



H. David Bruton, M.D.

A NORTH CAROLINA
COUNTRY BOY

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Chapel Hill, North Carolina • 10 May 2017

H. David Bruton, M.D.

A NORTH CAROLINA COUNTRY BOY

*Together with Tributes to H. David Bruton
on the Occasion of His Acceptance
of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2017*

10 May 2017

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS

Number 56

Jeffrey J. Crow, Editor

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Front cover photo by McKenzie Photographs, printing by Theo Davis Printing, designed by Linda J. Noble

Introduction

THE NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

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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 300 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, and, on its sesquicentennial, the North Carolina Collection.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 2017

- James W. Clark Jr., *President*
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- *Secretary-Treasurer emeritus*: H. G. Jones



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

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD RECIPIENTS

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

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

**NORTH CAROLINIANA IMPRINTS,
NUMBERS 1-56 (1978-2017)**

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



Photos by Jerry Cotten

FIRST ROW: Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2016 to H. David Bruton (left) from James W. Clark Jr. (right).
 SECOND ROW: Gov. James B. Hunt Jr., H. David Bruton; James W. Clark Jr., William Stewart, H. David Bruton
 THIRD ROW: Gov. James B. Hunt Jr., Willis P. Whichard; Martin Brinkley

Introductory Remarks by James W. Clark Jr.

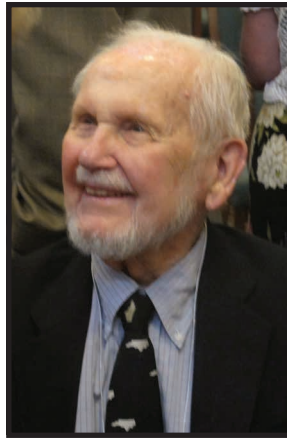
At this point in our program, it is traditional to say something about the North Caroliniana Society. So I will say two sentences: Our passion is North Carolina and our motto is “Substance, not Show.” This means that we do rather than talk about doing, and we seek service rather than publicity. For example,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

Not all of you heard David Bruton’s remarks this afternoon, but 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 David Bruton, that is a challenge, but we are up to it.



Jan C. Hensley

ABOVE: Gov. James Hunt

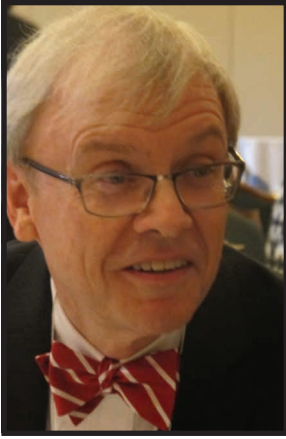


Jan C. Hensley

ABOVE: H.G. Jones

Our first two speakers—Governor James B. Hunt Jr. and Dr. H. G. Jones—need no introduction.

continued



ABOVE: *William Stewart*

WILLIAM STEWART, M.D.

The next speaker is a colleague of the man Dr. Jones has just given credit for his own integrity. Bill Stewart is a graduate of North Carolina State University, as is his wife. They have degrees in chemistry, but he is a medical doctor and has been in the practice called “Home” for some time. I’m pleased that he’s here to end our three testimonials in the spirit that we’ve come to expect of people who admire and love David Bruton.



Photos by Jan C. Hensley

FIRST ROW: Virginia Powell, Bland Simpson; Marsha Warren, David Warren

SECOND ROW: Walter Turner, Ned Cline; Chancey Kapp, Keith Kapp

THIRD ROW: Ann Simpson, Bland Simpson, Emily Williamson Gangi; Ron Holland, Cathy Holland

FOURTH ROW: William Stewart, H. David Bruton; Gov. James B. Hunt Jr., H. David Bruton

A North Carolina Country Boy by H. David Bruton, M.D.

I know you are not supposed to begin a talk with an apology. This is an explanation, not an apology. When Bland Simpson informed me of the Selection Committee's decision, I said, "No!" I felt the Selection Committee had made a mistake. I did not think Dave Bruton's name belonged on the list of distinguished recipients of the North Caroliniana Society Award (NCS). A couple of days later when I told Frieda, my wife of sixty years, she said, "Why not? You will be dead in a year or two!"

One further note on my southern drawl. As a sophomore at the University of North Carolina, I was reciting in old English Chaucer's prologue to the Canterbury tales: "Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote the droghte of March hath perced. . . ." The professor had a smile on his face, so I put in a few flourishes. When I finished, he said, "Mr. Bruton, I have taught English at the university for thirty years. That is the worst I have ever heard!" Again, not an apology, but an explanation. That is the way I talk.

So I have decided to tell you a bit about this farm boy who grew up on a dirt farm plowing barefooted with a mule. After the NCS Board of Directors approved my nomination, I sought help from the Executive Committee about what I should say this evening. Willis Whichard's parting advice was, "David, just tell them your story." That is what I plan to do.

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"David, just tell them your story." That is what I plan to do.

First a bit about my genetics. My family has for generations been involved in public service. When I was a young boy my mother told me that we were direct descendants of the President John Adams family. I got my first name from my grandmother Henrietta Adams Burt. My mother, Evelyn Burt Bruton, was a pillar of our little church and community. In the 1920s she organized the Round Dozen Book Club. Someone had to die for a new member to be admitted. I have read

some of mama's book reviews—they were very good. She ramrodded having our elementary school air-conditioned well before many homes and no public buildings in our town were air-conditioned. You didn't say no to mama.

Mama ran the farms while my daddy, Earl Dudley Bruton, was busy being a "social worker" as Montgomery County's high sheriff. She also helped manage the five tenant families who lived and worked on our farms. She developed an integrated poultry business. We had laying hens and a hatchery, put out (furnished at no cost to the grower) chicks, supplied feed, dressed fryers, and placed them in the freezer for sale. We never seemed to have any extra money. Mama said, "No problem. If you need some, just tell them where your corners are." Like many southern farm families during the Great Depression you might say we were "land poor."

Daddy was the sheriff of Montgomery County for sixteen years. He was kind and protective of blacks and poor folks before that was fashionable. In those depression days the sheriff controlled the county vote. I remember, as a young boy, having dinner at our house with about every politician seeking the county's vote. Another favorite political gathering in those days was a "Chitlin Strut." After sufficient lubrications with white lightning, the men would consume large amounts of hog intestines. I remember on one occasion Clyde Dawkins exclaiming to Martine Allen that his wife "Mabel made such good chitlins because she didn't wash all the taste out of them."

