and Tom, Haywood, David Craige, and his father Archibald Craige to Gettysburg on a car furnished by Harry Wyatt, vice-president of the Norfolk and Western Railroad. Mr. Wyatt actually had a section of track consisting of rails and cross ties made and delivered to our home in Winston-Salem. How we got rid of this unusual gift, I do not know. Pop would become a director of Southern Railway and later its successor Norfolk Southern. Each year the board of directors took a special train to Louisville, Kentucky, for track inspection purposes. There was a car on the end of the train from which you could actually look at the track from tiered seats that stretched the length of the car. Of course, by pure coincidence, this special train just happened to go to Louisville at Derby time. Mom was sick, so our Dad invited Sally and me to take her place. It was a truly memorable experience.

Vacations for the entire family took place for many years at the Seaview Inn at Pawleys Island in South Carolina. When all the grandchildren came along, we numbered eighteen strong. Pop had a pair of leather sandals that he wore with bright blue or blazing yellow socks. With his size 13 foot, he was hard to miss. The grandchildren thought this was the funniest sight in the world.

Vacations for the entire family took place for many years at the Seaview Inn at Pawleys Island in South Carolina. When all the grandchildren came along, we numbered eighteen strong. Pop had a pair of leather sandals that he wore with bright blue or blazing yellow socks. With his size 13 foot, he was hard to miss. The grandchildren thought this was the funniest sight in the world. Each of his eight grandchildren had a great individual relationship with Pop, as all of us did, and those family trips to Pawleys with all eighteen of us present remain the high-water mark in our memories.

Pop died on March 13, 1998. According to the nurse who was with him when he died, his last words were, "I think it's going to be a nice day." A positive epitaph for a great man.

Photos by Jerry Cotten

FIRST ROW: *James W. Clark Jr. and Catherine Ward Bishir*
SECOND ROW: *Margaret Maron, Margaret Bauer; Mike Hill, Valerie Johnson*
THIRD ROW: *Larry E. Tise, JoAnn Williford, and Michael Southern*

Introduction of Catherine Ward Bishir

JAMES W. CLARK JR.

A native of Lexington, Kentucky, with degrees in English from the University of Kentucky and Duke, Catherine Ward Bishir worked from 1971 until 2001 in the Historic Preservation Office of the state of North Carolina. A prodigious author and co-author, between 2002 and 2008 she was senior architectural historian with Preservation North Carolina and served as adjunct professor at North Carolina State University's Department of Architecture. Since 2007 Catherine has been curator of Architectural Collections in the Special Collections Research Center of NCSU Libraries. In this role she was adviser, content developer, and principal author for the digital publication, *North Carolina Architects and Builders: A Biographical Dictionary*.

Ms. Bishir's address is entitled "Reborn Digital." Please welcome her.

Reborn Digital

CATHERINE W. BISHIR

Over the last dozen years or so, many of us have experienced the stunning expansion of the Internet as a source for studying history. Twelve years ago I never would have imagined I would become both a user and a creator of web-based resources through my involvement in two different projects—the book *Crafting Lives: African American Artisans in New Bern, North Carolina, 1770-1900* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2013), and the online biographical dictionary *North Carolina Architects and Builders*, which was, as the lingo puts it, "born digital" rather than uploaded from a paper source. Today I want to share some of the experiences and results of these two projects, including one encouraged by this society's Archie K. Davis Fellowship.

I was not "born digital." I spent much of my life—in historic preservation and architectural history writing, as H. G. Jones and others here know very well—with note cards, paper records, microfilm, and a typewriter. My initial forays into the digital world were halting at best. But in 2006 I entered bravely if not expertly into a new digital chapter of life.

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It all started with Hurricane Katrina in 2005. At an architectural historians' conference in 2005, we learned from our Mississippi colleague Jennifer Baughn of the devastation of her state's gulf coast buildings and the challenges the state historic preservation office was facing. Along with other colleagues, I went to Jackson to help out for a bit. It was intense, challenging, and rewarding. After returning home—and Jennifer tells me this was not uncommon—I found that I wanted to engage in a new challenge in my own work. I started planting seeds for new projects. For a while, none of them sprouted, but by the end of 2006, I was embarking on not one but two new projects. Little did I know how soon I would be reborn digital.

One was a project to research and write about the African American artisans of New Bern, North Carolina. I had studied antebellum black building artisans in North Carolina many years before and published an article on the subject in 1984. I wanted to return to the topic but to focus on one community and to include all black craftspeople over many years, from the colonial era to the turn of the twentieth century. With the encouragement of our dear friend Jeff Crow, I learned that Tryon Palace Historic Sites and Gardens in New Bern was interested in research projects on African Americans in New Bern. The director, Kay Williams, saw merit in the idea and, beginning in 2006, supported my research with an existing black history grant from the Wachovia Foundation. New Bern, a port and colonial capital with a majority black population, turned out to be an even better choice than I anticipated, with a great local library and a richer story than I could have imagined. I had no idea what I would find—ferreting out lots of needles in haystacks—but it turned out to be far more than I expected.

Using familiar methods, I dug into public records and archives—miles of deed books and estates papers and tax lists and emancipation records—as well as information assembled by genealogists—bless the genealogists—and historians on runaway slave ads, deeds and wills, manumission documents, emancipated couples' marriage registrations, and so on.

But what I never anticipated was how much of what I discovered about black artisans came from Internet searches. This was 2006, 2007, 2008, mind you—light years ago in terms of Internet research. I soon learned how dramatically the Internet had expanded what we can learn, especially about people history has often overlooked, and that you have to keep checking and rechecking for new postings. I truly could not have done this research without the Internet. From the postings of the New Bern library's local history room, the Kellenberger Room—

bless Victor Jones and John Green's digitally oriented and generous hearts—I used digitized apprentice records and newspaper obituaries, treasure troves of black New Bernians' lives. And both librarians sent me digital clippings of interest they ran across in their perusal of New Bern newspapers on microfilm and in other local records.

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Before long, through the extraordinary website Ancestry.com, which had just developed in the early 2000s, I found much more about New Bern black artisans. Ancestry.com contains a growing wealth of searchable information, including not only census and birth and death records but also a special source for black history—Freedman's Savings and Loan records—which contain accounts of former slaves unavailable elsewhere. In 1871 Simon Croom, a newly free house carpenter aged twenty-six, stated on his bank application that he was living with his wife Nancy on Broad Street and was working for a white contractor. He was born in Kinston and grew up in Jones County, and his parents still lived near Kinston. Simon knew the whereabouts of two of his brothers—Wesley was up North and Amos in Goldsboro, but he said of his other brothers Evans, Bright, Wright, Jack, and Emanuel, and his sisters Rachel, Jeannette, and Betsy—"all sold." There are hundreds more.

