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### JOHN C. TUNE PUBLIC SERVICE AWARD | SPEECH WRITTEN BY JET TUNE PRESENTED TO HAL HARDIN DECEMBER 2018

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, members of the Bar, judiciary, family, and friends. For those of you I have not had the pleasure of meeting I am John E. Tune...known to all simply as Jet. I am the eldest son of John C. and Carolyn Norman Tune's three sons. My brothers are Julian and David.

When Hal initially contacted me to make these introductory remarks, unknowingly he reaffirmed the reason he is receiving this award tonight. As opposed to offering me a list of his own of achievements Hal said, "Jet, you will likely be speaking to a lot of folks who were never afforded the pleasure of knowing your dad as intimately as I did."

They likely will have no recollection of John C. Tune the person. Possibly some legal decisions he was responsible and likely the name of the law firm Tune, Entekin, and White, he founded. What most of those folks won't know though is the nature of the man, not the lawyer. They likely won't know that first and foremost my dad always cared more for others than himself. John C. Tune, first and foremost, was a gentleman, as was he a devout Catholic, patriot and humanitarian. Law was only a vehicle from which he applied his craft thus by practicing he left a more lasting impact on the others he touched.

I have not spoken publicly to a group larger than 20 since college so at this juncture I will shift into storytelling mode and hopefully by doing so share through my eyes who my dad was and thus vis-a-vis these stories hopefully spotlight the true purpose of this award. Storytelling is a small gift imparted to me by my maternal grandfather, the late noted criminal defense attorney Jack Norman, Sr., a lifelong mentor to myself, my dad, and Hal.

More than a lawyer, dad was a renaissance man. He had an insatiable desire for knowledge of everything. I wouldn't say a jack of all and a master of none. I'd say a master of anything he set his mind to. If dad had lived long enough and access to today's internet I'm not sure he would have ever slept...too much to learn...too little time. I am sure this insatiable quest for knowledge of all things was a most often applied tool he made use of as he established empathy and care for others. Dad was just as comfortable in bug tussle as he was in Belle Meade. If a man happened to be a carpenter dad could shift into carpentry mode and begin discussing the weight of the hammer the man preferred, whether the man preferred working with birch vs oak. Dad knew everyone had a silver lining. He knew by establishing a commonality of interest he was imparting empathy upon that individual. As dad well knew we're all human, we all just exhibit our humanity in different ways. Dad somehow always knew how to establish this link with others instantly.

My dad was also a fence mender a righter of wrongs no matter how impossible the situation or the adversity was he always believed that the other person's cup was half full, not half empty. Early in my life as I was entering a small enterprise to which I was being given advice from another and I was refusing to listen. My dad said I want you to think about this. Someone gives you an old house. Do you knock the whole thing down or do you take advantage of the foundation you were given and build on it? Doesn't that make more sense? I needed no further refresher once afforded this advice.

As a young lad I was a pro at complaining about the bad conduct of others. Of course, dad could always see I was laying smoke for my own bad behavior. His reply was always the same. Son I only expect perfect behavior from you, not others. I know the privileges you've been afforded. You have no idea what heartaches or tragedies the other person could be dealing with. They could have lost a child, just lost their business, divorced their wife, or any number of hardships. I know

others have not been afforded the good fortune you have. Now you go walk in that person's shoes for a month and then get back with me. I'm sure you will change your opinion once you learn to appreciate that person's perspective. The central theme of all these stories I'm relating is that my dad lived and breathed the golden rule in every aspect of his life. Some of it was faith based, but most of it was just dad.

Maybe 10 people at this gathering knew both of dad's parents were incurable alcoholics. By 14 years old both his parent's disease had created a living hell. By the age of 21 dad finally had to take his own father personally in front of the late Judge Alan Cornelius and have him declared legally incompetent so that he could manage his father and mother's estate thus caring for his parents and his 4 minor sisters. The late judge recounted these events to me in detail on a bus heading to a Boy Scout jamboree at Cades Cove. Dad immediately sold his father's Buick franchise and put those assets into a trust which supported his parents and four younger sisters for most of the rest of their lives. Dad never touched a cent of those proceeds for his own use as he wouldn't have ever accepted a leg up. His love was always providing the leg up. Never during his life did I ever hear dad complain for himself. Never during the four surgeries, radiation, or the chemotherapy he endured during the last three years of his life did he complain. Many others would have thrown in the towel, not dad.

