



A Love Affair with an Entire State

THOMAS W. LAMBETH

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY
Chapel Hill, North Carolina • 25 April 2013

A Love Affair with an Entire State

THOMAS W. LAMBETH

*Together with Tributes to Thomas W. Lambeth
on the Occasion of His Acceptance
of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2013*

25 April 2013

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY
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NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS

Number 52

Jeffrey J. Crow, Editor

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Introduction

THE NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

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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 and, on its sesquicentennial, the North Carolina Collection.

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- 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



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

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|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1999 — Reynolds Price | 2006 — Joseph F. Steelman |
| 2000 — Richard H. Jenrette | 2007 — William B. Aycock |
| 2001 — Wilma Dykeman | 2007 — Fred Chappell |
| 2002 — Frank Borden Hanes, Sr. | 2008 — Henry E. & Shirley T. Frye |
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| 2004 — W. Trent Ragland, Jr. | 2010 — Bland Simpson |
| 2005 — W. Dallas Herring | 2011 — Lindsay C. Warren, Jr. |
| 2005 — John Hope Franklin | 2012 — Lee Smith |
| 2006 — Betty Ray McCain | 2013 — Thomas W. Lambeth |

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS, NUMBERS 1-51 (1978-2013)

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

continued

- 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



Jerry Cotten



Jerry Cotten



Jerry Cotten



Jerry Cotten



Jan Hensley



Jerry Cotten



Jan Hensley



Jan Hensley

FIRST ROW: *Thomas W. Lambeth; Willis P. Whichard*

SECOND ROW: *Keith Kapp and Patrick Wooten; Betty Ray McCain and Joe Wescott*

THIRD ROW: *David Cecelski flanked by his wife Laura Hanson and son Guy;*

Ed Wilson, Jack Betts, and Martin H. Brinkley

FOURTH ROW: *Mary Lynn Bryan and Norwood Bryan; Shirley Taylor Frye and Henry E. Frye*

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 Tom Lambeth’s family and close friends.



ABOVE: *Martin H. Brinkley*

Not all of you heard Tom’s remarks this afternoon, but there is 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 Carolina 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 Tom Lambeth, that is a challenge, but we are up to it.

JACK BETTS

Jack Betts is a native of Greensboro, a graduate of UNC-Chapel Hill’s Class of 1968, and a former photographer assigned to the Army Photographic Agency at the Pentagon. He began his newspapering career with the *Greensboro Daily News*, did a brief stint in public relations for the Association of American Railroads, and was Washington correspondent for the morning and evening dailies in Norfolk, Roanoke, and Greensboro during the Watergate affair. He was Raleigh Bureau Chief for the *Greensboro Daily News*, editor of *North Carolina Insight* at the North Carolina Center for Public Policy Research, and from 1992 until 2011 was the Raleigh-based associate editor of the *Charlotte Observer*, where he wrote

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daily editorials, a weekly column, and frequent posts on the blog *This Old State*. He was a frequent commentator on *North Carolina Spin*, the weekly televised state news program, and has appeared on public television and public radio. He is a member of the North Carolina Journalism Hall of Fame.

Jack recently completed a history of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation's third quarter century of service, to be published later this year. He has known Tom Lambeth for forty years, since Tom's days as administrative assistant to Richardson Preyer on Capitol Hill and his own days as a Washington correspondent. He says Tom has been a mentor to him "since the crust of the Earth cooled."

Jack recently retired just across William Byrd's line, where he writes a blog about living in a part of that Mountain of Conceit where everyone seems to be from North Carolina. He swears he can see the "Goodliest Soil under the Cope of Heaven" from his front porch and that he keeps a keen eye on us. I will leave it to him to say whether the vista these days is inspiring.

Please welcome Jack Betts.



Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: Jack Betts

JOEL FLEISHMAN

A native of Fayetteville, Joel Fleishman is professor of Law and Public Policy at the Sanford School of Public Policy at Duke University. He joined the Duke faculty in 1971, was founding director of what is now the Sanford School, and has served Duke as vice-president, senior vice-president and first senior vice-president. Taking part-time leave from Duke from 1993 to 2003, he became president of the Atlantic Philanthropic Service Company in New York City, the U.S. program staff of Atlantic Philanthropies.

Joel is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the author of *The Foundation: A Great American Secret—How Private Wealth is Changing the World*, published in 2007. Another book, which he co-authored with Tom Tierney, chairman of the Bridgespan Group, titled *Give Smart: Philanthropy that Gets Results*, was released in March 2011. Both books have had repeat printings and



Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: Joel Fleishman

have been reviewed enthusiastically. Joel is the faculty chair of the Sanford School's Center for Strategic Philanthropy and Civil Society and the director of the school's Sam and Ronnie Heyman Center for Ethics, Public Policy, and the Professions. His current research focuses on charitable foundations that are, or are considering the possibility of, spending themselves out of existence. Tom Lambeth says that Joel is one of the handful of people recognized as a statesman in the field of organized philanthropy. There is no leader of any major foundation who does not know and respect him.

On Founders' Day, October 1, 2009, Duke presented him with the University Medal for his extraordinary service to the university. He is the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Urban Institute and was for eight years the wine columnist for *Vanity Fair*.

Joel has known Tom Lambeth as a close friend for more than sixty years, since they were introduced to each other by Norwood Bryan as undergraduates two years apart on this campus. Joel recruited Tom to work for Terry Sanford's 1960 gubernatorial campaign, and Tom recruited Joel, then a graduate of the Yale Law School, to be Governor Sanford's legal assistant. With parallel careers in politics and education, and sharing a common interest in philanthropy, Tom and Joel have enjoyed a transcendent collegiality and friendship across half a century. Tom tells me that he is notorious among their circle for kidding Joel somewhat outrageously, reminding him—at events at Duke—that Joel is not a graduate of Duke and has not chosen to live in Durham.

Please welcome Joel Fleishman.



Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: Hunter Lambeth

HUNTER LAMBETH

Hunter Lambeth, Tom Lambeth's son, is a graduate of R. J. Reynolds High School, where he played basketball and ran cross country, winning the school cross country award and the school, county, and district distance medals. Hunter graduated from this university in 1989 and did his graduate work at UNC-Charlotte. For most of his adult career he has worked for the youth

ministry Young Life, in North Carolina, Montana, and various countries. He is now living in Nazareth, Israel, while developing a Young Life program for high school students in the Middle East. Hunter visited his family here recently, and as he had to return to Israel, it was not possible for him to be with us this evening. But now, via the wonders of modern technology, to tell us about the real Tom Lambeth, I give you Hunter Lambeth.