Ancestry.com also lets a researcher track people all across the country in ways previously impossible—with it I could find in the United States Census the black artisans who left New Bern for the north, including Oberlin and New Haven, who might otherwise have simply disappeared unless there were other clues. When Ancestry.com added city directories, that filled in the years between the decennial censuses. This meant that I could find not just where the free black house carpenter, minister, and abolitionist George A. Rue of New Bern, one of my principal figures, was living in the census years 1850 and 1860—in New Bern and then Newport, Rhode Island—but also in between, when city directories showed him in 1852 in New Haven, a hotbed of abolitionism. Bit by bit, the Internet and other sources yielded richer stories than I had imagined possible. Back in 2006, mostly genealogists, not historians, used Ancestry.com. I hope that has changed by now.

Finally, just Googling around is an incredible thing. It led me to books and

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manuscripts posted on the web, including important firsthand accounts of New Bern such as the memoir of John Patterson Green, whose father was a free black tailor there. One of my favorite Google finds was thanks to an attentive archivist at East Carolina University who had noted in the finding guide to a white lawyer's papers "a Craven County petition by Donum Montford [a leading free black plasterer] to free his son whom he owned as a slave." Thanks to that archivist who did more than just cite the presence of documents on slavery or emancipation. An email to "ask a librarian" brought me a copy of the 1827 petition, which contained new facts about Montford and his family, but especially rare, an expression of his feelings as written by his attorney: "Your petitioner is advanced in years & has always endeavoured to conduct himself with humility and honesty." He "confidently appeals to the most reputable citizens of this town for his good character." In a poignant turn of phrase, "He is apprehensive that in case of his death his said son who is his only child may be reduced to slavery & humbly prays your Honor that he may be emancipated agreeably to the acts of the assembly." Only through the Internet could I have found this message from Donum Montford. Yes, his son was emancipated, in 1827, and none too soon before manumission was greatly restricted in 1830.

Googling also turned up images of New Bern people and scenes I would never have found otherwise, which were vital to the impact of the book, published in 2013 by our dear University of North Carolina Press. Special thanks to historians Bill Price and Jeff Crow and David Cecelski and to David Perry and Heidi Perov at the press.

Meanwhile, in 2006 I had also embarked on a project at North Carolina State University Libraries to create the born-digital publication *North Carolina Architects and Builders*. Way back in the 1980s, in research for the book *Architects and Builders in North Carolina: A History of the Practice of Building* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1990), my coauthors and I had assembled a lot of information on various architects and builders and planned to publish a companion volume, a biographical dictionary, "later."

"Later" turned out to be several years. In the early 2000s I returned to the fray, still thinking of a book as a model. With the support of Preservation North Carolina (thanks, Myrick Howard) and an Archie K. Davis Fellowship, in 2004 I revived the project and began editing and completing biographical entries. But work was slow, and it seemed impossible to complete such a book—and then I'd have to index it! After a couple of years I was getting discouraged. But in the fall of 2006, my brilliant husband (thanks, John) suggested changing the concept from a book (old thinking) to a digital publication. Immediate paradigm shift! Through lucky conversations and serendipitous timing—thanks, Greg Raschke—I discovered that NCSU Libraries wanted content for a new, experimental, "born-digital" publication, and this filled the bill. Thanks to the support of Greg and library director Susan Nutter and the talents of creative and skilled technological whizzes—including Tito Sierra, Markus Wust and Joe Ryan, and Cory Lown and Jason Casden (Jason's now

here at UNC)—we began to create the website ncarchitects.lib.ncsu.edu.

All of a sudden, I was becoming a creator as well as a user of digital history, and as one can imagine, what I learned in one project applied to the other, and vice versa. I had the content, and my brilliant tech colleagues had the expertise and imagination to create something brand new. We launched the site in 2009, with 170 biographies and a roster of 1,500 buildings that we had prepared or were contributed by colleagues. I should mention that when we started to figure out how to illustrate it with images of buildings, without a photography budget, our very best source was—and is—the fabulous collection of freely available North Carolina postcards at the North Carolina Collection—thanks, Bob Anthony and Jason Tomberlin and all y'all. We're still at it, with more than 450 architects and builders represented and 3,500 buildings identified and more to come.

From the outset, we decided to include not just architects but also the contractors, builders, and craftsmen, black and white, who actually produced most of our buildings. A great advantage to a born-digital publication is that we can post entries as they are completed, rather than waiting until all are finished, as in a book, plus we can add and correct information, and, Voila! it indexes itself. We wanted to make it free to all and user-friendly, with many ways to find information in it—and our tech geniuses made that happen.

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By intention, there are lots of different kinds of searches one can do and connections one can make. You might look up the English-born carpenter-architect William Nichols, who worked in North Carolina, including here at UNC, as well as in Mississippi and other southern states. You would find a biographical entry, a list of his North Carolina building projects, and a bibliography. And Nichols's biography also links to other people associated with him. His building list contains an entry for Hayes Plantation (its Gothic library is at the North Carolina Collection). In the Hayes entry, there are links to the biographies of artisans who worked on that great house such as the African American bricklayer Joe Welcome and plasterer Dave Dickinson and other Edenton artisans. Links upon links can lead one on quite a chase.

Besides looking for a specific person, you can also look for people by categories. If you are interested in women in architecture, we can show you a few. If you are interested in African American artisans and architects, we can show

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you a lot. You can look up folks who worked on UNC buildings—lots of those. You can look up architects and builders by where they worked or where they were headquartered, such as brick builder John Berry of Hillsborough, who built Playmakers' Theater at UNC, or McKim Mead and White of New York, who planned the Beaux Arts extension of the campus. And you can see a map of the state that shows where all these folks worked in North Carolina. Click on a person and find a county map location, or click on a county and find who worked there. Don't start it unless you have some time.

Besides looking for a specific person, you can also look for people by categories. If you are interested in women in architecture, we can show you a few. If you are interested in African American artisans and architects, we can show you a lot. You can look up folks who worked on UNC buildings—lots of those. . . . And you can see a map of the state that shows where all these folks worked in North Carolina. Click on a person and find a county map location, or click on a county and find who worked there. Don't start it unless you have some time.

And then, five years after we launched *North Carolina Architects and Builders*, in 2014 another digital wonder appeared in our heavens that has transformed research again: newspapers.com. Early in 2014, after *Crafting Lives* was published, Professor Bobby Allen of UNC, bless him, introduced me to this new digital marvel: hundreds, maybe thousands of newspapers, scanned and searchable. Some of you are acquainted with it, others maybe not. For a student of North Carolina history, it is manna from heaven. Thanks to Bobby Allen and Bob Anthony and others here, the coverage of North Carolina newspapers is especially good. Put in a name or a key word, a place, a date or period, and, in seconds, links appear to newspaper references. Bobby Allen gave me just a whiff of it when he invited me to participate in his class at UNC in 2014. I subscribed immediately. I can tell you that I have put in my time cranking newspaper microfilm, so I know how good this is.

Newspapers.com has been stunningly useful for all my research, especially the ongoing work on North Carolina architects and builders. It has quite simply changed everything. Consider just a few examples.