For years dad and I had a long running, let's say debate, as to God and the nature of the afterlife. His position never wavered. For many, eminent death is a very normal time of doubt. The night of his death, home in his own bed, without the aid of the morphine drips afforded by most hospitals or hospices, the priest arrived to perform the catholic last rites. As the priest asked dad, do you believe in God the father, the son and the holy ghost, dad cracked one eye open, did his best to wink at me and said father at this point about 90%. I had no doubt dad believed 100%. The 10% was a gift to me. Dad wasn't about winning an argument. He was about winning the hearts and minds of others. This was my dad, John Tune, a fence mender. Someone who enjoyed making both parties whole...somehow, he was always knowing this was his calling.

Dad had many too many accolades for me to recount in a full evening. I will only mention a few I know he was most proud of as they help define the underlying theme of my comments tonight. Dad was scoutmaster at Saint George's Troop 31. He made time for campouts when he had no time. He stuffed his 6'6' lanky frame into 4' tents and 5' sleeping bags. He made the time for himself and my mother to pin me as an eagle scout. Wow what a tremendous group of scoutmasters we had. John Tune, Bob Mathews, Joe Diehl, Jim Stifler, Jim Cameron, all civic leaders. Likely impossible for us young men not to have goodness imparted upon us. Dad was a graduate of the YMCA night law school, as are many in this room. He always reminded me of the intestinal fortitude most YMCA graduates had to exhibit as most had families and full-time jobs during the day. That ability to juggle these multiple tasks was an indication of character and tenacity. Dad was very proud of the YMCA law school and his YMCA contemporaries. Dad was past president of the Nashville and Tennessee Bar Associations. I was with dad in Washington, DC when he was licensed to be heard by the US Supreme Court. Dad was heard by that court years later as he won an oft cited automotive case before those justices barely nine months before his death.

By nature of owning an automotive dealership, dad represented hundreds of Tennessee auto dealers. He founded the Nashville franchised auto dealers association. Dad was on the board of governors of the Atlanta federal reserve. At the time, and maybe still, the first auto dealer to hold that position. Dad was a past president of the Nashville Chamber of Commerce and founded its airport authority. Dad served as its first chairman and at his death again its third chairman. Dad conceived of and wrote the airport authority charter as it exists today. Dad belonged to and spoke at so many civic organizations that I dare to recall them all as I might miss one. And miss one brings me to another memory. During the early years of Nashville becoming a Metropolitan Davidson County entity. I believe during Mayor Beverly Briley's administration it came to my dad's attention (please hold this thought as I will tie this type of commitment and integrity later to tonight's honoree) that councilmen were taking bribes for zoning projects under a protocol known as "councilmanic courtesy". To simplify. I need something approved in my district, you vote yes, and I'll do the same for you. This of course opened the flood gates for potential graft. As my dad knew such was occurring and by happenstance he was being interviewed for radio and tv by Ralph Emory, this issue arose as a live on the air question. Dad simply and honestly commented they're some crooks on the council, then said, however there are honest people too. Unfortunately he mentioned only three or four names as honest which left the rest of the honest members fuming and the crooks on notice. Within only a few hours of rapid reflection dad said

I goofed by mentioning names. He then immediately proceeded to call every member of the council individually and say I'm sorry for not being inclusive of you as an honest person or I know who you are and we're a coming for you. The net outcome of this series of events dad set in motion was what has now become known as comprehensive zoning which Metro has since codified as the zoning rules of today's Nashville and eliminated the avenue that was open for graft. Again, hold this thought as I will again tie this type of civic courage and commitment to our recipient tonight.