Jerry Cotten

PRESENTATION OF THE NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD
FOR 2013 TO THOMAS W. LAMBETH

Editor's Note:

The same evening that Tom Lambeth received the North Caroliniana Society Award, he also was named the Small Board Trustee of the Year in New York City. According to *Fund Director Intelligence*, Lambeth received the honor for leading the Sterling Capital Funds board, of which he is independent chair, through a comprehensive process to realign the collection of funds that it oversees. Sterling Capital Funds is a subsidiary of BB&T Corp. Lambeth joined the board of BB&T Funds twenty years ago and became the first independent chair in 2004. Under his leadership the board's responsibilities grew from one trust worth \$167 million to two trusts with more than \$4 billion in assets.

A Love Affair with an Entire State

Thomas W. Lambeth

Years ago my friend Skipper Bowles developed a plan for my career. It was a reasonable plan, but it did require that I live for several years in another state. I loved Skipper and I valued his advice, but I just could not leave. He was a man who did not easily abandon a dream or a plan but finally he said to me, “I give up. I cannot compete with a love affair. I certainly cannot compete with a love affair with an entire state.”

So I come to speak to you about the object of that love affair. I want to speak not so much about the suitor but about the “suitee,” and so we have a new word. I want to speak to you about North Carolina; about why I think it is worth the best we can give it in service—in both the imagining and the doing. I want to do that by sharing some of the stories of those who define the state and its character by their lives and their works. I hope to remind you of your own experiences of place and person, of struggle and achievement against the odds. I want to remember what is here worth preserving and what tells us that we can and we must make it a better place for its entire people.

*In these places are captured the beauty of North Carolina;
in these stories are captured the spirit of North Carolina.
They are about the great and the less great, the icons and
the little known; about the wealthy and the not so wealthy and
about the poor. Together they capture the character of a people.*

In these places are captured the beauty of North Carolina; in these stories are captured the spirit of North Carolina. They are about the great and the less great, the icons and the little known; about the wealthy and the not so wealthy and about the poor. Together they capture the character of a people. Some of these people are very sophisticated. Many of them are so unsophisticated that they do not realize that they cannot accomplish difficult things so they just go out and accomplish them. You find them everywhere possessing and possessed by a kind of individualism that can be both heartwarming and demanding. I have never

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forgotten Albert Coates's story about congratulating the local farmer who had won some kind of recognition and having the farmer say, "Well, Mr. Coates, when you don't have no education, you just have to use your head." We have a lot of people who just use their heads. In the whole fabric of our nation they may not be truly unique. Theirs are only moments in the long hours of history, but they are their moments, our North Carolina moments, and I believe they compose the very marrow of the place called North Carolina.

Place is a great value in most of our lives. I would say that in most of your hearts we would find a love for the place of your birth. My mother did. She came to North Carolina just out of college. A close friend was coming to Greensboro to teach, and the family did not want the young woman to "go North" alone. Mother lived nowhere else for over sixty years. On her last visit to the hospital just before her death at age ninety-one, she was asked by the admitting nurse where she was from. She did not hesitate for a moment and answered, "Georgia."

I know that 300 years of Tar Heel roots gives me no special ownership of the state. It belonged to my Georgia-bred mother; it certainly belongs to my son-in-law who came here as a young man from Michigan, and it belongs to our new governor who came here as a boy from Ohio. Whatever claim I have on it—or you have—is shared with almost ten million others.

What about those 10 million—well, not each one of them—but what about a sampling of them that tells us something about this continuum of place and purpose, of struggle and victory, of meaning and value? What makes us the kind of people we are; what makes it so difficult for some of us to ever leave? Why would we, asked to identify from whence we came—wherever we might be at the moment—proudly say, "North Carolina."

I begin with apologies to all those who merit inclusion in these remarks but whom I will not be able to include. If I speak of the few, it is only time that prevents my speaking of the many, and all of you know of my admiration and appreciation and affection.

Some years ago, one of the morning television shows interviewed a bright, engaging young performer who had just scored a triumph with audiences and critics on Broadway. He was a native of North Carolina and one of the early graduates of the North Carolina School of the Arts. The interviewer—innocently, I believe, and not meaning to put down any geography—said, "You are so talented, and you are going to be such a success, and here you are from North Carolina." The young man replied, "If I am talented, if I am going to be a success, it is *because I am from North Carolina.*"

Just as that young man, I believe it is something special to be from North Carolina even with all its historical contradictions, even with failures of policy or achievement. It is found in our total history and in accomplishments, sometimes against the odds, in the rich geography of a place where the reality for too long for too many has been poverty. We are, as one documentarian has declared, a paradox and a paradise.

Is it possible that my conviction is just a romantic notion? Is there more paradox than paradise? Perhaps we are not so special after all. Walter Hines Page, one of our most distinguished journalists of the past and an early twentieth-century diplomat who loved his state, once wrote, “There must be some place where one sleeps and sleeps and dreams and dreams and it might as well be North Carolina.” Then there are those observers of the state who have described it as a Rip Van Winkle State not yet awakened.

Perhaps we are just an incestuous tribe with tar on our heels. Some of us have been known to demonstrate this love of state among those who may not share it. In our DNA may be an element that even makes us boast. More than one of us has identified Tennessee as the part of North Carolina we gave away. The truth is we gave it away twice, and there are books in that state that do identify us as “the mother state.” I have a personal confession: I am guilty of pointing out to a rather large group in a meeting room in Austin, Texas, that when King Charles II granted the charter that created the Carolinas, it identified the land as running to the western sea. So I told the audience that it is clear Texas was a part of North Carolina we chose not to develop. I wasn’t rude. I acknowledged that they had done pretty good on their own. It was obvious to me that this fact about the creation of the Carolinas and of Texas had not made its way into Texas schoolbooks.

You may think this claim violates the notion of a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit. Well, it does, but that is not all bad. A little shared conceit may be spiritually healthy, especially if it is informed conceit.

My favorite description of North Carolina is found in the words of North Carolina author and newspaperman Jonathan Daniels, who wrote:

The state, good, beautiful and varied is a long way from perfection;
but more than any other state in Old America it is as it was
in the beginning—with the same high hope in it,
the same free people and the will to possess the same free chance.

“The state, good, beautiful and varied is a long way from perfection; but more than any other state in Old America it is as it was in the beginning—with the same high hope in it, the same free people and the will to possess the same free chance. Other states possess the houses, the preserved places, the restored buildings but the North Carolina continuity is of people, not buildings, of the pioneer possibility of equality and comradeship in equality. The belief in that possibility is, more than anything I know, the mark of North Carolina.”

Other North Carolina writers have written their own definitions of North Caroliniana and about our commitment to the land and to each other. My friend Ed Yoder wrote years ago that “amid the turbulence and impersonality of the twentieth century, North Carolina, more than any other place I know, clings doggedly to the idea of community as an asset to be prized.” Charles Kuralt told the world that he

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was “from a state where the people truly believe that if they try hard enough they can accomplish almost anything.”

I find confirmation of the Daniels continuity, the Yoder sense of commitment to community, and the Kurlalt report of a belief that we can accomplish anything if we try hard enough in the vignettes of people and place and in the stories of struggle and victories and of dreams turned into reality—all of this framing a rich state montage. Poor people and rich people, white and black and brown and yellow people, mountain people and coastal people, new people and people who have been here for generations.