For architects' biographies related to UNC, newspapers.com helped me sort out the relationships of architect Arthur C. Nash and engineer Thomas C. Atwood and later Raymond Weeks. Atwood and Nash, of course, were the local guys under McKim Mead and White for our beloved Wilson Library. Newspapers.com helped correct some dates in secondary sources as well as explaining how and why many events took place, including highlighting the powerful influence of John Sprunt Hill.

One especially colorful saga unfolded before my eyes via newspapers.com

concerning a university just a few miles from here—the curious career of architect Samuel L. Leary. He was a native of Richmond, late of Charlotte, who designed the big, towered, Washington Duke Building, the main building for Trinity College's new campus in Durham in 1890. At first I found accounts of how he pursued and got the commission, which was sponsored largely by the Duke family, and how nicely it was progressing. But suddenly, as the brick building with its 100-foot-tall tower neared completion, came this news in a Durham newspaper: At about 11:00 in the evening on August 8, 1891, "persons living in the vicinity of Trinity College were startled by a strange noise. Some though[t] an earthquake was on. But it was not that. The tower of the new college building, situated on the front collapsed from some cause and fell down. It did not fall to one side as if the foundation had given away, but came down in a heap to the ground, over the very spot where it was just completed Saturday afternoon." The 100-foot tower had contained about 400,000 bricks. Because of the late night hour, no one was injured. The Durham newspapers covered the disaster avidly, including the investigation by Virginia architect Albert West, who reported that faulty materials and workmanship were the culprit but found Leary and the contractor blameless. And then, nothing. The subject was dropped. Nothing further in Durham papers. But looking farther afield thanks to newspapers.com, I found in the *Charlotte Observer* this report on August 18, 1891: "the verdict is that the costly accident was caused by the use of inferior material, which the architect had condemned and refused to receive, but which [Trinity College] President [John Franklin] Crowell had used in order to proceed with the work faster." Yikes.

Is that true? I don't know yet, but the story sure was buried in a hurry. Apparently none of the Durham newspapers carried architect Albert West's report. The *Durham Globe* opined on September 21, 1891, "The tower of Trinity college fell, and as the matter is a private affair and consequently no one's business it has not yet been given out whose fault it is. This is eminently proper." On October 8, the *Globe* said, "The fact that some poor material was used; the fact that poor workmanship—well, no one was informed what the real matter was. The tower tumbled and that ended it. Now it is going up again and again that ends it." Reading between the lines, one might discern certain strands of influence in Durham in those days.

So here's a lesson I learned. Don't rely solely on local newspapers, especially to cover unfortunate events. Newspaper snippets showed that Leary's career soon tanked, and he was never the same again. He went home to Richmond and then tried the photography business in Statesville and ended up in the funeral business in Wilson. The last time he was seen was in September 1913. He had taken a side trip to have a dip in the ocean at Virginia Beach, checked his personal items at the bath house, and was last seen walking into the sea. He was never heard from again and his body was never recovered.

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An especially important find illuminated the history of our noble State Capitol. It has long been known that the Capitol began construction in 1833, initially following a design by William Nichols Jr., which was revised by the New York firm of Ithiel Town and A. J. Davis. William Drummond, a respected builder from Washington, D.C., was employed as superintendent of construction. In the fall of 1834, as our friend John Sanders has related, the Scots-born stone expert David Paton came to the job as superintendent of stonework, and he soon made important revisions and became architect of the project. His changes, influenced by his experience with stone and classicism in Edinburgh and under the great English architect Sir John Soane, gave the Capitol some of its most glorious spaces and sophisticated details and made it the great building it is. David Paton, as John Sanders explains, was recruited to come to Raleigh in September 1834 after the Capitol building committee had fired the apparently perfectly adequate construction superintendent William Drummond several weeks before.

I had always wondered what had happened to make them fire Drummond and thus open the way for the crucial arrival of David Paton. Nobody ever explained or even raised that important mystery. I decided to poke around in my newly beloved newspapers.com. Again I was reminded of the importance of out-of-town newspapers. Historians such as Elizabeth Reid Murray and John Sanders had scoured Raleigh newspapers about the Capitol, but who had the time to look in all the newspapers everywhere? Newspapers.com does! When I searched that site for "William Drummond, 1834, North Carolina," up popped a story from the *Greensboro Patriot* of August 27—beyond the influence of the Raleigh politicos, perhaps—giving inside scoop. The Greensboro editor claimed that "bad blood" had developed between William Drummond and a member of the building commission, Judge Henry Seawell, especially when Drummond disagreed with some of Seawell's demands, including his desire to appoint Thomas Bragg of Warrenton as assistant superintendent and his use of the Capitol project blacksmith for his own plantation's needs. Maybe it was class conflict between the elite planter Seawell and the proud master artisan Drummond. Who knows? In any case, when building commission chairman Duncan Cameron and another commissioner were away from Raleigh, Judge Seawell led in firing Drummond.

Thomas Bragg of Warrenton was put in his place and soon proved unsatisfactory and was let go. It was then that architect Ithiel Town recruited David Paton, who happened to be in New York, to save the day, which he did. There's more to the saga, but that's the essence, and it explains a dynamic hitherto unknown—and fills out the story of how North Carolina was lucky enough—sheer serendipity and thanks to the irascible Judge Seawell—to get David Paton as the final architect of our Capitol.

There are many more tales to tell, but I'll wind up by returning to New Bern and my book *Crafting Lives*. Naturally, although the book was finished by the time newspapers.com became available, I had to take a look at newspapers.com and see what I had missed. So far, nothing that changes anything major, thank goodness, but much that might have enriched the story.

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Here's just one seemingly small but telling detail. One of my major figures was the black plasterer Donum Montford, who I had learned was emancipated in 1804. Newspapers.com turned up only a few new items. One was a line in the *North Carolina Gazette* in 1796, listing "Donum Mumford" (one of the spellings of his name) among the people for whom the New Bern post office was holding unclaimed mail. Now, a list of people for whom mail was waiting might seem pretty mundane. But in this case it provides the earliest mention we have for this man by his first and last name—while he was still enslaved. Moreover, the fact that this enslaved man had mail waiting at the post office is highly suggestive of his own status and the character of the community and seems to contrast with what we may have heard about life in antebellum southern towns. It indicates that both Montford's owner and the community authorities had no objection to his receiving mail; that he could read if not write or had friends who could read for him; that he was in contact with individuals or entities beyond New Bern; and that he was living, along with other enslaved people of his time and place, with much of the latitude of a free person. (Later on North Carolina passed tighter restrictions on slaves, but this ordinary little item brought home to me how different it had been earlier—and New Bern continued to be laxer than many places.) Only through previous knowledge of Donum Montford plus newspapers.com would I have discovered this scene in late eighteenth-century New Bern—an enslaved man picking up his mail at the post office as a matter of course in an antebellum southern town.