A footnote about doing things of this nature is you must have no skeletons in the closet, today and I now imagine grammar school inclusive, given recent events. Dad had none. How am I sure? Well one story from his air national guard friends I have knowledge of was retold to me time and again as to how when the air guard pilots were on military trips out of country most men went out for a little extracurricular carousing. I was always retold by his friends that dad would never participate, he would just return to the barracks instead. Dad was simply morally bullet proof and if he told you something or shook your hand you could bet your life on it. Everyone knew this.

I mentioned earlier dad ran then sold his father's Buick store and with the proceeds established a trust to care for his parents and younger sisters. Dad then opened a small used car lot on Broadway, Republic Motors, soon followed by John Tune Import Motors with Jaguar, Triumph and MG in 1959. This was Nashville's first imported car franchise which might still be there if I-40 had not needed a corridor through Broadway. Tune Imports is still in existence today and I operate it daily as Volvo of Nashville on Murfreesboro Pike.

As an attorney while wearing his corporate hat dad pioneered the use of industrial revenue bonds to build auto franchises. He built and completed the original Rivergate Toyota mere weeks before his death. Using these types of bonds and this method was later often mimicked by dealers nationwide. At his death, Rivergate Toyota's sale proceeds were trusted to my mother and brothers as mom was widowed and my younger brothers were still of school age. As you may be beginning to sense, dad thought things out way in advance, his renaissance mind was always ticking.

At the time of his death, dad had 20,000 hours of flight accumulated in his log book. Most lifetime airline pilots retire with about 15,000 hours. How did he have time? Dad more than anything loved flying. One time when I asked him why he loved the military. He replied to me "where else in the world could you serve your country, be given million-dollar jets to fly, tour the globe, get free gas and chow while being payed to do so". Only by the country he adored, the United States of America, he would so often brag. Dad would have rather have been flying than sleep and I think he could do both safely at the same time. Dad flew B-24s, B-25s, P-51 Mustangs, F84F jets, C-97s, C-124s, as just a few examples. He was a command pilot of a C-130 globe master until cancer caused his medical discharge from flying. This was one of the lowest moments of his life. Flying was my dad's mistress, my mom his only wife. Few here know that Nashville had a jet aerobatic team in the early 1960s. They were named the Old Hickory Flyers after Andrew Jackson. Dad was the lead man of the four-man aerobatic formation. Interestingly, the military had a cap of six feet for fighter pilots. Dad was 6' 6" and some. Somehow dad got away with stooping his 6'6" frame down to 6' and somehow always managed to meet the height regulation of the 6' maximum and always excel as a pilot.

Anytime we flew together, even with his vast experience and knowledge, dad would always go through the checklist even having done so a thousand times before. Most of his fellow pilots with much less time would jump in and start, no checklist. When I was obtaining my pilot's license at 19, of course knowing everything at that age, dad would say "son flying is an unforgiving lover, it only gives you one chance, no redo's, the fall is too far" so read your checklist every time for every maneuver and trip.

As my story unfolds, I would like to mention again the word sacrifice as it is an integral part of being good. Dad entered the air force after his second year of ROTC at Vanderbilt, not with the intention of stopping college and serving in Korea, however did so and on the way to Korea he was accepted to cadet school for officer flight training. By the time he finished his training the war was over versus his possible jet combat missions over the Yellow and Yalu Rivers had not the armistice occurred. Dad also received his Vietnam combat ribbon as he flew helicopters in whole and part in the bellies of C-130s to Danang. He told me during one trip a round went in and out of the plane on takeoff inches from his fanny. Fortunately, his last trip. For reasons unknown to me he returned one of the Apollo capsules from its landing site back to the US from the

then Tito led Yugoslavia. Dad as a young man set his eyes on starting as a private and one day becoming a general. He never half-baked anything. Nor wanted a leg up over others.