What about the places? What is there in their sound and their sight that puts the hold on our hearts, the life in our spirits?

You have yours, and like mine I am certain that for you they form a collage of hue and topography and beauty that gladdens both the eye and the spirit: a turn in the road near Cashiers where one looks across the mountains; the swag near Waynesville where on some days you see eagles soar; the old road between the Triad and Salisbury where there is still not only the hint but actual sights of pastoral industry and beauty; Ocracoke in the morning before the boats go out; or anywhere in the marsh near Drummonds Point where you look at the venue that led Ralph Lane to write in the first letter in the English language sent from the New World to the Old that what surrounded him was “the goodliest land under the cope of heaven.”

Such reverie can be dangerous. In such a moment we need the jolt of reminder that, as Daniels wrote, we are a long way from perfection. My friend John Kerr, speaking with emotion several years ago to the Rural Prosperity Task Force, cited our failure to provide sufficient infrastructure in rural North Carolina—water and sewer being significant components of that infrastructure. He was correct about that. Perhaps not so correct, but effective nonetheless, when he expressed fear that we might give too much attention to the arts at the expense of those necessities. John warned, “If you can’t flush, you can’t dance!” For most of our history many of our fellow citizens have been poor and struggling—people thrown away as Linda Flowers would write. In such times we have built a great art museum, created a fine symphony orchestra, created the first state school of the arts in the nation. I think that is a part of our remarkable personality as well. We would not insult the poor by suggesting they live by bread alone. It is also a part of our state DNA that we believe that we are a state in which people must be able to both flush and dance.

We ought to treasure the fact that in some of our greatest moments we have been blessed with gifts of good sense and good humor. Confronting the question of whether to forbid the teaching of evolution in our schools more than seventy-five years ago, we came down on the side of free speech and free classrooms. We were led by the wisdom and wit of a mountain lawyer named Sam Ervin, who said that to forbid teaching evolution would only accomplish one good: it would forever absolve the monkey of responsibility for the human race.

So what about the people who live in the places?

Near Windsor—not far from Historic Hope Plantation but in a very different venue—years ago I visited Miss Henrietta’s restaurant in a converted gas station. Miss Henrietta would move around the room where the meal was the same every day. The lady was a marketing genius as well as a great cook. Standing behind you, seeing that you had eaten only three pieces of her chicken and only four of her biscuits and perhaps no more than a large helping of sweet potatoes, she would tap gently on your shoulder and say, “What’s wrong, don’t you like Miss Henrietta’s food?” North Carolina would be much less if we did not have the giants of entrepreneurship who have helped to enrich us, but where would we be if we did not have Miss Henrietta’s fried chicken?

Gibson straddles the border of the two Carolinas. It is an old cotton town where the economy declined as the gin went out of business. But there, in the 1980s, folks wore tee shirts that proudly proclaimed, “Gibson, the crossroads of the Carolinas.” There the lady who was then the mayor would point out the classic NASA picture of the Earth as seen from the moon that adorned a former depot now made a community center. She would declare, “You know, Gibson is the same distance from the moon as is Winston-Salem.” It is good for us to remember that, in North Carolina, we are all the same distance from the moon.

If there is a North Carolina peculiarity of personality that conveys a certain bent toward independence, then perhaps nothing confirms it more than the manner in which we handled the pursuit of our stolen copy of the U.S. Bill of Rights. In 1865 an Ohio soldier from Sherman’s occupying army removed the document from the State Capitol. The soldier took it home, and over the years it found its way into the hands of agents who sought to sell it back to someone or something in North Carolina. In the 1920s we declined to buy it, and then in the 1990s a well-placed Washington, D.C., attorney called me hoping to negotiate a sale that he thought might net at least one million dollars. He warned that otherwise the priceless document was likely to wind up in hands of some Middle East potentate or some Asian businessman. No one was willing to bite. “It is ours,” they all said. “We will not pay for contraband” was the response at every turn. Well, we have it now and we did not pay a dime of ransom.

The best of that personality is found in the story of the North Carolina mountaineer who stood in the way of the building of a new dam. A representative of the U.S. Corps of Engineers went to confront him. Every other landowner in the area had complied. The dam would be built; the lake would be created. Yet this one holdout sat on the porch of his cabin, his rifle across his lap, refusing to budge. The official told him, “You must move,” and the man replied, “Not going to do it.” A frustrated and puzzled official said, “I just don’t understand,” and the mountaineer said, “Come in and I will show you.” They went inside the simple room where a fire burned in an ancient fireplace. “My grandfather started that fire and kept it going until he died, then my father did the same and now I am

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responsible until I die. It has burned for more than 100 years.” The engineer understood and arranged for the entire house, with fire intact, to be moved. It was not allowed to go out. The defiant owner was satisfied and said, “I just figured that the thing I was responsible for in my life was to keep the fire of my father and my grandfather burning.” The continuity is of people—of stewardship across time.

Ebbs Chapel is in Madison County, almost in Tennessee, and there in a senior citizens center I once met a man wearing a UNC cap. I asked if he were a Carolina graduate. I realized soon that he had attended no college, had not gone far from western North Carolina. He answered very clearly, “No, but I do own it.” A dogged sense of community.

These stories of grassroots leadership, of people who leveraged modest resources, personal and community, into good and sometimes great things, of people of modest resources but great heart are a rich part of the North Carolina tradition. Yet to forget the impact on this state of the generosity of wealth would be to dismiss gifts that support our values as a people.

These stories of grassroots leadership, of people who leveraged modest resources, personal and community, into good and sometimes great things, of people of modest resources but great heart are a rich part of the North Carolina tradition. Yet to forget the impact on this state of the generosity of wealth would be to dismiss gifts that support our values as a people. In this room we are reminded of the investment in our people made by Hills and Kenans. I know well the extraordinary story of a brilliant entrepreneur named Reynolds and his wife who brought small town experience to the building of a great philanthropic tradition. In a room that is full of those whose love for Mary Semans matched their respect for her philanthropic leadership, one cannot forget what the name Duke means to North Carolina. There are so many others.

Perhaps the most compelling modern day story of what sharing the success achieved in business and commerce can mean to the character of a state is found in the story of Fred Stanback. This modest but determined citizen of Salisbury, in a little over two decades, has contributed more than \$75 million to conserving the rich natural resources of our mountains and forests, and, because of wise requirements he has imposed on matching his gifts, has now saved almost a half billion dollars of this goodly land.

Tyrrell County is the smallest in population in our state, and a county that, seeking greater economic growth, once volunteered to become a nuclear waste site. There lives Feather Phillips, whose husband is in the fishing business. Some years ago, convinced that the arts and crafts of her county’s rural population were both a cultural treasure and an economic opportunity, she quit her teaching job, gave up her benefits, and created the Pocosin Arts Center. The center now includes a gallery and facilities for local artists and crafts people, and Outer Banks

visitors now drive there to spend their money. Feather just knew she could do it and she did and an entire region is the better. Big ideas grow in small places because big people are everywhere in North Carolina.