Both my grandfathers were very successful businessmen. Granddaddy David Dudley Bruton operated and later owned several cotton mills. It was said that he never missed a payroll during the entire depression. With three of his friends he organized the Bank of Troy in 1935 when banks were closing. Fifty years later we merged the First Bank of Moore County that I helped to organize with the successor to the Bank of Troy. Now it is thriving as the First Bank of North Carolina.

Let me tell you a Granddaddy Bruton story that has some North Carolina history and illustrates how people can misunderstand public policy, then as well as now. In the 1920s the Rockefeller Foundation decided that hookworm infestation was one of the reasons the South was so far behind the rest of the country. The foundation sent teams south to collect stool specimens to determine whom to treat. In Montgomery County the team ran out of specimen cups. The Montgomery dairy had only two-gallon ice-cream buckets left. Granddaddy Bruton told the story of Chesley Hogan pushing a wheelbarrow up from the river with eight two-gallon buckets of stool. He had misunderstood the instruction to "have a specimen from each member of the family" and to "make sure each bucket was full."

Granddaddy Edward Ramsey Burt came to Biscoe as headmaster of the well-known Biscoe Academy. He too was soon a businessman. One of his successful businesses was as a Pure Oil distributor. He owned a series of filling stations from Star to Raeford. He designed the Pure Oil sign with the blue triangles circling the perimeter. In my book Granddaddy Burt's most important accomplishment was the

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so-called “Machinery Act” when he was a leader in the North Carolina General Assembly. The South had lost its public schools after the Civil War. The “Machinery Act” committed North Carolina to pay local public schoolteachers. Fifty years later as chairman of the State Board of Education I got to help administer my granddaddy’s “Machinery Act.” Incidentally, with Governor James B. Hunt Jr., we raised North Carolina teachers’ pay from near the bottom to the national average. Unfortunately, we have allowed their average pay to fall near the bottom again.

Enough about my parents and grandparents. For tonight’s purposes this story begins in the summer of 1951 when my mother packed me up and sent me off to Oak Ridge Military Institute. She said it was to get me prepared for the University of North Carolina. (I have always suspected there were other reasons!)

Reflecting on my life, as you do when you turn eighty-two, I realize that my life has largely been a series of lucky breaks. One of the most important was the fact that in 1951 Dr. H.G. Jones began looking after me. At Oak Ridge I lived in Brooks Hall. Dr. Jones lived upstairs as the faculty person in charge. He, as my history teacher, developed in me a lifelong love of reading history, and he rescued me from being a victim of the “Peter Principle.” I was promoted to first floor hall commander, way above my level of competence. Several of the cadets on the floor were bigger and older than I was. They persisted in not making up their beds correctly and having their rooms in a real mess. Dr. Jones taught me how to be in charge of the first floor of Brooks Hall. His continued guidance and love through the years has been a thing of beauty. Dr. Jones does his best work when he doesn’t get caught at it. I have learned that lifelong care for former students by teachers is not unusual. I am certain Dr. Jones is the reason I am receiving the NCS Award.

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My next stop was the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. I love the place. It took a boy who grew up on a dirt farm in Montgomery County and sent him off to be a pediatric resident at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Chapel Hill has changed from when Frieda and I arrived in 1953. As a student, I had Kenan professors who were friends. I went to Chapel Hill to be a math major. I was going to be the next Archibald Henderson. In my sophomore year I was taking an English course, I think 32 or 33. We would read a novel and write a report. The professor gave me back my paper ungraded. I went to see him about it. He said, “Your paper is O.K. with the mechanics. You did not know what the book was about.” I

replied, “What do you mean?” He started telling me the meaning of the book. He was correct. I did not know what he was talking about. The professor suggested that I take a philosophy course or two. I signed up for Bill Poteat’s logic course and fell in love with Plato and Aristotle. My undergraduate degree from UNC was in philosophy. A bit unusual at that time for a pre-med student.

Frieda and I got married on June 4, 1957, the day after graduation. She was a nurse, and I was on my way to medical school. Medical school was financed first by nurse Frieda; a series of summer jobs; borrowed money from the Bank of Candor; food from the farm; as a resident at Johns Hopkins, where they charged us more for the apartment than they paid me as a resident; and finally by a monthly stipend from my older brother who was in the U.S. Air Force. I did have skill at poker that came in handy from time to time. Most of my undergraduate spending money was earned in the basement of Cobb dormitory in a poker game with students who thought their losing was due to bad luck. It has been suggested by genetics researchers that we get our intelligence from our mothers. Mama was the best bridge player I ever knew and probably one of the most intelligent persons I ever knew. I, at least, inherited her card-playing skills.

Probably my best medical school faculty friend at UNC was Dr. Charles Hooker, chairman of the anatomy department. He arranged for me several small research grants. We both loved to read and discuss Civil War history. He loved to tell me the history of trains. One of the most important things he taught me occurred late one afternoon in his lab when I was learning how to remove the pituitary gland in mice for an experiment I was doing. (By the way, my research paper won an award, and for years the paper was kept in the medical library.) I killed a bunch of mice trying to learn how to remove the pituitary gland without killing the mouse. Dr. Hooker asked, “Dave, do you know what my job in the medical school is?” “No, Dr. Hooker, I thought it was to teach anatomy,” I replied. Dr. Hooker declared, “My job is to teach doctors to understand and admit, I don’t know.”

Another lifelong medical school faculty friend was Dr. Floyd Denny, chairman of the pediatric department at UNC. Dr. Denny was famous for his streptococcal research. I chose to intern at UNC Hospitals because of him. That same year I received the Christopher Fordham Award as the outstanding intern. Dr. Denny felt I would wind up on a medical school faculty and should do a residency at some big-time hospital. At that time, 1962, the most prestigious place that I knew about was the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Hopkins had the added attraction of its pediatric faculty being at the forefront of genetics research. I thought that might be my future direction.

My first day on the pediatric ward Dr. Helen Tausig, the most famous pediatric cardiologist in the world, asked my permission to examine my patient. Dr. Tausig asked me, a country boy from North Carolina. That moment was when I began to understand what a joy and privilege it was to care for children. My love

continued

for caring for children has never stopped growing. Practicing pediatrics, I soon learned how true the old saying is, “It takes a village to raise a child.” That principle has guided my public service all my adult life.