I set this stage because here is where the principle of sacrifice and the airport authority come to co-exist. Dad had now returned home, finished Vanderbilt, married my mother, re-entered the air national guard, was operating John Tune Motors and was then persuaded by my mother's father, noted criminal lawyer, Jack Norman, Sr., to enter the YMCA law school at night. Upon completion of his law degree his practice led him to civic duty and as I aforementioned the chairmanship of the airport authority. While doing so, dad could make no sense of how a revolving elected body like our city council could manage his vision of Nashville being a gateway southern city without having a well-run airport with aviation as it's keystone. Dad thus began thousands of pro bono hours for the city, state, and federal government designing how this could all fit together and be funded. We had many of the airline chiefs to our home as dad entertained and enraged these executives in unison while dad informed them they all would now have to pay ours and many other airports a per plane landing fee as their planes tore up expensive runways that weren't cheap to build and their companies were the entities deriving the profits. Dad said these acts were a privilege and that fulfilling civic duty was owed for the right he had been afforded to live in this country, state, and city.

Towards the tail end of completing this long airport authority charter journey dad was now a colonel in the air guard. He was still flying, practicing law, being a husband, taking our family world trekking most summers along with a myriad of other commitments. Then one summer the guard told him he had to go to summer camp for two weeks in Mississippi for an unnecessary but required training step to qualify for his senate confirmation to become a one star general. The problem was the last step necessary to hatch the airport authority charter needed him in Nashville at the same time. This was only the second time I ever saw my dad so conflicted over anything. His lifelong dream of becoming a general or finish his civic duty. Dad decided as always, the good of the whole should always take precedence over the good of the self. Dad skipped the camp hoping he could requalify a year later and instead he finished the airport authority charter as hundreds of millions of dollars were on the line for his city and state. Three months later, he was diagnosed with a likely terminal cancer and was medically disqualified from flying nor advancing any further in rank. Dad threw his lifelong dream and favorite self-pass time out the window for the good of the whole. He'd do it again, I'm sure. Adjutant General Carl Wallace did have state authority to pin dad as a state one star general as I was there when he received this well-deserved yet hollow honor. Though, my dad's real dream was lost as I knew it hurt him deeply and eight months later he was gone. This is the rest of the story of why the airport in West Nashville is the John C. Tune Airport. Many continue to think to this day our family owns it. I rarely have time to explain to most this story. I just say it is a testament to my dad's commitment to the city, aviation, and mankind. Former Mayor Richard Fulton and some still living then councilmen bestowed this well-deserved honor upon my dad giving it his name. Myself, mother, brothers and the grandson he never knew, my son, who bears his name all have this loving constant reminder. As we are the few that know the rest of the real story.

I do apologize, but I just can't resist just two more dad stories that I know help define the man. When I was a young boy for two or three summers the four of us, as David wasn't born yet, were always going to Washington, DC and would either stay in the officers' quarters at Bolling or Andrews Air Force Base while dad was doing something at the National War College. At about six or seven years old it to me was just something. Turns out dad was training on evacuation procedures for the Tennessee governor and staff in the event our country entered into a nuclear conflict with the then USSR (as a footnote years later on one of our family summer trips while most of my schoolmates were in the North Carolina mountains or at the beach, dad had us in Moscow, Leningrad, and Crimea before the fall of the wall. I'm still not sure how dad pulled that trip off, but we were followed and monitored the whole trip with Soviet precision and stealth) returning to 1960s Washington, DC. Dad wakes me up at the crack of dawn one summer morning in his captain's uniform and as he always said way too early "up and at em". It did sure beat the trumpet though. For as young boys, dad would often roust us kids from our slumber with reveille, as dad also played the trumpet. Dad, for a time also played trumpet in a "lawyers big band orchestra". They even cut an LP "Doctor's vs. Lawyers". As mom and Julian slept, I said dad where are we going so early. He said son to secure a place, so we may watch and hear I'm guessing a very momentous event. He then said, son a man named Dr. Martin Luther King is speaking at

the Lincoln Memorial. For his age he is a kind and wise man and soon he shall, if not already, become instrumental in changing the fabric of this nation. Our nation is in turmoil and this man has hopes to change it by applying peace and goodness in the face of much evil. This is something many years from now when I'm gone you'll never forget. Son, you have grown up in the south and some people are perpetrating grave injustices on their own fellow Americans because of the color of their skin. I want you to hear what this man has to say as I think his thoughts and methods are what this country is in dire need of at this juncture in history. So there we were, one little white boy sitting on his dad's shoulders, a 6' 6" uniformed soldier in a sea of African Americans who had marched and encamped Washington as we heard together "I have a dream" that August morning I was told to be "up and at em". I still try to find us time to time when pictures of this event are republished on the internet, but we are merely awash in that sea of humanity. I often wondered over the years how dad knew to make the choice to take me a child of six to this monumental event. Today I'm sure it was my dad's innate humanity radar that had that pinpoint precision for spotting and cultivating goodness.