Some years ago a community organizer visited the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. She had submitted a proposal to reclaim a neighborhood. In the proposal we found repeated use of the word “etcetera.” I fixed my eyes on her and asked, “For what do all these etceteras stand?” She did not hesitate for a moment but replied, “Honey, they stand for whatever it takes to get the money.” She knew that she could realize her vision if she just had the money. She got it and she did. A strong state is one of sound policies, good businesses, effective education, solid infrastructure; but it is also a place of dreams. Take away the dreams and you cast aside the people.

Over thirty years ago there came to our office in Reynolda Village a young, fairly recent college graduate named Martin Eakes with an idea for the creation of a community development lender and real estate development center to help underserved borrowers and communities. Martin said he thought he might get millions of dollars put to work to create and protect home ownership and economic opportunity for some of our state’s citizens. It was, of course, an audacious—some might have said outrageous—idea. Yet it was a worthy idea, and he had great charm. The great charm was no less when as he left he realized that he had locked his keys in his car and did not want to bear the financial burden of a broken window. He borrowed a car from one of us and drove part of the way to Durham to meet someone coming from there with a second set of keys. He seemed like a high risk but one worthy of a little encouragement. Today the Center for Community Self-Help is beyond Durham. It reaches to Asheville and Greensboro and the regions in which they are located. It has invested not millions but over \$6 billion in financing to families, individuals, and organizations. In North Carolina successful entrepreneurs come in many guises, and I bet Martin is not the only one to have locked a set of keys in a car.

Fifty years ago, Terry Sanford, campaigning for governor, spent part of an afternoon in a Wilmington television station listening to a coffin and casket manufacturer from Rose Hill talk about his vision—his dream—of achieving what he called “total education” in North Carolina. W. Dallas Herring believed that existing industrial education centers could be built into a network of community colleges that would bring opportunity for both young and old who had missed or were likely to miss such opportunity through existing post-secondary education institutions. He thought such a network would provide a vital resource for economic development in the state. On May 17, 2013, we will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of the North Carolina Community College System. The idea of that scholarly small town businessman with black glasses has had an almost immeasurable impact on the quality of life and the economy of North Carolina. Sometimes big ideas come from small places because in our state big people are everywhere.

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Charles Brantley Aycock, who in his own life mirrored something of the paradox of this North Carolina paradise, said that as a public servant what he owed to his state was “to speak the rightful word and to do the generous act.” Our record is not perfect, but in the main that has been the hallmark of leadership in our state.

Not far from this room is the old Chapel Hill cemetery. There is the grave of Frank Porter Graham and his wife Marian. On their gravestone are these words: “They had faith in youth and youth responded with their best.” Some of those of us here tonight spent part of our early adult lives working for Terry Sanford and Rich Preyer. Both were devoted to the Graham legacy, and both believed with John F. Kennedy that Lord Tweedsmuir was right when he said that politics was a noble ambition. Terry and Rich were men formed in part by combat in a great world war. They knew courage in its rawest and noblest forms, and they lived by their conviction that public service was worthy of our best and our brightest. They brought together with the help of Joel Fleishman, Ray Farris, and Doug Copeland a band of remarkable interns.

In those days we knew them as Richard, Martin, Dennis, Sallie, Jack, Gary, Jody, Karen, Bobby, Tom, Bill, Robbie, and Pat. Today the state knows them as Mayor Vinroot and President Lancaster and Judges Cash, Hassell, Winner, Turner, and Lambeth, as filmmaker Thomas and as Justices Cozort, Whichard, and Edmunds, as investment expert Shuping-Russell, and as Governor McCrory. David Gergen went off to earn international respect as a broadcaster and journalist, and Sheila Jackson-Lee went back to Texas to become a leader in the U.S. Congress who had the good sense to send her daughter to this university. They followed different paths, different political parties, but they share a common bond of service to their state. They all were touched by a special North Carolina experience.

We know the names of that band of young North Carolinians, but we do not know the name of the retired schoolteacher, standing in line some years ago waiting to vote in a Rockingham County precinct. She turned to others standing in line and asked if they knew what was the translation of the Latin words on the state motto displayed on the wall of the schoolhouse in which they were voting. A learned group such as the one in this room knows that “Esse Quam Videri” is translated “To Be Rather Than to Seem.” Her translation may be much better. She said it meant, “Stand for something in North Carolina.” Those young Tar Heel interns and those of more recent vintage believe something special about their lives, and they have and must stand for something in North Carolina. They must “speak the rightful word and do the generous act.”

What makes the weak grow strong and the strong grow great? Jobs and economic growth achieved with constant challenges to old ways and changing times surely do. Yet, is there something else?

Some years ago, the wife of a corporate executive listened as the pitch of low taxes, low wages, good climate, pleasant work force, and attractive tangible incentives was made—as it should be made. But then the woman looked at the

person beside her and said, “Do you know what I find different about your state, what makes me think it might be a good place to live? It is the wildflowers you plant on the highways. Our accountants and investment managers can protect and expand my wealth, but the flowers and the people who think they are important to plant can enrich my spirit and save my soul.”

I could not—and I would disappoint some of you if I did—fail to remind us that an important asset of this state is a multi-campus public university system and a galaxy of private colleges and universities. All of them, in their own ways, reflect the audacious ambitions of our people.

I could not—and I would disappoint some of you if I did—fail to remind us that an important asset of this state is a multi-campus public university system and a galaxy of private colleges and universities. All of them, in their own ways, reflect the audacious ambitions of our people. With apology to those of a different academic faith, I note this campus that surrounds us this afternoon. Nothing more validates the claim that there is audacity in our doings as a state than the creation of this university. In a newborn state in a newborn nation a group of politicians and ex-military men believed that we could build and maintain an institution that would be both excellent and accessible. They were audacious but not imprudent. They anchored their creation on faith in the good sense of the people of the state. They were right, and here one finds institutionalized that high hope and that belief in the same free chance. It is true that our citizens have tolerated here what many viewed as radical doings. Less than a half-century after the end of Reconstruction we elected as its president a Yankee Republican, and in the midst of the Great Depression and to the consternation of some political leaders we allowed to speak on this campus the Republican nominee for vice-president of the United States. The university and the state survived both events.

Finally, why have I chosen to talk about all of this? Is it to make you the captives of a personal, nostalgic journey? Is it more, and am I, without credentials, moving from talking to preaching? I think not. These are times of great change in the state we share, even of challenge to the legacy that is ours. The changes are political, economic, demographic, and social. The challenges do require that we ask what we want to be and remain informed by what we have been. It is a time to revisit what is worth preserving about North Carolina even as we have the good sense to consider new ventures and new ways.