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My first and only elected public service was in 1968, two years after we moved to Southern Pines. I came home from work one evening and announced to Frieda that I was going to register for election to the new Moore County Board of Education. She did not think that was a good idea. We had debts to pay, children to feed, and a pediatric practice to build. The contest was between a well-known Republican with plenty of money and a respected family name and me. I was a newcomer with no political experience. We carried every single precinct—even in conservative northern Moore County where many families had remained loyal to King George III during the Revolution.

Boy, was the Moore County Board of Education an experience! We had to consolidate as well as integrate our schools. Clearly, the majority of the citizens were opposed. At first most of the new board of education members also were opposed. Let me remind you that *Brown vs. Board of Education* was in 1954. We are talking about 1968. The two most important people in the effort to consolidate and integrate the public schools were Robert E. Lee, the superintendent, and Lou Frye, the board chairwoman. Lou was the most patient and kindest person I have ever known. Her quiet command of an unruly situation was simply amazing. Bob Lee, a practicing Christian, signed his name like the Civil War general, “R. E. Lee.”

Let me tell you a couple of anecdotes that will illustrate that time in Moore County. My friend, a respected dentist in town, was the then current president of the Kiwanis club. He said to me, “David, you don’t let them [Negroes] in our school.” I used to travel with Bob Lee visiting various groups. Bob was an avid quail hunter and bird-dog trainer. In fact, he once had the national champion pointer. We would go into a country store. If any of his hunting buddies were there, they would turn their backs on him and often leave the store when they saw Bob coming. Once after a difficult board of education meeting at Farm Life School, as I was walking up the aisle, a woman grabbed my lapel and said, “You are going to put ‘them [Negroes]’ in our school and besides you are a sorry damned doctor. I brought my child to you last week. You said he had a virus and the next day he broke out with the chicken pox.” I did not tell her varicella was a virus. Moore County received one of the first 441-B certificates of “complete integration” in the South. We stayed out of the courts and did not engage in busing. We also took the

county commissioners to court to force them to raise the property tax so that we could build the schools needed for consolidation and integration.

You probably will hear some creative lying about my state level public service this evening. I first met Jim Hunt when Bert Bennett and Jeff Allen brought him to my office when they were preparing for his election as lieutenant governor. They did not beat around the bush. They were beginning his gubernatorial election campaign. I was impressed that Hunt understood child development and shared the belief that “It takes a village to raise a child.” I signed on and worked for him for the next thirty years. He never failed to have my back even when I initiated some wild things that he and/or his staff at first disagreed with. When the newspapers carried stories that implied the governor might not be in support of my latest crazy idea, he would call late at night or write with that black felt pen, “Stick in there, Dave—you are right.” I will never forget the morning of his first inauguration as governor. He was going out the back door of the Velvet Cloak inn in Raleigh to meet with ministers to pray about being a good governor. He said, “David, we have got to get to work on succession!” He was not yet sworn in as governor.

Hunt asked me to serve on the State Board of Education in his first administration. I learned from UNC-TV that he was going to fire long-time chairman W. Dallas Herring and wanted the board to elect me as chairman. There was only one problem. Lt. Gov. Jimmy Green wanted to be chairman, and Governor Hunt had only four of twelve votes on the board. We worked it out. I had a good time as chairman of the state board. One of my main jobs was acting as a psychiatric go-between for Governor Hunt and state superintendent Craig Phillips. Both wanted good schools for our children. They had very different ideas about how that could be accomplished. Probably one of my major accomplishments while serving as chairman was maintaining what turned out to be lifelong friendships with both of them. Governor Hunt had some innovative ideas that at first some of the traditional school folks didn’t understand or want to implement. Bureaucracies resist change. We created the end-of-grade accountability testing. We spent several months with Jim Gallaher, director of the Frank Porter Graham Child Development Center in Chapel Hill, studying test development and evaluation.

I should tell you about another lifelong influential person that like Dr. Jones quietly guided and advised me in my public service. It also began at Oak Ridge in my senior year. I roomed with a boy from Winston-Salem. His father was a physician and, I believe, quite wealthy. His family took him to Chapel Hill for a college visit. They took me along. They were friends with the UNC president Gordon Gray. From Gray’s office we were turned over to his young administrative assistant, William C. Friday, to show us around campus. Bill Friday understood right away: rich kid with connections—he needs no help. Country farm boy—he needs help. He started looking after me that day. Once at UNC I got into trouble for too many absences from class. They took attendance in those days. Friday intervened with my adviser and saved me from failing that course.

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From Gray's office we were turned over to his young administrative assistant, William C. Friday, to show us around campus. Bill Friday understood right away: rich kid with connections—he needs no help. Country farm boy—he needs help. He started looking after me that day.

When I was chairman of the State Board of Education, Friday, who by then was president of the UNC system, often gave me private advice. He was a confidential adviser when contrary to the governor's wishes we switched board of directors for the community colleges from a committee of the State Board of Education to a separate state board of directors for community colleges. My real reason for the switch was to help our public schools in the legislative competition for funds. I believed adding a group of politically active community college advocates would help balance the competition in the General Assembly for education funding. Friday always won.

Bill Friday was a big help on another occasion. As a result of integration, we had a large group of poorly educated teachers in our integrated public schools. I went to see Dr. Friday. At a time when the federal Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was closely monitoring him for not putting enough resources into the state's traditionally black schools, Friday closed several teacher preparation tracks in the black schools. Dr. Friday had no trouble doing what he believed was right. He taught this country boy a lot by his repeated acts of political courage.

My pediatric partner, Dr. William M. Clarke, developed pancreatic cancer, and I had to leave the State Board of Education before my eight-year term was up. The *Raleigh News and Observer* had been a valuable tool in our board's accomplishments. They said some nice things about our time on the board. A young reporter, Rob Christensen, did a wonderful job covering the board. He, like his editor, was very kind to us through the years. At times Rob seemed to understand me better than I did.

Back home in Moore County I focused on delivery of pediatric care. I served on the local hospital board, as the president of the North Carolina Medical Society, as a delegate to the legislative council of the American Medical Association (AMA), and eventually as chairman of the legislative council. I resigned when for a second time the AMA board of directors refused to allow our lobbyist to support the State Child Health Insurance Program (SCHIP). The AMA board felt it "was a slippery slope to socialized medicine."