At about this same moment in time mom and dad were young parents and growing up in an era that was referred to as "Camelot". It became way to short and was sadly snatched one November in Dallas followed closely by the lives of the Reverend King and Bobby Kennedy. The only behavior that ever really riled my dad was protesting those whom had fought for their country, whether or not the conflict was just was irrelevant to dad, he felt duty to country had no rules. I'm sure my dad exists today in a Camelot of his own choosing and wonders why others choose to live in the hell of their own making when Camelot exists for all when one acts with goodness in his heart it becomes a state of mind.

For tonight, dad's last act of selflessness I must share. One night I had taken the bus from Belle Meade theatre to downtown. I had a school project and needed to use the public library. I intended to then proceed to my dad's law office on the 26<sup>th</sup> floor of the old First American Center (now UBS I think) and catch a ride home with dad. About 6:00pm, as dad always said, he could do more work at the office versus sitting in traffic and still get home at the same time. He said if you're hungry go to the kitchen and get a snack as I have already called your mother and said we'd be late. Ever nosy I said what's up? Dad replied I must go downstairs to a meeting with the old oak club. I said you aren't old, and he replied I know but I was recently named as the youngest member of this club and I must attend. That was it and he disappeared. An hour or two later, about 8:30pm on the way home in the car I could tell dad was way far away, and daydreaming, yet there was also a confused look on his face, not normal for him. I said dad is something eating you. He said yes son. Four of Nashville's most prominent, influential, and moneyed citizens just asked me to run for governor. I said wow that's cool. He said, not really, I told them no. I said but dad, you love that kind of stuff and he said yeah I do and maybe I could do a lot of good, but I love you, your mother and brothers more. At your ages the governor's mansion is not a place conducive of a good family atmosphere nor for building you boys character at your young ages. Campaigning can be very brutal on families saying he had recently witnessed such while aiding others as they campaigned for Tennessee Supreme Court Justice positions. Maybe someday when you boys are grown, he then slowly uttered almost silently. Those men who asked me likely could have made me governor, but I told them the conversation was over. Son, by the way did you get your school project done. I sure hope your mother's not mad about another cold dinner she's prepared. I said dad she loves you and she is used you being late, it's just food.

Repairing these reflections of my father 35 years later evoked a torrent of emotions on my part. I hope the same for all of you. Thank you all for the time you have allowed me to share a few dad experiences and by doing such I hope I have constructed a frame for the canvas that will tonight receive this award. There could have been many more dad stories, however, he gave so much of his time to so many that he forever changed the fabric and landscape of this city in the very short span his life allowed. I have always believed there is credence in the old saying "only the good die young". I've always hoped it is because the good have fulfilled their destiny as they have finished earning their greater place in the hereafter for their undying service to mankind.

I am hopeful during these ridiculously tribal and divisive times in which we have returned full circle to the like turmoil of the 1960s that we may reflect upon the past and thus will not continue to repeat the same mistakes and those in this room will take away my dad's lessons of sacrifice, goodness, empathy towards others and apply it to their daily lives. This would be the greatest honor you could bestow upon my dad. We need a room, a city, a state, a country of John Tunes if we intend to so

endure. In my son's and his friend's generational behavior I am observing a sickness like disdain for the current behavior of our generation. So, entering this holiday season let's be kind, let's walk in the other guy's shoes. Let us walk with empathy and compassion, let's grow abhorrent of petty parlance and everyone start being human again and take me from their lexicon and replace it with us.

Kindly may I now please recapture your attention for the recipient of the John C. Tune Award I shall soon introduce, as I hope to define why general, judge, professor, counselor Harold J. Hardin deserves to be added to this exclusive canvas of recipients.