continued

My current project, just in its early stages, is a study of post-Civil War black builders in North Carolina. I've found newspapers.com remarkably useful. Although most of the newspapers included are white newspapers, I've been pleasantly surprised to find many valuable items there. I'll end with one new discovery that ties these projects together and reminds us of one of our North Carolina heroes, William Gaston. Last week, I was completing a biographical entry for our website for Richard Tucker, a black carpenter and coffin-maker in New Bern, who lived from about 1818 to 1881. I had found out about him earlier for *Crafting Lives*, and I knew that he was enslaved until Emancipation, which came when he was in his forties. He promptly became a successful businessman and a leader in Republican political life. I decided to take a quick look at newspapers.com, and here was my surprise. In 1876 a New Bern newspaper included the comment that "old Dick Tucker" had benefited from the "grandeur and goodness of his old protector Judge Gaston," and in 1881, Richard Tucker's obituary identified him simply as a former state senator and "a trusted servant of Judge Gaston." William Gaston had an unusually enlightened attitude toward people of color—personally and as a jurist—and he was greatly beloved by them. What I did not expect to learn is how much a young, enslaved person benefited from an association with Gaston in his formative years. Gaston died when Tucker was in his twenties. Perhaps even more remarkable, more than thirty years after Gaston's death in 1844, his impact on Richard Tucker's life was still so well remembered—perhaps because Tucker had spoken of it often—and because William Gaston was still so revered by New Bernians, black and white. We keep on learning.

I am grateful for all the folks who have made all these new resources and new insights possible, those I have mentioned and many more. A dozen years ago I had no idea that I would embark on either one of these projects, which have both been great fun. Least of all did I expect in 2006 that I'd soon be reborn digital.

Welcome for the Evening Program

JAMES W. CLARK JR.

Thanks to all staff and society members for their careful attention to details in staging this busy afternoon and evening program. I have thanked Robert Anthony, Alison Barnett, Dana Lacy, and Bea Platt personally. Please show your appreciation with applause.

I now recognize Vice-Provost of University Libraries and University Librarian Elaine L. Westbrooks. She arrived on this campus on August 15, 2017. We welcome her to our society's annual meeting. I also ask all Davis Fellows who are present to stand as I again salute members of the Archie K. Davis family and Dr. H. G. Jones, the founder of the society.

It is now my pleasure to recognize Martin H. Brinkley, the society's secretary-treasurer, who will introduce this evening's speakers.

Introductory Remarks

MARTIN H. BRINKLEY

At this point in our program, it is traditional to say something about the North Caroliniana Society. So I will say two sentences: Our passion is North Carolina, and our motto is "Substance, not Show." This means that we do rather than talk about doing, and we seek service rather than publicity. For example, we did not seek publicity for this event, because we wanted it to be held in the presence of Catherine Bishir's family and close friends.

Not all of you heard Catherine's remarks this afternoon, but there's no need to ask for copies, because they, along with the full proceedings of this meeting, will be published later this year in our *North Caroliniana Imprints* series, a complimentary copy of which will go to you in the mail. For that reason, in choosing our speakers, we try to think of persons who have unique perspectives on our award recipient and who can put into the public record (for that is what the *Imprints* will do) some aspects of the recipient's life that may otherwise go unrecorded. For Catherine Bishir, that is a challenge, but we are up to it.

continued

Jerry Cotten

Jerry Cotten

Jerry Cotten

Jan Hensley

Jan Hensley

FIRST ROW: *Fifty years of directors of the Office of Archives and History: (seated) H. G. Jones, Jeffrey J. Crow; (standing) Larry E. Tise, Kevin Cherry, and William S. Price Jr.*
SECOND ROW: *Martin H. Brinkley; Greg Raschke*
THIRD ROW: *Claudia R. Brown; William S. Price Jr.*

CLAUDIA BROWN

At native of eastern Long Island, Claudia Brown is a graduate of Wake Forest University and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. In 1978 she began a preservation consulting career that took her across North Carolina to places as diverse as rural Hyde County, the city of Durham, and the mountain resort of Linville. She is the author or co-author of seven architectural survey publications as well as dozens of National Register nominations. In 1987 Claudia Brown left the private sector when she became National Register coordinator for the Kentucky Heritage Council. She returned to North Carolina the following year and since then has held a number of positions in the North Carolina State Historic Preservation Office, including National Register coordinator, architectural survey coordinator, and Survey and National Register Branch supervisor.

Please welcome Catherine Bishir's dear friend and historic preservation colleague, Claudia Brown.

GREGORY K. RASCHKE

Gregory K. Raschke is Interim Vice-Provost and Director of Libraries at North Carolina State University. He was previously for thirteen years the NCSU Libraries' Associate Director for Collections and Scholarly Communication, and prior to that held positions in the libraries of the University of Kansas, the Georgia Institute of Technology, and his own alma mater, the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Since Catherine Bishir joined the NCSU Libraries in February 2007 as Curator of Architecture Special Collections, as Catherine herself put it to me with her usual Hemingway-esque directness, Greg Rashke has been her boss. He has played a critical role in the development of Catherine's architectural history website, *North Carolina Architects and Builders*.

Here to talk about an employee who must surely be nothing short of exemplary, please welcome Gregory Raschke.

JEFFREY J. CROW

Dr. Jeffrey J. Crow retired in 2012 after thirty-eight years of service to the state of North Carolina, the last seventeen years of them as deputy secretary of the North Carolina Office of Archives and History. Dr. Crow came to work for the state Department of Cultural Resources in 1974, shortly after completing a Ph.D. in American history at Duke University. The Akron, Ohio, native and graduate of Ohio State University took his first post as historian and acting administrator of the North Carolina Bicentennial Committee. In time he rose to head the Historical Publications Section and served as editor in chief of the *North Carolina Historical Review*. While acting primarily over the course of his employment as an

continued

administrator, Dr. Crow also published widely, including his co-authorship of an eighth-grade state history textbook. Under his leadership, North Carolina public history made many important advances, such as the implementation of state tax incentives for the rehabilitation of historic structures.

Jeff Crow has served the North Caroliniana Society in many ways over the years, most notably, since the retirement of our founder Dr. H. G. Jones as secretary, by compiling and editing the last several editions of the *North Caroliniana Imprints series*. He is also one of the recipients of this year's North Caroliniana Book Award.

Catherine Bishir worked with Jeff Crow at Archives and History. Please welcome Jeff to the podium.

WILLIAM S. PRICE JR.

As all who know him are aware, William S. Price Jr. is a native of Warren County. He earned a B.A. in history from Duke University and a Ph.D. in history from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1973. Beginning in 1971, Dr. Price held numerous positions in the North Carolina Division of Archives and History, including editor of the North Carolina Colonial Records Project (1971-1975), assistant director (1975-1981), and director (1981-1995) of the division. At the time of his appointed retirement in 1995, the division was the largest state historical agency in the nation, operating programs that covered virtually every aspect of public history. After retiring from state service, Dr. Price became Kenan Professor of History at Meredith College, where he taught for eleven years.