I spent a good amount of time with federal legislators. It was difficult to talk with them about medical science or medical care delivery. All they really wanted to know was how much money I could get for them from the AMA political action committee. The chairman of the congressional committee that passed President George W. Bush's Part-D drug program resigned and went to work for Big Pharma as soon as President Bush signed the bill. The rest is history. Drug prices in

America are outrageous. No bids for Medicare and Medicaid drugs started in that legislator's committee.

My next turn in North Carolina public service began on my birthday, December 31, 1996. Frieda and I were in Jacksonville, Florida, to watch UNC in the Gator Bowl. Governor Hunt called to say he wanted me to serve as secretary of human resources. I told him I didn't know anything about human resources. "Humor me. Come have breakfast with me Monday," he said. All the way home Frieda kept saying, "We can't do that." Governor Hunt is a very persuasive fellow. We made a deal. If we could move health over to human resources, I would serve as secretary. We created a new department, and I became the first North Carolina Secretary of Health and Human Services. We had a lot of fun. The new department had many very effective state employees. My job was to provide political cover for some of the disruptive policy changes we implemented.

One of the things that we got done early on was passing a law to test the hearing of children born in a hospital. At that time the average age of diagnosis of congenital deafness was about three years of age. These children were labeled "deaf and dumb." They were not unintelligent. They could not hear. A Republican from down east slipped two sentences in an unrelated bill for me. The hospitals were opposed to the measure because of the new equipment they had to buy.

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We had a group of teenagers from Germany visit the department with a group of our children. All had been born deaf. The German children spoke to me in English. Our American children spoke to me through a sign-language interpreter. I will never forget going to one of our schools for the deaf. I saw a child physically punished for trying to speak. I asked why. The reply was, "If they learn to talk, they will not become proficient in sign language." Some wonderful professionals at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro established a new curriculum to teach schoolteachers how to help deaf children learn to hear words.

There was another problem that we were able to fix. Medicaid would not pay for cochlear implants until age three. That's too late. At UNC, Dr. Paul Biggers, a surgeon, had developed a wonderful program that included the extensive care required after surgery. You know the rest of the story. Now we largely mainstream these children. One of my most treasured gifts was a recording from parents of their born-deaf twins—singing!

Many of the things that we worked on still need more fixing; for example,

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welfare reform. We had the crazy notion that a job was the most effective welfare program. Implementing President Bill Clinton's welfare reform law, we were able to cut the welfare rolls in North Carolina in half. America still hasn't solved our welfare problem. We still have too many able-bodied, unemployed people on welfare.

Another work in progress is health care. I believe the money flow from the patient to the provider should be more direct. That is, the patient and the physician should have more say in what is done for the patient. Community Care of North Carolina grew out of this kind of thinking. Now, and it is getting worse, the resources to provide an individual's care travel a long journey through health insurance companies, hospitals, physician employers, the government, various brokers, and denial of care. Providing for population-based public health is a very different proposition from providing medical care for an individual. The current free enterprise plans being shopped in America simply will not work in health care given our current structure and manpower. There is too much imbalance between supply and demand for traditional competitive free enterprise to be effective in the health care market. Customers in the health care market do not have the power they have in regular commerce. When a patient is experiencing the onset of a stroke or heart attack, there is little opportunity to shop for the most cost-effective health care.

We have not made the commitment to provide care for all of us or made the commitment to raise the public resources to pay for people who cannot afford care. The same folks who are talking about repeal of the Affordable Care Act are also talking about lowering taxes. That arrangement will leave out the low-income uninsured. "Access to" is simply not the same as "provided to." If you don't have the money to pay for the care, "access to" is of no value.

The development of the semi-conductor is both a blessing and a curse in health care. We can now collect and analyze massive amounts of care data, but we only partially understand what that data analysis means for medical care delivery. Understanding population-based health care decisions is very different from understanding what the data means for an individual's medical care needs. In my short time as a physician, medical science has changed rapidly. Physicians today know and can do so much more than we old folks knew or could do. The administrative management of medical care delivery has not kept pace with medical science advances. Clearly, our political policy makers do not understand the whole new problem of population-based evaluation and what it means for individual medical care.

My main regret is that I am not thirty years younger. I am certain that I would enjoy this amazing public policy debate. How to provide health care for America that we can pay for may be one of our most important domestic problems. Better educating our children is clearly America's most important task. We must create a population that understands the stewardship required to maintain our democracy. After all, "It takes a village to raise a child." Or, as Benjamin Franklin said when asked by a group of citizens what kind of government the Constitutional Convention of 1787 had created: "A republic, if you can keep it."



Photos by Jerry Cotten

FIRST ROW: Pam Clark, Paul Clark; Jordan Harris Bracamonte, H. David Bruton
 SECOND ROW: Bland Simpson, H. David Bruton; Betty Ray McCain, Carolyn Hunt
 THIRD ROW: Sherry Price, Tony Price, H. David Bruton, Frieda Bruton,
 Robin Cummings, Rebecca Cummings



Photos by Jerry Cotten

Remarks by Gov. James B. Hunt Jr.

Well, thank you very much. Your saying that puts me in mind of a time when I was governor. I was governor a while, you know. By the way, some of you folks have just moved in here. Do you know how long I was governor of North Carolina, off and on? But anyhow, this is about the time when I guess in my first—maybe first term, first or second—when we had two seaports in North Carolina. One's at Morehead City—somebody's here from Morehead City right here—and one's at Wilmington.

I was governor a while, you know. By the way, some of you folks have just moved in here. Do you know how long I was governor of North Carolina, off and on?

Well, Wilmington's always been larger, but Morehead City has been important. And the story goes that we had money for two of these great big cranes, not the little ones, the scancer cranes, but the great big ones—you know what I'm talking about, built like that. And it turned out that we weren't using the one at Morehead, and we had so much business at Wilmington that we really needed it. So, I made the decision as governor of the state to move the big crane from Morehead City to Wilmington.

Well, it didn't go over too well at Morehead City. And I got along all right until I went down there to speak. And this fellow got up to introduce me; I thought he was a friend. In fact, I thought he'd maybe chaired my campaign down there. And he got up and said, "Here's a man who has served North Carolina for a long time," but "he's done us wrong down here at Morehead City." He continued, "He's the most over-introduced man I've ever heard of in my life. I know that he gets a lot of good introductions, but I want to tell you tonight, this is a man who has had too many introductions, and he doesn't deserve a good one here."