Hal Hardin. Hal is the son of farmers whose mother was sure he was destined to be a preacher. Little did she know her wish would be fulfilled, as Hal just in fact became a minister of the law. He crafted his legal pulpit so that all his actions might manifest fairness at each turn of his career. I never liked the word farmer as I much prefer "planter" someone whom through their toil cultivates goodness from the earth for the benefit of its inhabitants. Jefferson and Washington always referred to themselves as such, I'm guessing by nature. Pearl Buck's writings from "the good earth" and Margaret Mitchell's attachment to Tara both pondered the human condition and its connection with the earth. If you do not respect the earth and its creatures how so may you yourself. Planters I do feel have this unique connection lost to most of us from urban settings. Hal's career has afforded him the privilege to grow the law while maintaining this important connection with our earthly human condition. As it is important to "bring in a good crop" it has been for Hal to see the law always applied fairly, thus restoring that earthly balance. Making sure the ying and yang are balanced. The apostle Paul, John Locke and many great thinkers discoursed at length upon this connection. When one accepts this role in doing so as a lawyer, judge, or US attorney, let's again reflect on one of the qualities I mentioned of my father. Again, one must Hal Hardin has lived his life in this same manner. One cannot adjudicate fairness and goodness if they themselves can't walk the walk or have led an exemplar life.

I first met Hal in my grandfather, Jack Norman, Sr.'s law office when I was a young man, as Hal is about a generation and a half older than me. I not only looked up to him as once the husband of my first cousin Pia Norman Stratton, the father of three of my second cousins, Delia Darst, David and John Hardin, but also as a steady guiding hand and big brother figure. You know you don't have to see someone every day to know they will always be there. Hal has always been there and has always been a helping hand when the need arose, no questions asked. Hal began practicing in the Jack Norman Law Office under my grandfather's tutelage, and learned to master the arts of criminal law such as the "voir dire" and the importance of the closing argument from one of the foremost masters of the art. He relied on and respected the teachings of other greats such as John Hooker, Sr. At Hal's core, he knew justice was for the meek as well the mavericks. Hal switched from a Republican to a Democrat, a prosecutor to a defense lawyer. A jurist to a teacher. Hal's ability to morph from one to another constantly reinforced his ability to walk in others shoes. To see the dark and light sides of whatever task came before him. We have sadly watched the medical profession in many circumstances lose touch with its Hippocratic oath which ultimately should be to heal. I know Hal has never lost touch with the real purpose of being a lawyer. Restoring the plaintiff and the defendant to an equitable and lawful outcome for both sides, not just your side. Not to inequitably pound upon another nor to simply meld the law for improper gain.

I once asked my grandfather Norman how he reconciled with representing so many people for murder". Grandpa said, as "I have often heard from Hal, son, these people are human beings, mostly good folks who in a rare moment of uncontrollable passion simply mentally snapped and possibly committed a dastardly act". This returns me to my dad's golden rule assumption. Maybe someone slept with their wife, robbed them of their ability to care for their family. Someone who has been kind and human all their lives for a moment became inhumane. That's how I represent them. The great loss the aggrieved party suffered can never be made whole, but our duty as lawyers is to somehow restore some sense of equitable fairness in the wake of the tragedy. Grandpa did say he left those whom he deemed truly evil to others to defend. I know Hal finds that same goodness in his clients, as he too has that pinpoint radar for spotting one's goodness that my dad and

grandfather were blessed with. My wish would be for Hal to have sat on the highest court of the land, however, us Tennesseans hogged him for ourselves and how lucky we have been in doing such.

As a young man, Hal's exposure to diversity provided many parallel and opposing views for him to digest that likely helped him formulate a balanced view of the challenging tasks he would later encounter. As a summer job, Hal was a yacht captain for Amon Evans, the publisher of The Tennessean, what a great place to be privy to "fly on the wall" ever developing events. Hal joined John F. Kennedy's peace corps and spent time helping the indigenous people in the jungles of Columbia, South America. Hal had the good fortune of studying the law at both the University of Tennessee and Vanderbilt under divergent teaching methods. Tennessee leaning toward the "red eye" Vanderbilt more the Socratic.