These stories I have shared are not conservative stories or liberal stories, not urban or rural stories. They are just North Carolina stories. The small treasure trove of a special place of special people.

I think Daniels was right, but I think Zeb Vance had it right about us as well. Vance said that we North Carolinians are a people of sober second thought. We

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joined the union too late to vote for George Washington, and we left it too late to vote for Jefferson Davis. If we are a conservative state, then we are a conservative state that has done audacious things.

No commitment of our people is stronger than that to education. To names already mentioned add Archibald Murphey, Calvin Wiley, J.Y. Joyner, Jim Hunt, and the remarkable leadership of Bill Friday, fighting until his last breath to protect the legacy of a free people kept free by schools worthy of their struggle for realization of their pioneer promise. Yet this is more than just perpetuation of a romantic notion of being both good and great. Failure to defend and expand those stories in 2013, failure to equip our young people to succeed in global economic competition, is like a commanding officer standing at the lip of the landing craft telling his troops that they are about to go into battle and by the way only half of them are armed and by the way some of their weapons will jam or misfire.

John Pritchett was a conservative, eastern North Carolina lawyer and public servant. He was a trustee of the Reynolds Foundation, and during his service there he spoke with pride about having been a member of the General Assembly in the depths of the Depression when North Carolina committed to a statewide school system and passed a sales tax on almost everything to support its children and their education. Last year someone approached a new member of that body and reminded him of Mr. Pritchett's pride in supporting the sound basic education that our constitution guarantees. The new legislator responded, "That was then, this is now." Yet our heritage as North Carolinians says that the *then* is a part of the *now*.

The question is: Will we let go out the fires started by our grandfathers and our grandmothers and theirs before them or will we stoke them even brighter? In building our great urban areas will we abandon the rural parts of North Carolina that feed not only our bodies but also our spirits? Will those places that contribute so much to that dogged sense of community become just drive-by places?

Our warning is there in Deuteronomy: "You drink from wells you did not dig; you reap from fields you did not sow."

If we were to forget that, then we would deserve the fate that the late congressman Roy Taylor foresaw if the natural resources of his beloved western North Carolina were diminished. Pleading to preserve the mountains and the waters of that region, he declared that if we did not preserve them, "God will forgive us, but our children and our grandchildren never will."

If in 2013—even in some well-intentioned effort at achieving some ideological conviction—we confuse price with value; if we forget that in most of our decisions we are deciding how much the future of our children is worth; if we betray the special legacy of the lives and places and the fruits of the labor of the people in this goodly land; if we forget that the *then* is an essential part of the *now*; that there would be no now without the then; if we do that, then his words ring clear once again.

God will forgive us, but our children and their children never will!

Thank you all, and God bless North Carolina.



Photos by Jerry Cotten

Remarks by Jack Betts

Good evening. Not long after I retired from the ink-stained wretch business and moved to Meadows of Dan, Virginia, I began work on a modern history of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation in Winston-Salem, Virginia, you may know, gave Richard Joshua Reynolds—whose home place is a few miles to our east—to the world, but it was in North Carolina that he amassed the tobacco fortune that has supported at least seven Reynolds family foundations that have done enormous good across this land. Only one of them was by charter and tradition and practice devoted to the people of one state. I believe it is no coincidence that Thomas Willis (Our Tom) Lambeth was chosen to head that foundation in the 1970s, because I know of no person on Earth more devoted to the people—and culture and history and aspirations—of one state. It is our great fortune that Tom Lambeth has endowed North Carolina with his energy, loyalty, wisdom, and good judgment, not to mention his famous puckish sense of humor.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. A year ago, midway through the research for the book on the foundation, I found myself in Danville, Virginia, speaking with Karl Stauber, executive director of the Danville Regional Foundation. I knew that Karl and Tom had probably crossed paths a time or two in their philanthropic careers, but I didn't realize how far they went back. Tom, he said, had babysat Stauber long ago in Statesville, North Carolina, when Stauber was a child, and recalled Tom as a pretty decent babysitter.

Now, I have known Tom for only, oh, about forty years or so, going back to my days as Washington correspondent for the *Greensboro Daily News*—long enough for me to be able to recite some of the things Tom had done professionally over his rich and productive career. So we can add a new one to the list: babysitter and caregiver. Military policeman while in the army. News reporter at the *Winston-Salem Journal*. Political campaign worker in state and national races. Gubernatorial aide to Governor Terry Sanford. Director of a family foundation, the Smith Richardson Foundation. Congressional aide to U.S. Rep. Richardson Preyer. Staff director, however briefly, of a congressional investigation into the death of President Kennedy. Co-director of a campaign organization that successfully supported a constitutional amendment allowing governors to run for and serve two full terms in a row. For more than two decades, executive director of another family foundation, the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. For the past twelve or thirteen years, senior fellow at that foundation. Tom has done so many things professionally that only a hardened cynic could observe that he sure seems to have a hard time holding on to a job.

And along the way he has headed more blue ribbon committees, more nonprofit organizations, more boards of this and advisers of that—more worthy ventures, indeed, than Microsoft’s Excel Spreadsheet Division has yet been able to invent a digital way to keep up with and list them all. So I won’t try, because I understand we have to clear out of this room by 7:00 A.M. for the breakfast crowd, and we still wouldn’t be going through all the things Tom has done if we were just to mention them. So I will touch on only a few notable things about Tom.

One is that that he has been instrumental in the development of modern day excellence in a great many public and private institutions of higher learning in this state—particularly but not only Wake Forest University. He has served or advised or encouraged or quietly helped universities and colleges and schools and departments of those institutions from the mountains to the coast and has been honored with boxes full of awards and honorary degrees and other tokens of collegiate esteem across the state.

One is that that he has been instrumental in the development of modern day excellence in a great many public and private institutions of higher learning in this state—particularly but not only Wake Forest University. He has served or advised or encouraged or quietly helped universities and colleges and schools and departments of those institutions from the mountains to the coast and has been honored with boxes full of awards and honorary degrees and other tokens of collegiate esteem across the state. But I can safely assure you that if you were to examine the veins of Tom Lambeth, you would find that his blood indeed runs Carolina Blue. His loyalty extends to many of its graduates and especially to two Tar Heel heroes and mentors—former UNC president Frank Porter Graham and former governor Terry Sanford, for whom Tom worked as a relative youngster. One old friend of Tom’s told me not long ago, “If you want to start an argument with Tom, just criticize Carolina. If you want to start a war, criticize Terry Sanford or Frank Graham.”

Now, never mind that Terry Sanford went on to run a certain rival institution of considerable note in Durham County. Tom surely forgave him because of that school’s good Methodist roots, I’m pretty sure, and because, after all, everyone, including former governors, has to eat.

As governor in the early 1960s, Terry Sanford had so much confidence in Tom, that he once told another aide, “If Sam Ervin dies, I don’t want Tom to appoint his successor, but other than that, he is in charge.”