And I, of course, didn't get one. Well, I'm delighted to be here tonight with Carolyn, my good wife. I want her to stand up because she's done more to serve North Carolina than about any woman in history. Stand up, sweetheart. Four children. Ten grandchildren. And now, two great-grandchildren, and we're still going. She works her head off every day. Sixteen years as first lady. She opened

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that Governor's Mansion every day to people and stood downstairs and personally greeted them. Volunteered at two schools every weekday. Worked her head off and still does it. She's back to volunteering again. Really, she came home from her little school and said, "Honey, there were four children that wanted me to work with them—wanted to work with me." And you know, there are just so many needs of our young children, and we've got to do so much more to help them.

But I'm delighted to be here tonight to honor one of North Carolina's most determined and dynamic leaders. I first met him when I was campaigning for governor. I knew right many of the political leaders in these counties around the state; in fact, I knew about all of them. I'd learn them from Terry Sanford, my hero and mentor, and one of the secrets of our campaign, Bill Whichard. Where are you, Judge Whichard? It was the fact that we inherited Terry Sanford's organization, didn't we?

Well, anyhow, I found out there was a fellow living down in Montgomery County. His name was Jeff Allen. There's only one person in this room that knows who I'm talking about. He was country if you ever saw it, but he knew his people. He knew how to deliver the vote. And I went down to Montgomery County, and he said, "Governor, I'm going to take you over here to Moore County." Moore is about as different from Montgomery as it can be, at least around Southern Pines and Pinehurst.

So, he said, "Get in my car here." And I got in his car, and he started driving us over there, and I noticed there was a little can down beside his seat, right under the brake. And pretty soon, I found out what it was for. He was chewing tobacco, and he'd chewed it for a while, and he'd reach down and get that can, bring it up, and spit in it. And he did that talking all the time we're traveling over to—were you in Southern Pines, or Pinehurst, David?

[David Bruton]: Southern Pines.

Southern Pines. But as I said, about as country as you could get. And I said, "Good lord, where is he taking me?" We walked into David Bruton's office—David Bruton, this fine, upstanding, young, bright fellow, knocked the top out here at Carolina. Went up to that great medical school in Baltimore, knocked the top out there. And Jeff Allen introduced me to this fellow. Jeff Allen knew David Bruton. He knew what kind of a fellow he was; he knew what he stood for.

I found out very quickly how much he cared about children, and how much work that he was doing for them. I also found out that he was a Democrat. And folks, we had to hustle in Moore County in those days, and we still do. In any event, David, I thought about that when I knew I was going to talk about you some here tonight. I found out, though, on that first visit, first, he cared about children; second, he cared about public schools, and he chaired the board in his home county; and third, as I said, we thought together on politics.

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During the sixteen years that I served as governor of North Carolina, we—so many people in this room here tonight and David and I—led this state to do big things in two critical areas. And he deserves huge credit for both of them. I want to tell you about him. First, we made enormous strides in improving public schools, public education. I appointed David Bruton chairman of the State Board of Education. The board, appointed by the governor and the governor should have that authority, is how the governor leads. [Applause]

David and I pushed big initiatives to improve the schools. Now, you're watching a situation where the legislature isn't putting in too much money for the schools. Some [money], made a little progress on teacher pay, not nearly where we had it before, but some progress. But we made some big improvements in those days under David's leadership. We put in a primary reading program, do you remember that, David? We put a full-time assistant in every classroom in grades 1, 2, and 3. Most of them are gone now, and they're fussing about those that are left. They want to do away with them. We put them in there, and reading scores shot up. The children learned so much more.

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They went through their careers having learned to read and being good at it. David led that. He was a great leader of education, and then we measured their progress. We wanted to make sure they were learning. You can't just have the classes and assume people are learning; you've got to measure whether or not they're learning. And David and I put in reading and math measures to find out that they were learning, and we got help from the Frank Porter Graham Child Development Center here to do that.

David used his skills and persistently worked to get the legislature to require passage of a competency test for high school graduation. We were one of the first states to do that. I went on statewide television to encourage people to do it, and many of us volunteered to make that happen. And then we developed appropriate tests for the other grades. Nobody was measuring how well we were doing. We were teaching and assuming they were learning, and a lot of them weren't learning. David and I and responsible educators knew that we needed to measure learning if we were going to help every child succeed.

And then, of course, was the matter of funding schools. Terry Sanford had gotten through a big step to improve teacher pay. Many of you remember—how many of you remember that, by the way? Come on up with those hands. We've

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got to teach some more lessons around here, I believe. But we did it then; we slipped back, and then David and I worked very hard to get more funds. David was a magician—that's not quite fair to say. He worked his magic is a good thing to say, but he worked it. That's how it happened. And we got together the funding for these schools for the early childhood education, and for the first three grades with those teacher assistants.

With David's leadership, we created the North Carolina School of Science and Mathematics. How many of you have heard of that? Well, that's a little better. They've just scored the highest of any school in America on a lot of the big competitions that they're in this year. I was just talking to the chancellor of that school. David helped us get that done. That wasn't easy to do. Some of the regular public school people didn't want us to have the School of Math and Science. Remember that, David? We had to explain to people what it was, what it could do for them. Now, we're going to add a second campus up in Morganton.

David Bruton had vision. He understood what was possible. He knew what we ought to do, and then he got in and worked at it, day and night. With David Bruton, with his leadership, we made more progress in eight years than had ever been done before in the state of North Carolina, and maybe more than any state in America at that time. So, this man is a great leader for education. He believes in it. He knows that it's the key to our future and doing right for every child. There are moral issues here, folks. Are you doing what you ought to do? We ought not to be afraid to say what God wants us to do.

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He believes in it. He knows that it's the key to our future and doing right for every child.

And helping children is the best thing you can do. So, we worked together and he served the whole eight years as chairman of the State Board of Education. Gosh knows I don't know how his partners back home in Moore County got along, but he did it and that wonderful Frieda helped him do it. And then in my second go-round—I was the first two-term governor, serving from '77 to '85, and then came back in, in '93, and served to 2001. We call that the second go-round. When I can't remember what the years were, I just say the second go-round.

Well, at that time, at least for a good part of that second go-round, I asked David Bruton to be the North Carolina Secretary of Health and Human Services. In fact, technically I asked David to head the Department of Human Resources, which it was then called—Department of Human Resources. Health was over

in another department, called DENR—Department of Environment and Natural Resources. So, I said, “David, how about heading up this Department of Human Resources.” He said, “I’ll take it, if you move health under it.” Now, that wasn’t easy to do, but we got it done, so I changed it, and David took it.