Bill Price's research and scholarly expertise centered on colonial North Carolina, but he has written or edited numerous books and articles on the state's history, including *Discovering North Carolina* (with Jack Claiborne, University of North Carolina Press, 1993). As director of the Division of Archives and History, he also oversaw that agency's work with the press to publish the original five-volume series, *The Way We Lived in North Carolina*, now available in a one-volume edition (University of North Carolina Press, 2003).

Please welcome the one I call—in a favorite reference to Lewis Carroll—"Father William," Dr. William S. Price Jr.

Remarks

CLAUDIA R. BROWN

It's an honor to have been invited to speak to you tonight about the contributions Catherine Bishir has made during a long and distinguished career as an architectural historian, specifically her work at the State Historic Preservation Office.

I had the good fortune to meet Catherine in late spring of 1978, when I was working toward a graduate degree in art history at the University of North Carolina. I had recently decided to concentrate in American architecture, and I owe a great debt of gratitude to my adviser, Arthur Marks, who knew Catherine and told her of my interest. As a result, she hired me that summer to prepare a National Register nomination for the Linville Historic District in Avery County. It was an idyllic way to begin a career in historic preservation. I am forever indebted to Michael Southern for teaching me how to do fieldwork and to Catherine for teaching me how to write.

When I met Catherine, she had been at the Historic Preservation Office for seven years, during what I think of as the office's halcyon days, when staff did fieldwork and research and wrote the National Register nominations for many of North Carolina's most important properties. In 1971, when Dr. H. G. Jones was State Historic Preservation Officer, Catherine was hired to edit nominations that were being prepared by what was then the Survey and Planning Unit of the Office of Archives and History. With degrees in English, she was a stickler for proper grammar and syntax and maintained the office's high standards for good writing, properly footnoted, that endures today.

Catherine recently told me that Jack Zehmer, assistant administrator of the unit, was a great mentor who taught her what to look for in buildings. She found that she loved the material she was editing, she was a quick learner, and her growing interest in North Carolina's early architecture soon turned into a passion. Catherine was promoted to survey specialist and began writing nominations along with her colleagues John Wells, Janet Seapker, and Ruth Little. The first nomination she wrote was for the Heck-Andrews House, the landmark Second Empire-style house on N. Blount St. in Raleigh. Over the next few years, Catherine wrote all or part of dozens of nominations for many of our most important early properties, including Fairntosh Plantation, Shell Castle, Person's Ordinary, the Sally-Billy House, the William R. Davie House, and many more. She also did the survey, research, and writing for several of our most historic districts, including Hillsborough, Tarboro, and Warrenton. Through her intellectual curiosity and passion for her subject, Catherine proved that a degree in architectural history isn't a requisite for success in this field.

continued

When Jack Zehmer left in 1973, Catherine became branch head, a position she held for thirteen years. She proceeded to build the Survey and Planning Branch with several new hires, including Michael Southern, Renee Gledhill-Earley, and Dru York, who are here this evening. Under Catherine's leadership, the program of systematic, comprehensive architectural surveys of counties and towns that focused on the vernacular buildings as well as our high-style architecture grew exponentially and gained our office a national reputation. Through the mid-1970s, Catherine was able to continue doing fieldwork, research, and writing despite her administrative duties. Probably the largest project she oversaw and participated in was the 1976-77 Tar-Neuse Survey, which covered twenty-three counties and was the first large-scale effort to record North Carolina's vernacular buildings.

Catherine told me that those early years of fieldwork provided a tremendously important grounding. She not only came to understand our state's architecture; she also built strong relationships with people all across the state that are so important to the work the Historic Preservation Office has continued to this day. She always did fieldwork with another staff member and a knowledgeable person in the community. In Franklin County, she and Michael Southern conducted the survey with Thilbert Pearce, and in Warren County, she worked with Richard Hunter and traveled with Mary Hinton Kerr and Panthea Twitty, history buffs who were interested in historic buildings and knew everyone.

By the late 1970s our program of matching grants had grown so large that consultants hired by our grantees conducted the surveys almost exclusively, and Catherine and her staff were spending most of their time reviewing the work rather than creating it. Through her leadership, the staff maintained the same high standards she promoted, and just as Jack Zehmer had mentored her, she and the staff mentored numerous consultants and helped build careers that enhanced North Carolina's reputation for thorough, careful research and documentation of the built environment. By 1986, when she began a hiatus from her work at the Historic Preservation Office, Catherine had overseen dozens of county and municipal survey projects and had written or overseen hundreds of National Register nominations.

Arguably Catherine's skill—her great facility—as a writer is as important as her knowledge of North Carolina's architecture because it enabled her to help disseminate much of the work that she and her colleagues, both inside and outside the Historic Preservation Office, produced.

Arguably Catherine's skill—her great facility—as a writer is as important as her knowledge of North Carolina's architecture because it enabled her to help disseminate much of the work that she and her colleagues, both inside and outside the Historic Preservation Office, produced. Her first article was "The 'Unpainted Aristocracy,'" published in the *North Carolina Historical Review* in 1977 and based on her National Register nomination for the Nags Head Historic District. More articles followed in the 1980s, including "Jacob W. Holt, An American Builder" that

grew out of her work in Warren County. We are so fortunate that Myrick Howard and the Preservation North Carolina board were inspired to sponsor publication of the book *North Carolina Architecture* and had the wisdom to hire Catherine to write it. After the book was published in 1990, the *New York Times* hailed it as "closer than any work before it to being a model history of the architecture of an American state" and commended the writing as "lucid and frequently eloquent." Also in 1990, *Architects and Builders in North Carolina: A History of the Practice of Building*, by Catherine, Charlotte Brown, Carl Lounsbury, and Ernest Wood, came out. Both books won numerous awards.

Catherine returned to the Historic Preservation Office in 1990 as our architectural survey coordinator and remained in that position until her retirement from the office in 2001. Despite her responsibilities overseeing town and county architectural surveys and guiding the preparation of the publications that grew out of those projects, she made the time to continue her own writing. The three-volume series of guides to the historic architecture of North Carolina that she co-authored with Michael Southern presents three decades of survey work conducted or overseen by the Historic Preservation Office. Also during this period, she found time to teach North Carolina architectural history at the School of Architecture in the College of Design at North Carolina State University.

I'd like to note that Catherine was instrumental in our office's becoming a national leader in the documentation and evaluation of Modernist architecture. Not only did she give presentations on our Modernist landmarks and encouraged their nomination to the National Register before they were fifty years old; she also advanced preservation of a particularly important Modernist landmark in a very material way through her skillful—and successful—behind-the-scenes campaign in 1997 to save the Visitor Center at the Wright Brothers National Memorial from demolition.