When UNC-Chapel Hill set up the Thomas Willis Lambeth Distinguished Lecture in Public Policy, it took note of the essence of Tom’s service to North Carolina and why so many people believe we are better off for his contributions: “Described by one journalist as ‘the state’s do-gooder-in-chief,’ Lambeth

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throughout his career has exemplified the qualities of personal integrity, a passionate devotion to education, democracy and civic engagement, and wholehearted pursuit of the ideals of the public good and of progressive and innovative ways of achieving it.”

Now, I don’t mean to suggest that Tom only served institutional interests in his lifelong pursuit of helping North Carolina stay in touch with itself. I expect there would be many hundreds, probably thousands of us, in fact, for whom Tom has been mentor, helper, adviser, door-opener, and provider of desperately needed words to the wise. Jane Preyer, a daughter of then-representative Richardson Preyer, whom Tom served for years as his administrative assistant in Washington, recalls the personal service side of Tom. Her sister Emily went to elementary, middle, and high school in D.C. It was, Jane said, “Quite a change from kindergarten in Greensboro. Tom got a lot of calls for help from ‘Little Emily’ about researching papers from the Library of Congress—which he fielded with graciousness, patience, and results! Emily says, ‘Imagine that. I was fourteen years old and getting research from the best library in the world! No wonder I got into Princeton!’”

Beyond that, Jane recalls, “Tom knew all the ropes in D.C.—how he did coming from North Carolina cold turkey, I don’t know (!), but Congressman Preyer always said that Tom got him in great position on committees because of Tom’s experience with people and knowledge of how things work on the Hill. It gave Rich a huge boost.”

One reason he was good at it, explained Martha Pridgen, a colleague that he would work with for years at the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation, was that Tom “knew everybody in the state of North Carolina, and maybe South Carolina, too.”

And second, Tom believed that North Carolinians have a pioneering spirit about them that enabled them to look to the future, and make something of themselves, as well as a reflective nature that prompted them to always be thinking about tomorrow.

This afternoon many of you heard Tom tell the story of an elderly lady who was standing in line to vote in Rockingham County, and she asked other voters around her if they knew what the state motto was. Several knew that it was “To Be Rather Than to Seem,” and some might have known how to say it in the Latin, “Esse Quam Videri.” What stuck with Tom, though, was her translation. “It means,” she declared, “stand for something in North Carolina.”

He liked to say, correctly, that North Carolina is like a boat, and if it is leaking at either end, it won’t stay afloat. I don’t know how many cars he wore out driving from one end of the state to the other to talk to somebody about an idea they had or a helping hand some promising nonprofit needed or some little place along the wayside where some kindred soul was inspired to try something audacious to help out his neighbors and keep their boats afloat.

Tom Lambeth has stood for something important for longer than I can remember. He liked to say, correctly, that North Carolina is like a boat, and if it is leaking at either end, it won't stay afloat. I don't know how many cars he wore out driving from one end of the state to the other to talk to somebody about an idea they had or a helping hand some promising nonprofit needed or some little place along the wayside where some kindred soul was inspired to try something audacious to help out his neighbors and keep their boats afloat. But I do know that Tom Lambeth once told an interviewer, "I have never gotten lost." (Donna Lambeth laughed when I told her that, and told a story about a route from Raleigh to the Outer Banks that apparently wound its way through part of Virginia.)

Among the important things Tom stood for was the environment he fostered and nurtured when he became executive director of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. The trustees of that foundation were sure-footed men and women who knew how to get things done and who were quite willing to spend Reynolds money to do it. Yet they hired Tom to show them where and how and when to spend it to greater effect, not just in every county of this state but every township, every community, every crossroads where people saw a need that dovetailed with the foundation's priorities.

Tom went them one more. He discovered early on that there was "almost nothing that is happening in the state or is going to happen in the state that doesn't come to the attention of the Foundation." And so Tom worked with the board to create "an atmosphere in which people think that there is a possibility, even when we have identified a focus and that sort of thing, there is still the possibility that they might get some money from us." It was his personal view that the goal of the foundation "ought to be to become the place where anybody in North Carolina who had some idea about how to make the quality of life of the people of the state better, would think they could come with that idea. Not that they would always know it would be funded, not that there was any guarantee, not that it was easy, or anything like that, but they would at least think that they would get a hearing." They came, and they got heard, and as often as not, they came away with a commitment to help.

When Tom Ross was about to succeed Tom Lambeth as director of the foundation, Lambeth told Judge Ross he would like the change, *Wake Forest* magazine once reported. "You deal with people's problems," Lambeth told Ross. "I deal with people's dreams."

Across this state, Tom Lambeth has helped make those dreams come true for the people of North Carolina for a long time. He is, to paraphrase only slightly the words that William Starr Myers wrote nearly forty years before Tom's birth, "Carolina's priceless gem."

Thanks, Tom.

Remarks by Joel L. Fleishman

It is worthy to note that Tom and Elvis were born on the same day in the same year. However, Tom was not born in Tupelo, Mississippi! At every reasonable opportunity, I remind those present with Tom and me that Tom was born in Georgia, only to witness his peeved ire as he corrects me, which he does with alacrity and some heat, insisting that his mother’s family came from Georgia but that he was born in Iredell County, North Carolina!

There can be no one who loves North Carolina more than Tom Lambeth. There can be few others who love it so much that they have literally driven through every county in the state as Tom has done, and not only once but literally countless times.

Nor can there be anyone who loves Chapel Hill more than Tom. Many times I have seen him, wherever he happens to be, turn and gaze in whatever direction Chapel Hill happens to be and say to me, “Look at the radiance in the sky over there where Chapel Hill is. Doesn’t it thrill you too?”

Tom has never fully accepted my being in the employ of Duke University. He never misses an opportunity, indeed always creates an opportunity to remind me—and all others present—that I am indeed a graduate of Chapel Hill despite where I now work! (I can always hear the subtext of “isn’t that a shame “ in his pointed comment.)

Ask yourself why someone chooses to endow a lecture named for someone else, which an anonymous donor did in the name of Tom Lambeth. Undoubtedly there are as many reasons as only the heart itself can know, but I would bet that one of the most frequent motivations for doing so is admiration for the lived values of the person for whom such a lecture is named. Admiration may be what sparks such a gift, but even more important is the hope that future generations of students who hear about the great deeds and noble values of the honoree of a named lectureship will thereby be moved to emulate him or her in their own lives and careers. There is much evidence for the proposition that a nation or a perpetual institution such as UNC Chapel Hill does in fact cultivate what it chooses to honor, so, as I will caution later, we should be very careful in selecting those whom we choose to honor, as this university and the donor of the Thomas Willis Lambeth lectureship have undoubtedly—and wisely—been.

Over Tom Lambeth’s entire career and even before he was old enough to be

said to have a career, he has poured his vision, ideas, and energy into bettering the public condition through politics, public policy, and civic engagement so extensively that it boggles the minds of those who know about it. (Even now, after retirement from leading the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation, Tom Lambeth is still constantly driving all across North Carolina to attend meetings and give speeches. He is literally ubiquitous!)