And I want to tell you, he did an amazing job. Now, bear in mind here, first of all, he led the schools for eight years. Now, he’s taken over the leadership of health care in North Carolina for five or six more years. Name somebody who has given that much leadership over that long a period of time, in that important a place, in North Carolina history. You’re all historians here. You know what’s happened in North Carolina. Well, I want you to study about that.

Perhaps one of the two most important steps our state has ever done was during that period of time. First of all, David came in; we’d just started SmartStart, and you know that we do that with a 501(c)(3) in every county in North Carolina. No other state in America does that. David understood the importance of giving those children that good, early start, helping them become all they could be, and he led that effort. But also, he did other things to improve our people’s health. We established the Child Health Insurance Program in North Carolina. We call it CHIP—Child Health Insurance Program.

Every child in North Carolina, up to 200 percent of federal poverty guidelines, got health insurance. Now, you’ve been hearing about the Affordable Care Act and Obamacare and all the stuff they’re talking about now. What’s Trump’s new plan? The American Health Care Act, or something like that. We’ll remember that name a long time. But David led us to establish the Child Health Insurance Program in North Carolina, and these poor children, for the first time in their lives, got health insurance.

Now, the origin of this was as a federal program. President Bill Clinton, with the help of our Erskine Bowles, got through the Congress the state health insurance program, but the feds only put in part of the money. We—the states—had to go out and raise the matching funds to make that happen. And David Bruton took me by the hand, and we went all over North Carolina. He knew all those fellow doctors around the state, the fellow educators, drawing on all those people he’d led and worked with, in leading our state. And we saw the need.

David would take us to a hospital where a child had just gotten an operation they couldn’t have had otherwise; take us to a child-care center; take us to a public school; take us into a public housing project. He took us there, and the press followed, and we saw the need of these children, and what we could do if we got this money. Wasn’t easy to get the money. We had bipartisan leadership in the legislature, and we had to come up with a lot of money for this, but under David Bruton’s leadership, we got it done.

David was just tremendous in working with legislators, and he also had a little help. He had help from the editors of the *Raleigh News and Observer*. Y’all probably didn’t know that. Frankly, I didn’t know it all until recently. But the editor

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of the *News and Observer* would call up and say, “Dave, what do you need now?” And then an editorial appeared the next day, pushing the projects that David Bruton thought were important for our people, and especially in this case, for the children of North Carolina.

But we worked hard to get that done, and now, about 200,000 children from that time have had health care that would not have had it otherwise. David worked hard—in fact, he had worked hard to get us to that place. I didn’t know that until recently when he reminded me of it. He’d been a leader of the AMA—the American Medical Association—not the most liberal group in the world, at least at that time. It got a little better, I noticed, David. But David Bruton was chair of the legislative council, and he wanted to push for these health programs for the children.

And the powers that be in the AMA said, “No, we’re not going to get behind that in Congress. We’re not going to push that. That would be the slippery slope to socialized medicine.” They didn’t wear this guy down. They didn’t stop him. He worked with Erskine Bowles. He worked with Bill Clinton, and the bill passed, and we in North Carolina went out and got support from all over the state. We passed it in a bipartisan legislature, and great things have happened since, led by David Bruton. I saw him; I was there; I saw how he could talk to everybody. He can walk in that room and talk to the doctors and all the high-falutin’ folks, and he can talk to that fellow that’s mopping that floor. That’s David Bruton.

He knows them, and he cares about them. And they get it. David has done so many great things. He built the program whereby we had the Community Care movement. He had this great goal, and I’ve probably talked this afternoon about most of these things, if not all of them. But he wanted to see every person have a medical home; he wanted all those poor people and these rural people, and all the people, have a chance to get good care. Good care. And he knew how to do that, and he put his shoulder to the wheel and made the Community Care movement happen in North Carolina, so that everybody would have a medical home, and, of course, we had to raise the money to help make that happen.

So, with David’s leadership, we were recognized as having perhaps the best Medicaid program in America. I remember going to national governors’ meetings, and we’d be talking about Medicaid, and the examples they would always use would be North Carolina under David Bruton’s leadership. Great leader—a great, caring leader. And then, of course, David led us to implement President Clinton’s welfare reform initiatives. We cut welfare rolls in half and put thousands and thousands of former welfare clients into paying jobs.

So, with David’s leadership, we were recognized as having perhaps the best Medicaid program in America. I remember going to national governors’ meetings, and we’d be talking about Medicaid, and the examples they would always use would be North Carolina under David Bruton’s leadership. Great leader—a great, caring leader.

Now, we did it in a caring way. We didn't just slap them off the rolls. We helped them find jobs; we helped them get training; we helped them get child-care, so that they could be away from the home at times. But we did it. We proved it can be done, because I've heard the children tell me how much better off the family was now that they had both the income and the pride and self-esteem that went with it. So, David led that.

The truth is, folks, you get in a group like this, and you know about everybody, and it's easy to say, well, you know, surely none of us have stuck out that much. David Bruton has. This man, in education, and health and human services, he has been and is one of the great leaders North Carolina has ever had. To watch him work, and I saw him in all kinds of situations, is amazing. He doesn't think there's anything he can't do. He'll get out there and take it on, and prove it can be done, with great energy.

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I call him the energizing bunny. And he led the two biggest departments in North Carolina over all of these years, constantly looking for new ideas to do better and to make North Carolina great. He was courageous, and he knew how to get the people behind our efforts, and the legislature to cooperate, even when we had divided power between the legislature and the governor's office. David Bruton is truly worthy of receiving the highest award of this eminent society.

Tonight, I want to thank him for his historic service and leadership of this good state, where the great grow strong, and the strong grow great. You've made it greater, David Bruton. We thank you, and we love you.

Remarks by H. G. Jones

Sixty-four years ago, May 8, 1953, I wrote in my diary, "Then there was the letter from David Bruton, whom I have driven hard this year."

I found the letter on the front seat of my automobile, and when I read on the back of the envelope, "I didn't have necessary guts to say these things, so I wrote

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them,” I thought, “Now, David is going to ‘tell me off’ on this, the worst day of my life.” So I put the unread letter in my pocket.