Hal worked for the late John Jay Hooker as an administrative assistant while Mr. Hooker was running for governor. He again worked for Mr. Hooker as an assistant during Hooker's second attempt at governor. These contacts he made facilitated his transfer to Vanderbilt where he completed his JD in 1968. While studying for the Bar, Hal was the acting director of the St. Louis job corps center. As Hal had also been a part time investigator for the DA's office he returned to Nashville so he could help work on one of the largest criminal murder shoot outs of the late 1960s.

Jack Norman, Sr. and Cecil Branstetter represented Chevrolet dealer and Vanderbilt football star Bill Powell accused of murdering his partner Nashville businessman Haney Gourley. John Hooker, Sr. and district attorney Tom Shriver were the prosecutors. Two of Hal's top mentors. Hooker and Norman battling it out. Mr. Powell was ultimately acquitted by the skill of Jack Norman's voir dire, Greek tragedy theatrics and finally the legal maneuver of no closing argument for his defense thus quashing the prosecution's right to deliver what would have been a barn burner closing rebuttal by Mr. Hooker. I think if any one case concreted Hal's affection for the criminal law, this might be it. Hal then went on to enter the Norman Law Office once passing the bar. He followed by opening his own private practice for five years, became a Circuit Court judge and a special judge for the Court of Appeals.

In 1977, Hal was appointed by President Jimmy Carter as US District Attorney. Almost immediately, Hal was cast headlong into the possible impeachment of then sitting Governor Ray Blanton executive office. Hal opposed to aligning with his democratic party's position was instrumental in Governor Blanton leaving office in a civil manner thus allowing the transfer of power to occur in a legal and fairly brokered result. Thus, sparing Tennesseans the tragedy and discord of what could have ensued during a long divisive trial. Lamar Alexander, a Republican, assumed office and Hal, as has been his life's pursuit, did as John Tune would have. He acted for the whole, not the self.

Hal himself, again unknowingly, summed up his own life's mission with a comment he once made about the late John Hooker. Hal said of Mr. Hooker... He was the perfect lawyer, he set a standard that I can't live up to such civility, such an orator, such a knowledgeable person who cared about young lawyers. All the lawyers in town reverently called him "the lawyer". He has walked with presidents, princes, and paupers all over the world. He was quite a man. I think Hal may have spoken to soon when he made the comment "that i can't live up to."

Given that emulation has always been the highest form of flattery, I believe the student has now become the teacher and as they said about Mr. Hooker. Hal has become just "the lawyer". Hal is civil, an orator, extremely knowledgeable, given of his time as a teacher of young lawyers. Hal has walked with princes. He has met with Kennedy's and was mentored by giants of the law. He just recently returned from Washington DC meeting with Rod Rosenstein. The list is too long for tonight. In my hand are so many of Hal's accolades that reciting the list would only be an ongoing drone of never-ending impeccable credentials and acts of giving.

Just a few months before my dad would pass, while serving as president of the Tennessee Bar, dad arrived at the unhappy conclusion that there was corruption at the bar. That's another story. But I can tell you who dad called first knowing the matter would be fairly investigated and resolved for the good of the whole. Yes, that was Hal Hardin. Folks, I know this has been a long recount of recollections, but please take away what my dad stood for, what this award is about, and why is it being bestowed upon Hal Hardin. The simple answer is not one of achievements but one of what's most important and that is our fellow man. This all only comes to us from being kind, being fair, practicing the golden rule and the utmost, being selfless. Hal Hardin through his entire life and career has displayed these characteristics through his deeds, examples, and

selflessness. I know my dad would be honored to associate his name with Hal Hardin. Please let me now introduce my cousin in law, a big brother, my friend “the lawyer” but of the highest degree not just a great man, but a good man. No one can have a better epitaph.

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*Remembrances of my dad, John C. Tune, Jr.*

*Original address prepared for the 2019 Nashville Bar Association board dinner by John E. Tune, eldest son*

*Defining the meaning and purpose of the John C. Tune Public Service Award.*

*Original text not delivered due to time restraints.*

*Recipient was Harold J. Hardin.*