Tom has long been an inspiration to all who know him, an inspiring, even if unwitting, challenge to all his friends to try to measure up in our own lives and involvements to the basic human goodness as well as the professional standards he has set—and lived!—throughout his own.

Tom has long been an inspiration to all who know him, an inspiring, even if unwitting, challenge to all his friends to try to measure up in our own lives and involvements to the basic human goodness as well as the professional standards he has set—and lived!—throughout his own. He loves to quote Robert E. Lee's pronouncement—"Duty is the most sublime word in the English language. Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less." And he always loves to correct me when I attribute that wise quote—deliberately to provoke him I might add—to Sir Winston Churchill. Tom's life is a testament to his obedience to duty. No one could possibly be more aptly honored by an award of distinction of any kind, such as that of the North Caroliniana Society, than Tom Lambeth!

Tom and I have grown to be the closest of friends since we first met as students at Chapel Hill sixty-one years ago. As Tom will insist on telling you, I am older than he is, but he never shows me the deference deserved by one's elders. He justifies his lack of awe by hastening to add that I am only nine months older so, being less than a year older, it doesn't count for much.

It was Norwood Bryan to whom I owe the blessing of Tom's friendship, and I will never cease thanking him for bringing Tom and me together. Norwood and I had been good friends from kindergarten days together in Fayetteville, and, when he followed me to Chapel Hill—no causation intended—to become Tom's classmate, Norwood and I were in regular touch. I won't ever forget the fateful day Norwood informed me, with intensity and great excitement, that he had met "the most impressive guy in the world of political knowledge" he had ever come across. And at the ripe old age of eighteen! He may even have termed Tom a "young genius," too, but my memory is uncertain on the latter point. All of us were Frank Porter Graham fans and Norwood informed me that Tom Lambeth was so impressive that he could recite from memory the county-by-county election returns in the 1950 U.S. Senate campaign in which Willis Smith defeated our hero. "You have to get to know him," Norwood insisted. So he engineered our meeting,

continued

and the rest, as they say, is history. I was so impressed by Tom that a year or two later I dragged him to my hometown of Fayetteville so that I could show him off to a fellow citizen of Fayetteville, a rising political star by the name of Terry Sanford. And the result of that introduction is, as they say, also history. A few years later, Tom became the first full-time paid member of Terry Sanford's campaign staff.

Over the course of the past sixty years of that friendship, there have been many rare and treasured moments, some of them riotously funny, at least in retrospect. Let me mention one, which involves a short step back in time before Terry Sanford was elected governor. The morning after the night of the first Democratic primary in the gubernatorial campaign of 1960, in which Terry led the field but had to face I. Beverly Lake Sr. in a run-off primary, I was assigned to drive his wife Margaret Rose Sanford back home from Raleigh to Fayetteville, which made me feel very important. Tom Lambeth handed me a set of keys to the campaign car and said, "Take the blue Oldsmobile in the parking lot." So Margaret Rose and I got in and started to Fayetteville, when she suddenly said that she would like to drive by the Governor's Mansion just to see where they would be living once he took office in January. I, however, was reluctant to make that detour as scouting out the mansion seemed to me a bit presumptuous and premature, given the fact that Terry had not yet been elected as governor and indeed had not yet even won the Democratic nomination. But she insisted, so I yielded, and we drove all the way around the mansion and started down Blount Street toward Fayetteville. We had not driven four blocks past the mansion when we heard a police siren behind us. To say that that sound petrified me would have been the understatement of my life to that point. I could just see what I imagined the *News and Observer* headline the next morning would be—"Terry Sanford's driver, Joel Fleishman, and Mrs. Terry Sanford caught speeding away from a stolen, premature look at the Governor's Mansion." Well, we had certainly not been speeding, I knew. But, what was perhaps as bad, the car we were in turned out to be *stolen*. It was an exact duplicate in style and color of the campaign car, and the keys Tom had given me happened to fit it too. The manager of the Carolina Hotel, who owned the car, had called the police. I asked the police to let me make one phone call, but of course I did not tell him whom I intended to call, as he didn't have any idea that it was Mrs. Sanford with me in the car. I called Tom, who checked with Terry, and the message Tom got from Terry was, "Get Margaret Rose out of there as fast as possible and forget about Joel!"

Margaret Rose, Terry, Tom, and I joked about that near-mishap for the next half-century. Perhaps the slight guilt they all felt about the incident was a reason they didn't forget about Joel. When Terry won and took office, Tom assumed his role as the governor's administrative assistant. A year or so later, Terry asked me to join Tom in the Governor's Office as the governor's legal assistant. Tom was the guardian of the front door of the Governor's Office and I was known for letting people, such as Ralph Scott, go around Tom by letting them into the Governor's Office through the back door, which is where my office was.

Over the past sixty-one years, our friendship has grown ever deeper, our respective careers have been continuously intertwined, and my admiration for the way Tom lives his values has grown and grown and grown. There has never been much to be improved upon about Tom, but I confess that I tried repeatedly to widen his horizons where fine wine is concerned. He was then—and still is—a devotee of Pepsi Cola, so much so that Pat McBane, now Mrs. Bruce Squires, gave him a nickname as “the Pepsi Cola Kid.” That did not stop me, however, from trying to educate him about wine. One evening at the original La Residence here in Chapel Hill, I asked Tom to describe to our waiter the kind of wine he preferred, which he said was white, light, and slightly sweet, to which the waiter responded with an acknowledging German-like click of his heels, “Oh, that sounds like one of those unpretentious German wines.” Which it certainly was. After that, I abandoned my wine crusade with Tom.

Tom and I have had almost no differences of opinion in those sixty years. So far as I know, the only one has been over my decision to follow Terry Sanford over to Duke University. Tom gave Terry the benefit of the doubt, and I think he did me, too, but we have hardly ever been together during the last thirty-five years when Tom could not find some opportunity to knock Duke, always in jest, of course. At least I think so. Terry tried often to blunt such criticism. When a faculty member asked Terry where I lived, he replied, “Joel lives at the West End of the Duke Forest,” which was Terry’s way of avoiding having to admit that I live in Chapel Hill.

One of the stories not often told is about Tom’s compulsive tendency to straighten portraits and other paintings. This was especially difficult for him to control in the entrance hall of the Governor’s Mansion. One night when Terry Sanford saw him straightening the portraits that are lined up one after the other in that entrance hall, he went over and spoke to the trustee on duty that night (who was, of course, a prisoner). When the governor left the area the man sidled up to Tom and asked, “Did the governor really mean what he told me?” When Tom asked what that was, he said, “He told me that if Mr. Lambeth touched another portrait I was to tell Sergeant Burchette to shoot him!”