As background, David was a member of the editorial board for Oak Ridge Military Institute’s cadet annual, *Dress Parade*, for which I was faculty adviser. He and the staff did a fine job in selecting portraits of each cadet, along with campus and dormitory scenes typical of life in a school for boys. However, when the shipment of printed books arrived from Edwards & Broughton, it was opened by a school officer who took exception to several candid snapshots. Inexplicably and without my knowledge, he ordered a couple of cadets to go through each book and, with an ink brush, obliterate the offending scenes.

When I learned of this travesty, I, as the cadets described it, “blew my stack,” confronted the president, stoutly defended the images, interpreted the censorship as a direct slap at the morals of both the cadets and me, and resigned on the spot.

For the next two days, between visitations from cadets proposing impractical means of joining my protest, I began packing my belongings. But I also began questioning the wisdom of my drastic action. Had I, in my outrage, jeopardized my teaching career almost before it began? I could go back to the president, apologize, and withdraw my resignation.

While vacillating, I remembered David’s letter. Opening the envelope, I could hardly believe his words:

“I do not know the whole story. . . , but I know that whatever you did was right. If it wasn’t, then I’m lost, for all that is right and good I have associated with you.”

Stunned, I put the letter aside and thought again about my actions. Should I recant and apologize for my rage? What would my cadets think?

Again I picked up the letter and read more of David’s words. He compared me with his father, who had been mistreated in local politics; and he forgave me for my painful orders tearing him away from his roommate, whom I judged not a good influence on David. He wrote, “I believe you liked me a lot, enough even to hurt me to help make me a better man.”

Again I put the letter aside (probably with tears in my eyes) and pondered my actions. No matter what my future should hold, my Oak Ridge cadets believed in me, and I couldn’t let them down. Emboldened, instead of recanting, I picked up my diary and wrote, “I am glad I did what I did!”

I finished reading David’s letter: “Lt., I think I will be a bigger man because of you. I think I can better stand up for the right now. Thank you.”

No, David, it is I who thank you, then an eighteen-year-old cadet, for teaching a twenty-nine-year-old U.S. Navy lieutenant the true meaning of integrity. You gave me courage, in your words, to “do the right.” You promoted the word “right” from an adjective to a noun.

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Finally, David, among the millions of manuscripts being preserved permanently in the North Carolina State Archives is your original handwritten letter (still folded incorrectly in its blue envelope) that played an enormous role in my magical career. I shall never cease thanking you and your fellow cadets for giving me courage to, in your words, “stand up for the right.” For two-thirds of a century, with that motto, I have been bedeviling my superiors (including several governors) to “do the right,” and I won’t stop until I am a hundred!

Remarks by William L. Stewart

It is an honor for me to be here tonight to talk about David Bruton. Several months ago, he asked if I would come and say a few words. I agreed. Did I have a choice? One thing I’ve learned in thirty-five years of knowing Dr. B is that you pretty much do what Dr. B wants. He’s got a skillful, if not sneaky, way of getting you to do it anyway. At Sandhills Pediatrics, we call it getting “Brutonized.” Many of you in this room probably know exactly what I am talking about.

So, what can I tell you about this good-natured, big-hearted farm boy from Montgomery County who claims to have plowed barefooted behind a mule? Caring for children brought us together thirty-five years ago, and for most of those years, I worked alongside this extraordinary pediatrician as he practiced his craft. I’ve always contended that Dr. B has forgotten more medicine than I ever learned. After finishing medical school and his internship at the University of North Carolina, he and Frieda moved to east Baltimore where he completed his residency at Johns Hopkins.

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Dave always reminded us lesser mortals that at Hopkins, he was on call every day. Dave loves to tell the story about his very first day on the wards, when

continued

Dr. Helen Taussig, who even then was legendary in the field of pediatric cardiology, asked Dr. B for permission to consult on one of his patients. All the residents in his class at Hopkins pursued academic careers, except Dave. He brought it back to Moore County and with his friend, Dr. Bill Clarke, founded the very first pediatrics clinic in the Sandhills and raised generations of children.

I can see him in the exam room sitting across from a worried mother, his long white lab coat falling open around his considerable girth. (There used to be a whole lot more of him than there is now.) His hands would be clasped right there on his belly, and he'd be peering intently over his reading glasses. (Dr. B can talk with his eyes.) You knew he was listening to you. For a worried mother explaining about her sick child, that look by itself was therapeutic. There was no distracting computer on his lap, just a paper chart and some legible scribble: *fever, cough, TMs clear, rales RML, dx: pneumonia, Amoxil*. Then you would hear, "All right Mama, 1, 2, 3." That was the signal that you were about to get a down-home diagnosis. It was the doctor-patient relationship in its purest most beneficial form, and Dr. B was a master.

As skilled as he was at the practice of medicine, it was only one of Dr. Bruton's many avocations. Dr. Bruton liked to tinker. We never threw anything away at the office. The nurses would just have Dr. B fix stuff. They were always calling him to the lab to fix the incubator for our strep throat cultures, and it seemed he could do it with a paper clip and a rubber band. One day I asked him how he knew how to fix that. He gave me a look (those talking eyes were saying, "You city boys don't know nothing"), laughed, and said, "Bill, this is a chick incubator from the farm." Well, we used that incubator until we no longer had Dr. B to fix it.

Dr. Bruton loves politics. Lucky for us he was a different kind of politician. If you have lived in the South for any length of time, you know it all comes down to mama. She either raised you right or she didn't. Well, Dr. Bruton's mama did raise him right, although I think he put up a pretty stiff resistance. She and his daddy did their darnedest to bring him up to be a southern gentleman right there in Candor, North Carolina, and in the Methodist church as often as they could get him there hoping some of that Wesleyan tradition would stick to him.

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Well, some of it did stick, and I think it made a difference in the kind of man and politician he became. Dr. Bruton used his political power to make things better for all.

It was New Year's Eve 1996, Dave's birthday. He was in Florida to watch UNC play in the Gator Bowl. Back in Southern Pines, the highway patrol called looking for Dave. The governor needed to talk with him. He was being tapped to lead the Department of Health and Human Services. We were about to share Dr. B with the

rest North Carolina. You have heard from Governor Hunt about many of Dave's accomplishments, but I want to say to them both that over those four years they did more to advance the well-being of children and families in North Carolina than any of their predecessors ever even contemplated and any of their successors have attempted.