I would be remiss if I didn't acknowledge Catherine's affiliation with the Vernacular Architecture Forum. Better known simply as the VAF, it is the premier organization in North America dedicated to the appreciation and study of ordinary buildings and landscapes. Her participation in the VAF broadened her perspective and thereby helped inform her research and understanding of North Carolina's architecture. Catherine became a leader of the organization—a founding board member in 1980, president in 1993-95, and editorial board member of its journal *Buildings and Landscapes*, beginning in 2007. I think it's remarkable that she has attended every single one of the VAF's annual conferences, which have been held all across North America, including the 2016 conference in Durham for which she was a key member of the local planning committee. That same year, she received the organization's Henry Glassie Prize for lifetime achievement. (This award was established in 1999, and Catherine was its first female recipient.) The fact that the VAF created the Bishir Prize speaks volumes. Since 2012 it has been awarded annually to the scholarly article from a juried North American publication that has made the most significant contribution to the study of vernacular architecture and cultural landscapes.

continued

Catherine told me that a highlight of her last decade at our office was her work with young architectural historians, and I believe it can be argued that her mentoring of co-workers, consultants, and others has been just as influential in illuminating the state's architectural history as her research and writing have. As a recipient of her attention, I can attest to the fact that she consistently encouraged her colleagues to find the time to do their own research and writing. Not long after Catherine returned to our office in 1990, I became branch head. Being your mentor's supervisor could be awkward, but Catherine made my job easy through her ongoing support, and for this I am eternally grateful.

Remarks

GREG RASCHKE

Good evening, I'm Greg Raschke, interim vice-provost and director of the NCSU Libraries. I'd like to thank Jim Clark and the rest of the Board of Directors for the North Caroliniana Society for having me—it's an honor to join you in recognizing Catherine Bishir's award-winning career in service of architecture and building in North Carolina.

When Catherine and her co-authors envisioned the book *Architects and Builders in North Carolina*, they had planned to include a biographical dictionary. But, as it often happens with ambitious projects like this one, it grew in scope and scale, and they published only part of the project in the book *Architects and Builders in North Carolina: A History of the Practice of Building* with UNC Press in 1990 and made plans to get back to the dictionary part of the project "later."

Fast forward a mere fourteen years later to 2004. Catherine had returned, with the support of Preservation North Carolina and the Archie K. Davis Foundation, to the dictionary project. But by 2006, she was discouraged with the prospect of finishing the book.

That's when her husband John suggested doing it on the web, where it could grow incrementally. This reinvigorated the project, and Catherine proposed the idea to N.C. State university archivist Todd Kosmerick.

The timing couldn't have been better. Former NCSU Libraries Director Susan Nutter had established the Special Collections Research Center in 1995, with one of its strategic collecting areas being architectural records. In addition, the NCSU Libraries had been laying plans for our first "born digital" publication, and what we needed was content for it, and this was just the thing that we were looking for. So I set up a meeting, and by the end of it, Susan had offered Catherine a job developing the biographical dictionary as a website with the promise of the technical staff to make it happen.

The project began early in 2007, and on June 24, 2009, we launched our

site, ncarchitects.lib.ncsu.edu, with 170 entries for architects and builders and some 1,500 buildings represented. The site is designed so that content can be searched for by names of architects and builders, localities, buildings, periods, building types, and it has won both state and national awards for its excellence and accessibility, and it has continued to grow and evolve, as planned, over the years.

We now have entries for more than 440 architects and builders, and more are on the way. About 3,500 buildings are represented, many illustrated with wonderful postcards, thanks to our friends here at the North Carolina Collection.

And it has proven to be very popular, attracting more than 20,000 visits last year, from North Carolina and around the world.

In addition to the *Architects and Builders* site, Catherine has led us to countless architectural records that have enriched our collection. And, far more than we anticipated, the virtual visitors to the biographical dictionary website have boosted our collection, suggesting architects and builders we should be including in our archive.

What this amounts to is the robust and invaluable preservation of our state's architectural legacy that includes not only a major collection of architectural records but also a nationally recognized digital reference used regularly by our students and faculty and the public—about 500 visitors last week alone! And Catherine has been an integral part of its creation every step of the way.

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We hope you will visit our site soon to appreciate all that Catherine has done. And in true Catherine spirit, let us know of architectural records still out there that need to be preserved!

Remarks

JEFFREY J. CROW

Catherine Bishir's accomplishments as an architectural historian are well known and justly praised. But tonight I want to talk about Catherine's equally impressive work as a social historian. Catherine writes about the spaces in between. She fills areas that an ordinary historian might overlook. She has an uncanny ability to reimagine how certain scenes unfolded, and she does so with impeccable

continued

documentation, illuminating detail, and well-reasoned analysis. To prove these points, I want to examine three works by Catherine that came at different points in her career.

The first work is an article that appeared in a 1984 issue of the *North Carolina Historical Review:* "Black Builders of Antebellum North Carolina." I was then the editor in chief of the journal, and I worked closely with Catherine on preparation of the article. In my opinion, it was a path-breaking piece of scholarship. Previously, many historians had noted that black artisans—slave and free—built a particular building, but they ignored or passed over the rich and enriching details that demonstrated the essential role of a long-neglected and long-maligned class of black builders and artisans.

Catherine begins her article with a vibrant scene of various black artisans—carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, stonemasons, plasterers, and teamsters—building Nicholas Massenburg's plantation house in Franklin County in 1838. Throughout the article she remains sensitive to the social dynamics and crisscrossing tensions between white and black laborers. She includes a dramatic 1857 account of white artisans in Wilmington vandalizing a building erected by slave labor. The white artisans resented the competition of cheaper slave labor. The target of their wrath included slaveholders who employed slave labor to the disadvantage of white mechanics. Catherine concludes the article with an appendix, giving a virtual day-to-day description of black artisans' constructing buildings for Josiah Collins in Edenton in 1800-1801. Led by "old" Joe Welcome, a master mason and enslaved artisan of the Collins family, the project consumed a total of 326 workdays. Before this article, other historians had written about slave craftsmen, but none provided such a granular description of the work that they accomplished often on a daily basis.

The second article that I want to discuss appeared in a 1993 issue of *Southern Cultures:* "Landmarks of Power: Building a Southern Past, 1885-1915." The article remains as timely today as it did when it appeared twenty-five years ago. In the years following the end of Reconstruction and leading to World War I, Catherine argues, southern elites came to revere "antebellum buildings as survivors of a glorious past." They used sculpture and architecture to define the relationship between the past and the present. New landmarks, including the Confederate monument erected on Union Square in Raleigh in 1895, created "interlocking beliefs" that vindicated the South, exulted the "rightness and patriotism of the Confederate cause," and associated classical architecture with southern virtues.

In Catherine's estimation, the southern upper classes planted public landmarks in public spaces to legitimize the continuity between the Old South and the New South and to reaffirm patrician Anglo-Saxon rule. Such public landmarks helped to codify history, to defend the ruling elites' right to govern, and to shape public memory. As the North Carolina Monumental Association, a women's organization that raised money to erect the 1895 Confederate monument, proclaimed, "a land without monuments is a land without memories."