I hope you will forgive my going on so long about Tom, but I do so not only to show my gratitude for his friendship and for the inspiration he has been to me, but also because he is one of the best exemplars I know of what integrity in public life is all about, and not just in public life but in all aspects of life. In the sixty-one years of our friendship, I have never known Tom Lambeth to make a decision—personal, career, political, or otherwise—on anything other than the criterion of what is good for others, or good for the public interest, but never for what would have been in his own interest. I have never known Tom to be influenced in his decisions by his own self-interest. And that is why I and thousands of other North Carolinians have come to admire and love this selfless, genuine, thoroughly decent, eminently lovable man—Tom Lambeth.

Thanks so much for your patience this evening.

Remarks by Mark Hunter Lambeth

Hello, everyone! And greetings from Nazareth, Israel.

I'm Mark Hunter, a very proud son of Donna and Thomas Lambeth, who, of course, is there with you tonight in Chapel Hill, being honored with the North Caroliniana Society Award.

This is my wife Lauri: "Hello."

And our daughter Haley: "Hello, everyone. Hello, Grandmother.

Congratulations, Papa."

A lot of people often marvel to us what it must be like to live in the Holy Land. And while we do greatly appreciate where we are and the significance of the places around us, I am quick to explain that I was very prepared for this experience because my father taught me from a young age that I was born and raised in another Holy Land—North Carolina.

We are surrounded by people here who love this land more, in some cases, than life itself. While I wouldn't go quite that far, I *would* say that my father showed me and taught me a love for North Carolina that at times feels the equal of those around us here in Israel.

I've had the great privilege of traveling a large part of the world. In Africa, through Central and Latin America, certain parts of Europe, and, of course, now we are discovering parts of the Middle East. Everywhere I go people ask me where I'm from in America. Many of those who ask have not really traveled and wouldn't know the difference between New York and North Carolina, but my answer is always immediate, always the same, always delivered with an obvious sense of pride: "We have a home in Georgia; we lived there ten years prior to moving to Israel; but where am I from? Well, I'm *from* North Carolina."

I enjoy traveling. I enjoy seeing and experiencing new cultures different from my own. But it's always great to get back to my roots, back to North Carolina. And in some ways, the more I see out there, the more I experience of the greater world, as much as I appreciate and respect the people and the places and the culture, it makes me even more thankful that I hail from the Old North State, and that much prouder to be the son of a great North Carolinian.

When I am back in North Carolina, it never fails to happen. I will be visiting people or speaking at a church or taking in a ballgame or grabbing a drink at Starbuck's, and people who know my father will go out of the way to come up to

me and let me know the impact he has had on their life or the life of someone in their family.

“Your father is something special,” they will say.

“He sure did help me with this or that.”

“He really helped my son or daughter in some way.”

“I must be so proud of my father and all he has done for this particular community, for this group of people, for the state of North Carolina.”

And, of course, I nod and say that I am. I am very proud of my father.

They will mention a certain institution that he has supported.

They will explain to me a specific cause he helped to champion.

They will talk about a movement or an organization or an effort he advocated for and most likely helped to raise funding for. They will talk about a key issue facing the state that my father helped raise awareness of. Some tradition or icon connected with North Carolina that dad helped to preserve and protect.

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It almost seems at times like I need to duck out of the house in a disguise if I want to be assured of going about my business without these wonderful interruptions. But, of course, I enjoy them, and they leave me feeling proud and thankful and cause me to reminisce.

I think about being a young boy and walking along the coast of the Outer Banks with my father, asking him again and again to tell me about the night when he himself was a young boy walking along the coast during World War II. I mean a really, really young boy, and he watched one night as a German submarine collided with a U.S. Navy ship, filling the Carolina summer skies with tragic fireworks.

We would walk, and he would tell me about how the Wright Brothers got that first plane off the ground not far from the spot where we stood. I do remember being a little disappointed when I learned that he wasn't actually present for that historic event.

I think about camping upon Grandfather Mountain as a kid, learning to marvel at the beauty of God's creation and being grateful that the Lord chose to display the fullness of His creative power on our home stretch of American soil.

I remember trips my father took me on as a child to museums and libraries and universities across the state, places he was going in connection with the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. He felt like it would be okay for me to tag along

continued

mostly for father-son time, but I know now, it was also to show me this place he was so fond of.

And while I know that there are many fine colleges and universities represented by those of you in attendance tonight, I can't talk about my father and the great state of North Carolina without at least mentioning our shared personal favorite. Yes, from the time I was just a young boy, my father did brainwash me and indoctrinate me and stamped by heart with the UNC Tar Heel logo. And there are few things he's done that I am more thankful for than that. And I am very deliberately and intentionally doing the exact same thing with my daughter.

Haley: "Go Heels."

But dad's love for Chapel Hill and my subsequent affection are certainly not just about the light blue and the Old Well and the poplars, Charlie "Choo Choo" Justice and Dean Smith and Michael Jordan and the best biscuits in the world at a restaurant called Time Out.

No, his love for that particular slice of the state and the university is just as much about the state itself, about the greater history and culture it represents, about the diversity of the people who come together from all across North Carolina to grow and learn and exchange ideas and dream and believe for a better future, for a stronger state, for more intimate and inclusive communities, from the coast to the mountains and all points in between. That's always been a part of my father's mission, of his hope and dream for North Carolina and for the people that represent her, whether that person is a stranger or his own son, whether they are roaming the points of the Triangle or the hills of northern Galilee.

Thank you to those who are gathered there today to honor my father. We do wish we could be with you. Of course, I am deeply, extremely biased, but you are honoring a great, great man and a great, great North Carolinian.

We are proud of you, Dad.

Haley: "We are proud of you, Papa."

And we look forward to making another video from Israel about this time next year when my mother is getting the same award. She's something pretty special herself.

Bye, everyone!

Shalom and Salaam from the Middle East. Peace.

Jan Hensley



Jan Hensley



Jerry Cotten



Jerry Cotten



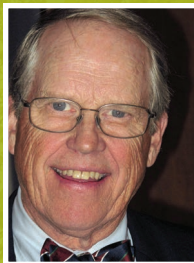
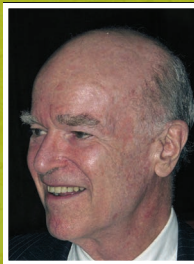
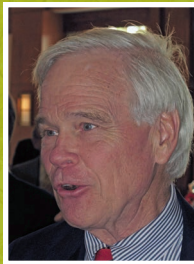
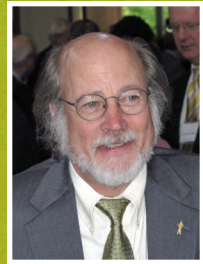
Jan Hensley



BOTTOM PHOTO: Michael E. Hill presenting the North Caroliniana Society Book Award to David S. Cecelski for *The Fire of Freedom: Abraham Galloway and the Slaves' Civil War* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2012)



Photos by Jerry Cotten



Photos by Jan Hensley



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