Some of the battles were epic. Dr. B loved a good political fight, and he really liked to win. He firmly believed that the doctor and the patient should be in charge. He was able to secure quality health care for the most vulnerable citizens of our state. From his efforts grew the nationally acclaimed Medicaid program we now know as Community Care of North Carolina. Sadly, now that legacy is in some danger, but a new generation of pediatricians has stepped up to lead the fight to protect it.

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After his term ended, he came back to Moore County and served on the hospital board, helped organize Community Care of the Sandhills, and seemingly in his spare time started the Moore County Free Care Clinic. He continues to work tirelessly to keep it funded and staffed. He has never stopped, and I don't expect that he ever will.

For most of the time I have known David and Frieda, they have lived on a sandy patch of farmland in the middle of Moore County very aptly named, the Someday Farm. There have been valiant attempts to grow marketable produce on this piece of land, but none have really been successful. However, they did create a welcoming haven for family and friends. The mighty and the meek, the powerful and down-trodden have all been welcomed with love and shown a hospitality you will rarely find anywhere else.

Last August, Dave and Frieda graciously agreed to host the fiftieth-anniversary celebration for Sandhills Pediatrics. He consented to allow us to hire a crew to do all the hard work on the condition that he would cook the pig and partners would come and help. "I'll get up some vittles and maybe we can find some liquor to drink," he said. Three generations of pediatricians and family, a father and son, and a grandfather and grandson sat around that large black cooker until dawn. The vittles consisted of a bag of Doritos and a sack of doughnuts. There was some liquor too, but none consumed to excess because we did not want to miss a moment of what was being said. Three generations sharing the history of their common life experiences, along with some tall tales and a good dose of Carolina

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basketball. The pig was cooked to perfection. Dr. B's always are. It was a night we will always remember.

Finally, I want to tell you about one thing that Dave and Frieda have successfully cultivated on the Someday Farm: one amazing crop of grandchildren. Dave and Frieda are the grandparents every child deserves. The family trips Dr. Bruton organizes are legendary. They are themed learning excursions. They have involved National Parks, Major League Baseball games, Civil War battlefields, and international travel to China, London, France, and the beaches of Normandy. Each grandchild has an assignment to be researched ahead of time and presented in turn while on the trip. Their grandchildren now range in age from seventeen to twenty-eight and apparently never miss a trip. I love to hear Dave talk about his grandchildren. He beams with pride as he describes in glorious details their talents and accomplishments. To some it may sound like bragging, and Dr. B is proud, but I think it is all about setting expectations. If you know your grandfather is out there telling half the state of North Carolina what an amazing student you are, are you really going to slack off on your homework? Expectations work. Knowing who you are and where you come from are important.

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I think this is part of the reason that belonging to the North Caroliniana Society is so important to David. Gathered here tonight are the guardians of all the wondrous things that make us North Carolinians, the history and culture that connect us and give us our identity as Tar Heels. Connections and high expectations allow us individually and collectively to strive to achieve a better society for all. Who better for us to look to as an example than the man you have chosen to honor tonight?

Someday is not a lament on the shortcomings of the past. Someday is a reminder about the incredible possibilities of a future with expectations.

David, thank you for being my friend and for loving me and my family. I am a better doctor and person because you have been my mentor. I am inspired to achieve because I know you have expectations.

Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award for 2016 by Jeffrey J. Crow



Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award for 2016. Accepting on behalf of the author David Silkenat was his father-in-law Willis P. Whichard (left). Jeffrey J. Crow (right) made the announcement.

Each year the North Caroliniana Society presents an award for the best book about the state of North Carolina. Long a rich source of material for both fiction and nonfiction, North Carolina attracts many writers from within and outside its borders. Competition for this award is always keen, and this year was no exception.

The selection committee—H. David Bruton, Danye Romine Powell, and I—considered a number

of excellent books. We are pleased to announce that the winner of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award for 2016 is *Driven from Home: North Carolina's Civil War Refugee Crisis* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2016) by David Silkenat. Dr. Silkenat, who earned his Ph.D. in history from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, is a lecturer in the School of History, Classics, and Archaeology at the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Silkenat also holds the distinction of being the first scholar to receive the North Caroliniana Society Book Award twice. His book *Moments of Despair: Suicide, Divorce, and Debt in Civil War Era North Carolina* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2011) won the 2011 award.

Driven from Home is a model of meticulous scholarship. Dr. Silkenat examines the flood of refugees who sought shelter in the Piedmont and mountains of North Carolina during the Civil War. Not only did pro-Confederate whites—both

continued

slaveholders and non-slaveholders—seek safety inland, but African Americans also took to the road. Slaves fled eastward to Union-occupied towns on the coast. Young women from other parts of the South under Union attack pursued residence in the state’s many boarding schools. Unionist whites often found the draft, Confederate troops, the Home Guard, and secessionist neighbors inhospitable, forcing them to move as well. The resulting refugee crisis disrupted society and the economy. The response of Confederate and state governments proved inadequate. For the careful reader, Dr. Silkenat’s study has surprising resonance in the twenty-first century with the contemporary refugee crisis.

Dr. Silkenat could not be with us today. Accepting the award on his behalf is his father-in-law Justice Willis P. Whichard.

Remarks by David Silkenat

I want to express my profound appreciation to the North Caroliniana Society for this award and my sincere regret that I cannot be with you this evening. The society has been immensely supportive of my scholarship throughout my career. An Archie K. Davis Fellowship allowed me to do much of the preliminary research that went into this book.

Driven from Home explores the lives of refugees in Civil War North Carolina, but 150 years later, many of its lessons are still applicable today. Two themes of the book seem particularly relevant in our current moment. First, refugee populations are far from monolithic—refugee populations both during the Civil War and today are profoundly diverse in their backgrounds, political and cultural identities, and dispositions. Civil War refugees were black and white, Confederates and Unionists, rich and poor, enslaved and free, young and old.

Second, what made the refugee issue into a refugee crisis in the Civil War was the failure of both Confederate and Union governments to take responsibility for the welfare of refugees. The tremendous human suffering that refugees experienced in Civil War North Carolina arose in significant measure because of the recalcitrance in providing vulnerable refugees with food, shelter, and protection.

The global refugee crisis today makes the experience of Civil War-era North Carolinians particularly relevant. While the differences between refugees then and now are profound, the experience of Civil War refugees should prompt us to reflect before acting. In this spirit, I have decided to dedicate all royalties from the book to refugee relief.

Thank you again for this kind award, and I hope everyone has an excellent evening.



Photos by Jan C. Hensley



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