Catherine shows how southern leaders linked the Confederate cause to the

revolutionary cause, an argument that secessionists made in 1861. Colonial style architecture became popular in the South and representative of Anglo-Saxon culture. Among its other effects, the Civil War had marked a change from good to bad architecture in the South, in the judgment of the ruling class. "The deadly jigsaw ran riot in the land," said one critic. From that chaos came the revival of colonial refinement with classic proportions and purity of style.

Public memory is slow to change. In Catherine's opinion, powerful and lasting monuments and architecture continue "to guard the past, present, and future." In sum, we have Catherine to blame for the current brouhaha over Confederate monuments. But in her article she cites a black newspaper, the *Richmond Planet*, that in 1890 perhaps prophetically declared, "the Negro put up the [Robert E.] Lee Monument, and should the time come, will be there to take it down."

The final work by Catherine that I want to bring to your attention is *Crafting Lives: African American Artisans in New Bern, North Carolina, 1770-1900*, published by the University of North Carolina Press in 2013. The book is a remarkable culmination of decades of research on African American artisans. When Catherine broached the subject with me more than ten years ago, I suggested that she talk to Kay Williams, director of Tryon Palace. Under Kay's visionary leadership, we had established an African American History Advisory Committee at Tryon Palace to enhance the interpretation of African American history at the site. Kay and I knew that Catherine's project would fit into the committee's mission beautifully. Thus began many years of patient toil and research by Catherine. She often accompanied me to meetings of the advisory committee or of the Tryon Palace Commission. She would use those occasions to conduct further research at the palace, in the local library, or in the office of the register of deeds.

Her findings were stunning. Not only was she able to track the careers, lives, and families of scores of black artisans over a period of more than a century, but she also was able to make important new discoveries about the African American community in New Bern. Two of her many findings stand out. First, during the Civil War, New Bern became a center of African American political and intellectual life. Occupied in 1862 by Union forces, New Bern attracted thousands of runaway slaves. But it also attracted many of the African Americans who would play prominent roles statewide in education, politics, and religion for the rest of the nineteenth century. Abraham Galloway played a critical part in raising regiments of U.S. Colored Troops in New Bern and later served in the North Carolina Senate during Reconstruction. James Walker Hood arrived as a missionary but soon became assistant superintendent of public schools during Reconstruction and later a bishop in the A.M.E. Zion church. Other New Bern artisans led active political lives until disfranchisement in 1900. Second, Catherine uncovered a strong network of free blacks that migrated to Ohio before the Civil War but maintained close ties with North Carolina when peace came. They may

continued

have participated in the Underground Railroad, and they sent a public letter to the North Carolina Freedmen's Convention in 1865, encouraging the delegates' vital work. Strikingly, the free blacks in Cleveland and Oberlin had become successful craftsmen and businessmen.

Catherine's book is filled with valuable insights into a thriving African American community that one hardly suspected existed. It was a bravura performance. In fact, one might say the same thing about Catherine's entire career. Congratulations, Catherine, for this well-deserved honor.

Remarks

WILLIAM S. PRICE JR.

I first met Catherine in the late spring of 1971 when I joined the staff of the (then) Department of Archives and History. Even though she is younger, Catherine had gotten there shortly before me. I wanted to arrive sooner, but the U.S. Navy got in the way.

Back then, young as we were, Catherine had a focus, an intensity that I envied. Her intelligence and intellect glowed but had not yet flared. Over the ensuing four decades, she has become an illuminating beacon.

Out of Catherine's many published books and essays, I want to focus on two that not only display her stature as an architectural historian but also her very considerable skills as a historian—not just an "architectural" one.

Catherine's extraordinary *North Carolina Architecture* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1990) with those striking photographs by Tim Buchman has stood as an astonishing work for nearly three decades. As grand as the book is, Catherine tells us at the outset that considerations of pictorial aesthetics dictate some of her examples to the exclusion of others. Like any good writer, she has omitted some things she wanted to keep. But what gets included is bountiful.

The clarity of her descriptions of architectural design and technique is welcome to a novice like me, but what impresses even more is her historian's skill. Do this: Read the first couple of paragraphs of each of her five sections; you will encounter a remarkable compression of salient features of the periods covered from the colonial era to World War II.

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from the colonial era to World War II. She says at the outset: "For most of its history, North Carolina has been a rural landscape without concentrated wealth or great cities. The beauty of its architectural landscape is subtle and at first unprepossessing, seldom magnificent, sometimes untidy, often utilitarian. It has been a place . . . of ambivalence toward opulence and hierarchy. . . ."

That is stunning! How I envy the skills displayed there—the range of reading, the craft of writing that packs so much learning into so small a space.

As great as her *North Carolina Architecture* is (and how many books on our history achieve admiring full reviews in the *New York Times Book Review*?), I want to shift from that large work to a small essay published in Catherine's collection, *Southern Built* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2006).

"Looking at North Carolina's History through Architecture" was written for a gathering of local historians from across our state in 1982. Catherine underscores how the built environment not only documents the past much like archives and museums but also offers distinct perspectives. Consider religious camp meeting grounds in rural areas, for instance. Experiencing their physical layout in person, one feels the unadorned power of their basic design fosters ideas inaccessible through documents or artifacts only.

Catherine also treats our "neglect" of the ordinary. We save a baby's christening clothes but not those frequently worn jump suits with diaper snaps. We often make similar mistakes with preservation strategies—retaining imposing structures while abandoning more commonplace ones. Of the thousands of log tobacco barns that dotted our landscape in my youth, relatively few remain. Yet their major role in the history of North Carolina is undeniable. And a photograph of such a structure fails to help us appreciate its utility, ingenuity, and discomforts in ways that only the thing itself does.

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What Catherine achieves in all her work is to educate us about what a landscape, or its buildings, or its makers teach us about our past and ourselves. Whether in a book as grand as *North Carolina Architecture* or a talk before an audience of local historians, Catherine Bishir keeps us gratefully in her debt.

Jerry Cotten

Jan Hensley

Jerry Cotten

Jan Hensley

Jerry Cotten

FIRST ROW: *Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2018 to Catherine Ward Bishir from James W. Clark Jr.*
SECOND ROW: *Lane and Linda Wharton; Catherine and John Bishir*
THIRD ROW: *Heidi Perov and David Perry; Renee Gledhill-Early, Julia Daniels, and Frank Daniels*

Response upon Receipt of the North Caroliniana Society Award

CATHERINE WARD BISHIR

Thank you, Jim, and to this distinguished organization for this great honor. I suppose for folks like us, this award is a lot like winning the Oscar, only better. I hope you all will forgive me if my response is a little bit like some of the chattier Oscar winners.

In looking back over all these years and projects, what comes most to mind is how grateful I am to all the people—many gathered here—who have opened doors and provided important support and trust that enabled me to do things I loved and could never have done otherwise. Opening doors along with offering support and trust is among the most important things we can do. Un-Oscar like, I'll mention just a few such folks who are here tonight.

In looking back over all these years and projects, what comes most to mind is how grateful I am to all the people—many gathered here—who have opened doors and provided important support and trust that enabled me to do things I loved and could never have done otherwise.

My hearty thanks to Dr. H. G. Jones and others who opened a door back in 1971 that gave me a life-changing job at Archives and History, and to Dr. Jones's insistence on a program that emphasized high quality research and writing—and the watermark on the paper the right way up. And to Bill Price and Jeff Crow, who as his successors at Archives and History continued those high standards and encouraged scholarly endeavors beyond what was required, and then much more over the years.

Thanks to Myrick Howard and Preservation North Carolina for opening another door by conceiving and sponsoring my work on the book, *North Carolina Architecture*, which again changed my life.

Thanks to my friend and colleague Claudia Brown and my co-author Michael Southern and our friend Michelle Michael for everything they did in the adventure of creating the architectural guidebooks to the state, and for their help on every other project as well.

continued

Thanks to Jeff Crow for opening yet another door with Kay Williams of Tryon Palace—who is with us in spirit, I'm sure—for the unique opportunity to work on *Crafting Lives: African American Artisans in New Bern*, and to Jeff and Bill Price for special help on that project.

Thanks to David Perry and Heidi Perov and everyone at UNC Press for their wonderful work on all my books published at that great press. David not only opened doors but also kept them open through thick and thin.

Most recently, thanks to Greg Raschke and to Susan Nutter at North Carolina State University Libraries for opening the opportunity to co-create the digital biographical dictionary, which continues to be rewarding fun.

Thanks to so many others, including present company David Cecelski and Mike Hill for research help and advice and new sources, and for dear friends gathered here, for all those wonderful things that good friends do.

In good Oscar tradition, I am grateful to my father, William S. Ward, an English professor who modeled the joys of research and writing, and for my mother, Margaret Norris Ward, one of whose mottoes was, "Finish what you start." Okay, Mom, I am, I am.

Finally, and most important, my husband John, who supported all my projects, read endless drafts, opened doors to take some key risks, and had many great insights, including the idea of the digital biography project—a real "open sesame" event. I couldn't have done any of this without him. Thanks, John. And thank you all.

Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award for 2017

ALICE R. COTTEN

Each year since 2003 the North Caroliniana Society has presented an award for the book published during the previous year "that captures the essence of North Carolina by contributing powerfully to an understanding of the state." Competition for this award is always keen, and this year was particularly so.

The selection committee—Dannye Romine Powell, chair; H. David Bruton; and Alice Cotten—met in early April at "Someday Farm" near Carthage, the lovely home of David and Frieda Bruton, to feast on David's "country cooking"

and Frieda's delicious lemon chess pie and to consider a number of outstanding books. Picking one book from among those eligible was not an easy task, but the committee took its job seriously and by the end of the day had made its selection.

The book the committee chose as the winner of the North Caroliniana Book Award for a book published in the year 2017 is *New Voyages to Carolina: Reinterpreting North Carolina History*, edited by Larry E. Tise and Jeffrey J. Crow, and published by the University of North Carolina Press. Larry Tise is former director of North Carolina's Division of Archives and History and distinguished history professor at East Carolina University. Jeffrey Crow is former director of North Carolina's Division of Archives and History and deputy secretary of the North Carolina Department of Cultural Resources.

These two men and their team of sixteen academicians may have "out-Lawsoned" John Lawson, whose 1709 book, *A New Voyage to Carolina*, served as goad for this new work. With a "quilt-work tapestry of diverse heritages in mind," write the authors, they began this work with an eye toward updating, expanding, redefining or even replacing an existing narrative. "But we soon concluded," they write, "that we would have to re-imagine the type of narrative needed to explain the state's history" (356). No longer would the traditional chronological or political narrative serve in telling the story. A new narrative must move beyond the older story of explaining the state's "character and relative greatness compared with presumably better-endowed neighboring states" (356).

Nor should a new narrative gloss over the evidence
that many of North Carolina's legal and political choices
have sometimes contained distressingly negative antidemocratic
and discriminatory consequences for large segments of its citizens.
There are honors and achievements to be recognized.
But there are blemishes as well. Our new narrative must be able
to encompass both success and failure—warts and all—
but with as much accuracy and objectivity as we can muster.

And now I quote directly. "Nor should a new narrative gloss over the evidence that many of North Carolina's legal and political choices have sometimes contained distressingly negative antidemocratic and discriminatory consequences for large segments of its citizens" (356-57). "There are honors and achievements to be recognized," Crow and Tise write. "But there are blemishes as well. Our new narrative must be able to encompass both success and failure—warts and all— but with as much accuracy and objectivity as we can muster" (357).

Congratulations, Drs. Tise and Crow. You have given us new eyes with which to read a new and re-imagined narrative of our state.

North Caroliniana Society Necrology since May 10, 2017

JAMES W. CLARK JR.

The following members of the society have died in the last year:

- Paul Hardin, July 1, 2017
- J. Dixon Phillips, August 27, 2017
- Banks C. Talley Jr., October 19, 2017
- Sally Buckner, January 7, 2018
- Oliver H. Orr Jr., January 20, 2018
- John Ehle, March 3, 2018

The most recent of our members to die was John Ehle. Let his accomplishments speak for the other members who have died since last we gathered for this occasion. Ehle of Asheville and then of Chapel Hill, later Penland and Winston-Salem, was truly a man of the wide world.

Author of seven novels about our Appalachia, a reminiscence of Frank Porter Graham, a non-fiction account of civil rights protests in Chapel Hill, a history of the Cherokee nation, and a guide to French and British wines and cheeses, John Ehle reluctantly teamed up with Governor Terry Sanford and rewrote the cultural history of our state. He is credited with the vision and energy behind the University of North Carolina School of the Arts, the governor's summer schools for the state's brightest students, a state learning institute to provide research for improving education, a state film board, the antipoverty program we remember as the North Carolina Fund, the Stouffer Fund for integrating white preparatory schools with black students, and, eventually, the North Carolina School of Math and Science in Durham.

Let us now be silent in memory for this deceased member John Ehle as well as Paul Hardin, Dixon Phillips, Banks Talley, Sally Buckner, and Oliver Orr.

Jerry Cotten

Jan Hensley

Jan Hensley

Jan Hensley

Jan Hensley

FIRST ROW: *Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award for 2017 by Alice R. Cotten (center) to Larry E. Tise (left) and Jeffrey J. Crow (right)*

SECOND ROW: *Morgan Vickers won the William S. Powell Award as the senior student at the University of North Carolina who has done the most to promote an interest and understanding in the history and traditions of the university.; Elaine L. Westbrooks, Robert G. Anthony Jr.*

THIRD ROW: *Jamie Burnett, John May, and Anna Ragland Hayes; Richard Hunter, Bonnie Davis Bennett, and Archie H. Davis*

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